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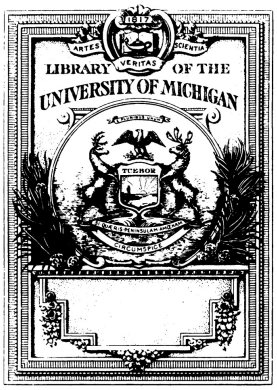

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INDEX TO ILLUSTRATIONS.

Abyssinian Bible, Fac-simile of two Pages of an, 269.
Abyssinian War.—Lieut. General Sir Robert Napier and Staff, 297; King Theodore, 317; View of Magdala, 380; King Theodore as he lay Dead, 404; Exodus of King Theodore's Troops from Magdala, 440.
Adirondack Region, Sketches in the, 748 (6 Cuts).
Adirondacks, Bee-hunting in the, 612; floating for Deer in the, 677.
Africa, hunting in, 108.
Alaska Hut, Interior of an, 789.
Alaska, Scenes in, 572 (2 cuts).
Albany, Fire at the Academy of Music, 109.
Alphabet of Life, the illustrated, 45.
America, Columbus explaining his Discovery of, 337.
Amidst the Ice, 44.
Ancient Friends' Meeting-house at Lower Merion, Pa., 269.
Angola Disaster, the, 20.
Arabian Slave Dhow, blowing up of an, 493.
Arequipa, Peru, City of, 157, 617; Grand Plaza and Market-place of, 157.
Arica, Peru, Port and Morro of, 617; Submersion of, 749; after the Earthquake, 693.
Art Schools of New York, 84.
Art Students and Copyists in the Louvre, 25.
Aspinwall, New Granada, Central America, 344.
Assassination of Mr. M'Gee, the Scene of, 260; Portrait of Whalen, the Assassin, 628.
Astoria, Oregon, View of, 349.
Attack of Indians on a "Bull Train," 653.
Army's Indian Expedition, Gov. W. F. M., 532.
Augusta, Ga., City of, 606.
Avalanche in an Alpine Pass, 100.

Bachelor's Christmas Dinner, the, 9.
Barn-yard, the, 24.
Barnum's Museum, burning of, 185; Exterior of, after Fire, 188.
Bates with the Flag passing through Richmond, 276.
Beach at Long Branch, the, 536.
Bee-hunting in the Adirondacks, 612.
Belfast, Ireland, new Wesleyan College at, 597.
"Bell-time," New England Factory Life, 472.
Bennett's Prizes, Yacht-race for Vice Commodore, 644.
Benton Statue at St. Louis, Inauguration of the, 396.
Billiard Championship, Match for the, 653.
Bombarded Church, View of, 645.
Booth of the new Soldiers' Messenger Company, 156.
Bowery, New York, Explosion of a Steam Fire-engine in the, 429.
"Boy wanted," 588.
"Boys in Blue," grand Procession of, 664; marching through Philadelphia, 657; Mass Meeting of, 657.
Brazil, the Serra Viaduct, St. Paul's Railroad, 780.
Brazilian Squadron reducing Batteries, 685.
Brewer Fountain on Boston Common, the, 772.
Bridge at Cincinnati, the new Suspension, 140.
Broadway, February, 1868, 105.
Brooklyn Prospect Park, 584.
Brooklyn Sunday-school Children, Parade of, 369.
"Brought to Earth," 348.
Buffalo attacked by Wolves, 105.
Buenos Ayres, Sketches in, 650 (5 Cuts).
Burial among the Kaw Indians, Ceremony of, 732 (4 Cuts).
Burning of the Garroting Scaffold in Madrid, 793.
By the murmuring of the Sea, 477.

Cadet Life at West Point, 424 (13 Cuts).
Cadiz, Spain, City of, 692.
Calcutta, the Horses' Morning Bath at, 716.
Callao, Peru, Harbor of, 617.
Camp Meeting at Martha's Vineyard, 580 (7 Cuts).
Camp Meeting at Sing Sing, Methodist, 536.
Camp of the Papal Zouaves, 565.
Cartoons (*see also Comic Sketches*).—England's Panic, 64; Romeo and Mercutio, 76; The Baby that won't Talk at Present, 112; Ides Februarii, 116; The Situation, 160; A Brace of Dead Ducks, 176; Coming into Port, 288; Elevation and Depression, 352; A Sporting Man caught at a Straw, 401; The Political Niagara, 401; "Would you Marry your Daughter to a Nigger?" 444; The Youngest introducing the Oldest, 460; The Democratic Convention decline A. J. with Thanks, 480; The British Lion Disarmed, 488; One Vote less, 512; Reconstruction, 513; "Up among the Nineties," 529; We'll Fight it out on this Line if it takes all Summer, 544; Sherman's Way, 544; Wise but Vain Advice, 560; This is a White Man's Government, 568; *Time*, Midnight; *Scene*, New York City Hall, 576; The Modern Gulliver among the Lilliputians, 592; Keep the Ball Rolling, 605; All the Difference in the World, 616; 'Tis but a Change of Banners, 624; Modern Samson, 632; Seymour says the Nomination "had Plunged him into a Sea of Trouble," 640; Patience on a Monument, 648; A Respectable Screen covers a Multitude of Thieves, 656; Tidal Waves, 672; M'Cunn manufactures Citizens, 673; Why the Nigger is not fit to Vote, 673; Dignity and Impudence, 673; Both Sides of the Question, 681; He won't Fight, 688; "Our next President," 689; Matched (?), 700; The Democratic Hell-broth, 704; Wilkes Booth the Second, 705; The Goddess of Liberty in a Democratic Procession, 715; Victory, 721; Unconditional Surrender Grant, 745.
Castle Garden, Interior View of the Office at, 516.
Cattle Plague, the, 552 (6 Cuts).
Cavalry, 7th United States, charging into Black Kettle's Village, 804.
Chaco, Paraguay, Engagement at, 685.
Chain-gang at Richmond, 780.
Charity, 264.
Chelsea Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument, 541.
Chicago, the great Fire in, 97.
Chicago, Ill., Corn Exchange and Grain Market, 701; the Cattle Market, 701; driving Hogs to the Market, 701.
Chicago, May 21st, 1868, 353.
Chicago, the Sanitary Fest at, 420.
Children of Trinity Church, Brooklyn, making their Easter Offerings, 285.
Chinese Embassy, the, 376.
Chinese Wedding at Shanghae, a, 573.
Christmas, preparing for, 829.
Cincinnati, Pork-packing in, 28 (5 Cuts).
Cincinnati, the new Suspension Bridge at, 140.
Clerkenwell Prison, London, Ruins of, 33.
Cloisters, the, 373.
Coffined Bodies at the Morgue, 493.
Collecting the Customs, 564 (5 Cuts).
Colored People gathering Fire-wood, 173.
Columbus, Ga., City of, 596.
Columbus explaining his Discovery of America, 337.
Columbus, the Death of, 204.
Comic Sketches (*see also Cartoons*).—New-year's Day, 1865, 16; The Christmas Battle, 27 (6 Sketches); The Pleasures of Tobacco, 32; My New-year's Call, 43 (6 Sketches); Sketch on Broadway, 48; The Coldest Day, 55 (6 Sketches); Good Backers, 55; Dickens's Works Illustrated, 71; The Street Car Question again, 80; The Story of a Spotted Dog, 91; Aristocratic Distinction, 96; Beggar who has Expected Coppers, 96; The Recognition—The Advance—Close Quarters—The Retreat, 103; Higgins's Valentine, 123; Leap Year, 128; A Man that has Been "Better Days," 142; Two's Company, Three's None, 142; After "Dark," 142; Drunkard, 142; A Business that would "Soot" any one, 142; "Never too late to mend," 142; Curiosities of Natural History, 144; Decidedly Unreasonable, 144; Gen. Thomas Begs to be Excused, 167; Muscle *vs.* Padding, 167; The Great Trunk Railroad to the Pacific, 167; Fine Ribs and Joints, 167; The Paroquet of the W—e H—e, 183; The Great Thaw, 183; The Little Boy who would persist in handling books above his capacity, 192; The Result, 192; Before and After the Party, 208; A very rapid thaw, 219; Advice not easily followed, 219; Sincerity, 219; The Tables Turned, 224; A Considera.) e Difference, 235; A New Use for Infants in Arms, 240; Leap Year, 247 (6 Sketches); Ideal Happiness, 256; Characters at Dickens's Readings, 267; The Youthful Idea Fishing, 272; The Tax Question, 279; How it would be if some Ladies had their own Way, 320; Springtime, 331 (3 Sketches); The Pope's New Hobby, 336; Responses and Reflections, 368; A Slight Difference, 384; Chinese Manners, 391; Scene on the road to Jerome Park, 397; Ritualism, 400; Moses in the Bulrushes, 407; The Race at West Point, 407; In rather too much haste to get home, 416; The Ritualistic Shirt, 427; A Recruiting Sergeant, 427; A Wild-goose Chase, 432; Kirby's Planchette, 432; The Carpet-baggers, 439; The Bundlers, 439; Sickly Democrat, 439; The Fourth of July in the Country, 448; Painful Disenchantment, 459; A Cool Suggestion, 459; Dead Calm—Waiting for a Swell, 464; Warm in the Cars, 475; Fresh Dates, 480; Pleasures of Travel, 491 (6 Sketches); Brotherly Love, 496; Political Bodies Embalmed, 506; The Democratic Church, 519; The Democratic Party nails its Flag, 519; Pursuit of Aquatic Knowledge under Difficulties, 525; A Moving Tale, 525; Out of Town (?), 528; The Lost Cause, 528; Spirit(s) of the Democratic Party, 539; To Sleep, perchance —," 539; Letting him down gently, 539; The National Game, 587; Way of Children amusing Themselves, 599 (2 Sketches); A Fowl Report, 608; Technical but True, 619; "Biz," 625; The Original Grecian Bend, 625; Democratic Programme for November, 647; Ritualistic, 665; Income-tax Collector, 685; "All quiet on the Potomac," 695; "A White Boy in Blue," 695; Appreciation of Art in North Carolina, 695; October Gales, 720; Butler's himself again, 747; Democratic Majority, 747; The Reign of Fraud and the Reign of Terror, 747; Ulysses the Giant-killer, 752; Cuts off a turkey, 759; What it will Come to, 768; Equal to the Occasion, 775; Fifth Avenue Club.—"The Sleeper Awakened," 784; A Mere Matter of Taste, 800; Junketing Reverdy Johnson, 816; R. Johnson shaking hands with a London Boot-black, 827; R. Johnson getting out of a London Cab, 827; Humpty Dumpty Financiering, 832.
Commercial Relations of New York to Europe and Asia, 344 (7 Cuts).
Conference, General, of the Meth. Episcopal Church, 308.
Conventions. In New York City, the National Christian, 773; the Democratic in Session, 456; the Republican, in Chicago, 360, 361.
Conveying Silver from the Real del Monte Mines to the City of Mexico, 300.
Country Church, the, 668.
Cricket-match between the St. George's and Knickerbocker Clubs, 492.
Cricket-match, the International, 636 (7 Cuts).
Crosby's Opera-house, Exterior of, 360; View from the Stage of, 361.
Cuba, El Morro Castle, Havana, 753.
Cuba, punishing Slaves in, 753.
Custer's Command marching to attack a Cheyenne Village, 804.

Dawn of Truth, the, 253.
Day-dreams of the Past, 41.
Dead-letter Office at Washington, 113.
Dead Soldier and his Dog, the, 629.
Decorating the Soldiers' Graves, 388 (4 Cuts).
Declaration, the, 609.
Delaware, Whipping-post at Newcastle, 785.
Delegates to Chicago Convention, arrival of, 360.
Delegates visiting the Manhattan Club-house, 436.
Democracy in New York City, grand Demonstration of the, 676.
Democratic Convention in Session, the, 456.
Demonstration at Vienna, Austria, 301.
Demonstration of the Democracy in New York City, 676.
Disasters.—On Railroad near Northfield, Vt., 4; Fire of Tenement-house, 2d Avenue, 4; the Angola Railroad, 20 (3 Illustrations); U. S. Steamer *Monongahela* at St. Croix, 29; the great Fire in Chicago, 97; Fire at the Academy of Music, Albany, 109; Burning of Barnum's Museum, 185; Explosion of Steamer *Magnolia*, 221; Burning of Steamer *Sea-bird*, 968; Erie Railroad Disaster, 273; Wreck of the American Ship *General Grant*, 316; Explosion of the Propeller *Governor Cushman*, 317; Explosion of a Steam Fire-engine, 429; the *Little Western* capsizing in Lake Michigan, 436; the great Maryland Flood, 497, 500, 517; Wreck of the Bark *Henry Trowbridge*, 557; Wreck of the Steamer *Hippocampus*, 612; Wreck of the U. S. Steamer *Suwanee*, 613; Wreck of the *Waterer*, 644; terrible Explosion of Petroleum on Lake Erie, 732; the Fulton Ferry-boat Collision, 765; Burning of Fort Lafayette, 808; Steamboat Collision on the Ohio River, 820.
Diogenes seeking an honest Man, 205.
Disraeli making his first Speech as Premier, 236.
Diving-bell Operations on the Wreck of the Frigate *Hussar*, 533.
Dog Pound, rescued from the, 481.
Dolly's Sleighride, 148.
Don't go yet, 129.
Douglas, Removal of the Remains of the late Stephen A., 396.
Dressing Baby, 289.
Drill, competitive, between Boston and New York Zouave Companies, 525.
Drowned, Resuscitating Apparatus for the, 478.
Duck-shooting, 728 (6 Cuts).
Duel between Colored Men, 404.

Earthquake in San Francisco, 765 (3 Cuts).
Earthquakes, the West India, 49.
Earthquakes in South America.—Port and Morro of Arica, Peru, 617; Harbor of Callao, Peru, 617; Arequipa, Peru, 617; Scenes in the Plaza of Arequipa, 633; Wreck of the *Waterer*, 644; Arica, Peru, after the Earthquake, 692; Interior View of the Church of St. Anne, Ica, Peru, 709; Meeting of the People before the Statue of Christ, Ica, Peru, 709; Submersion of Arica, Peru, 749.
Easter Offerings, 285.
1865.—1866.—"I stood on a Tower in the Wet," 204.
Election Riots in England, 813.
Electioneering at the South, 468.
Elevated Railway in Greenwich St., New York City, 476.
Elliott lying in State, Remains of Charles L., 589.
Ellis's Island, New York Harbor, 173.
Emanu-el Temple, the Hebrew, 729.
Emigrants on the Battery, 516.
Erie, Lake, Explosion of Petroleum on, 732.
Erie Railroad Directors' Room at Taylor's Hotel, 237.
Erie Railroad Disaster, 273.
Examining and swearing naturalized Citizens, 649.
Explosions. (*See Disasters.*)

Fac-simile of General Grant's Letter, 635.
Falls of Minnehaha, 324.
Falls of Snoqualmie River, 324.
Farragut in the Futtock-shrouds, 228.
Father Esmerata exhorting the Paraguayans to Surrender, 685.
Fenian Attack on Martello Tower, 109.
Ferguson's "Mechanical Paradox," 555.
Fires. (*See Disasters.*)
Fire-works on the Night of the 4th of July, 445.
First and Second Floors, 36 (2 Cuts).
First Bird of the Season, the, 585.
Fish-farm, a New Jersey, 381 (6 Cuts).
Fish, the wonderful, 684.
Fishing for Pickerel through the Ice, 817.
Fisk and Gould, Messrs., escaping to New Jersey, 237.
Floating for Deer in the Adirondacks, 677.
Foot-race on Fashion Course, L. I., 797.
Forsyth's Command with Indians, Engagement of, 669.
Fort Lafayette, Burning of, 808.
Foundling Hospital at Florence, Wicket of, 60.
Freedman's Bureau, the, 473.
Freedmen's Schools, the, 637 (6 Cuts).
French Council of Ministers at St. Cloud, 756.
Frietchie's, Mrs. Barbara, House at Frederick, Md., 269.
Fulton Ferry-boat Collision, 765.
Fulton Market Game-stall, 520.
Funeral of Admiral H. H. Bell, 216.
Funeral of Chief Engineer Lyle, 4.
"Fun or Mischief," 557.
Fur-traders on the Missouri attacked by Indians, 329.

Galatea, the British Ship, in a Cyclone, 68.
Game-stall, Fulton Market, 829.
Gardening.—Spring-time in the Country, 296.
General Grant, Wreck of the, 316.
Giralda, Seville, Spain, the, 712.
Good Samaritan, the, 620.
Good Time coming, the, 697.
Governor Cushman Propeller, Explosion of the, 317.
Grandmother's come, 40.
Grant, U. S., 353.
Grant at Army Head-quarters, 356.
Grant Medal, the, 605.
Grant County, Wis., Soldiers' Monument, 77.
Graves, decorating the Soldiers', 388 (4 Cuts).
Grounds at the White House, Washington, 417.
Guard-room of the Erie Special Police, the, 237.
Guard of the American Legation at Kobe, Japan, 300.

Hail-storm in Texas, 413.
Halleck, Monument to Fitz-Greene, 620.
Harlem Lane—Sunday Afternoon, 744.
Haytien Corvette *Alexandre Petion*, Engagement of the, with the Batteries off Petit Goave, 692.
Hebrew Temple Emanu-el, the, 729.
Henry Trowbridge, Wreck of the, 557.
Hint to Horsemen, a, 554.
Hippocampus, Wreck of the Steamer, 612.
Holiday in the Woods, 777.
Holy Family, the, 824.
Home from the Races, 413.
Hong Kong, China, View of, 344.
Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, 344.
Honoring our Dead Heroes, 365.
Hoosac Tunnel, 781 (4 Cuts).
Horses' Morning Bath at Calcutta, the, 716.
Hospital for Incurables, Scene in the, 136.
"Hot Corn," 588.
Houdon's Statue of Washington, 772.
House of Refuge, New York, 392 (11 Cuts).
Hudson River, proposed Suspension Bridge over the, 377.
Humaita, Fort, Paraguay, Bird's-eye View of, 301.
Hunting in Africa, 108.

I can not sing the old Songs, 313.
Ica, Peru, after the Earthquake, 709 (2 Cuts).
Ice, amidst the, 441.
Ill Tidings, 235.
Impeachment of the President.—Stevens and Bingham before the Senate, 161; the Guard before the War Office, 164; Examination of General Thomas, 164; General Thomas demanding the War Office of Secretary Stanton, 164; the Impeachment Committee preparing the Indictment, 164; House of Representatives, Washington, Interior of the, 168; Scene in the House, 180; a Race for the Wires, 180; the last Speech, 180; serving the Summons on President Johnson, 193; Lobby of the White House at Washington, 212; Face-simile of Ticket of Admission, 212; President Johnson consulting with Counsel, 212; Portraits of the Managers, 177; receiving Tickets at the Entrance, 225; Members of Committee proceeding to Senate Chamber, 225; the Senate as a Court of Impeachment, 233; the Senate in Consultation in the Ladies' Parlor, 244; Portraits of the President's Counsel, 244, 260; Ladies' Gallery in the Senate, 248; Scene in "Newspaper Row," Washington, 340; Reporters and Citizens in the Senate Lobby, 340.
Inauguration of the Benton Statue at St. Louis, 396.
Inauguration of the Luther Monument at Worms, 500.
Indian Expedition, Gov. W. F. M. Arny's, 532.
Indian, Life of an, 392 (9 Cuts.)
Indian Prisoners captured by General Custer, 825.
Indians, Attack of, on a "Bull-train," 653.
Indians attacking a Wagon-train, 601.
Indians, Engagement of Forsyth's Command with, 669.
Indians, Fur-traders on the Missouri attacked by, 329.
In the Garden, 477.
Islay, Peru, Medanos in the Pampa of, 157; Tambo of la Joya in, 157; Port of, 157.
Israel in Egypt, 120.
Italy, Crown Prince of, and his Bride, 333.
Italy, threshing Wheat in, 333.

Japan, Guard of the American Legation defending the Custom-house at Kobe, Japan, 300.
Japanese Revolution, the, 284 (2 Cuts).
Jeddo, View of, 284.
Jones's Wood, Hall and Shooting-ground at, 440.
Juveniles, an Illustration for the, 305.

Kaw Indians, Ceremony of Burial among the, 732 (4 Cuts).
"Kelly" Medal, Presentation of the, 801.
King's Temple, the, 412.
Knickerbockers, New-year's Day among the ancient, 12; among the modern, 13.
Ku-klux Klan, two Members of the, 813.

Labor Exchange, the, 516 (2 Cuts).
Land in Sight, 253.
Las Cumbres Railroad, Mexico, 200.
Last Relic, the, 792.
"Lead us not into Temptation," 600.
Left behind, 569.
Lewiston, Me., Soldiers' Monument, 268.
Life of an Indian, 392 (9 Cuts).
Life-preserving Apparatus, Stoner's, 660.
Lincoln, Abraham, Tomb of, 577.
Little Western, the, capsizing in Lake Michigan, 436.
Little Woman, the, 821.
Lobster Factory, a, 509 (4 Cuts).
Local Item, a, 65.
Lost Arm, the, 148.
Ludlow Street Jail, 189 (6 Cuts).
Luther Monument at Worms, 652; Inauguration of, 500.
Lying in Wait, 109.

Macon, Ga., City of, 596.
Madrid, Burning of the Garroting Scaffold in, 793; revolutionary Scene in, 724; the Royal Palace, 749.
Magdala, Exodus of King Theodore's Army from, 440; View of, 380.
Magnolia Steamer, Explosion of the, 221.
Mail-carriers, New York City, in their new Uniform, 828.
Manhattan Club-house, Vestibule of the, 436.
Mariner's Children, the, 241.
Martha's Vineyard, Camp Meeting at, 580 (7 Cuts).
Maryland Flood, the great, 497, 500, 517.
Mass Meeting of the "Boys in Blue" in Philadelphia, 657.
Maternal Vigilance, 385.
Maximilian's Body, arrival of, at Trieste, 137.
May-day in the Country, 312.
Mechanics' Industrial Fair Building at San Francisco, 581.
Medanos in the Pampa of Islay, Peru, 157.
Methodist Episcopal Church, General Conference of the, at Chicago, 308.
Methodist Camp Meeting at Sing Sing, 556.
Mexico, las Cumbres Railroad, 200.
Minnehaha Falls, 324.
Model-maker, the, 209.
Mont Cenis Railroad, the, 141.
Monumental Statue of Commodore Perry, 661.
Monumental Statue to Major General John Sedgwick, 684.
Morgue, New York, receiving dead Bodies at the, 493.
Morning Start of the New York City Mail-carriers, 828.
Morning Walk, the, 201.
Morro Castle, Havana, Cuba, 753.
Mother's Care, a, 249.
My Heart sighs for Spring, 285.

Napier and Staff entertained by the Prince of Tigre, 297.
Naturalization, securing Certificates of, 649.
Nauvoo, New Jersey, the fishing Village of, 537.
Negro Newsboys in Richmond, 796.
New England Factory Life, 472.
New England Puritans going to Church, 265.
New Jersey Fish-farm, a, 381 (6 Cuts).
New Hampshire Fair, Prize Animals, 625.
Newport Steamer, the, 397.
"Newspaper Row," Washington, Scene in, 340.
New-year's Day among the ancient Knickerbockers, 12; among the modern, 13.
New York City Life, Sketches of, 588 (2 Cuts).
New York House of Refuge, 392 (11 Cuts).
Next-door Neighbors, 304.
Nomination of General Grant, reading the News of the, in the Country, 364.
Not for us, 8.

Ohio Female College, Ruins of the, 317.
Old Seat, the, 204.
One Vote less, 512.
"One Year ago," 412.
On the Docks after a hot Day, 532.
Opening of Navigation, 1868.—On the Mississippi, 252; on the Hudson, 252; on Long Island Sound, 252.
Opera-house, Pike's new, 60.
Operations of the Customs Inspectors and Agents at New York, 564.
Oregon, Indians fishing for Salmon in, 108.
Ostrich-hunting, 540.
Out-of-door Sports.—Regatta at West Point, 408; the Tub-race, 408; Jerome Park Races, 408; New York Yacht Club Regatta, 428; the Schutzenfest, 452; Cricket-match between the Saint George's and Knickerbocker Clubs, 492; Hunting the Polar Bear, 508; Perch-fishing and Sturgeon-catching, 522; Rail or Sora Hunting in Virginia, 524; Cricket, the All-England Eleven, 636; Yacht-race for Bennett's Prize, 644; Duck-shooting, 728; fishing for Pickerel through the Ice, 817.
Overland Mail-coach, the, 88.

Pacific Railroad, Central, Snow-shed on the, 344; surveying for the, 345.
Panama, New Granada, Central America, 345.
Papal Zouaves, Camp of the, 565.
Parade of the Brooklyn Sunday-school Children, 369.
Paraguayan War.—Bird's-eye View of Fort Humaita, 301; a bombarded Church, 645; Brazilian Squadron reducing Batteries, 685; Engagement at Chaco, 685; Father Esmerata exhorting the Paraguayans to Surrender, 685.
Patience on a Monument, 648.
Pauper, the Story of a, 92.
Peddler's Wagon, the, 393.
Perch-fishing and Sturgeon-catching, 522 (4 Cuts).
Perry, Commodore, monumental Statue of, 661.
Peruvian Infantry and Cavalry, 157.
Pet Calf, the, 561.
Philadelphia, Procession of "Boys in Blue" in, 664.
Philadelphia Tragedy, the Scene of the, 788.
Pickerel-fishing through the Ice, 817.
Pike's new Opera-house, 60.
Pioneer, the, 17.
Placard-bearers, Arrest of, 188.
Plantation, Southern, Scene on a, 93.
"Please give me a Penny, Sir!" 81.
Plowing on the Prairies, 292.
Plymouth Rock Monument, 19.
Poacher at Bay, the French, 152.
Polar Bear-hunting, 508.
Pork-packing in Cincinnati, 28 (5 Cuts).
Portuguese Man-o'-war, the, 474.
Prejudice, 540.
Preparing for Christmas, 829.
President Johnson's last Levee, 184.
Printing-house Square, New York, Scene in, 476.
Prisoners, Indian, captured by General Custer, 825.
Prize Animals at the New Hampshire Fair, 625.
Prizes for the New York Yacht Club, 533.
Prospect Park, Brooklyn, 584 (8 Cuts).

Race at Jerome Park, the opening, 408.
Rag-pickers disposing of their Gatherings, 733.
Raid on illicit Whisky-stills in Brooklyn, 276.
Rail or Sora Hunting in Virginia, 524.
Railway, elevated, in Greenwich St., New York, 476.
Reading the News of the Nomination of Gen'l Grant in the Country, 364.
Reception at the National Academy of Design, 280.
Regatta, the Cadets', at West Point, 408; New York Yacht Club, 428.
Rejected Addresses, 621.
Relieving the Poor in New York, 100.
Relieving the Poor.—The Dinner-hour, 132; serving Soup, 132.
Removal of the Remains of the late Stephen A. Douglas, 396.
Reporters' Gallery in the House of Representatives, Washington, 145.
Republican Convention.—Arrival of Delegates in Chicago, 360; Exterior of Crosby's Opera-house, 360; Interior of Crosby's Opera-house, 361.
Rescued from the Dog Pound, 481.
Richmond, Chain-gang at, 780.
Richmond, Va., at the Market in, 708.
Riots at the Elections in England, 813.
Ritualism at St. Alban's, New York, 328.

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Rogers, the Sculptor, modeling his "America," 529.
Ruins of Clerkenwell Prison, London, 33.
Ruins of the Ohio Female College near Cincinnati, 317.
Rush for the Country, the, 489.

Saengerfest Societies in Chicago, 420.
Salmon-fishing in Oregon, 108.
Salt-mines on Isle Petite Anse, Louisiana, 541.
San Francisco, Earthquake in, 736 (3 Cuts).
San Francisco Industrial Fair Building, 581.
San José, California, Court-house, 725.
Santiago de Cuba, 793.
Saturday Afternoon in the Grounds of the White House, 417.
Schutzenfest, the Procession of the, 449; the domestic Sharp-shooter, 452; the convivial Sharp-shooter, 452; Sharp-shooters firing at the Targets, 452; the Dance, 452; the Prizes, 452.
Sea-bird Steamer, Burning of the, 268.
Sea-side, at the, 492.
Secretary's Room in the War Department, the, 77.
Secretary of War, General Schofield, the new, 372.
Sedgwick Monument, the, 684.
Sedgwick, unveiling the Statue of, 717.
"See-saw," 305.
Senate Lobby, Reporters and Citizens in the, 340.
Serra Viaduct, St. Paul's Railroad, Brazil, 780.
Seville, Spain, a Street in, 712.
Shakesperian Memorial Library at Birmingham, England, the, 624.
Sheep shearing and washing in the Country, 461 (2 Cuts).
Sheridan on the Move, 776.
Silver, conveying, to the City of Mexico, 300.
Sisters of Mercy, the, 1.
Skating Scene—Winter, 52.
Slaves in Cuba, punishing, 753.
Sioux Indians in Ambush, 281.
Snoqualmie River, Falls of, 324.
Snow-shed on the Central Pacific Railroad, 344.
St. Alban's, New York, Ritualism at, 328.
St. Lawrence University, 773.
St. Valentine's Day, 124.
Streets of New York, the, 172.
Stuart's Washington, 132.
Street Auction Scene in New York, 316.
Soldiers' Monuments. — At Lewiston, Me., 268; in Grant County, Wis., 77; at Chelsea, Mass., 541.
Sora, or Rail, the, 524.
Spring, 285.
Spring-time in the Country, 296.
Steam-boat Disaster on the Ohio, 820.
Stevens's, Thaddeus, Dwelling and Office, Lancaster, Penn., 309.
Stevens, Thaddeus, the Body of, lying in State, 545; Scene at the Death-bed of, 548.
Stoner's Life-preserving Apparatus at Havre, 660.
"Stop Thief," 700.
"Street Arabs," New York, 604 (9 Cuts).
Street-sweepers answering to Roll-call, 733.
Sturgeon-catching and Perch-fishing, 522 (4 Cuts).
Sunday Afternoon, Harlem Lane, 744.
Sunday at Sea, 696.
Sunday Morning, before Service, 668.
Sunday Morning in the Fourth Ward, New York, 504.
Sun-stroke Invalids, receiving, at Bellevue Hospital, 493.
Supreme Court, United States, the Judges of the, 72.
Surveying for the Central Pacific Railroad, 344.
Suspension Bridge, proposed, over the Hudson River, 877.
Suwanee, United States Steamer, Wreck of the, 613.

Tambo of la Joya, Pampa of Islay, Peru, 157.
Tammany Hall, new, 433; Interior of, 456; Tablets in, 458.
Tendering the Republican Nominations to Grant and Colfax, 372.
Texas, crossing Mustangs in, 741.
Texas Hail-storm.—Effect on the Houses, 413; the frightened Mules halted, 413.
Thanksgiving, preparing for, 760; Dinner, the first, 761.
Theodore, King, as he lay Dead, 404.
Threshing Wheat in Italy, primitive Style of, 333.
Tigress bringing the First-fruits to her Young, 257.
Tollers of the Sea, 657.
Tomb of Abraham Lincoln, 577.
Trapper, Scenes in the Life of a, 665 (12 Cuts).
Trapping Wild Turkeys, 757.
Trieste, Arrival of Maximilian's Body at, 137.
Troutdale Fish-farm, 881.
Tycoon, Palace of the, 284.

Unalachleet, Alaska, Indians fishing in the, 572.
Union League Club-house, 605.
Unknown Soldier, an, 684.

Velocipedes, American, 812; Race in Paris, 812.
Vesuvius in Eruption, 93.
Victim, the, 61.
Vienna, popular Demonstration at, 301.
"Village Dépôt," the, 521.
Virginia Deer-hunt, a, 348.
Volcano of Misti, Peru, 157, 617.

Washing and shearing Sheep in the Country, 461 (2 Cuts).
Washington, Hondon's Statue of, 772.
Water-drinkers in Spain, the, 641.
Wateree, Wreck of the, 644.
Waterspouts.—Forming, racing, dissolving, 484.
Wesleyan College, new, at Belfast, Ireland, 597.
West India Earthquakes, 49.
Western Prairie Farmer, 196.
West Point, Cadet Life at, 424 (13 Cuts).
West Point, Regatta at, 408.
Whipping-post at Newcastle, Delaware, 785.
"Wickedest Man," the, 505 (4 Cuts).
"Wickedest Man's" Dance-house, Prayer Meeting in the, 505; Scene in front of the, 593.
Wild Horses in Texas, 741.
Winter, 809; Skating Scene, 52.
Winter Scenes on the Sea-board, 89.
Wolves attacking a Stag on the Ice, 153.
World, Map of the, 544.
Wreckers of the New Jersey Coast, among the, 56.
Wrecks. (*See Disasters.*)

Yacht Club, New York, the new Club-house and Grounds of the, 428; the Regatta of, 428.
Yale School of the Fine Arts, 717.
Yokohama, the City of, 284.
Young Men's Christian Association, laying the Corner-stone of the new Building of the, 740.
Young Trappers, the, 828.
Yukon River, Alaska, first View of the, 572.

PORTRAITS.

Allen, John, the "Wickedest Man," 505.
Astor, Mr. Wm. B., 292.
Bell, Admiral H. H., 141.
Beust, Baron Von, 724.
Bingham of Ohio, 177.
Blair, General F. P., 468.
Bonaparte, Cardinal Prince Lucien, 268.
Boutwell of Massachusetts, 177.
Brewster, the late Sir David, 236.
Brooks, Hon. James, 508.
Brougham, Lord, 380.
Browne, J. Ross, 125.
Buchanan, the late ex-President, 396.
Bullock of Georgia, Governor, 589.
Burlingame, Hon. Anson, 548.
Busteed of Alabama, Judge, 44.
Butler of Massachusetts, 177.
Cagger, the late Peter, 484.
Canseco, General, President of Peru, 157.
Coggswell, Joseph G., LL.D., 524.
Colfax, Schuyler, 356.
Curtis, Benjamin R., 244.
Deak, Francis, 533.
Disraeli, Rt. Hon. Benjamin, 173, 429.
Drew, Daniel, 237.
Dulce, General, 713.
Durell, Hon. Daniel M., 364.
Elliott, Charles L., 589.
Evarts, Wm. M., 244.
Favre, Jules, 349.
Fisher, Rev. Dr., 773.
Fisk, Rev. Richmond, D.D., 773.
Gladstone, Rt. Hon. W. E., 429.
Grant, General U. S., 356.
Griswold, Hon. John A., 477.
Groesbeck, W. H., 260.
Hall, A. Oakey, 797.
Hall, Rev. S. R., 620.
Halpine, the late General, 533.
Hamilton, Captain Louis M., 804.
Hawley, General Joseph R., 364.
Hopkins, the late Bishop, 61.
Hubbard, R. W., N.A., 324.
Isabella II., Queen of Spain, 660.
Jewell, Hon. Marshall, 221.
Johnson, Hon. Reverdy, 420.
Keep, Henry, 29.
King Theodore of Abyssinia, 317.
Leutze, the late Emanuel, 509.
Littlejohn, Dr. Abram N., 797.
Logan of Illinois, 177.
Lord, the late Daniel, 196.
Maclean, John, D.D., LL.D., 669.
M'Cosh, James, LL.D., 669.
M'Gee, the late Thomas D'Arcy, 260.
Milman, the late Rev. Dr., 713.
Nasby, Petroleum V., ex-Postmaster, 737.
Olozaga, Salustiano, 713.
Payne, James S. (of Liberia), 61.
Pollard, H. Rives, 788.
Prim, General Don Juan, 660.
Prince Alfred of England, 348.
Prince Humbert of Italy, 333.
Princess Marguerite of Savoy, 333.
Punshon, Rev. William Morley, 220.
Randolph of South Carolina, the late Rev. B. F., 740.
Rothschild, the late Baron James De, 769.
Sands, George F., 305.
Sarmiento, Domingo F., 653.
Sawyer, Hon. Frederick A., 621.
Schofield, General John M., 372.
Scott, Governor R. K., 621.
Serrano, Marshal, 713.
Seymour, Hon. Horatio, 465.
Smith, Professor Goldwin, 797.
Stanbery, Henry, 244.
Stevens, Thaddeus, 177, 548.
Thomas, Adjutant General Lorenzo, 148.
Topete, Admiral, 713.
Vanderbilt, Cornelius, 237.
Ward, J. Q. A., N.A., 324.
Warmoth, Hon. H. C., 589.
Washington by Stuart, 132.
Whelan, Patrick J., 628.
Williams of Pennsylvania, 177.
Wilson of Iowa, 177.

GENERAL INDEX.

Abyssinian Bible, an, 269.
Abyssinian War, the, 3, 297, 439.
Academy of Design, Opening of the, 276.
Active Bore, the, 265.
Adirondacks, Floating for Deer in the, 679; Sketches in the, 742.
After a Hot Day, 532.
Alaska Scenes, 574.
Alaska Hat, Interior of an, 788.
American Artists, 324.
American Velocipede, the, 811.
Amidst the Ice again, 44.
Ancient Co-operative Societies, 599.
Angola, Disaster at, 19.
Animal Intelligence, 509.
Anti-proposal, an, 154.
Arabian Slave-traders, the, 493.
Arica after the Earthquake, 690; the Submersion of, 737.
Army, the American, 535.
Art, a Wonder of, 307.
Art Schools of New York, 83.
Aspinwall and Panama, 346.
Assassination of Thomas D'Arcy M'Gee, 257; Trial or Whalen, 628.
Assassination, the Policy of, 705.
Astor, Mr. William B., 292.
Astoria, 349.
Attack on Colonel Forsyth's Command, 669.
Augusta, Georgia, 597.
Avalanche, the, 99.
Austria, Civil Marriages in, 302.

Bachelor's Christmas Dinner, a, 10.
Balzac at Home, 494.
Barnum's Museum, Fire at, 188.
Barn-yard, the, 26.
Base-ball, the President of, 305.
Bates's Pilgrimage, Sergeant, 276.
Bee Hunting, 612.
Belfast, Ireland, Wesleyan College at, 605.
Bellowing in Sleeping Cars, 307.
Benton Statue, the, 388.
Beust, Baron Von, 724.
Bible, an Abyssinian, 269.
Billiard Championship, the, 653.
Bogus Bronzes, 812.
Bonaparte, Cardinal Lucien, 269.
Boughton's Puritans, 265.
Boys in Blue at Philadelphia, the, 657.
Brazil, St. Paul's Railroad, 780.
Brewer Fountain on Boston Common, the, 774.
Brewster, the late Sir David, 236.
Bridge over the Ohio, 142.
Broken Mug, the, 749.
Bronte Family, the, 87.
Brooklyn Sunday-schools, the, 370.
Brooks, Hon. James, 507.
Brougham, Lord, 380.
Browne, J. Ross, 125.
Buchanan, Ex-President, 396.
Buenos Ayres, Sketches in, 650.
Buffalo attacked by Wolves, 596.
Buffalo, N.Y., Explosion at, 317.
Bull and Tiger Fight, a, 254.
Burlinghame, Minister, 346.
Busteed, Hon. Richard, 44.

Cadet Life at West Point, 426.
Cadiz, Spain, View of, 699.
Cagger, Peter, 487.
Calcutta, the Horses' Morning Bath at, 714.
Captain Rolf's Story, with Illustrations, 645.
Castle Garden Labor Exchange, 518.
Cattle Plague, the, 554.
Central Pacific Railroad, 346.
Chelsea Soldiers' Monument, 541.
Chemistry of a Tear, the, 231.
Chicago Grain and Cattle Markets, 702.
Chicago Saengerfest, 420.
Chicago, the great Fire in, 97.
Chicago's Calamity, 115.
Children's Selfishness, 503.
Chinese Embassy, the, 377.
Chinese Wedding, a, 574.
Chip, a, 397.
Christopher Columbus, 338.
Christopher Columbus, Death of, 203.
Chromo-lithography and Photo-sculpture, 727.
Circumstances, 608.
Circumstances alter Characters, 682.
Civilized Flies, 77.
Cogswell, LL.D., Joseph G., 523.
Colfax, Schuyler, 356.
Collecting the Customs, 567.
Collisions. (*See Disasters.*)
Columbus, Georgia, 597.
Commercial Relations of New York, 344.
Confession of Zillah the Witch, with Illustration, 805.
Convention, National Christian, 773.
Convention, the Republican, 362.
Convention, the Tammany Hall, 458.
Cornelius Kilderbee's Joke, 336.
Cotton Tax, the, 67, 83.
Country Church, the, 609.
Country Doctor's Life, a, 326.
Country Parson in Norway, a, 823.
Cousin Bob's First Love, 58.
Cricketers, the, 492.
Cuban Affairs, 753.
Curious Derivation of a Strange Phrase, 286.
Cynics, the Chief of, 205.

Dainty Dishes, 270.
Dame Jiacinta's Story 314.
Dancing Mania, the, 302.
David's Door, 198.
Day-dreams of the Past, 42.
Dead-letter Office, 113.
Dead Soldier and his Dog, the, 629.
Deak, Francis, 533.
Death, Natural Causes of, 221.
Declaration, the, 609.
Decoration of Soldiers' Graves, 388.
Deer Hunt, the, 349.
Delaware, Whipping-post and Pillory in, 791.
Democratic Candidates, the, 468.
Democratic Demonstration in New York City, 682.
Denunciating Dog, the, 151.
Dervishes of Central Asia, the, 238.
Devil Outwitted, the, 294.
Devil Tree, the, 55.
Disasters. — A Chapter of, 3; at Angola, 19; on the Erie Railroad, 274; on Lake Michigan, 269; the Steamer *Waterce*, 645; Explosion of Steamer *Magnolia*, 221; at Buffalo, 317; Fire Engine in the Bowery, 429; on Lake Erie, 732; Fires in Chicago, 97; at Albany, 109; Barnum's Museum, 188; Fort Lafayette, 804; Wrecks of the *General Grant*, 318; the *Little Western*, 436; of the *Henry Trowbridge*, 587; of the *Hippocampus*, 612; of the *Suwanee*, 613; Collision of Fulton Ferry-boats, 756; Steam-boat Collision on the Ohio, 817.
Disraeli addressing the House of Commons, 236.
Disraeli and Gladstone, 429.
Distress among the Poor, 99.
Doctor's New Settlement, the, 182.
Doctor's Story, the, 279.
Dog Pound, the, 432.
Dog Stories, a, 171.
Dolly's Sleigh-ride, 151.
Domestic Intelligence, 99, 115, 131, 147, 163, 179, 195, 211, 227, 243, 259, 275, 291, 307, 323, 339, 355, 371, 387, 403, 419, 435, 451, 467, 483, 499, 515, 531, 547, 563, 579, 595, 611, 627, 643, 659, 675, 691, 707, 723, 739, 755, 771, 787, 803, 819.
Donelson, 614.
Don't go yet, 129.
Doré, the Story of Gustave, 555.
Double Mistake, the, 534.
Douglas Monument, the, 396.
Down with the Divers, 541.
Duck Shooting, 729.
Duel at Savannah, 404.
Durell, of Louisiana, Hon. Daniel M., 363.

Earthquakes, the Land of, 779.
Earthquakes in South America, 617, 634, 714, 737; at St. Thomas, 49; in San Francisco, 759.
Easter Offerings, 396.
Eastern Question, the, 35.
Eccentricities of the Flesh, 87.
Eclipse, a great Solar, 522.
Economy of Material, 174.

EDITORIALS.

Politics. — General Grant's Letter, 2; Candidate, a, Wanted, 2; the Latest Comedy, 3; the Great Work at Home, 18; Sequel of the Repeal of the Missouri Compromise, 18; the Movement for General Grant, 19; the Political Issue of 1868, 34; Leave well Enough alone, 50; the State and National Conventions, 50; Double Allegiance, 50; a Little Testimony, 51; the President, Mr. Stanton, and General Grant, 66; Supreme Court, the Two-thirds Provision, 66; the Situation, 82; the Alphabet and the New Citizens, 82; the New York Convention, 82; Native and Naturalized Citizens, 98; Cities in the Constitutional Convention, 98; the President and the Generals, 114; Reconstruction, 114; from Virginia, 115; the Ohio Martyr, 115; the New Alabama Question, 130; the President and the Law, 146; Prospects, 146; the National Inquest, 162; the New York Convention, 162; Impeachment, 162; Conservatism in Alabama, 163; the Removability of Public Officers, 178; a Look about Us, 178; Ribaldry as an Impeachable Offense, 179; the Chief Justice and the Senate, 179; New Hampshire, 194; the President's Power over the Cabinet, 194; the Precedent of Impeachment, 194; the West and Repudiation, 195; the President's Trial, 195; at the Front, 195; the President and the Law, 210; Men and Parties, 210; Connecticut, 211; the President's Usurpations, 226; the Alabama Bill, 226; Probably, 227; General Howard and the Freedman's Bureau, 227; the Chief Justice Presiding, 242; the Evidence against the President, 242; Fellow-citizens at the Front, 242; Connecticut, 243; General Grant and Calumny, 243; How to Reconstruct, 258; the Southern Elections, 258; the Opening of the President's Counsel, 258; the President and the Law, 274; the Chief Justice and the Political Future, 274; the End of the Trial, 290; the Southern Elections, 290; Rights of American Citizens Abroad, 291; Irresponsible Executive Power, 306; Democracy and Repudiation, 306; Mr. Evarts and the Party, 306; the Vice-Presidency, 322; Impeachment and the New York Tribune, 322; General Butler as a Party Representative, 322; Democracy Known by its Works, 323; Party Terrorism, 338; the Decision, 338; the Oath and the Evidence, 338; Restoration, 339; the Republican Party, 354; Grant and Colfax, 354; the Republican Platform, 354; the Republican Platform the Hope of the South, 355; the Chief Justice and the Presidency, 370; a Party View, 370; the Platform and Repudiation, 371; the Letters of Acceptance, 371; Let us have Peace, 386; the Chief Justice's Friends, 386; Democratic Insults to Soldiers and Sailors, 387; Pulling down the Flag, 387; Political Parties, 402; the Soldiers and Sailors, 402; the Happy Family, 402; Pure Reason, 403; an Obvious Question, 403; "Scissors if I Die for it," 418; the Troubles of Tammany, 418; a Word with the Soldiers and Sailors, 418; a Look, Stock, and Barrel Wanted, 419; Mr. Chase and the Suffrage, 419; Mr. Seymour and Taxation, 434; Representation in Party Conventions, 435; Under Which? 435; the Lines Drawn, 435; the Southern Electoral Vote, 451; the Position of the Chief Justice, 451; the "High-toned" Gentry again, 451; What the Soldiers Say, 451; the Great Issue, 466; the Democratic Candidate, 466; What General Blair Wants, 466; Who Killed Cock Robin? 466; and Mr. Chase? 467; A. H. Stephens speaks for the Democrats, 467; the Democratic Policy of Anarchy, 482; Counting the Votes, 482; the Hope of "the Lost Cause," 482; an Physical Force" Programme, 498; the Recess of Congress, 498; "Regular and Peaceful," 499; Another Certificate for Mr. Seymour, 499; At the Point of the Bayonet, 514; the Truth *vs.* "a Great Statesman," 514; Views of a Democratic Leader, 514; the Rebel Yell, 515; "What! Old Mole!" 530; Batteries Unmasked, 530; Mulled Warriors, 530; Louisiana, 531; Another Illustration, 531; the Plain Peril, 546; the Way to War, 546; Choosing Electors in Alabama, 546; a Little Late, 547; Ex-Rebels and Rebels, 547; a "Solemn Key," 562; the Stars and Bars at the Democratic Peak, 562; the Platform of Civil War, 562; Political Terrorism, 563; the Mask Falling, 563; Are they Forgeries? 578; Congress and the Southern Vote, 578; the True Democratic Doctrine, 579; the Difficulty with Grant, 579; Another Witness, 579; Poisoned Meats, 579; Shall the Lost Cause be Regained, 594; Prospects, 594; the Tammany Candidate, 594; "Great Statesmanship," 595; the "Chase Platform," 595; a French Friend, 595; Conciliation, 610; How the Enemy Work, 610; Maine, 611; an Apostle of Public Economy, 611; the Expulsion of the Georgia Members, 611; a Democratic Leader, 611; Taxing the Bonds, 611; the President's Preference, 611; Interesting, 611; Which is the Conservative? 611; "No Violence, no Scurrility," 611; Sound Doctrine, 611; Like likes Like, 611; the Situation, 626; Fighting again, 626; Forrest and Fort Pillow, 626; General Butler in Massachusetts, 627; the same Old Story, 627; the Canadian Riot, 642; General Dix for General Grant, 642; Government by the People, 642; Democratic Sneers at the Foreign Friends of the Union, 643; Just So, 643; General Butler and the Republican Party, 658; General Butler and Mr. Dana, 674; the State Department, 674; Voting in Georgia, 674; Judge Pierrepont on the Campaign, 675; a Foolish Farce, 690; More Drollery, 690; the Massachusetts Fifth District, 690; General Blair as a Prophet, 691; the Good Time Coming, 691; the Bloated Bondholders, 691; a Religious Rebel View, 691; the Old Party and Old Policy, 706; General M'Clellan and the Democratic Managers, 706; the Party of Violence, 706; a Little Dust, 707; "Help me, Cassius," 707; a Frank Abandonment, 707; Dinna ye Hear the Slogan? 707; A Waterloo, 707; more Statesmanship, 707; General Grant and Peace, 722; Poison in the Fountain, 722; the Will of the People, 738; the Democracy of General Grant, 739; Amending the Constitution, 754; a Vital Reform, 754; Why This is Thus, 754; Louisiana, 771; the Peril of the Hour, 771; Our British Claims, 786; the Voting in Georgia, 786; Hatred and Conciliation, 786; the Georgia Question, 787; the Question of the Suffrage, 802; Davis's Trial, 803; the Last of the President, 818; the Question of the Suffrage, 818; the new Ministry and the old Claims, 818.

State and City Affairs.—The Power of the State over the City, 34; the Expense of the City Schools, 99; New York Politics, 114; Our City Schools, 115; Railroads Across our State, 146; Syracuse, 147; the New Constitution of New York, 178; the Legislature and the New Constitution, 211; Legislative Corruption, 242; State Aid to Private Interests, 243; Underground and other City Railroads, 259; the Erie Railway Tragedy, 291; Union of Church and State in New York, 307; the Common Schools of New York, 307; Vandals in New York, 323; a Correction, 403; "Pity the Sorrows of a Poor Old Man," 403; Building in New York, 547; the Work in New York, 691; an Ounce of Prevention, 739; the Facts of the Frauds, 739; the "Scum" of the City, 786.

Financial.—The Volume of the Circulation, 98; the Legal Tender Act, 130; International Coinage, 131; Business Reviving, 147; Stability of the National Credit, 211; Vanderbilt *vs.* Drew, 227; Perils of the "Pool," 259; National Honor or Dishonor, 466; the Bondholding Aristocracy, 467; Equal Taxation, 482; the Fall Trade as affected by Politics, 483; the Debt and its Authors, 499; the Fall Trade, 515; How Much can we Stand? 515; the Gold Speculation, 531; the True Financial Question, 578; Taxation, 578; Why Wall Street is Dull, 579; the Debt and its Payment, 610; Pushing the Financial Question, 642; the Aspects of Trade, 675; the Condition of Trade, 691; the Future of our Debt, Trade, and Commerce, 722; our Crops and the Foreign Demand for them, 738; the Stringency in Wall Street, 755; Remedy for the Stringency in Wall Street, 770; the Recent Speculations, 787; the State of Trade, 802; Trade and Finance, 818.

Foreign.—English Fears and Perils, 2; the Pope as King, 18; a Word from Labouchere, 35; Englishmen upon Ireland, 50; "New Dominion Bitters," 98; Our Minister in England, 115; Mr. Disraeli and Parliament, 131; the Bancroft Treaty, 210; Irish Church Reform, 274; Abyssinia and Paraguay, 291; the English Situation, 323; Latest from China, 355; the English Crisis, 355; the Darien Canal, 387; a Duelist Promoted, 403; English Politics, 418; the Celestial Embassy, 450; Death of Cardinal Andrea, 451; German Treaties, 483; Drought in Parts of Europe, 499; the Pope as Mrs. Partington, 531; the Drought in England, 610; the Spanish Revolution, 642; the Revolution in Spain, 658; Disraeli and Gladstone, 658; the Drought in England, 659; the Intercolonial Railway, 659; the Pope's Troubles, 690; Lord Stanley and Good Feeling, 706; England in Ireland, 723; Will there be a Republic in Spain, 723; the Dictator Lopez, 770; Abroad and at Home, 770; the Situation in Spain, 787; Mr. Gladstone Prime Minister, 802; the Republic in Spain, 818.

Miscellaneous.—The Horrors of Travel, 2; Railway Extension Eastward, 2; Christmas and New Year, 2; Taking Possession of Europe, 2; the Tragedy of Travel, 18; Other Man and Woman Traps, 19; a Little History, 34; Taxes on Knowledge, 35; the Aspects of Trade, 35; Wages, 51; Early Fruit, 51; Skating, Overdoing it, 51; the Great Gale, 66; Railroad Disasters and their Remedies, 67; American Surgery at the Paris Exhibition, 67; Child Murder, 82; the Hygiene of Gymnastics, 83; Motley's New Volumes, 83; Free Liquor, 130; a Little Brick Dust, 131; Railroad Comfort and Safety, 147; the Pacific Mail Company, 163; Diplomatic Discipline, 179; the Press and Libels, 211; National Honor, 226; Nationalism, 243; a Word to the Obfuscated, 243; Which is Which? 243; Singular Forgetfulness, 259; Girard College, 259; the Erie Railway Massacre, 275; West Point, 275; Dickens's Farewell, 275; Taxation and Production, 291; Assassination, 291; True Newspaper Courtesy, 291; a Public Disgrace, 306; Congress and the Fisheries, 323; Politics and Stock Speculations, 339; Party Good Sense, 339; Murder in a Mask, 339; Polite Letters, 339; Domestic Reserve, 339; the Dissenting Senators, 354; How we are Cheated, 354; Democratic Peace and Virtue, 355; Biting a File, 355; Grant and the Popular Will, 370; Edwin M. Stanton, 370; Judged by Itself, 370; Tricks upon Travelers, 371; Signs of Civiliza-

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tion, 671; Poor Whites and Blacks, 371; the Cooper Academy of Design, 371; Criticism of Public Men, 386; the Hoosac Tunnel, 386; Democratic Instinct, 387; the Tribute to the Dead Union Soldiers, 387; Free Schools, 402; the Civil Service Bill, 403; the National Institute, 403; That Leg, 403; a Case of Extreme Destitution, 403; the New Minister to England, 419; Weak Inventions, 419; "Tricks upon Travelers," 419; the Ornaments of Tammany Hall, 434; Frauds in Naturalization, 434; Beautiful Coincidence, 435; Washington's Principles at Washington College, 435; "The Nation," 435; Is the National Honor "Bosh?" 450; the Presidential Pardon, 450; Short Cuts to the Millennium, 450; the Saviors of the Republic, 451; the Alphabet and the Ballot, 451; the Freedmen's Bureau, 467; John A. Griswold, 467; Light Wanted, 483; Treasures for the Cornell University, 483; Conclusion of "Harpers' History of the Rebellion," 498; a Stale Slander upon Mr. Colfax, 499; "A Tyrant" and "A Butcher," 514; Naturalized Citizens, 515; the Insane Department of the Poor, 515; the Wells Seminary, 515; Thaddeus Stevens, 546; the Military Despots, 547; Democratic Portrait of Grant, 547; Harvest Prospects at Home and Abroad, 563; Base Coin, 563; a Sensible Scheme, 563; Lead Pipe and Lead Poisoning, 563; Elliott, the Artist, 579; What causes Anarchy, 594; What General Longstreet says, 594; General Rosecrans and General Lee, 595; West Point, 595; Warmth and Ventilation in our Public Schools, 611; Mr. Reverdy Johnson playing with Edged Tools, 626; the Old Mammy, 627; That Leg, 627; a Voice from Andersonville, 627; Caged Daggers, 627; Water Street, 642; the Artillery School at Fortress Monroe, 643; a Generous Action, 643; General Grant in Europe, 643; General M'Clellan, 658; the Boys in Blue, 658; the Friends of the Constitution, 674; Two Nations, 674; Forgeries, 675; General Hawley to R. H. Dana, Jr., 707; the Tree judged by its Fruits, 707; Mr. Seward's Speech, 722; Amending the Naturalization Laws, 722; Mr. John T. Hoffman, 738; Mr. Reverdy Johnson and Mr. Laird, 739; the Public Safety, 754; Cheapness of Life in America, 755; Rossini, 755; Mr. Reverdy Johnson upon Slavery, 770; the Street and the Bench, 771; the Election Frauds, 771; Happier and Happier, 771; Independent Journalism, 786; a Worthy Object, 787; the New International Postal Treaty, 803; Theology and Politics, 803; Sharp Practice, 803; Land ho! 818.

Educational Reform in France, 158.
Electioneering in the South, 467.
Election Riots in England, 804.
Electrical Novelties, 586.
Elevated Railway, the, 477.
Eleven Thousand Pounds, 70.
Elliott, the late Charles L., 589.
Ellis's Island Powder Magazines, 173.
Encores, 398.
Engine in the Bowery, Explosion of a Steam Fire, 429.
English Premier, the New, 178.
Episode in a Surgeon's Life, 346.
Episode in one Woman's Life, an, 663.
Erie, Explosion of Petroleum on Lake, 732.
Erie Railroad Disaster, the, 374.
Eva Eve, with Illustration, 725.
Explosions. (*See Disasters.*)
Exposure, a Public, 99.

Favre, M. Jules, 349.
Falls, Minnehaha, 324; of Snoqualmie River, 324.
Farragut in the Futtock Shrouds, 227.
Fenian "Gunpowder Treason," 53.
Fenian Movements, the, 19.
Fenian War, the, 110.
Fenians in England, 3.
Ferguson's "Mechanical Paradox," 555.
Fire Guard, Running the, 196.
Fires. (*See Disasters.*)
First and Second Floor, 35.
Fish, a Wonderful, 684.
Fishermen of Bonicqne, the, 487.
Fish Farm, a New Jersey, 381.
Foot-race on the Fashion Course, 796.
Foreign News, 99, 115, 131, 163, 179, 195, 211, 227, 243, 259, 275, 291, 307, 323, 339, 371, 387, 419, 435, 451, 467, 483, 499, 515, 531, 547, 563, 579, 595, 611, 627, 643, 659, 675, 691, 707, 723, 739, 755, 771, 787, 803, 819.
Fork-tongued, 295.
Forsyth's Command, Attack on, 669.
Fort Lafayette, Burning of, 804.
Founder's Day, 307.
Foundling Hospitals, 59.
"Fourth," in Iowa and Country, the, 446.
Fox as a Gambler, Charles James, 539.
Freaks of the Witches, 478.
Freedmen's Schools, the, 637.
French Cabinet Council, the, 757.
Fulton Ferry-boat Collision, the, 765.
Fulton Market, the Game-stall, 827.
"Fun or Mischief," 557.
Funerals, Indian, 737.
Fur-traders on the Missouri, 330.

Galatea in a Cyclone, the, 67.
Game-stall, the, Fulton Market, 827.
General Grant, Wreck of the, 818.
Gettysburg Soldiers' Home and General Van Wyck, 110.
Gheel, a Colony of the Insane, 651.
Gipsies, the Early, 189.
Giraldn of Seville, the, 714.
Girard College, 259.
Gladstone and Disraeli, 429.
Goodman Misery, 455.
Good Paymaster, a, 586.
Good Samaritan, the, 620.
Gourmands and Gormandizing, 647.
Grandmamma is Come, 39.
Grant's Letter, General, 635.
Grant's Portrait by Marshall, 243.
Graves, Decoration of Soldiers', 388.
Grignon, with Illustration, 741.

Hajjis of Central Asia, the, 407.
Hair Chain, a, 202.
Hall, A. Oakey, 797.
Hall, Rev. R. S., 620.
Halleck's Monument, 620.
Hallucination, a little, 758.
Halpine, the late General, 583.
Hard-worked Husbands, 401.
Harlem Lane, Sunday Afternoon, 742.
Henry Trovebridge, the Wreck of the, 557.
Hayti, naval Engagement off Petit Goave, 691.
Hebrew Temple Emanu-el, the, 729.
Hindoo Opium-house, a, 646.
Hints from Insects, 439.
Hint to Horsemen, a, 554.
Hippocampus, Wreck of the, 612.
Historic Houses, 269.
Holiday in the Woods, 781.
Holy Land Explorations, 139.
Home from the Races, 410.
Home and Foreign Gossip, 7, 23, 43, 59, 75, 87, 107, 119, 139, 151, 171, 187, 203, 219, 231, 251, 263, 283, 295, 315, 327, 343, 375, 395, 410, 423, 443, 455, 471, 487, 507, 519, 535, 551, 571, 583, 603, 615, 638, 651, 667, 683, 699, 715, 737, 743, 759, 779, 795, 811, 823.
Honeymoon Drive, the, 679.
Honoring our Dead Heroes, 365.
Hoosac Tunnel, the, 781.
Hopkins, the late Bishop, 61.
Hospital for Incurables, the, 135.
Houdon's Washington, 772.
How a song found her, with Illustration, 693.
How it all happened, 550.
How to converse, 198.
Humaita, View of, 301.
Humors of the Day, 11, 27, 43, 55, 71, 91, 103, 123, 142, 155, 167, 183, 199, 219, 235, 247, 267, 279, 299, 311, 331, 347, 359, 379, 391, 407, 427, 439, 459, 475, 491, 503, 519, 539, 555, 567, 587, 599, 619, 631, 647, 663, 683, 695, 715, 731, 747, 759, 775, 791, 807, 827.
Hunting in Africa, 107.

I can not sing the old Songs, 314.
Illicit Distillery Raid, the, 276.
Illuminating our inner selves, 363.
Impeachment, the, 163, 179, 195, 225, 244, 350.
Indian Funerals, 737.
Indian Prisoners taken by Custer, 326.
Indian Treaty, the, 51.
Indian War, the, 606, 641, 801.
Indian's Career, an, 385.
Indians in Ambush, 282.
Industrial Fair Building, San Francisco, 581.
"Inigo" at the Charity Ball, 167.
Insanity, Pronouncers of, 122.
Insects, Hints from, 439.
Intellectual City of Europe, the most, 334.
International Cricket-match, the, 636.
Invasive Insects, 423.
Israel in Egypt, 120.
Italian Conference, the, 3.
Italy, the royal Marriage in, 333.

Jack Osborne's Wooing, 218.
Japanese Revolution, the, 218, 286, 300.
Japanese Writing, 535.
Jerome Bailey's Restitution, 661.
Jerome Park Races, 410.
Jewell, Hon. Marshall, 221.
Jewels, Precious, 663.
Johnny's Opinion of himself, with Illustrations, 763.
Johnson, Hon. Reverdy, 420.
Judgment wanted, 778.
Junker Hof of Königsberg, the, 147.
Justices of the United States Supreme Court, the, 74.

Keep, Henry, 29, 67.
Kelly Medal, the, 801.
King Theodore, 317.
King Theodore's Body, 405.
Kitty's Heart, 186.
"Knights of the Garter" in Disrepute, 606.
Ku-kluxism, 813.

Lake of Pitch, a, 422.
Lakes of Iowa, the walled, 58.
La Mère Bauche, with Illustrations, 613, 629.
Lawyer's Story, the, with Illustrations, 549, 565, 581, 597.
Letter-carriers' new Costume, the, 817.
Letters Patent, 42.
Lentze, the late Emanuel, 508.
Liberalism, Progress of, 19.
Liberia, the new President of, 61.
Life-preserving Apparatus, Stoner's, 669.
Lily's Story, with Illustrations, 677.
Lincoln and the Proclamation of Emancipation, 519.
Lincoln, Tomb of, 578.
Literary Notices.—Mormonism, 3; Mr. Whipple's Eulogy of Gov. Andrew, 19; The Moonstone, 19; The Woman's Kingdom, 19; Speech by J. K. H. Willcox, 19; The Huguenots, 67; Life of Nathaniel Greene, 67; Mrs. Comfort's Fairy Stories, 67; A Fourteen Weeks' Course in Chemistry, 67; Stories of the Gorilla Country, 83; Du Chaillu's Lectures, 115; Hand-book for Havana, 131; Ohio in the War, 131; America and the East, 195; The Public Ledger Building, 243; New Jersey and the Rebellion, 275; The Massacre of St. Bartholomew, 275; The Household Angel, 323; The Spanish Conquest in America, 387; Butterfly Hunters, 387; Manual of the Jarves Collection of early Italian Painters, 403; Life of Schuyler Colfax, 435; "The Moonstone," 531; "Cape Cod and all along Shore," 531; Draper's History of the American Civil War, 643; The Ophim Habit, 643; Du Chaillu's Lectures, 643; M'Pherson's Hand-book of Politics for 1868, 675; Fourteen Weeks' Course in Descriptive Astronomy, 707; "The Bazar," 755; "Sermons by Henry Ward Beecher," 755; "The Life of George Stephenson and of his Son, Robert Stephenson," 771; "About Woman, Love, and Marriage," 771; "The Woman's Kingdom," 771; Passages from the American Note-books of Nathaniel Hawthorne, 771; "Sol. Smith's Theatrical Management," 771; "Tablets," 787; "The little Passion of Albert Durer," 787.
Littlejohn, Bishop A. N., 797.
Little Western lost, the, 436.
Little White-thorn, 582.
Little Worries, 478.
Livingston's, (Dr.) Safety, 35.
Lobster Factory, a, 509.
Lois Ambler, 74.
London and Paris contrasted, 167.
Long Branch and Nauvoo, 529.
Lord, the Death of Daniel, 196.
Louisiana and Georgia, 589.
Louvre Gallery, the, 26.
Lovely yet unloved, 410.
Loves of Andrew Tod, the, 266.
Ludlow Street Jail, 189.
Luther Monument, the, 510, 652.
Lyle, Chief Engineer, Funeral of, 4.

Macon, Georgia, 597.
Magdala, 375.
Magician's Residence, a, 589.
Magnolia Disaster, the, 221.
"Make a Note on't," 110.
Manhattan Club, the, 436.
Mariner's Children, the, 242.
Marriages in Austria, 302.
Marrying an Earthquake, 554.
Maryland Flood, the, 497, 521.
Maternal Vigilance, 384.
Matters of Form, 283.
Maximilian, the Last of, 132.
May-day in the Country, 314.
M'Cosh and Maclean, Doctors, 670.
M'Gee, D'Arcy, Assassination of, 257.
Mechanical Paradox, Ferguson's, 555.
Memory's Offering, 26.
Message of Governor Fenton, 51.
Methodist General Conference at Chicago, 313.
Mexican Railroad, the, 196.
Mexican Republic, European Recognition of the, 67.
Mexican Treasure Guard, 300.
Michigan, Lake, Disaster on, 269.
Milman, the late Dean, 713.
Milton, unpublished Poem by, 526.
Minnehaha Falls, 324.
Miss Devereaux's Vacation, with Illustration, 709.
Model-maker, the, 210.
Mont Cenis Railway, the, 141.
Moonstone, the, with Illustrations, 6, 21, 37, 53, 69, 85, 101, 117, 133, 149, 165, 181, 197, 213, 229, 245, 261, 277, 293, 309, 325, 341, 357, 373, 389, 405, 421, 457, 473, 489, 505, 521.
Morning Walk, the, 202.
Mrs. Brown—Widow, 714.
Music at the White House, 418.
Mustache Question, the, 542.
My first Speculation in Oil, 38.
My Grandmother's Ring, 666.
My Neighbor Nelly, 106, 120, 138.
My Valentine's Story, 154.
My Wife and my Son's Wife, 91.
My Wife's Promise, with Illustration, 789.

Nasby, Petroleum V., 737.
National Christian Convention, the, 773.
Naturalization of Foreigners, 649.
Navigation, opening of, 251.
New England Factory Life, 471.
New Hampshire Fair, the, 625.
New Mexico, the Indians of, 534.
Newport, the Steamer, 397.
New Year, the, 1.
New York City, 251.
Nominations, tendering the, 375.
"No moving in May," 298.
Norway, a Country Parson in, 823.

Ohio Female College, 318.
"Only a Headache," 359.
Ostrich-hunting, 540.
Our Washington Correspondent, 146.
Out-of-door Sporting Season, 410.
Overland Mail-coach, the, 87.

Pacific Railroad, Central, 346.
Panama and Aspinwall, 346.
Papal Zouaves, the, 567.
Paraguay, the War in, 645, 685.
Paris Guide-book, a, 125.
Parisian Gipsies, 203.
Paris on Velocipedes, 571.
Patience Wilson, Quakeress, 394.
Patty's Mistake, 342.
Paul Faicouer's Legacy, 23.
Pauper, the Story of a, 94.
Peddler's Wagon, the, 394.
Peggy's Window, 358.
Perch-fishing and Sturgeon-catching, 522.
Perry, Monumental Statue of Commodore, 662.
Peruvian Rebellion suppressed, the, 3.
Peruvian Revolution, the, 157.
Pet Calf, the, 562.
Petroleum V. Nasby, 737.
Philadelphia Tragedy, the, 796.
Photo-sculpture and Chromo-lithography, 727.
Placard-bearers, Arrest of, 188.
Playing for high Stakes, 10.
Pleasant Talk *vs.* good Looks, 135.
"Please give me a Penny, Sir!" 82.
Pluck and Luck, 518.
Plymouth Rock Monument, 19.
Pike's new Opera-house, 60.
Pine-trees, 3.
Pioneer, the, 18.
Poaching, 151.
Polar Bear-hunting, 508.
Pollard, H. Rives, 788.
Pompeii, Revelations of, 510.
Pope's Paradise, the, 174.
Population of London, 534.
Pork-packing in Cincinnati, 23.
Portuguese Man-o'-war, the, 474.
Practical Jokes, 619.
Prairie Plowing, 292.
Precious Jewels, 663.
Presentation at the Vatican, a, 359.
President's Counsel, the, 260.
Prince Alfred of England, 548.
Prince of Wales's Pin, the, 3.
Printing-house Square, Scenes in, 477.
Prizes, the Yacht Club, 534.
Prospect Park, Brooklyn, 586.
Publisher's Daughter, the, 250.
Pulmonary Consumption, 621.
Punshon, Rev. William Morley, 220.

Rag-pickers and Street-sweepers, 727.
Rail-hunting in Virginia, 526.
Railroad War, the Great, 257.
Randall's Island, House of Refuge on, 333.
Randolph, Murder of the Rev. B. F., 740.
Reconstruction, 3, 35, 51, 67, 83.
Red Sleigh, the, 102.
Rejected Saint, a, 538.
Relieving the Poor, 132.
Republican Nominees, the, 356.
Republican Nominee for Governor, the, 477.
Rescue Stations, the, 478.
Richmond Chain-gang, 780.
Riddles, 327.
Ritualism at St. Alban's, 230.
Rogers's Statue of America, 529.
Romance of Cashmere, a, 599.
Roman Question, the, 19.
Rome, a Day in Ancient, 746.
Rothschild, Baron James de, 769.
Rough-riding in China, 250.
Royal Marriage in Italy, the, 333.
Running the Fire-guard, 196.

Salmon-fishing in Oregon, 107.
Salt-mines in Louisiana, 541.
San Francisco, the Earthquake in, 759.
San Francisco, the Industrial Fair Building, 581.
San José, California, Court-house, 726.
Santiago de Cuba, 793.
St. Lawrence University, the, 773.
St. Thomas, Earthquake at, 49.
Sarmiento, President, 653.
Sawyer, Hon. Frederick A., of S. C., 621.
Scott, Governor R. K., of S. C., 621.
Schutzenfest, the, 639.
Search for a Vocation, a, 230.
Sea Serpent in all Ages, the, 349.
Seats and Stoves in Cars, 763.
Secretary of War, the New, 372.
Security of Cars, 99.
Sedgwick, General John, 717.
Sedgwick Monument, the, 684.
Sensational Literature, 107.
Seville, in, 743.
Seville, the, Giralda of, 714.
Sevres Porcelain Works, the, 492.
Snakesperian Library, a, 526.
Shannon's Model, 525.
Sharp-shooters' Carnival, the, 453.
Sheep-farming, 402.
Silvie's Vow, 426.
Sing-Sing Camp-meeting, the, 557.
Sisters of Mercy, the, with Illustration, 1.
Sketches of City Life, 588.
Smith, Goldwin, 797.
Sociable Silence, 331.
Solar Eclipse, a great, 522.
Soldiers' Messenger Company, 155.
Soldiers' Monument, 77.
Solitaire, the, 406.
Southern Plantation Scene, a, 94.
Spain, Life in, 797.
Spanish Revolution, the, 661, 713, 727, 749, 794.
Spiders Teach us, what, 379.
Spring in the Country, 297.
Squire's Temper-trap, the, 214, 234.
Stanton, Edwin M., 551.
Stanton, Restoration of Secretary, 51.
Steadiness of Purpose, 811.
Steam-boat Disaster on the Ohio River, 817.
Steel? what is, 187.
Stevens, Thaddeus, 548.
Stockbridge Dean, Dingleswood, the, 602, 618, 624.
Stolen Heart's-ease, 90.
Stoner's Life-preserving Apparatus at Havre, 660.
Stoves and Seats in Cars, 51.
Strange Patient, a, 378.
Strange Whaling Cruise, a, 650.
"Street Arabs," New York, 604.
Street Scene, a, 156.
Street-Auctioneers, 318.
Street-sweepers and Rag-pickers, 727.
Stuart's Washington, 132.
Suicides, 670.
Sunday at Sea, 698.
Surgical Dodge, a New, 606.
Surnames came into Use, how, 366.
Suspension Bridge, New, 377.
Suwanee, Wreck of the, 613.
Sweetmeats, 435.

Tammany Hall Convention, the, 458.
Tapping Leeches, 606.
Temper, 795.
Tennyson's Poetry, 391.
Terrible Telegrams, 46.
Texas Hail-storm, a, 413.
Texas, Wild Horses in, 742.
Thanksgiving, 762.
That Boy of Norcott's, with Illustrations, 757, 774, 794, 810, 822.
Thorne's Poor Relations, 310.
Three Weddings in a Day, 746.
Threshing Wheat in Italy, 334.
Tigress in Central Park, the Statue of a, 257.
Tomb of Lincoln, the, 578.
Tornadoes, the late, 30.
Torrid Term, the, 493.
Trade of Trades, the, 62.
Tragedy of Mere Hall, the, 474.
Train's Discharge, George Francis, 83.
Trapping Wild Turkeys, 738.
Treaty, the Indian, 51.
Trevanion's Shot, 170.
Trial and Conviction of the Assassin Whelan, 628.
True Story of Don Juan, the, with Illustration, 521.
Tub Race, the, 410.
Tunnels and Tunneling, 459; the Hoosac, 781.
Two Fools, 570.

Under Difficulties, 262.
Under Sentence of Death, 762.
Union League Club, 605.
Union Soldiers' Monument, 268.
Unknown Soldier, an, 679.
Unlooked-for, 747.
"Up among the Nineties," 521.

Vatican, a Presentation at the, 359.
Vegetable Parchment, 542.
Velocipede, the American, 811.
Vesuvius, Mount, 729; the Eruption of, 94.
Fresh Eruption of, 811.
Victoria, Hong Kong, 346.
Voice in Singing, the, 115.

Wall Street Scene, a, 3.
Wanted—a Leg, 371.
War Office, the, 77.
Washington College, Virginia, 147.
Water Color Society, 3.
Water Drinkers, the, 641.
Waterce, Loss of the, 645.
Water-spouts in the Pacific, 484.
Wesleyan College at Belfast, 605.
Western Men, 791.
West Point Regatta, the, 410.
What Birds have Taught us, 283.
When is Everett coming? 390.
Where is it? 362.
Whipping-post and Pillory in Delaware, 791.
Whose Wife was She? 442.
"Wickedest Man's" Reformation, the, 593.
Wild Man of Vienna, the, 458.
Will I Found, the, 118.
Winter on the Sea-board, 90.
Wise Woman on Impulse, a, 282.
Wolf-hunting in France, 494.
Wolves, Something about, 154.
Woman's Book, a, 246.
Woman's Justice, a, 490, 506
World's Wages, the, 330.
Wraith-haunted, 826.
Wreckers, among the, 58.
Wrecks. (*See Disasters.*)

Yacht Club, the New York, 420.
Yacht Race, the, 649.
Yale School of the Fine Arts, 714.
Young Men's Christian Association, New Building of, 740.

Zoological Errors, Popular, 356.
Zouave Drill in Tompkins Square, 526.

POETRY.

Alphabet of Life, the, with Illustrations, 45.
At a little Dinner-party, 727.
Bereaved, 549.
Born to the Purple, 305.
By Command, 14.
By the murmuring of the Sea, with Illustration, 473.
Captives, the, 666.
Change, a, 534.
Christmas Song, 817.
Cloisters, the, with Illustration, 375.
Colfax, Hon. Schuyler, Lines to, 594.
Davie Carr, 382.
Dawn of Truth, the, with Illustration, 254.
Decorating our Soldiers' Graves, 385.
Dickens, Farewell to, 260.
1865.—1866, with Illustration, 208.
Excelsior, 346.
Fairy's Wedding, the, 802.
Following the Sun, 263.
Girl's Love-song, a, 810.
Golden Tempter, the, 474.
Happy Day, a, 202.
Ill Tidings, with Illustration, 254.
Independence, 453.
Industry and Idleness, 747.
In Pawn, 795.
In the Garden, with Illustration, 477.
King's Temple, the, with Illustration, 410.
Land in Sight! Home at last! with Illustration, 253.
Lay of the Spanish Revolution, a, 758.
Left behind, with Illustration, 570.
Little Woman, with Illustration, 322.
Local Item, a, with Illustration, 65.
Lost Arm, the, with Illustration, 151.
Lost Cause, the, 642.
Lost Sunshine, 158.
Lover, Samuel, 514.
Lying in Wait, with Illustration, 110.
Middle Age, 267.
Milton's unpublished Poem, 526.
My Fairy, 583.
My Heart longs for Spring, with Illustration, 286.
My quiet Glen, 250.
My two Geniuses, 442.
My Ultimatum, 39.
Not for us, with Illustration, 7.
October, 679.
Old Age, 231.
Old Seat, the, with Illustration, 203.
Old School-house, the, 126.
Old Soldier's Opinion, an, 338.
Old Year, the, 1.
On a Spiteful Letter, 70.
Once and now, 279.
One Year ago, with Illustration, 410.
Parted, 714.
Parted once, 586.
Poet's Bouquet, the, 170.
Poet's Wife, the, 722.
Queen's Book, the, 118.
Rest, 619.
Right, 87.
Roundelay, 174.
Seared, 250.
Sea-shell, a, 487.
Setting Star, the, 682.
Silent Love, 298.
Singer's Place, the, 46.
Sleep, 458.
So far—so far away, 315.
Song, a, 763.
Spring, with Illustration, 285.
Steadfast, 375.
Storm on the Sea, 293.
Surprise, a, 350.
The Boys are marching on, 626.
Theodore Winthrop, 370.
Three Meetings, 198.
Through the World, 138.
Time's Healing, 571.
Time will come, the, 42.
Too late, 354.
Transition, 90.
Treasure, 75.
Two Aprils, 234.
"Unto this last," 627.
Victim, the, with Illustration, 61.
Violets at Home, 295.
Voracious, 238.
Wages, 130.
Wandering Willie, 427.
We can't surrender now, 626.
What is Genius? 186.
When nobody's nigh to hear, 91.
Wild Roses, 403.
Wind, 667.
Winifred, 542.
Winter Scene, 819.
Woman's modern Aspirations, 787.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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THE SISTERS OF MERCY.

WOMAN'S work in the war has been made the subject of a large volume, setting forth the great and good labor which the gentler sex did at home and in the hospital, and even in the field, during the rebellion; and every person who has watched their tenderness and bravery and devotion to the cause, has felt proud of the noble record. What a ponderous volume and what a noble record would the history of the charity of woman in all ages make! The war served to organize and thus bring to notice, not to develop, the charity of woman. It caused the stream to run for a time in one great channel, not in thousands of smaller but not less purer rills, and thus it came to be more apparent to eyes that were unobservant of it in its more quiet progress.

The organized bands of charitable women which have always existed in this country and Europe have been and are numerous, but their labors have attracted little attention, for true Charity is unobtrusive, and avoids praise as well as scrutiny. Among the most diligent and useful of these organized bands are those known as "Sisters of Charity," "Sisters of Mercy," and "Sisters of the Holy Community"—each distinct in organization, though single in purpose. The Sisters have in view, besides other charities, the visitation of the sick in hospitals and homes, and of criminals in prisons, the instruction of poor girls, and the protection of women and children in distress. They have established in Europe and in this country "Houses of Mercy," or refuge, where girls of good character find shelter and assistance while out of employment.

The Sisters of Mercy are to be found daily on the streets of our principal cities engaged on errands of mercy. They appear to congregate where misery does only in the great cities, and here find their ample fields for charitable labor. The habit of the various orders is very similar, and noticeable for its simplicity. It usually consists of a black robe with long loose sleeves, and a hood of the same sombre hue, though within doors this attire is relieved by a white bonnet or veil, and sometimes by both. This costume appears to be a sort of protection; for, clothed in it, the Sisters of Mercy penetrate with safety the vilest haunts of vice in the city. It is a remarkable fact that none of them have ever met with insult or injury at the hands of the rough characters whom they are frequently compelled to encounter.

Our illustration of the Sisters of Mercy on this page represents two of the order on a visit to a condemned man. The sketch was made by Mr. BUSH in the Tombs in this city. The Sisters generally visit prisoners in pairs, and read to and pray with them. They are admitted at all times to the Tombs and other city prisons, and are generally very popular visitors with the prisoners.

THE OLD YEAR.

WITHOUT, the heavy darkness drippeth snow;
Within, the ruddy fire-shine dances;
A sombre time for this good year to go,
Rich in sweet memories and fair romances!

Wert thou not more than any friend to me,
A faithful life that coldly closes,
Grown old with the sorrows laid on thee,
Thy darkened days and all thy ruined roses!

I feel thy farewells yearn about me here,
Faint as a passing breath that lingers,
I dream of dying murmurs in my ear,
And airy touches of phantasmal fingers.

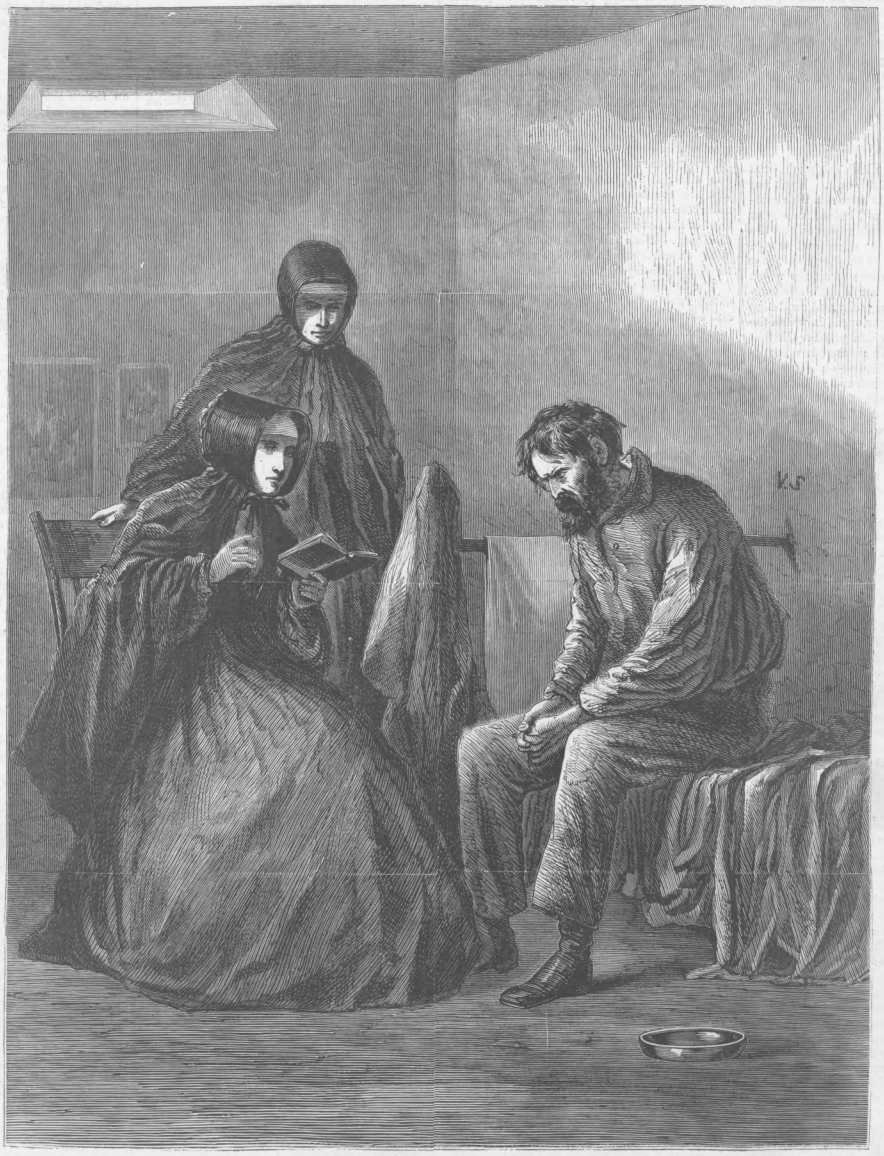
Oh, bleak, snow-bearded gales, your voices call
A requiem for the great departed,
While one by one the mournful moments fall
Like burial earth-clods to the broken-hearted!

THE NEW YEAR.

WASHINGTON IRVING missed one good point in the construction of his delightful legend of Rip Van Winkle when he failed to have his good-humored Dutch hero disappear on his target excursion of one on a New-Year's Day and return on another just twenty years after to find himself among a people whose New-Year-Day customs should be as strange to him as their faces. Our artists have remedied this defect in part, though the space of time which is supposed to have elapsed between the occurrences pictured in the two engravings on pages 12 and 13 is much greater than the twenty years during which Rip slept. One of these engravings represents the sports on New-Year's Night of the ancient Knickerbockers of a hundred years ago; the other illustrates the manner in which the same day is observed by their descendants of the present age. Disappearing a hundred years ago—or even twenty years ago—Rip would have recollected the New-Year holiday as a home festival—a fireside feast; coming back *this* New-Year's he would have found that it is looked upon as a sort of "outdoor sport." As Christmas is now pre-eminently the "home festival," New-Year's is the "away-from-home holiday;" on one day no one thinks of going abroad, and strangers are voted bores; on the other no man is expected to remain at home (all who do are voted bores), and strangers hold high carnival in the houses of their neighbors. Rip disappearing on a New-Year's Night a century ago would have left his Knickerbocker friends dancing by the dim light of a few tallow-candles and the flickering glare of a great wood-fire to the merry music of the fiddle and violoncello, or sitting quietly in a corner gossiping over knitting or pipes and beer. Their New-Year's Day was merely the conclusion of the Christmas-week festival, and was enjoyed in something of the quiet, domestic style in which we of to-day enjoy our Thanksgiving. Returning this New-Year's Rip would find himself invited, through wide-opened doors, into some rich interior like that which we illustrate on page 13, and urged, after warming his chilled and rheumatic bones at the great hearths where the anthracite glows, to partake of that which cheers and strengthens and inspires, and sometimes inebriates, when too freely and injudiciously taken. And under the pressing circumstances of the case—the cold without and the warm entreaty within—the most moral and temperate of Rip Van Winkles, or Van Rensselaers, or Van Twillers, or any of their descendants, would be apt to break all temperance resolves and exclaim with the inimitable Rip of JOE JEFFERSON:

"Well, dis time don't count. Here ish your health and your families' health, and may you live long and prosper!"

When this which we write shall have reached the eyes of those for whom it is intended—and who, we trust, read the *Weekly* with as much genuine pleasure as that which we enjoy in its preparation—they will have just entered on the festivities of the Christmas week, and New-Year's Day, the jolly climax of the merry holiday, will still be before them, with all its promises of enjoyment. We have already served at the annual Christmas feast, and wished our many thousands of friendly readers "A merry Christmas," and we now come on the first of our New Year calls. The customs of the day have changed, as all things change; but they have never been at any time entirely unobserved; and it will, we hope, always be customary to wish our friends, as we do now, "A happy New Year!"



THE SISTERS OF MERCY.—[DRAWN BY C. G. BUSH.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1868.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR.

CHRISTMAS returns, the genial, generous season, when the mind is involuntarily full of the loveliest figures of domestic joy and the romance of the fireside, the feast that makes winter beautiful and the old young. Our Christmas traditions are a curious blending of Christian and Pagan; but they are all humane and tender, they all repeat the first Christmas carol of peace and good will.

We do not in America, indeed, hear the Waits on Christmas-eve, but we hear the chimes; and if we do not kiss under the mistletoe, it is only the mistletoe that is wanting. As for Santa Claus, he was never so reverend and so prodigal a saint as with us. The old English Christmas, which survives in poetry, and story, and imagination, was mingled of spiritual and material. The boar's head was brought into the college hall to the chanting of hymns. The church is opened and the plum-pudding is served. Indeed, immense good cheer is the counterpart of the most exquisite religious remembrance at this season. Hospitality is the Christmas virtue. It is Christianity in practice. It is symbolically visiting the fatherless and the widow by opening wide the door, and actually, by the fat turkey, which is made to smoke on many a grateful table which would otherwise go bare.

Yet because it is the home festival it is full of sad and tender memories. Christmas makes us Swedenborgians. The lost sit with us, and walk, and play, and chasten with indescribable serenity the universal joy. This is the minor chord that perfects the melody.

"Evenings we knew,
Happy as this;
Faces we miss,
Pleasant to see.
Kind hearts and true,
Gentle and just,
Peace to your dust!
We sing round the tree."

With the New Year we look out again from the home window upon the world. Upon our part of it, at least, our eyes must rest with gratitude and joy. We are not, indeed, wholly at peace again. Political passion seethes, and the embers of a dying fire that raged and wasted so long glow and linger as they expire. But we have seen the great curse disappear which no reaction can restore; nor is there any trouble now apparent which sagacity and resolution will not remove. The year opens in which the great question will be decided whether the first results of the war shall be secured in a settlement of unparalleled mildness—a settlement which inflicts no punishment, and requires only equal rights—or whether that settlement must be deferred until sharp experience has taught us that no other is practicable. But as during the war there was a man whose patient and wise moderation persisted to the end, and won the whole loyal country to his support; so in the days that follow the war there is a man of the same simplicity, sagacity, and honesty, whose equal patience and perception and moderation win for him as universal a confidence, and will give him as high an honor.

WANTED—A CANDIDATE.

THE Democratic party are entering upon the presidential campaign with the ennobling cry of "Down with the nigger!" and if General HANCOCK will contrive to subject the Union men of every complexion in Louisiana to those who still hate the government of the United States, he will be the candidate of the Democratic party. Since he has shown a disposition to undo the work of SHERIDAN, and to foster the hope that somehow the political and social power of the state of Louisiana will be exclusively confided to worthy patriots like Mayor MONROE and his police, who engineered the New Orleans massacre of 1866, the Democratic papers have begun to perceive what a brilliant soldier, what an able and modest gentleman, and what an accomplished statesman General HANCOCK is.

General HANCOCK's military career was distinguished. He did not make a name among the most illustrious of the war, and, while it is associated with many gallant services, it is not identified with any great and decisive action. He was one of many brave and meritorious officers of whom perhaps more was popularly expected than was achieved. But his military career alone, however bright it may have been, would never have commended him to the purveyors of a candidate for the Democratic party. But when the vast and universal popularity of GRANT, founded both upon admiration of his resplendent service and confidence in his practical wisdom, revealed to the Democratic managers their doom—when Lieutenant-General SHERMAN declared that time would but deepen the infamy of the rebellion, and so ceased to be a possible Democratic candidate—they were compelled to scan the whole army list to discover who could furnish a military mask for the Democratic copperhead, and, luckily finding General HANCOCK "conciliating" in New Orleans, they have grasped at him; and, as we said, if he only continues to "conciliate," General HANCOCK will be the successor of General M'CLELLAN in the favor of the framers of the Chicago platform of '64.

Those builders are logical. They then declared in Chicago that the war was a failure, and they are now trying to make it so. They acted then under the counsel of VALLANDIGHAM, and with the co-operation of CLEMENT CLAY and the rebel chiefs, and they are now united with the same persons in hostility to the steady Union element of the rebel States. They represented then the spirit of hatred of equal rights, under the plea of State rights, and they maintain now the State right to destroy the equal rights of citizens. They still hold that the war was really the work of the Northern spirit, and that the Southern States were deeply wronged. They still adhere to caste and exclusive privilege. They still deny the fundamental principle of the American Government; and upon a platform of such hostilities and denials they will ask General HANCOCK to stand, unless he should betray some sympathy with justice, and generously insist that a loyal man should not be wholly subordinated to the disaffected citizens of the late rebel States.

RAILWAY EXTENSION EASTWARD.

WHILE our famed Pacific Railroad is pushing with gigantic strides across the continent to our western confines, we should not be unmindful of the rapid progress of our railway connections eastward. If the one overshadows the other, it is simply by reason of its greater extent in miles, or the magnitude of the resources and commercial connections which it is expected to develop. The Pacific Railroad adds 1565 miles to our great western railway system, and brings California within seven days of the great commercial metropolis of the continent. The link of about 200 miles, now in progress between Bangor, Maine, and St. John, New Brunswick, will unite the New England system of railway with that of the Lower British Provinces, which consists of 500 miles of line, either already constructed or in progress. The first touches the western limit on the Pacific; the other the eastern boundary on the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Both together span the continent. Both will be in operation in 1870. What an achievement then, to make an uninterrupted journey by rail from ocean to ocean!

The benefits to accrue from the construction of the Pacific Railroad have been duly weighed and considered. We wish now to direct attention to those advantages which must surely follow the completion of our Eastern connection—an enterprise which has scarcely been publicly noticed, if indeed any considerable portion of our people are even aware of its existence and progress, but which nevertheless adds to our railway system 700 miles of line—equal to nearly one-half the length of the Pacific road.

In the first place, with respect to natural products and resources, the Lower Provinces are less valuable than the Pacific region only because their area is less. In gold, Nova Scotia is equally rich with California. Veins of ore have been opened in every part of it from one extremity to the other, and the aggregate yield is small only because the mines are not worked to any great extent. In 1862 the product was but $14,500. In four years it increased to more than half a million, and during the current year reached $600,000. The average number of men employed in the diggings is only 717 per diem, and the yield of gold per man $2 30. Where the mines are properly worked they are almost invariably worked at a profit, which can not be said of our Western mines; and the product is capable of being increased to an unlimited extent. The coal deposits of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia underlie a vast extent of surface. Some of the veins are more than thirty feet thick. The ore crops out of the surface in all directions. The number of acres under license in Nova Scotia alone amounts to over two thousand square miles—an area equal to seven times the entire workable area of the anthracite coal-fields of Pennsylvania. Upward of thirty collieries are in operation, and most of them are of easy access to tide-water, which is a consideration of the greatest importance. The yield per annum is now about 700,000 tons. It might be increased indefinitely by energy and capital. The iron deposits of both Provinces are also immensely rich and of the best quality, both for the manufacture of iron and steel. The Woodstock iron commands the highest price both in England and the United States. Gypsum also exists in unfailing supply, while beds of copper, lead, and antimony are by no means rare. We can barely allude to the wealth of timber which the forests of Maine and New Brunswick afford, and which will be brought nearer to market by the railroad—to the fish, the ice, the valuable stone quarries, the oats, potatoes, cattle, and other farm produce, which swell the resources of these valuable Provinces. One fact is incontrovertible, that convenient access to a country is the necessary condition of its development; and it is only the inaccessibility of these Provinces that has retarded their material advancement hitherto. Even now the mines are worked in great part by American capital; it is easy to foresee how much more the attention of Americans will be directed thither when the railroad shall be completed.

Another important consideration: This railway must become the route for the European mails, as well as of a large portion of the passenger traffic *via* Halifax, as the saving in time, comparing railroad with steamer, would be fully thirty hours. As a military road also, its importance to the United States can not be too highly estimated, both as a means for offense and defense. Again, it will, when finished, complete an unbroken line of communication between Montreal and Halifax, three hundred miles of which will lie within United States territory. This route from Montreal is twenty-five miles shorter than the proposed intercolonial road, and passes through a richer and much more populous section; for which reasons the most sagacious citizens of the New Dominion do not hesitate to predict for the latter a miserable failure. The contest was long and fierce between the Provincial advocates of the two lines, but now that the "Western Extension" line is a finality, the prospects of its projected rival look slim indeed.

The subject in hand deserves closer consideration than can be given in a single article. However, it will be readily perceived that the railroad must necessarily help to foster such a community of interests between our neighbors and ourselves as will lead to close political ties, while as an agent of reciprocal free trade it would contribute greatly to the common prosperity.

ENGLISH FEARS AND PERILS.

THE attempt to blow up the Clerkenwell prison in London to release a Fenian prisoner is but one of a series of events which seem to have aroused a kind of lurking fear in the country remotely akin to that caused by the "Irish night" long ago. It is, however, one of the incidents which illustrate very plainly the character of the present outbreak of the Irish disaffection. Nobody can doubt that there are very earnest enthusiasts among the Irish agitators. There are honest visionaries and scholars, often bearing historic Irish names, who cherish a belief in the final emancipation of Ireland from England, which is suggestive in its romantic intensity of the devotion to these dreams of the older English Republicans.

Such men do not suppose that a liberating army is likely to march through Ireland. They do not propose to array the Irish population against the trained troops of England. Against foreign foes England is armed. The assault of such foes is a rain of blows upon a shield. But an internal, immeasurable, mysterious conspiracy, intrenched in race and religion, and every where dispersed, is a poison in the blood. It is an immediate and perennial peril. The empire becomes weakened by demoralization, and the speculative enthusiasts would look upon it as the decline of England into a lesser, even a secondary power, which would be but the beginning of the end.

Such men see, too, that this movement is strong in England itself; it is not confined to Ireland. Moreover, it is not led by the priests, but seems to be strong despite them. It asserts itself, too, at a time which is remarkable in English history. A remarkable political reform has just been accomplished; a vigorous blow has been struck at class rule; and a total change of the traditional method of the British Government has been effected; in fact a democratic revolution has occurred under the auspices of the Tory party, led by a political adventurer. The most accomplished of British statesmen, the acknowledged Liberal leader, Mr. GLADSTONE—the most truly popular chief, Mr. BRIGHT—and the most brilliant of Conservative Whigs, Mr. ROBERT LOWE, have all been outstripped by Mr. DISRAELI, who is a very different kind of British Minister from WALPOLE, or CHATHAM, or PITT, or CANNING, or PEEL. Indeed, he seems not to be British at all, and yet, at the head of the most peculiarly British party, he not only carries the extraordinary reform in the suffrage, but the Ministry of which he is the master spirit refuses to resign when it is outvoted in the Commons. He merely smiles and says, "If you will not have my way, I will take yours"—a method which retains him permanently in office, and shocks every precedent of the British system.

While England is spell-bound by the brilliant audacity and Mephistophelian acuteness and adroitness of the minister, the Irish question presses more urgently than ever, and the Irish leaders of the kind of which we have spoken doubtless see in DISRAELI's prominence and power another sign of the essential national decay upon which they count. Their hope, as we said last week, is not reform, but independence. Their cry is Ireland for the Irish. Their argument is, that although conquered centuries ago, Ireland has never been subdued by England, and that in the nature of things there can be no peace until she has her own again. It is impossible to imagine England yielding to such a demand; but if she should yield it is still more impossible, if we might say so, to imagine the consequences.

Whatever, therefore, is now done—whether, as many of the English papers demand, the most rigorous treatment is shown to every troublesome Irishman, or a milder policy prevails, something must be done for Ireland. DISRAELI is meditating a plan, and JOHN BRIGHT in a late letter repeats his. In his judgment it is the land-tenure which is "the desperate malady which keeps your country in a state of chronic discontent and insurrection." He wishes, therefore, to make the Irish farmer an owner, to give him a better national sentiment, and to show him (*hic labor!*) that England is truly friendly. He would therefore have a Parliamentary Commission to buy large Irish estates of English owners and to sell them in existing farms to existing tenants, and upon easy terms. £5,000,000 to begin with would secure instant good results, and the process would go forward rapidly. In five years, he thinks, it would do much; in twenty it would change the aspect of things in Ireland.

Of course the Fenian alarm, which merely exasperates England, makes the adoption of any reasonable policy more difficult; but every nation seems unwilling to move in radical reforms until it is roughly seized and shaken.

GENERAL GRANT'S LETTER.

THE letter of General GRANT to the President upon the removal of STANTON and SHERIDAN is characteristic of the man. It shows the same supreme good sense which distinguishes GRANT as it did LINCOLN; the same sagacity and moderation, but clearness and firmness which endear him more and more to the country. In regard to Mr. STANTON the General reminds the President that the Tenure of Office Bill was intended especially to protect the Secretary of War, and concludes quietly: "The meaning of the law may be explained away by an astute lawyer, but common-sense and the views of the loyal people will give to it the effect intended by its framers." In speaking of SHERIDAN he gives him high praise in saying: "He is universally and deservedly beloved by the people who sustained this Government through its trials, and feared by those who would still be the enemies of the Government."

It seems to be impossible for any man to pretend further that he does not know what GRANT's views and sympathies are. Could he make them more clear, could he awaken profounder public confidence if he should write a letter advocating certain details of policy? On the contrary, if there be any thing which would disturb the feeling which the vast body of faithful Union men in the country entertain for General GRANT, it would be a letter from him "defining his position." Deep and permanent faith in public men at such a period as this is not founded upon what they say for a particular purpose, but is the result of the impression of their whole career.

This letter, written under a strong sense of public duty, shows that the General's opinion of the policy of reconstruction which has been adopted is that of the most intelligent men in the country. Supporting his friend SHERIDAN against the rebel pressure to which the President gladly yielded, he says that the assertion constantly made that the administration was dissatisfied with SHERIDAN "emboldened the opponents of the laws of Congress within his command to oppose him in every way in their power, and has rendered necessary measures which otherwise may never have been necessary." Those laws are to be repealed, or they are to control reconstruction. The Democratic party will go into the election clamoring for its repeal, and insulting SHERIDAN and all the "satraps" who enforced the law. The Republican party will insist that the principle of the law, namely, the equal rights of all the citizens, shall continue to inspire reconstruction. One of the two parties will succeed. There will not be a new party, and, of course, if the Republicans repeal the law they retire from the contest. Can there be any doubt, then, that General GRANT will be the Republican candidate as the representative of the Republican policy? He will be the President elected by the principle which maintained the war to its triumphal close.

THE HORRORS OF TRAVEL.

THE frightful disaster upon the Lake Shore Road, closely following that in Vermont, reminds us of the constant and peculiar peril which surrounds travel in this country. At this season, when the extreme cold apparently affects the iron of the wheels and rails, a very different rate of speed should be enforced upon all roads. An accident which is horribly destructive when a train is flying at thirty or forty miles an hour is very sure to be comparatively unimportant when the speed is reasonable. But the public ought not to forget its own share of the responsibility. The carelessness of Railroad management strictly corresponds to a very general eagerness of railroad travelers. Only a day or two after the late great snow-storm in New York a train upon the Hudson River Rail-

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road was proceeding toward the city at a safe rate, carefully making its way with proper regard to brittle iron; but because it was going more slowly than usual the impatience and indignation of some of the passengers were extraordinary. They seemed solely anxious to go fast, whatever would probably occur. And could their wishes have prevailed, and the train have been thrown from the track with appalling results, how many of the unreasonable passengers would not have been the first to denounce the recklessness of the managers!

There was another instance of this apparent want of common-sense at about the same time. During the wild gale of Thursday, the 12th of December, the Staten Island ferry-boat left after dark for Tompkinsville and Stapleton. One of the boats upon that side of the island had in the morning drifted before the gale, and in the bewilderment of the snow, which was like the densest fog, down the Narrows, and was floating out to sea, when a vessel was observed which the captain of the ferry-boat chanced to know lay quite below his destination, and so, turning about, recovered his course. The boat first mentioned, upon putting away from its wharf, was instantly lost in the darkness. There was no light. The passengers were nearly a thousand; and the confusion and peril were indescribable. After straining and struggling in the storm for two-thirds of the distance, the rudder was disabled. The other rudder was rigged, the boat was headed for the city, and at last succeeded in reaching it after various escapes from collision. It was a perilous voyage, and one upon which no man should have lightly ventured.

At about the same hour the boat for the north shore of the island was to leave. But knowing the chances the captain declined to depart. Nor did the most stringent entreaties and remonstrances, nor the plainest-spoken indignation, budge him one inch from his wise resolution. He sturdily refused to yield to those who necessarily knew less of the matter than he. The courage of such action is as unusual as it is remarkable; nor have we heard of any captain who was better entitled to receive an honorary service of plate than he. A man who dares not to act foolishly, acts wisely.

As the winter massacre of travelers begins, the investigation of the *Dean Richmond* disaster of last summer ends in the removal of the pilot of the *Vanderbilt* as the guilty cause of the collision. But this removal should not be allowed to be the last of the matter. It is the duty of the Grand Jury to indict a man whose criminal carelessness occasioned the death of one man, and of how many more we shall never know. We hear of nothing done in the case of the four sisters burned to death in the car in Ohio; and this last sickening and indescribable tragedy will also pass, doubtless, without serious consequences to any body except the hapless victims. We cry, "How awful!" and we all feel it. But until something is done besides exclaiming, we shall have more and more reason to exclaim.

THE LATEST COMEDY.

THE President's Message to Congress about General HANCOCK is inexpressibly comical. Few men have ever contrived to make themselves so ridiculous as the President occasionally insists upon appearing. He sends a solemn communication to state that an officer of the United States army acting under the law "announces that he will make the law the rule of his conduct." Of course he does. If he did not, he would suffer for it. And what is the law which General HANCOCK condescends to make the rule of his action? The law provides that it shall be his duty to protect all persons in their rights of person and property; and to this end he may allow local tribunals to try offenders, or at his discretion he may organize military tribunals for that purpose: "and all interference under color of State authority with the exercise of military authority under this act shall be null and void." The law further declares that no legal State government exists in Louisiana or Texas, which are in General HANCOCK's department; and that, until Congress admits representatives from them, all civil governments which exist in them shall be deemed provisional only.

This is part of the law which General HANCOCK, according to the President, "announces that he will make the rule of his conduct." And for making this law the rule of his conduct General SHERIDAN was removed by the same President. The President's elaborate innuendoes of insult to GRANT and SHERIDAN are simply ludicrous. Under cover of the plainest truths he aims blows at the noblest, most patriotic, and most law-obeying men. The President solemnly utters the commonplace truth that "when a great soldier, with unrestricted power in his hands to oppress his fellow-men, voluntarily forgoes the chance of gratifying his selfish ambition, and devotes himself to the duty of building up the liberties and strengthening the laws of his country, he presents an example of the highest public virtue that human nature is capable of practicing." Nothing can be more obvious or true. And yet this sentence is uttered solely for the purpose of sneering at a soldier who has shown exactly the spirit of WASHINGTON. The magnanimity and moderation of WASHINGTON were certainly not more conspicuous than those of General GRANT. And those from whom the liberties and equal rights of American citizens are most in danger are not Generals GRANT, SHERMAN, THOMAS, SHERIDAN, and the other heroes of the war, but their slanderers in civil life, from the White House to the office of BRICK POMEROY'S LA CROSSE *Democrat*.

The President commends General HANCOCK for asserting that "the principles of American liberty are still an inheritance of this people and ever should be." The General would seem to be contemplating the kind of Fourth of July oration that used to be heard in the old Slave States. "The principles of American liberty," as interpreted in Louisiana by JOHN SLIDELL and Mayor MONROE meant the absolute and hopeless degradation of half the population. Are those the sublime principles and practices which General HANCOCK proposes to respect and restore? Let him ask rather, what the principles of American liberty are; and he will find the very first one to be fair play for all men. That is the fundamental American principle which he is sent by the law to Louisiana to enforce and maintain; and that is the principle which he tramples under foot when he revives the practices of SLIDELL and MONROE to serve the purposes of the enemies of equal liberty.

That the President should publish so comical an insult to the Congress and army of the United States would be amazing if such an emotion remained in regard to any of his performances. And it is no less maladroit than comical as a political measure. Its object, of course, is to nominate General HANCOCK to the Democratic party as their candidate. Now the Democratic leaders are doubtless very glad to use the President as a weapon against their political opponents. But when a President elected by these opponents, and whom, three years ago, the Democrats so furiously denounced, dictates to them a Presidential candidate, it is but a more exquisite turn of the whole comedy.

TAKING POSSESSION OF EUROPE.

FROM all accounts Americans have lately been overrunning Europe in a way to surprise our foreign friends into some new sensations. A foretelling Scotchman hazards the assertion that our countrymen will succeed eventually "in improving the foreigner off the face of the continent;" while an Englishman declares that "for one Englishman nowadays traveling through Germany or Italy you may safely reckon ten Americans." Paris, we learn, is threatened with becoming an "American colony," and in Vienna "the head-waiters speak German-English with a Yankee twang." Driven from the strong-holds of ancient time, the English are intrenching themselves in Homburg and Boulogne; but even there, with misgivings many and mournful, they look wistfully into the future, and would be glad to take out an insurance policy against dislodgment.

The outsiders stand aghast at the reckless Americans—at their unconscionable freedom, their unbridled extravagance, their magical influence over servants. Wherever these western tourists go prices rise; supply and demand are limited to their service; a new fashion in political and domestic economy starts up, and the old landmarks go down under the surges of the Far West. The outcry is pretty fierce that we are making the Continent too dear for any body else.

If we are really bent on this sort of business we put in a modest plea that our countrymen try to bring home "value received" in some kind of definite shape, so as to improve our home-ideas and home-society. Just now we have a fearful dearth of new thoughts and schemes. A syncope is evidently imminent, or perchance a paralysis. Statesmen are in a Newfoundland fog, and people generally are badly addled. Europe can get into terrible trouble, and in two months, Bismarck presiding, can leap out of it into a safe standing-place. Prussia is a miracle of economy, and even other nations—such as Austria and Russia—rapidly rejuvenate after most wasting depletions. Women abroad understand how to be elegant at small expense, and to be thrifty without damaging their respectability. Some of these ideas and habits could be very wisely imported here, and that, moreover, without any interference at the custom-house. Unfortunately, however, these things cost nothing. If they could be sold at an enormous price they would be inevitably bought.

WATER-COLOR SOCIETY.

THE first annual exhibition of the American Society of Painters in Water Colors is now open at the rooms of the National Academy, and no one who is interested in art in this country will omit to see it. The spirit with which the Society was formed last year, and the remarkably good works which were then exhibited, are the best auguries of the success of the enterprise. Some of the finest and most famous of modern paintings are in water color; and the reader of RUSKIN will remember his praises of some of TURNER'S—praises which do not seem extravagant to those who have seen the works.

A WALL STREET SCENE.

REVEREND NEWMAN HALL, writing to the *Christian Times*, thus describes his experiences in Wall Street:

Yesterday morning I saw a strange scene. I was taken to Wall Street and the Stock Exchange. I never heard such an uproar as was caused by the vociferation of the merchants and brokers buying and selling stock. Suddenly the President struck his hammer for silence, and introduced me, alluding to the part I had taken, with others, during the war. Immediately the crowd of busy traffickers uncovered, and gathered round to listen to the few words which I was thus unexpectedly called upon to address to them. I assured them that the great mass of our nation cherished the most friendly feeling to America, and expressed my hope that the two nations might ever be united in the closest alliance. At the end of my address they cheered heartily, and sang "God save the Queen!" Then the clamor recommenced, and the intense excitement in bidding for "stock" which had preceded this episode. As this, I am told, is seldom accorded except to their own distinguished generals, I regarded it as an additional proof—not, of course, of any mere personal compliment—but of the desire for friendship between the nations, and of the deep appreciation of British sympathy in their late struggle.

PINE-TREES.

FROM a remote period in the organic history of the globe, as revealed by geological explorations, the cone-bearing trees have performed important functions. The pine is a tree of remote antiquity, and, from its wide-spread distribution, carries with it the evidence of its importance in the economy of the earth's surface. By a peculiar structure the pine is able to resist tempests and storms that prostrate other trees of harder materials. Then, again, it thrives on sandy plains and elevated barrens where other vegetation could hardly be sustained; and, finally, such is the character of pine forests that they hold a controlling influence over the quantity of water in all rivers and streamlets which have their rise near them, or on whose banks they stand. When the pine forests are cut down the quantity of running water has been ascertained to have greatly diminished in volume. Rivers once known as full and active are now small and sluggish.

But its leaves are peculiar. Differing from all others in the forest, they are split into mere fibres, as it were, so that the surface exposed to the atmosphere exceeds by thousands of square inches almost all other leaves. By that truly mechanical arrangement in structure high winds, rains, hail, and snows, do them no essential injury. Strip them off and the tree would die, because it could not breathe. With such leaves as it has the pine throws off an incalculable amount of oxygen for sustaining animal life, and absorbs carbon to itself from the air, which is destructive to life. These are two very curious functions. For undefined ages before man was created, or even the warm-blooded land animals, the pines and coniferа were at work gathering carbon out of the atmosphere, so that coming races could breathe it; and some idea may be formed of their unsurpassed activity when we reflect upon the coal-beds stored up in the bowels of the earth, which we are now using to advance civilization.

LITERARY.

"MORMONISM: Its Origin, Rise, and Progress," etc., by P. TUCKER; D. APPLETON & CO. Mormonism has become so tremendous a fact that, whatever opinion may be entertained of it, the authentic story of its origin; of the characters of the men who were its first leaders; of the circumstances which have fostered it, indeed its whole natural history, has become a very important matter of record. The work was to be done now or never; for those who knew JOSEPH SMITH before he became a prophet and religious king to hundreds of thousands of people, and who were familiar with the beginning of his public career, are very few. MR. POMEROY TUCKER, the author of this work, happens to be one; and in a convenient volume he has told the tale, simply and clearly, although not without very strong prejudice against Prophet JOE and the whole Church Mormon. MR. TUCKER lived in the neighborhood of SMITH, and was personally familiar with all the incidents of finding the plates and collecting the believers. His theory is, that it was a plot between SIDNEY RIGDON, a clever but unscrupulous clergyman, and JOE SMITH; and that the Mormon Bible is the work of a Rev. Mr. SPAULDING, intended by him either as an antiquarian quiz or a burlesque, which was stolen by RIGDON, who had been a workman in the office where it was to be printed. JOE SMITH MR. TUCKER considers as a sly knave, and BRIGHAM YOUNG his worthy successor. The work is a valuable contribution to the history of religions, and is very entertaining as well as instructive.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S PIN.

THE controversy between Colonel George Ward Nichols and Mr. George L. Brown respecting the ownership of a diamond pin given by the Prince of Wales in acknowledgment of the presentation by Col. Nichols of a painting by Mr. Brown has been closed. Rev. Henry Ward Beecher has testified that Mr. Brown did not present the picture, but that Colonel Nichols did; and the Prince has decided, through his secretary, that he intended the pin for the gentleman who presented the picture—that is, Colonel Nichols.

THE ITALIAN CONFERENCE.

THE failure of the Conference on Italian affairs was owing to the declarations of the French Minister of State and M. Theirs in the French *Corps Legislatif* that France would never allow Rome to be taken. M. Theirs went further, and intimated that the pride of France would not permit her to withdraw her protection from the Pope. He added that France had been compelled to withdraw her troops from Mexico to preserve peace with the United States, to allow last year a great revolution against France and all monarchical Europe to be consummated in Germany, and to-day was talking of abandoning Italy for fear of her Prussian ally.

It is interesting and gratifying to know that the influence of this country in Mexican affairs is appreciated in Mexico as well as in France. In opening Congress on December 8 President Juarez "referred in grateful terms to the sympathy, aid, and support received from the people of the United States."

THE FENIANS IN ENGLAND.

THE truly Hibernian method of rescuing prisoners by blowing them up with powder and nitro-glycerine as practiced at Millbank, Clerkenwell, and Newcastle, England, has inspired the British Cabinet with something of the same spirit; and Lord Derby has asked Parliament to suspend the *habeas corpus* in order to catch and punish the Fenians.

RECONSTRUCTION MEASURES.

SOME of the Southern elections threaten to fail in consequence of the provision requiring that one-half of the registered votes shall be cast before the constitutions of the Southern States are carried. Congress, apprehending the difficulties likely to grow out of this provision if enforced, has taken steps to remedy it. The House on December 18 passed a bill amendatory of the reconstruction acts, by which it is ordered that a majority only of votes shall be necessary to legalize an election on the adoption of a constitution. The same bill was referred by the Senate to its Judiciary Committee.

THE ABYSSINIAN WAR.

THE English expedition to Abyssinia has landed at Massowah and made an advance toward the interior. As soon as King Theodore was apprised of the landing of the British troops he burned his capital of Debra Tabor and retreated into the mountains. In hunting for him and his darky warriors the British troops are likely to meet with something of our Indian war experience in the West.

THE PERUVIAN REBELLION SUPPRESSED.

EVER since the election of Prado to the Presidency of Peru, which followed his successful repulse of the Spanish fleet at Callao, efforts have been making to depose him. The most formidable of these petty rebellions has just been suppressed by the simultaneous defeat of the rebels at Arequipa and in the north. Prado is recognized as one of the most energetic, capable, and honest men who has been at the head of the Peruvian Republic for many years, and Peru has been exceedingly prosperous under his rule.

A CHAPTER OF DISASTERS.

IT is a favorite theory with many newspaper editors, and more particularly with newspaper reporters, that crime, accidents, great fires, great hurricanes, and great disasters generally, come as sorrows come—"not single spies, but in battalions"—and with a very indefinite idea of what they really mean, they frequently tell us in large type and displayed head-lines of "an epidemic of crime" or of "accidents." Of late we have even been treated to dissertations on "hurricanes epidemically considered," and the writer has shown to his entire satisfaction that ever since the fashion was set in the time of NOAH, big floods have happened simultaneously in various parts of the world, as if convulsed nature were determined on another deluge in spite of the rainbow. Recalling the late frequently-recurring railroad and other disasters, one is almost forced to accept the theory of the poet, and admit that such sorrows and horrors do indeed come in battalions.

We are compelled in our capacity as a chronicler of news to illustrate in this issue of the *Weekly*—our first Number for the New Year—a complete chapter of disaster; and it is rendered still more melancholy from the fact that it is a continuation of similar chapters in the volume just completed. Following hard upon the heels of the late fearful railroad tragedy in Ohio, in which four sisters were burned to death, we have now to record the terrible railroad accidents near Northfield, Vermont, and near Angola, New York, and the tenement-house fire in Second Avenue, New York. By these several disasters, happening within a few days of each other, seventy-five souls were hurried into eternity, and nearly as many persons maimed and otherwise injured for life!

The accident near Northfield, Vermont, on the Vermont Central Railroad on December 11, 1867, was the most destructive to life of any disaster which has ever occurred in the "Green Mountain State" since railroads were established. It occurred at what is known as the Harlow Bridge—a structure which spans a chasm some three hundred feet in width. Its abutments were sixty feet in height, and its middle pier about seventy-five feet. This bridge was burned on December 8, and a heavy force of laborers had been employed in erecting trestle-work for temporary use. About a hundred of these men, having dined at Northfield, were returning to their labors on December 11 when the terrible calamity occurred. They were in a passenger car, and were being backed up to the works. By some unaccountable hallucination the engineer proceeded at an unusual rate of speed—sometimes running it as high as thirty miles an hour. He was reminded of his strange mistake by his fireman, but not till too late to avert the terrible consequences. The car, with its freight of some ninety men, was precipitated down a perpendicular distance of sixty feet. The tender broke from the engine and instantly followed. The scene was a fearful one. Fifteen dead men, with more than as many others suffering from wounds more or less severe, lay in one heap, seven of whom were under the tender. Of those who escaped some were saved by leaping from

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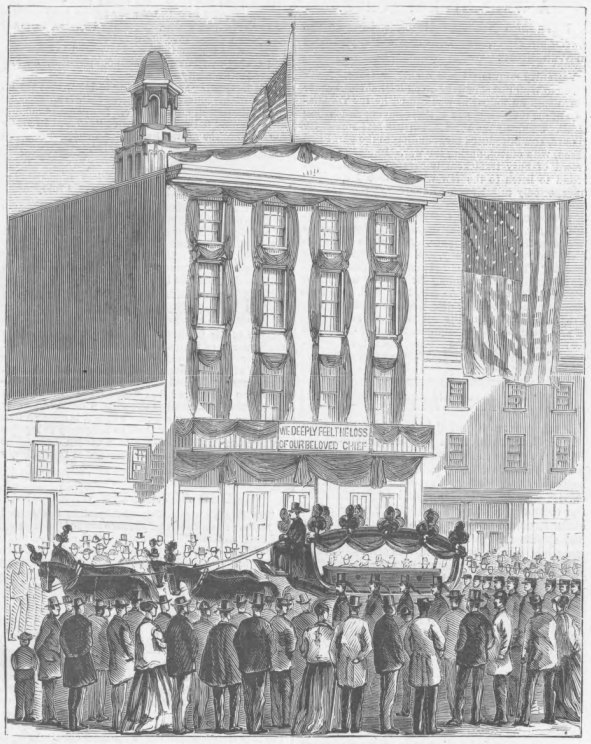
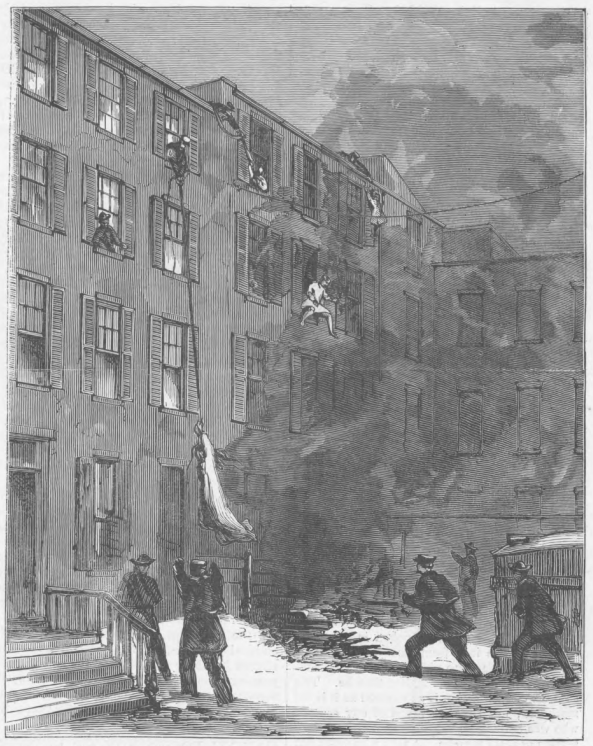


FUNERAL OF CHIEF-ENGINEER LYLE OF PHILADELPHIA.—[SKETCHED BY FRANK S. TAFT.]



TENEMENT-HOUSE FIRE IN SECOND AVENUE, N. Y.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

the car windows after they had perceived their danger.

Our principal illustration on this page represents the scene of the disaster, and is from a photograph taken shortly after the accident.

The details of the still more horrible accident on the Lake Shore Railroad at Angola, New York, on December 18, represents that fifty persons were burned to death, and that as many more were wounded. The accident occurred at Big Sisters Bridge. The train was thrown from the track by the breaking of a car wheel; and the rear passenger car, in which were fifty-two passengers, went over an embankment twenty feet high. In the descent the car was shattered to pieces, and doubtless most of the passengers disabled. The stove which heated the car was overturned, and the car at once took fire from the coals thus scattered. Only two of the passengers escaped uninjured; the rest were burned to death, and all that was left of them when the fire was finally extinguished was a mass of blackened, and charred, and unrecognizable remains.

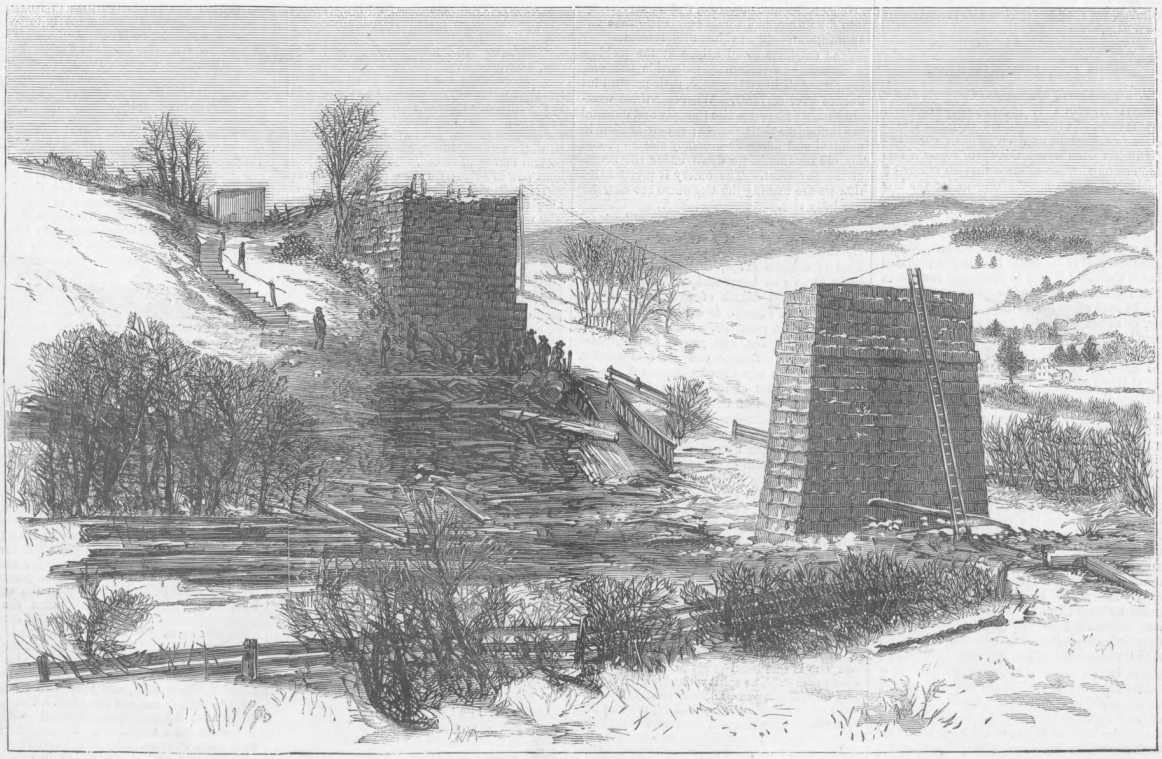
The fire in Second Avenue, New York, on December 16, furnishes the subject of another illustration on this page. The building—a four-story and basement tenement-house—was occupied by seven families, comprising about thirty persons. The fire originated in the basement, and was very far advanced when discovered—so far, indeed, that all natural escape from the second, third, and fourth floors was cut off.

When the firemen and police arrived they found the narrow stairways filled with a dense volume of smoke, which was preventing the alarmed inmates of the upper floors making good their escape. A scene of the wildest terror and utter confusion then ensued among the unfortunate people up stairs, and their shrieks and cries were sufficient to appall the stoutest heart.

By the aid of the firemen most of those in danger were rescued, more or less bruised; but seven bodies were taken out with life extinct, and as many more were fatally injured.

FUNERAL OF CHIEF-ENGINEER LYLE.

WE illustrate on this page the late imposing funeral at Philadelphia of DAVID M. LYLE, Chief Engineer of the Philadelphia Fire Department. There were sixty-nine fire companies represented, including several from other cities. The procession moved in six divisions, with several brass-bands which discoursed mournful music while the remains were being conveyed to the grave. The rear of the procession was brought up by thirty-five carriages, containing the Mayor, city Councils, heads of Departments, and invited guests.



RAILROAD DISASTER NEAR NORTHFIELD, VERMONT.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY R. M. M'INTOSH.]

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THE MOONSTONE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

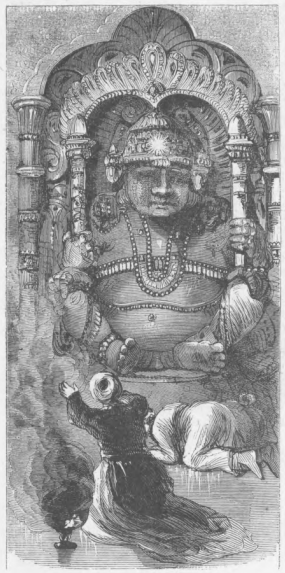
Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

Printed from the Author's Manuscript.
RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.

Prologue.

THE STORMING OF SERINGAPATAM (1799):

(Extracted from a Family Paper).



I.

I ADDRESS these lines—written in India—to my relatives in England.

My object is to explain the motive which has induced me to refuse the right hand of friendship to my cousin, John Herncastle. The reserve which I have hitherto maintained in this matter has been misinterpreted by members of my family whose good opinion I can not consent to forfeit. I request them to suspend their decision until they have read my narrative. And I declare, on my word of honor, that what I am now about to write is, strictly and literally, the truth.

The private difference between my cousin and me took its rise in a great public event in which we were both concerned—the storming of Seringapatam, under General Baird, on the 4th of May, 1799.

In order that the circumstances may be clearly understood, I must revert for a moment to the period before the assault, and to the stories current in our camp of the treasure in jewels and gold stored up in the Palace of Seringapatam.

II.

One of the wildest of these stories related to a Yellow Diamond—a famous gem in the native annals of India.

The earliest known traditions describe the stone as having been set in the forehead of the four-handed Indian god who typifies the Moon. Partly from its peculiar color, partly from a superstition which represented it as partaking of the nature of the deity whom it adorned, and growing and lessening in lustre with the waxing and waning of the moon, it first gained the name by which it continues to be known in India to this day—the name of THE MOONSTONE. A similar superstition was once prevalent, as I have heard, in ancient Greece and Rome; not applying, however (as in India), to a diamond devoted to the service of a god, but to a semi-transparent stone of the inferior order of gems, supposed to be affected by the lunar influences—the moon, in this latter case also, giving the name by which the stone is still known to collectors in our own time.

The adventures of the Yellow Diamond begin with the eleventh century of the Christian era.

At that date the Mohammedan conqueror, Mahmoud of Ghizni crossed India; seized on the holy city of Somnauth; and stripped of its treasures the famous temple which had stood for centuries—the shrine of Hindoo pilgrimage, and the wonder of the eastern world.

Of all the deities worshiped in the temple, the moon-god alone escaped the rapacity of the conquering Mohammedans. Preserved by three Brahmins, the inviolate deity, bearing the Yellow Diamond in its forehead, was removed by night, and was transported to the second of the sacred cities of India—the city of Benares.

Here, in a new shrine—in a hall inlaid with precious stones, under a roof supported by pillars of gold—the moon-god was set up and worshiped. Here, on the night when the shrine was completed, Vishnu the Preserver appeared to the three Brahmins in a dream.

The deity breathed the breath of his divinity on the Diamond in the forehead of the god. And the Brahmins knelt and hid their faces in their robes. The deity commanded that the Moonstone should be watched, from that time forth, by three priests in turn, night and day, to the end of the generations of men. And the Brahmins heard and bowed before his will. The deity predicted certain disaster to the presumptuous mortal who laid hands on the sacred gem, and to all of his house and name who received it after him. And the Brahmins caused the prophecy to be written over the gates of the shrine in letters of gold.

One age followed another—and still, generation after generation, the successors of the three Brahmins watched their priceless Moonstone, night and day. One age followed another, until the first years of the eighteenth Christian century saw the reign of Aurungzebe, Emperor of the Moguls. At his command havoc and rapine were let loose once more among the temples of the worship of Brahmah. The shrine of the four-handed god was polluted by the slaughter of sacred animals; the images of the deities were broken in pieces; and the Moonstone was seized by an officer of rank in the army of Aurungzebe.

Powerless to recover their lost treasure by open force, the three guardian priests followed and watched it in disguise. The generations succeeded each other; the warrior who had committed the sacrilege perished miserably; the Moonstone passed (carrying its curse with it) from one lawless Mohammedan hand to another; and still, through all chances and changes, the successors of the three guardian priests kept their watch, waiting the day when the will of Vishnu the Preserver should restore to them their sacred gem. Time rolled on from the first to the last years of the eighteenth Christian century. The Diamond fell into the possession of Tippoo, Sultan of Seringapatam, who caused it to be placed as an ornament in the handle of a dagger, and who commanded it to be kept among the choicest treasures of his armory. Even then—in the palace of the Sultan himself—the three guardian priests still watched in secret. There were three officers of Tippoo's household, strangers to the rest, who had won their master's confidence by conforming, or appearing to conform, to the Mussulman faith; and to those three men report pointed as the three priests in disguise.

III.

So, as told in our camp, ran the fanciful story of the Moonstone. It made no serious impression on any of us except my cousin—whose love of the marvelous induced him to believe it. On the night before the assault on Seringapatam he was absurdly angry with me, and with others, for treating the whole thing as a fable. A foolish wrangle followed; and Herncastle's unlucky temper got the better of him. He declared, in his boastful way, that we should see the Diamond on his finger if the English army took Seringapatam. The sally was saluted by a roar of laughter, and there, as we all thought that night, the thing ended.

Let me now take you on to the day of the assault.

My cousin and I were separated at the outset. I never saw him when we forded the river; when we planted the English flag in the first breach; when we crossed the ditch beyond; and, fighting every inch of our way, entered the town. It was only at dusk, when the place was ours, and after General Baird himself had found the dead body of Tippoo under a heap of the slain, that Herncastle and I met.

"THE BOY BECAME QUITE STIFF, AND STOOD LIKE A STATUE, LOOKING INTO THE INK IN THE HOLLOW OF HIS HAND."

We were each attached to a party sent out by the general's orders to prevent the plunder and confusion which followed our conquest. The camp-followers committed deplorable excesses; and, worse still, the soldiers found their way, by an unguarded door, into the treasury of the Palace, and loaded themselves with gold and jewels. It was in the court outside the treasury that my cousin and I met to enforce the laws of discipline on our own soldiers. Herncastle's fiery temper had been, as I could plainly see, exasperated to a kind of frenzy by the terrible slaughter through which we had passed. He was very unfit, in my opinion, to perform the duty that had been intrusted to him.

There was riot and confusion enough in the treasury, but no violence that I saw. The men (if I may use such an expression) disgraced themselves good-humoredly. All sorts of rough jests and catch-words were bandied about among them; and the story of the Diamond turned up again unexpectedly, in the form of a mischievous joke. "Who's got the Moonstone?" was the rallying cry which perpetually caused the plundering as soon as it was stopped in one place to break out in another. While I was still vainly trying to establish order I heard a frightful yelling on the other side of the court-yard, and at once ran toward the cries, in dread of finding some new outbreak of the pillage in that direction.

I got to an open door, and saw the bodies of two Indians (by their dress, as I guessed, officers of the palace) lying across the entrance, dead.

A cry inside hurried me into a room, which appeared to serve as an armory. A third Indian, mortally wounded, was sinking at the feet of a man whose back was toward me. The man turned at the instant when I came in, and I saw John Herncastle, with a torch in one hand and a dagger dripping with blood in the other. A stone, set like a pommel, in the end of the dagger's handle, flashed in the torch-light, as he turned on me, like a gleam of fire. The dying Indian sank to his knees, pointed to the dagger in Herncastle's hand, and said, in his native language: "The Moonstone will have its vengeance yet on you and yours!" He spoke those words, and fell dead on the floor.

Before I could stir in the matter the men who had followed me across the court-yard crowded in. My cousin rushed to meet them, like a madman. "Clear the room!" he shouted to me, "and set a guard on the door!" The men fell back as he threw himself on them with his torch and his dagger. I put two sentinels of my own company, on whom I could rely, to keep the door. Through the remainder of the night I saw no more of my cousin.

Early in the morning, the plunder still going on, General Baird announced publicly by beat of drum that any thief detected in the fact, be he whom he might, should be hung. The provost-marshal was in attendance to prove that the general was in earnest; and in the throng that followed the proclamation Herncastle and I met again.

He held out his hand as usual, and said, "Good-morning."

I waited before I gave him my hand in return.

"Tell me first," I said, "how the Indian in the armory met his death, and what those last words meant when he pointed to the dagger in your hand."

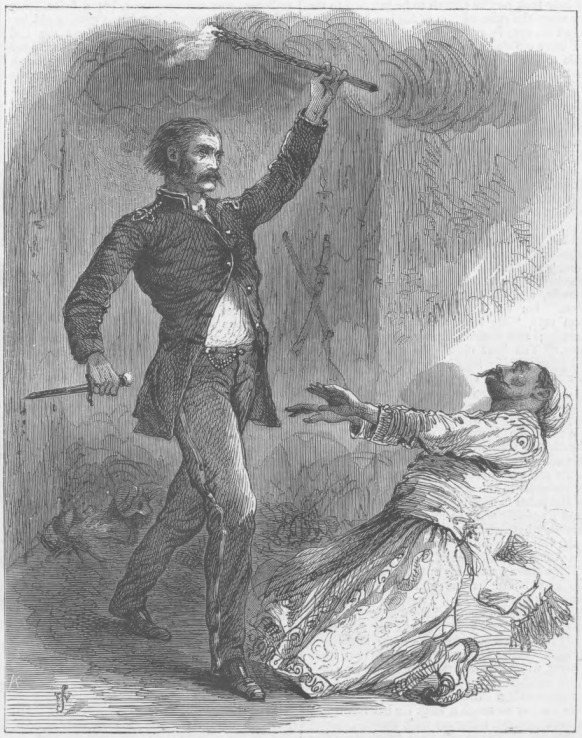
"The Indian met his death, as I suppose, by a mortal wound," said Herncastle. "What his last words meant I know no more than you do."

I looked at him narrowly. His frenzy of the previous day had all calmed down. I determined to give him another chance.

"Is that all you have to tell me?" I asked.

He answered, "That is all."

I turned my back on him; and we have not spoken since.



"THE MOONSTONE WILL HAVE ITS VENGEANCE YET ON YOU AND YOURS!"

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IV.

I beg it to be understood that what I write here about my cousin (unless some necessity should arise for making it public) is for the information of the family only. Herncastle has said nothing that can justify me in speaking to our commanding officer. He has been taunted more than once about the Diamond, by those who recollect his angry outbreak before the assault; but, as may easily be imagined, his own remembrance of the circumstances under which I surprised him in the armory has been enough to keep him silent. It is reported that he means to exchange into another regiment, avowedly for the purpose of separating himself from *me*.

Whether this be true or not, I can not prevail upon myself to become his accuser—and I think with good reason. If I made the matter public, I have no evidence but moral evidence to bring forward. I have not only no proof that he killed the two men at the door; I can not even declare that he killed the third man inside—for I can not say that my own eyes saw the deed committed. It is true that I heard the dying Indian's words; but if those words were pronounced to be the ravings of delirium, how could I contradict the assertion from my own knowledge? Let our relatives, on either side, form their own opinion on what I have written, and decide for themselves whether the aversion I now feel toward this man is well or ill founded.

Although I attach no sort of credit to the fantastic Indian legend of the gem, I must acknowledge, before I conclude, that I am influenced by a certain superstition of my own in this matter. It is my conviction, or my delusion, no matter which, that crime brings its own fatality with it. I am not only persuaded of Herncastle's guilt; I am even fanciful enough to believe that he will live to regret it, if he keeps the Diamond; and that others will live to regret taking it from him, if he gives the Diamond away.

The Story

FIRST PERIOD. THE LOSS OF THE DIAMOND (1848).

The Events related by Gabriel Betteredge, house-steward in the service of Julia, Lady Verinder.

CHAPTER I.

IN the first part of Robinson Crusoe, at page one hundred and twenty-nine, you will find it thus written:

"Now I saw, though too late, the Folly of beginning a Work before we count the Cost, and before we judge rightly of our own Strength to go through with it."

Only yesterday I opened my Robinson Crusoe at that place. Only this morning (May twenty-first, eighteen hundred and fifty) came my lady's nephew, Mr. Franklin Blake, and held a short conversation with me, as follows:

"Betteredge," says Mr. Franklin, "I have been to the lawyer's about some family matters; and, among other things, we have been talking of the loss of the Indian Diamond, in my aunt's house in Yorkshire, two years since. The lawyer thinks, as I think, that the whole story ought, in the interests of truth, to be placed on record in writing—and the sooner the better."

Not perceiving his drift yet, and thinking it always desirable for the sake of peace and quietness to be on the lawyer's side, I said I thought so too. Mr. Franklin went on:

"In this matter of the Diamond," he said, "the characters of innocent people have suffered under suspicion already—as you know. The memories of innocent people may suffer, hereafter, for want of a record of the facts to which those who come after us can appeal. There can be no doubt that this strange family story of ours ought to be told. And I think, Betteredge, the lawyer and I together have hit on the right way of telling it."

Very satisfactory to both of them, no doubt. But I failed to see what I myself had to do with it, so far.

"We have certain events to relate," Mr. Franklin proceeded; "and we have certain persons concerned in those events who are capable of relating them. Starting from these plain facts, the lawyer's idea is that we should all write the story of the Moonstone in turn—as far as our own personal experience extends, and no farther. We must begin by showing how the Diamond first fell into the hands of my uncle Herncastle, when he was serving in India fifty years since. This prefatory narrative I have already got by me in the form of an old family paper, which relates the necessary particulars on the authority of an eye-witness. The next thing to do is to tell how the Diamond found its way into my aunt's house in Yorkshire, two years since, and how it came to be lost in little more than twelve hours afterward. Nobody knows as much as you do, Betteredge, about what went on in the house at that time. So you must take the pen in hand, and start the story."

In those terms I was informed of what my personal concern was with the matter of the Diamond. If you are curious to know what course I took under the circumstances, I beg to inform you that I did what you would probably have done in my place. I modestly declared myself to be quite unequal to the task imposed upon me—and I privately felt, all the time, that I was quite clever enough to perform it, if I only gave my own abilities a fair chance. Mr. Franklin, I imagine, must have seen my private sentiments in my face. He declined to believe in my modesty; and he insisted on giving my abilities a fair chance.

Two hours have passed since Mr. Franklin left me. As soon as his back was turned I went to my writing-desk to start the story. There I have sat helpless (in spite of my abilities) ever since; seeing what Robinson Crusoe saw, as quoted above—namely, the folly of beginning a work before we count the cost, and before we judge rightly of our own strength to go through with it. Please to remember, I opened the book by accident, at that bit, only the day before I rashly undertook the business now in hand; and, allow me to ask—if *that* isn't prophecy, what is?

I am not superstitious; I have read a heap of books in my time; I am a scholar in my own way. Though turned seventy, I possess an active memory, and legs to correspond. You are not to take it, if you please, as the saying of an ignorant man, when I express my opinion that such a book as Robinson Crusoe never was written, and never will be written again. I have tried that book for years—generally in combination with a pipe of tobacco—and I have found it my friend in need in all the necessities of this mortal life. When my spirits are bad—Robinson Crusoe. When I want advice—Robinson Crusoe. In past times, when my wife plagued me; in present times, when I have had a drop too much—Robinson Crusoe. I have worn out six stout Robinson Crusoes with hard work in my service. On my lady's last birthday she gave me a seventh. I took a drop too much on the strength of it; and Robinson Crusoe put me right again. Price four shillings and sixpence, bound in blue, with a picture into the bargain.

Still, this don't look much like starting the story of the Diamond—does it? I seem to be wandering off in search of Lord knows what, Lord knows where. We will take a new sheet of paper, if you please, and begin over again, with my best respects to you.

CHAPTER II.

I SPOKE of my lady a line or two back. Now the Diamond could never have been in our house, where it was lost, if it had not been made a present of to my lady's daughter; and my lady's daughter would never have been in existence to have the present, if it had not been for my lady who (with pain and travail) produced her into the world. Consequently, if we begin with my lady, we are pretty sure of beginning far enough back. And that, let me tell you, when you have got such a job as mine on hand, is a real comfort at starting.

If you know any thing of the fashionable world you have heard tell of the three beautiful Miss Herncastles. Miss Adelaide, Miss Caroline, and Miss Julia—this last being the youngest and the best of the three sisters, in my opinion; and I had opportunities of judging, as you shall presently see. I went into the service of the old lord, their father (thank God, we have got nothing to do with *him* in this business of the Diamond; he had the longest tongue and the shortest temper of any man, high or low, I ever met with)—I say, I went into the service of the old lord, as page-boy in waiting on the three honorable young ladies, at the age of fifteen years. There I lived till Miss Julia married the late Sir John Verinder. An excellent man, who only wanted somebody to manage him; and, between ourselves, he found somebody to do it; and what is more, he throve on it, and grew fat on it, and lived happy and died easy on it, dating from the day when my lady took him to church to be married to the day when she relieved him of his last breath and closed his eyes forever.

I have omitted to state that I went with the bride to the bride's husband's house and lands down here. "Sir John," she said, "I can't do without Gabriel Betteredge." "My lady," says Sir John, "I can't do without him, either." That was his way with her—and that was how I went into his service. It was all one to me where I went, so long as my mistress and I were together.

Seeing that my lady took an interest in the out-of-door work, and the farms, and such like, I took an interest in them too—with all the more reason that I was a small farmer's seventh son myself. My lady got me put under the bailiff, and I did my best, and gave satisfaction, and got promotion accordingly. Some years later, on the Monday as it might be, my lady says, "Sir John, your bailiff is a stupid old man. Pension him liberally, and let Gabriel Betteredge have his place." On the Tuesday as it might be, Sir John says, "My lady, the bailiff is pensioned liberally; and Gabriel Betteredge has got his place." You hear more than enough of married people living together miserably. Here is an example to the contrary. Let it be a warning to some of you, and an encouragement to others. In the mean time, I will go on with my story.

Well, there I was in clover you will say. Placed in a position of trust and honor, with a little cottage of my own to live in, with my rounds on the estate to occupy me in the morning and my accounts in the afternoon, and my pipe and my Robinson Crusoe in the evening—what more could I possibly want to make me happy? Remember what Adam wanted when he was alone in the Garden of Eden; and if you don't blame it in Adam, don't blame it in me.

The woman I fixed my eye on was the woman who kept house for me at my cottage. Her name was Selina Goby. I agree with the late William Cobbett about picking a wife. See that she chews her food well, and sets her foot down firmly on the ground when she walks, and you're all right. Selina Goby was all right in both these respects, which was one reason for marrying her. I had another reason, likewise, entirely of my own discovering. Selina, being a single woman, made me pay so much a week for her board and services. Selina, being my wife, couldn't charge for her board, and would have to give me her services for nothing. That was the point of view I looked at it from. Economy—with a dash of love. I put it to my mistress, as in duty bound, just as I have put it to myself.

"I have been turning Selina Goby over in my mind," I said, "and I think, my lady, it will be cheaper to marry her than to keep her."

My lady burst out laughing, and said she didn't know which to be most shocked at—my language or my principles. Some joke tickled her, I suppose, of the sort that you can't take unless you are a person of quality. Understanding nothing myself but that I was free to put it next to Selina, I went and put it accordingly. And what did Selina say? Lord! how little you must know of women, if you ask that. Of course, she said Yes.

As my time drew nearer, and there got to be talk of my having a new coat for the ceremony, my mind began to misgive me. I have compared notes with other men as to what they felt while they were in my interesting situation · and they have all acknowledged that, about a week before it happened, they privately wished themselves out of it. I went a trifle further than that myself; I actually rose up, as it were, and tried to get out of it. Not for nothing! I was too just a man to expect she would let me off for nothing. Compensation to the woman when the man gets out of it is one of the laws of England. In obedience to the laws, and after turning it over carefully in mind, I offered Selina Goby a feather-bed and fifty shillings to be off the bargain. You will hardly believe it, but it is nevertheless true—she was fool enough to refuse.

After that it was all over with me, of course. I got the new coat as cheap as I could, and I went through all the rest of it as cheap as I could. We were not a happy couple, and not a miserable couple. We were six of one, and half a dozen of the other. How it was I don't understand, but we always seemed to be getting, with the best of motives, in one another's way. When I wanted to go up stairs, there was my wife coming down; or when my wife wanted to go down, there was I coming up. That is married life, according to my experience of it.

After five years of misunderstandings on the stairs, it pleased an all-wise Providence to relieve us of each other by taking my wife. I was left with my little girl Penelope, and with no other child. Shortly afterward Sir John died, and my lady was left with her little girl Miss Rachel, and no other child. I have written to very poor purpose of my lady if you require to be told that my little Penelope was taken care of under my good mistress's own eye, and was sent to school, and taught, and made a sharp girl, and promoted, when old enough, to be Miss Rachel's own maid.

As for me, I went on with my business as bailiff year after year up to Christmas, 1847, when there came a change in my life. On that day my lady invited herself to a cup of tea alone with me in my cottage. She remarked that, reckoning from the year when I started as page-boy in the time of the old lord, I had been more than fifty years in her service, and she put into my hands a beautiful waistcoat of wool that she had worked herself, to keep me warm in the bitter winter weather.

I received this magnificent present quite at a loss to find words to thank my mistress with for the honor she had done me. To my great astonishment, it turned out, however, that the waistcoat was not an honor, but a bribe. My lady had discovered that I was getting old before I had discovered it myself, and she had come to my cottage to wheedle me (if I may use such an expression) into giving up my hard, out-of-door work as bailiff, and taking my ease for the rest of my days as steward in the house. I made as good a fight of it against the indignity of taking my ease as I could. But my mistress knew the weak side of me; she put it as a favor to herself. The dispute between us ended, after that, in my wiping my eyes, like an old fool, with my new woolen waistcoat, and saying I would think about it.

The perturbation in my mind, in regard to thinking about it, being truly dreadful after my lady had gone away, I applied the remedy which I have never yet found to fail me in cases of doubt and emergency. I smoked a pipe and took a turn at Robinson Crusoe. Before I had occupied myself with that extraordinary book five minutes I came on a comforting bit (page one hundred and fifty-eight), as follows: "To-day we love what to-morrow we hate." I saw my way clear directly. To-day I was all for continuing to be farm-bailiff; to-morrow, on the authority of Robinson Crusoe, I should be all the other way. Take myself to-morrow while in to-morrow's humor, and the thing was done. My mind being relieved in this manner, I went to sleep that night in the character of Lady Verinder's farm-bailiff, and I woke up the next morning in the character of Lady Verinder's house-steward. All quite comfortable, and all through Robinson Crusoe!

My daughter Penelope had just looked over my shoulder to see what I have done so far. She remarks that it is beautifully written, and every word of it true. But she points out one objection. She says, what I have done so far isn't in the least what I was wanted to do. I am asked to tell the story of the Diamond, and, instead of that, I have been telling the story of my own self. Curious, and quite beyond me to account for. I wonder whether the gentlemen who make a business and a living out of writing books ever find their own selves getting in the way of their subjects like me? If they do, I can feel for them. In the mean time, here is another false start, and more waste of good writing-paper. What's to be done now? Nothing that I know of, except for you to keep your temper, and for me to begin it all over again for the third time.

CHAPTER III.

THE question of how I am to start the story properly I have tried to settle in two ways. First, by scratching my head, which led to nothing. Second, by consulting my daughter Penelope, which has resulted in an entirely new idea.

Penelope's notion is that I should set down what happened regularly day by day, beginning with the day when we got the news that Mr. Franklin Blake was expected on a visit to the house. When you come to fix your memory with a date in this day, it is wonderful what your memory will pick up for you upon that compulsion. The only difficulty is to fetch out the dates, in the first place. This Penelope offers to do for me by looking into her own diary, which she was taught to keep when she was at school, and which she has gone on keeping ever since. In answer to an improvement on this notion, devised by myself, namely, that she should tell the story instead of me, out of her own diary, Penelope observes, with a fierce look and a red face, that her journal is for her own private eye, and that no living creature shall ever know what is in it but herself. When I inquire what this means, Penelope says, "Fiddlestick!" *I* say, Sweet-hearts.

Beginning, then, on Penelope's plan, I beg to mention that I was specially called one Wednesday morning into my lady's own sitting-room, the date being the twenty-fourth of May, eighteen hundred and forty-eight.

"Gabriel," says my lady, "here is news that will surprise you. Franklin Blake has come back from abroad. He has been staying with his father in London, and he is coming to us to-morrow to stop till next month and keep Rachel's birthday."

If I had had a hat in my hand nothing but respect would have prevented me from throwing that hat up to the ceiling. I had not seen Mr. Franklin since he was a boy, living along with us in this house. He was, out of all sight (as I remembered him), the nicest boy that ever spun a top or broke a window. Miss Rachel, who was present, and to whom I made that remark, observed, in return, that *she* remembered him as the most atrocious tyrant that ever tortured a doll, and the hardest driver of an exhausted little girl in string harness that England could produce. "I burn with indignation, and I ache with fatigue," was the way Miss Rachel summed it up, "when I think of Franklin Blake."

Hearing what I now tell you, you will naturally ask how it was that Mr. Franklin should have passed all the years, from the time when he was a boy to the time when he was a man, out of his own country. I answer, because his father had the misfortune to be next heir to a Dukedom, and not to be able to prove it.

In two words, this was how the thing happened:

My lady's eldest sister married the celebrated Mr. Blake—equally famous for his great riches and his great suit at law. How many years he went on worrying the tribunals of his country to turn out the Duke in possession, and to put himself in the Duke's place—how many lawyers' purses he filled to bursting, and how many otherwise harmless people he set by the ears together disputing whether he was right or wrong—is more by a great deal than I can reckon up. His wife died, and two of his three children died, before the tribunals could make up their minds to show him the door and take no more of his money. When it was all over, and the Duke in possession was left in possession, Mr. Blake discovered that the only way of being even with his country for the manner in which it had treated him was not to let his country have the honor of educating his son. "How can I trust my native institutions," was the form in which he put it, "after the way in which my native institutions have behaved to *me*?" Add to this that Mr. Blake disliked all boys, his own included, and you will admit that it could only end in one way. Master Franklin was taken from us in England, and was sent to institutions which his father *could* trust, in that superior country, Germany; Mr. Blake himself, you will observe, remaining snug in England, to improve his fellow-countrymen in the Parliament House, and to publish a statement on the subject of the Duke in possession, which has remained an unfinished statement from that day to this.

There! Thank God, that's told! Neither you nor I need trouble our heads any more about Mr. Blake, senior. Leave him to the Dukedom; and let you and I stick to the Diamond.

The Diamond takes us back to Mr. Franklin, who was the innocent means of bringing that unlucky jewel into the house.

Our nice boy didn't forget us after he went abroad. He wrote every now and then; sometimes to my lady, sometimes to Miss Rachel, and sometimes to me. We had had a transaction together before he left, which consisted of his borrowing of me a ball of string, a four-bladed knife, and seven-and-sixpence in money—the color of which last I have not seen, and never expect to see, again. His letters to me chiefly related to borrowing more. I heard, however, from my lady, how he got on abroad, as he grew in years and stature. After he had learned what the institutions of Germany could teach him, he gave the French a turn next, and the Italians a turn after that. They made him among them a sort of universal genius, as well as I could understand it. He wrote a little; he painted a little; he sang and played and composed a little—borrowing, as I suspect, in all these cases, just as he had borrowed from me. His mother's fortune (seven hundred a year) fell to him when he came of age, and ran through him as it might be through a sieve. The more money he had, the more he wanted: there was a hole in Mr. Franklin's pocket that nothing would sew up. Wherever he went the lively, easy way of him made him welcome.

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He lived here, there, and every where; his address (as he used to put it himself) being "Post-office, Europe—to be left till called for." Twice over he made up his mind to come back to England and see us; and twice over (saving your presence) some unmentionable woman stood in the way and stopped him. His third attempt succeeded, as you know already from what my lady told me. On Thursday, the twenty-fifth of May, we were to see for the first time what our nice boy had grown to be as a man. He came of good blood; he had a high courage; and he was five-and-twenty years of age, by our reckoning. Now you know as much of Mr. Franklin Blake as I did—before Mr. Franklin Blake came down to our house.

The Thursday was as fine a summer's day as ever you saw; and my lady and Miss Rachel (not expecting Mr. Franklin till dinner-time) drove out to lunch with some friends in the neighborhood.

When they were gone I went and had a look at the bedroom which had been got ready for our guest, and saw that all was straight. Then, being butler in my lady's establishment, as well as steward (at my own particular request, mind, and because it vexed me to see any body but myself in possession of the key of the late Sir John's cellar)—then, I say, I fetched up some of our famous Latour claret, and set it in the warm summer air to take off the chill before dinner. Concluding to set myself in the warm summer air next—seeing that what is good for old claret is equally good for old age—I took up my bee-hive chair to go out into the back court, when I was stopped by hearing a sound like the soft beating of a drum on the terrace in front of my lady's residence.

Going round to the terrace, I found three mahogany-colored Indians, in white linen frocks and trowsers, looking up at the house.

The Indians, as I saw on looking closer, had small hand-drums slung in front of them. Behind them stood a little, delicate-looking, light-haired, English boy carrying a bag. I judged the fellows to be strolling conjurors, and the boy with the bag to be carrying the tools of their trade. One of the three, who spoke English, and who exhibited, I must own, the most elegant manners, presently informed me that my judgment was right. He requested permission to show his tricks in the presence of the lady of the house.

Now I am not a sour old man. I am generally all for amusement, and the last person in the world to distrust another person because he happens to be a few shades darker than myself. But the best of us have our weaknesses—and my weakness, when I know a family plate-basket to be out on a pantry-table, is to be instantly reminded of that basket by the sight of a strolling stranger whose manners are superior to my own. I accordingly informed the Indian that the lady of the house was out; and I warned him and his party off the premises. He made me a beautiful bow in return; and he and his party went off the premises. On my side, I returned to my bee-hive chair, and set myself down on the sunny side of the court, and fell (if the truth must be owned) not exactly into a sleep, but into the next best thing to it.

I was roused up by my daughter Penelope running out at me as if the house was on fire. What do you think she wanted? She wanted to have the three Indian jugglers instantly taken up; for this reason, namely, that they knew who was coming from London to visit us, and that they meant some mischief to Mr. Franklin Blake.

Mr. Franklin's name roused me. I opened my eyes, and made my girl explain herself.

It appeared that Penelope had just come from our lodge, where she had been having a gossip with the lodge-keeper's daughter. The two girls had seen the Indians pass out, after I had warned them off, followed by their little boy. Taking it into their heads that the boy was ill used by the foreigners—for no reason that I could discover, except that he was pretty and delicate-looking—the girls had stolen along the inner side of the hedge between us and the road, and had watched the proceedings of the foreigners on the outer side. These proceedings resulted in the performance of the following extraordinary tricks:

They first looked up the road and down the road, and made sure that they were alone. Then they all three faced about, and stared hard in the direction of our house. Then they jabbered and disputed in their own language, and looked at each other like men in doubt. Then they all turned to their little English boy, as if they expected *him* to help them. And then the chief Indian, who spoke English, said to the boy, "Hold out your hand."

On hearing those dreadful words, my daughter Penelope said she didn't know what prevented her heart from flying straight out of her. I thought privately that it might have been her stays. All I said, however, was, "You make my flesh creep." (*Nota bene:* women like these little compliments.)

Well, when the Indian said "Hold out your hand," the boy shrunk back, and shook his head, and said he didn't like it. The Indian thereupon asked him (not at all unkindly) whether he would like to be sent back to London, and left where they had found him, sleeping in an empty basket in a market—a hungry, ragged, and forsaken little boy. This, it seems, ended the difficulty. The little chap unwillingly held out his hand. Upon that the Indian took a bottle from his bosom, and poured out of it some black stuff, like ink, into the palm of the boy's hand. The Indian—first touching the boy's head, and making signs over it in the air—then said, "Look." The boy became quite stiff, and stood like a statue, looking into the ink in the hollow of his hand.

(So far, it seemed to me to be juggling, accompanied by a foolish waste of ink. I was beginning to feel sleepy again, when Penelope's next words stirred me up.)

The Indians looked up the road and down the road once more—and then the chief Indian said these words to the boy: "See the English gentleman from foreign parts."

The boy said, "I see him."

The Indian said, "Is it on the road to this house, and on no other, that the English gentleman will pass by us to-day?"

The boy said, "It is on the road to this house, and on no other, that the English gentleman will pass by you to-day."

The Indian put a second question—after waiting a little first. He said: "Has the English gentleman got It about him?"

The boy answered—also, after waiting a little first—"Yes."

The Indian put a third and last question: "Will the English gentleman come here, as he has promised to come, at the close of day?"

The boy said, "I can't tell."

The Indian asked why.

The boy said, "I am tired. The mist rises in my head, and puzzles me. I can see no more to-day."

With that the catechism ended. The chief Indian said something in his own language to the other two, pointing to the boy, and pointing toward the town, in which (as we afterward discovered) they were lodged. He then, after making more signs on the boy's head, blew on his forehead, and so woke him up with a start. After that they all went on their way toward the town, and the girls saw them no more.

Most things, they say, have a moral, if you only look for it. What was the moral of this?

The moral was, as I thought: First, that the chief juggler had heard Mr. Franklin's arrival talked of among the servants out-of-doors, and saw his way to making a little money by it. Second, that he and his men and boy (with a view to making the said money) meant to hang about till they saw my lady drive home, and then to come back, and foretell Mr. Franklin's arrival by magic. Third, that Penelope had heard them rehearsing their hocus-pocus, like actors rehearsing a play. Fourth, that I should do well to have an eye, that evening, on the plate-basket. Fifth, that Penelope would do well to cool down, and leave me, her father, to doze off again in the sun.

That appeared to me to be the sensible view. If you know any thing of the ways of young women, you won't be surprised to hear that Penelope wouldn't take it. The moral of the thing was serious, according to my daughter. She particularly reminded me of the Indian's third question. Has the English gentleman got It about him? "Oh, Father!" says Penelope, clasping her hands, "don't joke about this! What does 'It' mean?"

"We'll ask Mr. Franklin, my dear," I said, "if you can wait till Mr. Franklin comes." I winked to show I meant that in joke. Penelope took it quite seriously. My girl's earnestness tickled me. "What on earth should Mr. Franklin know about it?" I inquired. "Ask him," says Penelope. "And see whether *he* thinks it a laughing matter, too." With that parting shot my daughter left me.

I settled it with myself, when she was gone, that I really would ask Mr. Franklin—mainly to set Penelope's mind at rest. What was said between us, when I did ask him, later on that same day, you will find set out fully in its proper place. But as I don't wish to raise your expectations and then disappoint them, I will take leave to warn you here—before we go any further—that you won't find the ghost of a joke in our conversation on the subject of the jugglers. To my great surprise, Mr. Franklin, like Penelope, took the thing seriously. How seriously, you will understand, when I tell you that, in his opinion, "It" meant the Moonstone.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE storm—the beautiful, inconvenient, direful, delightful, drifting snow-storm! What would some poor, brainless people do if the ever-changing weather did not afford them a fruitful topic of conversation? And such an appropriate topic too! It is always suitable for Mr. Smalltalk, in an evening call upon Miss Littlesay, to remark that "we have had a terrible storm," or that "it is fearfully cold," or that "the wind blows shockingly," provided the storm, or the cold, or the wind are any ways in season. Fifteen minutes' intense thought on the part of Mr. Smalltalk—after he has tied his cravat in the latest style, and brushed his hair preparatory to the evening call—will enable him to decide with tolerable correctness what feature in the weather is most prominent, and to prepare himself to introduce the subject in a natural and graceful manner, after having made his bow, said "Good-evening," and deposited himself languidly in the softest easy-chair. Sudden atmospheric changes are an especial blessing to Mr. Smalltalk; it stirs and shakes up his mental faculties—as the earthquakes have shaken St. Thomas—and he sometimes ventures an original remark, which he has had a fair chance to do during the last week or two.

There are two great pictures which may be seen in New York city after a heavy snow-storm, such as came so early this winter. Merry children coasting and snow-balling; merry people, in elegant sleighs, with dashing horses, flying through the Park, through Harlem Lane, on the Bloomingdale Road, through Broadway and Fifth Avenue—this is one. Men shoveling snow from the car tracks; snow banks four feet high in the street; cars packed with living people as densely as if they were pickled fish, drivers cross, conductors cross, every body cross, horses struggling; weary men and women, late from their work, standing vainly at the corners of the streets in the hope of obtaining a place in some coming car; mails delayed, and business obstructed generally—this is the other. The snow brings a good deal of pleasure to New Yorkers; but it is a very expensive luxury, and costs New York city a deal of money and trouble.

Yet New York does not worry its head about money or trouble, especially during the holidays; and good, smooth sleighing is a great delight to the numerous *callers* on New-Year's Day. May wind and weather be favorable to the New-Year's greetings, and 1868 bring gladness and blessings!

A daring robbery was recently committed in Wall Street, in broad daylight, at one of the busiest hours of the day, and when the street was crowded with people. A bank clerk was returning from the Clearing-House with a black leather bag, containing $3,600,000 worth of checks, and $500 in bank notes, when he received a blow on the head which staggered him, but did not knock him down. The unknown assailant seized the bag, but the clerk clung to it with a desperate grasp. The robber stepped into a sleigh, and two other occupants set the horse attached to it in rapid motion. The clerk still clung to the valuable satchel which had been intrusted to him, and was dragged through the snow a distance of over a block, the sleigh actually passing the bank door before the robber had succeeded in compelling the determined clerk, by means of blows on the hands and face, to release his hold of the satchel. The robbers made their escape, for no policeman saw the attempt, and so rapidly was it done that the other witnesses did not realize what was the matter. The various banks whose checks had been stolen were notified and payment stopped. There have been several similar attempts at robbery within a couple of years; and doubtless there is a gang of villains who lie in wait for messengers who carry money through the streets. The practice of intrusting large sums of money to an unguarded and single individual is really an invitation to thieves.

A frightful calamity occurred in Second Avenue last week. About two o'clock in the morning a fire broke out in a four-story tenement-house. The firemen and police promptly arrived; but the flames had made such progress that it was evident they had been smouldering some time. Dense volumes of smoke filled the narrow stairways, and a scene of the wildest terror and confusion ensued. Every effort was made to assist the inmates of the upper floors to escape, but seven persons were found dead from suffocation. Several others were seriously injured, and two have since died. The passages and staircases of the house were all narrow, and built of wood. It is also stated that there was no fire-escape on the premises, and the fact that the scuttle-ladder broke beneath the weight of the persons attempting to ascend it reveals the character of the modes of egress. Several tragedies of a similar kind have occurred within the past two or three years.

What a careless people we Americans are! Statistics show that not less than a million letters were mailed, during the year covered by the Report of the Postmaster-General, without signatures and misdirected, or so badly directed that the address was totally unintelligible. In addition to these, more than a million and a half were restored to the writers by the care of the Dead-Letter Office. And yet we think we are always very careful in addressing the letters we individually send, and usually lay all the blame of lost letters upon the mails—the postmaster, the clerks, the carriers, or somebody besides our very careful selves has done the mischief. In general the address is written on the envelope in haste; we want to send the letter to be mailed, and it is all ready but directing it, and we seize a pen, dash off the name and place, and often never look to see if it is correctly written. Yet we know business-men of large correspondence who always make it a point to write within the letter the full address of the one to whom it is sent, and give special thought to the legible and careful direction of the envelope. And some of these say they have never known of a letter of theirs being lost.

The following advice is given in the *Journal of Health* to skaters who suffer during their recreation from cold feet: "Before starting for the ice, bathe your feet in cold water, dry them perfectly, and give them a good rubbing with a crash towel, put on a pair of woolen or heavy cotton stockings, and your feet will remain comfortably warm for three or four hours in the coldest weather."

It is not always safe to rely upon the current items of the newspapers, often hastily collected, and inserted without examination as facts. Not long ago a certain city paper contained, on a Monday morning, a carefully-prepared report of a sermon, stated to have been preached the day before by a well-known clerical gentleman at his church in this city. The clergyman in question was at the time thousands of miles away, across the ocean. We do not, therefore, altogether believe a statement that is going the rounds of the papers to the effect that in a town (which shall be unmentioned) in Connecticut, not a pastor has had a cent added to his pay since the war began, while the cost of living has more than doubled, and that the highest salary paid to a pastor there is $1000. But if by any means any other town has been unmindful of its pastors, New-Year's Day is a favorable opportunity to turn over a new leaf.

It is said—and how very pleasant is the knowledge!—that an oyster's heart beats perceptibly half an hour after it is swallowed. This is, so far as our information extends, equally true of oysters stewed or raw, broiled or fried; at least, no exceptions or qualifications are made in the statement from which we gather this interesting fact.

This cold winter weather has stirred up the young ladies of Mount Holyoke Seminary—so well known as an institution based on Christian principles and thorough instruction—to raise such a sum of money as will supply the means of more perfectly heating the building. The main halls are inadequately warmed, and as this institution has no fund for extra expenses, some of the energy which inspired its benevolent founder, Mary Lyon, seems to have fallen upon the pupils. They have earnestly commenced their work in combination with the alumni and friends of the Seminary, and will doubtless accomplish their object; for sensible and enthusiastic women seldom fail in what they undertake. The friends of this institution scattered throughout the country will wish them success; and many, doubtless, will show their interest in a tangible way.

A lecturer in England recently undertook to cure the undergraduates of Cambridge of smoking by discoursing to them on the evils of this practice. When the time for the lecture arrived he was somewhat surprised to find some four hundred students in attendance, each with a pipe surcharged with tobacco.

Weston's walking feat is thrown quite into the shade by some developments in regard to a Norwegian named Ernst, who was born in 1799, and commenced his career as a pedestrian in England when about 20 years of age. After some successful practice he agreed to walk from Paris to Moscow in 15 days, a bet of $20,000 having been made, of which, in case of success, he was to receive only $600. At noon on the 11th of June, 1822, he started from Place Vendôme, Paris, and on the morning of the 25th of June stood before the Kremlin, in Moscow, accomplishing the distance of 1600 English miles in 13¼, instead of 15 days, or at an average of 107 miles a day. At another time Ernst walked 117 miles a day for 14 days consecutively. At other times he made 85 miles a day for 21 days running, and 82 miles per day during 60 days. These statements are said to be capable of the fullest and most satisfactory proof.

A good story is told of an old Dutch farmer, who, having just arrived at the dignity of justice of the peace, undertook to marry a couple who came to him for that purpose.

"Vell, you vants to be marrit, do you?" said he. "Vell, you loves dis woman so goot as any you ever see?"

"Yes," answered the man.

Then to the woman,

"Vell, do you love dis man so better as no man you never see?"

Lady hesitated, and he repeated,

"Vell, vell, do you likes him so well as to be his wife?"

"Oh, certainly," she answered, with a kind of titter.

"Vell, dat is all any reasonable man can expect. So you are marrit. I pronounce you man and wife."

The man then asked the justice what was to pay.

"Oh, nothing at all—nothing at all—you are welcome to it if it will do you any good."

One of the most remarkable surgical operations on record was performed some weeks ago upon a young gentleman residing at Tarrytown. He was thrown out of a wagon and injured so severely that his recovery was considered hopeless. It seems that his neck was dislocated—a circumstance that would without doubt have resulted fatally had it not been for the opportune arrival of a surgeon, who by a rapid and expert movement adjusted the broken atlas of the vertebræ. Since then the neck of the patient has been kept in a stationary position by means of instruments, which has resulted in his being pronounced out of danger.

Munich boasts of having the largest bronze statue in the world. This colossal figure represents the protectress of Bavaria with a huge lion standing at her side. In her right hand is a sword, and the left hand holds upward a wreath of flowers. The entire figure is in the most beautiful proportions, and is 65 feet high, weighing 230,000 pounds. It stands upon a granite pedestal 30 feet in height, through which a circular stairway leads to the head of the figure, where seats are provided for eight persons.

A resident in Père la Chaise, Paris, ordered, previous to his death, that a copy of *La Patrie* should be placed on his tombstone every morning. This eccentric request is duly carried out, and there on the grave can be seen a heap of musty old papers.

Men do get fearfully hardened and callous to the exhibition of tender and sensitive feeling in woman! They rough it in the outside world, and often their occupation quite blunts their perceptions! In proof of which statement is the case of a scientific man, who was devoted to the study of chemistry. His wife made some request of him one day which he refused to grant. Her heart was set on it, and she burst into a flood of tears. But the chemist bent over his acids, and powders, and bottles immovable as a rock. "Tears are useless, my dear," said he. "I have analyzed them; they contain a little phosphate of lime, some chlorid of sodium, and water!"

It is said that many persons have found by experiment that the light of coal-oil lamps is greatly improved by adding to the oil one-fourth its weight of common salt. It is reported to make the light much more brilliant and clear, to keep the wick clean, and prevent smoking. If this is really true, it would be a great comfort to many families, both in the city and in the country, who are dependent upon kerosene for light. The smoke of this oil is most disagreeable, and if the remedy could be introduced into the city cars, it would be an improvement.

"NOT FOR US."

OVERHEAD the stars shine bright
In the clear, cold winter sky;
And the windows, all alight,
Shine upon the passers-by,
Moving on, a living tide,
Through the busy, crowded street,
Where the walks on either side
Echo with the tread of feet.

Keen and frosty is the air
Of the chill December night,
Now the year that was so fair
From the gray earth takes its flight;
And, as swiftly pass the days,
Hearths grow warm with festal cheer;
And each heart with kindness glows
Now the Christmas time is near.

Children in their snowy beds
Dream of Santa Claus by night;
Older hearts and wiser heads
Share with them their young delight;
Faces that, at other times,
Darken with the shade of care,
Lay aside their anxious looks,
And the smiles of gladness wear.

See what wonders here are met
In this mammoth window, deep:
Dolls with flaxen curls and jet,
Barking dogs and woolly sheep;
Some Aladdin's palace this,
Reared by a magician's hand,
At whose portals, filled with light,
Dazzled gazers, wondering, stand.

"Not for us the gifts within;
Only these the sick may buy,"
Speaks the mother, pale and thin,
To the child, whose wistful eye
Looks with longing on the toys
Heaped in gay profusion there—
Painted harlequin and doll
Glittering in the gaslight's glare.

"Not for us," ah! sharp the thorn
In those words to her young heart;
Sad the bitter meaning born,
Causing silent tears to start.
Is she all too young to know,
Gazing on that window there,
Better gifts there are than those
Waiting for us all—somewhere?

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"NOT FOR US."—DRAWN BY W. S. L. JEWETT.—[SEE THE POEM, PAGE 7.]

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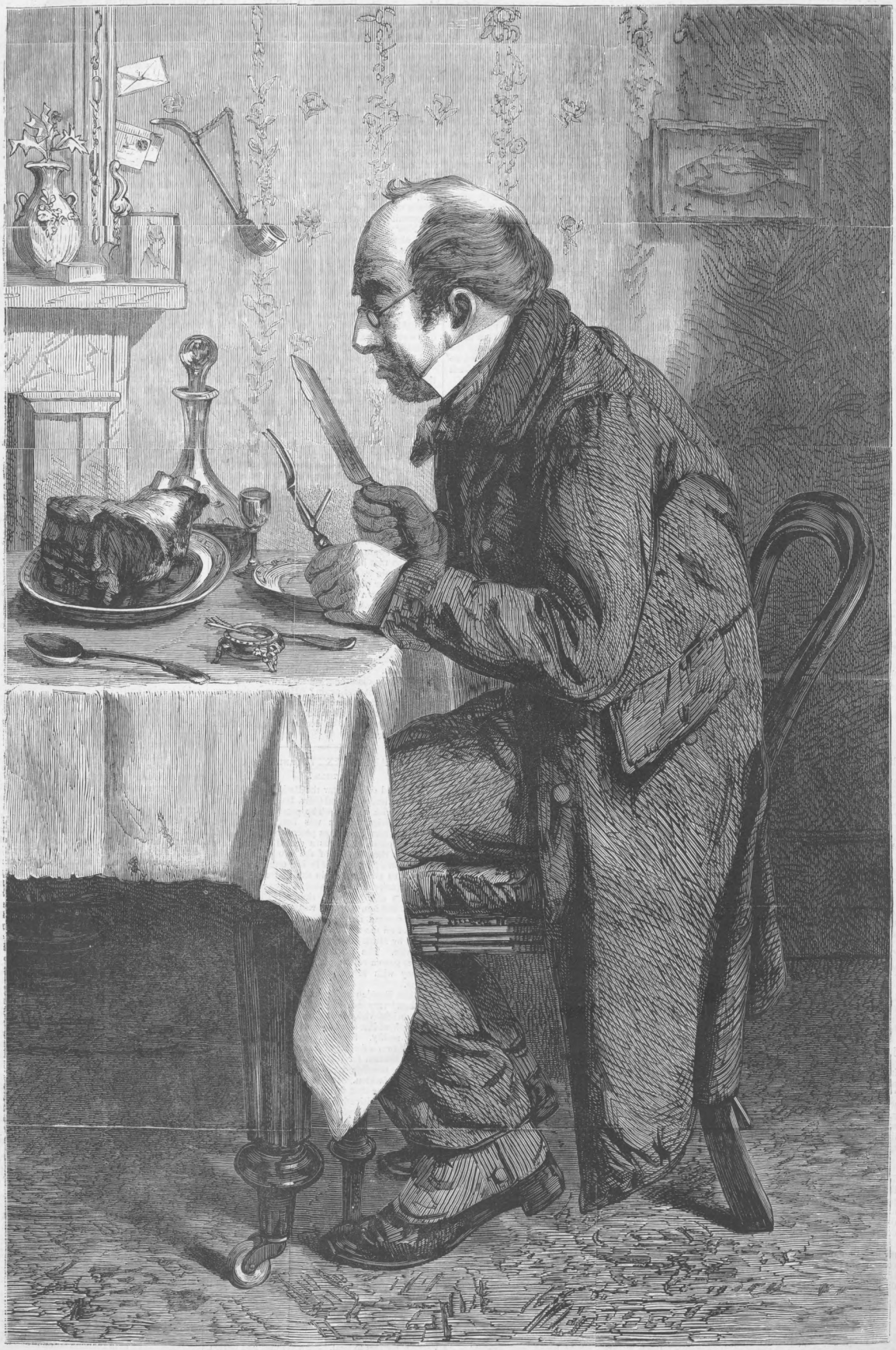

THE BACHELOR'S CHRISTMAS DINNER.—[SEE PAGE 10.]

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A BACHELOR'S DINNER.

IF there is any thing dismal in this bright world of ours it is a dinner—no matter how good—eaten alone; and for the good and sufficient cause that there can be no feast of reason where there is no flow of soul. An American restaurant, where each man dines alone in the midst of the crowded company, though relieved somewhat by the noise and confusion necessary to that manner of feeding by wholesale, is still a dull place, to which no sane man resorts except under the compulsion of business or haste. The dullest of all toasts—that which is "drank standing and in silence"—is only relieved from positive stupidity by the usual sentiment of respect and honor which accompanies it. But of all the dull meals that can possibly be conceived is that of a dinner on a great festal occasion eaten in solitude. As, for instance, a friendless bachelor's dinner on Christmas, such as we illustrate on page 9. To the poor old fellow who sits down to his solitary fare there is nothing cheering in the roast beef, nothing inspiring in the decanter of sherry, and only satire and reproach in the only mated articles in the room—the knife and fork. The dull condition of the room, the doleful aspect of the dinner-table, and the dismal expression of the bachelor's face are well delineated by the artist; and we shall expect that every sensible bachelor—if such things exist—will rise from the serious contemplation of this picture fully resolved to "go and sin no more" or longer by remaining a bachelor and taking his next Christmas dinner in silence and alone.

PLAYING FOR HIGH STAKES.

By MISS ANNIE THOMAS,

Author of "Denis Donne," "Walter Goring," "Played Out," etc.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

HESITATION.

THE accident, which might have been fatal to the child—the dread she had labored under for a few moments of Frank being blamed for that accident—the remark of the little girl's grandmother—or something, she could not quite decide what, preyed painfully on Mrs. Bathurst's spirits as she rode home that day.

"It's all right, my darling. What makes you so sad now?" Frank said, rather reproachfully, coming close, and laying his hand on the pommel; "I can't bear to see you looking so cut up."

She tried hard to smile at him. She knew that this gloom, which would assert its sway over her, was a poor compliment to the man who had married her, and was bright and happy in his love for her, and who was kept in ignorance of the cause of such gloom. But she could not help herself. The smile was a very poor performance, and they both felt it to be so.

"My dear Trixy," he said, very seriously for Frank—"my dear Trixy, are you not well?"

"Yes, I am quite well, Frank," she said.

"Then are you not happy?" he asked, quickly.

"Very happy with you, Frank; do believe that."

"Then what are you not happy about? Trixy, it's no use. I seem to be very light and careless and unobservant, and all that sort of thing; but where I love I am not these things, and I love you; tell me, darling; I have a right to share your sorrow, if you have one."

"I was a little shocked just now, that was all," she said, falteringly; "the poor little child looked so helpless, and the mother seemed so hurt and grieved about it, and the grandmother seemed so hard and callous; it upset me a little."

"Yes, the old woman had an eye to the main chance," he said, contemptuously; "she thought to make an appeal to the pity and the purse-strings of the young married lady by being pitiless to that poor thing her daughter."

"And she only woke all my pity for the poor little child," Beatrix said, sadly—"the poor little innocent child, who does not know yet how much it is to be pitied."

"They never do feel it much in that class," he said, carelessly; "they have no traditions—"

"Frank, don't speak in that way," she said, imploringly; "I can't bear it—I can't, indeed!"

"But, my dear child, simply they have not."

"They have the traditions of virtue and purity just as much as we—as gentlepeople have."

"Yes, but they don't fall from such a height into such an abyss of shame as we do if any thing of the sort befalls us," he said, energetically; "it's a living thing in our order, that family pride which we may feel in looking back through generations and saying, with truth, that all the men were brave, and all the women spotless; it's a living thing, a power in the land; a—surely you agree with me, Trixy?"

"I do; indeed I do."

"Why, on earth, then, do you look as though I were advancing frightfully heterodox or startlingly-new opinions?" Then, after a minute's pause, he added, "It's not worth our while to argue on the subject the poor little child introduced, though. Let us get down to the cliffs, dear; the sea-breeze will bring back the color the fright banished. I will make you decide on a subject for me. I want to take a view on the coast, and you shall tell me which to take. Glorious all this is, to be sure! This time of year down here is like a poem of Keats's."

"What will have happened to us, I wonder, before

'Autumn bold,
With universal tinge of sober gold,'

be all about us?" Trixy said, as they turned into a narrow lane, in which the very spirit of spring seemed to have been embodied. The sloping banks of the high hedges were thickly covered with pale primroses and large, intensely violet dog-violets; forcing their way up among these, the young curly fronds of the hart's-tongue and royal male fern advanced their beautiful claim to consideration. Honey-suckle, in thick, full clusters, wreathed itself about the hedge-tops. The dark-green leaves and purely-blue flowers of the periwinkle went along in sinuous curves, and a few large-eyed daisies starred the way-side garden, which no culture could have improved. There were such depths of velvety moss—such imperial clumps of golden fern—such darkly-shaded nooks, wherein water trickled and hardy young cresses grew in delicious profusion—such dazzling masses of red-gold king-cups—such long, feathery grasses—such a wreath of verdure and color, in fact, that one grew to fear that nature had been too prodigal of her gifts in that lane, and that she must, of strong necessity, fall short of her favors as soon as she got out of it. But (and here is the wonder) in this lavish western land nature enriches every spot alike. Even her cliffs are covered with a daintily-colored carpeting of moss and lichen. Her rocks have shades of red and purple over them; her sands glitter with crushed crystals; her caves sparkle with stalactites. Her pastures and commons are green with a greenness on which the eye rests lingeringly, lovingly, to which it longs to return. Her moors are magnificent mosaics; for thereon red mosses and purple heather, yellow gorse and wild white flowers, forget-me-nots and pimpernel, bluebells and wild thyme are mingled by a faultless Artist's hand. And her lofty hills draw the clouds, and her dense woods shelter the land, so her beauty is never sun-burnt, but is always fresh as from a recent bath.

Mrs. Bathurst's thoughts were very far from the beauties of the land when they came out of the lane and got upon a wide down, at the extreme end of which the sea tumbled and roared over and amidst rocks that were limpet and weed covered. She had worked herself up into such a miserable state of mind that no external object could appeal to her. As she dwelt more and more in bitter secrecy upon this deep, terrible truth, which Marian had made known to her today, she could not clear her brow and give the smiles that he sought to the husband who had just asked for her hearty coincidence in his belief that it was a living thing in their order, that "pride in being able to look back through generations and avow that all the men were brave and all the women spotless."

She was very miserable—pitiably miserable—and there was no acting blood in poor Trixy. She could not seem to be more bright and light-hearted than she really was, though she knew that her depression would give rise to suspicions which she could not satisfactorily allay; moreover, she was one of those women on whom mental suffering has a speedy physical ill effect. Her side began to ache, and her head to feel heavy, and she could not at all enjoy the glorious burst of sea-view which Frank had told himself "must surely rouse her."

"I don't believe you care for the country a bit, Trixy," he said, disappointedly, when they had stood for about five minutes contemplating the surging waves in silence.

"What, Frank?—indeed I do!"

"Any way you don't care for this. You look bored. You will be happier when we get up to town, and you can go out and pace about in the Row."

"I wish we were not going to town," she said, energetically; "I do, Frank; I like being here far better; I am happier here."

"My dear child, you'll give some of your old friends rather a queer notion of your happiness if you look as you do now when you go back to the world; I confess I don't understand women." Frank spoke as if he were both hurt and offended.

"But Frank," she began.

"Oh, don't trouble yourself to explain any thing that you would rather leave unexplained, Beatrix," he interrupted, rather stiffly.

"You don't understand me," she said, almost piteously. And then she was going on to tell him that, as far as he was concerned, she was very happy, and perfectly well satisfied, and that he must not imagine she was sad or regretful whenever a shade of thought crept over her face. But he would scarcely listen to this, being nominally anxious to get "along the coast," and in reality being pained out of all power of listening.

"Frank," she said, when they had ridden some way in silence, "be a little lenient to a woman's foolish nervousness; I was very silly to suffer myself to be upset, that I admit. You won't be gloomy to me any longer?"

"Is it to me that the charge of gloominess this day applies?" Mr. Bathurst replied, carelessly. "I should not have thought so if I had been called upon to decide; however, it doesn't matter, gloom or sunshine, we evidently are not always to have honey-moon weather."

"Don't say that," she muttered, giving him a glance of yearning, pleading affection at the same time: "we have always had it till to-day, Frank, and to-day the gloom has come—"

"Heaven knows how!" he interrupted; "I don't, at least. I'm delighted to hear that it was a mere passing cloud; sadness and darkness don't agree with me. Dull looks irritate me, Trixy. If you have any thing to be dull about, tell me, and the mere speaking of it will exorcise the demon: if you sit and brood over things, and make yourself look old and ill, I shall be a good deal more annoyed than you will care to annoy me, I fancy."

"I am not in the habit of brooding over things."

"Yes, you are. All women are. No, I don't think Blanche would brood over any thing; I believe she would have it out and have done with it, whatever the consequences."

Trixy's heart began to beat painfully, as her husband spoke. It seemed to her that Frank must have an inkling of the truth, otherwise, why should he press on her the duty and propriety of confiding in him, and so extol Blanche for an honesty and truthfulness which she had not been called upon to practice? "If I told him, nothing could be gained, and a great deal would be lost," she repeated, to herself; "he would never be quite happy if he had the knowledge that his wife was basely born; and if he were unhappy about me, I should never know a peaceful hour." Then she fell to thinking the subject over again in all its bearings, and no amount of thought made it more manageable or less terrible, while it did, on the other hand, make her dull, sad, and silent again.

"It's rather unfortunate that we should be going to spend this evening alone, Trixy," Frank said, when they were riding home. "A third person would have broken this monotony, which is becoming oppressive to you."

"Now you know I am never so happy as when I am alone with you, Frank," she said, looking at him with tears in her eyes.

"You are very good to say so," he replied, laughing; "and as there is no one but Mrs. Lyon to be got to relieve us of ourselves, I wish I could believe you. It's that letter from your sister, Mrs. Sutton, has done it, I feel pretty sure. I suppose she has narrated one of her creditable escapades to you, and you're disgusted or 'wounded,' as women call it, at being connected with her. Now have I not hit the right nail on the head at last, Trixy?"

"No, indeed, no," she said, wishing heartily the while that her connection with Marian had been a far better authenticated thing than it was.

"Then I give you up for this evening," he said, laughing, "and shall fall back upon my original idea of asking Mrs. Lyon to come and dine with us. She will talk to me and smile at me, and you know I must be talked to and smiled at. Shall we stop in the village and ask her?"

"Yes," Trixy said, eagerly. She foresaw in Mrs. Lyon's presence a guard against further questioning and remark for that evening at least. Accordingly they stopped at Mrs. Lyon's cottage and asked her if she would be ready, as usual, if they sent down the carriage for her, and she acquiesced in the arrangement, and so Trixy had no great strain on her powers of concealment when she met her husband at dinner. That is to say, there was no positive and actual present strain on her powers of concealment; but, after all, it was but a brief respite, and so widely different in its resting power to a total cessation of dread. By-and-by, in one of the many long hours her husband and she must of necessity spend with each other without the saving presence of a third person, his mind would surely revert to Marian's letter and the way his wife had received it. And then, when his mind did so revert to the disturbing cause, in what way was she to set it at rest again? How was she ever to satisfy and reassure the man whom she had deceived, whom she had been compelled against her better judgment to deceive, because of the sins of others.

CHAPTER XXXV. (AND LAST).

TOLD!

THE end of May saw the Bathursts settled in town for the season and (Mrs. Bathurst, at least) satiated with society. The pretty, well-placed, newly-married woman was horribly unhappy, and her unhappiness was patent to her husband, and the cause of it was a sealed book. Very much to the surprise of the two or three who had known Beatrix best in her unmarried days, her tastes and feelings in the matter of friends and acquaintances appeared to have undergone a complete change. She shunned Blanche and sought Marian, and this was a change that did not commend itself to Frank Bathurst; for in spite of all the toleration shown and precautions taken by Mark Sutton, hard things were said of his wife. The presence of Ellen Bowden no longer gave a coloring of respectability to the intimacy with Mr. Eldale, for Ellen had gone home.

Ellen Bowden had gone home sorely discomfited and very sad. For several months she had seen bright visions and dreamed fair dreams, and now at last she was compelled to awake to a dingy reality. She had been dazzled and delighted into a feeling of something almost resembling affection for this pretty aunt, who was to her the tangible representative of the fabled world of fashion. It was hard on Ellen, therefore, to have that feeling dashed to pieces after months of cultivation by the discovery that she had been a cat's-paw in the fair hands of Mrs. Sutton. The dream of marrying Mr. Eldale had been a joyous one. The waking to the knowledge that she had been deceived only by her own vanity and Marian's vicious deceit (the man himself had thought too little of her even to try to deceive her) was a cruel one.

So she had gone home humbled and heart-stricken—gone home to wake to other truths which were equally hard and cruel. The old love of her childhood, which she had slighted and scorned, and foolishly tested, had snapped. She could have turned back to John Wilmot now and have loved him as well as ever. As well? she could have loved him better, for she had learned to appreciate his possession of certain qualities, from having found that others lacked them. But it was too late. He could not love her again; he could not trust her again. It had been a terrible wrench to his heart when she first forced it from her; but though the smarting was not over now, the hand that had wounded was powerless to heal. John Wilmot had buried his dead and could be friendly with her, but his love was gone from her, and the sole comfort she had was in the assertion his mother made that it would never centre on any one else. Theirs had been a brief romance; but after all, perhaps, the blight did not come to them sooner than it does to the great majority of the solitary men and women who live and die alone and apparently unloved.

After Miss Bowden's departure people talked in the way people will talk about Mr. Eldale's attentions to Mrs. Sutton. Marian had long ceased to desire him to marry her husband's niece. She liked to keep his adulation and his presents to herself; and after a time her vanity grew, and she became more reckless, even to the extent of boasting of these things, and then people talked.

"Whether there's harm in it or not, they know best themselves," Frank Bathurst said, angrily, to Beatrix one morning; "all I know is I won't have my wife mixed up with it. You shall not be driving about with Mrs. Sutton in a bonnet and burnous that Eldale has given her."

"What can I say to her when she asks me?"

"Say what you like; the truth is best. Say I won't let you. She'll hardly urge you to dispute your husband's authority, I suppose. If she wants a reason for my disliking it I will give it to her."

"Oh! pray don't, Frank," Trixy pleaded. She was in thrall to Marian, she knew, although they had never spoken of that secret which gave Marian the power.

"Then you must keep clear of her."

"I can't forbid my sister my house," Trixy said, proudly; "if you like to do it you will, but I can not."

"I don't want you to forbid her your house; let her come, but for Heaven's sake let her come respectably, and not bring that fellow Eldale. She goes to the theatre alone with him, and parades his devotion as none but a mad or a bad woman would."

"Oh dear, I'm miserably placed," Trixy said, sadly; "it will make a quarrel with Marian, but I will tell her if you like."

"Make a quarrel—who cares?" Frank replied. "For my own part, I so thoroughly dislike and despise Marian that I can't bear her to come in contact with my wife. Make a quarrel—the sooner the better—with such a combination of deceit and frivolity as Mrs. Sutton."

"Then I am to tell her—" Beatrix began, but Frank interrupted her.

"Tell her what you like, dear, only for my sake don't be seen so much with Marian. She tells her husband she is 'coming here' or she's 'going out with Trixy,' and he thinks it's all right, not supposing that Eldale is at her side always."

"I will try to see less of her," Trixy said, quietly.

"You don't mean to tell me that you approve of Marian's conduct?" Frank asked, quickly.

She would tell the truth where she dared.

"No, I do not; no, certainly I do not," she said, emphatically.

"Then why aid and abet and encourage her? My dear Trixy, you are inconsistent."

"I dare say I am," she replied; "every one is more or less inconsistent, apparently, to those who do not understand or care."

"When you tell me I don't understand you, you state a fact; that is your own fault, not mine. When you say I don't 'care' for you, Trixy, you tell an untruth. Marian's atmosphere has been more fatal to you than I feared even."

He left the room saying that, and Trixy was left to chew the cud of most bitter meditation alone. Here she was, through "no fault of her own," she told herself, "getting wrong with her husband in these early months of their married life, which ought to have been their happiest time." Through no fault of hers, and certainly through no fault of his, for Frank had not spoken until he had received great provocation. Mrs. Sutton was carrying on a flagrant flirtation with Mr. Eldale—a flirtation that apparently justified the hardest things that were said about her, and the things said were very hard. It was no wonder that Frank desired his wife to keep herself aloof from the contamination there is in such an example as Mrs. Sutton offered.

But how was she to keep herself aloof from it? Through the thin veil of affection and sympathy for her which Marian draped herself in, Trixy saw the utter, calculating selfishness of the woman. It was not love for her sister, and longing for wholesome female companionship which prompted Mrs. Sutton to seek Mrs. Bathurst and display herself as much as possible in Mrs. Bathurst's society. It was simply that she wanted the protection of Mrs. Bathurst's mantle of respectability to be shed over her. While her husband confided in, and the Bathursts countenanced her, the world had no right and no reason to talk, she said.

But this countenance and support from the Bathursts was to be withdrawn, and Trixy knew that Marian would bitterly resent such withdrawal. What form her resentment would take was a sad mystery still to Mrs. Bathurst; but that it would fall upon her heavily she did not doubt for one moment.

Marian came to her as usual that day just after luncheon—came with an earnest request that "Trixy would help her with a little difficulty. Mark had wanted her to go to Lionel's house with him that evening, and she had refused, pleading a previous engagement with Trixy. If Mark should chance to ask Trixy about it at any time, would she be careful?"

"Yes, I will be careful, Marian," Trixy replied; "that is, I will not say you had no engagement with me. I can't tell a story for you; besides, why won't you go to Lionel and Blanche?"

"Because I hate Blanche for one reason," Marian burst out, vehemently; "and because I have something better to do for another. You are

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scrupulous enough about deceiving my husband —how about deceiving your own?"

"At any rate, my deception toward Frank is not practiced to his discredit in any way; it is because I regard his feelings and his happiness so highly that I keep my secret."

"And I keep mine for the same reason," Marian laughed. "Mark would not be happier any more than Frank if his wife confided in him."

"How can you speak so lightly?"

"How can you ask such feeble questions? Will you do as I ask you, Trixy?—or do you mean to force me to be conscientious and tell Frank? It will be less painful to me to wound his fine sensibilities now than it would have been some time since; for he has been cool to me lately. If he is as just, and kind, and loving as you declare him to be, he will not blame you."

"He will now," Trixy said, in a dejected tone. "Oh! Marian, how could I have been such a fool as to have trusted to your generosity? How can you take pleasure in the prospect of making us miserable?"

"I don't—it's the principle of self-preservation at work within me," Marian replied, carelessly. "Besides, I like to see romantic sentimental boasts proved the windy things they are. You wearied me with your vaunts of Frank's disinterested affection: 'his love is hardly worth the name' you give it, if it fails you for such a trifle."

"I have made it worse than it was at first—I won't suffer it to grow weightier by concealment any longer," Trixy said, suddenly. "I will tell him myself."

Mrs. Sutton got up from her chair and went nearer to her sister, holding down her face to kiss Trixy's cheek.

"Don't be rash because I was cross and unkind for a minute," she said, in her sweetest, softest tones; "don't you, poor reckless child; don't risk your life's happiness in that way; you would break your heart if Frank grew cold to you; and" (she continued with a sneer) "if you wound his pride he will grow cold to you, for your husband is no hero, Trixy—believe me."

"I had better risk my happiness myself than let you wreck it."

"But I will keep your secret still," Marian said, contemptuously. "You will not speak a word to keep me, but I will hold my tongue to aid you."

"But, Marian, you do not want my help for any good," Trixy said, earnestly. "Frank was saying to-day that—that—"

"That what?" Marian asked, sharply.

"That people are talking about your flirtation with Mr. Eldale."

"Blanche has been at him," Mrs. Sutton said, with her face burning with blushes. "Blanche and Lionel believe the worst of me, and they will make Edgar and Frank do the same."

"We rarely see Blanche and Lionel; they work hard and we are idlers; our hours don't agree."

"You may not see Blanche very often—but Frank does."

"Marian!"

"Curb your indignation: he does, I tell you; he was there yesterday morning, for Mark happened to call."

"And why should he not be there?" Trixy asked, impatiently. "My own brother—surely my husband may go to see him?"

"And his old love, your brother's wife; 'those who live in glass houses,' you remember? Frank had better not make any more remarks about Arthur Eldale and me. We are coming to luncheon with you to-morrow."

"Indeed you must not, Marian; indeed it is not right; while such reports are circulated I will not receive Mr. Eldale and you alone."

Marian laughed.

"How grateful you are to me for respecting your secrets—it's not much I ask you in return."

"It is too much, Marian; you know it is too much; it would be a bad return indeed if I encouraged you."

"In what?"

"In your mad course: where can it end? do you ever ask yourself that question? do you ever tell yourself that there is shame and wickedness in the way in which you try to make that man love you?"

"Try! I have not to try very much."

"And you can boast of it! Oh! Marian, how can it end?"

"Perhaps—well—better than you think," Marian replied, in confusion. "At any rate, understand that you won't improve the case by thwarting me and throwing obstacles in our path; let us be friends, Trixy," she added, suddenly holding out her hand; "help me and I'll help you."

"I can not enter into such a compact; you are misled by a wild, wicked hope—do banish it, Marian. 'Help you' in such a matter—how can you ask me to do it?"

She put her hands pleadingly and lovingly on Mrs. Sutton's shoulders. "Give up this man and his flatteries," she whispered; "save yourself—let me help you to do that!"

But Mrs. Sutton put the hands and the plea aside, and went away in anger, leaving Trixy feeling very sorrowful and uncertain about many things.

It was true, as she had said, that they saw very little of Lionel and Blanche. London distances are great obstacles to intercourse between people whose ways of life differ as widely as did those of the Bathursts and Lionel Talbots. These latter had but little time for other recreation than each other's society in their intervals of work. It was a wearing business for them to get from their inaccessible suburb to Frank Bathurst's house in Belgravia; and when they did get there the probability was that Trixy was out, and nothing was left for them to do but to get home again by the same bewildering line of omnibuses which had brought them. It is true that they went to dinner parties and dances at the Bathursts, but then Trixy was as inaccessible to the individual as their suburb. Often, too, Mrs. Bathurst and her husband would ride or drive out to see Lionel and Blanche; but the former would be in his studio, and the latter writing in the room above him, and the visitors could not help the depressing idea that they were fell interruptions to their host and hostess taking possession of them. Altogether the quadrilateral deemed it best to come to an amiable understanding on the subject, which Blanche worded as follows:

"While we are poor and busy, Trixy, we can't regard social claims in the daytime; we shall never fancy you neglect us or any nonsense of that sort; and you, in turn, must promise not to think that we are more absorbed in our occupation than we are obliged to be; I really believe that the less we are disturbed the better."

"But I don't like the idea of your not coming to us a great deal," Trixy said.

"And I should like the idea of coming often immensely, if it didn't involve so much trouble; if, when I get up with my brain aching and my imagination worn out, I could refresh both by getting on horseback, or into a comfortable carriage, I should seek you with delight, Trixy; but I can't do that; I have to walk out and find an omnibus, and then get in with all sorts of unpleasant people, very often, and travel along in a state I hate; by the time I reach your house I'm worn out and not good company for you. Now isn't it better I should stay at home and make myself agreeable to my husband?"

"Well, certainly it is," Trixy said; "but I shall be very glad when you're not poor and busy any longer."

"So shall we," Blanche said, laughing; "meantime we won't misunderstand each other."

This conversation had taken place some time before that one which has been recorded between Beatrix and Marian on the subject of Mr. Eldale. It did, therefore, appear very strange to the young wife that her husband should have seen the Lionel Talbots without mentioning the fact to her. She brooded over the strangeness of it in solitude for a long time after Marian left her, and at last she ordered her carriage, with the determination of going to see if Blanche would tell her of Frank's visit, and be altogether open.

Before she left the house Frank came and spoke to her.

"Marian has been here, I find," he said, standing holding the door of Trixy's dressing-room in his hand.

"Yes, she has," Trixy said, hesitatingly.

"Have you any thing to tell me?" he questioned, rather meaningly, Beatrix thought.

"Nothing," she replied, coldly; then she looked at Frank, and repented herself of the coldness, and went over to him and put her arms round his neck.

"Yes, Frank—I spoke to her about Mr. Eldale. I hurt her, I fear—at any rate I annoyed her."

"You made her understand that you would not lend yourself to that unhealthiness? for it is moral unhealthiness; you made her clearly understand that?"

"I did—and she was very much annoyed."

"And is that all you have to tell me, Trixy?" he said, holding her off and looking at her very fondly and very fixedly.

"Why do you ask?" she said, nervously.

"Why do I, indeed?" he said, moving his hands, and turning away. "Good-by, dear—you're going out, I see. I won't question you again."

He closed the door as he said that, and she stood still for a minute wondering, and feeling a little frightened. Why had he said that he "would not question her again?" Had he a doubt—a suspicion? and if he had, by whom had they been implanted?

She turned back to her glass and finished her dressing, feeling in a fury—feeling how futile that fury was—how feeble! and for all the futility and feebleness of it, how much the reverse of womanly it was! Futile and feeble! does not every woman feeling her wrath to be such, at some time or other of her life, echo the Egyptian queen's craving for masculine stature: "Had I thy inches thou shouldest know there was a heart in Egypt?"

Some one had implanted a doubt and a suspicion in her husband's breast. There was a sting to her in that; but there was a sharper sting in the dread she had that Blanche had done it—Blanche, that cousin whom her husband had loved once, and on whom he called in secret now! She could not put on her bonnet to please herself as she thought of all this—as she realized her helplessness and took this truth home to her heart, that "being married" did not mean independent bliss by any means.

Blanche was at home when Mrs. Bathurst inquired; but Blanche was "very busy," she said, as she came forward into the room and held out her face to kiss her sister-in-law—"very busy finishing a little story that I have been asked to write for a new magazine," she continued, in explanation; "and I dare not be late with copy, you see, Trixy; they could do without me very well, and they would let me feel that fact if I were not prompt in supplying their demand."

"You never have time for morning visitors, have you?" Trixy replied.

"No, never. I really never have time to spare to them."

"Yet you sacrifice yourself sometimes to special friends and favorites?"

"Well, very rarely, Trixy. You're a special friend and favorite, and I am not going to sacrifice myself to you this morning, for instance. I am going to ask you to go and talk to Lionel, and to excuse me; I must write."

"Absurd affectation!" Mrs. Bathurst muttered to herself as Mrs. Lionel Talbot ushered her up to Lionel's studio; "the first writers of the day would not give themselves such airs about sparing a little time from their literary labors." After the manner of outsiders, she forgot that the first writers of the day can place their productions where and when they please, while those whose feet are still on the lowest round of the ladder are compelled to be actively grateful whenever an opportunity of serial publication is offered to them.

Lionel was putting the finishing strokes to a picture in which he had immortalized the (to him) surpassing beauty and charms of his wife in a subject that illustrated his idea of these words:

"Heavens! how desperately do I adore
Thy winning graces; to be thy defender
I hotly burn; to be a Calidore—
A very red-cross knight—a stout Leander,
Might I be loved by thee like these of yore.
Light feet, dark-violet eyes, and parted hair,
Soft dimpled hands, white neck, and heaving breast,
Are things on which the dazzled senses rest,
Till the fond fixed eyes forget they stare."

It was a lovely realization of Keats's glorious ideal, and Trixy felt more kindly toward Blanche as she stood gazing on these pictured charms.

"I believe you do desperately adore Blanche, Lionel," she said, after looking at it for a few moments.

"I should rather think I do," he replied; "Blanche can make any one adore her."

"Blanche might be contented with your admiration now, I should think," his sister said, quickly. Then the strong need that she felt for help and sympathy overcame all her little, unworthy, jealous dreads, and she exclaimed, "Tell me, Lal, was Frank here yesterday?"

"Yes," Lionel said, gravely, "he was here, Trixy. You are not unhappier for his having been here, and for what Blanche told him, are you?"

"What Blanche told him!—what do you mean?" Mrs. Bathurst asked, nervously. "Every body seems to have something to tell my husband. First Marian threatens me, and now Blanche—"

"Has rendered Marian's threat of no avail, happily," Mrs. Lionel Talbot interrupted, coming into the room, followed by Frank Bathurst; and then there was a little scene of explanation and reconciliation.

It appeared that Marian's secret respecting her sister's birth had become known to Mark Sutton also, and he had confided it to Blanche. The latter, for all her own press of work and "busy"-ness generally, had found time to see and regret that constant companionship between Mrs. Sutton and Mrs. Bathurst which was so offensive to Frank. Blanche understood her two sisters-in-law, and, understanding them, she felt assured that there was some other cause than congeniality at the bottom of the intimacy that was working ill for Trixy. After some talk with Frank, during which Trixy's uneasiness on the receipt of Marian's letter was mentioned, Mrs. Lionel Talbot came to the conclusion that Mrs. Sutton was exerting undue influence over her sister. Then Mark Sutton, remembering his old promise of being "her friend," should the chance of being one to her ever be offered to him, came and gave counsel to Blanche on the subject. "Poor Trixy has been weak," he said, "but she will never be happy till Frank knows all she does about herself. You see I can't speak to Frank myself without blaming Marian, and no man shall ever hear me blame my wife, Mrs. Talbot; but he ought to know it, indeed he ought; no good comes of a woman deceiving her husband in ever so small a thing."

"What would you have me do? I might be blamed for interfering."

"Risk that blame. You're a brave woman, and this stake of Beatrix's happiness is worth playing boldly for. Don't blame Marian to Bathurst more than you can help—will you?" he added, wistfully.

"No, I will not," Blanche had said, with tears in her eyes; "and we will set Trixy straight with Frank, and he shall feel that your share in it counterbalances Marian's evil counsel."

"Thank you," Mark Sutton said. "I can't bear any one to think hardly of Marian, though she doesn't care much for what I feel," he added, attempting to smile, and breaking down in the attempt.

So Blanche had written to Frank, and Frank had come at her request; and then she, being "brave enough to play boldly for the stake of Trixy's happiness," had told him the secret which had been so terrible to Beatrix. And he, quite satisfied with the strength and purity of the Bathurst family-tree, root and branch, had declined to be shocked, or sorry, or shamed by the announcement of his wife's right to the bar-sinister. "But the less Trixy sees of Mrs. Sutton the better, however hard my decision may seem to dear old Mark," he said, in conclusion.

So peace—perfect peace—was restored to the principal members of the family, whose fortunes I have traced through a period of adversity. After a while prosperity dawned on them again, for Edgar, though he did not make a fortune, made enough to repay Lionel the money he had lost for him, and so the days came sooner than Blanche had anticipated when they were neither "too busy nor too poor" to see their friends and fulfill social claims.

Their peace was marred in a measure by a step which Mrs. Sutton took. She eloped with Mr. Eldale, and explained her reasons for doing so in a cleverly-worded letter of attempted vindication to Beatrix. "My aspirations were baffled by my family when I was a girl," she wrote; "I was forced into an uncongenial marriage; I shall realize them when I regain my freedom through a divorce; then Arthur Eldale will marry me at once."

She regained her freedom, for Mark Sutton died of what doctors called "heart complaint" before the divorce could be procured. But the high stakes for which the pretty widow had played with wicked skill and daring she lost after all. Directly she became attainable she had ceased to be interesting to Mr. Eldale. Accordingly, he left the path of evil, at the bidding of a pretty girl of eighteen, who had called him "so charming" before he met with Mrs. Sutton, and who mentioned that he was "so wicked" now, as if it were an additional charm. He believed that it was her "youth and innocence" which made her utterly regardless of his well-known derelictions from respectability; and as he was happy in that belief, she did not undeceive him until after they were married.

THE END.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE pompous epitaph of a close-fisted citizen closed with the following passage of Scripture: "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." "Dat may be," soliloquized Sambo; "but when dat man died *de Lord didn't owe him a red cent.*"

"Ah," said old Mrs. Doosenbury, "larning is a great thing; I've often felt the need of it! Why, would you believe it, I'm now sixty years old, and only know the names of three months in the year? and them's spring, fall, and autumn! I larnt the names of them when I was a little bit of a girl!"

A PASSAGE OF ARMS.

HAIR-DRESSER. "Hair's very dry, Sir!"

CUSTOMER (*who knows what's coming*). "I like it dry."

HAIR-DRESSER (*after a while, again advancing to the attack*). "Head's very scurfy, Sir!"

CUSTOMER (*still cautiously retiring*). "Ya-as, I prefer it scurfy."

Assailant gives in defeated. Can not sell any hair-water this time.

THE SONG OF THE HORSE.

A poor old stage-horse, lank and thin,
Not much else than bones and skin,
I jog along, week out, week in,
Kicked, and cursed, and meanly fed,
Jammed in the side and jerked by the head—
And the thing I can't at all make out
Is, what on earth it's all about.

Why was I made to toil and tug
For this odd little human bug,
Two-legged, dumpy as a jug,
Who sits aloft my ribs to batter—
Or why was *he* made, for that matter?
And, if I needs must be created,
Why is it that I was not fated
To prance and curvet, finely mated,
Silver harnessed, sleek and fat,
With groom and blanket, and all that?

Here I go, day after day,
Pounding and slipping down Broadway,
Dragging these curious biped things,
With fore-legs gone, and yet no wings—
Where they all go to I don't know,
Nor why in the world they hurry so,
Nor what good use Heaven puts them to!

It wasn't my fault, you see, at all,
That my joints grew big, and my muscles small,
And so I missed of a rich man's stall.
I'm clumsy, crooked, stupid, slow,
Yet the meanest horse is a horse, you know.
And his ribs can ache with the kick or blow,
As well as the gloss'est nags that go.
O Lord, how long will they use me so?
And when may the equine spirit go
Where glorified horses stand in a row,
Switching their bright tails to and fro,
Careless of either wheel or whoa—
Where oats are always *apropos*,
And flies don't grow—
O no!
O!

A citizen of Nantucket sold a horse to a cavalry officer during the war, and warranted him to be a good war-horse. The soldier came back afterward in a towering passion, and said he had been swindled.

"As how?" said the Nantucketer.

"Why there's no go in him, and yet you warranted him a good war-horse."

"Yes, I did; and by George, he is a good war-horse—he'd sooner die than run!"

THE LATEST CURIOSITIES.

A fence made from the railing of a scolding wife.
A plate of butter from the "cream of a joke."
The small coins in "the change of the moon."
The original brush used in painting "the signs of the times."
The latest contract with the "Trade Winds."
The chair in which the sun sets.
A garment for the naked eye.
The hammer which broke up the meeting.
Buckle to fasten a laughing-stock.
The animal that drew the inference.
Egg from a nest of thieves.
A bucket of water from "All's well."

A man whom Dr. Johnson once reproved for following a useless and demoralizing business, said: "You know, Doctor, that I must live." The brave old hater of every thing mean and hateful coolly replied that he did not "see the least necessity for that."

THE FACULTY OF ADVOCATES—Speech.

DON'T BE TOO ANXIOUS TO SOLVE A CONUNDRUM.—We know a man who got two black eyes in endeavoring to find out "the difference between a man and woman fighting in the street."

When a person well replenishes a fire how does it feel?—Grateful (t).

A little four-year-old girl attended church in Bridgeport, Connecticut, recently, and upon returning home her mother asked her if she remembered the text. "Oh yes," said she, "it was this: The Ladies' Sewing Society will meet at Mrs. So-and-so's house on Monday next."

GIVE HIM HIS DUE.—It is altogether too absurd to say that "Man is not perfect"—who is there who has not met with many who were perfect strangers, some who were perfect rascals, and not a few who were perfect fools?

A HORSE (MARINE)—The Walrus.

"Tell me, ye angelic hosts, ye messengers of love, shall swindled printers here below have no redress above? The shining angel band replied, to us is knowledge given: delinquents on the printer's books can never enter heaven."

A United States Judge is credited with the authorship of the following joke. He was recently trying a case of alleged infringement of patent. A bran-dusting machine was brought into the court-room that the jurors might see it at work. The Judge looked at it a moment or two and then remarked: "I hope counsel will not be guilty of throwing dust in the eyes of the jury with that machine."

What resemblance is there between a fallen man and a fallen wave?—Both are crest-fallen.

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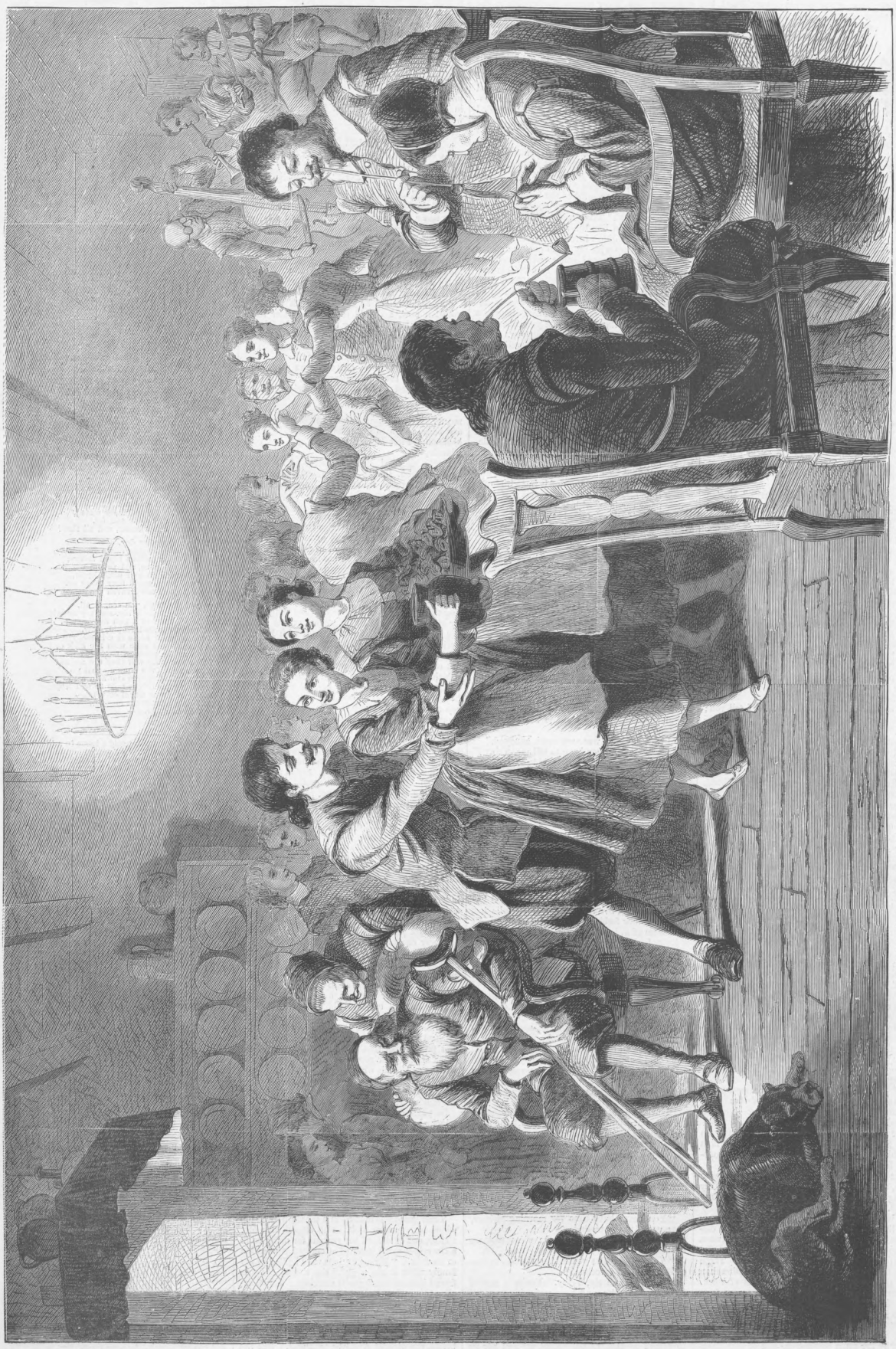

NEW-YEAR'S DAY AMONG THE ANCIENT KNICKERBOCKERS.—DRAWN BY J. W. EHNINGER.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

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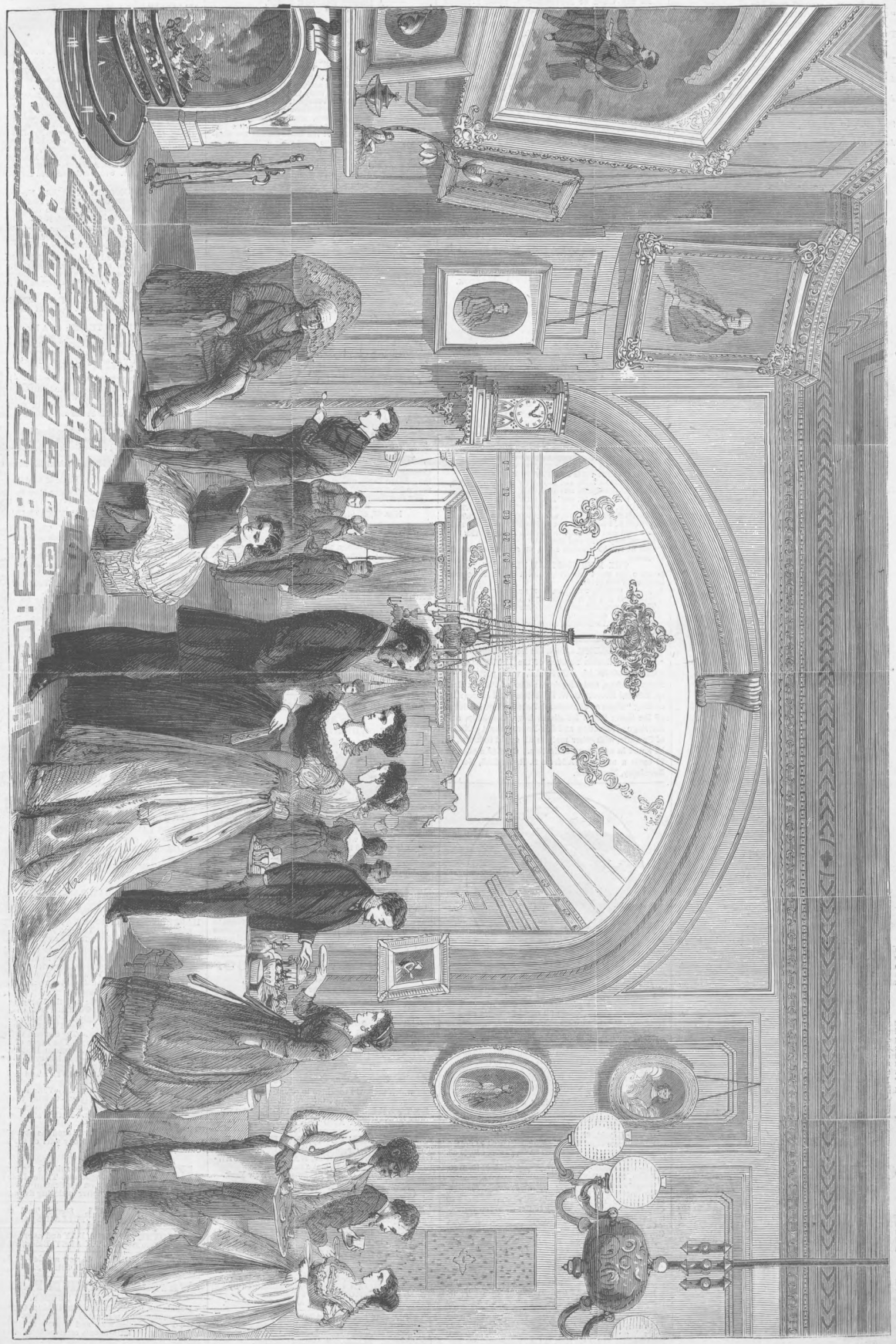

NEW-YEAR'S DAY AMONG THE MODERN KNICKERBOCKERS.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

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BY COMMAND.

My king sat out on his castle wall,
And a royal command gave he;
"Come hither, come hither, ye people all,
And a fairy tale bring me,
For of grammar, and crammar, and orthodox hammer,
I have had quite enough," quoth he.

His majesty's kingdom is small as yet,
And his subjects are only two,
And it sometimes happens my liege will fret,
"Why, dear, I have only you!"
And in such sad case it becomes my place
The sovereign will to do.

So I peeled me a willow, so white, so white,
The wand that the fairies love;
And I gathered the meadow-sweet, soft and light,
And the fox's crimson glove,
And I made a couch for the first stray sprite
With the down of a silver dove.

Fairy, come home,
Fairy, come home,
Where hast thou wandered to?
Where dost thou roam?
Here is thy dwelling,
Here is thy place;
Fairy king, fairy king,
Show us thy face.

Three times round the meadow
The little song did go,
Then there came a peal of bells
Chiming soft and low.

"Coming, coming, coming,
No one need to wait,
Wearily beseeching,
At the fairy gate.
For the fairies, like the mortals,
Love to be loved,
And the fairy palace portals
Lightly are moved."

Then a rain of footsteps
Sounded on the sward,
And a page came kneeling—
"What wills my lord?"

"I will a tournament," said he,
"Where no one shall be killed,
Where all shall gain the victory,
And be supremely skilled."

Up rode a fairy paladin
With coat of beetles' mail,
Before the glistening green and gold
Sure any heart must quail.

"I see no foe," the king complained,
"But wait," the page implored,
And then the fairy paladin
Drew out a shining sword;

He cut and thrust all round about,
At neither sight nor sound,
Until a dastard knight they saw
Lie dead upon the ground.

"The pledge is broken," cried the king;
"Not so," the knight replied,
"It was my meaner self I slew,
I live, though it has died."

Again the paladin rode forth,
And this time seemed to seek
Some traitor that eluded him—
The little king must speak,
"Where is the foe, sir knight, on whom
You would your vengeance wreak?"

"It was a falsehood," said the knight,
"They uttered of my friend;
I tracked it down, and hunted it,
And thus its life doth end!"

Once more the paladin rode forth—
Beneath his horse's feet
There seemed to be an enemy
That he was loth to meet;
"Can you fear any thing, sir knight?"
His smile was sad and sweet.

"It was a cruel injury,
An unforgiven pain,
But there it lieth tranquilly,
It will not rise again."

Then lightly springs my little king,
And merrily he sings,
"I too will be a paladin,
And fight with evil things."

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48. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin	2,500	101. 1 Pair Garnet Sleeve Buttons	100
49. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	2,000	102. 1 Gold and Pearl Scarf Pin	50
50. 1 Diamond Cluster Stem Pin	1,500	103. 1 Emerald Scarf Pin	50
51. 1 Single Stone Diamond Ring	1,500	104. 1 Emerald Scarf Pin	50
52. 1 Diamond Cross	1,500	105—1104. 1000 Copies of the splendidly Illustrated Presentation Work entitled the "Tribute-Book," at $20 each	20,000
53. 1 Pair Diamond Cluster Ear-Rings	1,500	1105—2104. 1000 Photograph Albums, at $5	5,000
		Also 120,000 Cash Presents, $1 each	120,000
		Making in the Aggregate 122,104 Presents, valued at	$641,950

HOW TO OBTAIN TICKETS.

Orders may be sent to us in registered letters or post-office orders, in sums from $1 to $25 at our risk. Larger amounts should be sent in Drafts or by Express at the following Club Rates:

5 Tickets to one address	$ 4 50	40 Tickets to one address	$36 00
10 " "	9 00	50 " "	43 50
20 " "	17 50	100 " "	85 00

Address all orders and communications to
GETTYSBURG ASYLUM ASSOCIATION,
546 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, or
PHILADELPHIA OFFICE, 1126 CHESTNUT STREET.

The GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY

HAVE JUST RECEIVED

TWO FULL CARGOES

OF THE

FINEST NEW CROP TEAS

22,000 HALF CHESTS by Ship Golden State,

12,000 HALF CHESTS by Ship George Shotton.

In addition to these large cargoes of Black and Japan Teas the Company are constantly receiving large invoices of the finest quality of Green Teas from the Moyune districts of China, which are unrivaled for fineness and delicacy of flavor, which they are selling at the following prices:

OOLONG (black), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ₱ lb.
MIXED (green and black), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ₱ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ₱ lb.
IMPERIAL (green), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₱ lb.
YOUNG HYSON (green), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₱ lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₱ lb.
GUNPOWDER, $1 25, best $1 50 ₱ lb.

COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

Ground Coffee, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

Consumers can save from 50c. to $1 00 per pound by purchasing their Teas of

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,

Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey St. (Post-Office Box, No. 5643), New York City.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by post-office money orders, or by express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or, if the amount ordered exceed $30, we will, if desired, send the goods by Express to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

N.B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to "The Great American Tea Company."

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are *bogus* or *imitations*. We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

Post-Office orders and drafts make payable to the order of the Great American Tea Company. Direct letters and orders to the

Great American Tea Company,

Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, Post-Office Box 5643, New York City.

UNION PACIFIC R. R. CO.

NOTICE. The Coupons of the FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS of the UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY, due January 1st, 1868, will be paid on and after that date IN GOLD COIN, free of Government Tax, at the Company's Office, No. 20 Nassau St., N. Y.

JOHN J. CISCO, *Treasurer.*

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A. T. STEWART & CO.

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Parisian Cloaks and Sacques,

ELEGANT INDIA SHAWLS (LONG AND SQUARE),

Richly Embroidered Silk and Velvet Robes,

REAL THREAD LACE POINTES,

EMBROIDERED HANDKERCHIEFS,

Alexandre's Unrivaled Kid Gloves,

IN ALL SHADES AND SIZES,

RUSSIA AND HUDSON'S BAY SABLE, MINK, AND ERMINE MUFFS, COLLARS, TIPPETS, &c.,

SUITABLE FOR

CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR'S GIFTS,

AT EXCEEDINGLY LOW PRICES.

BROADWAY AND TENTH STREET.

BAKER'S CHOCOLATE AND COCOA

PARIS EXPOSITION, 1867.

Leaf, Flower and Fruit of the Cocoa with a pod opened.

W. BAKER & CO'S
American, French,
Homœopathic
and
VANILLA CHOCOLATE
PREPARED COCOA,
BROMA,

Cocoa Paste, Homœopathic Cocoa, Cocoa Shells, Cracked Cocoa, etc.

THESE Manufactures, to which FIRST PREMIUMS have been awarded by the CHIEF INSTITUTES and FAIRS of the Union, and at the PARIS EXPOSITION OF 1867, are an excellent diet for children, invalids and persons in health, allay rather than induce the nervous excitement attendant upon the use of tea or coffee, and are recommended by the most eminent physicians.

For sale by the principal Grocers in the United States.

WALTER BAKER & CO.,
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The "STECK" Pianos,

GRAND, SQUARE, AND UPRIGHT,

Possessing all the qualities necessary to make the most excellent instrument, acknowledged by all artists as unsurpassed.

Purchasers will find it to their advantage to call and examine these Pianos at the

WAREROOMS, STECK'S HALL,
141 Eighth St., between Broadway and Fourth Av.

BARD & BROTHERS,

GOLD PENS,

PEN AND PENCIL CASES, SILVER, RUBBER, and GOLD-PLATED TELESCOPIC PEN-CASES, TOOTH-PICKS, &c., &c.

JAMES D. BARD, Agent,
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THE EGYPTIAN MYSTERY. Wonderful and curious. Sent, on receipt of 25 cents, by O. A. ROORBACH, 122 Nassau Street, New York.

"Unquestionably the best sustained work of the kind in the world."

Harper's Magazine.

JANUARY, 1868.

In the present Number is commenced *"The Woman's Kingdom: a Love Story,"* by DINAH MULOCK CRAIK, Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," &c.

The most popular Monthly in the world.—*New York Observer.*

It meets precisely the popular taste, furnishing a pleasing and instructing variety of reading for all.—*Zion's Herald, Boston.*

"A complete Pictorial History of the Times."

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In it is now being published *"The Cord and Creese,"* a Novel, by JAMES DE MILLE.

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An Extra Copy of either the MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, *or* BAZAR *will be supplied gratis for every Club of* FIVE SUBSCRIBERS *at* $4 00 *each, in one remittance; or, six Copies for* $20 00.

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The Postage within the United States is for the MAGAZINE 24 cents a year, for the WEEKLY or BAZAR 20 cents a year, payable yearly, semi-yearly, or quarterly, at the office where received. Subscriptions from the Dominion of Canada must be accompanied with 24 cents additional for the MAGAZINE, or 20 cents for the WEEKLY or BAZAR, to pre-pay the United States postage.

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In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Order or Draft payable to the order of HARPER & BROTHERS is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

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Fur Dealers and Furriers,
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For the Season, comprising:
BROWN FUR SEAL SACQUES,
BLACK PERSIAN LAMB SACQUES,
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FUR BASQUES AND VESTS,
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FUR TRIMMINGS, &c., &c., &c.

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Tobacco Antidote.
RECIPE FREE.
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IS NOW OFFERED AT
REDUCED PRICES,
in view of our REMOVAL up town in the Spring.
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PLATED WARE FROM ROGERS, SMITH & CO.
GOLD-EDGE TEA SETS, 44 pieces, $11.
DECORATED TEA SETS, $13.
DAVIS COLLAMORE & CO., 479 Broadway.
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Showing the Stitch on both sides alike.
Patented Feb. 7, 1865
Manufactured by the
Reversible Collar Co., Boston.
MARCH BROS., PIERCE & CO.,
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Send for Price List.

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W. H. LEE & CO.
WARE ROOMS
199 Fulton Street, N.Y.

Parlor Suites, Turkish Chairs and Lounges, Inlaid Work-Tables, and Bouquet Stands, Library and Chamber Suites.

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F. W. LASAK'S SON,
(ESTABLISHED 1823.)
Russian American and Hudson's Bay Co. Furs.
Ladies' and Gentlemen's Furs of every description on hand and to order. All goods of our own manufacture, and warranted of superior quality and workmanship. F. W. LASAK'S SON, 520 Broadway.

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Popular Prices
FOR BOYS AND MISSES.
BALMORAL AND ROB ROY STOCKINGS.
CLOTH AND FANCY KNIT GAITERS.
MERINO UNDER VESTS AND DRAWERS.
CLOTH, KID, AND BEAVER GLOVES.
FANCY GLOVES AND INFANTEES.
COMFORTERS, SCARFS, HOODS.
GARIBALDI AND CARDIGAN JACKETS.
A LARGE VARIETY OF ELEGANT GOODS AT EXTREMELY LOW PRICES.

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HOUSEHOLD MICROSCOPE.
A miniature model of the first-class scientific microscopes. A necessity to every family, and a most acceptable holiday present. Four magnifying powers, for investigating the minutiæ of animal and vegetable life. Price $5. T. H. McALLISTER, Optician,
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HOLIDAY GIFTS.
A nice set of PATENT STAIR RODS that require no cleaning, with a new fastening which prevents slipping—a boon to every housekeeper. Manufactured only by W. T. & J. MERSEREAU,
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HOLIDAY PRESENTS.—KALDENBERG & SON, who received the Prize at Paris, and highest prize at the American Institute, 1867, offer the FINEST stock of Meerschaum Pipes and Holders at REDUCED PRICES. Repairing, Boiling, &c. Monograms, Portraits, &c., cut to order. Send for circulars. 6 John St., up stairs, and 23 Wall Street, cor. Broad. Patrons up town, No. 717 Broadway (N. Y. Hotel.)
N.B. Every article warranted genuine and to color.

A SAFE, CERTAIN, AND Speedy Cure FOR NEURALGIA, AND ALL NERVOUS DISEASES.
Its Effects are Magical.
Sent by mail on receipt of price and postage. One package, $1.00, postage 6 cents; six do., $5.00, postage 27 cts.; twelve do., $9.00, postage 48 cts. Sold by all druggists.
TURNER & CO., 120 Tremont St., Boston.

WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure the Itch.
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WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures Old Sores. [Skin.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures all Diseases of the
Price 50 cts.—by mail 60 cts. All Druggists sell it.
WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Proprietors.

ALL WANTING FARMS.
Good soil, mild climate, thirty-four miles south of Philadelphia. Price only twenty-five dollars per acre. Best of grain and grass land. Also improved farms. Hundreds settling. Information sent free. Address. C. K. LANDIS, Proprietor, Vineland, New Jersey.

SECURE PROFITABLE INVESTMENT.
The Central Pacific Railroad
FIRST MORTGAGE THIRTY YEAR SIX PER CENT. COUPON BONDS,
Principal and Interest Payable in Gold Coin,
Represent the preferred claim upon one of the MOST IMPORTANT LINES OF COMMUNICATION IN THE WORLD, as it is the sole link between the Pacific Coast and the Great Interior Basin, over which the immense overland travel must pass, and the
Main Trunk Line across the Continent.
The Road is now nearly completed from Sacramento to the Richest Mining Regions in the Salt Lake Basin, and is being rapidly carried forward by the largest force of laborers ever employed by any Railroad Company on this continent.
The natural, legitimate, commercial business of the road surpasses all previous expectation, and is profitable beyond parallel, even among the oldest roads in existence. The Earnings and Expenses for the quarter ending October 31 were as follows, in GOLD:

GROSS EARNINGS.	OPERATING EXPENSES.	NET EARNINGS.
$593,847 92	$102,088 61	$491,759 31

This result, however, would have been far greater but for the inability of wagon teams to forward the freight and passengers from the temporary terminus in the mountains.
The United States Government and the State and Cities of California have so aided and fostered the Great Enterprise that the Company will assume very light annual Interest Obligations, and will have the following ample Resources at command for the Construction:

DONATIONS in Lands, Bonds, Concessions, &c. (without lien)	$12,800,000
CAPITAL STOCK, Net Earnings, &c. (no lien)	11,000,000
LOANS (subordinate lien)	5,000,000
U. S. SUBSIDY BONDS, 726 miles (subordinate lien)	25,517,000
FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS	25,517,000
Resources, first 726 miles	$77,834,000

The FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS are in sums of $1000 each, with semi-annual gold coupons attached, and are offered for sale, for the present, at 95 per cent. and accrued interest from July 1st, in currency, at which rate they yield nearly NINE PER CENT. UPON THE INVESTMENT.
These Bonds, authorized by the Pacific Railroad Acts of Congress, are issued only as the work progresses, and to the same extent only as the Bonds granted by the Government, and are the prior lien upon the whole valuable property furnished by the above Resources. They possess special assurances and advantages over other Corporate Securities, and are destined to rank among THE BEST INVESTMENTS IN THE WORLD, from their unusual attractions of safety, soundness, and profit.
Conversions of Government Securities into Central Pacific First Mortgage Bonds
now realize for the holders from 12 to 18 per cent. ADVANTAGE, with the same rate of interest.
Bonds can be obtained through the subscribers directly, or through responsible Banking Agencies.
Descriptive Pamphlets, Maps, and information can be had at the
Office of the C. P. R. R. Co., No. 54 William Street, New York, and of
FISK & HATCH,
Bankers and Dealers in Government Securities, and Financial Agents of the C. P. R. R. Co.,
No. 5 Nassau Street, New York.

SENT FREE BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF PRICE.
Sugar-Coated Pills of Cod Liver Extract,
(Not Oil,)
Not objectionable to the most Delicate Stomach.
MORE ECONOMICAL AND EFFICACIOUS THAN COD LIVER OIL.
Now in use in St. Luke's, Bellevue, Bureau of Medicine and Out-door Relief, Eclectic Medical College and Dispensary, Homœopathic Dispensary, &c., &c.
PRICES: BOX OF 60 DRAGÉES, EQUAL TO ONE AND A HALF PINTS OF THE OIL, 75 CENTS; BOX OF 120 DRAGÉES, $1 25; BOX OF 240 DRAGÉES, $2 00.
M. WARD, CLOSE & CO., Druggists, 128 William Street, New York,
WHOLESALE AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES.

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AND
MAGIC LANTERNS
Of every description, from $1 to $400, and with the improved Lime Lights, Magnesium Lights, &c., &c., suitable for public exhibitions and parlor entertainments. A priced and illustrated catalogue and over 5000 views for the same sent on application.
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We hereby authorize all "HARDWARE DEALERS" to allow their customers to try our "CLOVER-LEAF PLANE IRONS," and, if NOT PERFECTLY SUITED, take them back, refund price paid, and charge irons over to us.
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See that our TRADE MARK Is on each Iron.
REYNOLDS, BARBER & CO.,
STEEL TEMPERING WORKS,
AUBURN, N. Y.

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MAKING SIXTY-THREE FIRST PREMIUMS DURING THE PAST FORTY-FOUR YEARS.
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Gold, Ivory, Pearl, and Rubber Pen and Pencils, at prices that defy competition. Send for circular giving exact sizes and prices. All goods warranted. Repointing at 50 cents each by mail. Manufactory 15 Maiden Lane. E. S. JOHNSON & CO., 44 Nassau Street, New York City.

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791 Broadway,
OPPOSITE GRACE CHURCH,
Will offer during the Holidays the finest assortment of
DIAMONDS AND OTHER GEMS,
STONE CAMEOS,
and every description of
The Finest Jewelry and Watches,
AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

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RIMMEL'S
Perfumed Almanac
FOR 1868.
SHAKSPEARE'S SEVEN AGES OF MAN, Beautifully Illustrated.
Post free for 25 cts.
Edward Gregy & Co.,
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PRINCE & COS.
AUTOMATIC ORGANS AND MELODEONS.
Forty thousand are now in use
BUFFALO, N.Y. CHICAGO, ILL.

Rx We should not suffer from a Cough, which a few doses of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, will cure. Time, comfort, health, are all saved by it.

TWELVE YEARS AGO *White Pine Compound* was first introduced to the public. It has daily grown in favor since then, until at the present time there is hardly a family who has not tested it for Colds, Pulmonary Complaints, and Kidney Affections. Large numbers of physicians use it in their daily practice.

Our Young Folks
Is the best and most attractive juvenile magazine now published. It is filled with capital Stories, Tales of Adventure, Sketches, Historical and Scientific Articles, Charming Poems—all profusely and tastefully illustrated. The volume for 1868 promises to be unusually rich and desirable. Send 20 cents for Specimen Number containing Prospectus. TERMS: $2 a year. Liberal discount to Clubs.
TICKNOR & FIELDS, Publishers, Boston.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XII.—No. 576.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1868, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

THE PIONEER.—DRAWN BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

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THE PIONEER.

AMERICA'S "peculiar and appropriate sons," not, however, absolutely unknown, as SCOTT boasted England's yeomen were, to all other lands, are the Pioneers. They are the true and natural children of the Pilgrims, and pioneer and pilgrim have grown to be, in fact and meaning, almost synonymous. The love of religious freedom impelled the Pilgrims to settle the bleak coasts of New England; the love of personal liberty leads the pioneer to penetrate the dismal forest or embark, as it were, on the boundless prairies of the West. The one has settled New England, the other is settling America; and the same principles which were sown by the Pilgrim are being scattered broadcast throughout the continent by the pioneers.

The popular idea of the pioneer is expressed in our beautiful illustration on the preceding page. Here the settler in the Far West is resting momentarily from his work in felling the sturdy forest trees to make room for the delicate wheat-stem or corn-stalk, and quaffs, not a "cup of sack," but wholesome and pure water from the neighboring spring, smiling his thanks on the boy who has been his cup-bearer. In the distance is the hut—settlers' huts are always temporary-looking affairs, as if the occupants meant to be up and further away the moment the coming of another family gave the neighborhood the unwelcome appearance of being "too thickly settled"—and near by the wife is engaged in washing. But the woodsman is not, as is popularly conceived, the only pioneer in America; the race is to be found in every branch of business and in every profession. Astors on a small scale preceded our soldiers in the occupation of Alaska, and the American fur trade has already been commenced there. Politicians are already prospecting in St. Thomas; pioneer engineers have toiled up the Sierra Nevada, and leaped across the prairies of Nebraska and Colorado to the foot of the Rocky Mountains. There is progress every where, and the van-guard—the pioneers of civilization—are actuated and inspired by the principles which have made America free and glorious.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1868.

THE TRAGEDY OF TRAVEL.

THE daily frightful massacres of travelers, and the incessant accidents, make it a very serious thing for any one to leave home even upon the shortest journeys. And except for monotonous experience it would be amazing that nothing is done about it. But every body shudders and secretly hopes that he shall escape, and cherishes a vain superstition that so many horrible things have happened, the chance is that they have come to an end, and that he may, as it were, run between the drops! But it is useless. Frost will touch and snap iron next week as it did last, and when the car goes over the stove will go with it, and fire will still burn, and horrors be piled upon horrors.

The Yankee genius is paralyzed the moment it copes with the comfort and safety of travel. For more than twenty years we all submitted to the old cars, with a roof just above your head, forcing the foul air into your lungs, and there we patiently sat placidly breathing typhus and death. Somebody then said, "Lift the roof and punch holes at the side," and for the first time there were tolerably ventilated cars. But you will still be sure to find somebody in the car who insists upon having all the holes at the top closed, and who glowers at you as if you were not a sensible man if you insist that they shall *not* be closed. Jump into a full car that has just stopped at a way-station, and reflect that there are people who have been inhaling *that* air for more than an hour, and who persist in inhaling it for six hours! Of course they will do nothing to prevent railroad murders. Why should they? They are doing what they can to multiply them.

Then there is the stove in the car. The very words are fearful after the late sickening event at Angola. We state the fact plainly here that every railroad traveler and manager may fully understand it. The car was thrown from the bridge sixty feet down into the ravine, and there stood on end. All the passengers were hurled to the lower end, and piled upon the red-hot stove, and the stove at the other end of course fell upon them. Every car full of passengers that leaves the city of New York at this season, at every hour of the day, is liable to precisely the same fate. Why, then, do not the regular daily commuters upon all the roads from New York demand that the experiment shall be tried of heating the cars by steam or hot water? One plain peril would at least be removed.

Among the worst accidents upon record are the burning of the sisters in Ohio a few weeks ago, and the destruction at Angola. Fire was the fearful fact of both disasters. If the use of steam or water pipes should make the cars a little cooler than at present, so much the better. If the system will not answer, the agitation and constant experiment will soon develop something that will. To prevent the constant draught of cold air about the feet and legs, there can be double doors at each end of every car.

Let railroad companies offer large and tempting premiums for remedial inventions of every kind. And let all travelers take care that every accident known to them is made known to the public. At present we hear of but very few of the many accidents by rail. If the result is loss of life, or if there chance to be some "newspaper man" upon the train—the newspaper man who writes and not who sells—some account appears. But many a private traveler has knowledge of many a mere escape and mishap which, if published, would compel the public to demand some action upon the subject.

There are railroads in Europe upon which there have never occurred any serious accidents. Upon the great Russian Government road from St. Petersburg to Moscow the speed is limited to twenty miles an hour. We have no wish that Government should manage our roads. But the fact seems to be in process of demonstration that private companies are unequal to their management with proper regard to the safety of travelers. Nor will any body who has had experience prefer the system of the American to that of the German roads. It is our business in this country to do every thing better than in other countries. Danger and dirt and inconvenience are not democratic, except in a base and unjust sense of the word; and until the details of life can be as carefully adjusted here as elsewhere, our claim to the highest civilization will be unfounded.

THE GREAT WORK AT THE SOUTH.

WHILE the papers that call themselves Conservative are striving by the most elaborate misrepresentation of the freedmen, and by the meanest appeal to prejudice, to perplex and postpone the reorganization of the Union, it is useful to see occasionally what the freedmen are really doing. If any colored man says a foolish thing any where we are instantly warned by "Conservatives" of the impending repetition of "the horrors of St. Domingo." But the same persons are very careful never to publish any of the significant facts of the rapid advances made by the freedmen in every good direction. Meanwhile we have yet to see recorded as falling from the lips of any freedman sentiments so atrocious as were constantly dropping from those of the political leaders of the South in the old times, or from those of Northern "Conservatives" at present.

General SWAYNE, Assistant Commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau in Alabama, says in his recent report of operations in his Department, that the school-year among the freedmen opened with 68 teachers and 3100 pupils, and closes with 150 teachers instructing 9800 pupils. The General says, quietly: "No difference in natural capacity or interest is observed between these pupils and those of any schools known to the writer in this country." He adds that the remarkable interest of the freedmen in education is apparently widening. They make great efforts to support their children while in school, and the parents lay aside primers every where to be studied by themselves during the intervals of labor. The freedmen also interest themselves in the erection of school-houses, of which many have been built with some aid from the Bureau, and the blind hostility against them which was at first apparent has almost wholly disappeared. The Mobile School Board have expressed a wish to co-operate in extending their schools among the colored people; and the Commissioner sees evidence of preparation for a comprehensive system of State free schools.

The result of the system of voluntary co-operation is that the average cost of these schools to the Government has been but 61½ cents per month for each scholar in actual daily attendance, and the entire expenditure for school purposes has been $45,237; and the increased ability of the parents enables them to pay the salaries of the teachers.

In regard to the Reconstruction Bills General SWAYNE says that "a general amendment in the treatment of the freedmen" followed their passage. "The sense of coming power brought immediate respect." The freedmen themselves promptly took new heart at the improvement in their prospects. Laboring with as much industry as ever, they seem to study with more zeal, to have new confidence in trying to improve. Already they have been admitted to the jury-box, and some of them are employed in the lower branches of the public service, so that they have little need to fear injustice in the future."

The incessant cry, "Down with the nigger!" is hardly likely to result in a more truly "Conservative" policy than is indicated in this report. What is wanted in the Southern States, in which general suffrage has been established as the essential safeguard of civil freedom, is hearty co-operation in the elevation of the whole population, white and colored, by a comprehensive system of education. It is in this most vital work that the American Freedman's Commission in the city of New York is so strenuous and successful a power; and as it feels the general depression, and its influence may be consequently seriously lessened, no gift can be more truly given to the Lord and to the country than money sent to them, to the order of FRANCIS GEORGE SHAW, 30 Vesey Street.

THE SEQUEL OF THE REPEAL OF THE MISSOURI COMPROMISE.

THE bill to organize the Territory called Nebraska, introduced into the Senate in December, 1853, by Mr. DODGE of Iowa, was similar to the act which came near passing at the previous session, and embraced the district of country extending from the 37th parallel of north latitude to the British possessions at latitude 49°. It was to this vast Territory, treated as *one* in the bill, that Mr. DIXON'S amendment repealing the Missouri Compromise line of 36° 30′ applied. The district is unsuited to slavery, and it can not therefore be supposed that the repeal was seriously intended. On the contrary, the inference drawn by us in a late article is more reasonable, that it was offered to embarrass Mr. DOUGLAS, Chairman of the Committee on Territories, in his Presidential aspirations.

Mr. JONES, then Senator from Tennessee, who was, as we have shown, the real author of the clause of repeal, and Mr. DIXON, were both Whigs, and opposed to Mr. DOUGLAS'S elevation to the Presidency. Mr. DIXON was doubtless elected for the mischievous service of offering the amendment, as his successor to the Senate had been appointed by Kentucky, and he had but little to lose by throwing this firebrand into the camp of the then dominant party. The amendment, however, instantly excited the utmost attention not only among Southern members, who felt that they might be placed in a false position at home if they voted against repeal, but also among Presidential aspirants from the North who looked to Southern support. The emergency, for such it had become, was immediately considered in the Committee on Territories in many of its important aspects; and in a few days—through what outside pressure and canvassing with a view to new combinations may readily be inferred—the two and now more congruous measures—the repeal of the Missouri line and the organization of Kansas as a new Territory (formed out of Nebraska from the 37th to the 40th parallels of latitude) were reported to the Senate. Kansas was then for the first time heard of by the country, and after various modifications the two measures were passed into a law.

The motive for dividing the Territory in a manner available for such repeal—placing Nebraska behind Iowa, and Minnesota and Kansas immediately west of Missouri, a slave State—can not be misconceived. Slaves were immediately taken into Kansas and held as such during her territorial existence; but it was not until the attempt in the session of 1857–58 to make Kansas a State under the Lecompton Constitution, after Mr. BUCHANAN had become firmly seated in the Presidency, that the effort to establish slavery there as a permanent policy was seriously undertaken. Those who claim that the repeal of the compromise was intended or accepted as a mere compliment to the section which affected to regard it as a stigma, and was passed with no view to the establishment of equality as far as possible in the Senate, know little of the persistent efforts to accomplish this object, or, in case of failure, some other equally potent, which the master minds of the South diligently kept in view. Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS, with powerful colleagues, was in the Cabinet of General PIERCE when repeal was carried, and men of similar purpose were in that of Mr. BUCHANAN when its fruits were sought to be gathered.

Mr. DOUGLAS, in the discussion in 1854, which followed the introduction of his bill—in which he displayed power as a debater far beyond what he was supposed to possess—said that Kansas could be only temporarily a slave State, an admission quite as full as could be expected from a Northern Senator; but after he had lost the nomination for the Presidency at Cincinnati in 1856, due to unavailability at the North, resulting from his support of these two measures, he became more decisive. In the discussion at Ottawa, in Illinois, between Mr. DOUGLAS and Mr. LINCOLN, which State they canvassed with a view to the Senatorial contest, Mr. DOUGLAS sought to make himself acceptable to the South by showing the relative and, as he expected, opposing positions of the two candidates on the question of admitting new States. "I ask the gentleman," said he, addressing Mr. LINCOLN, who was then on the platform—"how would you vote if a State were to apply for admission with a clause admitting slavery? I pause for a reply." Then, after waiting, he added: "Fellow-citizens, he does not answer. I will screw it out of him."

It needed no more than Mr. DOUGLAS'S expressed willingness to vote to admit such a State, made on the stump in the North, to turn the sympathies of the South toward him in this great national discussion; but later, in 1860, he was not considered by the South available for the Presidency, as a new Southern policy had been determined upon, arising mainly from the conviction that the political balance between the two sections could not be maintained on a basis of safety for slavery, and of assured success in their enjoyment of national power. The country was confronted with the result of Mr. DIXON'S amendment, the struggle to introduce slavery north of the compromise line. The two systems of liberty and slavery were thus brought directly into conflict, and the result was the war.

If General PIERCE were dragooned into the support of repeal by his cabinet and Mr. DOUGLAS against his original determination to oppose it, Mr. BUCHANAN was driven from his original position on the subject of the Kansas Constitution in a manner equally discreditable to his sagacity and patriotism. Mr. BUCHANAN had been Minister at the Court of St. James during the pendency of these distracting questions, and was so free from the complications which they created, that he was selected at Cincinnati as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, and was elected against FILLMORE and FREMONT, although their united vote proved that a majority of the people was then adverse to Democratic rule. His first care was to state in his Inaugural that the will of a majority of the people of Kansas should be expressed and govern in the adoption of their Constitution. He appointed ROBERT J. WALKER Governor of the Territory, whose Message corresponded with the tone of the President's Inaugural, and who went to Kansas assured of the President's support in all measures of justice and right.

But Governor WALKER soon found that the Secretary of the Interior, Mr. THOMPSON, of Mississippi, was thwarting his efforts, and through Mr. CALHOUN the Surveyor-General of Kansas, appointed by THOMPSON, was intriguing to wield the Constitutional Convention of Kansas, of which Mr. CALHOUN was President, in behalf of Slavery; so that only the question whether Slavery should be further admitted might be voted on by the people, thus leaving it to the extent already prevailing untouched and established, and compelling acquiescence in the remaining provisions of the Constitution however objectionable they were. The people of Kansas stood aloof from this juggle, and the pro-Slavery Constitution was adopted and sent by Mr. BUCHANAN with favor to Congress, where it was strangled in the House of Representatives. The agent who went from Mr. THOMPSON'S office, of Secretary of the Interior, to Kansas to complete this scheme of partial submission, was named MARTIN. He promptly accomplished his object, and Mr. WALKER, Governor, and Mr. STANTON, Secretary of Kansas, were compelled to leave the Territory thus subjected to the perfidy of the President and his advisers.

In forming his Cabinet, Mr. BUCHANAN was cautioned against the danger of reliance upon General CASS alone as his main Northern adviser against the formidable strength of DAVIS in the Senate, and COBB and THOMPSON in the Cabinet, from the South. He was informed of an incident with regard to General CASS which Governor MARCY related. General JACKSON said to Governor MARCY, that when President he (JACKSON) had not only to be President but also Secretary of War, because General CASS, who occupied that post, would decide nothing, which General JACKSON attributed to the fact that General CASS had been for many years Governor of the Northwest Territory: "a position which had no politics, and that he had become a round man—*i. e.*, had no decisive points or qualities."

In the Cabinet of Mr. BUCHANAN, the inefficiency of his Chief was apparent, for the country was upon the very verge of civil war before it was warned by General CASS of the peril. Had there been an effective adviser from the North in those Cabinets, the danger resulting from the adoption of the Missouri Compromise, or of the Kansas policy, might have been avoided, and in either event, perhaps, the country saved from civil war.

THE POPE AS KING.

THE "Italian question" is neither settled nor likely to be settled for a long time yet. The French army remains at Civita Vecchia, the port of Rome; Tuscany is a camp with an army of fifty thousand Italians; MENABREA and his ministry are denounced and despised; the cities received and buried their dead citizens from the late battle-fields with the most solemn and universal respect; and the party of action feel that they have lost the King, with all the advantage that he was to them. The Pope remains at Rome, virtually guarded by France. But while the feeling of the people is profoundly excited, there seems to be no leader who can wield Italy with sagacity and power. There is all the familiar rhetoric of revolution and reform; but the Papal throne still stands, and while it stands Italy can not "do for herself."

The difficulty is not simple. It would be so if it were a question of politics merely. In that case nothing could be more preposterous than France summoning a European Congress to settle the Government of Italy. But it is a combined political and religious question. It is a question of the political status of the head of the Roman Church, and the Italian statesmen are traditionally Romanists, while the Italian people are actually so. They are at once ig

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norant and superstitious, and it is impossible for them to regard the question as political merely. It is, indeed, often so regarded elsewhere. Intelligent journals ask why, in the name of justice, PIUS THE NINTH should be King of Rome if the Romans do not want him as King? But they forget that the King of Rome is the father of the French and Austrian and Spanish and Italian faithful, and that the Governments of all those countries do not wish to alienate the priesthood which directs the faithful, and must, therefore, incline toward the policy which is agreeable to the priests. Now, the priests feel that a certain visible royalty is very essential to the due impression of the supreme Pontiff upon the minds of the faithful; and those minds, therefore, regard a movement against the temporal sovereignty of the Pope as irreligious and wicked.

That there are many enlightened Romanists even among the Italians who believe that a separation of Church and State would be better for both is very possible. But that is the result of sound political thought and study, and how could they prove it to the mass of the people against the influence of the priests? The Pope, therefore, remains upon his throne not because his seven hundred thousand subjects wish him to remain, but because Romish Europe is unwilling that he should become in external position what a bishop or archbishop is. And not only is there this ecclesiastical reason for his remaining, but his abdication or removal would be so momentous a step out of the traditional and established order that none of the existing Romish governments wish to take the chance. It would be opening the gates, and what foe may be without who can tell?

The proposition which is sometimes gravely made that the question shall be put to a vote of the Roman people is, under the circumstances, very much like a suggestion that the people of the District of Columbia should decide whether the President should continue to reside in Washington, or Congress to make the local laws. These are national not District questions. And with a similar conviction European Romanists feel that the temporal position of the Papacy is not a question for the seven hundred thousand of Romanists in Rome, but for the millions and millions of Romanists all over the world.

Whatever LOUIS NAPOLEON'S theory or motive may be, France has lost Italy as an ally. The *Francesci* are becoming as hated as the *Tedeschi* were. LOUIS NAPOLEON has outraged the party of action, insulted the Government, and attached himself solely to the extreme reactionists; the ultra Tories; the children of the Holy Alliance. In the quarrel between France and Italy BISMARCK remains passive, for he at least appreciates the force of the religious view, and has no wish to precipitate a religious war.

THE MOVEMENT FOR GENERAL GRANT.

THE meeting at Cooper Institute which nominated General GRANT for the Presidency also appointed a Committee to take proper measures to secure his election. This Committee is composed of notable citizens of both parties, and they have held a preliminary meeting under the chairmanship of MR. ALEXANDER T. STEWART to complete their arrangements.

The object of the Committee is very simple. It is to procure the co-operation of all persons in the country who feel such confidence in General GRANT, founded upon his character and sentiments as revealed in his public career, that they are willing to see him President. They feel that in the present situation of the country the indispensable necessity at the head of the Government is sagacity combined with inflexible principle. They ask for a President whose career shows the judgment and common-sense which are the essential qualities of statesmanship; and whose name is not associated with party conflicts, and is not of itself, therefore, a bar to political harmony.

The Committee expressly avoid all connection with politicians as such. We do not understand them to deny that in every free Government great results can be achieved by parties only, but as men of experience and shrewdness they know also how readily mere politicians can baffle the popular will, and how large and perilous a part "wire-pulling" plays in a popular system. The National Convention springs from the State Convention; that in turn from the Local Convention; that from the Primary Meeting, and the Primary Meeting is managed by JONES and JENKINS, who are the agents of SMITH and THOMPSON who do not appear. A few men in a parlor make "a State." They take care of the Primaries, they pack the Convention; they control the nominations; and the people do not vote for the candidates whom they prefer, but for those whom the gentlemen in the parlor select.

The GRANT movement thus undertaken is an attempt to allow the people to be heard. The Committee, we presume, are not forgetful that the mass of the people belong to one of the two great parties. They do not expect those parties to abandon their organizations. They do not aim to create a third party. But they expect, by showing that the intelligent, loyal sentiment of the country, which justified and sustained the war, now demands General GRANT as a candidate, to persuade the political managers that it is not wise to resist that demand.

Indeed, many of the leaders and most influential organs of the Republican party, and several Republican State Conventions, have already recognized the fact of which the present movement is the striking proof, that the people expect and require General GRANT to be the President by whose wise and temperate touch the national wounds are to be healed. This is the deepening, universal conviction: a conviction all the more satisfactory because the general sense sees in GRANT the same simple, plain man of the people, with the sturdy and steady distinctive Americanism which made ABRAHAM LINCOLN so pre-eminently dear to the national heart.

OTHER MAN AND WOMAN TRAPS.

WHILE public attention is turned to avoiding disasters upon railroads, it is useful to reflect also upon the traps called theatres. It seems ungracious at this holiday season to ask the question; but how many places of amusement in the city of New York are provided with proper means of escape in case of a sudden alarm? Niblo's Theatre is said to be the most secure in this respect, but a panic there would cause a frightful loss of life; and panic is produced in such a place by the consciousness of the restricted escape. There would be very little confusion in most of the churches because of the general knowledge that there is really very little danger that every body could not readily get out of the building.

"Her Majesty's" theatre, in London, where Miss KELLOGG has been triumphing, was lately burned just after the close of the performance. There were but four persons in it at the time, and they escaped with difficulty. "What," asks a letter-writer in the *Times*, "would have been the fate of an audience of 2500? The house was built about 1790, and was from top to bottom like a tinder-box. Escape would have been utterly impossible, for *in twenty minutes from the up-burst of the flames the whole interior was a roaring furnace.* Of course, library, wardrobe, instruments, all perished." We commend this passage to the consideration of those who frequent the New York theatres and also the attention of the authorities. The safety of building is not a matter to be left exclusively to private enterprise. Private enterprise would take the risk of burning up a thousand people for the chance of taking a thousand dollars. The people, therefore, ought, as it were, to say grace over the whole barrel. They wish to see good acting, and sometimes very bad—they also wish to hear good singing and to be solaced with the moral ballet, and they certainly do not wish to settle the details of personal safety every evening, and at every theatre, by refraining from going in at any doubtful door. Let them, therefore, by proper laws and proper officers, insist that all places of great public resort shall be so provided with means of egress that a panic from an alarm of fire may be virtually impossible. Let them be warned by the experience of private enterprise in the building of tenement houses.

If any suggestive reader should allude to existing laws upon the subject we should laugh him to scorn by pointing to every theatre in the city. If he replied that the public did not care enough about their own safety to see that proper laws were made and executed, we should still insist that sensible men ought not to yield to fools, and that it is no excuse for allowing a man to jump off a train at lightning speed that he was willing to take the risk. After the fearful Norwalk accident upon the New Haven railroad fifteen years ago, the State of Connecticut required that every train upon every road in the State which crossed a bridge with a draw should come to a full stop before crossing; and that judicious action has put a full stop to that kind of accident in Connecticut. There were plenty of fools willing to take the risk; you may sometimes meet one of them now who swears at the train for stopping, and who sneers at the regulation as a vile Puritan blue-law.

A little care and resolution would remedy these risks. If but a spark of the zeal which is devoted to securing the passage of a railroad charter, or to the erection of a theatre or hall, were spent in making them safe, we should go abroad almost as securely as we stay at home. But a sensible man now reflects with a shudder that his wife and children are gone to enjoy themselves at a play; and before leaving by the train he makes his will and takes a fond farewell.

MR. WHIPPLE'S EULOGY OF GOVERNOR ANDREW.

THE discourse before the authorities of Boston upon the late JOHN A. ANDREW, by EDWIN P. WHIPPLE, is remarkable among all such orations for moderation and wisdom. Its brief and clear analysis of character, its estimate of the power of the man and of his relation to his work and time, are so unique and satisfactory that every friend of the Governor's must feel a personal obligation to MR. WHIPPLE. The discourse is the ripe result of the most appreciative affection, and of a rich and carefully-trained mind.

"THE MOONSTONE."

OUR readers will probably agree with us that the opening of "The Moonstone," the new Novel by WILKIE COLLINS, in our last Number, is in the very best manner of the author. The spell begins at once; mystery and superstition; the strange and vivid contrast of ancient India and modern England; the working out in the events of common life to-day of the traditional powers of a yellow diamond—all these are precisely the material for the curiously analytical genius and vivid pictorial talent of COLLINS, and promise us one of the most skillful and exciting of recent stories. The scenes and characters in the first Number are admirably managed. Gabriel Betteredge, the house-steward of Lady Verinder, tells the inmost secret of himself in telling the family history; and the appearance of the three Hindoos upon the warm terrace of the English country house, softly beating their drums and carefully looking about, is a master-touch. Like all WILKIE COLLINS'S stories, the "Moonstone" is written to be published serially, and should so be read. It began last week, and will continue regularly every week to the end of the work.

MISS MULOCH'S NEW NOVEL.

IN the January Number of *Harper's Magazine*, among many good things, is the beginning of "The Woman's Kingdom," by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," a story which she promises us shall be "a thorough love story." Indeed, she declares that she does not pretend to make it any thing else. "There are other things in life besides love," says our delightful author, telling the truth in every word; "but every body who has lived at all knows that love is the very heart of life, the pivot upon which its whole machinery turns; without which no human existence can be complete; and with which, however broken and worn in part, it can still go on working somehow, and working to a comparative useful and cheerful end." Fully penetrated with this truth, the author of "A Noble Life" has here begun a most sweet and charming prose idyl of domestic life, and with all the grace and facility of her accomplished hand. The scenes are very natural and of the utmost interest, nor will any reader make himself acquainted with Edna and Letty without resolving to follow their fortunes to the end.

LITERARY.

A SPEECH by J. K. H. WILLCOX before the Universal Franchise Association of Washington, "Suffrage a Right, not a Privilege," is a thoughtful and striking essay upon the subject. Professor WILLCOX is the editor of the *Social Science Review*, and treats his topic from the latest political point of view of that school. Human right, in the opinion of our author, has no other limits than the laws of individual existence, the right of our fellows, and the power of the individual. Suffrage is not necessarily a violation of any of these. Indeed, he says, there is no alternative which involves so little wrong in government as universal suffrage. He says well of votes that "they only register the edicts of public opinion. It is the thought of the people in the widest sense that governs their action; the vote merely expresses and carries out the results to which they have come." We can, of course, merely mention here the evident careful political reflection that this speech evinces, which is issued by the Association in Washington.

THE FENIAN MOVEMENTS.

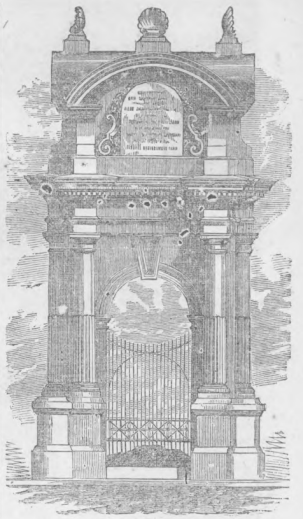
OUR English friends laughed at us a good deal during the early years of the rebellion, for our dread of masked batteries and gun-boats; they are now having a more ridiculous panic over the warlike demonstrations of the Fenians, who are represented as endeavoring to blow up the gas-works of Glasgow and Warrington, and who have been using the postal system and officials to circulate torpedoes which have exploded on the opening of the envelopes containing them. In Canada the excitement has been not less intense and comical, and on Christmas last the citizens of Montreal chiefly employed themselves in watching the English Cathedral and the water-works, to prevent the Fenians from blowing them up. The Parliament of the New Dominion, which adjourned on December 23, passed several bills for protection from Fenian invasion from the United States.

THE ROMAN QUESTION.

WHAT is to be done with or for the Pope is very much disturbing the quiet of both France and Italy. Angry debates in the French Chambers and a dissolution of the Italian Cabinet have resulted from the effort to settle the issues growing out of the late attempt on Rome. So strong was the feeling against France in the Italian Cabinet and among the Italian people that General Menabrea, the Premier, a conservative and friendly to France, was compelled to resign. King Victor Emanuel, again disregarding public opinion and the counsel of a majority of his Cabinet, refused to accept his resignation, and ordered him to form a new Cabinet friendly to France. A dissolution of the Italian Parliament was also contemplated, on December 26, in order to place the issues clearly before the people.

PROGRESS OF LIBERALISM.

AUSTRIA on December 21 promulgated her new Constitution, and on December 24 her Parliament passed the bill emancipating the Jews from many of their social and religious disabilities. The past year was remarkable for the general reorganization and reconstruction movements among all nations of the world. New constitutions of a very liberal character have been adopted by or granted to Prussia, Austria, and Hungary, and the Southern States have taken the first important steps in the same direction. Slavery has been abolished in Brazil and Cuba, and two more ports of Japan are soon to be thrown open to foreign trade.



PLYMOUTH ROCK MONUMENT.

IN our last volume we gave an illustration of Plymouth Rock as it appeared at that time. Since the photograph from which we made that engraving was taken, a monument has been completed on the site, and we herewith give an illustration of it. The last stone was laid on December 7, 1867. The complete structure is 15 feet square and 38 feet high. The corner-stone was laid on the 1st of August, 1859, with appropriate ceremonies, and it is expected that the coming summer will witness its dedication. In connection with the deposit of the cap-stone, on December 7, an interesting event occurred. The Pilgrim bones, which were exhumed on Cole's Hill in 1855, during the construction of the water-works, and afterward deposited in a brick vault on the Burying Hill, were again removed from their resting-place, and carefully inclosed in a box lined with lead were placed in the open chamber in the attic between the cap-stone and the dome. The following inscription on the outside of the box containing the remains is an authentic record:

About fifty of the Pilgrims died during the winter of 1620 and 1621, and were buried on Cole's Hill. This number included Governor JOHN CARVER; WILLIAM WHITE; ELIZABETH WINSLOW, wife of Governor EDWARD WINSLOW; ROSE STANDISH, wife of Captain MILES STANDISH; and MARY ALLERTON, wife of ISAAC ALLERTON. On the 23d of May, 1855, workmen, while excavating a trench for the pipes of the Plymouth Water-Works, built during that year, found on the hill, a little south of Middle Street, nearly all the bones belonging to three skeletons. The skulls were submitted to Dr. JOHN C. WARREN and Dr. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES of Boston, for the purpose of ascertaining whether they were skulls of white persons or Indians. Their decision that the skulls were those of white persons made it certain that they were those of some of the Pilgrims who died in 1620 and 1621. The bones were soon after placed carefully in a vault on the Burying Hill, prepared for the purpose, and were exhumed and placed in the canopy over the Rock where the Pilgrims landed, on the 30th day of November, 1867, the day of the completion of the canopy.

THE ANGOLA DISASTER.

WE gave in a previous Number a brief account of the terrible accident on the Lake Shore Railroad, near Angola, New York, by which fifty persons were crushed and burned to death, we give on the next page three illustrations of the same horrible accident.

It appears from the account of our special artist, who was dispatched to the scene soon after the accident was known, that the rear car of the train was the first to leave the track. It bounded along the rails for some distance until it came to the bridge, when the vibration of that structure caused it to careen to one side, and the coupling which attached it to the preceding car breaking, it was thrown down the bridge, falling a distance of forty or fifty feet. The next car preceding it crossed the bridge in safety, but only to leap from the track soon after reaching the solid ground. The rear car fell to the left; the other to the right or south side of the bridge. Our first illustration shows the rear car leaving the track; the others show the position of both after the disaster had occurred. It is impossible to express in words the horrible consequences of the disaster to the inmates of the rear car. The other car, it should be remembered, was not much injured, and did not take fire; and though nearly all the passengers were more or less disabled, their injuries were slight compared with those of the passengers in the burned car. There were sixty passengers in this car; only two of them were taken out alive; the rest were burned almost past recognition.

It is impossible to convey an idea of the scene in words. Our artist collected a number of the incidents which occurred as related by eye-witnesses, and has forwarded them to us. One of the young women who had been in the car least damaged, but who had been badly injured, insisted while her wounds were being dressed on nursing a babe rescued from the burning car, and taken from the breast of its mother who had been killed by the fall. A little boy was heard entreating each passenger to tell him if his mother would get well. "Will my mother get well?"

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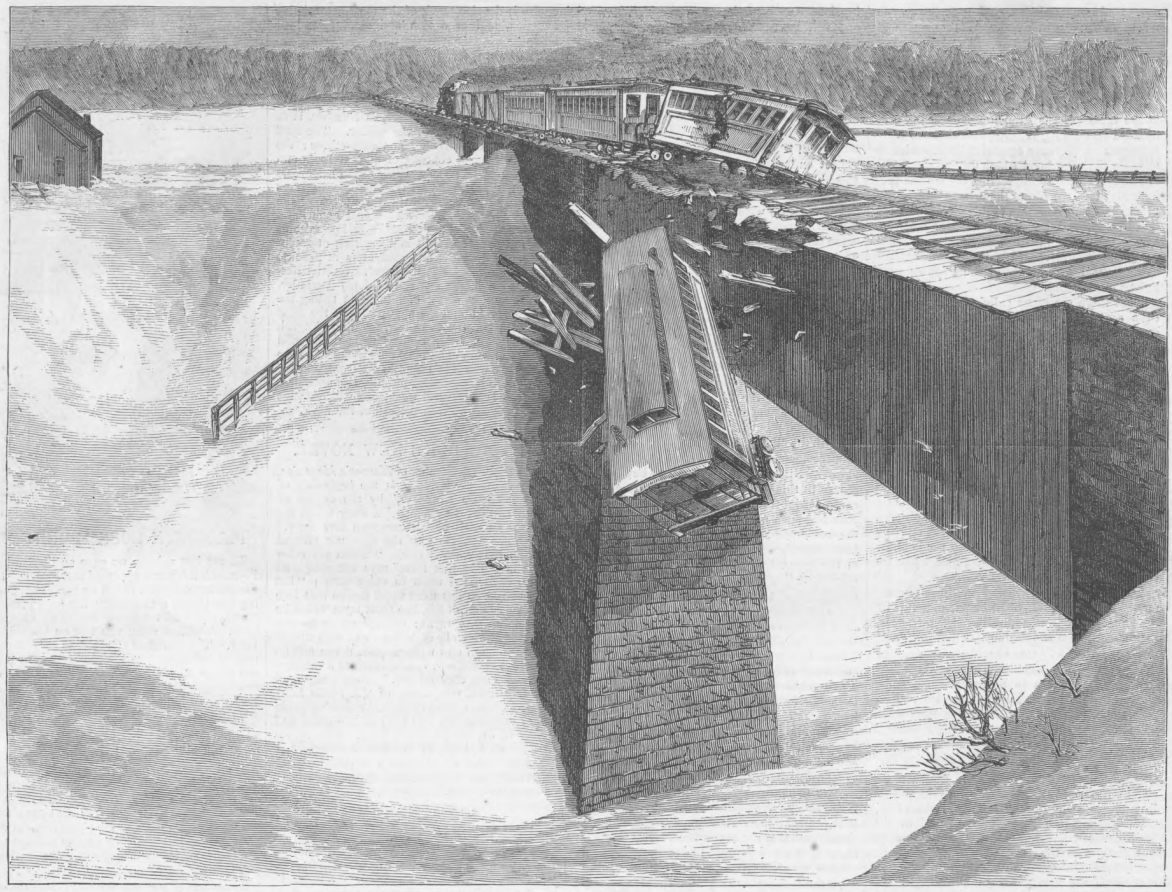
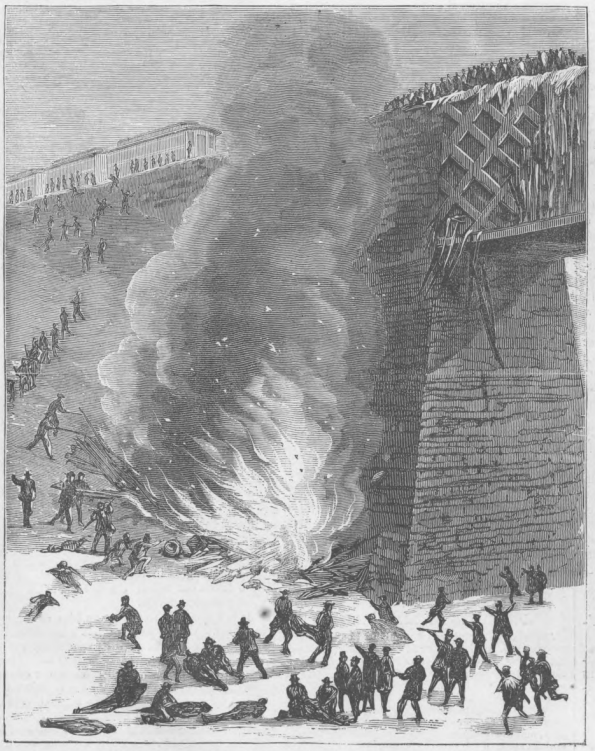


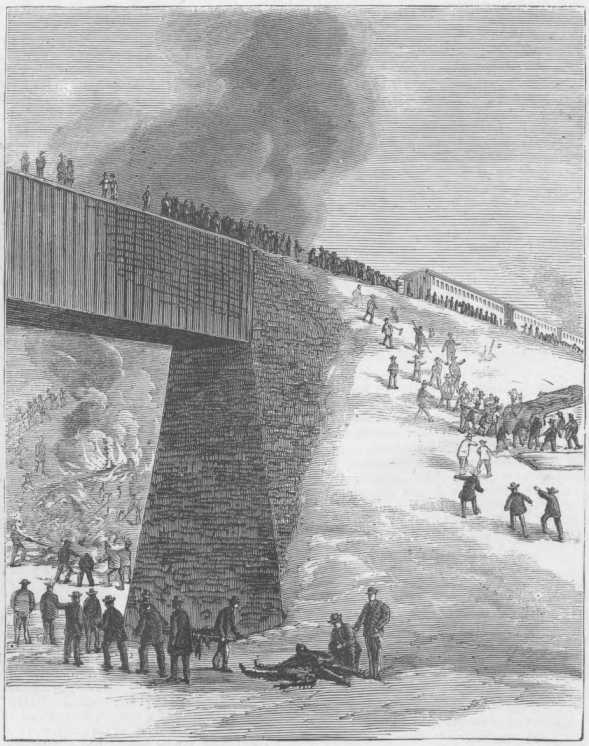
THE ANGOLA RAILROAD DISASTER—THE REAR CAR JUMPING FROM THE TRACK.—[SKETCHED BY J. P. HOFFMAN.]

was his agonizing cry. His mother was alive, but no one could have recognized a semblance to the human countenance in her bruised and mangled features. But the boy knew his mother, and knelt by her side, kissing her black and bleeding lips, entreating her most piteously to "get well quick." A man, stupefied from the shock, continually asked for his wife—"Where is she? Shall I never see her again?" Fortunately she escaped with slight injuries, but in the hurry and excitement of removing the bodies the two had been carried to different houses. Her first inquiry was after her husband, and one of the uninjured passengers, discovering the relationship, carried her news of his safety, and took back "her love" to her husband. Both recovered from their wounds.

Our third illustration on this page shows the wreck of the second car, with the burning one in the distance under the bridge. The three in their natural order and connection fully explain and illustrate the disaster. We are indebted for one of our sketches to Mr. ERASMUS W. SMITH, the well-known engineer.



THE ANGOLA DISASTER—THE BURNING CAR.—[SKETCHED BY J. P. HOFFMAN.]



THE ANGOLA DISASTER—WRECKS OF THE CARS.—[SKETCHED BY ERASMUS W. SMITH.]

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THE MOONSTONE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

Printed from the Author's Manuscript.

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.

CHAPTER IV.

I AM truly sorry to detain you over me and my bee-hive chair. A sleepy old man, in a sunny back-yard, is not an interesting object, I am well aware. But things must be put down in their places, as things actually happened—and you must please to jog on a little while longer with me, in expectation of Mr. Franklin Blake's arrival later in the day.

Before I had time to doze off again, after my daughter Penelope had left me, I was disturbed by a rattling of plates and dishes in the servants' hall, which meant that dinner was ready. Taking my own meals in my own sitting-room, I had nothing to do with the servants' dinner, except to wish them a good stomach to it all round, previous to composing myself once more in my chair. I was just stretching my legs, when out bounced another woman on me. Not my daughter again; only Nancy, the kitchen-maid, this time. I was straight in her way out; and I observed, as she asked me to let her by, that she had a sulky face—a thing which, as head of the servants, I never allow, on principle, to pass me without inquiry.

"What are you turning your back on your dinner for?" I asked. "What's wrong now, Nancy?"

Nancy tried to push by without answering; upon which I rose up, and took her by the ear. She is a nice, plump young lass, and it is customary with me to adopt that manner of showing that I personally approve of a girl.

"What's wrong now?" I said, once more.

"Rosanna's late again for dinner," says Nancy. "And I'm sent to fetch her in. All the hard work falls on my shoulders in this house. Let me alone, Mr. Betteredge!"

The person here mentioned as Rosanna was our second house-maid. Having a kind of pity for our second house-maid (why, you shall presently know), and seeing in Nancy's face that she would fetch her fellow-servant in with more hard words than might be needful under the circumstances, it struck me that I had nothing particular to do, and that I might as well fetch Rosanna myself; giving her a hint to be punctual in future, which I knew she would take kindly from *me*.

"Where is Rosanna?" I inquired.

"At the sands, of course," says Nancy, with a toss of her head. "She had another of her fainting fits this morning, and she asked to go out and get a breath of fresh air. I have no patience with her."

"Go back to your dinner, my girl," I said. "I have patience with her, and I'll fetch her in."

Nancy (who has a fine appetite) looked pleased. When she looks pleased she looks nice. When she looks nice, I chuck her under the chin. It isn't immorality—it's only habit.

Well, I took my stick, and set off for the sands.

No! it won't do to set off yet. I am sorry again to detain you; but you really must hear the story of the sands, and the story of Rosanna—for this reason, that the matter of the Diamond touches them both nearly. How hard I try to get on with my statement without stopping by the way, and how badly I succeed! But, there! —Persons and Things do turn up so vexatiously in this life, and will in a manner insist on being noticed. Let us take it easy, and let us take it short; we shall be in the thick of the mystery soon, I promise you!

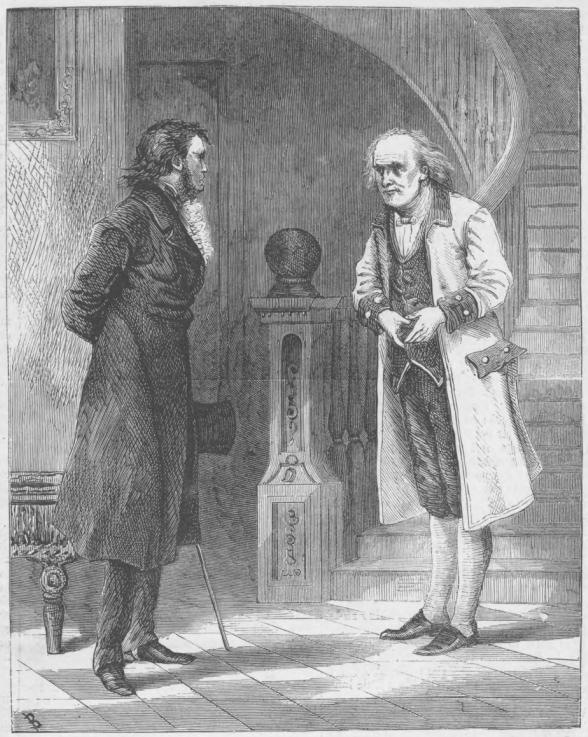
Rosanna (to put the Person before the Thing, which is but common politeness) was the only new servant in our house. About four months before the time I am writing of my lady had been in London, and had gone over a Reformatory, intended to save forlorn women from drifting back into bad ways, after they had got released from prison. The matron, seeing my lady took an interest in the place, pointed out a girl to her, named Rosanna Spearman, and told her a most miserable story, which I haven't the heart to repeat here; for I don't like to be made wretched without any use, and no more do you. The upshot of it was, that Rosanna Spearman had been a thief, and not being of the sort that get up Companies in the City, and rob from thousands, instead of only robbing from one, the law laid hold of her, and the prison and the reformatory followed the lead of the law. The matron's opinion of Rosanna was (in spite of what she had done) that the girl was one in a thousand, and that she only wanted a chance to prove herself worthy of any Christian woman's interest in her. My lady (being a Christian woman, if ever there was one yet) said to the matron upon that, "Rosanna Spearman shall have her chance in my service." In a week afterward Rosanna Spearman entered this establishment as our second house-maid.

Not a soul was told the girl's story excepting Miss Rachel and me. My lady, doing me the honor to consult me about most things, consulted me about Rosanna. Having fallen a good deal latterly into the late Sir John's way of always agreeing with my lady, I agreed with her heartily about Rosanna Spearman.

A fairer chance no girl could have had than was given to this poor girl of ours. None of the servants could cast her past life in her teeth, for none of the servants knew what it had been. She had her wages and her privileges, like the rest of them; and every now and then a friendly word from my lady, in private, to encourage her. In return she showed herself, I am bound to say, well worthy of the kind treatment bestowed upon her. Though far from strong, and troubled occasionally with those fainting fits already mentioned, she went about her work modestly and uncomplainingly, doing it carefully and doing it well. But somehow she failed to make friends among the other women-servants, excepting my daughter Penelope, who was always kind to Rosanna, though never intimate with her.

I hardly know what the girl did to offend them. There was certainly no beauty about her to make the others envious; she was the plainest woman in the house, with the additional misfortune of having one shoulder bigger than the other. What the servants chiefly resented, I think, was her silent tongue and her solitary ways. She read or worked in leisure hours when the rest gossiped. And when it came to her turn to go out, nine times out of ten she quietly put on her bonnet, and had her turn by herself. She never quarreled, she never took offense; she only kept a certain distance, obstinately and civilly, between the rest of them and herself. Add to this that, plain as she was, there was just a dash of something that wasn't like a house-maid, and that *was* like a lady, about her. It might have been in her voice, or it might have been in her face. All I can say is that the other women pounced on it like lightning the first day she came into the house; and said (which was most unjust) that Rosanna Spearman gave herself airs.

Having now told the story of Rosanna, I have only to notice one out of the many queer ways of this strange girl to get on next to the story of the sands.



"MY LADY AND MISS RACHEL REGRET THAT THEY ARE ENGAGED, COLONEL."

"THERE SHE WAS, ALL ALONE, LOOKING OUT ON THE QUICKSAND AND THE SEA."

Our house is high up on the Yorkshire coast, and close by the sea. We have got beautiful walks all round us, in every direction but one. That one I acknowledge to be a horrid walk. It leads, for a quarter of a mile, through a melancholy plantation of firs, and brings you out between low cliffs on the loneliest and ugliest little bay on all our coast.

The sand-hills here run down to the sea, and end in two spits of rock jutting out opposite each other, till you lose sight of them in the water. One is called the North Spit, and one the South. Between the two, shifting backward and forward at certain seasons of the year, lies the most horrible quicksand on the shores of Yorkshire. At the turn of the tide something goes on in the unknown deeps below, which sets the whole face of the quicksand quivering and trembling in a manner most remarkable to see, and which has given to it, among the people in our parts, the name of The Shivering Sand. A great bank, half a mile out, nigh the mouth of the bay, breaks the force of the main ocean coming in from the offing. Winter and summer, when the tide flows over the quicksand, the sea seems to leave the waves behind it on the bank, and rolls its waters in smoothly with a heave, and covers the sand in silence. A lonesome and a horrid retreat, I can tell you! No boat ever ventures into this bay. No children from our fishing-village, called Cobb's Hole, ever come here to play. The very birds of the air, as it seems to me, give the Shivering Sand a wide berth. That a young woman, with dozens of nice walks to choose from, and company to go with her, if she only said "Come!" should prefer this place, and should sit and work or read in it, all alone, when it's her turn out, I grant you, passes belief. It's true, nevertheless, account for it as you may, that this was Rosanna Spearman's favorite walk, except when she went once or twice to Cobb's Hole, to see the only friend she had in our neighborhood—of whom more anon. It's also true that I was now setting out for this same place, to fetch the girl in to dinner, which brings us round happily to our former point, and starts us fair again on our way to the sands.

I saw no sign of the girl in the plantation. When I got out, through the sand-hills, on to the beach, there she was, in her little straw bonnet, and her plain gray cloak that she always wore to hide her deformed shoulder as much as might be—there she was, all alone, looking out on the quicksand and the sea.

She started when I came up with her, and turned her head away from me. Not looking me in the face being another of the proceedings which, as head of the servants, I never allow, on principle, to pass without inquiry—I turned her round my way, and saw that she was crying. My bandana handkerchief—one of six beauties given to me by my lady—was handy in my pocket. I took it out, and I said to Rosanna, "Come and sit down, my dear, on the slope of the beach along with me. I'll dry your eyes for you first, and then I'll make so bold as to ask what you have been crying about."

When you come to my age you will find sitting down on the slope of a beach a much longer job than you think it now. By the time I was settled, Rosanna had dried her own eyes with a very inferior handkerchief to mine—a cheap cambric. She looked very quiet, and very wretched; but she sat down by me like a good girl, when I

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told her. When you want to comfort a woman by the shortest way take her on your knee. I thought of the golden rule. But there! Rosanna wasn't Nancy, and that's the truth of it!

"Now tell me, my dear," I said, "what are you crying about?"

"About the years that are gone, Mr. Betteredge," says Rosanna, quietly. "My past life still comes back to me sometimes."

"Come, come, my girl," I said, "your past life is all sponged out. Why can't you forget it?"

She took me by one of the lappets of my coat. I am a slovenly old man, and a good deal of my meat and drink gets splashed about on my clothes. Sometimes one of the women, and sometimes another, cleans me of my grease. The day before Rosanna had taken out a spot for me on the lappet of my coat with a new composition warranted to remove any thing. The grease was gone, but there was a little dull place left on the nap of the cloth where the grease had been. The girl pointed to that place and shook her head.

"The stain is taken off," she said. "But the place shows, Mr. Betteredge—the place shows!"

A remark which takes a man unawares by means of his own coat is not an easy remark to answer. Something in the girl herself, too, made me particularly sorry for her just then. She had nice brown eyes, plain as she was in other ways—and she looked at me with a sort of respect for my happy old age and my good character, as things forever out of her own reach, which made my heart heavy for our second house-maid. Not feeling myself able to comfort her, there was only one other thing to do. That thing was—to take her in to dinner.

"Help me up," I said. "You're late for dinner, Rosanna—and I have come to fetch you in."

"You, Mr. Betteredge!" says she.

"They told Nancy to fetch you," I said. "But I thought you might like your scolding better, my dear, if it came from me."

Instead of helping me up, the poor thing stole her hand into mine, and gave it a little squeeze. She tried hard to keep from crying again, and succeeded—for which I respected her. "You're very kind, Mr. Betteredge," she said. "I don't want any dinner to-day—let me bide a little longer here."

"What makes you like to be here?" I asked. "What is it that brings you everlastingly to this miserable place?"

"Something draws me to it," says the girl, making images with her finger in the sand. "I try to keep away from it, and I can't. Sometimes," says she, in a low voice, as if she was frightened at her own fancy, "sometimes, Mr. Betteredge, I think that my grave is waiting for me here."

"There's roast mutton and suet pudding waiting for you!" says I. "Go in to dinner directly. This is what comes, Rosanna, of thinking on an empty stomach!" I spoke severely, being naturally indignant (at my time of life) to hear a young woman of five-and-twenty talking about her latter end!"

She didn't seem to hear me: she put her hand on my shoulder, and kept me where I was, sitting by her side.

"I think the place has laid a spell on me," she said. "I dream of it night after night; I think of it when I sit stitching at my work. You know I am grateful, Mr. Betteredge—you know I try to deserve your kindness, and my lady's confidence in me. But I wonder sometimes whether the life here is too quiet and too good for such a woman as I am, after all I have gone through, Mr. Betteredge—after all I have gone through. It's more lonely to me to be among the other servants, knowing I am not what they are, than it is to be here. My lady doesn't know, the matron at the reformatory doesn't know, what a dreadful reproach honest people are in themselves to a woman like me. Don't scold me, there's a dear good man. I do my work, don't I? Please not to tell my lady I am discontented—I am not. My mind's unquiet, sometimes, that's all. She snatched her hand off my shoulder, and suddenly pointed down to the quicksand. "Look!" she said. "Isn't it wonderful? isn't it terrible? I have seen it dozens of times, and it's always as new to me as if I had never seen it before!"

I looked where she pointed. The tide was on the turn, and the horrid sand began to shiver. The broad brown face of it heaved slowly, and then dimpled and quivered all over. "Do you know what it looks like to *me?*" says Rosanna, catching me by the shoulder again. "It looks as if it had hundreds of suffocating people under it—all struggling to get to the surface, and all sinking lower and lower in the dreadful deeps! Throw a stone in, Mr. Betteredge! Throw a stone in, and let's see the sand suck it down!"

Here was unwholesome talk! Here was an empty stomach feeding on an unquiet mind! My answer—a pretty sharp one, in the poor girl's own interests, I promise you!—was at my tongue's end, when it was snapped short off on a sudden by a voice among the sand-hills shouting for me by my name. "Betteredge!" cries the voice, "where are you?" "Here!" I shouted out in return, without a notion in my head who it was. Rosanna started to her feet, and stood looking toward the voice. I was just thinking of getting on my own legs next, when I was staggered by a sudden change in the girl's face.

Her complexion turned of a beautiful red, which I had never seen in it before; she brightened all over with a kind of speechless and breathless surprise. "Who is it?" I asked. Rosanna gave me back my own question. "Oh! who is it?" she said, softly, more to herself than to me. I twisted round on the sand, and looked behind me. There, coming out on us from among the hills, was a bright-eyed young gentleman, dressed in a beautiful fawn-colored suit, with gloves and hat to match, with a rose in his button-hole, and a smile on his face that might have set the Shivering Sand itself smiling at him in return. Before I could get on my legs he plumped down on the sand by the side of me, put his arm round my neck, foreign fashion, and gave me a hug that fairly squeezed the breath out of my body. "Dear old Betteredge!" says he. "I owe you seven and sixpence. Now do you know who I am?"

Lord bless us and save us! Here—four good hours before we expected him—was Mr. Franklin Blake!

Before I could say a word I saw Mr. Franklin, a little surprised, to all appearance, look up from me to Rosanna. Following his lead, I looked at the girl too. She was blushing of a deeper red than ever; seemingly at having caught Mr. Franklin's eye, and she turned and left us suddenly, in a confusion quite unaccountable to my mind, without either making her courtesy to the gentleman or saying a word to me—very unlike her usual self: a civiler and better-behaved servant, in general, you never met with.

"That's an odd girl," says Mr. Franklin. "I wonder what she sees in me to surprise her?"

"I suppose, Sir," I answered, drolling on our young gentleman's Continental education, "it's the varnish from foreign parts."

I set down here Mr. Franklin's careless question, and my foolish answer, as a consolation and encouragement to all stupid people—it being, as I have remarked, a great satisfaction to our inferior fellow-creatures to find that their betters are, on occasions, no brighter than they are. Neither Mr. Franklin, with his wonderful foreign training, nor I, with my age, experience, and natural mother-wit, had the ghost of an idea of what Rosanna Spearman's unaccountable behavior really meant. She was out of our thoughts, poor soul, before we had seen the last flutter of her little gray cloak among the sand-hills. And what of that? you will ask naturally enough. Read on, good friend, as patiently as you can, and perhaps you will be as sorry for Rosanna Spearman as I was, when I found out the truth.

CHAPTER V.

THE first thing I did, after we were left together alone, was to make a third attempt to get up from my seat on the sand. Mr. Franklin stopped me.

"There is one advantage about this horrid place," he said; "we have got it all to ourselves. Stay where you are, Betteredge; I have something to say to you."

While he was speaking I was looking at him, and trying to see something of the boy I remembered in the man before me. The man put me out. Look as I might I could see no more of his boy's rosy cheeks than his boy's trim little jacket. His complexion had got pale: his face, at the lower part, was covered, to my great surprise and disappointment, with a curly brown beard and mustaches. He had a lively touch-and-go way with him, very pleasant and engaging, I admit; but nothing to compare with his free-and-easy manners of other times. To make matters worse, he had promised to be tall, and had not kept his promise. He was neat, and slim, and well made; but he wasn't by an inch or two up to the middle height. In short, he baffled me altogether. The years that had passed had left nothing of his old self, except the bright, straightforward look in his eyes. There I found our nice boy again, and there I concluded to stop in my investigation.

"Welcome back to the old place, Mr. Franklin," I said. "All the more welcome, Sir, that you have come some hours before we expected you."

"I have a reason for coming before you expected me," answered Mr. Franklin. "I suspect, Betteredge, that I have been followed and watched in London for the last three or four days; and I have traveled by the morning instead of the afternoon train because I wanted to give a certain dark-looking stranger the slip."

Those words did more than surprise me. They brought back to my mind, in a flash, the three jugglers, and Penelope's notion that they meant some mischief to Mr. Franklin Blake.

"Who's watching you, Sir—and why?" I inquired.

"Tell me about the three Indians you have had at the house to-day," says Mr. Franklin, without noticing my question. "It's just possible, Betteredge, that my stranger and your three jugglers may turn out to be pieces of the same puzzle."

"How do you come to know about the jugglers, Sir?" I asked, putting one question on the top of another, which was bad manners, I own. But you don't expect much from poor human nature—so don't expect much from me.

"I saw Penelope at the house," says Mr. Franklin; "and Penelope told me. Your daughter promised to be a pretty girl, Betteredge, and she has kept her promise. Penelope has got a small ear and a small foot. Did the late Mrs. Betteredge possess those inestimable advantages?"

"The late Mrs. Betteredge possessed a good many defects, Sir," says I. "One of them (if you will pardon my mentioning it) was never keeping to the matter in hand. She was more like a fly than a woman: she couldn't settle on any thing."

"She would just have suited me," says Mr. Franklin. "I never settle on any thing either. Betteredge, your edge is better than ever. Your daughter said as much, when I asked for particulars about the jugglers. 'Father will tell you, Sir. He's a wonderful man for his age; and he expresses himself beautifully.' Penelope's own words—blushing divinely. Not even my respect for you prevented me from—never mind; I knew her when she was a child, and she's none the worse for it. Let's be serious. What did the jugglers do?"

I was something dissatisfied with my daughter—not for letting Mr. Franklin kiss her; Mr. Franklin was welcome to *that*—but for forcing me to tell her foolish story at second-hand. However, there was no help for it now but to mention the circumstances. Mr. Franklin's merriment all died away as I went on. He sat knitting his eyebrows and twisting his beard. When I had done, he repeated after me two of the questions which the chief juggler had put to the boy—seemingly for the purpose of fixing them well in his mind.

"'Is it on the road to this house, and on no other, that the English gentleman will pass by us to-day?' 'Has the English gentleman got it about him?' I suspect," says Mr. Franklin, pulling a little sealed paper parcel out of his pocket, "that 'It' means *this*. And 'this,' Betteredge, means my uncle Herncastle's famous Diamond."

"Good Lord, Sir!" I broke out, "how do you come to be in charge of the wicked Colonel's Diamond?"

"The wicked Colonel's will has left his Diamond as a birthday present to my cousin Rachel," says Mr. Franklin. "And my father, as the wicked Colonel's executor, has given it in charge to me to bring down here."

If the sea, then oozing in smoothly over the Shivering Sand, had been changed into dry land before my own eyes, I doubt if I could have been more surprised than I was when Mr. Franklin spoke those words.

"The Colonel's Diamond left to Miss Rachel!" says I. "And your father, Sir, the Colonel's executor! Why, I would have laid any bet you like, Mr. Franklin, that your father wouldn't have touched the Colonel with a pair of tongs!"

"Strong language, Betteredge! What was there against the Colonel? He belonged to your time, not to mine. Tell me what you know about him, and I'll tell you how my father came to be his executor, and more besides. I have made some discoveries in London about my uncle Herncastle and his Diamond, which have rather an ugly look to my eyes; and I want you to confirm them. You called him the 'wicked Colonel' just now. Search your memory, my old friend, and tell me why."

I saw he was in earnest, and I told him.

Here follows the substance of what I said, written out entirely for your benefit. Pay attention to it, or you will be all abroad, when we get deeper into the story. Clear your mind of the children, or the dinner, or the new bonnet, or what not. Try if you can't forget politics, horses, prices in the City, and grievances at the club. I hope you won't take this freedom on my part amiss; it's only a way I have of appealing to the gentle reader. Lord! haven't I seen you with the greatest authors in your hands, and don't I know how ready your attention is to wander when it's a book that asks for it, instead of a person?

I spoke, a little way back, of my lady's father, the old lord with the short temper and the long tongue. He had five children in all. Two sons to begin with; then, after a long time, his wife broke out breeding again, and the three young ladies came briskly one after the other, as fast as the nature of things would permit; my mistress, as before mentioned, being the youngest and best of the three. Of the two sons, the eldest, Arthur, inherited the title and estates. The second, the Honorable John, got a fine fortune left him by a relative, and went into the army.

It's an ill bird, they say, that fouls its own nest. I look on the noble family of the Herncastles as being my nest; and I shall take it as a favor if I am not expected to enter into particulars on the subject of the Honorable John. He was, I honestly believe, one of the greatest blackguards that ever lived. I can hardly say more or less for him than that. He went into the army, beginning in the Guards. He had to leave the Guards before he was two-and-twenty—never mind why. They are very strict in the army, and they were too strict for the Honorable John. He went out to India to see whether they were equally strict there, and to try a little active service. In the matter of bravery (to give him his due) he was a mixture of bull-dog and gamecock, with a dash of the savage. He was at the taking of Seringapatam. Soon afterward he changed into another regiment, and, in course of time, changed again into a third. In the third he got his last step as lieutenant-colonel, and, getting that, got also a sun-stroke, and came home to England.

He came back with a character that closed the doors of all his family against him, my lady (then just married) taking the lead, and declaring (with Sir John's approval, of course) that her brother should never enter any house of hers. There was more than one slur on the Colonel that made people shy of him; but the blot of the Diamond is all I need mention here.

It was said he had got possession of his Indian jewel by means which, bold as he was, he didn't dare acknowledge. He never attempted to sell it—not being in need of money, and not (to give him his due again) making money an object. He never gave it away; he never even showed it to any living soul. Some said he was afraid of its getting him into a difficulty with the military authorities; others (very ignorant indeed of the real nature of the man) said he was afraid, if he showed it, of its costing him his life.

There was perhaps a grain of truth mixed up with this last report. It was false to say that he was afraid; but it was a fact that his life had been twice threatened in India; and it was firmly believed that the Diamond was at the bottom of it. When he came back to England, and found himself avoided by every body, the Diamond was thought to be at the bottom of it again. The mystery of the Colonel's life got in the Colonel's way, and outlawed him, as you may say, among his own people. The men wouldn't let him into their clubs; the women—more than one—whom he wanted to marry, refused him; friends and relations got too near-sighted to see him in the street.

Some men in this mess would have tried to set themselves right with the world. But to give in, even when he was wrong, and had all society against him, was not the way of the Honorable John. He had kept the Diamond, in flat defiance of assassination, in India. He kept the Diamond, in flat defiance of public opinion, in England. There you have the portrait of the man before you, as in a picture: a character that braved every thing; and a face, handsome as it was, that looked possessed by the devil.

We heard different rumors about him from time to time. Sometimes they said he was given up to smoking opium, and collecting old books; sometimes he was reported to be trying strange things in chemistry; sometimes he was seen carousing and amusing himself among the lowest people in the lowest slums of London. Anyhow, a solitary, vicious, underground life was the life the Colonel led. Once, and once only, after his return to England, I myself saw him, face to face.

About two years before the time of which I am now writing, and about a year and a half before the time of his death, the Colonel came unexpectedly to my lady's house in London. It was the night of Miss Rachel's birthday, the twenty-first of June; and there was a party in honor of it, as usual. I received a message from the footman to say that a gentleman wanted to see me. Going up into the hall, there I found the Colonel, wasted, and worn, and old, and shabby, and as wild and as wicked as ever.

"Go up to my sister," says he; "and say that I have called to wish my niece many happy returns of the day."

He had made attempts by letter, more than once already, to be reconciled with my lady, for no other purpose, I am firmly persuaded, than to annoy her. But this was the first time he had actually come to the house. I had it on the tip of my tongue to say that my mistress had a party that night. But the devilish look of him daunted me. I went up stairs with his message, and left him, by his own desire, waiting in the hall. The servants stood staring at him, at a distance, as if he was a walking engine of destruction, loaded with powder and shot, and likely to go off among them at a moment's notice.

My lady has a dash—no more—of the family temper. "Tell Colonel Herncastle," she said, when I gave her her brother's message, "that Miss Verinder is engaged, and that *I* decline to see him." I tried to plead for a civiler answer than that; knowing the Colonel's constitutional superiority to the restraints which govern gentlemen in general. Quite useless! The family temper flashed out at me directly. "When I want your advice," says my lady, "you know that I always ask for it. I don't ask for it now." I went down stairs with the message, of which I took the liberty of presenting a new and amended edition of my own contriving, as follows: "My lady and Miss Rachel regret that they are engaged, Colonel; and beg to be excused having the honor of seeing you."

I expected him to break out, even at that polite way of putting it. To my surprise he did nothing of the sort; he alarmed me by taking the thing with an unnatural quiet. His eyes, of a glittering bright gray, just settled on me for a moment; and he laughed, not *out* of himself, like other people, but *into* himself, in a soft, chuckling, horridly mischievous way. "Thank you, Betteredge," he said. "I shall remember my niece's birthday." With that, he turned on his heel, and walked out of the house.

The next birthday came round, and we heard he was ill in bed. Six months afterward—that is to say, six months before the time I am now writing of—there came a letter from a highly respectable clergyman to my lady. It communicated two wonderful things in the way of family news. First, that the Colonel had forgiven his sister on his death-bed. Second, that he had forgiven every body else, and had made a most edifying end. I have myself (in spite of the bishops and the clergy) an unfeigned respect for the Church; but I am firmly persuaded, at the same time, that the devil remained in undisturbed possession of the Honorable John, and that the last abominable act in the life of that abominable man was (saving your presence) to take the clergyman in!

This was the sum total of what I had to tell Mr. Franklin. I remarked that he listened more and more eagerly the longer I went on. Also, that the story of the Colonel being sent away from his sister's door, on the occasion of his niece's birthday, seemed to strike Mr. Franklin like a shot that had hit the mark. Though he didn't acknowledge it, I saw that I had made him uneasy, plainly enough, in his face.

"You have said your say, Betteredge," he remarked. "It's my turn now. Before, however, I tell you what discoveries I have made in London, and how I come to be mixed up in this matter of the Diamond, I want to know one thing. You look, my old friend, as if you didn't quite understand the object to be answered by this consultation of ours. Do your looks belie you?"

"No, Sir," I said. "My looks, on this occasion at any rate, tell the truth."

"In that case," says Mr. Franklin, "suppose I put you up to my point of view before we go any further. I see three very serious questions involved in the Colonel's birthday-gift to my cousin Rachel. Follow me carefully, Betteredge; and count me off on your fingers, if it will help you," says Mr. Franklin, with a certain pleasure in showing how clear-headed he could be, which reminded me wonderfully of old times when he was a boy. "Question the first: Was the Colonel's Diamond the object of a conspiracy in India? Question the second: Has the conspiracy followed the Colonel's Diamond to En-

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friendly greeting, conducted me into his little sanctum behind the dispensary. Here we were seated together for some time, talking over former times and old acquaintances. I found that he had retired from the service about twenty years since, possessed of some little money; that he had afterward married, and had settled in the locality I found him in; that a year after his marriage he had had the misfortune to lose his wife, who died in giving birth to a daughter, and that he had ever since remained a widower; that his daughter had married a short time before, his son-in-law being now his partner; and that they had a very good substantial practice, and were much respected by their patients.

During our conversation the doctor suddenly asked me how I had contrived to find him out. I told him that I had discovered his address by means of the Medical Directory, and that I had been induced to look for his name in consequence of his coming so vividly to my mind the evening before. In narrating the circumstances I reminded him that it was on the evening of that party I had had the pleasure of first making his acquaintance.

"You quite surprise me," he said; "I had not the slightest recollection of that. But now that you mention it I think I can remember something about it. Was it not in a house at —— Street?" he asked.

I replied that it was.

"How very singular!" he remarked; "though I had completely forgotten not only the party, but even the name of the person who gave it, I now begin to remember both perfectly."

I mentioned his dispute with the old lady about the words of the song. Leaning his head back in his chair, and placing his hands before his eyes, he remained for some moments silent.

"How extraordinary!" he said, at last. "I begin now to remember both the girl and her grandmother."

We went on in this way talking over the occurrences of the party, each endeavoring to assist the other on points in which our memories failed. At last Macron said:

"You are not the only person to whom I was introduced that evening for the first time. I also made the acquaintance of that tall precise fellow, Murdoch, the solicitor, who, by-the-by, became a very good patient of mine afterward."

"I forget him entirely," I said.

"Surely not; if you think for a moment," replied Macron, "you must remember him. He was a tall, gaunt man, about fifty years of age, and exceedingly reserved in his manner."

After a moment's reflection I easily recalled, not only the figure of the man, but even the peculiarities of his dress. He was tall and angular, with large hands and feet. He wore an enormous white cravat, and a long white shirt-frill. He had on a blue coat, with brass buttons, black pantaloons, fitting tight to his legs, and fastened at the ankle with ribbons, displaying to still greater advantage the enormous size of his foot.

We now began to speak of our old Indian acquaintances, and among others of poor Thornton, whose late history I found was totally unknown to Macron. He listened with great interest and evident sympathy to my narrative.

"I had really a deep respect for him," he said, "and a greater still for his wife. What does the poor thing intend to do?"

"Really I do not know," I replied. "She has the world before her where to choose; and that is all that can be said. What little I can do to help her I will do with pleasure; but I fear that will not be much."

"But do you really believe," said Macron, "that Thornton's father ever had legal possession of the estate?"

"I have no reason to doubt it," I replied; "and Mrs. Thornton herself seems certain that the deeds had been some days in her husband's possession before he left England for India."

"That is singular," said Macron. "I sincerely pity the poor lady. If that old solicitor had been alive, he might have thrown some light upon the matter."

"What had Murdoch to do with it?" I inquired, somewhat puzzled at the remark.

"I do not know whether he was Mr. Thornton's solicitor: I believe he was, by-the-by. I know they were intimately acquainted, and had business transactions together."

"Are you sure they were intimately acquainted?"

"Perfectly sure. As I told you before, Murdoch was, during the latter part of his life, a patient of mine, and I had to attend him at his own house in Bloomsbury—where, by-the-way, he also had his office—generally once or twice a week, for about a year before his death; and I used to hear old Thornton's name mentioned there. But I have forgotten pretty well about it. It is a long time ago now. Old Murdoch must have been dead at least fifteen years. If you think I can do any thing for the widow," continued Macron, "pray tell me. As you may imagine, I have not very much in my power. But you remember the old fable of the mouse and the lion caught in the hunter's net. I might be useful in getting her children out into the world for her."

I promised Macron that I would certainly make him useful if I could; and after a little more conversation we parted, determining that for the future we should keep up our acquaintance.

Next morning, as I was on the point of leaving my hotel to pay Mrs. Thornton a visit, I met Dr. Macron at the door.

"I am glad I caught you," he said, "for I very much wished to have a chat with you."

I immediately led him back to the coffee-room; and having got seated at one of the tables pretty well apart from the other company, he told me that the description I had given him of the misfortunes of the Thornton family had touched him so much that he had been unable to drive it from his mind. "I am afraid," he continued, "that you will fancy I am wasting your time on a very fruitless errand; but as I know you feel deeply for the poor widow and her family, I am sure you will excuse me even should my visit lead to nothing. I told you yesterday that I was certain Mr. Murdoch, the solicitor, had been mixed up in some way with old Mr. Thornton's affairs. After I retired to bed a circumstance bearing on the subject, which I had utterly forgotten, came to my mind. Some sixteen ago, when I was attending Murdoch, who was suffering from a sharp attack of gout, I remember that he had a violent dispute with his grandson, a boy about fourteen years of age. Murdoch at the time was seated in the room on the first-floor of his house in Bloomsbury. He had given the lad orders to tie up some deeds carefully in brown paper, and label them. The lad obeyed; but I was surprised to see that on his presenting the packet to his grandfather, he was rewarded with a sound box on the ear. It appeared that the poor boy, in writing the name on the packet, had blotted the paper, and that his grandfather, who was most precise in all things, had lost his temper at the blunder. I endeavored to make peace between them, but for some time with scant success. Murdoch pointing out the ink-blot to me in excuse for his violence to the boy.

"As I reflected on the circumstances my memory by degrees brought back to me the whole details connected with the affair. I clearly remembered the room, with its tin boxes ranged round the walls, the small collection of law books in dull yellow bindings, the table covered with papers, and the easy-chair where sat the gouty old man. Even the paper parcel which had caused the dispute came before me, as plainly as the day when the affair occurred.

"For some minutes I was lost in wonder at the retentiveness of memory. The vision of the blotted packet before my eyes the while, I thought I could remember the words, 'Mr. Thornton's deeds,' written on it. Whether this was really the case or only a freak of the imagination I can not say. Very possibly you may smile at my folly, but I could not help thinking that no mischief would be done by my informing you of it."

"It is not likely that I shall smile at your statement," I replied, "for so far from considering it improbable that you remember the written words correctly, I think it is extremely likely. The memory plays stranger freaks with us every day, but so frequent are these phenomena that we take no account of them, although they are well worthy of the most careful consideration. But, candidly, though we assume your memory to be correct, I do not see how the recollection can benefit poor Mrs. Thornton. If I understand you, Murdoch has been dead for many years."

"Yes, but his grandson is still alive; and it is probable he would still remember the whole circumstances from the blow he then received."

"Can we find him?"

"Yes, easily. He is now a clerk in one of the city banks."

I proposed to Macron that we should immediately call upon him. To this he readily assented, and we at once set out together. We found young Murdoch in the office, and he conducted us into a private room. Macron commenced the conversation by asking him whether he recollected a certain day when, in his grandfather's office, he received a box on the ear for making a blot on a label he had written?

"Remember it!" he said, laughing; "yes, I should think I do; and with good cause, too, for my ear tingled for the next four-and-twenty hours after it. The annoyance was the greater to me from your being present. I felt hurt, for my dignity was wounded, although you were kind enough to attempt to make peace between us. Every circumstance connected with the transaction is now as fresh in my memory as on the day it occurred."

"Do you remember what deeds the parcel contained?" inquired the doctor.

"Perfectly well; they belonged to a gentleman named Thornton, and related to a freehold estate he had purchased."

"Do you know what was done with the deeds?"

"They were to be lodged with a banker in Wales, but I forget his name now. Mr. Thornton had agreed to purchase some iron-works there, but not having sufficient ready money of his own at the time he borrowed a portion of it from the bankers on his note of hand, and the deeds were to be lodged with them as an equitable collateral security."

"And how did the affair terminate?" inquired Macron.

"Well, I can not tell you that correctly," Mr. Murdoch replied. "The iron-works, I know, were a dead failure, and it was said that the loss caused the attack of paralysis that killed Mr. Thornton. I have some idea that Thornton took up the bill before it became due; but even of that I am not quite certain."

We conversed a short time longer with Mr. Murdoch, but without obtaining from him any further information of any value. When we quitted the bank I bade Macron adieu, thanking him for the trouble he had taken, and I then called on Mrs. Thornton. Without informing her of my reason for calling, I drew from her the name and address of the solicitor who had conducted the Chancery suit for her husband, and after I had quitted her, I went direct to his office, and fortunately found him at home. He listened to me with great attention, and with evident sympathy. When I had concluded, he said: "It will give me immense satisfaction if I can discover the deeds, not only for the poor widow's sake, but also because I have always been under a powerful impression that they existed, and had only been mislaid. I will immediately set about the search, and if I find them, it will give me more satisfaction than any cause I ever gained."

The remainder is soon told. The solicitor succeeded in finding the deeds. The bankers had afterward become bankrupt, and all their papers had been lodged with the solicitors of the assignees. In their possession the deeds were found among some old papers. In the mean time not a word was spoken on the subject to Mrs. Thornton till the documents were in the hands of her solicitor, and on New-Year's Day I had the pleasure of accompanying him to her house to convey to her the joyful intelligence that in a short time she would again be restored to a state of affluence.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

As a worthy divine and a broad-thinking doctor were discussing about the "Essays and Reviews," some doubts were raised whether Eve was formed from a "bone," when a poetical lady remarked: "Well, if Eve were so formed, it must have been from the Bone of Contention."

"What do you call this?" said Mr. Jones Smith, gently tapping his breakfast with his fork. "Call it?" snarled the landlady, "what do you call it?" "Well, really," said Smith, "I don't know. There is not hair enough in it for mortar, but there is entirely too much if it is intended for hash!"

A DRY REMARK—"Let's liquor."

THE CHRISTMAS BATTLE.

1. Daybreak—The Charge of Light Infantry.

2. Reconnoissance in Force—"The Turkey is there."

3. Determined Attack on Fort Turkey.

4. Mince-Pie Works carried by Storm.

5. The Retreat by Night—The Foe retires.

6. Night after the Battle.

An Irishman called at a country book-store to purchase a steel pen. The clerk handed him one, and after examining it a moment he threw it down, declaring that he didn't want to be cheated in that manner. The clerk picked it up, and asked, "What is the matter with it?"

"It's broke," said the man; "I want a whole one, or I'll not pay ye for it."

The clerk assured him that it was whole, and a good one, but was effectually silenced by the Irishman, who pointing out its defect, exclaimed:

"An will yez be afther calling that a whole one? Don't you see it's *split*?"

WANTED.

A bride who is willing to commence housekeeping in the same style in which her parents began.

Twenty fashionable young ladies who dare to be seen wielding a dust-brush, or darning their brother's stockings, if a gentleman should happen to make an early call.

Ten independent young ladies of "good families," who dare to wear their last winter's bonnets to church on a fine Sunday.

Fifteen young ladies of sufficient age to go into company, who dare confess they ever made a loaf of bread or a pudding.

A friend of Lady Morgan's was once denouncing a certain Bishop, and concluded a violent philippic by declaring that his lordship was so heretical in church observances that he would "eat a horse on Ash-Wednesday!" "Of course he would," said Lady Morgan—"of course he would, if it was a *fast* horse!"

The first thing a hen says to her brood, and not the last thing a child says to his father—"Shell out!"

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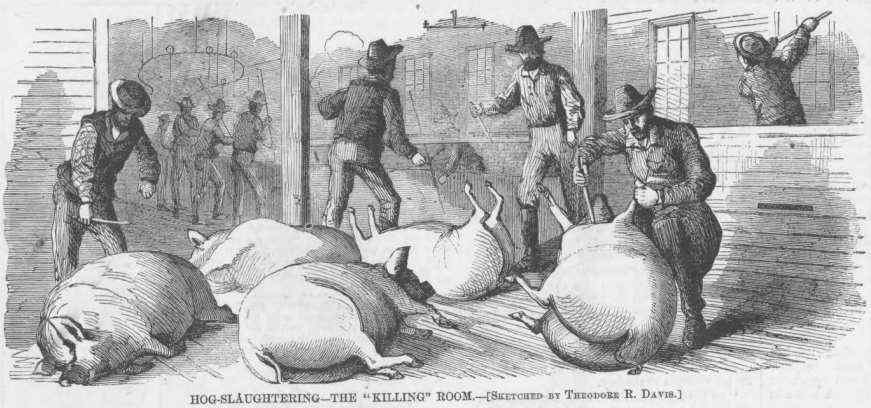
PORK-PACKING IN CINCINNATI.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, delights to call herself the "Queen City of the West;" her rival neighbors of Louisville, Pittsburg, Chicago, and St. Louis, take great pleasure in sneeringly calling her "Porkopolis." The "nickname" has grown of late years to be a boast of the city, for it has grown to be expressive of the fact that the Queen City is the greatest pork-packing centre in the country. Here over half a million hogs are slaughtered and packed annually; the number of establishments engaged in the trade can not be named, and the revenue derived from its profits is incalculable. It was very natural that in the pork-houses of this city our artist should find employment for his pen and pencil. Accompanying his sketches, which we give on this page, came the following descriptive article:

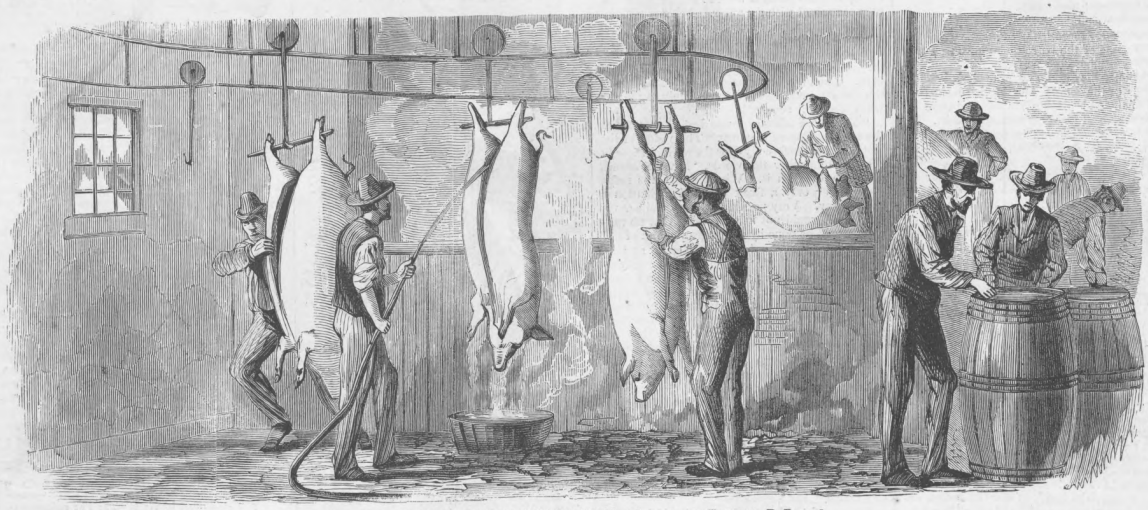


HOG-SLAUGHTERING—THE "KILLING" ROOM.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

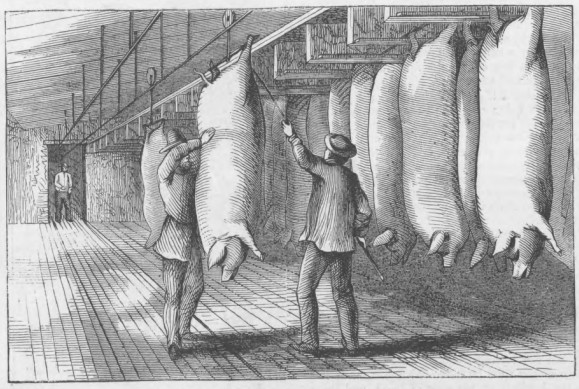
The killing is done on the second-floor, to which the hogs ascend by means of an inclined walk. Entering a pen at the top of this walk, they are unceremoniously knocked on the head with a hammer in the hands of a person who "never fails to bring 'em down at the first clip." From this pen they go to the sticking-floor, when a knife is intruded down the windpipe into the heart. In a moment they are thrown into a vat of scalding water, where the carcass remains only a sufficient length of time to permit the bristles to be removed easily, when an iron cradle lifts it to a table, where two men await its arrival for the purpose of removing the bristles on the back. They then pass the hog on, two other men remove certain other portions of the hair. Thus the hog rolls to the end of the table remote from the scalding-vat, where it arrives in a completely denuded state. Here a gambrel is inserted in the hocks of the hind-legs; the gambrel is placed in a socket suspended from a wheel on a track above; the hog is rolled from the table; its weight bears it to the presence of a stalwart negro, who removes the entrails and lays the hog open with three or four strokes of his knife. The hog swings further on; another man drenches it with a flood of water from a hose-pipe. From this person the carcass goes down a track to the hanging-room, where it is left for cooling. From the entrance of the pen to the cooling-room—or from "hog to pork"—is a journey of two and a half minutes' duration.

The cutting-room is furnished with huge blocks of wood, on which the carcass is placed when cool. A single blow severs the head, another the hams. The hams pass to a person dextrous in the use of the knife, who trims the hams with a certainty and skill that seem astonishing. The back-bone is cut out, and the sides separated into "chunks." The pork slides to the cellar, the hams ascend to an upper floor, and the refuse are carried to a huge boiler, which, when full, is closed, and a jet of steam intruded, which reduces the entire mass to a pulp, from which the fat is pressed for lard. The hams are prepared and placed in hogsheads, where they lie in pickle for a certain length of time before going to the smoke-house.

The cellar is filled with pork, carefully salted and piled. In the cellar shown in the sketch was piled more than three million pounds of pork. The killing season lasts from November until March. During this period the pork-packing establishments in Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, and other Western States are kept almost continuously busy, and from two and a half to three millions of hogs are slaughtered and packed.



HOG-SLAUGHTERING—THE "GUTTING" ROOM.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

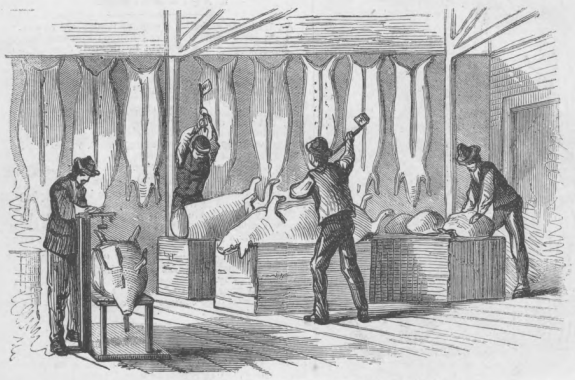


HOG-SLAUGHTERING—THE "COOLING" ROOM.

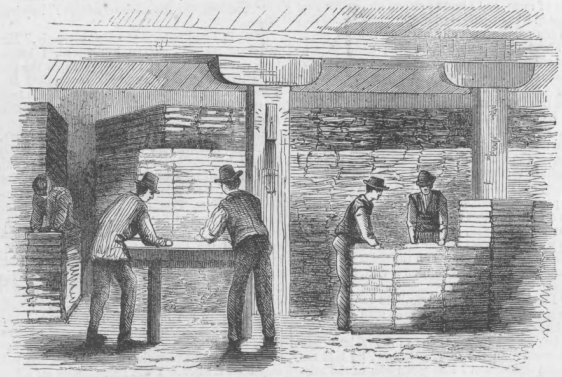
HENRY KEEP.

IT is one of the generally-accepted fallacies promulgated by SHAKSPEARE that "some men are born great;" it is very true, as he asserts, that "some have greatness thrust upon them," but it is never by the accident of birth; and in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred greatness is *achieved* by hard, earnest labor and thought. There is certainly "a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;" but SHAKSPEARE knew well, when he wrote the words and painted the sad results of an omission to seize such an opportunity, that that same tidal wave was to be ridden only by the bold swimmer who knew when to take it. And that is a part of the art of swimming in life which can not be imparted; it is only learned of experience. And thus it happens that the really great, the truly successful men of our country have been self-taught and self-made.

HENRY KEEP, whose portrait adorns page 29 of the *Weekly*, is one of these self-made men. He has made himself prominent and powerful among the financiers of the country. "He is great," said the philosopher, "who causes two blades of grass to spring up where only one grew before;" and the philosopher is right. He, too, is great who helps in other respects to make the wilder-



HOG-SLAUGHTERING—THE "CUTTING" ROOM.



HOG-SLAUGHTERING—THE "SALTING" CELLAR.

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ness blossom like the rose, who with a liberal use of material means urges on the advance-guard of civilization through regions that only yesterday were the domain of the savage—who levels the forest, digs canals, builds railroads, provides employment for the laborer, and in a thousand other ways diffuses wealth wherever wealth is needed to develop the resources of a young country. Commodore VANDERBILT, GEORGE LAW, and DANIEL DREW, as we have had former occasions to show, are recognized types of this kind of greatness. These men have so distributed, and are now so distributing, their wealth as in some sense to make the entire country a participant. They are kings in the largest acceptation of the term—railroad kings, steamboat kings, money kings—yet using their more than monarchical power to promote in various ways the public good. HENRY KEEP, from beginnings quite as humble as those of VANDERBILT, or DREW, or LAW, has risen to a position equally conspicuous.

One of the most successful men in Wall Street, and for years past at the head of one of the greatest Transportation Companies in the world, relates that he was born in the boot of a stage; JOHN JACOB ASTOR was born, one might say, in a butcher's stall; "CORNEIL the boatman" (now "CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, the railroad king") was born if not in, at least heir to, a Staten Island ferry-boat (and a very small beginning that was seventy-three years ago); the "steamboat king," DANIEL DREW, began life as a cattle-drover. HENRY KEEP appears to have been born in the poor-house, and to have begun life as a runaway apprentice. He was born in Adams, Jefferson County, New York, on June 22, 1818. His mother

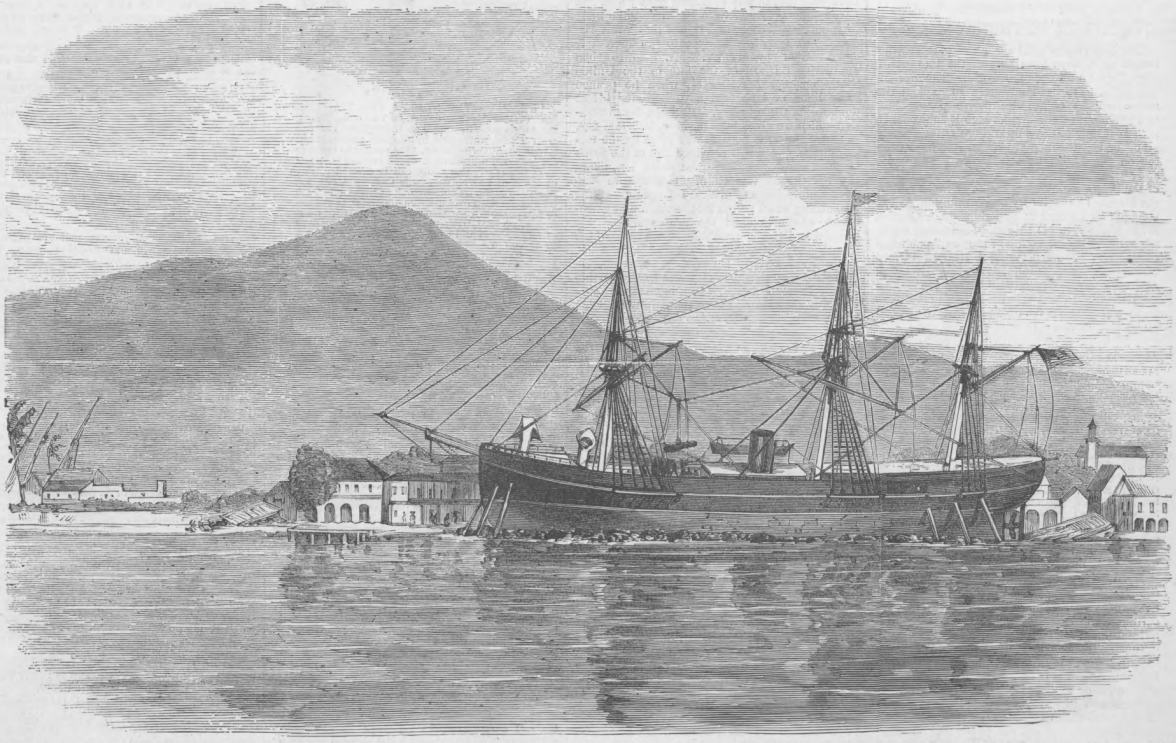
HENRY KEEP, THE WALL STREET FINANCIER.

died when he was in his infancy; his father had none of this world's goods, and the son was taken in charge by the poor officers of the county and apprenticed at the age of twelve to JOSEPH and EUNICE GRUMMONDS. His life for five years with his protectors not suiting him, he ran away at seventeen and went to Rochester, whereupon the GRUMMONDS announced the momentous fact by placing on record, in the columns of the Sackett's Harbor *North American*, the following advertisement, adorned with the cut of a "runaway boy" so frequently seen in Southern papers a few years ago, but now haply out of use:

RUN away from the Subscriber, HENRY KEEP, an indentured Apprentice. All persons are forbid trusting him on my account, as I shall pay no debts of his contracting.

J. GRUMMONDS.

"All persons" did not forbear "trusting him," however, at least on his own account, for it was not long before he obtained a "situation" on the canal "to drive the horse along the tow-path." After that we hear of him figuring as a team-driver for a Mr. JOHN G. TELLER. His careful habits soon enabled him to accumulate a small capital, and with the true intuition of genius he conceived the idea of transferring his talents from bucolic pursuits and team-driving to the loftier yet riskier realms of finance. From 1837 to 1840 he was engaged as an Exchange broker and dealer in uncurrent money, and in this business he met with great success. At a later period he established the "Potsdam Bank," the "Union Bank," "Henry Keep's Bank," and other monetary institutions in Central and Western New York. In 1854, or thereabout, he removed to New York city and began operations in Wall



THE TORNADO IN THE WEST INDIES—POSITION OF THE U. S. STEAMER "MONONGAHELA" AT ST. CROIX.—SKETCHED BY JOHN E. C. PETERSON.—[SEE PAGE 30.]

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Street. Walking one day into the counting-room of the well-known firm of LOCKWOOD & Co., he said, with characteristic bluntness:

"Sir, every concern that I have done business with has broken; do you think you can stand me?"

LOCKWOOD & Co. liked the man's frankness, and they agreed to "stand him."

Our great railroad system at that time was experiencing the disastrous effects of improvident management. In the autumn of 1859 Cleveland and Toledo, for example, was selling in the market at as low a figure as 16. The "infirmity of this concern" (as DANIEL O'CONNELL would have said if he had known any thing about it) was KEEP's opportunity, and he lost no time in improving it. He succeeded in having the road placed under his sole control; and under his management it was brought out of the Slough of Despond, and to-day its shares are selling at 100 @ 102 ex-dividend. He next took Michigan Southern in hand. This road at the time was about to pass into the hands of receivers, and its shares were quoted at five cents on the dollar. As soon as he obtained control of its affairs it experienced a new lease of prosperity, so much so that the stock to-day is quoted at 77, while the road itself, from one of the worst, is now one of the best equipped in the whole country.

Mr. KEEP's shrewd business foresight was exhibited about this time as conspicuously in real estate as in railroad speculations. In connection with another capitalist he became the purchaser of the well-known "Brick Church property" at what, in those days, was considered an extravagant price; but whoever looks at the magnificent buildings which to-day adorn its site need not be informed that, with the subsequent rapid appreciation of values, the purchase proved a princely investment.

The next noteworthy incident in Mr. KEEP's career was the famous contest for the control of the New York Central Railroad, the details of which must be familiar to such of our readers as take an interest in Wall Street affairs. On the 12th of December, 1866, after an exciting contest KEEP was elected President of that wealthy corporation; and that office he retained until certain arrangements were made, of a character to confer on the Central various important business advantages, when, being desirous of devoting more time to his private affairs, he voluntarily resigned the position. A few months later he was unanimously elected President of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, one of the most important lines in the West.

How all these results were brought about, how many days and nights it necessitated of earnest consultation and close calculation, how many nice combinations had to be formed, not only here, but on the other side of the Atlantic, it is not our purpose to dwell upon; and yet, if these could be all written out, we should have an example of unwearying vigilance, intelligent energy, and far-seeing sagacity of which the annals of business life, even in these days of restless activity, furnish but few parallels. Mr. KEEP is a man of but few words; he was never known to break faith with his fellow-men; in all his dealings he is straightforward; and wide as has been the scope of his financial enterprise his integrity has never been impeached.

THE LATE TORNADOES.

THE late very general movement of the earth's bowels appears to have excited the interest of scientific men all over the world. Theories innumerable have been advanced to explain the natural causes of the destructive phenomena, and to show why the human race is subjected to such agencies. It is a little singular that nearly all of the learned men of Europe who have written on the subject have had occasion to quote and adopt the theories and accept the arguments of the chief scientific institution of this country, the National Observatory at Washington, as expounded by its former Superintendent, Captain M. F. MAURY, in his able and fascinating work, the "Physical Geography of the Sea," published many years ago by HARPER & BROTHERS, and now a standard work in all countries. RICHARD A. PROCTOR has expressed the most popular of these theories in regard to the causes of the West India tornadoes in the following brief and comprehensive extract:

In the West Indies cyclones occur principally in August and September, when the southeast monsoons are at their height. At the same season the African southwesterly monsoons are blowing. Accordingly there are two sets of winds, both blowing heavily and steadily from the Atlantic, disturbing the atmospheric equilibrium, and thus in all probability generating the great West India hurricanes. The storms thus arising show their force first at a distance of about six or seven hundred miles from the equator, and far to the east of the region in which they attain their greatest fury. They sweep with a northwesterly course to the Gulf of Mexico, pass thence northward, and so to the northeast, sweeping in a wide curve, resembling the letter U placed thus ∪, around the West Indian Seas, and thence traveling across the Atlantic, generally expending their fury before they reach the shores of Western Europe. This course is known as the storm-track.

But we have less to do with expounding the theories than in relating some of the effects of these tornadoes. When one remembers that the earthquake which devastated Sicily in 1693 killed at least one hundred thousand persons, and that during the two earthquakes at Antioch, in 526 and 612, over three hundred thousand persons miserably perished, it is difficult to understand that a great many more persons have perished from cyclones and tornadoes. Yet such is the case. In the gale of August, 1782, all the trophies of Lord RODNEY's victory, except the *Ardent*, were destroyed, two British ships of the line foundered at sea, numbers of merchantmen under Admiral GRAVES's convoy were wrecked, and at sea alone three thousand lives were lost.

Quite recently a storm far more destructive than this swept over the Bay of Bengal. In the great gale of October, 1864, all the ships in the harbor at Calcutta were swept from their anchorage, and driven one upon another in inextricable confusion. Fearful as was the loss of life and property in Calcutta harbor the destruction on land was greater. A vast wave swept for miles over the surrounding country, embankments were destroyed, and whole villages, with their inhabitants, swept away. Fifty thousand souls, it is believed, perished in this fearful hurricane.

The suddenness with which a true tornado works destruction was strikingly exemplified in the wreck of the steamship *San Francisco*. She was assailed by an extra-tropical tornado when about three hundred miles from Sandy Hook, on December 24, 1853. In a few moments she was a complete wreck! The wide range of a tornado's destructiveness is shown by this, that Colonel REID examined one along whose track no less than one hundred and ten ships were wrecked, crippled, or dismasted.

There occur land-storms, also, of a cyclonic character in the valley of the Mississippi. "I have often observed the paths of such storms," says MAURY, "through the forests of the Mississippi. There the track of these tornadoes is called a 'wind-road,' because they make an avenue through the wood straight along, and as clear of trees as if the old denizens of the forest had been cleared with an axe. I have seen trees three or four feet in diameter torn up by the roots, and the top, with its limbs, lying next the hole whence the root came."

"The southern points of America and Africa have won for themselves," says MAURY, "the name of 'the stormy capes,' but there is not a storm-fiend in the wide ocean can out-top that which rages along the Atlantic coasts of North America. The China seas and the North Pacific may vie in the fury of their gales with this part of the Atlantic, but Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope can not equal them, certainly in frequency, nor do I believe, in fury." We read of a West Indian storm so violent that "it forced the Gulf Stream back to its sources, and piled up the water to a height of thirty feet in the Gulf of Mexico. The ship *Ledbury Snow* attempted to ride out the storm. When it abated, she found herself high up on the dry land, and discovered that she had let go her anchor among the tree-tops on Elliott's Key."

In the great hurricane of 1780, which commenced at Barbadoes and swept across the whole breadth of the North Atlantic, fifty sail were driven ashore at the Bermudas, two line-of-battle ships went down at sea, and upward of twenty thousand persons lost their lives on the land. So tremendous was the force of this hurricane (Captain MAURY tells us) that "the bark was blown from the trees, and the fruits of the earth destroyed; the very bottom and depths of the sea were uprooted; forts and castles were washed away, and their great guns carried in the air like chaff; houses were razed, ships wrecked; and the bodies of men and beasts lifted up in the air, and dashed to pieces in the storm."

Mr. PROCTOR, in quoting this last statement from MAURY, adds that it must be accepted with many grains of allowance. He remembers to have read that in this hurricane guns which had long lain under water were washed up like mere drift upon the beach, and thinks that "this circumstance grew gradually into the incredible story related" by MAURY. Mr. PROCTOR had not perhaps heard of the fate of the United States steamer *Monongahela* when he penned these lines, or he would have hesitated before doubting MAURY's story. Perhaps the illustration which we give of the position, high and dry, to which the *Monongahela* was lifted by the tornado at St. Croix will convince him of the possibility of great guns and great ships, too, flying through the air like chaff. Commodore BISSELL's official report gives a full account of the astonishing effect of the late tornado and earthquake which wrecked the *Monongahela*. He states that a violent trembling of the ship, which was the first intimation the crew had of danger, "lasted some thirty seconds, and immediately afterward the water was observed to be receding rapidly from the beach. In a moment the current was changed and bore the ship toward the beach, carrying out the entire cable and drawing the bolts from the kelson, without the slightest effect in checking her terrific speed toward the beach. Another anchor was ordered to be let go, but in a few seconds she was in too shoal water for this to avail. When within a few yards of the beach the reflux of the water checked her speed for a moment, and a light breeze from the land gave a momentary hope that the jib and foretop-mast stay-sail might pay her head off shore, so that in the reflux of the wave she might reach waters sufficiently deep to float her, and then be brought up by the other anchor. These sails were immediately set, and she payed off so as to bring her broadside to the beach. When the sea returned in the form of a wall of water, twenty-five or thirty feet high, it carried us over the warehouses into the first street of the town. This wave, in receding, took her back toward the beach, and left her nearly perpendicular on the edge of a coral reef, where she keeled over to an angle of fifteen degrees. All this was the work of a few moments only, and soon after the waters of the bay subsided into their naturally tranquil state, leaving us high and dry upon the beach. Gentlemen looking at the ship from shore declare that the bottom of the bay was visible where there was before, and as now, forty fathoms of water."

Our illustration of the vessel as she lies on the beach is from the pencil of Mr. JOHN E. C. PETERSON, and the original sketch was made a few days after the disaster.

No. 25 *Maiden Lane*, }
New York, Dec. 14, 1867. }

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C. W. SMITH, Lieut. U. S. N.

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POST HOSPITAL, BARRANCAS, FLA., October 16, 1867.

C. E. Collins & Co.:

GENTS,—I have this day received the Watch which you mailed on the 10th. I was much pleased with the appearance of the case. You will receive more orders from me or through me. It looks as well as the one I paid $175 for. Yours, &c., THOS. A. HOPKINS.

GRENADA, MISS., October 7, 1867.

Messrs. Collins & Co.:

The watch came safely to hand to-day. I am astonished at the complete workmanship of the watch. I shall take pride in circulating the new discovery. Also I wish you to forward me your inducements, if any, for the sale of said watches. Also send me two others of the same stamp. Very respectfully, &c.,

J. D. SUTLIFF, Q. M. Serg't, Co. B, 34th U. S. Inf.

OFFICE OF THE QUINCY R. R. BRIDGE CO., QUINCY, ILL., October 9, 1867.

To Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.:

DEAR SIRS,—Your composition watch arrived safe to hand this day, per United States Express. It pleases me very well. I have shown it to my friends and neighbors, who are much pleased with it, and will in a few days send you on further orders. It greatly exceeds my expectations in every respect. Yours truly,

CHAS. JAS. THOMAS, Quincy Bridge Co.

135 BANK STREET, CLEVELAND, OHIO, November 4, 1867.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.:

SIRS,—I received the Watches on the 30th of October. Please send me two more, the same kind you sent me to Akron. I sold one of them for $40 cash in one hour after I got it out of the express office: it was the one that had the most carved work on. Please send the same, lady's size, as soon as possible. I have had eight in all. I shall be in Cleveland this winter, and I think I can sell a number of them.

Truly yours, GEO. SMITH.

P. S.—Please send me two Oroide Watches, lady's size, and oblige yours, G. S.

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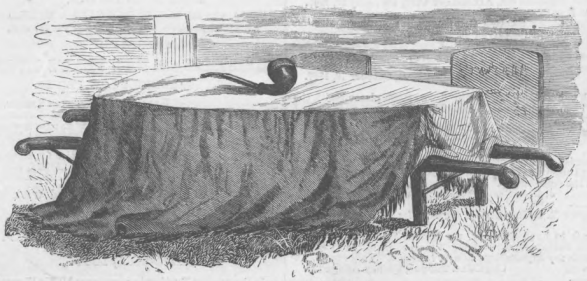

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XII.—No. 577.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1868, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

THE FENIAN "GUNPOWDER TREASON."

ENGLAND continues to be terribly excited and frightened over her new and very much enlarged version of the GUY FAWKES gunpowder-plot, and the English press seems to think there is reason

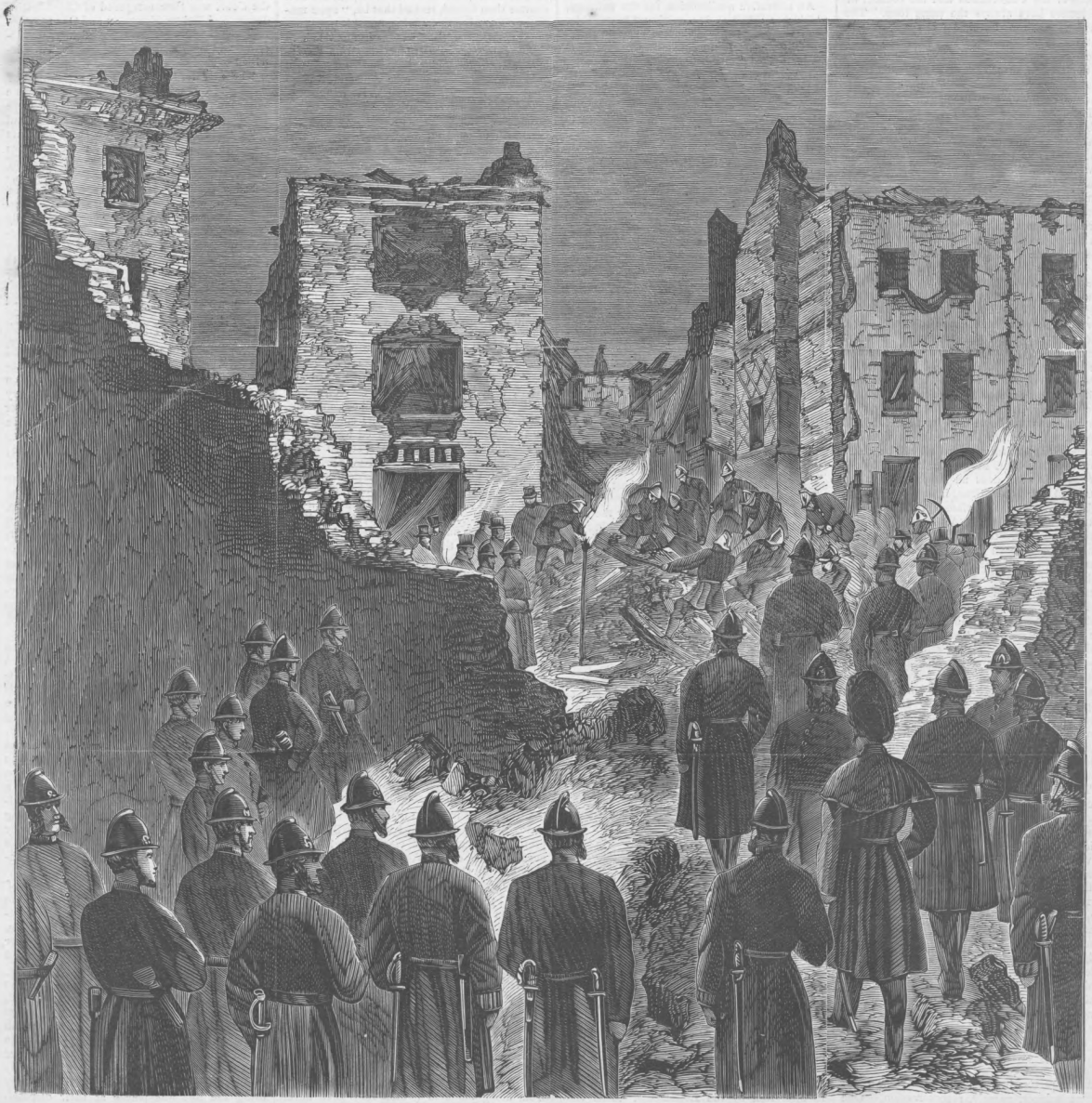
"Why gunpowder treason
And Guy Fawkes plot
Should not be forgot."

England has not had for many years so thorough an excitement as has resulted from the explosions at the Clerkenwell prison, at Millbank, and at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and other places noticed in our former issues. Subsequently a powder mill at Faversham, near London, was blown up, and as the cause of the disaster, like that at Newcastle, was unknown it was at once attributed, like the other, to the Fenians. After using the general post-offices of the kingdom to distribute their destructive torpedoes, which however failed to kill any one, the Fenians are now reported as endeavoring to destroy the post-offices by means of Greek fire—another decided failure. No further explosions than those named have occurred; but a number of mysterious Fenians are reported to have attacked and carried a Martello tower near Cork, and carried off a large supply of arms.

Our previous reports have been entirely by telegraph, and have been very unsatisfactory. We are now beginning to receive the illustrated accounts of the several explosions which occurred. We give on this page an illustration of the first of the explosions, that at Clerkenwell prison, in which RICHARD BURKE and JOSEPH CASEY were confined. Our illustration shows the ruin of the prison wall immediately after the occurrence of the explosion, with the police in possession engaged in guarding the breach in the wall and in removing the rubbish.

The effect of the explosion was to blow in a triangular section of the prison wall of about 20 feet at the base by 60 feet or 70 feet at the summit; to utterly destroy the house immediately opposite, burying all within it under the ruins; to demolish a great part of many other houses right and left and immediately in the rear, wounding fifty of the inhabitants; and to fill the whole lane with heaps of bricks from the prison wall.

DESMOND and ALLEN, who were arrested charged with placing and firing the barrel of gunpowder, were examined in London on January 3, and the evidence was by no means satisfactory or conclusive of their guilt. The examination



RUINS OF THE WALL OF CLERKENWELL PRISON, LONDON, IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE EXPLOSION.

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was adjourned, but so strong was the feeling against the Fenians that, although nothing was proven against them, the prisoners were not discharged.

The head-quarters of the Fenians, in Paris, France, were lately seized by the French police. A large quantity of letters and documents, revealing the plans of the organization for the destruction of the British fleet in the Channel, were secured. Lord STRATHNAIRN, the commander-in-chief of the British army in Ireland, was in extraordinary activity against a Fenian movement. His precautions were mainly directed to the counties of the south and the west coast of the island, where a revolutionary "landing" was looked for. On January 3 a body of daring Fenians entered the magazine at Cork and carried away half a ton of powder before the eyes of the astonished guards. In view of the disrupted state of Ireland the clergy of the city of Limerick have signed a document declaring that there can be no permanent peace in Ireland unless it is treated as Hungary has lately been by Austria. It will hardly be gratifying to England to have Austria held up as a model for her.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1868.

THE POLITICAL ISSUE OF 1868.

FROM time to time there is a Convention held in some part of the Southern States by the late political leaders in that section, and once or twice a month a letter is published from some one of the same leaders. The resolutions of the Conventions and the counsel of the letters have always the same tone. The constitutions now forming for the Southern States must be rejected. The present plan of reconstruction must be defeated; and the friends of the Conventions and of the letter-writers must wait patiently for a return of their old ascendency, which is sure to come.

The latest letter was written upon the day before Christmas by BENJAMIN FITZPATRICK of Alabama. It is decorous and temperate in tone; and, like all the letters and resolutions of which we have spoken, it presents the situation very plainly, not indeed in the manner contemplated by the writer, but none the less completely. "We want peace," writes Mr. FITZPATRICK, "but not degradation; we wish to be left free to act for ourselves, and free from the intermeddling of those who do not live among us, but come here to foment discord and speculate upon our troubles." Who are the "we" of whom Mr. FITZPATRICK speaks? Who are they who wish to be left free to act for themselves? They are not the people of the State. They are not the loyal citizens. They are merely the old white, dominant class. These are the "we" who wish to be left free to act for themselves, and also for the rest of the population, in some cases more than the half. Therefore, says Mr. FITZPATRICK, and logically, "let the people vote down this constitution and adopt another more in accordance with the genius of our institutions, and all will be well." Now what does Mr. FITZPATRICK mean by the people, and what does he suppose to be the genius of our institutions, if it be not equal rights? And in what clause in the Constitution lately adopted by the Alabama Convention does he find any thing inconsistent with the genius of republican institutions? It guarantees full and equal liberty of personal and civil rights; and admits to the suffrage every male person of a certain birth, naturalization, age, and residence, and disfranchises only those who violated the rules of civilized warfare during the rebellion; convicted traitors and other criminals; idiots and the insane; and those who are disqualified by the proposed Amendment to the Constitution of the United States and by the Reconstruction law, a disqualification which the Legislature may remove. Any disfranchisement whatever may be injudicious, but can a constitution in which these are the sole disqualifications be repugnant to a man who is sincerely friendly to "the genius of our institutions?"

The melancholy truth is that Mr. FITZPATRICK, and all those for whom he speaks, think that the genius of our institutions requires that the late rebels should be recognized as the political class at the South, and that they should have exclusive control of the local governments. Under every moderate and careful phrase this is the simple meaning. "We," says Mr. FITZPATRICK, meaning the citizens who rebelled, we, and we only, must reorganize these States. And he indicates exactly the issue to which the country is now brought. The Presidential campaign which is now opening will answer precisely that question. It will decide that the Union shall be reorganized as those who have maintained it shall prefer, or as those who sought its destruction and are now subdued shall determine. This issue may be obscured by financial difficulties. It may be perplexed by the folly of the dominant party. But nothing can now conceal the fact that there are but two parties in the country, and one paramount subject, namely, reconstruction. One of these parties, the Republican, insists that the whole body of the people of the Southern States, with the exceptions we have mentioned, shall be consulted in the formation of the new governments of those States. The other party, the Democratic, insists that a certain limited class, mainly composed of the late rebels, and to which all the present disaffected citizens adhere, shall have the exclusive power of reorganization.

The situation is simple. The issue is plain. It will be decided according to the general judgment of the greater or less disadvantages of the two plans. That of the Republican party, which is now developing itself, has the undoubted disadvantage of admitting to the suffrage large numbers of uneducated persons. But this is counterbalanced by the inexpressible benefit of securing an actual majority or imposing minority of voters instinctively loyal to the national government, and therefore of establishing a state system in sympathy with it; while the actual conduct of the new voters, at the polls and in the Convention, justifies the confidence which was necessarily placed in them. For, it must be remembered, there were but three courses possible. When the war ended, and left the rebel States without civil governments, the United States might have governed them as Territories, or it might have authorized the white population under certain conditions to reorganize the States; or it might have invited the whole body of the people to reorganize them. These were the three methods. The first was felt to be impracticable. Probably it would have been the wiser way; but the country would not wait. It then became a question between the other two methods. The President, without the least authority, and stepping entirely out of his sphere of duty, insisted upon the second. Congress adopted the third.

An educative qualification for the suffrage, which was urged as impartial and reasonable, was necessarily rejected in the abnormal situation of affairs. If the States could have been retained for some years as Territories merely, and the education of the whole population vigorously prosecuted in the mean while, this qualification might have been wisely introduced. But to have adopted it without sufficient delay to give the poor whites and the freedmen a chance to acquire the qualification would have been simply to intrust the reorganization of the States to the class that rebelled, and to which the present disaffected population belongs. Experience is proving, we think, and will yet more conclusively show, that the risk involved in the Congressional plan was, under the circumstances, wisely taken. It was well said a few months since by Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON, in the *Fortnightly Review*, that "What is wanted in the mass who vote is the desire for the right result, freedom from selfish motive and willingness to trust in wise guidance.....Very plain men know who wish them well and the sort of thing which will bring them good. Electors have not got to govern the country, they have only to find a set of men who will see that the Government is just and active. They are so ignorant, says one—more ignorant as electors than certain members are as legislators?" General education in the Southern States will be immensely advanced by general suffrage. And with whatever faults of detail we are very sure that the system of reconstruction which was adopted was, upon the whole, the best that the circumstances allowed.

Evidently it must be continued, or the work must begin again. We can not think that any sincere friend of the country, any man who with Mr. FITZPATRICK "wants peace," or who understands the conditions of national progress and prosperity, will wish again to plunge the Southern States into the chaos from which they are now beginning to emerge, by attempting the disfranchisement of the new voters, and intrusting those States and all their interests and population to the exclusive authority of disaffected citizens. We do not use the word harshly, nor with the least unkind intention. We speak of those who believed and believe that secession is a constitutional right, and that slavery is the true corner-stone of a free government. Those who hold these opinions are necessarily disaffected to this government, and such persons are the great majority of the white population in the Southern States. Of course, liberty can not be safe in their hands, and no Union can be peaceful in which they control a large group of States. Our American principles, therefore, our patriotism, our prosperity, and our peace, alike demand that we do not abandon the work upon which we have entered; while common-sense requires that we prosecute it as dispassionately and wisely as we do firmly and confidently. It is this issue which the election will decide, and General GRANT will undoubtedly lead those who intend to fight it out upon the line already indicated.

THE POWER OF THE STATE OVER THE CITY.

WHAT powers does the State possess over the city of New York? Plainly, the charter of the city must be deemed a part of the political machinery of the State; and in all matters of general public concern the charter is subject to alteration by the Legislature. This view has prevailed from the very beginning. The first charters issued were granted by the Dutch to the city under the title of Schout Burgomasters and Schephens of New Amsterdam. To these succeeded the English charters: from Governor NICOLLS, in 1665; from Governor DONGAN, under JAMES II., in 1686; from Governor CORNBURY, under QUEEN ANNE, and the Montgomery Charter, under GEORGE II., in 1730. The English charters were confirmed by an act of the Colonial Legislature in 1732, of which act all judges and persons were to take notice "as if it were a public act of the Assembly relating to the whole Colony." On the adoption by New York of the Constitution of 1777, it was provided that nothing contained in it should be deemed to *annul* any charters to bodies politic or corporate; which clause was repeated in the Constitutions of 1821 and 1846.

To these charters amendments of the most important character were made, from time to time, by the Legislature; sometimes with, but more frequently without, the application or consent of the Corporation. And an amended charter was passed by the Legislature in 1830 substantially conforming to one which had the year before been adopted by a convention of the people of the city, which contained a provision that "such parts of the charter of the city of New York, and of the several acts of the Legislature of the State of New York amending the same, as are not inconsistent with the provisions of this law, shall not be considered as repealed, modified, or in any manner affected thereby," etc.; which last-mentioned charter has also been frequently amended, without consent of the Corporation. This is, in substance, a history of the whole matter.

After the capitulation by the Dutch to the English force, Governor NICOLLS, in the new charter then issued, recited that he, "upon mature deliberation and advice, found it necessary to discharge the form of government late in practice of Schout Burgomasters and Schephens".....as not known or customary in any of his majesty's dominions." And on the adoption of our Constitution, in 1777, it was declared that all laws then in force for the government of the Colony, inconsistent with the new form of government, were void, and that the supreme legislative power had reverted to the people.

An examination of the Dongan and Montgomery charters will show that they contained various provisions inconsistent with our American system, which provisions could not be repealed by the Legislature if the doctrine contended for by many were sound, that the Charter can not be touched except with the consent of the city. Authority was given to the Mayor, Aldermen, and Commonalty out of native born or naturalized or denizated subjects to create free citizens, to whom the monopoly of trade within the city was given; and it was declared that "no person or persons, other than such free citizens, shall hereafter use any trade, mystery, or manual occupation within the city limits, liberties, and precincts thereof, saving in the time of fairs there to be kept, and during the continuance of such fairs only." Citizens thus formed were protected against jury service, or service in certain specified official capacities outside of the city of New York; and it was also declared in the Montgomery Charter that the city should "be, and from thenceforth and forever hereafter shall remain, *a free city of itself*." These provisions, which will be recognized as among those which had their origin in feudal times, have not been in terms abrogated, but have become obsolete from *non user* as not in harmony with the system of government which our Revolution established. As late, however, as 1836, Chancellor KENT, in his Notes on the Charter (p. 172), expressed the opinion that if such resident of the city were required under the State laws then in force to serve *out of the city*, either as a juror, or on an inquest, or as tax assessor or collector, or as a constable, bailiff, or other ministerial officer, he could, under the protection of those ancient provisions, and of the restriction in the United States Constitution forbidding any State laws impairing the obligation of contracts, protect himself against such service.

The charter from English Governors did not give the city any right of representation either in the British Parliament, or in the Council of the Colony, or in the Colonial Legislature, and hence the city was armed with privileges and prerogatives considered essential to its existence as a free city. For some years after the charter from Governor NICOLLS, what was called the Legislative power of the Colony was exercised by the Governor and Council. On the accession of JAMES II. a Colonial Legislature was created in which New York city was represented in one House (the Assembly), but not in the upper, which was an appointed Senate, over whose joint legislative acts there were such restrictions that they amounted to but little more than a mere petition. On the adoption of the Constitution of the State in 1777, nine members of the Legislative Assembly out of seventy were awarded to the city of New York, and a corresponding representation in the Senate was also allowed; and although the charters then existing were saved by an express clause from being annulled (which they have never been), the State instantly after the termination of the war commenced the duty of conforming our local government, thus represented, to the general character of our system. The city of New York had not alone accomplished the Revolution. It now celebrates on the 25th of November of each year the evacuation of the British forces which occupied the city during almost the whole of the war; and there was no obligation on the part of the State to treat it as a free city, and no power on the part of the city to free itself of such legislation as the State might adopt in general and public matters. The people of the whole State, including those of the city, were melted into one mass by the results of the Revolution; and inasmuch as the city shared in the exercise of the supreme power of legislation thus created—whereby it might affect other cities—it became subject equally to that authority excepting that its Charter could not be annulled, and except also that all grants of land made to the city and of franchises coupled with a pecuniary interest, were protected from legislative interference.

In all other respects the Charter has been so changed that its original features can scarcely be distinguished in the powers now exercised. In 1832 a contest arose between two measurers of grain, one appointed by the city under the authority of the charter, the other appointed by the State under an act of the Legislature, passed without the consent of the Corporation. The Supreme Court held (Satterlee *vs.* Sutton) that "the grant to the Corporation to appoint measurers was a grant of political power, coupled with no interest save the fees as a compensation for measuring; and that the grant in question was not to be considered in the light of property, or intended as a source of revenue, and that the legislative act was valid." As the Court was then composed of Chief-Justice JONES, and Judges HOFFMAN and OAKLEY, distinguished ornaments of the Judiciary, the decision will be regarded as authority. The doctrine has never been overruled.

The acts for the creation by the State of Boards of Commissioners to regulate the police force and to protect the public health are, more especially, matters of a public character, and come more clearly within the scope of State legislation. No police force for the city was created by the English charters. The acts of March 2, 1798, and of March 21, 1800, established a police-office. Instead, therefore, of interfering with chartered provisions, the Legislature in creating the new Board was merely perfecting a system commenced by itself in accordance with that supreme power which the Constitution of 1777 asserted as belonging to the State at large, over the whole machinery of government within the State.

A LITTLE HISTORY.

MORE than a quarter of a century has elapsed since WILLIAM F. HARNDEN and ALVAN ADAMS announced to the good people of Boston and New York that they were prepared to carry parcels between the two cities, and to deliver them safely for a consideration. Even in those days there was competition. HARNDEN traveled by the Boston and Providence line; ADAMS by the Norwich and Worcester; it was a race between them. Their diligence was so far rewarded that they extended their lines to Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, while other carriers, HENRY WELLS, WILLIAM G. FARGO, WILLIAM A. LIVINGSTON, JOHN BUTTERFIELD, and others spread nets northward to the confines of Northwestern civilization, even to Buffalo. Thus began the express business of the United States, which now gives employment to nearly ten thousand people. It was an evil omen for the trade that its founder, WILLIAM F. HARNDEN, died poor.

For some years each individual expressman carried on business on his own line, at his own risk, and for his sole benefit. But the advantages of association were soon manifest; rivals became partners; ADAMS swallowed up the heirs of HARNDEN, and himself submitted to be ruled by a younger rival; so, in course of time, the bulk of the private expresses crystallized into three great companies, the Adams, the American, and the United States. Of these the Adams had a capital of something over a million; the American three quarters of a million; the United States, it is believed, something less. These capitals represented—not money actually disbursed, and represented by tangible property, but mainly the good-will of each concern.

The ten years following the establishment of these companies were the Augustan age of the express business. All made money. Each enjoyed in its territory a monopoly of business. Quarterly dividends of five and even ten per cent. were not unknown, and stock changed hands at as high a premium as 400 per cent.

This prosperity was not wholly due to the skill with which the companies were managed, though the management was good. The true secret of their success was their affiliation with the directors and superintendents of all the leading railways in the country. No sooner was a new board of directors elected on any leading road than stock in the express company using the line was placed at their disposal. There were so many shares for the president, so many for the vice-president, so many for the directors, so many for the superintendent, and

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so many for the freight-masters. From their official cradle all these parties were bound by their own interests to serve the express company. And, as a matter of course, they did serve it. It soon became known to merchants that if they wanted their goods moved promptly and delivered punctually they must not send them as freight by rail, but must employ an express company. The latter, which, through the assistance of its good friends in the railway direction, could move freight by rail much cheaper than private individuals, would carry a case of goods from New York to Buffalo or St. Louis for very little more than the regular railway freight charge, and would deliver it several days sooner. If A. of Cincinnati ordered his goods from New York by rail, while his rival B. ordered his by express, A. had the pleasure of seeing his rival's goods arrive a week before the tardy railway freight made its appearance. It was the interest of every railway official in the country to compel shippers to employ the express companies. This was, of course, to the detriment of the railways; but it is only very lately that railway officials have had any interest in the roads they have controlled.

In those days express stocks were like Panama or first-class bank shares. They were hardly ever offered for sale. Occasionally somebody died or failed, and a whisper went round that he had "some Adams," whereupon coveys of rich men were attracted by the scent from miles around. To have "some Adams" was a guarantee of financial supereminence.

As might have been expected, the directors of the express companies could not resist the temptation of supplying so very pressing a demand. All being private companies, there was no legal limitation to the amount of stock which each might issue. They tried the market gently at first. A million of Adams was swallowed without overloading the financial stomach. Then another. And another. The American followed suit, and so did the United States. The market was fed with discreet hand, and an aggregate capital of some $2,500,000—mainly representing good-will, not property—was actually swelled to *nearly thirty millions*, of which *no less than ten millions* represented the Adams property alone. "How is it," said a recent traveler, "that I never meet a railway director who is worth less than a million?" He didn't understand the express mystery.

But darker days were coming. The owners of a good placer in Australia took the life of any man who found them out prematurely. The express placer was found out, but Messrs. DINSMORE & Co. had too much respect for the law to take the finder's life. He forthwith set up a rival company called the Bankers' Express. It flourished a while, then quietly subsided. Only the knowing ones were aware that the three great companies had bought off their rival by reimbursing all his outlay, and paying him a bonus of one hundred per cent.

So brilliant a success naturally led to imitations. The projectors of the Bankers' Express no sooner realized a hundred per cent. on that enterprise than they started the Merchants' Union with twenty millions capital. This interloper was resisted for over a year with sword and lance, on foot and on horse, in the cars and in the courts. But the new men knew their trade, and held fast. They paid up (or are said to have paid up, for these matters are misty) seven million dollars, and then the old companies came to terms, resigning to the Merchants' Union 29½ per cent. of the total express business of the country.

The victory thus won, the same men are now understood to be at work organizing a new rival—to be established in New England, and, of course, to be bought off like its predecessors.

But a new danger looms on the horizon. Men have arisen who believe that railroad stocks may be made something better than Wall Street shuttle-cocks, and who, elected directors of railways, actually undertake to administer their trust in the interest of their constituents. Commodore VANDERBILT no sooner obtained control of the Harlem and Hudson Roads than he canceled contracts with express companies, made them pay as much as other people, and undertook to carry freight for the public as promptly as they could. This was alarming, intolerable; so frightful, in fact, that the American Company actually bought forty or fifty thousand shares of New York Central for the purpose of electing a board of its own to control that road. It succeeded, and the new board fulfilled its destiny by making contracts with the express companies *for five years*. At the end of the year the new Board went out, and the terrible Commodore went in. What he will do remains to be seen. But there is a man who says that the Commodore doesn't think much of the five-years' contracts; that Mr. FARGO, as Vice-President of the Central, could make no valid contract with Mr. FARGO the expressman; and that some fine morning, in the gray dawn, the express freight will be "forgotten" at every station on the New York Central; that there is no reason why the railroads, or his roads at least, should not do their own express business, and still less why his stockholders should be mulcted to pay income on thirty-five millions of imaginary express capital. And there is another man who says the Commodore's views do not differ in the least from those which are likely to prevail on the roads running west from Toledo to the wilderness, and controlled by Mr. KEEP.

The Old Man of the Mountain hung on Sinbad's neck for a terrible time; but when the sailor did shake him off he finished him outright.

TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE.

SENATOR SPRAGUE, who can not be suspected of being a rancorous free-trader, says that "we have taxed out of existence interests which made us a prosperous people." And the Senator, who is one of the largest manufacturers of cotton cloth in the country, tarther says that it is a question whether cotton can now be called an existing interest! That is an astounding assertion, and is undoubtedly extravagant. Still we might endure the loss of cotton and the cotton trade. But if we heavily tax the intelligence of the country; if we impose vast burdens upon popular education; if we stop the printing-press, we shall have laid our destructive hands upon the very source of our national power and prosperity.

Intelligence is the corner-stone of a free government. Cheap literature is a vital necessity of our progress and welfare. Whatever, therefore, increases the prices of books and so diminishes the chances of their universal diffusion encourages popular ignorance; and the law that discriminates against the native author strikes at the native literature which, as the expression of our national life and character, is the most important of all. This is what our present laws do. They operate against our own highest interest. They discriminate against American literary industry; and a change is absolutely necessary to secure to citizens of the United States in their own country the same privileges that are guaranteed to Englishmen by the recent postal convention and secured to them by tariff regulations. At this moment printing paper (such as is used on *Harper's Weekly*), which may be considered a raw material, pays a duty of 35 per cent. *ad valorem*; while the same paper with the addition of the labor of press-work and binding, and made into a book, pays but 25 per cent. duty *ad valorem*. And not only is the raw material for the American publisher thus disproportionately taxed, but he is positively prohibited by law from sending by mail through the United States books above a certain weight, while similar *English* books are sent *free* to any point. Such simple facts reveal the curious thoughtlessness and ignorance with which the tariff is framed.

We are glad to say that the new postal convention with Great Britain establishes certain reduced rates of postage which will be gratefully accepted by the public. But it seems to have been concluded without reference to existing laws in this country, and therefore inflicts a very great injury upon American trade and enterprise. Indeed, in some respects, the postal convention seems to have been made in the especial interest of English publishers. The new convention provides that the postage on all book-packets sent between the two countries shall be at the rate of six cents for every four ounces; that the packages may be two feet in length, and one foot in width or depth; and that such matter shall be delivered at its destination free of charge. A printed invoice of the book-packets or samples may be affixed, and the names of the publisher or merchant who sends them as well as of the person to whom they are addressed may be superscribed in writing.

Now, by the Postal Laws of the United States, the weight of book packages sent by mail within the States must not exceed four pounds; if it does it is charged postage at letter rates. It is charged at the same letter rates if there be any writing upon the envelope except the address of the person to whom it is sent. Thus, a package which might weigh twenty pounds may, under the new convention, be sent from London to New York for $1 80; while under our present postal law it would cost $19 20 to send it from New York to Newark. A resident of Omaha or San Francisco can thus buy and receive from London a Latham's Johnson's English Dictionary, weighing ten pounds, for about one-half what a Webster's Dictionary sent from Springfield would cost him!

Again, our customs officers are not permitted to examine parcels received from England, although they may examine those sent abroad. By the terms of the convention, also, "no charges whatever shall be levied in the country in which international newspapers, book-packets and patterns, or samples of merchandise are delivered." It is easy, therefore, to drive a profitable free-trade in dutiable articles. One boot may be sent across the Atlantic as a sample by this mail, and its mate by the next. Pattern horse-shoes may be sent, as they actually have been, and at less cost than if they paid regular freight, charges and duty added. And these are to be delivered at their destination free of charge.

All that we ask is a fair chance for American industry and enterprise, and that foreign manufactures shall not be positively preferred by law to domestic interests. The anomalies and absurdities that we have mentioned demand a swift remedy from Congress. For it is this incessant chafing of unfair regulations at a thousand points which at last irritates the most patient and reasonable citizens into active hostility to the party which has the power of redress but will not use it. Every honest man is willing to pay his share of the present heavy taxes, for he knows the great advantages which they have secured to him in the salvation of the government; but he has the right to demand that those taxes be honestly and equally levied, and he will justly condemn as fatal a policy which enriches foreigners at his expense.

THE ASPECTS OF TRADE.

THE New Year opens gloomily. The general aspect of business throughout the country is not encouraging. The evidence of the manufacturers in convention at Cleveland, the candid testimony of such representative men as Governor SPRAGUE of Rhode Island, the grievous complaints that come from the South, the universal dissatisfaction at the West, the persistent clamor for a revision of the tariff and modification of the internal revenue laws, the frequent suspensions and failures of business firms, the discharge of workmen and the reduction of wages, all attest to the universal depression that exists. New England especially suffers from those very protective measures which she once so earnestly encouraged, and the leading journals of Massachusetts are foremost in the utterance of grievous complaints. The specialties of New England skilled labor, which were the source of vast wealth to the capitalist and of rapid accumulation a short time since, are now a drug in the market and a drag upon those who are compelled to "carry" them. Upon no other section has the depreciation in prices fallen so heavily. Take, for example, the single item of printing cloths, as shown in the annual exhibit for the city of Providence: The price of 6×4 squares, which at the beginning of 1861 was 4¾ cents, rising to 27 cents in 1865, has now dropped to 6½ cents currency, or about the specie rate of 1861. That kindred interests have suffered in like ratio is shown by the fact of a reduction of nearly $1,000,000 in manufacturing dividends for the six months ending 1st January. Losses equally serious are entailed upon the commercial classes by the stagnation in trade and shrinkage in merchandise value. No better index of the state of trade is afforded than the withdrawal of the Cunard steamers from the port of Boston for the lack of support.

These lamentable truths apply, though in somewhat less degree, to the Middle States; and the situation is rendered still more severe and trying by the depressed condition of our foreign commerce and its dependent interests. Indeed, ship-building and all kinds of shipping sympathize with the general condition of trade. No wonder that the year's profits have been small, or that business failures have been more numerous than at any period other than one of actual panic.

It may, perhaps, be regarded an anomaly that breadstuffs alone do not share in the depreciation of nearly all descriptions of products. This fact, however, is shown by comparing the prices of various articles in each of the past four years. The decline in many articles of consumption is as great as that in dry goods; but as respects the staff of life, the laborers who are thrown out of employment or who are working on short time or at reduced wages, have to pay nearly as much as ever. Hence the distress that bears so heavily upon this class of the population. The New Year dawned gloomily upon thousands of workmen and operatives, whom employers were then obliged to discharge; and calamity fell no less heavily upon the factory operatives of New England than upon the iron workers of Pennsylvania.

The number of copartnership dissolutions on the first of the year has been unusually large. The withdrawal of special partners is noticeable. The serious losses of the past two years have induced them to withdraw the remnant of their capital and invest it in more secure places. Firms which have barely sustained themselves above the waves of financial embarrassment think it wiser to dissolve and do nothing than to risk their fraction of remaining capital in further ventures. Much of the money thus withdrawn is put into real estate, which, as respects the large commercial centres of the East and West, is still active and in request at advancing prices. At the same time, many new partnerships are formed, which have this advantage, that they commence business when prices are low, with the chances of immediate or prospective improvement.

It is not our wish to create despondency by the presentation of gloomy pictures. Though the situation be far from satisfactory, it need not be regarded as hopeless by any means. It is not in the nature of our people to despair or shrink from the burdens they have to bear. The worst period has unquestionably passed. The losses upon sales the past year have not been as disastrous as during a portion of its predecessor. At the same time enough has been sacrificed to teach caution; and caution is one long step in the direction of healthy trade. Nor has every branch of industry been paralyzed. If manufacturing companies have passed their dividends or been compelled to accept a pittance of profits, the deficiency is more than made up by the earnings of railroads and miscellaneous companies. The railroads seem lately to have happened upon an era of better management and closer economy, so that some lines long established now pay dividends for the first time. Nor yet is the case of the unfortunate South altogether hopeless or beyond retrieve. We regard the troubles there as more in the anticipation of possible short crops than of actual present distress. Still, the situation is desperate, and needs remedy. Timely aid, if not absolutely indispensable to existence, would be of inestimable service. The proposal to lend planters the credit of the Government is feasible, and not without precedent. A similar plan worked well in 1839–40, and is practicable now. The discovery in those years that cotton could be raised more cheaply in the Valley of the Mississippi than in the Atlantic States caused a great speculative excitement, which was fostered by the struggle that took place between the National Bank and the Federal Government. The planters who migrated to the new districts were obliged to mortgage their lands and their negroes, and these mortgages having been constituted bank capital under State charters, State loans were issued in aid of them. The loans were to a considerable extent negotiated through the United States Bank, and the planters pledged their cotton to the lenders. The speculation subsided in 1840, leaving a very healthy state of affairs. The South needs time, money, energy, and a systematized plan of labor. Congressional legislation can do a great deal toward effecting this relief. And when, through prosperity, the South shall take the rank which belongs to her as a cotton-producer, it will be found that the shipping interest will have also revived; for statistics of past years prove that Northern shipping has always been, to a great extent, dependent upon the Southern staple.

A WORD FROM LABOULAYE.

M. LABOULAYE is so honored and beloved in this country for his intelligent comprehension of our late struggle and his eloquent presentation of the interests of free society, which were involved in it, that his views of the present situation are peculiarly interesting. In a late private letter he says:

"I can not believe in the repudiation of your debt. The measure is too palpably unjust, and it would injure too many interests in America to be popular. The Democrats may feel their way by such propositions, but it is difficult for me to imagine that they can succeed.

"I see, with more concern, that there is a disposition to make the blacks a separate caste, and to establish two nations in America, one of which is to be free because they have white skins, and the other serfs because they have colored skins. This is to lose the result of the war, and to sow the seed of fresh divisions. The aristocracy of the South will reconstruct itself with the political serfdom of the blacks, and the struggle between the North and the South will begin again. To what purpose, then, will so much blood have been already shed?"

RECONSTRUCTION.

GENERAL E. O. C. ORD has been relieved of the command of the Fourth Military District, by General M'Dowell, and General Pope of the Third District by General Meade. Since the original appointments, which were made in March, 1867, four of the five military commanders of the Southern States have been removed by the President. Among other removals ordered by him which will hardly meet with general approval, is that of General Wager Swayne from the charge of the Freedmen's Bureau in Alabama.

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S SAFETY.

POSITIVE advices from Africa were received in London on January 2, announcing the safety of Dr. David Livingstone, the African explorer, whose murder by Caffre savages was announced in March, 1867. Dr. Livingstone has now been in the interior of Africa on his present trip for over eighteen months. If he has crossed the continent, as he designed doing, in safety, he will have collected information of that strange country which will be invaluable to science.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

TURKEY has at length become frightened at the attitude of Russia, and her intrigues to foment insurrection among the Sultan's Christian subjects, and diplomatists have been sent to England and France to ask aid from those powers in the shape of a protest against Russian interference in the Cretan quarrel.

FIRST AND SECOND FLOOR.

IF there remains any young bachelor not convinced of the evil of his ways, or not forewarned of the miseries in store for him if he persists therein by the picture which we gave in our first issue for this year of "The Bachelor's Dinner," let him study our engraving on page 36. If he does not then tremble at the prospect before him he is incorrigible, and must be left to his deserved fate of solitary dinners and childless boards.

Readers will have no trouble in locating the scene of our engraving. There are dozens of hotels and thousands of houses in the country where such incidents as are therein portrayed occur every day. Crusty old bachelors frequently find themselves lodged in apartments immediately below those of a merry family like that which we illustrate; and the romp *above* generally results in a scene *below* such as is here portrayed.

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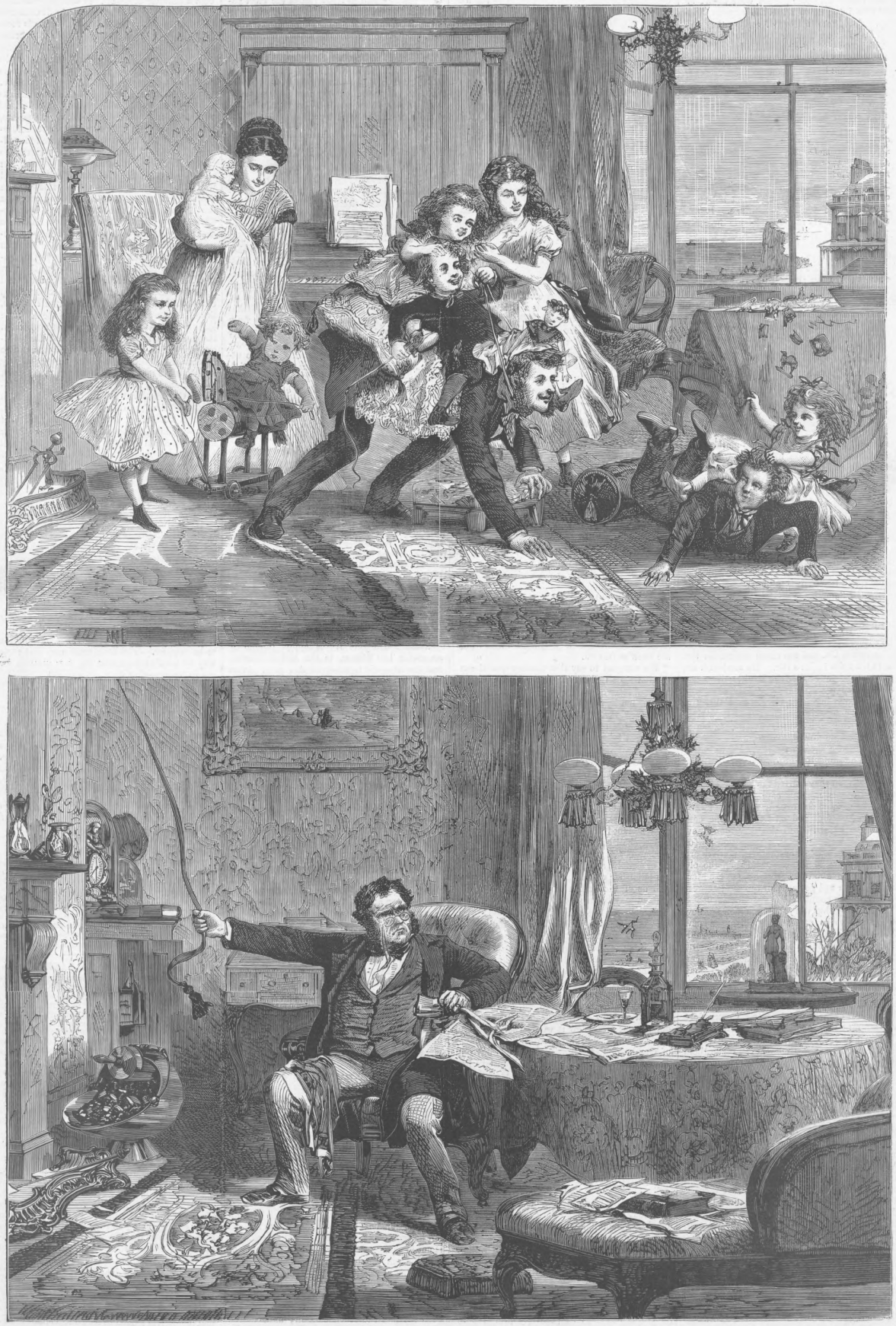

FIRST AND SECOND FLOORS—A STUDY FOR BACHELORS.—[SEE PAGE 35.]

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THE MOONSTONE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

Printed from the Author's Manuscript.

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.

CHAPTER VI.

KEEPING my private sentiments to myself, I respectfully requested Mr. Franklin to go on. Mr. Franklin replied, "Don't fidget, Betteredge," and went on.

Our young gentleman's first words informed me that his discoveries, concerning the wicked Colonel and the Diamond, had begun with a visit which he had paid (before he came to us) to his father's lawyer at Hampstead. A chance word dropped by Mr. Franklin, when the two were alone, one day, after dinner, revealed that he had been charged by his father with a birthday present to be taken to Miss Rachel. One thing led to another; and it ended in the lawyer mentioning what the present really was, and how the friendly connection between the late Colonel and Mr. Blake, Senior, had taken its rise. The facts here are really so extraordinary that I doubt if I can trust my own language to do justice to them. I prefer trying to report Mr. Franklin's discoveries, as nearly as may be, in Mr. Franklin's own words.

"You remember the time, Betteredge," he said, "when my father was trying to prove his title to that unlucky Dukedom? Well! that was also the time when my uncle Herncastle returned from India. My father discovered that his brother-in-law was in possession of certain papers which were likely to be of service to him in his lawsuit. He called on the Colonel, on pretense of welcoming him back to England. The Colonel was not to be deluded in that way. 'You want something,' he said, 'or you would never have compromised your reputation by calling on *me*.' My father saw the one chance for him was to show his hand: he admitted, at once, that he wanted the papers. The Colonel asked for a day to consider his answer. His answer came in the shape of a most extraordinary letter, which my friend the lawyer showed me. The Colonel began by saying that he wanted something of my father, and that he begged to propose an exchange of friendly services between them. The fortune of war (that was the expression he used) had placed him in possession of one of the largest Diamonds in the world; and he had reason to believe that neither he nor his precious jewel was safe in any house, in any quarter of the globe, which they occupied together. Under these alarming circumstances he had determined to place his Diamond in the keeping of another person. That person was not expected to run any risk. He might deposit the precious stone in any place especially guarded and set apart—like a banker's or jeweler's strong-room—for the safe custody of valuables of high price. His main personal responsibility in the matter was to be of the passive kind. He was to undertake—either by himself, or by a trustworthy representative—to receive at a pre-arranged address, on certain pre-arranged days in every year, a note from the Colonel, simply stating the fact that he was a living man at that date. In the event of the date passing over without the note being received, the Colonel's silence might be taken as a sure token of the Colonel's death by murder. In that case, and in no other, certain sealed instructions relating to the disposal of the Diamond, and deposited with it, were to be opened, and followed implicitly. If my father chose to accept this strange charge, the Colonel's papers were at his disposal in return. That was the letter."

"What did your father do, Sir?" I asked.

"Do?" says Mr. Franklin. "I'll tell you what he did. He brought the invaluable faculty called common-sense to bear on the Colonel's letter. The whole thing, he declared, was simply absurd. Somewhere in his Indian wanderings the Colonel had picked up with some wretched crystal which he took for a diamond. As for the danger of his being murdered, and the precautions devised to preserve his life and his piece of crystal, this was the nineteenth century, and any man in his senses had only to apply to the police. The Colonel had been a notorious opium-eater for years past; and, if the only way of getting at the valuable papers he possessed was by accepting a matter of opium as a matter of fact, my father was quite willing to take the ridiculous responsibility imposed upon him—all the more readily that it involved no trouble to himself. The Diamond and the sealed instructions went into his banker's strong-room, and the Colonel's letters, periodically reporting him a living man, were received and opened by the lawyer, as my father's representative. No sensible person, in a similar position, could have viewed the matter in any other way. Nothing in this world, Betteredge, is probable unless it appeals to our own trumpery experience; and we only believe in a romance when we see it in a newspaper."

It was plain to me from this, that Mr. Franklin thought his father's notion about the Colonel hasty and wrong.

"What is your own private opinion about the matter, Sir?" I asked.

"Let's finish the story of the Colonel first," says Mr. Franklin. "There is a curious want of system, Betteredge, in the English mind; and your question, my old friend, is an instance of it. When we are not occupied in making machinery, we are (mentally speaking) the most slovenly people in the universe."

"So much," I thought to myself, "for a foreign education! He has learned that way of girding at us in France, I suppose."

Mr. Franklin took up the lost thread, and went on.

"My father," he said, "got the papers he wanted, and never saw his brother-in-law again, from that time. Year after year, on the pre-arranged days, the pre-arranged letter came from the Colonel, and was opened by the lawyer. I have seen the letters, in a heap, all of them written in the same brief, business-like form of words: 'Sir,—This is to certify that I am still a living man. Let the Diamond be. John Herncastle.' That was all he ever wrote, and that came regularly to the day; until some six or eight months since, when the form of the letter varied for the first time. It ran now: 'Sir,—They tell me I am dying. Come to me, and help me to make my will.' The lawyer went, and found him, in the little suburban villa, surrounded by its own grounds, in which he had lived alone ever since he had left India. He had dogs, cats, and birds to keep him company; but no human being near him, except the person who came daily to do the housework, and the doctor at the bedside. The will was a very simple matter. The Colonel had dissipated the greater part of his fortune in his chemical investigations. His will began and ended in three clauses, which he dictated from his bed, in perfect possession of his faculties. The first clause provided for the safe-keeping and support of his animals. The second founded a professorship of experimental chemistry at a northern university. The third bequeathed the Moonstone as a birthday present to his niece, on condition that my father would act as executor. My father at first refused to act. On second thoughts, however, he gave way, partly because he was assured that the executorship would involve him in no trouble; partly because the lawyer suggested, in Rachel's interest, that the Diamond might be worth something, after all."

"HIS WILL BEGAN AND ENDED IN THREE CLAUSES."

"Did the Colonel give any reason, Sir," I inquired, "why he left the Diamond to Miss Rachel?"

"He not only gave the reason—he had the reason written in his will," said Mr. Franklin. "I have got an extract, which you shall see presently. Don't be slovenly-minded, Betteredge! One thing at a time. You have heard about the Colonel's Will; now you must hear what happened after the Colonel's death. It was formally necessary to have the Diamond valued, before the Will could be proved. All the jewelers consulted, at once confirmed the Colonel's assertion that he possessed one of the largest diamonds in the world. The question of accurately valuing it presented some serious difficulties. Its size made it a phenomenon in the diamond-market; its color placed it in a category by itself; and, to add to these elements of uncertainty, there was a defect, in the shape of a flaw, in the very heart of the stone. Even with this last serious drawback, however, the lowest of the various estimates given was twenty thousand pounds. Conceive my father's astonishment! He had been within a hair's-breadth of refusing to act as executor, and of allowing this magnificent jewel to be lost to the family. The interest he took in the matter now induced him to open the sealed instructions which had been deposited with the Diamond.—The lawyer showed this document to me, with the other papers; and it suggests (to my mind) a clew to the nature of the conspiracy which threatened the Colonel's life."

"Then you do believe, Sir," I said, "that there was a conspiracy?"

"Not possessing my father's excellent common-sense," answered Mr. Franklin, "I believe the Colonel's life was threatened, exactly as the Colonel said. The sealed instructions, as I think, explain how it was that he died, after all, quietly in his bed. In the event of his death by violence (that is to say, in the absence of the regular letter from him at the appointed date), my father was then directed to send the Moonstone secretly to Amsterdam. It was to be deposited in that city with a famous diamond-cutter, and it was to be cut up into from four to six separate stones. The stones were then to be sold for what they would fetch, and the proceeds were to be applied to the founding of that professorship of experimental chemistry which the Colonel has since endowed by his Will. Now, Betteredge, exert those sharp wits of yours, and observe the conclusion to which the Colonel's instructions point!"

I instantly exerted my wits. They were of the slovenly English sort; and they consequently muddled it all until Mr. Franklin took them in hand, and pointed out what they ought to see.

"Remark," says Mr. Franklin, "that the integrity of the Diamond, as a whole stone, is here artfully made dependent on the preservation from violence of the Colonel's life. He is not satisfied with saying to the enemies he dreads, 'Kill me—and you will be no nearer to the Diamond than you are now; it is where you can't get at it—in the guarded strong-room of a bank.' He says instead, 'Kill me—and the Diamond will be the Diamond no longer; its identity will be destroyed.' What does that mean?"

Here I had (as I thought) a flash of the wonderful foreign brightness.

"I know!" I said. "It means lowering the value of the stone, and cheating the rogues in that way!"

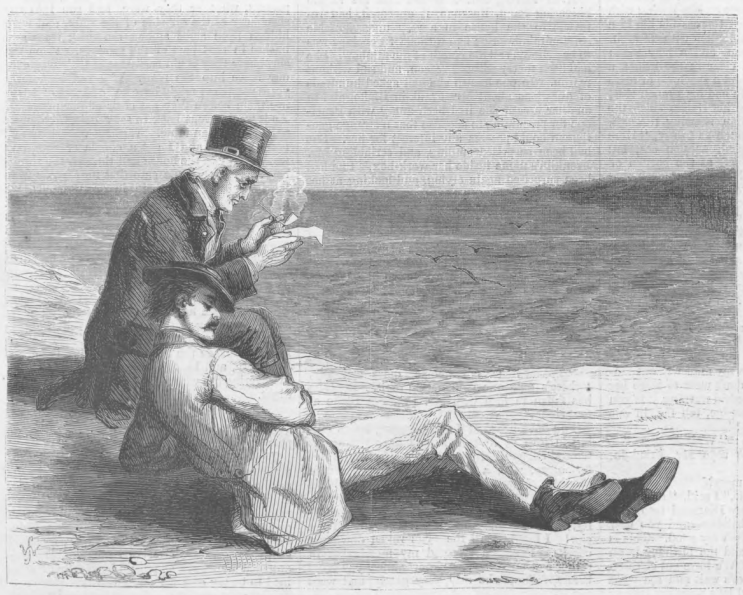
"Nothing of the sort," says Mr. Franklin. "I have inquired about that. The flawed Diamond, cut up, would actually fetch more than the Diamond as it now is; for this plain reason—that from four to six perfect brilliants might be cut from it, which would be, collectively, worth more money than the large—but imperfect—single stone. If robbery for the purpose of gain was at the bottom of the conspiracy, the Colonel's instructions absolutely made the Diamond better worth stealing. More money could have been got for it, and the disposal of it in the diamond-market would have been infinitely easier, if it had passed through the hands of the workmen of Amsterdam."

"Lord bless us, Sir!" I burst out. "What was the plot then?"

"A plot organized among the Indians who originally owned the jewel," says Mr. Franklin—"a plot with some old Hindoo superstition at the bottom of it. That is my opinion, confirmed by a family paper which I have about me at this moment."

I saw now why the appearance of the three Indian jugglers at our house had presented itself to Mr. Franklin in the light of a circumstance worth noting.

"I don't want to force my opinion on you," Mr. Franklin went on. "The idea of certain chosen servants of an old Hindoo superstition devoting themselves, through all difficulties and dangers, to watching the opportunity of recovering their sacred gem, appears to *me* to be perfectly consistent with every thing that we know of the patience of Oriental races, and the influence of Oriental religions. But then I am an imaginative man; and the butcher, the baker, and the tax-gatherer, are not the only credible realities in existence to *my* mind. Let the guess I have made at the truth in this matter go for what it is worth, and let us get on to the only practical question that concerns us. Does the conspiracy against the Moonstone survive the



"HE GAVE ME THE EXTRACT FROM THE COLONEL'S WILL."

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Colonel's death? And did the Colonel know it, when he left the birthday gift to his niece?"

I began to see my lady and Miss Rachel at the end of it all, now. Not a word he said escaped me.

"I was not very willing, when I discovered the story of the Moonstone," said Mr. Franklin, "to be the means of bringing it here. But my friend, the lawyer, reminded me that somebody must put my cousin's legacy into my cousin's hands—and that I might as well do it as any body else. After taking the Diamond out of the bank I fancied I was followed in the streets by a shabby, dark-complexioned man. I went to my father's house to pick up my luggage, and found a letter there, which unexpectedly detained me in London. I went back to the bank with the Diamond, and thought I saw the shabby man again. Taking the Diamond once more out of the bank this morning, I saw the man for the third time, gave him the slip, and started (before he recovered the trace of me) by the morning instead of the afternoon train. Here I am, with the Diamond safe and sound—and what is the first news that meets me? I find that three strolling Indians have been at the house, and that my arrival from London, and something which I am expected to have about me, are two special objects of investigation to them when they believe themselves to be alone. I don't waste time and words on their pouring the ink into the boy's hand, and telling him to look in it for a man at a distance, and for something in that man's pocket. The thing (which I have often seen done in the East) is 'hocus-pocus' in my opinion, as it is in yours. The present question for us to decide is whether I am wrongly attaching a meaning to a mere accident? or whether we really have evidence of the Indians being on the track of the Moonstone, the moment it is removed from the safe-keeping of the bank?"

Neither he nor I seemed to fancy dealing with this part of the inquiry. We looked at each other, and then we looked at the tide, oozing in smoothly, higher and higher, over the Shivering Sand.

"What are you thinking of?" says Mr. Franklin, suddenly.

"I was thinking, Sir," I answered, "that I should like to shy the Diamond into the quicksand, and settle the question in *that* way."

"If you have got the value of the stone in your pocket," answered Mr. Franklin, "say so, Betteredge, and in it goes!"

It's curious to note, when your mind's anxious, how very far in the way of relief a very small joke will go. We found a fund of merriment, at the time, in the notion of making away with Miss Rachel's lawful property, and getting Mr. Blake, as executor, into dreadful trouble—though where the merriment was I am quite at a loss to discover now.

Mr. Franklin was the first to bring the talk back to the talk's proper purpose. He took an envelope out of his pocket, opened it, and handed to me the paper inside.

"Betteredge," he said, "we must face the question of the Colonel's motive in leaving this legacy to his niece for my aunt's sake. Bear in mind how Lady Verinder treated her brother from the time when he returned to England, to the time when he told you he should remember his niece's birthday. And read that."

He gave me the extract from the Colonel's Will. I have got it by me while I write these words; and I copy it, as follows, for your benefit:

"Thirdly, and lastly, I give and bequeath to my niece, Rachel Verinder, daughter and only child of my sister, Julia Verinder, widow, the yellow Diamond belonging to me, and known in the East by the name of The Moonstone—subject to this condition, that her mother, the said Julia Verinder, shall be living at the time. And I hereby desire my executor, in that event, to give my Diamond, either by his own hands or by the hands of some trustworthy representative whom he shall appoint, into the personal possession of my said niece Rachel, on her next birthday after my death, and in the presence of my sister, the said Julia Verinder. And furthermore, I desire also that my sister, as aforesaid, may be informed, by means of a true copy of this, the third and last clause of my Will, that I give the Diamond to her daughter Rachel, in token of my free forgiveness of the injury which her conduct toward me has been the means of inflicting on my reputation in my lifetime; and especially in proof that I pardon, as becomes a dying man, the insult offered to me as an officer and a gentleman, when her servant, by her orders, closed the door of her house against me, on the occasion of her daughter's birthday."

More words followed these, providing, if my lady was dead, or if Miss Rachel was dead, at the time of the testator's decease, for the Diamond being sent to Holland, in accordance with the sealed instructions originally deposited with it. The proceeds of the sale were, in that case, to be added to the money already left by the Will for the professorship of chemistry at the university in the north.

I handed the paper back to Mr. Franklin, sorely troubled what to say to him. Up to that moment my own opinion had been (as you know) that the Colonel had died as wickedly as he had lived. I don't say the copy from his Will actually converted me from that opinion: I only say it staggered me.

"Well," says Mr. Franklin, "now you have read the Colonel's own statement, what do you say? In bringing the Moonstone to my aunt's house, am I serving his vengeance blindfold, or am I vindicating him in the character of a penitent and Christian man?"

"It seems hard to say, Sir," I answered, "that he died with a horrid revenge in his heart, and a horrid lie on his lips. God alone knows the truth. Don't ask *me*."

Mr. Franklin sat twisting and turning the extract from the Will in his fingers, as if he expected to squeeze the truth out of it in that manner. He altered quite remarkably at the same time. From being brisk and bright, he now became, most unaccountably, a slow, solemn, and pondering young man.

"This question has two sides," he said. "An Objective side, and a Subjective side. Which are we to take?"

He had had a German education as well as a French. One of the two had been in undisturbed possession of him (as I supposed) up to this time. And now (as well as I could make out) the other was taking its place. It is one of my rules in life never to notice what I don't understand. I steered a middle course between the Objective side and the Subjective side. In plain English, I stared hard and said nothing.

"Let's extract the inner meaning of this," says Mr. Franklin. "Why did my uncle leave the Diamond to Rachel? Why didn't he leave it to my aunt?"

"That's not beyond guessing, Sir, at any rate," I said. "Colonel Herncastle knew my lady well enough to know that she would have refused to accept any legacy that came to her from *him*."

"How did he know that Rachel might not refuse to accept it, too?"

"Is there any young lady in existence, Sir, who could resist the temptation of accepting such a birthday present as The Moonstone?"

"That's the Subjective view," says Mr. Franklin. "It does you great credit, Betteredge, to be able to take the Subjective view. But there's another mystery about the Colonel's legacy which is not accounted for yet. How are we to explain his only giving Rachel her birthday present conditionally on her mother being alive?"

"I don't want to slander a dead man, Sir," I answered. "But if he *has* purposely left a legacy of trouble and danger to his sister, by the means of her child, it must be a legacy made conditional on his sister's being alive to feel the vexation of it."

"Oh! That's your interpretation of his motive, is it? The Subjective interpretation again! Have you ever been in Germany, Betteredge?"

"No, Sir. What's your interpretation, if you please?"

"I can see," says Mr. Franklin, "that the Colonel's object may, quite possibly, have been—not to benefit his niece, whom he had never even seen—but to prove to his sister that he had died forgiving her, and to prove it very prettily by means of a present made to her child. There is a totally different explanation from yours, Betteredge, taking its rise in a Subjective-Objective point of view. From all I can see, one interpretation is just as likely to be right as the other."

Having brought matters to this pleasant and comforting issue, Mr. Franklin appeared to think that he had completed all that was required of him. He laid down flat on his back on the sand, and asked what was to be done next.

He had been so clever and clear-headed (before he began to talk the foreign gibberish), and had so completely taken the lead in the business up to the present time, that I was quite unprepared for such a sudden change as he now exhibited in this helpless leaning upon *me*. It was not till later that I learned—by assistance of Miss Rachel, who was the first to make the discovery—that these puzzling shifts and transformations in Mr. Franklin were due to the effect on him of his foreign training. At the age when we are all of us most apt to take our coloring, in the form of a reflection from the coloring of other people, he had been sent abroad, and had been passed on, from one nation to another, before there was time for any one coloring more than another to settle itself on him firmly. As a consequence of this, he had come back with so many different sides to his character, all more or less unfinished, and all more or less jarring with each other, that he seemed to pass his life in a state of perpetual contradiction with himself. He could be a busy man, and a lazy man; cloudy in the head, and clear in the head; a model of determination, and a spectacle of helplessness, all together. He had his French side, and his German side, and his Italian side—the original English foundation showing through, every now and then, as much as to say, "Here I am, sorely transmogrified, as you see, but there's something of me left at the bottom of him still." Miss Rachel used to remark that the Italian side of him was uppermost on those occasions when he unexpectedly gave in and asked you, in his nice, sweet-tempered way, to take his own responsibilities on your shoulders. You will do him no injustice, I think, if you conclude that the Italian side of him was uppermost now.

"Isn't it your business, Sir," I asked, "to know what to do next? Surely it can't be mine!"

Mr. Franklin did not appear to see the force of my question—not being in a position at the time to see any thing but the sky over his head.

"I don't want to alarm my aunt without reason," he said. "And I don't want to leave her without what may be a needful warning. If you were in my place, Betteredge, tell me, in one word, what would you do?"

In one word I told him: "Wait."

"With all my heart," says Mr. Franklin. "How long?"

I proceeded to explain myself.

"As I understand it, Sir," I said, "somebody is bound to put this plaguy Diamond into Miss Rachel's hands on her birthday—and you may as well do it as another. Very good. This is the twenty-fifth of May, and the birthday is on the twenty-first of June. We have got close on four weeks before us. Let's wait and see what happens in that time; and let's warn my lady or not, as the circumstances direct us."

"Perfect, Betteredge, as far as it goes!" says Mr. Franklin. "But, between this and the birthday, what's to be done with the Diamond?"

"What your father did with it, to be sure, Sir!" I answered. "Your father put it in the safe-keeping of a bank in London. You put it in the safe-keeping of the bank at Frizinghall." (Frizinghall was our nearest town, and the Bank of England wasn't safer than the bank there.) "If I were you, Sir," I added, "I would ride straight away with it to Frizinghall before the ladies come back."

The prospect of doing something—and, what is more, of doing that something on a horse—brought Mr. Franklin up like lightning from the flat of his back. He sprang to his feet, and pulled me up, without ceremony, on to mine. "Betteredge, you are worth your weight in gold," he said. "Come along, and saddle the best horse in the stables directly!"

Here (God bless it!) was the original English foundation of him showing through all the foreign varnish at last! Here was the Master Franklin I remembered, coming out again in the good old way at the prospect of a ride, and reminding me of the good old times! Saddle a horse for him? I would have saddled a dozen horses if he could only have ridden them all!

We went back to the house in a hurry; we had the fleetest horse in the stables saddled in a hurry; and Mr. Franklin rattled off in a hurry, to lodge the cursed Diamond once more in the strong-room of a bank. When I heard the last of his horse's hoofs on the drive, and when I turned about in the yard and found I was alone again, I felt half inclined to ask myself if I hadn't woke up from a dream.

CHAPTER VII.

WHILE I was in this bewildered frame of mind, sorely needing a little quiet time by myself to put me right again, my daughter Penelope got in my way (just as her late mother used to get in my way on the stairs), and instantly summoned me to tell her all that had passed at the conference between Mr. Franklin and me. Under present circumstances, the one thing to be done was to clap the extinguisher upon Penelope's curiosity on the spot. I accordingly replied that Mr. Franklin and I had both talked of foreign politics till we could talk no longer, and had then mutually fallen asleep in the heat of the sun. Try that sort of answer when your wife or your daughter next worries you with an awkward question at an awkward time, and depend on the natural sweetness of women for kissing and making it up again at the next opportunity.

The afternoon wore on, and my lady and Miss Rachel came back.

Needless to say how astonished they were when they heard that Mr. Franklin Blake had arrived, and had gone off again on horseback. Needless also to say, that *they* asked awkward questions directly, and that the "foreign politics" and the "falling asleep in the sun" wouldn't serve a second time over with *them*. Being at the end of my invention, I said Mr. Franklin's arrival by the early train was entirely attributable to one of Mr. Franklin's freaks. Being asked, upon that, whether his galloping off again on horseback was another of Mr. Franklin's freaks, I said, "Yes, it was;" and slipped out of it—I think very cleverly—in that way.

Having got over my difficulties with the ladies, I found more difficulties waiting for me when I went back to my own room. In came Penelope—with the natural sweetness of women—to kiss and make it up again; and—with the natural curiosity of women—to ask another question. This time, she only wanted me to tell her what was the matter with our second house-maid, Rosanna Spearman.

After leaving Mr. Franklin and me at the Shivering Sand, Rosanna, it appeared, had returned to the house in a very unaccountable state of mind. She had turned (if Penelope was to be believed) all the colors of the rainbow. She had been merry without reason, and sad without reason. In one breath she had asked hundreds of questions about Mr. Franklin Blake, and in another breath she had been angry with Penelope for presuming to suppose that a strange gentleman could possess any interest for her. She had been surprised smiling, and scribbling Mr. Franklin's name inside her work-box. She had been surprised again crying, and looking at her deformed shoulder in the glass. Had she and Mr. Franklin known any thing of each other before to-day? Quite impossible! Had they heard any thing of each other? Impossible again! I could speak to Mr. Franklin's astonishment as genuine, when he saw how the girl stared at him. Penelope could speak to the girl's inquisitiveness as genuine, when she asked questions about Mr. Franklin. The conference between us, conducted in this way, was tiresome enough, until my daughter suddenly ended it by bursting out with what I thought the most monstrous supposition I had ever heard in my life.

"Father!" says Penelope, quite seriously, "there's only one explanation of it. Rosanna has fallen in love with Mr. Franklin Blake at first sight!"

You have heard of beautiful young ladies falling in love at first sight, and have thought it natural enough. But a house-maid out of a Reformatory, with a plain face and a deformed shoulder, falling in love, at first sight, with a gentleman who comes on a visit to her mistress's house, match me that, in the way of an absurdity, out of any story-book in Christendom, if you can! I laughed till the tears rolled down my cheeks. Penelope resented my merriment, in rather a strange way. "I never knew you cruel before, father," she said, very gently, and went out.

My girl's words fell on me like a splash of cold water. I was savage with myself, for feeling uneasy in myself the moment she had spoken them—but so it was. We will change the subject, if you please. I am sorry I drifted into writing about it, and not without reason, as you will see when we have gone on together a little longer.

The evening came, and the dressing-bell for dinner rang, before Mr. Franklin returned from Frizinghall. I took his hot water up to his room myself, expecting to hear, after this extraordinary delay, that something had happened. To my great disappointment (and no doubt to yours also), nothing had happened. He had not met with the Indians, either going or returning. He had deposited the Moonstone in the bank—describing it merely as a valuable of great price—and he had got the receipt for it safe in his pocket. I went down stairs, feeling that this was rather a flat ending, after all our excitement about the Diamond earlier in the day.

How the meeting between Mr. Franklin and his aunt and cousin went off is more than I can tell you.

I would have given something to have waited at table that day. But in my position in the household, waiting at dinner (except on high family festivals) was letting down my dignity in the eyes of the other servants—a thing which my lady considered me quite prone enough to do already without seeking occasions for it. The news brought to me from the upper regions that evening came from Penelope and the footman. Penelope mentioned that she had never known Miss Rachel so particular about the dressing of her hair, and had never seen her look so bright and pretty as she did when she went down to meet Mr. Franklin in the drawing-room. The footman's report was, that the preservation of a respectful composure in the presence of his betters, and the waiting on Mr. Franklin Blake at dinner, were two of the hardest things to reconcile with each other that had ever tried his training in service. Later in the evening we heard them singing and playing duets, Mr. Franklin piping high, Miss Rachel piping higher, and my lady, on the piano, following them, as it were, over hedge and ditch, and seeing them safe through it in a manner most wonderful and pleasant to hear through the open windows, on the terrace at night. Later still, I went to Mr. Franklin in the smoking-room, with the soda-water and brandy, and found that Miss Rachel had put the Diamond clean out of his head. "She's the most charming girl I have seen since I came back to England!" was all I could extract from him, when I endeavored to lead the conversation to more serious things.

Toward midnight I went round the house to lock up, accompanied by my second in command (Samuel, the footman), as usual. When all doors were made fast, except the side-door that opened on the terrace, I sent Samuel to bed and stepped out for a breath of fresh air before I too went to bed in my turn.

The night was still and close, and the moon was at the full in the heavens. It was so silent out of doors, that I heard from time to time, very faint and low, the fall of the sea, as the ground-swell heaved it in on the sand-bank near the mouth of our little bay. As the house stood, the terrace side was the dark side; but the broad moonlight showed fair on the gravel-walk that ran along the next side to the terrace. Looking this way, after looking up at the sky, I saw the shadow of a person in the moonlight thrown forward from behind the corner of the house.

Being old and sly, I forbore to call out; but, being also, unfortunately, old and heavy, my feet betrayed me on the gravel. Before I could steal suddenly round the corner, as I had proposed, I heard lighter feet than mine—and more than one pair of them, as I thought—retreating in a hurry. By the time I had got to the corner, the trespassers, whoever they were, had run into the shrubbery at the off side of the walk, and were hidden from sight among the thick trees and bushes in that part of the grounds. From the shrubbery they could easily make their way over our fence into the road. If I had been forty years younger I might have had a chance of catching them before they got clear of our premises. As it was, I went back to set a going a younger pair of legs than mine. Without disturbing any body, Samuel and I got a couple of guns and went all round the house and through the shrubbery. Having made sure that no persons were lurking about any where in our grounds, we turned back. Passing over the walk where I had seen the shadow, I now noticed, for the first time, a little bright object, lying on the clean gravel, under the light of the moon. Picking the object up, I discovered that it was a small bottle, containing a thick, sweet-smelling liquor, as black as ink.

I said nothing to Samuel. But, remembering what Penelope had told me about the jugglers, and the pouring of the little pool of ink into the palm of the boy's hand, I instantly suspected that I had disturbed the three Indians, lurking about the house, and bent, in their heathenish way, on discovering the whereabouts of the Diamond that night.

MY FIRST SPECULATION IN OIL.

I AM not a strong-minded woman, and very much prefer to lean on others and have the direction of my life taken entirely out of my hands. But I do like being independent of servants, so when I was left a widow with two small children and too small, not to say smaller, means, I determined on housekeeping, or rather, I should say, *room-keeping*, after this abominable overcrowded New York style, and heroically determined to be my own maid-of-all-work.

Naturally one of my first objects was to have something to cook by, and my fancy at once seized on a petroleum-stove, warranted, so ran

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the advertisement, "to burn any kind of oil"—it did not also add "and any quantity of that same." Where, thought I, could I find any thing simpler or more convenient? No coal to be carried up stairs; no ashes to be carried down, and no dust; petroleum thirty cents a gallon, and half a dozen patentees severally assuring me that their respective stoves would burn such incredibly small quantities of oil, that, poor as I was, I was almost ashamed of such cheap warmth, and felt as if I could afford a respectable-sized conflagration any time I chose. Here, thought I, is perfection. Cheap, and clean, and labor-saving—could any one desire more?

The great puzzle was to choose. My difficulty being that each patentee *proved* to me that his invention used just half as much fuel as the last one I had seen. As a woman I was bound to believe him, my sex are so easily convinced; but as an ex-member of an arithmetic-class, it rather bothered me.

At last I pitched on one that I saw in a shop in Broadway. This was not so small as many, but on the other hand it had an odd, *spidery* look that I took a fancy to. This odd look which it had would have been enough—I have a weakness for odd things and people—but the patentee at once decided me by a remark which happened to hit another of my weaknesses:

"Marm," said he, "if your room isn't terrible large, you'll be heated out of house and home by this sized stove."

This was the very thing for me. From long residence in the tropics I am a real chilly body. Even my minister, to bring me to a realizing sense of my iniquities, had to suggest cold instead of heat as a probable final punishment. Too much heat was the last thing to discourage me. On the spot, with a promptitude that half frightened myself, I decided to take the stove; but before ordering it I of course asked John Gray what his opinion was—not that I expected him to have any, he never has with me, and I had taken him along, not for advice or counsel, for I generally follow my own; or for protection, for I generally know how to take care of myself; nor for company, for though Mr. Gray is a very nice man, and sociable, and lively, and witty, in general society, he has a most unaccountable timidity with me; and though it is evident he is rather fond of me, he hasn't got the courage to say so. At least all my friends tell me he's in love with me, and he certainly does run about after me a good deal; he doesn't seem to know it himself, and certainly hasn't told me so. I despise timid people, utterly despise them; and there's nothing on earth so contemptible and stupid in my eyes as a timid lover. There! I don't care who knows my sentiments.

So I wasn't much surprised when John Gray, in a stupid way, answered, when I asked his opinion about the stove, "If you like, I don't see why it won't suit." I knew what was coming, and before he could drawl it out I had ordered home the stove.

When I came to pay for it, twenty dollars was a serious matter, but my steadfast soul never faltered. For a mere stove it was a good deal; but for a piece of perfection—all that a woman's heart could desire—it was nothing.

The morning came, and with it my purchase, and I remember thinking how beautiful both were. "Won't be no smell from it at all," said the man, as he lit the wick with a match. He had hardly done speaking when, beyond a question, I smelt something, which, if my stove had been any thing but a patent stove, I could have sworn was coal-oil. I ventured to hint my suspicions, but the man, with a preternatural calmness, which I believe to be part of the stove business, decided that I only smelt the varnish that is always put on new iron, you know. "Maybe you smell a *leetle* kerosene," he added, "for I spilt a few drops a-fillin' of the rezavoy."

I thought I smelt decidedly more than a few drops, and felt a vague misgiving that all was not just right, but again my faith triumphed, and I maintained a discreet silence, and determined to give the thing—already it was "the thing"—a fair trial.

I had work at home that afternoon, but there was also a little to be done away from home, and somehow amidst the smell of the varnish they always put on new stoves, you know, this particular matter, which I had put off once or twice before, now struck me as having been unduly neglected, and altogether rather a pleasant thing to do. Coming home at dusk, I found the children with their noses and their tempers unnecessarily exercised by the pervading varnish. The evening had turned chilly, and I found that I was by no means aggravated by the quantity or the quality of the heat. I filled up my stove, and raising the wick as high as I dared, I managed to make the room tolerably comfortable; but as the heat increased the smell and smoke increased in the same ratio, and our noses fairly ached with our constant sniffing. My daughter, who already had a bad cold and had been coughing severely, took to sneezing as well, and we were all very glad to go to bed early and sleep in blessed forgetfulness of "speculations in oil."

The next day found the stove not quite so unbearable, but still far from satisfactory. I looked at the reservoir, and found that at the rate I was burning oil I should expend, instead of the sixty cents a week (promised me by the patentees), about four times as much. The weather was pretty cool, and so were we—cooler than we could wish, but I could *cook* very successfully over my fire.

I worked nearly all day, with my head growing heavier and duller for the want of pure air; two or three times I opened the windows and *cooled* the room for the sake of being able to breathe. Three or four friends came in in the course of the day, but their visits were short, and I began to fear that the coolness of my room had spread to the manners of my friends. In the evening John Gray scraped and bowed his way into the room, excessively nervous and timid, and necessarily over-polite, insisting, as he did, on shaking hands all around two or three times before he *shrunk* into his usual seat in the corner, and lapsed into his usual stupid silence, leaving me to do all the talking. But before he had managed to get into his accustomed place, I think he must have detected the pervading odor of oil or varnish, for he distinctly snuffed twice, and I saw him glance at "that thing." But he didn't say any thing about it—that was the trouble with the poor, stupid fellow; he could talk well enough to other women; he could be pleasant enough when other ladies than myself were present, but he never had more than monosyllables for me; he had been bold as a lion, and had won distinction in the war, but he hadn't the slightest particle of courage in my presence, and never managed to distinguish himself with me at all. On this occasion he lighted his cigar—I knew how fond he was of smoking, and I always prepared him his lighter when he came—without once saying any thing about my purchase; and as I was conscious of at least a partial failure in my speculation, I talked altogether of other affairs. They couldn't have been very interesting, or the oil or varnish must have affected him more than it did me; for before he had hardly finished his cigar he rose to go. I looked at him in astonishment. I had never been able to get rid of him—that is, he had not usually gone before half past ten of an evening before this—and I was a little provoked. In fact, I was a good deal provoked, and I said, rather tartly:

"Well, you are as unsociable as my stove, and smoke a good deal more. I suppose it smells to you, don't it? Well, I suppose the smell and the cold are no worse for you than for me."

He looked up and answered with more spirit than I had given him credit for.

"Mrs. Jones, if you expect your friends to stay, you must find some other method of warming your room than with that *thing* (strong emphasis on 'thing'). *My* throat isn't copper-lined and fastened;" and he left.

"Well," I said to myself, "I am indebted to the stove for one thing, anyhow. The stupid fool has some little sense left;" and I turned off the confounded wick and went to bed to keep warm.

Next day was no better, and I nearly cried with vexation. Here was having perfection with a vengeance—losing all my friends for a stupid old stove. I at once sent for the patentee that I might learn what was the matter. He came—a very bland and smiling gentleman, with the preternatural stove calmness before-mentioned, a pair of gold spectacles, and very dirty hands. He seemed, too, to have caught something of the oiliness of the petroleum he dealt in, and was inclined to smooth over every thing. In fact, from his extreme glibness, I was very likely to distrust him. I must own, however, that I was in a general state of mistrust, owing to the unfortunate end of my interview of the night before; and it was only the arrival of Mr. Gray, timid as ever, to inquire if he could do any thing for me down town, that restored my equanimity and made me take off the mental blue spectacles through which I had been seeing every thing.

I saw at a glance that the man was a regular "Yankee."

I stated the case to him, in decidedly emphatic language, and declared "I would not use it unless the smell were remedied, to say nothing of its burning such an amount of fuel."

He seated himself in front of the stove, and without a word peered into the flame, and turned the wick down and turned it up, and sniffed, and then sat quiet and looked at it as if he expected it would speak and tell its own story. I did not know but that he intended to spend the rest of the day with me, he seemed to have seated himself so resolutely. At length the silence was broken, and the oracle spoke:

"Guess you haven't trimmed it."

"Oh yes, I did, with great care," I answered.

"Wa'al, then, there oughter be a piece of pipe a-leading into the chimney; that'll make it O.K."

I suggested, in as insinuating a manner as I could, that I did not want any varnish put on the new pipe. He promised compliance, and the new pipe came in the course of the day—and, of course, varnished. There was the new pipe, but, alas! the old smell.

The evening brought John, more communicative and less timid than I had ever seen him, and evidently with the intention of bearing without flinching the discomforts of my room, rather than give me pain and let me imagine that he intended to leave me alone. I became quite confidential, and told him more of my hopes and plans than I had ever dared to speak of before. But the evening resulted as all the others had, and the conversation resolved itself into a rattling musketry of small talk on my part, and an occasional monosyllabic reply from him. As the monosyllables properly should have come from me, and as he had not the courage to open fire vigorously, there was no execution done, and matters remained in *statu quo*. He was as stupid as ever, the stove smelt even worse than it had done before, and I went to bed exasperated at the man and almost cursing the stove. I resolved to endure it no longer; and early next morning I sent again for the patentee. He came; I poured out my troubles to him in full; I asserted, argued, appealed. The grand result was—I got a new stove!

I did not quite feel the happy confidence that I had felt the first time, but I hoped for the best. The patentee set it in its place; lighted it; it flamed up! I stood with expectant nostrils, to catch the first faint smell of the varnish, as he called it—kerosene I called it—but it didn't come. I smelt again and again. I went out of the room and into the fresh air and came back, and still no smell. In my delight I executed a sort of Indian dance round the room to express my pleasure; I hoped all acquaintances would come in to witness the success of my experiment. As the afternoon wore away I went back to my radical beliefs, and condemned utterly the people who are always wanting the world to stand still. I determined to make a festival of such a pleasant end of all my trouble, and give the children something more than their usually plain supper. I put on my bonnet and rushed out into the avenue and bought muffins and oysters; and when I came back, finding that I had half an hour of daylight, I sat down and wrote of my troubles and trials and their happy end to my sister in Boston, telling her to get a stove like mine, and giving her the name and address of the maker in New York.

At half past six my little supper was cooked, and just as we were sitting down John came in. I was delighted to see him, and he was delighted that the stove was a success. This was his third visit in a week. What did it mean? He came with a big basket of Thanksgiving goodies, sent by an aunt of his, with a letter desiring that "that poor dear widder, Miss Jones, might have some of 'em." Our simple supper became a feast! I was afraid that the children would make themselves ill, but John, in the kindness of his heart and his fondness for the children (a fondness, by-the-way, that went for a great deal with me), insisted that they should be gratified—and altogether we were quite jubilant. But, alas! our joy was of short duration. The next day was to bring great peril. At about seven in the morning I lighted my stove, and I remember that I turned the wick very low, as I did not intend to get up just then. Once or twice I looked out at the flame and thought the light was peculiar; and at about eight I got up and went into the other room. Instead of a distinct line of fire all round the wick there seemed to be flame entirely filling the cylinder. I at once pressed down the lever entirely that controlled the blaze, fearful of an explosion, and thinking that if there were no wick there would be nothing to feed the flame; but it didn't make any difference—the fire still continued to burn fiercely. I thought it couldn't last long, as there was only the volatile part of the petroleum to burn, and no conductor for it; but, instead of decreasing, the flames grew fiercer, and soon were bursting out all round the cylinder with great, angry tongues, lapping about, and waiting for some material to spend their malice on. I didn't know what to do. I remembered that water would only make the fire from coal-oil more intense. I waited in consternation; I didn't even think to give any alarm, but sternly ordered the children into perfect quiet, and waited.

The air was horrible; our faces and clothes were covered with particles of soot, and every thing in the room was black with it. I saw that the water in the tank, which was supposed to keep the petroleum cool and prevent explosion, was boiling. I thought I might do some good by adding cold water. I moved cautiously to the table, and taking the water-pitcher filled up the tank.

I drew back from the stove only in time to hear a sound which I can't find any word to express: it was more like the whiz of a lighted shell through the air than any thing else. In an instant the room was filled by a sheet of flame touching the ceiling, and likely, it seemed to me, to cover the whole floor. I stood in mute agony. I thought of every thing. Over the mantle hung some pictures, relics of my former happy home, and endeared to me by a thousand recollections. Those I felt must go, even if we saved life. I glanced at my books and papers—my helps to my daily bread—and last, and most agonizing, my dear little children, with this terrible fire raging between them and me and the door. It seemed hours that I stood there! At last there came help.

Through the smoke and the flame I saw him come in at the door; I saw his look of astonishment; I saw the flash of his eyes when I called out to him, "Help, John, help!" He dashed into the little room adjoining my own, which I used as a bedroom for my boy, and soon reappeared with a blanket. In an instant more he was battling with the flames, and in a few minutes more he had subdued them. As the last flash of flame died away, and the danger was over, the artificial strength of excitement failed me, and I asserted my sex by fainting away in John's arms! He actually had the courage to put 'em out to catch me, and for five minutes I lay in his arms. I don't know what he did to restore me, but at length I came to, to bend my eyes languishingly on him; and then, turning them to the door, I saw standing there my bland and smiling fiend! the patentee!

I could not speak. I was too full for utterance. I could only point with silent indignation at the ruin he had made. He glanced at it sideways, and then at me in the same way.

"Guess you had the wick too high."

Something exasperated me about the sentence and the way he said it: his manner was not only provokingly assured, but had a way with it that said, as plainly as words, "This is your fault, and you are the one to pay the penalty." But with an effort I only answered,

"No! I'm sure I put it down all the way as soon as the blaze began."

He squatted before the stove, and, with his hands on his knees, took another look at the dilapidated patent.

"Guess you had the wick too high," he repeated.

Not a tone was changed, but the man's manner as he looked up at me was full of the deliberate impudence of a man who knows he has only a woman against him. I trembled a little, but more with anger than any thing else.

"I don't know whether you doubt my word, but I distinctly remember turning the wick down; and it is down now, as you may see."

"Guess you had the wick too high," was all the fellow answered, with an indescribably insulting air of indifference.

The full impotence of my sex came over me like a wave, and I burst into tears as he made a movement to rise. Never was movement more needless. A strong hand on his collar helped him to his feet with a shake that made the furniture rattle all over the room, and John Gray, fairly blazing and nearly speechless with rage, exclaimed:

"What do you mean, you scoundrel?"

And all the while he shook the individual in question at a rate that effectually precluded any answer whatever.

The preparations for kicking the fiend down stairs were progressing with alarming rapidity when, in a momentary pause to aim the avenging boot, his imperturbable impertinence found breath to put in a remark that saved him on the brink of his *facilis descensus:*

"What are you a-doin' this fur? You ain't her husband!"

John was fairly staggered, and dropped the fellow as if he had been one of his own stoves on fire. He looked at me; he looked at the man; he blushed; he trembled; and then stammered out:

"N-no—I'm not her—her—husband, but—"

"But he's going to be," I exclaimed, my fury again getting the better of me; "and you had better pack yourself off, and your confounded old stove with you."

The murder was out; it flashed upon me the next instant with a blush that tingled to my finger-tips. The moment after John Gray's face lit up with a glory of love, his courage came back to him, and the strong arms opened, and blush and tears and all were hidden on his breast and wiped away in his kisses.

I don't know how the artist got down the stairs. About ten seconds afterward he had gone. We don't use his patent in our house now; we find a furnace preferable on the whole, though we have a wood-fire for cheerfulness in the library. When the early winter nightfall comes on, and we sit by the rich fire-light that is so much nicer than gas, John Gray—*my* John, you know—looks down into my soul, as I sit on the low ottoman beside him, with those great dear eyes of his, and says:

"After all, darling, that wasn't such a bad speculation of yours in oil!"

MY ULTIMATUM.

WHO talks to me of "giving up"—
Of lying down despairing?
Who says the bitter in his cup
Is bitter past the bearing?
For *me*, I feel the thing to do
(Let fate be hard or tender)
Is—like *La Garde* at Waterloo—
To die and not surrender.

What fierce encounters I have had,
Escapes how very narrow!
My first affray was with a lad
Who bore a bow and arrow.
If I should ever fight again
That old and young offender,
I see my course before me plain—
To die and not surrender.

And then I ran a race to snatch
A laurel from Apollo,
Whom very few contrive to catch,
And very many follow.
Amid the throng of sons of song,
The bards of either gender—
E'en yet I pant and limp along—
To die and not surrender.

I strove with Plutus day and night,
But left the fray in dudgeon;
And now I wage a fiercer fight
With Tempus, old curmudgeon.
Go on, Destroyer!—*you* destroy,
And Art shall be the mender.
Gray hair?—I'll get a wig, my boy,
Or *dye* and not surrender!

"GRANDMAMMA IS COME."

THE most popular character of a household is, after all that is said of filial affection and duty, not infrequently the grandmother, particularly if she lives at a distance. She is associated with all of the home pleasure, and none of those home restrictions which, no matter how wholesome, are never rightly appreciated by children. They hear her spoken of only with respect and love; and when she comes her visit is anticipated for days, and preceded by unusual preparations, and is invariably accompanied by gifts and "goodies." The poet had a true sense of the importance of grandmamma when he wrote thus:

Just see the fuss the children make;
With what keen longings of delight,
When grandmamma's away, they yearn
With love's desire for her return.
The boys, with many a loud hurrah,
Squeal of fife and beat of drum,
And now and then a boisterous shout,
Give warmest welcome to grandma;
All's clear voice shrilly ringing out,
Through all the hubbub and the hum,
"Look sharp there—grandmamma is come!"
And the first kindly greetings o'er,
What confidences, to be sure,
Are interchanged! It is so nice
To have wise talk not cold advice,
And girls so love in loving ears
Freely to pour their hopes and fears.
'Tis strange, indeed, how extremes meet—
Zenith anon is 'neath our feet—
Due east and west meet face to face—
In distance earth and heaven embrace.
Ah! youth and age how blessèd sweet,
When life's extremest points thus meet.
Oh, proud prerogative of age,
The hearts of children to engage:
Oh, prouder privilege of youth,
To learn from age's lips the truth,
Distilled from loving wisdom's ruth!

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"GRANDMOTHER'S COME!"—[SEE PAGE 39.]

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DAY-DREAMS OF THE PAST.—[SEE PAGE 42.]

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DAY-DREAMS OF THE PAST.

THE artist of our charming engraving on page 41 has, and not without good taste, made his drawing somewhat of the nature of our day-dreams—a little mixed and incongruous, but not indefinite. He has thrown upon his canvas the numerous faces and figures and fancies which decorate it with a free and careless hand, and the picture which has resulted is as charming and fascinating as are these day-dreams in which we often allow our imaginations to revel unrestrained. The old head in the centre of the engraving is supposed to have given his fancy free scope in dreams of the past; and he has been overwhelmed with visions of youthful sports and pastimes, the beauties he has known and loved, the scenes he has witnessed and enjoyed; the pleasures and joys of life, indeed, are recalled to his mind, and his day-dreams become indeed "visions of beauty" not only to himself but to the reader who gazes on the picture.

THE TIME WILL COME.

"THE time will come!" these simple words
A world of varied meaning tell—
Now merry as the song of birds,
Now mournful as a passing bell.
The child—who longing to be free
To roam the sunny woods and fields,
Where rippling streams flow on in glee,
And Nature store of fragrance yields—
When all his heart makes holiday,
And bees o'er blooming flow'rets hum,
Doth, hopeful of his freedom, say,
"The time will come—the time will come!"

"The time will come!" aspiring cries,
With throbbing heart and soul aflame,
The ardent youth who vows to rise
Till he has won an envied name,
When his renown aloft shall shine
Like some proud star above the sea,
To all the world a brilliant sign
That he hath gain'd the victory:
For ever to his eager soul,
Like sound of "spirit-stirring drum,"
These accents, full of promise, roll—
"The time will come—the time will come!"

"The time will come!" the maiden fair
Has murmur'd, in her bloom of youth,
In hope the future time to share
With one who vow'd her life-long truth.
Alas, alas, that such things are!
Her idol proves but worthless clay,
Who, deeming gold more precious far,
Her priceless love has cast away.
But shall he scathless do this deed?
No, conscience never will be dumb;
For him repentance shall succeed;
"The time will come—the time will come!"

"The time will come," the patriot cries,
"When men shall do me justice here;
Which though my native land denies,
Not less is she my country dear.
When force and fraud would trample low
Her liberties amid the dust,
My life-blood in her cause shall flow,
And prove me worthy of her trust.
Those hearts shall do me justice then
That Falsehood now has stricken numb,
Yet shall they rise to truth again:
The time will come—the time will come!"

"The time will come!"—a captive's hope,
Who, gazing through his prison-bars,
Surveys the distant azure cope
Where shine the soft and pitying stars.
He thinks of home, and those who pine
To hold him to their hearts once more;
Where wife and children's pray'rs combine
To hail his cruel bondage o'er.
Though, haply, Death alone may be
His liberator, yet the sum
Of all his hopes thus whispers he—
"The time will come—the time will come!"

"The time will come!" the weary heart,
Worn by its conflict with the world,
Sighs, as though longing to depart
For realms where Sorrow's wings are furl'd,
Where Falsehood can not enter in,
Where love and friendship ne'er grow cold,
But perfect truth and beauty win
Each heart within their tender fold.
To meet again the loved and lost,
To hear those tones Death bade be dumb,
We pray—though here so tempest-tost—
"The time will come—the time will come!"

LETTERS PATENT.

RUTH KENDALL stood in the doorway of her mother's cottage, her plump, shapely figure clearly defined in the lingering glow of sunset, and her face turned aside, looking down the street to where the path wound over the brow of the hill and disappeared. It was a face not handsome or even noticeable but for the mouth, which in some way centred and expressed all the other features. The firm line of Ruth's closed lips meant a strong, practical nature, but equal possibilities of womanly sweetness and tenderness were suggested by the flexile curves into which it broke as she spoke or smiled. It was a young, fresh face, of one little tried as yet, save by the common frictions of life, but whom any great test-strain of duty or suffering would not find unprepared—who could die for her ideal of right if need were, or live for it, which is sometimes the harder thing to do. Country-born and reared, Ruth's winsomeness was that of the good heart, without which the best results of breeding and culture are of little worth. She was not without [illegible] of romance, either; and was, in her way, as true a hero-worshiper as any maiden of the old Greek and Roman times.

Ruth's hero was Mark Barton. Their very unlikeness had drawn them together, like the attraction between opposite magnetic poles. How often, in their old school-days, she had looked on in a maze of admiration while the shy, dark-haired boy, sitting apart from his noisy mates in the long noon-time, whittled out little wheels and shafts, and pulleys, or fitted odd bits of wood together with persistent patience—a restless fire burning in his black eyes.

Genius is often but a sorrowful gift to poverty. Mark Barton had struggled up through an orphaned boyhood and a lonely youth to a manhood bare, as yet, of most of those accessories to ease and comfort which men strive after. Others, who, like him, had their own way to make, were already settling in life with fair prospects; but how much nearer was Mark's work to any tangible result, capable of exchange into home and fireside currency, than when he and Ruth were first engaged three years ago?

Meanwhile some ridiculed and more blamed him. It availed little to soften the stern judgment of men of shrewd, practical common-sense that one half his small room was crammed with books whose contents had been transferred to his own busy brain, while all around were strewn parts of models, and the complicated tools of a mechanician. Their disapproval was all the more grave that one who had learned so much should know so little. Such labor was only a refined sort of idleness—"shiftlessness" in the expressive local phrase. "A poor horse that can't carry his own provender," they said, looking at Mark's thin cheeks and threadbare dress. But Ruth—

> "Her faith is fixed and can not move,
> She darkly feels him great and wise,
> She dwells on him with faithful eyes,
> 'I can not understand; I love.'"

This cheery-faced girl, waiting in the twilight for her tardy lover, cared little for the sneers or pity of those who might misjudge him. She saw him coming at last, but so slowly and wearily that she hurried out to meet him, in a fright lest he were ill.

"No, not sick," he said, in answer to her anxious question; then he added, in a voice that could not make itself quite steady, "It's all wrong, Ruth!"

"What is wrong, Mark?"

"The machine; oh, Ruth, to fail now, when I have worked at this so long!"

"Fail! Why, Mark!" said Ruth, laying her hand on his arm with a swift, caressing motion, "that's a new word for you, dear! Besides, how often I've heard mother say that finding out where one is wrong is the very next thing to being right."

"It is not that, Ruth. My principle is a true one, and I know that in time I could find out some way to obviate this defective working; but Ruth—I hardly dare to tell you—I have spent more than my last cent on this model, and how I'm to pay my debts, even, without selling my books, I really can not tell. It was pure presumption to go on so; but I was so sure of success this time, and you know what success meant for you and me."

He paused a moment, then he said, impetuously:

"You had best give me up, Ruth; I'm not worth the waiting for!"

Her hand was on his lips.

"Don't, Mark!" she said. "Come indoors, there's no one here."

They went in; she drew him into a chair and sat down beside him, holding his hand.

"Mark, how much money do you need to pay these debts and go on with your work?"

"More than I shall be likely to see very soon, little woman," he answered, trying to speak cheerfully.

"Would five hundred dollars be enough?"

"Five hundred? What would not five hundred dollars do? But why do you ask? Your eyes shine as if you had found the philosopher's stone."

"It's just as well for you as if I had!" said Ruth, wisely; "you shall have that sum to-morrow—to-night, if you wish it!"

"Ruth!"

"Mark, dear, I have a secret; it's the first one I ever kept from you. You've heard me speak of uncle Roger, haven't you? Though, indeed, I don't remember him very well myself. He died a year ago, in California, and left me in his will five hundred dollars. I meant to surprise you with it, and not come to you quite empty-handed, when—when we are married, Mark. But it will do us both a great deal more good now than then, and— Oh, Mark, I'm so glad!"

Little, practical Ruth broke down, and hid her face in her hands.

"My darling girl!" cried Mark, lifting her face till he could look into her tearful eyes; "you don't think I could take that money?"

"Oh, Mark! indeed, indeed I do!"

"But I can not; it would not be manly or even right."

"Mark, listen to me!" Ruth was speaking now with a calm authority that forced him to hear. "Are there any questions of worldly usage between you and me? Are not our interests one? Can any good fortune come to you and not be mine too? Can you want to build up a home any more than I long to try to make it a happy one for you? Does it make any difference whether you or I use that money, or when, only as one or the other can do the best with it for both of us?"

"I will take it," said Mark, solemnly, "and may God prosper me as I shall use it for us both!"

"Going to be married, eh! Ruth?" said Judge Markham next day, as Ruth presented the note he had given her for the amount of her little legacy.

"No, Sir; not yet."

"Well, well, child! It's none of my business what you want with your money"—signing a check and giving it to her with a glance at her scarlet cheeks—"here it is, interest and all; but it's my advice to you, and no fee asked, not to invest it too deeply with that hare-brained lover of yours."

Ruth drew her little figure up with sudden dignity.

"I'm much obliged to you, Judge Markham," she said, and went out, the current of her joy too deep and strong to be disturbed by any passing ripple of vexation.

Full of new courage, and with every nerve of hand and brain tensely straining for action, Mark closed his little work-shop, and went into the city, that he might have increased advantages for study, and be able to superintend in person the construction of a new model.

Will Trafton, confidential clerk in the house of "Wilkes & Brown," had been Mark Barton's playmate in childhood. Meeting Mark on the street one day, he greeted him with the familiarity of old acquaintance, and at parting asked his address.

"I shall drop in upon you at my first spare hour," he said, when it had been given.

"Thank you, Will; but you won't find me very sociably inclined—I have other business."

"That's cool, decidedly; but you were always an odd chap, and I sha'n't be vexed with you. I shall come all the same."

Trafton was as good as his word. Again and again his calls broke in upon Mark's hours of close application; but despite all hindrances his work went steadily onward. One by one the difficulties seemed to clear away before the perfection of his plan, and the future shone with the golden promise of success.

One day Trafton came in, bringing a friend with him, a Mr. Everett—"a man," according to Will's graphic introduction, "after your own heart, Barton—can read your wheels, big and little, like a book; knows more of every thing worth knowing in five minutes than a good-for-naught like me in a lifetime!"

Mark caught the fascinating smile with which Everett held out his hand; and the annoyance he had felt at the first entrance of his visitors was dissipated at once. To be appreciated was a very new and charming sensation to one who had worked all his life under a cloud of censure and misconstruction. Here was a man, every line of whose face showed intellect and culture, with the air of one well-versed in men and things, meeting him, the poor, toiling inventor, with all the fine courtesy due an equal. If Mark had been a better physiognomist he might have thought the face wanted heart; as it was, he felt no lack. The hour passed delightfully, and when Everett said at leaving, "I am very thankful to my friend Trafton for so pleasant an acquaintance—shall I dare to intrude again?" Mark answered, warmly, "I shall always be glad to see you."

Before many weeks had passed Everett had come to be a daily visitor, holding a place in Mark's confidence which no other man had ever occupied. He entered with wonderful interest into all the plans of the young mechanist, and was as familiar with the complicated idea of the invention from which Mark hoped so much, as its author himself. All the minor difficulties which temporarily obstructed the general design had been laid before him, as also the various ways by which Mark expected to accomplish their removal.

Ruth Kendall, in her little room at home, wept tears of joyful pride over the glowing letters which chronicled at once the progress of the model and the growth of the new friendship.

Meanwhile the visits of Will Trafton to Mark's little study became less frequent. But if Mark himself was too much preoccupied to notice the cloud which seemed to be darkening across his friend's gay good-humor, and the furtive expression which his eyes took on sometimes, as of one ill at ease with himself, and suspicious of the distrust of others, Everett was less blind. "Something is going seriously wrong with Trafton," he decided with quiet certainty, and set himself the task of finding out the cause.

"Everett leaves town to-morrow," wrote Mark to Ruth one day; "a sudden call of business—may be absent indefinitely. I scarcely dare to think how much I shall miss him."

At last Mark's great work was done. The model was complete and stood before him the child of his own brain, perfect in adaptation, faultless in working.

All other emotions seemed swallowed up in the full assurance of victory, and the thought of what that victory would be to the faithful heart that had waited and loved and trusted so long. Nothing now remained but to secure his patent, and the road to fame and fortune—nay, better far, to home and love—seemed open. Having taken the necessary steps through a friend at Washington toward presenting his claim at the Patent Office, he still remained in the city awaiting further information. One night there came a telegram, brief but comprehensive:

"You are too late. A patent was granted only two weeks ago to James Everett—model almost identical with yours. Claim was rushed through."

Mark never knew how long he sat without word or motion. Even the power of thought seemed leaving him. He was conscious of but two emotions, the utter desolation of having been betrayed by his friend, and an intense longing for Ruth. At last he rose mechanically, and went out. He moved on aimlessly, turning corner after corner, until suddenly he heard the dizzy rush of a fire-engine past him, and found himself confused with a crowd surrounding a burning building. There was a cry of "The roof! the roof!" and the throng surged backward, as the whole structure fell in with a crash, throwing its blazing timbers out into the street. Mark heard something hiss toward him through the air, and fell blackened and bleeding under the feet of the people.

"Where am I?" It was Mark who spoke, looking about him feebly and uncertainly, as if groping for the lost thread of reason and memory.

"Here, Mark—at home."

"Oh, Ruth! is it you?" and at sight of her tender face bending over him, the past rushed upon him like a flood, and his scarred face contracted in a spasm of pain.

"It is I, Mark dear! but you must not talk—you are too weak."

"But tell me how I came here. I was hurt—I remember. Where did you find me, Ruth?"

"In the hospital, dear. You were carried there, and we found it out by the newspaper. So we went for you, brother John and I. You were very wild then, and the surgeons thought you would never be any better; but I knew that mother and I could nurse you. And now you are so much better—almost well!" She spoke eagerly, as if trying to persuade herself also.

"Now, Mark, not one word more!" she said, as he essayed to speak; "you must try to sleep."

"You won't leave me, Ruth?"

"I never leave you!" with a look more eloquent than words. He lay for a long time with closed eyes; then he said weakly, "Ruth!"

"Yes, Mark."

"You know about it?"

"Yes, dear; I found the dispatch in your pocket. But you must not think of it now!"

"But I *must!*" he answered with sudden energy. "Ruth, it's all gone! Your money—my faith in humanity—our home that was to be!"

"No, no! Never say it, Mark!" What a subtle magnetism infused itself into his tired brain from the tender touches of her finger-tips! "Not gone! my love! We have all these and more in our trust in God and in each other. Let that man take your work—it does not make it his! The victory is yours—God gave it to you, and with it that larger patent which He grants to His nobility!"

Mark's convalescence, so long delayed, was now proportionally rapid. His disease had been more the result of extreme mental exhaustion than the mere physical effect of the blow which was its immediate cause. The healthful tone once re-established, he steadily gained strength. As he became able to think connectedly, his mind was constantly occupied with the question of the possibility of successfully contesting his claim with his false friend. One plan after another was entertained and rejected for want of some necessary link in the chain of evidence. He was astounded now at his own lack of foresight in neglecting to file a "*caveat*," which would have served him as a partial protection. He determined, at last, so soon as he should be able, to lay the whole matter before a competent attorney, and abide by his decision of the possibilities of the case.

There was a sharp rap at the door one evening, and when Ruth opened it, Will Trafton stood there and asked anxiously for Mark. She showed him into the inner room, and left the two alone. Mark's surprise at Trafton's unexpected visit was more than equaled by his wonder at the change visible in him. Indeed, he scarcely recognized him at first, so utterly worn and haggard was his face, and every gesture so eloquent of discouragement mingled with a desperate determination to brave the worst. He would not take Mark's proffered hand.

"No, no!" he said, "if you knew all, you would not offer it. I've been a perjured traitor at heart, though I am glad for your sake, Mark, that I have not gone too far to turn back. Mark, God knows that when I first brought Everett to see you I thought he was an honest man. I believed in him just as freely as you afterward did. I never had a suspicion of what he meant to do until—"

"Why, Will!" interrupted Mark, "I never blamed *you!*"

"Hear me out! I had taken to bad ways—I was always so powerless against temptation!" he groaned. "I lived beyond my salary, and when every thing was on the brink of an exposure that would have lost me my situation and sent me away disgraced, Everett gained my confidence and saved me. It happened more than once, and at last, when I was deeply in debt to him, and could not pay, and was almost wholly in his power in other ways, he sprung this villainous plan of his upon me, and by dint of promises and threats made me pledge myself, in case you should contest the patent, to help him by giving such testimony as he should dictate. There, Mark! you know it now, and I never can tell you what tortures I have suffered for it!" He buried his face in his hands with a great sob; then he lifted it again, and went on with nervous eagerness: "But, Mark, your case can be made clear as day. In the first place, you can prove by some one here how long ago you began work on your first plan, can't you?"

"Yes, by Ruth and others."

"Well, there's Bill Cleevy, the janitor of the building where you were, who will swear to Everett's being in your room so much. Better than that, I found out, by accident, where Everett had his model made. It was at some works in Philadelphia. I had to go there the other day on some business for Mr. Brown, and I went to see the man who made it. I suppose you will call it a providence, Mark, that in an old waste-basket we found a sheet of written instructions in *your own handwriting*, which Everett had given him. Then add my testimony to all the rest, and there can be no possibility of failure."

Mark was weak yet, and the shock was almost too great for him. A few tears, which he was not ashamed to shed, rolled down his cheeks. He held out both hands to Will, who took them

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now with an entreaty for forgiveness, which was met before half uttered.

There is little need to tell what the reader has guessed already; how the Commissioner of Patents tried the case, deciding it in favor of the real inventor; how the proceeds of Mark's first sale were devoted, in part, to annihilating the baffled Everett's last hold upon Will Trafton, who emerged from the terrible shadow of his temptations and failures, having learned a lesson which would make him all his life a stronger and a better man; how there was a wedding in the country church, where all the town crowded to see, and Judge Markham gave away the bride; how not a few, who sneered at the poor inventor while the issue of his experiments trembled in the balance, now ask his counsel and patronage; how wealth has been to him no excuse for a vainglorious idleness, but the prosperous, happy years come and go, finding and leaving him a tireless investigator, a lover of truth for its own sake, a simple, earnest worker for God and man.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

NOT unfrequently some heroic deed, performed by some humble but noble spirit, comes to the notice of the public for a brief moment, and awakens a thrill of admiration. But it is soon swallowed up in the great vortex of daily news, and passes into oblivion. A good deed, worthy of remembrance and praise, was witnessed a week or two ago near Pier 12, North River. A one-armed soldier, attempting to throw a line to a vessel, lost his balance and fell overboard. Unable to sustain himself he had sunk twice and was just going down for the third time, when a little fellow named John White, who was engaged in selling papers on the dock, dropped his stock in trade, threw off his coat and shoes, and leaped into the water after the man. Being a good swimmer the gallant boy succeeded in holding the head of the maimed veteran above water until assistance was rendered and both were hauled out on the dock. John White deserves to meet with abundant patronage hereafter. And, indeed, news-boys in general exhibit in their daily work a most commendable degree of energy, perseverance, and patience, which many others older and wiser might imitate.

There is an opening for an inventor. An exchange says there has been too much of "the roasting business," and that stoves and coal-oil should be thrown out of railroad cars. Can not a safe mode of heating and lighting cars be discovered? While recent railroad horrors are fresh in the mind, it is well to agitate this question.

We have had some severe weather this winter, and may reasonably expect more. But in Canada the season is said to have been thus far the coldest experienced for eighteen years. Certain citizens of Maine have had some tough experiences. A short time ago a man went to get a piece of corned beef from a barrel. The pickle was frozen hard, and in breaking it with a crow-bar, the cold iron froze his fingers! A woman met with a still more extraordinary disaster. Going with her hands warm and wet from the wash-tub after the clothes-stick in the woodhouse, as she was about to take it up her hand was seized and held fast. Looking with some terror to see what strange monster had thus fastened upon her, she found that an iron crow-bar, standing near, had frozen fast to the back of her hand, and not merely held on like grim death, but was apparently drawing her whole arm into its chilling embrace. In her terror she called aloud for water, and her mother, thinking only hot water could be wanted in such weather, came with a dipper full of boiling water!—Fearing that she was about to be scalded as well as frozen, the victim of the crow-bar, which still kept its grip upon her, cried louder than ever for cold water, which being poured upon her hand she was able to tear it away with the loss of the skin, which remained upon the inexorable iron. Her hand was blistered as badly as if it had been burned!

A new article of manufacture has just made its appearance in our market which promises to occupy a wide field. It forms a connecting link between glass and porcelain, extending largely into the domain of each. Its peculiar character is defined by its name—"Hot-cast Porcelain." While containing the ingredients of which porcelain is composed it is worked like glass, and can, like glass, be blown, pressed, or rolled into any desired shape. The reason for naming the new material "Hot-cast Porcelain" is, that it is produced in a single operation while the ingredients are in a state of fusion. The manufacture of this porcelain is at present carried on in a factory of considerable extent in Philadelphia; but a movement is now making to greatly enlarge the production—a number of the leading business men of this city taking a deep interest in it. Samples of the material can be seen at 62 John Street, up stairs.

A most extraordinary story, of the Baron Munchausen style, is told by a fireman who describes how he rescued a child from a burning house. He was on the fourth floor, and fire had cut off all means of escape inside. The fireman called to the man who held the hose to turn on his largest stream. When the stream reached the window the fireman took the child in one arm, and clasping his legs and his free arm round the stream, slid safely down to the pavement.

A young woman living in Indiana, who is about seventeen years of age, has been the subject of a remarkable trance, which lasted twelve hours. She had been ill, and to all appearance died. Preparations were made for her funeral, but as the body retained its warmth it was delayed. When consciousness returned the girl told strange stories of her visit to other worlds, and of those she saw in heaven and hell. She also said she should have another trance, which happened as she foretold. During this strange phenomenon she appeared to be dead, but the pulse beat faintly and the body was not entirely cold. All sensation was gone. The girl is uneducated, but has always borne a good character for truthfulness, and is a member of the church. The physician in attendance is positive as to her condition during the whole time, and had it not been for him she would have been buried alive.

Illinois is a remarkable State, and contrives to startle the world with its strange proceedings pretty often. One of the latest sensations is the sale of a husband by a jealous wife. The lady in question finding that another woman was planning to elope with her husband, thought she ought to be paid for him! This was considered fair, and the man was valued at $120—doubtless more than he was worth. The money was paid, the various parties seemed satisfied, and the man departed with his new companion.

Skating is an ancient amusement, having originated probably at some unknown period among the dykes of Holland. It was first introduced into London about two hundred years ago, and was practiced by the cavaliers of St. James's Park as a great novelty. As to skates, they have undergone wonderful changes—the Icelanders used the shank-bone of a deer or a sheep; and in a description of ancient customs in London it is remarked: "When the great fenn or moore (which watereth the walls of the citie on the north sides) is frozen, many young men play upon the yce, and suding swiftly. Some tye bones to their feete under their heeles, and shoving themselves by a little pick staffe, slide as swiftly as a bird flyeth in the air, or an arrow out of a cross-bow." Time and ingenuity have wrought great changes, and the skates of to-day are highly finished articles, and command a high price.

In Philadelphia—and the fashion will soon be in New York—if it did not originate here—burglars are traveling around as peddlers, offering for sale a paste for burnishing silver. They produce the paste, and offer to polish the silver-ware for nothing, by which means they are enabled to know what silver is in the place they visit, and where it is kept. It is the height of the season for burglars now, and good care should be taken not to give them any special facilities.

A second Yelverton case has been brought up in London. One Sir Eardley married a New York lady in 1859, and she being still living, he has recently married an English lady. It was shown that the marriage in New York took place in Calvary Church in the presence of many witnesses. Sir Eardley, defended by eminent counsel, contended that the marriage was illegal, but the magistrate committed him without bail to take his trial. Sir Eardley seems to have imagined that he could repudiate his New York marriage because there was no ceremony before the British Consul. A very little investigation will convince English lords and lawyers that the law of New York does not suffer wives to be repudiated on the ground of a trivial irregularity in the marriage ceremony. In England, to be sure, if a man tucks in an extra letter as he signs his name to the marriage record, in the ceremony is not performed between certain established hours, and in certain established places, and according to certain established rules, why, when he wants a change of life, he finds it very easy to pick a flaw in the performance, and to have the marriage declared null and void. Not so in this State. As was shown in a recent case in the Court of Appeals, there may be a valid marriage in this State though not formally solemnized by a clergyman or consent declared before a magistrate. If parties, competent to contract, in the presence of witnesses agree together to be husband and wife, and afterward recognize each other as such, it is a sufficient marriage to sustain an indictment for bigamy in the event of one of the parties having before that time married another who is still living. Marriage in this State is a civil contract, and does not require the intervention of a minister or magistrate to make it legal. And although certain religious ceremonies are highly desirable and appropriate in connection with marriage, it is also desirable that the exact law be known, so that no one may be deprived of just rights through a false representation or construction of it.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WHAT THE RECENT FENIAN EXPLOSIVE LETTERS HAVE CAUSED.

ADVICE TO SKATERS.

1. Never try to skate in two directions at once. It always ends in sorrow.
2. Eat a few apples for refreshment sake while skating, and be sure to throw the cores on the ice.
3. Sit down occasionally, no matter where. There is no law to prevent a new beginner from sitting down whenever he has an inclination to do so.
4. When you meet a particularly handsome lady try to skate on both sides of her at once. This is very pretty, and sure to create a sensation.
5. Skate over all the small boys at once.
6. If you skate into a hole in the ice take it coolly. Think how you would feel if the water was boiling hot.
7. If your skates are too slippery buy a new pair. Keep buying new pairs till you find a pair that are not slippery.
8. In sitting down do it gradually. Don't be too sudden; you might break the ice.
9. When you fall headlong examine the straps of your skates very carefully before you get up.
10. Wear a heavy over-coat or cloak till you get thoroughly warmed up, and then throw it off and let the wind cool you.
11. After you get so that you can skate tolerably well skate three or four hours—skate frantically—skate till you can't stand up.

WHERE TO LIVE.

All good men should live in Archangel; all angry men in Ireland.

All murderers in Kildare; all circus-men in Somerset.

All brokers in Stockholm; all cold men in Chili.

All geometricians in Cuba; all fools in Folly Island.

All horticulturists in Botany Bay; all wags in the Bay of Fundy.

All perfumers in Muscat or Cologne; all brewers in Malta.

All gluttons in Turkey; all beggars in Hungary.

All laconic men in Laconia; all mourners in Siberia or Wales.

All confectioners in Candia: all children in the Crimea.

All oil-speculators in Greece; all gamblers in the Faroe Isles.

All stumblers in Tripoli; all curious men in Pekin.

All shoemakers in Bootan; all soldiers in Armenia or Warsaw.

CABINET CURIOSITIES.—Mr. Seward having purchased an iceberg, and secured the refusal of an earthquake, proceeds to negotiate for a volcano.

What nose is more brilliant than the toper's nose? Why, volca—no's, to be sure. Pat remarks that the chief glow of each comes from the "crater."

REFLECTIONS IN A FASHIONABLE CHURCH.

Rich notes from a contralto voice,
Loving, laughing eyes,
Some one listening to those notes—
Sunlight in the skies.

Sad notes from a contralto voice,
Tear-drops in the eyes,
None to listen to those notes—
Twilight in those skies.

No sound from that contralto voice,
Closed for aye those eyes,
Some one pining for those notes—
Darkness in the skies.

Glad notes from a contralto voice,
Glory in those eyes,
Some one dreaming hears those notes—
Dawn is in the skies.

An ancient rhyme divides female beauty into four orders, as follows:

Long and lazy,
Little and loud,
Fair and foolish,
Dark and proud.

MY NEW-YEAR'S CALL.

1. It isn't very tempting out. No cabs any where: but I must call on Penelope.

2. She'd never forgive the slight. It would prove a fearful blow.

3. I must call, or perish in the attempt. *I call* that man and brother in the distance.

4. Who for greenbacks conveys me pick-a-back to Penelope.

5. As we turn up the street we accidentally turn up. Horror of Penelope.

6. Rescued by the hand of Love, I achieve my New-Year's Call.

THE "TIMES" ON THE "ALABAMA" CLAIMS.

During the Civil War in America.—The idea is simply preposterous. That such claims for a moment should be entertained by a civilized power, only too clearly demonstrates, etc., etc., etc.

After the Conclusion of Peace.—We have already expressed our opinion on the *Alabama* difficulty, and thought, perhaps, according to the strict letter of international law, a violation of rights has been committed; yet, etc., etc., etc.

Upon Application from the Government of the United States.—There is, after all, a great deal to be said in favor of the American view of this question. At the same time the dignity of this country, etc.

After the Fenian Raid in Canada.—The sooner this matter is settled the better.

On Receipt of Peremptory Demands from Washington.—John Bull is not the sort of individual to fight about L. S. D. A graceful concession, etc., etc.

The Result of Mr. Seward's Last Communication.—Don't hit us, please. We won't do so again. How much is there to pay? Booh-ooh-ooh! We're *so* sorry!

Love is a pearl of purest hue,
But stormy waves are round it,
And dearly may a woman rue
The hour that first she found it.

One of a party of musical friends, referring to an exquisite musical composition, said, "that song always carries me away when I hear it." "Can any one sing it?" asked Jerrold.

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HON. RICHARD BUSTEED.

IT was hoped that the race of Southern assassins had died with BOOTH and the slave oligarchy, and that we should never again hear of the hanging or shooting of Northern men and Government officials for the reason that they were of Northern birth and official position. The attempted assassination of Judge RICHARD BUSTEED, at Mobile, shows that this ignoble and mean spirit which leads men to resort to the commission of the highest crime to "preserve their honor and sustain their character" is not yet crushed out.

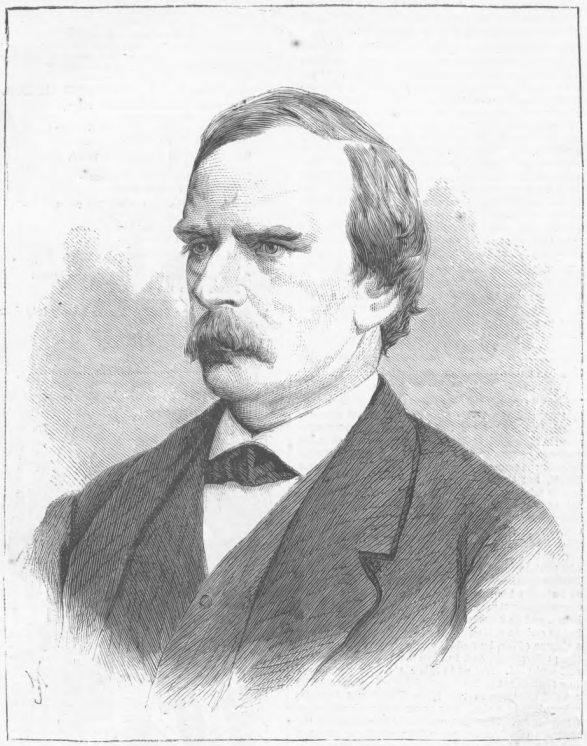
The facts of the attempt on the life of Judge BUSTEED are as follows: He has been for some years Judge, by appointment of Mr. LINCOLN, of the United States Court for the Southern District of Alabama, and on December 28 was in Mobile in attendance on his court. The assassin who attempted his life is L. V. B. MARTIN, the District Attorney at Mobile. Charges had been preferred in Judge BUSTEED's court against MARTIN for malfeasance in office, and the Grand Jury had found a true bill against him. Judge BUSTEED refused, on the application of MARTIN and his friends, persistently made, to stay the proceedings against him, and thereupon MARTIN conceived that he had just cause of anger against the Judge. On the morning of December 28 he met Judge BUSTEED near the Mobile Post-Office, and accosted him by saying:

"Judge BUSTEED, do you intend to allow that indictment against me to take its course?"

"Of course, Sir," answered the Judge, "the law must take its course."

Without another word, the duly-elected Mobile prosecutor of criminals drew a revolver, and without a word of warning, shot the judge of criminals in the breast and subsequently in the leg. The victim has since lain in great danger of his life, and his recovery is yet doubtful.

Judge BUSTEED, of whom we give a portrait on this page, was born in Ireland. His father was a colonel in the British army, and at one time civil and military Governor of the Island of St. Lucia, West Indies, a dependency of the British crown. On returning to England, Colonel BUSTEED sold out his commission, emigrated to Canada, and established a newspaper strongly democratic in principle, where his sons learned something of "the art preservative of arts." On removing to this city the son became a compositor in the *Commercial Advertiser* office, and soon afterward entered himself as a student in the law-office of the late THOMAS ADDIS EMMETT. In due time he was admitted to the bar, and soon secured a large practice. In September, 1856, he was appointed Counsel to the Corporation, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of LORENZO B. SHEPARD; and at the election following was elected to that office for the usual term of three years.



JUDGE BUSTEED OF ALABAMA.

At the outbreak of the rebellion he was commissioned a Brigadier-General. After serving for over a year he resigned, and was subsequently appointed to his present office.

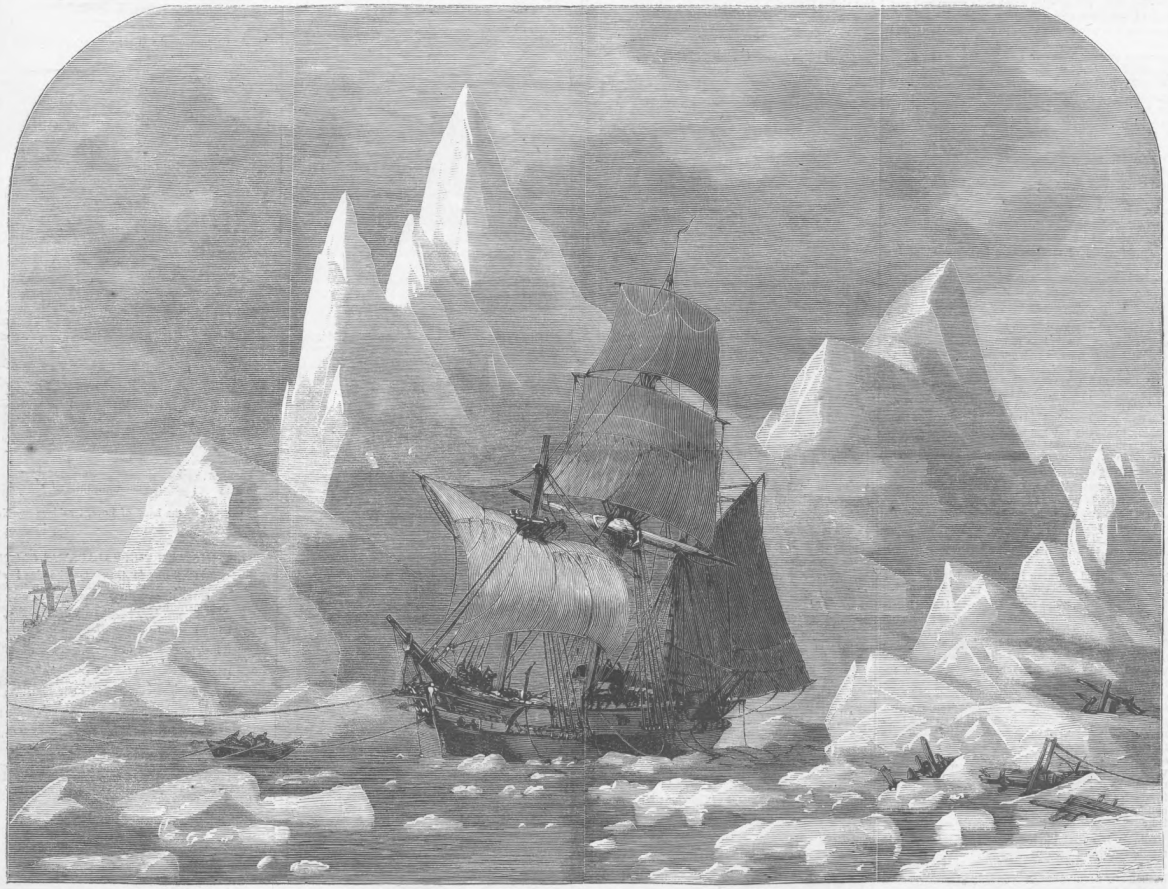
Very few lawyers in the country possess greater powers as an advocate. As a judge he has made himself acceptable to the people and bar of Alabama, and his published charges to grand juries exhibit a high degree of legal acumen and strong practical sense.

AMIDST THE ICE AGAIN.

IT is encouraging to know that just on the eve of the sailing of the several exploration fleets of England, France, and Prussia, in search of an Open Polar Sea, some important discoveries have been made in the same direction by American whalers. These discoveries have been less of an open sea than of a new polar continent; but they are important steps in Arctic exploration, and add considerably to the world's geographical knowledge as well as to the world's known surface.

The existence of the land lately discovered has been surmised for forty years or more, and was originally announced by Baron WRANGELL, a famous Russian explorer. He, however, never saw it, but learned of its existence from the Siberian Indians. It was first actually seen on August 14, 1867, from the bark *Nile*, and subsequently that vessel sailed for one hundred miles along its exposed coast. The land lies almost within sight of the northern shore of the most eastern province of Siberia, but is almost unapproachable. The southeastern cape of the new territory is in north latitude 71° 10′, and west longitude 176° 46′. The southwestern cape is in north latitude 70° 50′, and west longitude 178° 15′. From these points and this southern coast it stretches indefinitely northward. This land could be distinctly seen in August last from the *Nile*. Along the south coast it looked quite elevated, and near the centre has an extinct crater cone, which is estimated to be 2480 feet high. This coast appears to be nearly straight, with high, rugged cliffs, and entirely barren. The northeast coast appears to run from the southeast cape in a northwesterly direction for about fifteen or twenty miles, and then turns to the north and northeast. Captain BLIVEN traced it much further north, and has seen others who traced it to north of latitude 72°. There is no doubt that it extends much further to the north, and that there is another island to the east of it. The Captain of the *Nile* named it Wrangell's Land, after the noted Russian explorer. The west point he named Cape Thomas, after the seaman on his ship who discovered it, and the southeast point Cape Hawaii, after the port from which he had last sailed.

Our engraving on this page shows a vessel amidst the ice of the Arctic Ocean, and illustrates one of the many dangers to which whalers in extreme northern latitudes are frequently subjected. Numberless are the ships which have been destroyed by the immense icebergs which form in the Arctic Ocean and float occasionally southward until they dissolve under the rays of our summer suns. The vessel in our illustration appears to have just escaped from being crushed between two large mountains of ice which were bearing down upon it.



AMIDST THE ICE—A VESSEL ESCAPING FROM ICEBERGS.

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THE ILLUSTRATED ALPHABET OF LIFE.

A. B. C!

PRETTY, and only playing!
  Playing; yet as you bend
The twig, so runs the saying,
The tree will grow. Worth weighing,
  That bent—its aim—its end!

Feed every whim. No measure
  To selfish thoughts—Ah me!
Why poison life with pleasure?
Why waste the young hearts' treasure!
  Why?—This is **A. B. C.**

L. S. D!

Alas! that youth entices
  Such things as these—yet gold
Will blind the world, and vices,
Like maidens, name their prices—
  While truth is bought and sold.

Happier those around her;
  Happier—they are free!
For a golden snake has bound her,
In its fatal coil has wound her—
  Cursed, venomed, **L. S. D.**

I. O. U!

Ruin, that's all—to-morrow,
  Ruin? God help them then!
To starve, to beg, to borrow,
Their lot? Well, wherefore sorrow—
  Are *we* not gentlemen?

What "fraud and theft?" oh! no, Sir,
  Such charges are not true!
A duty, you must know, Sir,
That to ourselves we owe, Sir,
  But laugh at **I. O. U.**

R. I. P!

Tears, loving tears, have started
  From every eye; be still—
For we are broken-hearted,
We miss the dear departed,
  God bless him!—Where's his Will?

What! nothing? Not a penny!
  The miser!—Hush! you see
He cuts up well for many—
Who cares? I've not got any—
  Ah who! Well—**R. I. P.**

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THE SINGER'S PLACE.

You would pass it among the rest,
Curious world, as you haste along,
The tiny, secret joy possessed,
The heart of life and the fount of song,
Kept securely above your wrong.

Safe as a bird's nest high in a tree,
On the outermost twig, where it bends and swings,
Out of reach if any one see,
And safe for the dweller, without his wings,
Because the lightest and smallest of things.

They may look and listen underneath,
When leaves are thick in the festal June,
And think the old tree all abreath,
It trembles so in the stillest noon
With the overflow of the raptured tune,

As if the spirit were in its boughs
That keeps such joy in the air afloat;
The tiny singer in his great house
Swelling the while his tireless throat,
More than a bird's joy in the note.

For all that the glorious tree receives,
When spring her beautiful robe lets fall,
Crown of blossoms and wealth of leaves,
A pillar in earth's great banquet-hall,
There is only the robin's voice for all.

Sing, sing on, glad heart, sweet mouth!
The precious burthen is all for thee;
Wind of the west and wind of the south
Kiss the boughs of the happy tree
Where Joy is mated with Harmony,

Keeping its summers with music rife,
Its winters warm with the empty nest;
Through its flushing and waning life,
Still the home of the singing guest,
Blessed always above the rest.

CARL SPENCER.

TERRIBLE TELEGRAMS.

I AM of opinion that some place of residence should be provided for quiet, old-fashioned people who find it impossible to accustom themselves to the rapid and to them most obnoxious changes (misnamed "improvements") which are supposed to be essential to what is called progress. Such people as myself, for instance, who can not run, and are equally unable to get out of the way, are continually being knocked down by the wheels of the triumphal car of the nineteenth century. Can not the Government set apart a suburb for our especial benefit; a place to which no local railway has yet penetrated; where no hansom cabs linger along the roadways for the purpose of making furious dashes at timid pedestrians who venture on a crossing; where clean and genteel flys may be hired of a civil stable-keeper; and a couple of sedan chairs, retained for ordinary evening visitations in the next street, to be carried by the carpet-beater and general odd-man and messenger, assisted by the son of the small-coal man or the green-grocer? It may be replied that there are suburbs already in existence where such a condition of things might easily be inaugurated—suburbs, or, at all events, adjacent though outlying country places, where there are as yet no railway stations. I can only say, I don't know one in which, directly a few select inhabitants take quiet possession in the hope of remaining undisturbed by the restless, soulless, mechanical activity of the age, a speculative builder does not run up hideous streets of semi-detached villas, and form a colony of stockbrokers' clerks and aspiring tradespeople, who leave their shops behind daily at five o'clock. The consequence is, that to take these people to town every morning there is an omnibus competition which entirely excludes the original residents from all the inside seats; and, finally, a branch railway and a wretched, horribly new stone-and-stucco station disfigure the place; the best walks are cut up and spoiled; the streets are infested with hordes of navigators, who demoralize the laboring population and increase the number of the beer-shops, and we are all scared by day and kept sleepless by night by the scream and rattle of the trains. The whole scandalous proceeding is consummated by the arrival of a telegraphic apparatus and the newspapers; nasty, closely-printed, unwieldy, great broad-sheets, from which, if any body ventures to read them—and it is what I never could bring my mind to do—the ink all comes off upon one's gloves and soils one's muslin dress. It is to the telegrams that I personally have the greatest aversion, however; not that there is any objection whatever to the curious discovery of the powers of electricity. The wonders of science, as exhibited at the Polytechnic, where I make a point of going twice a year, have ever been a source of gratification to me; and I would have them made useful in the instruction of youth at half-price; but nothing now is too high or too sacred for trade; or, as those who are ashamed to call it by its right name say, "for the advancement of commercial interests." Of all the modern inventions which have served to overthrow sentiment among us, to abolish refinement, and to use the results of a high material civilization for the purpose of establishing a mental and spiritual barbarism, I regard the Electric Telegraph as the worst. Telegrams (the very word is, I am told, a barbarous and illiterate jargon) are illustrative of what is called modern progress—of the progress which leaves every thing best worth having behind, and for the sake of living faster, enjoys nothing. If they have not almost abolished writing, they have at least nearly put an end to epistolary correspondence. We get no letters now; only brief, uninteresting, and frequently ungrammatical communications, scrawled illegibly on a tiny scrap of flimsy tissue note-paper. Who ever receives a good, honest, earnest letter nowadays?—a letter which the writer has sat down to as to a labor of love, and warming with the task, has extended over a fair sheet of gilt-edged post, *and then crossed?* In a few more years there will be nobody left who keeps packets of letters tied up with ribbon in secret nooks and drawers of their desks and bureaus. There will be no desks and bureaus, perhaps; no letters certainly; it will all be done by telegram, and an invitation will be sent an hour before dinner-time, with just "4.30 sharp" upon it; and the reply will be, "Yes, thanks." This, however, is sarcasm. It ill becomes me to satirize that which should rather be regarded with serious grief; for consider how much letters have had to do with the lives of people like myself: how almost every epoch in our quiet existences has been marked by epistolary correspondence. I never received but two of those dreadful telegrams in my life, and one them was delivered to me in mistake for somebody else. It contained only these words:

"All right. A girl. Both doing well."

It gave me a dreadful shock, for I remembered how the advent of a little stranger in our family had always been accompanied by a series of observances which indicated that an immortal being had been ushered into the world. There was first a white kid glove on the knocker, then a cushion stuck with pins of welcome, next the solemn whispering reception of visitors by the young mother, who sat up in a lace cap and a large white shawl; and of half-crowns by the nurse, who assiduously produced light refreshments on the occasion; then there was the christening, with white favors and a quiet party; and a silver mug, a papboat, a coral and bells from godfathers and godmothers. All these ceremonies were the occasion of letters which kept alive family affection, and made life something more than a mere passing reminder, and time worth a better record than the mere memorandum of a railway clerk.

Letters were a part of the observances of society in those days. There were proper seasons and occasions for them, quite independent of any thing happening which required to be communicated—at Christmas-tide especially, and on New-Year's Day, and birthdays, and on hearing incidentally of some piece of good fortune or any sorrow which had overtaken a friend. I hope we have not yet reached such a pitch of brutality that we could communicate by telegram on any of these occasions, giving our secret thoughts and tender sympathies to the ear of the clerk, and sending them briefly in a couple of lines. I remember even in my school-days how much letters had to do with our daily life. There were the letters that we got from home with the cake and the parcel of fruit, the new writing-desk and the box of toys. Then there were the holiday letters, written just before breaking-up days, wherein we were supposed to write the sentiments of our hearts by beginning "My dear Parents," and declaring our hope that we should "ever be mindful of the constant love and care" bestowed upon us by our dear friends, and "of the inestimable advantages to be derived from the pursuit of those studies to which we were directed by those to whom the care of our education was intrusted." How well I remember the old formula! I have some of my own letters in my desk now, along with those others—those mournful, deep-black-bordered ones that came to me with the first great sorrow that almost laid my life low; but which, coming as messengers of terrible intelligence, had yet something of healing in their wings, because of the love and compassion that dwelt in the words by which that awful message was conveyed. The ink is all brown and faded now, but the remembrance of the sorrow lives, the remembrance of the sorrow and of the tenderness, both of which can be recalled, as it were, in their first freshness by a glance at those blurred and paling characters.

I don't know why I should have grown so garrulous, even though I have lived to be an old maid. Yes, I have none of those other letters in my secretary—letters that tell of the heart's devotion, and of which some of my friends have received so many, and have allowed me to participate in their joy, not always lasting. I might have had, but it was not to be. There came to me one day a black-bordered messenger instead of a white-winged dove, and the page that might have been opened in my book of life was closed forever. I will not think of that now; not that the thought gives me pain. But I have gone quite away from the subject of telegrams. I said I had only received two. The second was from my dear niece Bertha. Her parents live in the country, and I have ever tried to act to her as though she had been my own daughter. She is a fiery, imperious creature, for she was a spoiled child always, and very, very beautiful, *I* think. So William thought; for she no sooner left school than he wanted to marry her, and married they were before she was twenty years old. I thought it would have been better for her to have had some household or domestic training first; but that, it appears, has gone out of fashion too. At all events, as her future husband had a good business in the City, they obtained her parents' consent; and my only fear was that her passionate temper might be a trouble to her. Fortunately William was one of the best of men—slow, but with an amiability that nothing could ruffle, and a fine constitution. They were a handsome couple, and I gave them all my old silver tea-service, and the best spoons, for a wedding-present.

They have been married now very little above six months, and I have more than once had occasion to warn Bertha not to give way to her temper, or to try her husband's affection too far. Judge, then, of my surprise, my almost horror, when, the day before yesterday, I received a "telegram" from Bertha, saying no more than—"Dear Aunty, come to me at once; I am so miserable."

You might have knocked me down with a feather; but I sent Hannah for a fly—she brought a cab, and it was full of muddy straw, and somebody had been smoking tobacco inside it—and drove off to Barbarossa-villas at once. What could have happened? When I got in Bertha flew into my arms and became hysterical.

"What—what is the matter, child?" I exclaimed. "Nothing between you and William, I solemnly hope and trust?"

"I—I was very wicked, and behaved so badly to him this morning; and I deserve it all, and I am a wretch. But oh! how could he be so cruel?" she sobbed.

"Why, what has he done?" said I, in dismay.

"He went away without a word, or, at all events, I didn't listen, for I went into my own room, and banged the door; but look—look there!"

I saw what it was—a telegram. Oh, how I loathed the sight of the wretched scrap of blue paper, with its red letters! This was it:

"It is too heavy for me. I can not come; but it will be brought home to you, and you will have to pay for it."

What was to be done? I tried to cheer her; told her to hope for the best; that he had sent that hateful message in the heat of passion, which would have subsided over the rational employment of writing a letter. It was with difficulty that I could get her to take a cup of tea. Wearily the hours went on—eight, nine, ten, eleven, midnight—and she sat there dumb, weeping, almost heart-broken.

Suddenly there was the sound of a key in the lock of the street-door, a foot upon the stair, and her husband burst into the room. He looked with surprised inquiring glances from one of us to the other. With a great cry Bertha sprang into his arms, her face upon his shoulder.

"So you have forgiven me, dear William! you have come back!" she said, in broken accents.

"Come back!" he replied; "of course I have. What ever is the matter, my love?—you got my message, didn't you?—and the turkey's in the passage, I see. You've paid for it, haven't you?"

"Paid for it!—oh, William! Yes! no—what do you mean?"

"Please, ma'am," said the servant-girl, who came in at that moment, "I wished to tell you as the man that have brought the turkey he's my fust-cousin, and I asked him to step into the kitchen, ma'am, till sech times as you was recovered sufficient for to pay for it."

"I'll go and see to it," said I, and went out of the room, leaving the young couple together.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A NEW VOLUME.—Look out for the January Pictorial double number of the ILLUSTRATED PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, with portraits of Kings, Queens, and Emperors; also of Patrick Henry, Edward Everett, F. W. Robertson, and others: including "Signs of Character;" Races of Men; Science of the Soul; Social Relations, Love, Courtship, and Marriage; Education and Self-Improvement; Choice of Pursuits, with other matters all ought to know, to be found in no other publication. Only $3 a year, or 30 cents a number. Address S. R. WELLS, No. 389 Broadway, New York.

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A. MORTON.

MORTON'S GOLD PENS DO NOT WEAR OUT.
MORTON'S GOLD PENS DO NOT WEAR OUT.
MORTON'S GOLD PENS DO NOT WEAR OUT.
A SINGLE ONE WILL LAST A LIFETIME.
A SINGLE ONE WILL LAST A LIFETIME.
A SINGLE ONE WILL LAST A LIFETIME.
BY THEIR USE
BY THEIR USE
BY THEIR USE
THE LABOR of WRITING is GREATLY REDUCED,
THE LABOR of WRITING is GREATLY REDUCED,
THE LABOR of WRITING is GREATLY REDUCED,
GREATER UNIFORMITY IS OBTAINED,
GREATER UNIFORMITY IS OBTAINED,
GREATER UNIFORMITY IS OBTAINED,
EASE, ELEGANCE, and BEAUTY are ACQUIRED,
EASE, ELEGANCE, and BEAUTY are ACQUIRED,
EASE, ELEGANCE, and BEAUTY are ACQUIRED,
ECONOMY, PLEASURE, and PROFIT CONSULTED.
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XII.—No. 578.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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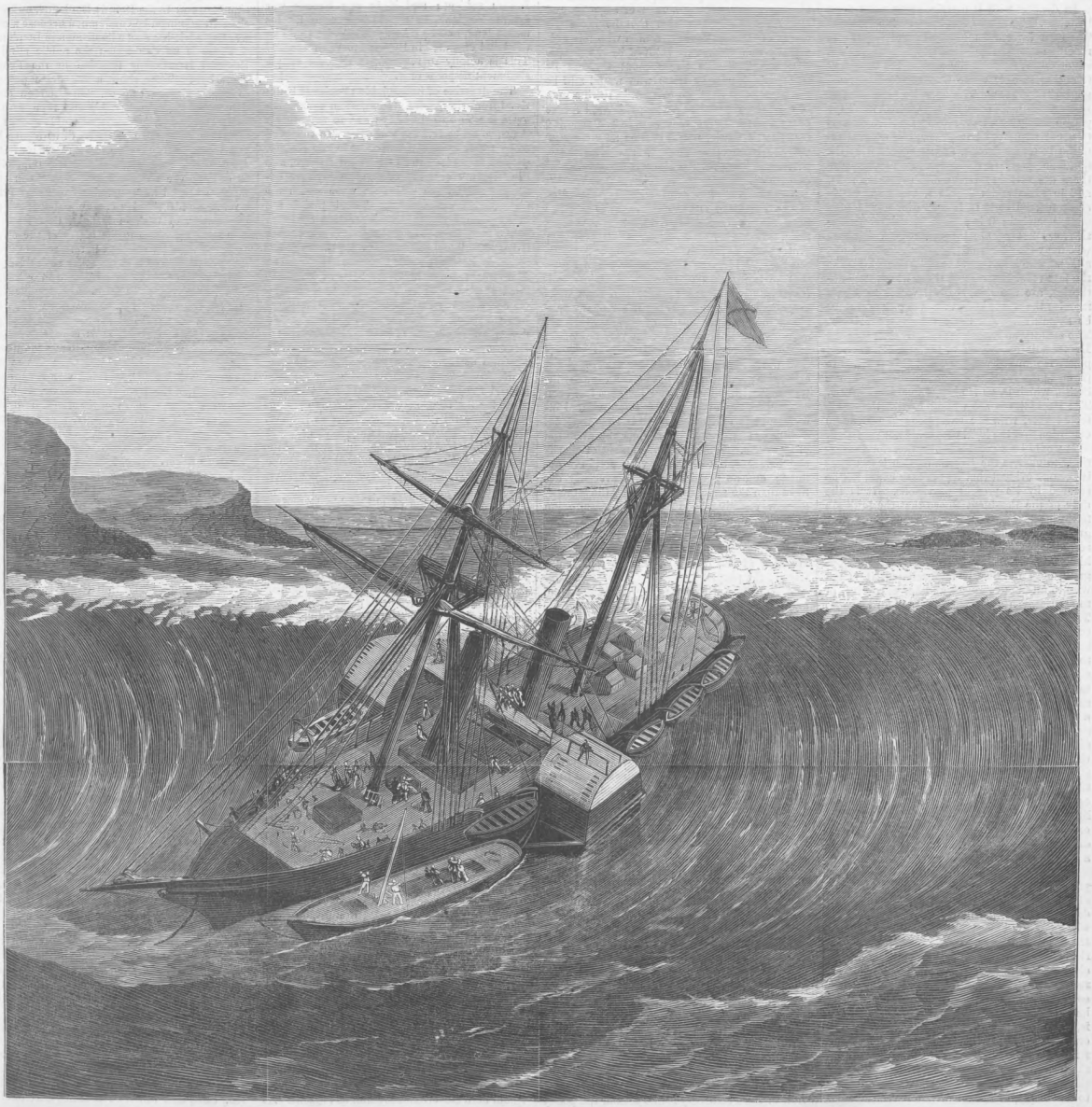
THE LATE EARTHQUAKE AT ST. THOMAS.

WE have before given some account and illustrations of the effects of the late earthquakes and tornadoes which lately visited the West Indies. Among other illustrations was one showing the effect of the great tidal wave which accompanied the earthquake upon the United States steamer *Monongahela*. It will be remembered that this vessel was washed out of the ocean, over the warehouses of the town of St. Croix to the market-place, and again carried back over the same warehouses, and landed high and dry on a coral bank on the edge of the town. We give below an illustration showing this same disastrous tidal wave at the moment it struck the English steamer *La Plata* while lying at Water Island, three miles from St. Thomas. This tidal wave is described by those who saw it as "a monstrous breaker, or rather a sea-wall, variously estimated at from thirty to sixty feet high, and flowing at a rate of at least fifty miles an hour."

The *La Plata* had a very narrow escape. She had commenced coaling and taking cargo on board from three large hulks alongside, 100 or 200 negroes being employed upon the work, with their usual clatter and noise. When the earthquake occurred, it was felt quite as strongly in the ship as ashore. Some thought the boiler had burst; some that the ship was struck by whales. But the excitement was great, and the negroes were as wild with panic as those ashore. The alarm had scarcely subsided when there was a cry of "It's coming; it's coming!" The negroes swarmed on deck, the sailors rushed up the rigging, and the great wave was seen sweeping along in unchecked fury and stretching the whole width of the horizon. There was a roar like thunder. Captain REVETT seized the wheel and endeavored to present the stern of the ship to the advancing wall; but it struck her on the starboard quarter. Though she reeled, groaned, and staggered with the blow, the wave passed her with no more serious injury than a shattered bulwark and a few tons of salt-water on her decks. The passengers were landed for safety at Water Island, and sent round to St. Thomas, where the *La Plata* subsequently had to proceed for repairs and to coal. A complimentary address was subsequently presented to Captain REVETT by the passengers, for his conduct and that of his crew under the trying circumstances they were placed in. It will be remembered that over eighty vessels were lost by the earthquake and hurricane at St. Thomas.



THE WEST INDIA EARTHQUAKES—EFFECT OF THE TIDAL WAVE AT ST. THOMAS ON THE STEAMER "LA PLATA."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1868.

LEAVE WELL ENOUGH ALONE.

THE Reconstruction Act is already in active operation, and any essential change in it would inevitably awaken suspicions which would endanger the purpose contemplated by the bill. The country fully understands the necessity and the principle of the course pursued by Congress. The late rebel States could be reorganized only by those who rebelled or by the whole body of their people. To say that the United States were compelled to intrust reconstruction exclusively to those who were disaffected, when there was an immense loyal population at their sides, is the sheerest folly. The Constitution which authorized the war does not demand the abdication of common-sense in regulating reconstruction.

We were constantly told during the war, and certainly nobody familiar with our political history, and who reasoned from observation of human nature, doubted that the great multitude of the old political class in the Southern States heartily and sincerely sustained the rebellion. They believed in the righteousness of slavery, and in the constitutionality of secession. Their belief has not changed. They have discovered that they are not able to put their faith into practice, and they have ceased to try. That is all. Nobody ought to be surprised by it, nor angry with it. But we should be unspeakably silly if we acted as if this were not the fact.

In dealing with it certain grave risks must be taken. That was inevitable. The country was bent from the moment of the fall of the rebellion upon the speediest reconstruction. Instinctively it rejected the plan of the President to authorize only those who rebelled to reorganize the States. The opposite plan, that of vesting political power in those States in all the people lately rebel or always loyal, with certain not numerous exceptions, has become familiar in all its details, and is accepted by the dominant party of the country. In that plan there are certain obvious and necessary risks, and in some of its details it has been wisely corrected. But it is in operation; it is fully comprehended; it is seen to be neither vindictive nor extravagant; it is opposed only by those who deny the power of Congress to intervene at all, and who insist that the old political class in the late rebel States, and those whom they authorize, are the sole rightful voters to whose mercies the whole body of the population must be submitted. All these things are evident. The country understands perfectly well that the Democratic opposition to the present national policy is founded upon the fact that it tends to paralyze the rebel or disaffected element at the South, which is, as it always was, Democratic. The Republicans are willing to risk the disaffected vote, with the exceptions named, upon condition that the loyal people are not excluded.

It would be a great mistake, therefore, essentially to change the Reconstruction law, unless it became evident that its purpose could not be secured by its present provisions. It is the duty of the President to see that the laws are faithfully executed, and in such manner as Congress may prescribe in the laws. If he fails or refuses, it is the duty of Congress to impeach him. But if his conduct, in the opinion of Congress, does not justify impeachment it is not wise to attempt to create another executive, or to arouse even a suspicion of such an attempt. The great desire of loyal Union men in the country is the earliest restoration of the States lately in rebellion to their practical relations in the Union, upon condition of the security of the equal rights of their citizens. The risk to be taken is, that with this condition these States might vote with the Democratic party, which is a standing menace to the Union. But this is a necessary risk. When the political equality of all citizens is secured in the Southern States this risk must be taken. The defense against it, provided in the Reconstruction Bill itself, is the 14th Constitutional Amendment. There can be no other permanent security of the political power of the whole people in any State, except by a Constitutional Amendment forbidding disfranchisement on account of color, or by a law of Congress to the same effect.

We are not aware that any large number of persons once enfranchised in this country have afterward been deprived of the ballot; and we doubt if the good sense of the American people will allow the experiment to be tried upon so tremendous a scale, and with so enormous a risk, as it would be in the Southern States. A class or race which has no political power is really at the mercy of that which has; and this condition is peculiarly perilous where one class has an especial hostility toward the other. This is, from obvious causes, the case in the Southern States, and of itself would forbid the disfranchisement of the Freedmen. Besides, their share in political power is now felt to be a national necessity, and should any State restored to the Union, with a constitution securing equal rights, undertake to disfranchise a virtual half of its population, a Constitutional Amendment settling the point forever would be passed by the other States. In some of the Southern States, also, the vote of those sought to be disfranchised would defeat such a proposition.

We trust, therefore, that no serious change will be attempted in the Reconstruction policy. It presents plainly the real question before the country; and, unless the political reaction is to be as overwhelming as that which brought back CHARLES THE SECOND to his father's throne, and which naturally and inevitably ended in another revolution that secured the result which the reaction had delayed, it is safe to say that the new citizens in the Southern States will remain voters.

THE STATE AND NATIONAL CONVENTIONS.

THE Republican Convention of this State to elect delegates to the National Convention will meet in Syracuse on the 5th of February. The State Convention in 1864 expressed its unanimous preference for ABRAHAM LINCOLN for the Presidency. It did so in obedience to the conviction of the great body of Republicans in the State that while there might be many worthy men, he, under all the circumstances, was the best man. If there be any man now who seems to the Convention as peculiarly the proper candidate as ABRAHAM LINCOLN seemed in 1864, we hope it will not fail to say so.

The National Convention will certainly nominate no man of whose sympathy with their principles and purpose the delegates are not fully assured, although the grounds of their confidence may be very various. The nomination will be the expression of a profound conviction that the candidate is not only a man of sagacity and executive ability, but also that he is, in the words of General GRANT, a man who "is universally and deservedly beloved by the people who sustained this Government through its trials, and feared by those who would still be the enemies of the Government." Such a man of necessity is politically a Republican, because every man in the country who, in the meaning of GRANT'S words, would still be an enemy of the Government adheres to the Democratic party, and votes for the Democratic candidates and policy.

The Convention will not forget that the office of the President is executive. This fact has been singularly obscured during the present term. Because the President is to "preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States" Mr. JOHNSON has an absurd idea that he is in some manner more especially a representative of the popular will than Congress, and may assume in the name of the people to maintain his theory of constitutional requirement against Congress. A very few words explode this pretense. The President is to defend the Constitution constitutionally, and not otherwise; and when he has constitutionally intervened with his veto, and his veto has been constitutionally overcome, his constitutional interference is exhausted, and his constitutional duty is to execute the laws under the direction of Congress. This is a government of checks and balances, but they are very precisely defined; and no powers are more precisely defined than the executive, because "the fathers" foresaw exactly the Presidential assumption which we daily see. They meant, of course, that the final authority of the Government should reside somewhere, and they properly vested it at last in the immediate representatives of the people.

A President with a "policy" therefore is an anomaly and an absurdity in our system. He will, of course, have his preferences and opinions: he will have his views of the public welfare and of official duty: and he will not hesitate to veto whatever measure he disapproves. But beyond this the President can not constitutionally go. When he appeals in a stump-speech to the people against these representatives, the only proper reply, if any body chooses to reply at all to a magistrate who so ridiculously misconceives his office, is that upon his own ground the opinion of two hundred representatives of the people ought to prevail against that of one representative. Presidents PIERCE and BUCHANAN prostituted their office to the basest purposes, but in what may be called a legitimate way. That is, they executed the infamous policy of their party majority in Congress. But Mr. JOHNSON, bred in the same school—which should have been warning enough for the Republicans who nominated him—has striven to familiarize the country with the theory that the President is not so much the executor of the popular will in Congress as the immediate representative of the sovereignty of the people, and that therefore Congress should be in some way accountable to him as it is to them.

Of this theory and its consequences the country has had enough, and except for the preposterous assertion of it by the President the Southern States would now be peacefully restored to the Union. We anticipate, therefore, from the National Convention the nomination of a man who holds the simple, Constitutional view of the Presidency: who sees in the policy of the people's representatives the will of the people: whose sagacity and firmness will be the pledge that whatever he recommends will be wise and conciliatory, and that whatever the people in Congress decree will be done. That is to say, we expect the nomination of General GRANT.

DOUBLE ALLEGIANCE.

IT is pleasant to see that sensible Englishmen perceive the folly of the English theory of inalienable allegiance, and wish a friendly and reasonable settlement of the question. "Historicus," which is the signature in the *Times* of Mr. VERNON HARCOURT, has written a letter in which he calmly discusses the subject, and we commend his temper and candor to the orators who may be invited to address American meetings upon the same topic. "If modern civilization means any thing at all," says Historicus, "it surely means that nations should be enabled, in free and friendly debate, to adjust the spirit of their laws to the necessities of modern society and the accommodation of conflicting claims."

It seems that the English doctrine of allegiance is even more absurd than we had supposed. All persons born within the British dominions are British subjects, whether their parents are or not; and the children and grandchildren of all such persons, wherever born, are equally British subjects. So, if the wife of a Frenchman who has never been out of France, nor any of his ancestors before him, should chance to be passing a week in England, and to be confined there, her son, although taken home to France as soon as the mother can travel, and never leaving France again, is a British subject. Moreover, *his* son in turn is also a British subject; and if, in any French war against England, he should bear arms for his native land, and be taken prisoner, he could be tried and executed in England for high treason! This is a folly so remarkable that the simple statement disposes of it.

The doctrine of indissoluble allegiance is derived from the feudal system, when every man owed service to somebody; and in the Middle Ages, when he left the realm, he was supposed to be evading an obligation. Modern society, with its inventions to facilitate intercourse, and the immense currents of emigration, have entirely changed the principles upon which the old doctrine was founded. This is plainly felt in England, and the British practice conforms to the fact and not to the theory. Even when it has threatened to carry out the theory it has failed to do it. Historicus mentions the case of MACDONALD, who, although born in England, lived always in France, and being taken prisoner while acting under a French commission, was convicted of high treason, but finally pardoned on condition of leaving the kingdom forever. In 1812, also, England asserted the doctrine of indissoluble allegiance against the United States. But the United States arrested several British officers and held them as hostages for the men, naturalized in this country, whom England threatened to hang as traitors. Of course, they were not hung; and although in the Treaty of Ghent England did not agree to relinquish her claim, it was perfectly well understood that she would not attempt to enforce it.

The true doctrine of citizenship Historicus thinks is laid down in the Code Napoleon, "that masterly system drawn from the fountains of the Roman law and accommodated with rare sagacity to the conditions of modern civilization." The French system allows any Frenchman to renounce his citizenship by acquiring naturalization in a foreign country, or by the acceptance of public service in a foreign state without authority from France. But a French subject can always regain his allegiance by returning with permission to France, and declaring his intention to remain and his wish to renounce his foreign citizenship. In the spirit of this system Historicus proposes that British citizenship should belong as of course only to persons born of British parents domiciled in the British dominions. Children born to foreigners in such dominions should have the right to choose their citizenship, and so with the children born to British parents domiciled abroad. Every British subject should be able by a formal act to renounce his allegiance; and, as in France, certain acts should constitute in themselves a forfeiture of citizenship.

Meanwhile the views of this great subject held by the United States and Great Britain are totally irreconcilable. The difference must inevitably lead sooner or later to the very gravest difficulty, unless Great Britain wholly renounces her theory in practice. And if she does, why should she delay harmonizing them? It is a subject in which no powers in the world are so much interested as the two which speak the same language, and which, under different systems, strive to extend the limits of individual liberty. The character and the civilization of both demand that so serious a question be settled without delay and without acrimony. The necessity of such a settlement is emphasized by the present disturbances in England, often arising from the conduct or connivance of those whom both Governments claim as citizens. As Historicus truly says, the more plainly Irish naturalized citizens of the United States are recognized by Great Britain the more distinct is the responsibility of the United States for them internationally, while as offenders against the British local law there is no question of their liability. Indeed nothing is gained by farther postponement of the question, and much is endangered; while every thoughtful citizen of the world must earnestly wish to deprive demagogues every where of the opportunity constantly offered them in the present condition of the subject of doing a great and fatal mischief.

ENGLISHMEN UPON IRELAND.

AN article in an English magazine, supposed to be written by an American Fenian, has excited some attention as a candid statement of the Irish side of the Irish question. It asserts unqualifiedly that what the Fenians desire is Ireland for the Irish, and that they look upon all the promised reforms as bribes to seduce true patriots from a righteous purpose. The English, argues the writer, have no more right in Ireland than the Austrians had in Italy, or than Russia has in Poland; and if England sympathized with the Italians struggling to throw off the Austrian yoke, and with the Poles battling ineffectually with Russia, with infinitely more reason ought it to understand the suffering of Ireland caused by a similar foreign domination. The writer declares that the rescue of KELLY and the killing of BRETT were merely acts of war; and if committed by illadvised and desperate men they do not affect the credit of the cause. "No one," says the article, "pretends to think the worse of Poland because a crazy youth fired a pistol at the Russian Emperor in the Bois de Boulogne, and why should Fenianism be condemned because a man wearing a felt-hat shot a bandsman in London?"

There is no doubt that the public mind in England is seriously troubled by the Fenian operations. They show a deliberate purpose to inspire a general terror. The London *Times* denounces them as horrible and repugnant to every manly and generous soul. It speaks of the Irish, or of the Fenian Irish, as a race beyond hope of true civilization. A writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* declares that it is impossible to content the Fenian Irish; that "you may satisfy material interests, you can never fulfill a romantic idea." He contends that there are two nations of Irish in Ireland, that England could not leave one to the mercy of the other, and that nothing remains but to redress every real grievance and remove every rational cause of irritation, put down sedition and rebellion with promptitude and severe determination, and trust to time. Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH, who, as a sagacious political observer, and an especial student of Ireland, must always command serious attention, writes that, in his judgment, the peril of Fenianism is great. "We seem," he says, "to be on the brink of a sanguinary struggle with the Irish of the two hemispheres, and this at a moment when English society itself presents some very sinister appearances, and when organic change, involving a great transfer of power, is being carried on by such hands as never before, I believe, held the destinies of this nation."

GOLDWIN SMITH does not think that it is possible to do what extreme Fenianism demands. The remedy of the difficulty, in his judgment, is such a policy of decentralization, short of actual dissolution of the union between England and Ireland, as will satisfy the national aspiration. He would have the court reside sufficiently at Dublin to make that city a real capital; then he would have a session of Parliament, say one in every three years, in Dublin; and finally a liberal system of local self-government, such as a council in each province, subject to the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament, which should be elective and legislate on all subjects not essential to the political and legal unity of the empire. Of course he would have the Irish church establishment abolished, and allow each provincial council to deal with its own portion of the endowments. This general policy, Mr. SMITH thinks, ought to satisfy all but the violent enemies of the Union.

Mr. GLADSTONE says that in his opinion Ireland will for a long time be the most difficult and anxious problem of British statesmanship. He, too, refuses to confound Fenianism with the cause of Ireland, but insists that the recent crimes of Fenianism shall not warp justice. Mr. GLADSTONE himself is very just in his views of the subject, and very temperate and generous in his words. He declares that England ought to set herself right in the management of Ireland; that the representative system, the system of education, the land tenure, and the church establishment must all be radically reformed, and reformed now. He alludes to Scotland, and to the different situation of that country resulting from a different and a wiser policy; and although he does not enter into details, it is plain that his views are not seriously different from those of GOLDWIN SMITH.

JOHN BRIGHT also, in a most forcible speech, declares that the Irish question has within it perils such as England has not known for a long time, and which he does not dare publicly to discuss. If there is yet to be what, he says, there never has been, a United Kingdom of

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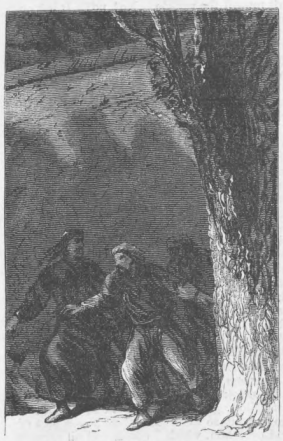
THE MOONSTONE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

Printed from the Author's Manuscript.

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.



CHAPTER VIII.

HERE, for one moment, I find it necessary to call a halt.

On summoning up my own recollections—and on getting Penelope to help me, by consulting her journal—I find that we may pass pretty rapidly over the interval between Mr. Franklin Blake's arrival and Miss Rachel's birthday. For the greater part of that time the days passed, and brought nothing with them worth recording. With your good leave, then, and with Penelope's help, I shall notice certain dates only in this place, reserving to myself to tell the story day by day, once more, as soon as we get to the time when the business of the Moonstone became the chief business of every body in our house.

This said, we may now go on again—beginning, of course, with the bottle of sweet-smelling ink which I found on the gravel-walk at night.

On the next morning (the morning of the twenty-sixth) I showed Mr. Franklin this article of jugglery, and told him what I have already told you. His opinion was, not only that the Indians had been lurking about after the Diamond, but also that they were actually foolish enough to believe in their own magic—meaning thereby the making of signs on a boy's head, and the pouring of ink into a boy's hand, and then expecting him to see persons and things beyond the reach of human vision. In our country, as well as in the East, Mr. Franklin informed me, there are people who practice this curious hocus-pocus (without the ink, however); and who call it by a French name, signifying something like brightness of sight. "Depend upon it," says Mr. Franklin, "the Indians took it for granted that we should keep the Diamond here; and they brought their clairvoyant boy to show them the way to it, if they succeeded in getting into the house last night."

"Do you think they'll try again, Sir?" I asked.

"It depends," says Mr. Franklin, "on what the boy can really do. If he can see the Diamond through the iron safe of the bank at Frizinghall, we shall be troubled with no more visits from the Indians for the present. If he can't, we shall have another chance of catching them in the shrubbery before many more nights are over our heads."

I waited pretty confidently for that latter chance; but, strange to relate, it never came.

Whether the jugglers heard, in the town, of Mr. Franklin having been seen at the bank, and drew their conclusions accordingly; or whether the boy really did see the Diamond where the Diamond was now lodged (which I, for one, flatly disbelieve); or whether, after all, it was a mere effect of chance, this, at any rate, is the plain truth—not the ghost of an Indian came near the house again, through the weeks that passed before Miss Rachel's birthday. The jugglers remained in and about the town plying their trade; and Mr. Franklin and I remained waiting to see what might happen, and resolute not to put the rogues on their guard by showing our suspicions of them too soon. With this report of the proceedings on either side, ends all that I have to say about the Indians for the present.

On the twenty-ninth of the month, Miss Rachel and Mr. Franklin hit on a new method of working their way together through the time which might otherwise have hung heavy on their hands. There are reasons for taking particular notice here of the occupation that amused them. You will find it has a bearing on something that is still to come.

Gentlefolks in general have a very awkward rock ahead in life—the rock ahead of their own idleness. Their lives being, for the most part, passed in looking about them for something to do, it is curious to see—especially when their tastes are of what is called the intellectual sort—how often they drift blindfold into some nasty pursuit. Nine times out of ten they take to torturing something, or to spoiling something; and they firmly believe they are improving their minds, when the plain truth is, they are only making a mess in the house. I have seen them (ladies, I am sorry to say, as well as gentlemen) go out, day after day, for example, with empty pill-boxes, and catch newts, and beetles, and spiders, and frogs, and come home and stick pins through the miserable wretches, or cut them up, without a pang of remorse, into little pieces. You see my young master, or my young mistress, poring over one of their spiders' insides with a magnifying-glass; or you meet one of their frogs walking down stairs without his head; and when you wonder what this cruel nastiness means, you are told that it means a taste in my young master or my young mistress for natural history. Sometimes, again, you see them occupied for hours together in spoiling a pretty flower with pointed instruments, out of a stupid curiosity to know what the flower is made of. Is its color any prettier, or its scent any sweeter, when you *do* know? But there! the poor souls must get through the time, you see—they must get through the time. You dabbled in nasty mud, and made pies, when you were a child; and you dabble in nasty science, and dissect spiders, and spoil flowers, when you grow up. In the one case and in the other the secret of it is that you have got nothing to think of in your poor empty head, and nothing to do with your poor idle hands. And so it ends in your spoiling canvas with paints, and making a smell in the house; or in keeping tadpoles in a glass box full of dirty water, and turning every body's stomach in the house; or in chipping off bits of stone here, there, and every where, and dropping grit into all the victuals in the house; or in staining your fingers in the pursuit of photography, and doing justice without mercy on every body's face in the house. It often falls heavy enough, no doubt, on people who are really obliged to get their living, to be forced to work for the clothes that cover them, the roof that shelters them, and the food that keeps them going. But compare the hardest day's work you ever did with the idleness that splits flowers and pokes its way into spiders' stomachs, and thank your stars that your head has got something it *must* think of, and your hands something that they *must* do.

As for Mr. Franklin and Miss Rachel, they tortured nothing, I am glad to say. They simply confined themselves to making a mess; and all they spoilt, to do them justice, was the paneling of a door.

Mr. Franklin's universal genius, dabbling in every thing, dabbled in what he called "decorative painting." He had invented, he informed us, a new mixture to moisten paint with, which he described as a "vehicle." What it was made of I don't know. What it did I can tell you in two words—it stank. Miss Rachel being wild to try her hand at the new process, Mr. Franklin sent to London for the materials; mixed them up, with accompaniment of a smell which made the very dogs sneeze when they came into the room; put an apron and a bib over Miss Rachel's gown, and set her to work decorating her own little sitting-room—called, for want of English to name it in, her "boudoir." They began with the inside of the door. Mr. Franklin scraped off all the nice varnish with pumice-stone, and made what he described as a surface to work on. Miss Rachel then covered the surface, under his directions and with his help, with patterns and devices—griffins, birds, flowers, cupids, and such like—copied from designs made by a famous Italian painter, whose name escapes me—the one, I mean, who stocked the world with Virgin Marys and had a sweet-heart at the baker's. Viewed as work, this decoration was slow to do and dirty to deal with. But our young lady and gentleman never seemed to tire of it. When they were not riding, or seeing company, or taking their meals, or piping their songs, there they were with their heads together, as busy as bees, spoiling the door. Who was the poet who said that Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do? If he had occupied my place in the family, and had seen Miss Rachel with her brush, and Mr. Franklin with his vehicle, he could have written nothing truer of either of them than that.

"MISS RACHEL THEN COVERED THE SURFACE, UNDER HIS DIRECTIONS AND WITH HIS HELP, WITH PATTERNS AND DEVICES."

"SHE CAUGHT ROSANNA AT MR. FRANKLIN'S DRESSING-TABLE, SECRETLY REMOVING A ROSE," ETC.

The next date worthy of notice is Sunday, the fourth of June.

On that evening we, in the servants' hall, debated a domestic question for the first time, which, like the decoration of the door, has its bearing on something that is still to come.

Seeing the pleasure which Mr. Franklin and Miss Rachel took in each other's society, and noting what a pretty match they were in all personal respects, we naturally speculated on the chance of their putting their heads together with other objects in view besides the ornamenting of a door. Some of us said there would be a wedding in the house before the summer was over. Others (led by me) admitted it was likely enough Miss Rachel might be married; but we doubted (for reasons which will presently appear) whether her bridegroom would be Mr. Franklin Blake.

That Mr. Franklin was in love, on his side, nobody who saw and heard him could doubt. The difficulty was to fathom Miss Rachel. Let me do myself the honor of making you acquainted with her; after which I will leave you to fathom her yourself—if you can.

My young lady's eighteenth birthday was the birthday now coming, on the twenty-first of June. If you happen to like dark women (who, I am informed, have gone out of fashion latterly in the gay world), and if you have no particular prejudice in favor of size, I answer for Miss Rachel as one of the prettiest girls your eyes ever looked on. She was small and slim, but all in fine proportion from top to toe. To see her sit down, to see her get up, and specially to see her walk, was enough to satisfy any man in his senses that the graces of her figure (if you will pardon me the expression) were in her flesh, and not in her clothes. Her hair was the blackest I ever saw. Her eyes matched her hair. Her nose was not quite large enough, I admit. Her mouth and chin were (to quote Mr. Franklin) morsels for the gods; and her complexion (on the same undeniable authority) was as warm as the sun itself, with this great advantage over the sun, that it was always in nice order to look at. Add to the

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foregoing that she carried her head as upright as a dart, in a dashing, spirited, thorough-bred way—that she had a clear voice, with a ring of the right metal in it, and a smile that began very prettily in her eyes before it got to her lips—and there behold the portrait of her, to the best of my painting, as large as life!

And what about her disposition next? Had this charming creature no faults? She had just as many faults as you have, ma'am—neither more nor less.

To put it seriously, my dear pretty Miss Rachel, possessing a host of graces and attractions, had one defect, which strict impartiality compels me to acknowledge. She was unlike most other girls of her age, in this—that she had ideas of her own, and was stiff-necked enough to set the fashions themselves at defiance, if the fashions didn't suit her views. In trifles, this independence of hers was all well enough; but in matters of importance it carried her (as my lady thought, and as I thought) too far. She judged for herself, as few women of twice her age judge in general; never asked your advice; never told you beforehand what she was going to do; never came with secrets and confidences to any body, from her mother downward. In little things and great, with people she loved, and people she hated (and she did both with equal heartiness), Miss Rachel always went on a way of her own, sufficient for herself in the joys and the sorrows of her life. Over and over again I have heard my lady say, "Rachel's best friend and Rachel's worst enemy are, one and the other—Rachel herself."

Add one thing more to this, and I have done.

With all her secrecy, and all her self-will, there was not so much as the shadow of any thing false in her. I never remember her breaking her word; I never remember her saying No, and meaning Yes. I can call to mind, in her childhood, more than one occasion when the good little soul took the blame, and suffered the punishment, for some fault committed by a play-fellow whom she loved. Nobody ever knew her to confess to it when the thing was found out, and she was charged with it afterward. But nobody ever knew her to lie about it, either. She looked you straight in the face and shook her little saucy head, and said plainly, "I won't tell you!" Punished again for this, she would own to being sorry for saying "won't;" but, bread and water notwithstanding, she never told you. Self-willed—devilish self-willed sometimes—I grant; but the finest creature, nevertheless, that ever walked the ways of this lower world. Perhaps you think you see a certain contradiction here? In that case, a word in your ear. Study your wife closely for the next four-and-twenty hours. If your good lady doesn't exhibit something in the shape of a contradiction in that time, Heaven help you!—you have married a monster.

I have now brought you acquainted with Miss Rachel, which you will find puts us face to face, next, with the question of that young lady's matrimonial views.

On June the twelfth, an invitation from my mistress was sent to a gentleman in London, to come and help to keep Miss Rachel's birthday. This was the fortunate individual on whom I believed her heart to be privately set! Like Mr. Franklin, he was a cousin of hers. His name was Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite.

My lady's second sister (don't be alarmed; we are not going very deep into family matters this time)—my lady's second sister, I say, had a disappointment in love; and taking a husband afterward, on the neck or nothing principle, made what they call a misalliance. There was terrible work in the family when the honorable Caroline insisted on marrying plain Mr. Ablewhite, the banker at Frizinghall. He was very rich and very good-tempered, and he begot a prodigious large family—all in his favor, so far. But he had presumed to raise himself from a low station in the world—and that was against him. However, Time and the progress of modern enlightenment put things right; and the misalliance passed muster very well. We are all getting liberal now; and (provided you can scratch me, if I scratch you) what do I care, in or out of Parliament, whether you are a Dustman or a Duke? That's the modern way of looking at it—and I keep up with the modern way. The Ablewhites lived in a fine house and grounds, a little out of Frizinghall. Very worthy people, and greatly respected in the neighborhood. We shall not be much troubled with them in these pages—excepting Mr. Godfrey, who was Mr. Ablewhite's second son, and who must take his proper place here, if you please, for Miss Rachel's sake.

With all his brightness and cleverness and general good qualities, Mr. Franklin's chance of topping Mr. Godfrey in our young lady's estimation was, in my opinion, a very poor chance indeed.

In the first place, Mr. Godfrey was, in point of size, the finest man by far of the two. He stood over six feet high; he had a beautiful red and white color; a smooth round face, shaved as bare as your hand; and a head of lovely long flaxen hair, falling negligently over the poll of his neck. But why do I try to give you this personal description of him? If you ever subscribed to a Ladies' Charity in London, you know Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite as well as I do. He was a barrister by profession; a ladies' man by temperament; and a good Samaritan by choice. Female benevolence and female destitution could do nothing without him. Maternal societies for confining poor women; Magdalen societies for rescuing poor women; strong-minded societies for putting poor women into poor men's places, and leaving the men to shift for themselves—he was vice-president, manager, referee to them all. Wherever there was a table with a committee of ladies sitting round it in council, there was Mr. Godfrey at the bottom of the board, keeping the temper of the committee, and leading the dear creatures along the thorny ways of business, hat in hand. I do suppose this was the most accomplished philanthropist (on a small independence) that England ever produced. As a speaker at charitable meetings the like of him for drawing your tears and your money was not easy to find. He was quite a public character. The last time I was in London my mistress gave me two treats. She sent me to the theatre to see a dancing woman who was all the rage; and she sent me to Exeter Hall to hear Mr. Godfrey. The lady did it with a band of music. The gentleman did it with a handkerchief and a glass of water. Crowds at the performance with the legs. Ditto at the performance with the tongue. And with all this the sweetest-tempered person (I allude to Mr. Godfrey)—the simplest and pleasantest and easiest to please—you ever met with. He loved every body. And every body loved *him*. What chance had Mr. Franklin—what chance had any body of average reputation and capacities—against such a man as this?

On the fourteenth came Mr. Godfrey's answer.

He accepted my mistress's invitation, from the Wednesday of the birthday to the evening of Friday—when his duties to the Ladies' Charities would oblige him to return to town. He also inclosed a copy of verses on what he elegantly called his cousin's "natal day." Miss Rachel, I was informed, joined Mr. Franklin in making fun of the verses at dinner; and Penelope, who was all on Mr. Franklin's side, asked me, in great triumph, what I thought of that. "Miss Rachel has led *you* off on a false scent, my dear," I replied; "but *my* nose is not so easily mystified. Wait till Mr. Ablewhite's verses are followed by Mr. Ablewhite himself."

My daughter replied, that Mr. Franklin might strike in and try his luck, before the verses were followed by the poet. In favor of this view, I must acknowledge that Mr. Franklin left no chance untried of winning Miss Rachel's good graces.

Though one of the most inveterate smokers I ever met with, he gave up his cigar because she said, one day, she hated the stale smell of it in his clothes. He slept so badly, after this effort of self-denial, for want of the composing effect of the tobacco to which he was used, and came down morning after morning looking so haggard and worn, that Miss Rachel herself begged him to take to his cigars again. No! he would take to nothing again that would cause her a moment's annoyance; he would fight it out resolutely, and get back his sleep, sooner or later, by main force of patience in waiting for it. Such devotion as this, you may say (as some of them said down stairs), could never fail of producing the right effect on Miss Rachel—backed up, too, as it was, by the decorating work every day on the door. All very well—but she had a photograph of Mr. Godfrey in her bedroom; represented speaking at a public meeting, with all his hair blown out by the breath of his own eloquence, and his eyes, most lovely, charming the money out of your pockets! What do you say to that? Every morning—as Penelope herself owned to me—there was the man whom the women couldn't do without, looking on, in effigy, while Miss Rachel was having her hair combed. He would be looking on, in reality, before long—that was my opinion of it.

June the sixteenth brought an event which made Mr. Franklin's chance look, to my mind, a worse chance than ever.

A strange gentleman, speaking English with a foreign accent, came that morning to the house, and asked to see Mr. Franklin Blake on business. The business could not possibly have been connected with the Diamond, for these two reasons—first, that Mr. Franklin told me nothing about it; secondly, that he communicated it (after the strange gentleman had gone away again) to my lady. She probably hinted something about it next to her daughter. At any rate, Miss Rachel was reported to have said some severe things to Mr. Franklin, at the piano that evening, about the people he had lived among, and the principles he had adopted in foreign parts. The next day, for the first time, nothing was done toward the decoration of the door. I suspect some imprudence of Mr. Franklin's on the Continent—with a woman or a debt at the bottom of it—had followed him to England. But that is all guess-work. In this case, not only Mr. Franklin, but my lady too, for a wonder, left me in the dark.

On the seventeenth, to all appearance, the cloud passed away again. They returned to their decorating work on the door, and seemed to be as good friends as ever. If Penelope was to be believed, Mr. Franklin had seized the opportunity of the reconciliation to make an offer to Miss Rachel, and had neither been accepted nor refused. My girl was sure (from signs and tokens which I need not trouble you with) that her young mistress had fought Mr. Franklin off by declining to believe that he was in earnest, and had then secretly regretted treating him in that way afterward. Though Penelope was admitted to more familiarity with her young mistress than maids generally are—for the two had been almost brought up together as children—still I knew Miss Rachel's reserved character too well to believe that she would show her mind to any body in this way. What my daughter told me on the present occasion, was, as I suspected, more what she wished than what she really knew.

On the nineteenth another event happened. We had the doctor in the house professionally. He was summoned to prescribe for a person whom I have had occasion to present to you in these pages—our second house-maid, Rosanna Spearman.

This poor girl—who had puzzled me, as you know already, at the Shivering Sand—puzzled me more than once again in the interval time of which I am now writing. Penelope's notion that her fellow-servant was in love with Mr. Franklin (which my daughter, by my orders, kept strictly secret) seemed to me just as absurd as ever. But I must own that what I myself saw, and what my daughter saw also, of our second house-maid's conduct began to look mysterious, to say the least of it.

For example, the girl constantly put herself in Mr. Franklin's way—very slyly and quietly, but she did it. He took about as much notice of her as he took of the cat: it never seemed to occur to him to waste a look on Rosanna's plain face. The poor thing's appetite, never much, fell away dreadfully; and her eyes in the morning showed plain signs of waking and crying at night. One day Penelope made an awkward discovery, which we hushed up on the spot. She caught Rosanna at Mr. Franklin's dressing-table, secretly removing a rose which Miss Rachel had given him to wear in his button-hole, and putting another rose like it, of her own picking, in its place. She was, after that, once or twice impudent to me, when I gave her a well-meant general hint to be careful in her conduct; and, worse still, she was not over-respectful now on the few occasions when Miss Rachel accidentally spoke to her.

My lady noticed the change, and asked me what I thought about it. I tried to screen the girl by answering that I thought she was out of health; and it ended in the doctor being sent for, as already mentioned, on the nineteenth. He said it was her nerves, and doubted if she was fit for service. My lady offered to remove her for change of air to one of our farms inland. She begged and prayed, with the tears in her eyes, to be let to stop; and in an evil hour I advised my lady to try her for a little longer. As the event proved, and as you will soon see, this was the worst advice I could have given. If I could only have looked a little way into the future, I would have taken Rosanna Spearman out of the house, then and there, with my own hand.

On the twentieth, there came a note from Mr. Godfrey. He had arranged to stop at Frizinghall that night, having occasion to consult his father on business. On the afternoon of the next day he and his two eldest sisters would ride over to us on horseback, in good time before dinner. An elegant little casket in china accompanied the note, presented to Miss Rachel, with her cousin's love and best wishes. Mr. Franklin had only given her a plain locket not worth half the money. My daughter Penelope, nevertheless—such is the obstinacy of women—still backed him to win.

Thanks be to Heaven, we have arrived at the eve of the birthday at last! You will own, I think, that I have got you over the ground, this time, without much loitering by the way. Cheer up! I'll ease you with another new chapter here—and, what is more, that chapter shall take you straight into the thick of the story.

CHAPTER IX.

JUNE twenty-first, the day of the birthday, was cloudy and unsettled at sunrise, but toward noon it cleared up bravely.

We, in the servants' hall, began this happy anniversary, as usual, by offering our little presents to Miss Rachel, with the regular speech delivered annually by me as the chief. I follow the plan adopted by the Queen in opening Parliament—namely, the plan of saying much the same thing regularly every year. Before it is delivered, my speech (like the Queen's) is looked for as eagerly as if nothing of the kind had ever been heard before. When it is delivered, and turns out not to be the novelty anticipated, though they grumble a little, they look forward hopefully to something newer next year. An easy people to govern, in the Parliament and in the Kitchen—that's the moral of it.

After breakfast, Mr. Franklin and I had a private conference on the subject of the Moonstone—the time having now come for removing it from the bank at Frizinghall, and placing it in Miss Rachel's own hands.

Whether he had been trying to make love to his cousin again, and had got a rebuff—or whether his broken rest, night after night, was aggravating the queer contradictions and uncertainties in his character—I don't know. But certain it is, that Mr. Franklin failed to show himself at his best on the morning of the birthday. He was in twenty different minds about the Diamond in as many minutes. For my part, I stuck fast by the plain facts as we knew them. Nothing had happened to justify us in alarming my lady on the subject of the jewel; and nothing could alter the legal obligation that now lay on Mr. Franklin to put it in his cousin's possession. That was my view of the matter; and, twist and turn it as he might, he was forced in the end to make it his view too. We arranged that he was to ride over, after lunch, to Frizinghall, and bring the Diamond back, with Mr. Godfrey and the two young ladies, in all probability, to keep him company on the way home again.

This settled, our young gentleman went back to Miss Rachel.

They consumed the whole morning, and part of the afternoon, in the everlasting business of decorating the door, Penelope standing by to mix the colors, as directed; and my lady, as luncheon-time drew near, going in and out of the room, with her handkerchief to her nose (for they used a deal of Mr. Franklin's vehicle that day), and trying vainly to get the two artists away from their work. It was three o'clock before they took off their aprons, and released Penelope (much the worse for the vehicle), and cleaned themselves of their mess. But they had done what they wanted—they had finished the door on the birthday, and proud enough they were of it. The griffins, cupids, and so on, were, I must own, most beautiful to behold; though so many in number, so entangled in flowers and devices, and so topsy-turvy in their actions and attitudes, that you felt them unpleasantly in your head for hours after you had done with the pleasure of looking at them. If I add that Penelope ended her part of the morning's work by being sick in the back kitchen, it is in no unfriendly spirit toward the vehicle. No! no! It left off stinking when it dried; and if Art requires these sort of sacrifices—though the girl is my own daughter—I say, let Art have them!

Mr. Franklin snatched a morsel from the luncheon-table, and rode off to Frizinghall—to escort his cousins, as he told my lady. To fetch the Moonstone, as was privately known to himself and to me.

This being one of the high festivals on which I took my place at the side-board, in command of the attendance at table, I had plenty to occupy my mind while Mr. Franklin was away. Having seen to the wine, and reviewed my men and women who were to wait at dinner, I retired to collect myself before the company came. A whiff of—you know what, and a turn at a certain book which I have had occasion to mention in these pages, composed me, body and mind. I was aroused from what I am inclined to think must have been, not a nap, but a reverie, by the clatter of horses' hoofs outside; and, going to the door, received a cavalcade comprising Mr. Franklin and his three cousins, escorted by one of old Mr. Ablewhite's grooms.

Mr. Godfrey struck me, strangely enough, as being like Mr. Franklin in this respect—that he did not seem to be in his customary spirits. He kindly shook hands with me as usual, and was most politely glad to see his old friend Betteredge wearing so well. But there was a sort of cloud over him, which I couldn't at all account for; and when I asked how he had found his father in health, he answered rather shortly, "Much as usual." However, the two Miss Ablewhites were cheerful enough for twenty, which more than restored the balance. They were nearly as big as their brother; spanking, yellow-haired, rosy lasses, overflowing with superabundant flesh and blood; bursting from head to foot with health and spirits. The legs of the poor horses trembled with carrying them; and when they jumped from their saddles (without waiting to be helped), I declare they bounced on the ground as if they were made of India rubber. Every thing the Miss Ablewhites said began with a large O; every thing they did was done with a bang; and they giggled and screamed, in season and out of season, on the smallest provocation. Bouncers—that's what I call them.

Under cover of the noise made by the young ladies, I had an opportunity of saying a private word to Mr. Franklin in the hall.

"Have you got the Diamond safe, Sir?"

He nodded, and tapped the breast-pocket of his coat.

"Have you seen any thing of the Indians?"

"Not a glimpse." With that answer, he asked for my lady, and, hearing she was in the small drawing-room, went there straight. The bell rang, before he had been a minute in the room, and Penelope was sent to tell Miss Rachel that Mr. Franklin Blake wanted to speak to her.

Crossing the hall about half an hour afterward I was brought to a sudden stand-still by an outbreak of screams from the small drawing-room. I can't say I was at all alarmed; for I recognized in the screams the favorite large O of the Miss Ablewhites. However, I went in (on pretense of asking for instructions about the dinner) to discover whether any thing serious had really happened.

There stood Miss Rachel at the table, like a person fascinated, with the Colonel's unlucky Diamond in her hand. There, on either side of her, knelt the two Bouncers, devouring the jewel with their eyes, and screaming with ecstasy every time it flashed on them in a new light. There, at the opposite side of the table, stood Mr. Godfrey, clapping his hands like a large child, and singing out softly, "Exquisite! exquisite!" There sat Mr. Franklin, in a chair by the book-case, tugging at his beard, and looking anxiously toward the window. And there, at the window, stood the object he was contemplating—my lady, having the extract from the Colonel's Will in her hand, and keeping her back turned on the whole of the company.

She faced me when I asked for my instructions, and I saw the family frown gathering over her eyes, and the family temper twitching at the corners of her mouth.

"Come to my room in half an hour," she answered. "I shall have something to say to you then."

With those words she went out. It was plain enough that she was posed by the same difficulty which had posed Mr. Franklin and me in our conference at the Shivering Sand. Was the legacy of the Moonstone a proof that she had treated her brother with cruel injustice? or was it a proof that he was worse than the worst she had ever thought of him? Serious questions those for my lady to determine; while her daughter, innocent of all knowledge of the Colonel's character, stood there with the Colonel's birthday gift in her hand.

Before I could leave the room, in my turn, Miss Rachel, always considerate to the old servant who had been in the house when she was born, stopped me. "Look, Gabriel!" she said, and flashed the jewel before my eyes in a ray of sunlight that poured through the window.

Terrible as I am, I was a Diamond! As large,

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THE VICTIM.

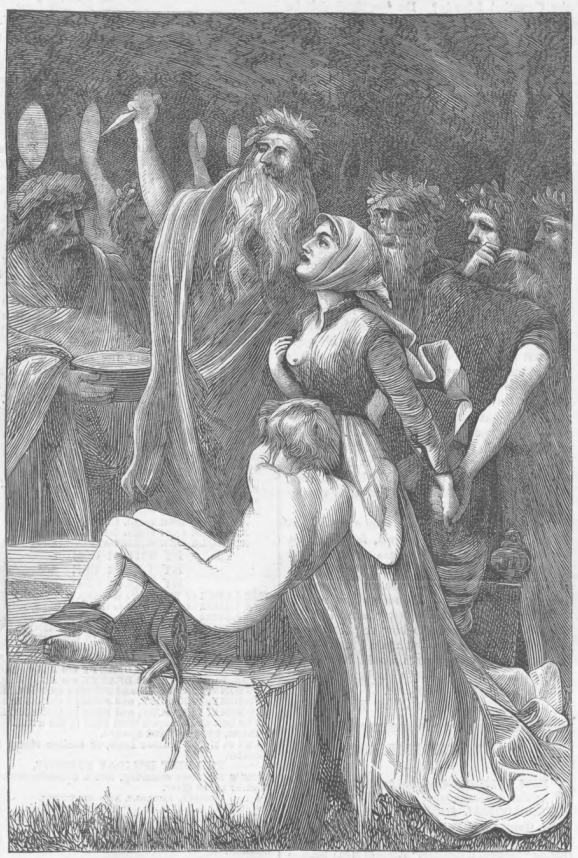
BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

A PLAGUE upon the people fell,
A famine after laid them low,
Then thorpe and byre arose in fire,
For on them brake the sudden foe;
So thick they died the people cried
"The Gods are moved against the land."
The Priest in horror about his altar
To Thor and Odin lifted a hand.
"Help us from famine
And plague and strife!
What would you have of us?
Human life?
Were it our nearest,
Were it our dearest
(Answer, O answer),
We give you his life."

But still the foeman spoil'd and burn'd,
And cattle died, and deer in wood,
And bird in air, and fishes turn'd
And whiten'd all the rolling flood;
And dead men lay all over the way,
Or down in a furrow scathed with flame:
And ever and aye the Priesthood moan'd
Till at last it seemed that an answer came:
"The King is happy
In child and wife;
Take you his nearest,
Take you his dearest,
Give us a life."

The Priest went out by heath and hill;
The King was hunting in the wild;
They found the mother sitting still;
She cast her arms about the child.
The child was only eight summers old,
His beauty still with his years increased,
His face was ruddy, his hair was gold,
He seem'd a victim due to the priest.
The Priest exulted,
And cried with joy,
"Here is his nearest,
Here is his dearest,
We take the boy."

The King return'd from out the wild,
He bore but little game in hand;
The mother said "They have taken the child,
To spill his blood and heal the land:
The land is sick, the people diseased,
And blight and famine on all the lea:
The holy Gods, they must be appeased,
So I pray you tell the truth to me.
They have taken our son,
They will have his life.
Is *he* your nearest?
Is *he* your dearest?
(Answer, O answer)
Or I, the wife?"



THE VICTIM—"AND SHRIEKING 'I AM HIS DEAREST!' RUSHED ON THE KNIFE."

The King bent low, with hand on brow,
He stay'd his arms upon his knee:
"O wife, what use to answer now?
For now the Priest has judged for me."
The King was shaken with holy fear;
"The Gods," he said, "would have chosen well;
Yet both are near, and both are dear,
And which the dearest I can not tell!"
But the Priest was happy,
His victim won.
"We have his nearest,
We have his dearest,
His only son!"

The rites prepared, the victim bared,
The knife uprising toward the blow,
To the altar-stone she sprang alone,
"Me, me, not him, my darling, no!"
He caught her away with a sudden cry;
Suddenly from him brake the wife,
And shrieking "*I* am his dearest, I—
I am his dearest!" rush'd on the knife.
And the Priest was happy,
"O, Father Odin,
We give you a life.
Which was his nearest?
Which was his dearest?
The Gods have answered:
We give them the wife!"

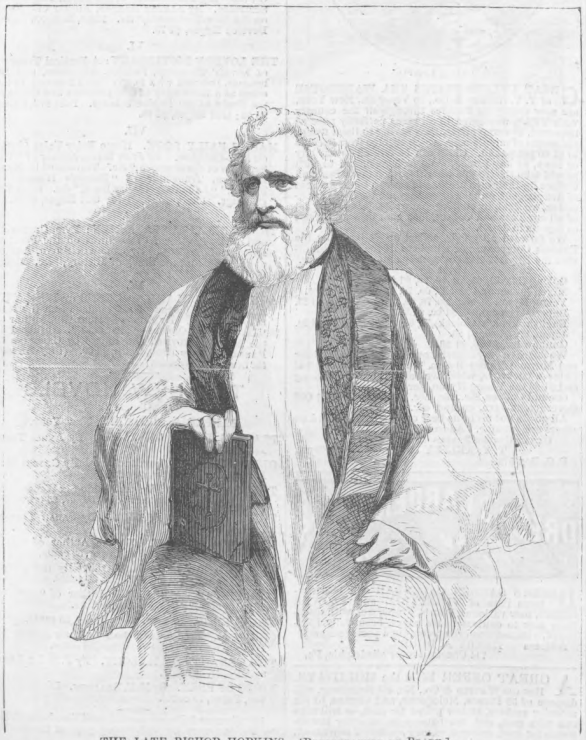
BISHOP HOPKINS OF VERMONT.

REVEREND JOHN HENRY HOPKINS, for many years Episcopal Bishop of Vermont, of whom we give below an accurate portrait, died on January 9, aged 76 years. He was born in Ireland, but educated in this country. After engaging unsuccessfully in mercantile affairs and the practice of law, he entered the ministry in 1823. Immediately upon his ordination in 1824, Mr. HOPKINS became Rector of Trinity Church, Pittsburg, where he remained until 1831, when he went to Trinity Church, Boston, as assistant minister on the "Green foundation." In 1827 and 1829 he was clerical deputy in the General Conventions of the Church, and in both he took a prominent part in the debates. He was a candidate for the assistant Bishopric of Pennsylvania in 1827, but being a tie with his opponent, Dr. ONDERDONK, he decided the contest in favor of his competitor by casting his own vote in favor of the other. In the same year that Mr. HOPKINS removed to Boston he became Professor of Divinity in the new Theological Seminary of Massachusetts, and the next year—1832—he was elected first Bishop of Vermont, an office he filled until his death. He accepted at the same time the rectorship of St. Paul's, Burlington, which he retained until 1856.

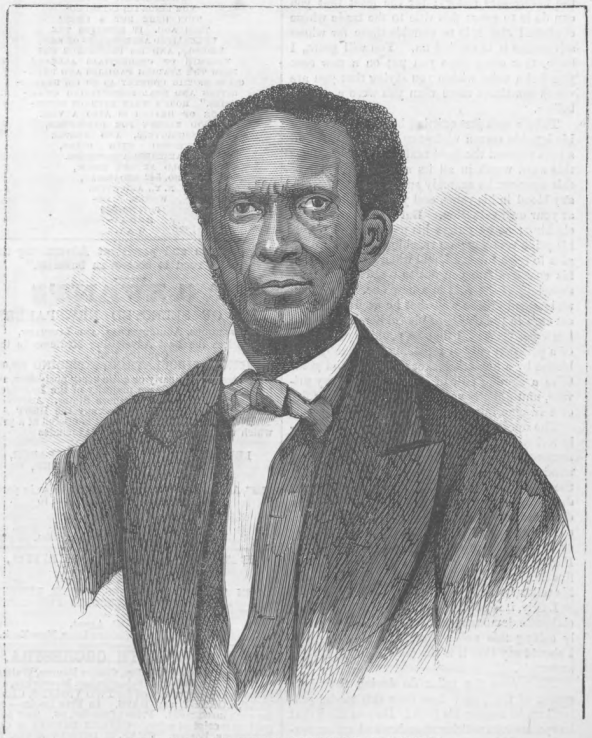
He was engaged for many years in advancing educational interests, and involved himself in debt by his efforts. He also published several works. In the dissension dividing the Episcopal Church Bishop HOPKINS was a decided champion of the High Church party, and refused to sign the famous protest of the Bishops last year against High Church practices.

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF LIBERIA.

THE American public take special interest and pride in the "Republic of American negroes," as the little state of Liberia, on the west coast of Africa, is called, for it is wholly an American enterprise. It was selected and purchased as a colony entirely through the humanitarian efforts of American citizens, and was colonized entirely by emancipated slaves from the United States. It has been in existence as a republic for over twenty years, and during that time has been almost wholly at peace with all nations, and has never indulged in any of those expensive luxu-



THE LATE BISHOP HOPKINS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]



JAMES S. PAYNE, THIRD PRESIDENT OF LIBERIA.

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ries known as civil wars and dissensions which characterize some of the West India black republics, and not a few of those of South America. The State has been well and wisely governed, and at this time is enjoying unprecedented prosperity.

We give on page 61 a portrait of JAMES S. PAYNE, the new President of the republic. He is a native of this country, has been many years in Liberia, and was inaugurated President on January 6, 1868.

THE TRADE OF TRADES.

MR. EDITOR,—Permit me through the columns of your paper to express my private and conscientious opinion on the tailor's profession, for I stifle with the desire to give utterance to the sentiments of my heart, and to do justice to this glorious but too little appreciated calling.

I declare therefore, in a loud and intelligible voice—through the organ of my pen—that the profession of a tailor is the most moral, the noblest, the most poetic, and the most philanthropic of all professions.

Yes, Sir; of all professions, not excepting that of the publisher or the corn-doctor, the peer or the pieman; and Heaven is my witness that I appreciate these classes of society at their just value—especially the publisher when he pays in ready money; for the publisher who settles with his authors for their MSS. in six months' paper is infinitely lower than the pieman himself.

If you will deign to honor me with a moment's attention I will prove to you as clear as a mould of jelly that of the four laudatory epithets which I have just applied to the profession in question, not one should be lessened in the slightest degree.

In the first place, it is *moral*. This, I think, will not admit of the shadow of a doubt to you any more than to me; for what could be more immoral than the clothing worn by man before the invention of breeches? Morality and virtue date back truly to the time when a man of genius—still better, a good man—invented breeches! Thou good man of genius, I bless thee!

It is *poetic;* for what is poetry but that charming muse which knows how to embellish by its smiling falsehoods the sad reality of things here below—and confess with me, is there any thing in the world that has more need of embellishment than the greater part of the sons of our noble country? To comfort himself for his wretched mien, man delights in repeating that he was made in the image of God, and humpbacks take especial pleasure in the saying; but the copy must have deviated frightfully from the original. Well, thanks to the tailor, almost all mortals become Antinouses seen two or three hundred yards off; and he who, in the early ages of the world, would have been unanimously acknowledged a miserable abortion of Nature, is now one of the ornaments of Broadway—thanks to the shapely figure bestowed on him by his coat.

It is *noble* (we still speak of the profession of the before-said tailor); for the least that you can do is to grant this title to the trade whose continual aim it is to ennoble those for whose advantage it is carried on. You will grant, I hope, that every time you put on a new coat you feel a voice within you saying that you are worth ten times more than you were a minute before.

Take a man just quitting his bed, and still in his ignoble cotton night-cap, and you will find a man without the least real worth—and we use this word worth in all its acceptations—for at this moment he scarcely suspects that there is any blood in his veins, and you could have him at your own valuation. But let him put on his clothing; as he enters his pantaloons he feels his pride reviving; on reaching the vest he begins to raise his head, and when he once has on his coat I advise you not to tread on his toes, especially if the coat is a new one. Napoleon understood this so well that he used the greatest care in the choice of his soldiers' dress. He knew perfectly well that he could make a hero of a poltroon only by replacing his shabby blue blouse by a hussar's jacket of scarlet and gold. Give a shining pair of epaulets to a sorry private, and directly you have a dashing grenadier or a swaggering light horseman.

The sumptuary laws in France, which formerly forbade the lower classes to wear certain ornaments reserved for the nobility alone, were admirably designed to promote the interests of the nobles; for these unhappy wretches were degraded most of all by their dress, and nobility disappeared from the country on the day that every one was at liberty to wear a dress coat; or rather on that day every one became noble. For this it was only necessary to have twenty-five dollars—what do I say? to have credit with his tailor for twenty-five dollars.

Lastly, it is *philanthropic*. This does not need elaborate demonstration. I am wrong in merely calling this noble profession philanthropic. I should say that it is the only one that is philanthropic.

What does the tailor do during the whole course of the year? how does this model philanthropist employ his time? Do you think that he spends it in making speeches and eating turtle-soup in New York in favor of missionaries in the Cannibal Islands? Do you think that he passes it in inventing some new dish, by the aid of which those who are tired of life can succeed in bidding it adieu in a week? No, gentlemen. Nevertheless, should he give himself up to this hackneyed philanthropy, honors, orders, and decorations would be showered upon him, and he could live in the eyes of the world with his virtue wrapped like a cloak around him. But, compared with the tailor, all these trumpery philanthropists are as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals.

What does he do? Ah, before replying, permit me to wipe away a tear of emotion which threatens to overflow my left eye, and which might make me squint in answering—a thing disagreeable both to you and me. What does he do? You doubtless know St. Martin, or at least you have heard your friends speak of him; consequently, you are not ignorant that he was canonized in his time, and placed in the Calendar of the Saints for having given half of his cloak to a poor devil whom he met on his way. I do not pretend to depreciate the merit of this deed; but does not the tailor, therefore, deserve to be doubly canonized, for he not only gives half a cloak entirely gratis to a host of poor devils, but a whole over-coat, often accompanied by a coat, vest, and breeches. And it is not once that this happens to him, but ten, twenty, a hundred times! Yet, as his sole recompense for these incalculable benefactions, the name of the modern St. Martin is simply put in the Directory.

O tailor! happily for thee, thou art consoled for the ingratitude of the crowd, for thou hast my esteem! Every time I pass a tailor's shop I feel like throwing myself at his feet and asking his blessing—but I restrain my feelings. I can not even see a simple journeyman in this noble branch of human industry, seated at his board, without wishing to bow respectfully to the ground before him; but again I restrain my feelings, for my politeness would be thrown away—these artists always sit bent over, so that you can not see their face.

SARTOR RESARTUS.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A NEW VOLUME.—Look out for the January Pictorial double number of the ILLUSTRATED PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, with portraits of Kings, Queens, and Emperors; also of Patrick Henry, Edward Everett, F. W. Robertson, and others: including "Signs of Character;" Races of Men; Science of the Soul; Social Relations, Love, Courtship, and Marriage; Education and Self-Improvement; Choice of Pursuits, with other matters all ought to know, to be found in no other publication. Only $3 a year, or 30 cents a number. Address S. R. WELLS, No. 389 Broadway, New York.

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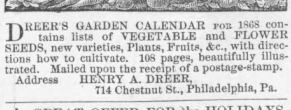

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TESTIMONIALS.

U. S. STEAMER "COMMODORE PERRY," ERIE, October 5, 1867.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co., New York:
GENTS,—I am in receipt of the Oroide Watch, just received by express. It gives entire satisfaction. As I ordered this for another party, I now wish you to send me another of the same quality, for my own use. You will get some five or six more orders from this vessel, and two or three from the employés of the express company, as I opened it in their presence, and they were charmed with it. I think it the finest and best watch in the country for the price, and cheap at double the cost. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
C. W. SMITH, Lieut. U. S. N.

FORT LARNED, September 25, 1867.

Messrs. Collins & Co.:
GENTLEMEN,—I received by express your package containing two Watches—am well pleased with them. I sold them both in an hour. I now want one for Superintendent Buck, one for Assistant-Superintendent Cook, one for Carpenter Ash, one for Carpenter Johns, one for Stone-Mason Church, one for Stone-Mason Smith, and one for myself—seven in all. Send as before, by U. S. Express, C. Q. D. Send immediately, and oblige Yours respectfully, D. A. HARRISON.

JACKSON FURNACE, MICH., October 1, 1867.

C. E. Collins & Co.:
The Watches that I ordered came safe to hand, and all of them are giving good satisfaction; and I must say that they far surpass my expectations, both for appearance and time. I want you to forward me four more; have them all in good running order. I am not making any thing on these Watches; I only send for my friends. One of the others was for myself, and I shall also keep another. Likely you will receive other orders from me. I would like to see one of your Chains. Respectfully, C. E. GATES, Escanaba, Delta Co., Mich.

NO. 190 ROBINSON ST., ALLEGHANY CITY, PA., July 20, 1867.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co., Nos. 42 and 44 Nassau St., New York:
GENTLEMEN,—You will please send me, by "The Adams Express Company," one Ladies' Imitation Watch, just the same as the Ladies' Watch you sent me before, with carved case. Please collect through the Adams Express Company, as before. These Watches are a wonder at the price. Please send me a good time-keeper, and write me as soon as you ship, and very much oblige, Very respectfully, WM. NEILLIE.

POST HOSPITAL, BARRANCAS, FLA., October 16, 1867.

C. E. Collins & Co.:
GENTS,—I have this day received the Watch which you mailed on the 10th. I was much pleased with the appearance of the case. You will receive more orders from me or through me. It looks as well as the one I paid $175 for. Yours, &c., THOS. A. HOPKINS.

GRENADA, MISS., October 7, 1867.

Messrs. Collins & Co.:
The watch came safely to hand to-day. I am astonished at the complete workmanship of the watch. I shall take pride in circulating the new discovery. Also I wish you to forward me your inducements, if any, for the sale of said watches. Also send me two others of the same stamp. Very respectfully, &c.,
J. D. SUTLIFF, Q. M. Serg't, Co. B, 34th U. S. Inf.

OFFICE OF THE QUINCY R. R. BRIDGE CO., QUINCY, ILL., October 9, 1867.

To Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.:
DEAR SIRS,—Your composition watch arrived safe to hand this day, per United States Express. It pleases me very well. I have shown it to my friends and neighbors, who are much pleased with it, and will in a few days send you on further orders. It greatly exceeds my expectations in every respect. Yours truly,
CHAS. JAS. THOMAS, Quincy Bridge Co.

135 BANK STREET, CLEVELAND, Ohio, November 4, 1867.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.:
SIRS,—I received the Watches on the 30th of October. Please send me two more, the same kind you sent me to Akron. I sold one of them for $40 cash in one hour after I got it out of the express office: it was the one that had the most carved work on. Please send the same, lady's size, as soon as possible. I have had eight in all. I shall be in Cleveland this winter, and I think I can sell a number of them.
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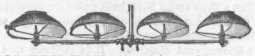

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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A LOCAL ITEM.

By JOHN R. THOMPSON.

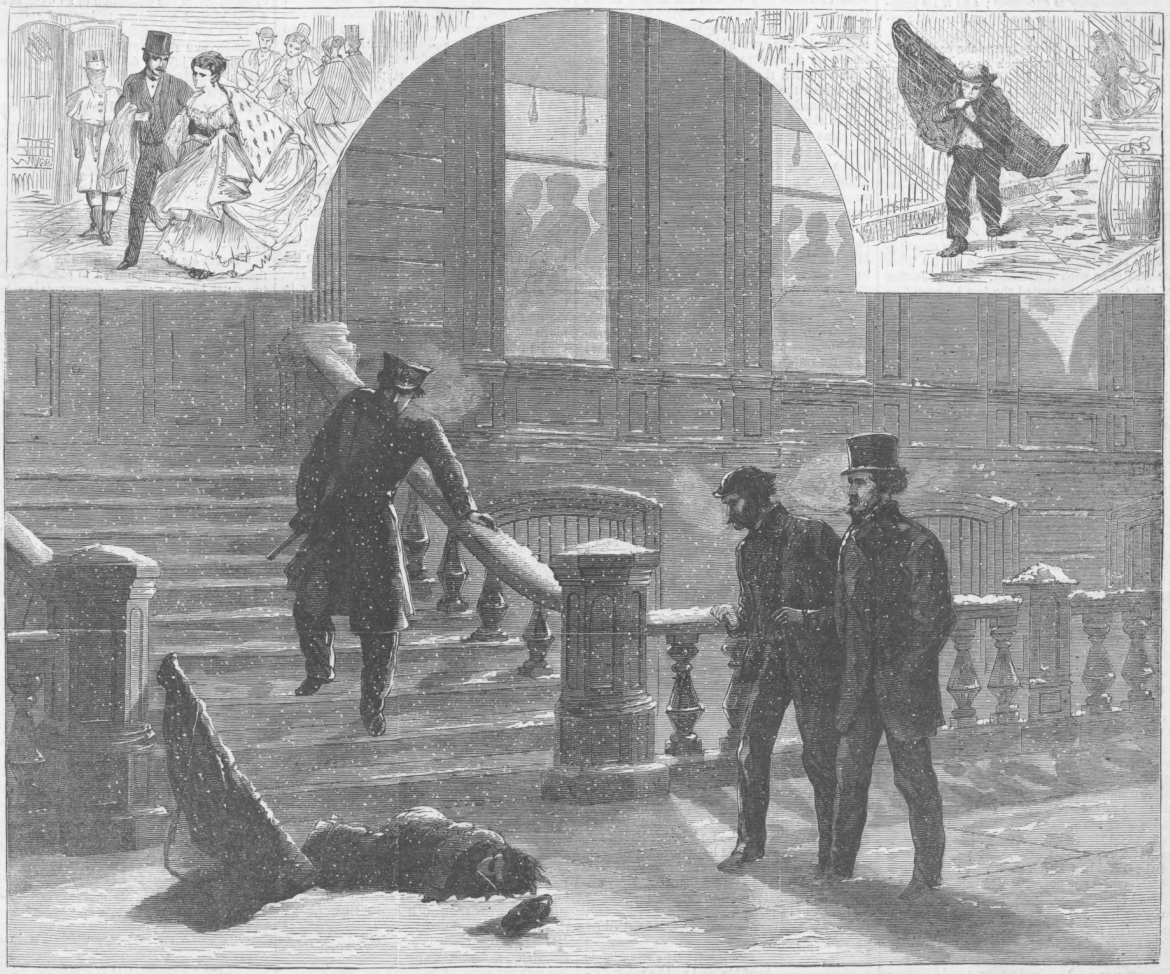
On the last night but one of the year '67,
When a snow-cloud hung darkly 'twixt Broadway and heaven,
And the wind blew chill down the frozen street
Where the warm-gloved watchman walked his beat,
And Blanche o'er her bare white beautiful shoulder
Pulled her furs and remarked "'Tis decidedly colder,"
As lightly she stepped from the door of the play
To the soft-cushioned seat of her shining coupé;
On that last night but one of the year '67,
As the clocks in the steeples were striking eleven,
An everyday tragedy, old as the hills,
A tragedy never set down in the bills,
Acted itself with a sad iteration
For its thousand and fiftieth representation:
Nobody there when the curtain rose,
Nobody present to witness the close,
Only the All-Seeing Eye to behold it,
Say, reader mine, would you like to be told it?
Very well, I will tell
How the matter befell.

Place, the Fifth Avenue: time, just recited:
Back-ground, a mansion all brilliantly lighted.
One little scena, how long I'm not sure;
Possibly 'twas but a *mauvais quart d'heure*.
Dramatis Persona, one little Italian,
A tatterdemalion,
As ragged—I give the report of a friend
Who arrived opportunely just *after* the end,
And who widely has wandered from country and home—
As ragged as ever he
Saw in Trastevere,
Over the tawny-tinged Tiber at Rome.
Ragged and friendless and dirty and brown,
Good-for-naught, vagabond boy of the town,
Who lived in the streets, and who slept in a shanty,
And spoke, in his way, the rich language of Dante;
Not the lingua Toscana
In bocca Romana,
But a sort of patois of the Tuscan so flowery,
With scraps of the sterner discourse of the Bowery.
Well, these, you will say,
For a tragical play,
Are materials scant as the skirts of the ballet,
Yet I boldly aver, with the sombre finale
They would serve for a very fine painting by Gallait.

Now this little scamp
Was accustomed to tramp
From Jefferson Market to Madison Square,
Through the highways and lanes of our Vanity Fair;
And as Christian in weariness carried his pack,
So he bent 'neath the weight of a harp on his back;
Which he often unslung,
And vindictively strung,
In a manner distressing, as possibly *you* know,
To wreak on the public the music of Gounod.
All the Christmas—blest season of innocent mirth!
When a Glory Ineffable rests on the earth,
Since Bethlehem witnessed Immanuel's birth—
All the Christmas did little Miserrimus trudge,
A wandering minstrel, through snow and through sludge.
('Twas a holiday cheerless for such as he,
For he plucked the fruit of no Christmas tree,
Nor did Santa Claus during his stillest repose
Stuff bonbons and lollipops into his hose;
And the reason's quite shocking—
He hadn't a stocking!)
Till that night when the stars in the snow-cloud were lost,
And fiercely as fire came the terrible frost,
When, like many who drag through this world of care,
He at last found his burden too heavy to bear,
And sank on the steps of a brown-stone palace,
Where glittered the lustres and sparkled the chalice,
For the gorgeous rooms were ablaze with light
That streamed through the windows out into the night;
And there, to the soft muffled sound of the viol,
Forgetting his hunger and fever and trial,
The boy, who had no other wrapping to keep,
Was very soon wrapped in the mantle of sleep.

It so chanced that two gentlemen, passing that way,
From the Nickleby Reading, the Théâtre Français—
Smike's wrongs and the queenly despair of Ristori—
On a sudden encountered our young Trovatore:
'Twas just as the watchman, to know what the knave meant,
Had rolled him in tenderness down on the pavement,
Had asked, in a kindly, constabular tone,
What he wanted, and bade him get up and be gone.
But Miserrimus answered him never a word,
Nor waked from his slumber nor whimpered nor stirred.
The harp-strings were mute as the harp-strings of Tara,
And dumb in the bundle of rags was the wearer.
Alack! what he wanted just now was—a coffin,
For the poor little beggar was dead as the Dauphin,
And the soul of the outcast, escaping its bars,
Away through the snow-cloud that shut out the stars,
Away from the sorrows and sins of the city,
Had taken its flight to the Infinite Pity!

Voilà tout!
Nothing new,
Very true—
But with you,
The moral, oh people! I leave it with you—
The poor ye have always; oh think of the poor
Who perish of hunger and cold at your door;
Remember the words of the Master, who came
A world to redeem—what is done in My Name
(Oh blessed assurance! oh benison free!)
To the least of these little ones is as to me;
Think of the homeless sons of labor,
And know that each man of them all is your neighbor;
Think of the thousands that famish and die
In the sorrowful South, of the children that cry
For food unto mothers, who writhe with the pain,
That the "cry of the children," O God! is in vain.
Soothe in your mercy this bitter woe,
That the tears of this agony cease to flow;
Lift ye the desolate out of the dust,
And then, with a higher, a holier trust,
May your morning petition, oh brothers! be said,
Give us this day our daily bread!



"A LOCAL ITEM"—"THE HARP-STRINGS WERE MUTE AS THE HARP-STRINGS OF TARA, AND DUMB IN THE BUNDLE OF RAGS WAS THE WEARER."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1868.

THE GREAT GALE.

THE political contest at Washington is one that is always latent in our system, and has occasionally appeared. It is simply the result of the necessity which will sometimes arise of ascertaining which is the really supreme branch of the Government. The Constitution creates three departments, and defines the powers and duties of each. They are usually called co-ordinate, and they are often supposed to be of equal supremacy because of their equal constitutional creation. But the final control of two of the departments is given to the third. The Executive may be removed by impeachment; the Judges of the Supreme Court may also be impeached; their number increased, and the proceedings of the Court regulated by Congress. But for the misconduct of Congress itself no remedy is provided except the direct appeal to the people at an election. The intention of the framers of the Constitution is evident that, in extremity, Congress should be the chief authority.

But it must be chief under the Constitution, or effect a revolution. That is not in itself an evil, for a revolution may be necessary and it may be peacefully accomplished, but it is nevertheless a revolution. The Constitution, as we show elsewhere, authorizes Congress to control the Supreme Court by "swamping" it, or by regulating its method of procedure; while the Executive may be controlled by impeachment. But to supersede the Executive without impeachment, and to forbid the Court to perform its functions before attempting to reach the desired end by the constitutional means of enlargement and regulation, is revolution. If Congress is of opinion that during the delay consequent upon impeachment the most fatal injury may be done to the country, an injury more deadly than a radical change in the government, it may properly work the change, trusting to the popular approval. And so with the temporary suspension of the Court. But the responsibility is enormous; and if its judgment be mistaken, the consequences will be serious.

Now, if five or six weeks ago the conduct of the President was not such as to justify impeachment, what has happened in the mean time to justify his practical deposition? The immediate peril we presume to have been the M'ARDLE case. If that case should be called and argued now, it was supposed that the Court —which in such cases is very apt to decide according to the political predilections of its members—would substantially declare the reconstruction law unconstitutional—which would be the opening of Pandora's box. But suppose the bill of Mr. WILSON'S—of which we elsewhere speak—had passed. That is perfectly constitutional, and clearly justified by the peril. That would defeat such a decision. If any Justice of the Court disregarded the law he would be impeached. It would be an extraordinary spectacle, indeed — Congress passing an act which the Court declares unconstitutional and disobeys, and the Congress then trying the Court. Yet it is a perfectly constitutional dilemma, unless it be supposed that Congress, in the legislation of reconstruction, is subject to the Court. The difficulty is in the nature of the system. The misfortune is, that there should arise a necessity of testing the superiority of power.

But here was a constitutional outlet from the trouble; a remedy extreme, indeed, but the emergency is extreme; a remedy not to be applied until the national welfare plainly demanded it, but to be applied then to save graver complications and more serious trouble. The Supreme Court has no power to enforce its decisions, and depends for its moderating and balancing influence in our system upon the willing submission of all citizens and of the other branches of the government to its decrees. But to claim that therefore there should be submission to its decrees, even when they involve a total frustration of the national purpose after a tremendous war for national existence, and when the Constitution itself affords a remedy, is the very ecstasy of folly. That remedy would be special legislation; but the case is precisely that in which special legislation is necessary.

Of course no man of any party will deny that when Congress forbids the action of the Executive and of the Judiciary by simple enactment it departs from the constitutional method. We can see no reason as yet to change the opinion expressed by us last week, that if the conduct of the President is not such as to justify impeachment, it can not be wise to supersede him. Should the opposite view prevail, we trust that we may discover sufficient reasons for it; but meanwhile it is the duty of a faithful press to help Congress with its counsel, not blindly to follow and defend its action at every moment. The country confides in the honest and patriotic intention of its representatives, nor will it withdraw that confidence because it may not approve every measure which Congress adopts. As for party ascendency, that is to be maintained only by a policy which is the result of the wisdom and experience of the whole party.

THE PRESIDENT, MR. STANTON, AND GENERAL GRANT.

THE action of General GRANT in surrendering his office to Mr. STANTON, after the decision of the Senate, baffled the President's undoubted purpose of forcing an issue before the Supreme Court. The law left to the General no alternative; for it makes the attempt to exercise the duties of the office under the circumstances in which General GRANT found himself a high misdemeanor. The Tenure of Office Bill, as it is called, is undoubtedly the law. It has been properly enacted by Congress. The President has objected, and it has been constitutionally passed over his veto. It may be a distasteful law; it may be inexpedient; but it can not be considered unconstitutional merely because the President says so.

The truth is, that the question involved is a very open one. The veto with which the President returned the law to Congress shows no more than that the point has been settled by precedent and even by construction. The question arose in the House of Representatives in 1789, and was vigorously argued upon both sides. Mr. MADISON, in the *Federalist*, had maintained that the consent of the Senate was necessary to removal; but in the debate he declared that he had changed his opinion. Notwithstanding his change of view, however, the question was decided in favor of the President's sole power only by a vote of thirty-four to twenty in the House, and in the Senate by the casting vote of the President. In 1839 the Supreme Court declared that it was a subject upon which there had been at the formation of the Government great difference of opinion, but it thought the general rule of construction had become that the President's power is exclusive. Judge STORY, in commenting upon the question, said that it had always been believed that the final decision was greatly influenced by respect for the character of President WASHINGTON then in office; and he adds, that it is "the most extraordinary case in the history of the Government of a power conferred by implication upon the Executive by the assent of a bare majority in Congress which has not been questioned on many other occasions." Mr. WEBSTER admitted the uniformity of the practice, but denied the justice of the view upon which it was founded.

The time has come when Congress, holding the same view with Mr. WEBSTER, questions the propriety of the decision of "the bare majority" of the earlier Congress, and agrees with Mr. MADISON'S first opinion. The right to do so is undeniable, and the action which it takes in accordance with its judgment is certainly good law until it is contradicted by something more imposing than President JOHNSON'S opinion. It is a law in any case which he can not refuse to execute without impeachment; for if his opinion of the constitutionality of laws which are passed over his veto is to prevail against the will of Congress, his will is the law of the land, and Mr. JOHNSON has decided for himself, according to Mr. SEWARD'S notorious phrase, that he will be king and not President.

We must not omit to state, however, that the President had acknowledged the authority of the law, after it was finally passed. He "suspended" Mr. STANTON according to the law, and in obedience to it also he sent into the Senate the reasons of his action. But he hoped, of course, before the matter ended, to effect his original object, which was to be rid of Mr. STANTON, and to ruin General GRANT by making him appear to be a cat's-paw. It is a very homely remark to make, but it is very intelligible, that if the President expects to "use" the General-in-Chief he must be up very early in the morning. The General does not say much, but his acts are very eloquent. They are so eloquent, indeed, that those who have been sorely troubled by his silence have no further doubt of his meaning. He means to obey the laws, and not to aid the President in thwarting them.

That we presume to be also Mr. STANTON'S intention. He does not remain in the War Department for his own pleasure, but certainly he has no right whatever upon any point of etiquette to allow the President the smallest opportunity to frustrate the plan of reconstruction which Congress has adopted. The President and his friends ought to remember that if he had shown a disposition to adhere faithfully to the Constitution, of which he is so fond of speaking, and to execute in good faith and according to their spirit the laws which he did not like as well as those that he approved, the Civil Tenure Bill would not have been passed. When, however, it became evident that in every way, short of an actual refusal to observe the law, he was aiming to baffle its purpose, Congress, which might not see reason for impeachment, could very properly do what might seem uncourteous but was not unconstitutional. The situation is perfectly comprehensible, and will be misunderstood only by those who are resolved not to understand.

SUPREME COURT—THE TWO-THIRDS PROVISION.

THE Judiciary Act passed immediately after the adoption of the Constitution provided that the Supreme Court of the United States should consist of a Chief Justice and five Associate Justices, four of whom should be a quorum. In 1837 (March 3) the number of Associates was extended to eight besides the Chief Justice, and it was declared that five should be a quorum. By the death of Justice WAYNE a vacancy was created, which by Act of Congress is not now to be filled. The Court, therefore, consists of eight including the Chief Justice. The present Congress may provide by law that no act of Congress shall be declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court except two-thirds of the members of the Court concur in the decision, and the question arises whether the regulation comes within the power of Congress?

The Constitution provides, Article III., that "the judicial power of the United States shall be vested in one Supreme Court and such inferior courts as the Congress may from time to time ordain and establish." Then, after enumerating the subjects to which the judicial power shall extend, it proceeds: "In all cases affecting embassadors, other public ministers and consuls, and those in which a State shall be a party, the Supreme Court shall have original jurisdiction. In all the other cases beforementioned the Supreme Court shall have appellate jurisdiction, both as to law and fact, *with such exceptions and under such legislations as the Congress shall make.*"

The power of the Supreme Court to determine the validity or invalidity of acts of Congress arises under its appellate jurisdiction, which is to be exercised "with such exceptions and under such regulations as the Congress shall make." Under the power to make regulations the Judiciary Act of 1789—doubtless drawn in concurrence with HAMILTON—provides, § 34, that "the laws of the several States, except where the Constitution, treaties, or statutes of the United States shall otherwise require or provide, *shall be regarded as rules of decision* in trials at common law in the courts of the United States in cases where they apply"—a provision which the Supreme Court in 1825—composed then, among others, of MARSHALL, WASHINGTON, STORY, and THOMPSON — sustained. It was afterward, in the time of Judge TANEY, confirmed, and the statute remains unrepealed. The principle settled by these decisions, which have been slightly modified, is this: that the power of Congress to regulate is not merely one to constitute the Court, but that it may go beyond this and prescribe a rule by which, in certain cases of acknowledged jurisdiction, the Court shall be governed. To that extent it controls the functions of the Court, and regulates the exercise of its jurisdiction. HAMILTON, in the eightieth Number of the *Federalist*, referring to the subjects of jurisdiction conferred on the Court, says: "If some partial inconveniences should appear to be connected with the incorporation of any of them into the plan, it ought to be recollected that the National legislation will have ample authority to make such *exceptions*, and to prescribe such regulations as will be calculated to obviate or remove those inconveniences." In the next Number he refers to this jurisdiction of the Court as being subject to "any exceptions and regulations which may be thought advisable," showing much conformity between his views, expressed in the *Federalist*, in the subsequent legislation of Congress, and in the decisions of that tribunal.

The sections of the Constitution which authorize Congress to ordain and establish the Supreme and inferior Courts created a mere skeleton, not capable of being useful without the aid of Congress. Neither the number of Judges nor the mode of proceeding is specified, and hence a vast amount of legislation, comprised in over a hundred pages of "Gordon's Digest," was necessary to set the Courts in motion. "A power to constitute courts is a power to prescribe the mode of trial."—*Federalist*, No. 83. Without this enabling legislation the Court, if constituted by Congress, would be incompetent to exercise the jurisdiction conferred by the Constitution. Unquestionably the duty of ordaining and establishing the Court was imperative, but the discretion given to Congress in regulating the appellate jurisdiction of the tribunal is in no respect limited except by the nature of the subject, and by a few restrictive clauses which have no bearing on the question under consideration.

Is there any thing in the nature of the subject to prevent the passage of the act requiring two-thirds to annul an act of Congress? No graver duty can be performed by the Court than to decide on the validity of the National legislation, even when the country is undisturbed by vital questions. But the question that now arises under the war power, and what necessarily flows from it when it is a civil war—the power to decide the terms of peace, for it is this we are now doing in our legislation—is one calculated to divide the people in a most exciting manner, creating feelings which can scarcely fail to be communicated to the Court itself, and it is highly desirable, therefore, to construct the Court on a basis as much above the passions of the time as it is possible to do. If the Court shall decide against the validity of the Legal-Tender Act; that the war was fought on an unconstitutional basis, and that the Southern States are still in the Union, their rights unimpaired—for the same degenerate Northerners that agree on one usually agree on all these points—results that can not be contemplated without extreme solicitude would follow, and it is wholly unsafe to leave these questions to the decision of a bare majority of judges.

In Great Britain the policy of requiring a decision by more than a majority has been adopted in many cases of importance. By the articles of war established by Parliament, § 15, it is provided that in capital cases the decision of at least two-thirds, or nine out of thirteen officers presiding, shall be necessary to give judgment of death. On the impeachment of a Peer of the Realm it is well known that a finding in the affirmative by at least twelve of his compeers was necessary to conviction. By the eleventh section of the act of Parliament relating to courts, passed during the 1st Wm. 4, it is provided "that in all cases relating to the practice of any of the three Superior Courts at Westminster, in matters over which they have a common jurisdiction of or relating to the practice of the Court of Error in the Exchequer Chamber, the judges of such courts, jointly or any eight or more of them, including the chiefs of each court, may make general rules and orders for regulating the proceedings of all such courts, which rules and orders are to be observed therein, and no general rules and orders respecting such matters shall be made in any manner except as aforesaid." These instances clearly show that in Great Britain the Parliament does not in all cases leave its tribunals entirely free to act in all matters as a mere majority might decide.

In the disquisition on Government, written by Mr. CALHOUN just previous to his death and published in the first volume of his works, some views are expressed in favor of the concurrent over the numerical majority which bear upon the question. He selects the trial by jury as an illustration:

"In these, twelve individuals selected without discrimination must unanimously concur in opinion, under the obligation of an oath, to find a true verdict according to law and evidence; and this, too, not unfrequently under such great difficulty and doubt that the ablest and most experienced judges differ in opinion after a careful examination. And yet as impracticable as this mode of trial would seem to a superficial observer, it is found in practice not only to succeed but to be the safest, wisest, and best that human ingenuity has ever devised. When closely investigated the cause will be found in the necessity under which the jury is placed to agree unanimously in order to find a verdict. This necessity acts as the predisposing cause of concurrence in some common opinion, and with such efficiency that a jury rarely fails to find a verdict.

"Under its potent influence the jurors take their seats with a disposition to give a fair and impartial hearing to the arguments on both sides, meet together in the jury-room not as disputants but calmly to hear the opinions of each other and to compare and weigh the arguments on which they are founded; and finally to adopt that which, on the whole, is thought to be true. Under the influence of this *disposition to harmonize* one after another falls into the same opinion until unanimity is obtained. Hence its practicability, and hence also its peculiar excellence. Nothing, indeed, can be more favorable to the success of truth and justice than this predisposing influence caused by the necessity of being unanimous. It is so much so as to compensate for the defect of legal knowledge and a high degree of intelligence on the part of those who usually compose juries. If the necessity of unanimity were dispensed with and the finding of a jury made to depend on a bare majority, jury trial, instead of being one of the greatest improvements in the judicial department of government would be one of the greatest evils that could be inflicted on the community. It would be, in such case, the conduit through which all the factious feelings of the day would enter and contaminate justice at its source." This reason applies with equal force to the necessity of having more than a majority to decide great questions arising under our legislation, and when it is considered that the policy of requiring a concurrence of two-thirds of those present to convict, when the Senate of the United States is sitting as a Court of Impeachment, is a constitutional provision; that in many States of the Union it is also required in like cases, and, indeed, that in very important matters it has become a habit of the country, it will be apparent that the Congress has sufficient in the way of precedent to justify the act requiring two-thirds of the Supreme Court to unite in annulling its legislation, and that it is a necessary and proper exercise of its power.

"To avoid an arbitrary discretion in the Courts," said Mr. HAMILTON, in the 78th Number of the *Federalist*, "it is indispensable that they should be bound down by strict rules and precedents, which serve to define and point out

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their duty in every case that comes before them."

It is argued that the principle of this act of Congress might be abused so as to require the whole Court, or particular members of it, to unite in a decision. Such a proceeding would derive no support from the usages of any civilized country, and would justly be regarded as hazarding the national safety. The regulation in question in no manner interferes with the stability of the Court, except to promote it. It leaves the whole judicial power in the tribunal, and only regulates it so as to prevent a capricious judgment. The independence of the Judges is not interfered with. On the contrary, the provision secures respect for the Judiciary, and a steady and safe administration of the laws.

RAILROAD DISASTERS AND THEIR REMEDIES.

WHEN Mr. JAMES BOORMAN and his friends managed the Hudson River Railroad, signal-men were stationed along the line at about a mile distant from each other, whose duty it was to pass over the road in the intervals between the trains, to see that no cattle had jumped upon it from adjacent pastures; that no stones had slidden upon it from the sides of earth cuttings or hills; that the water from sudden rains had not swept away or covered with débris some portion of the track; and, indeed, that there were no obstructions of any kind to render travel dangerous. It was the intention of Mr. BOORMAN to keep the track in such good order by means of proper safeguards as to justify the high speed which is common upon the English roads. It is, he used to say, presumptuous to run a train at high speed without being certain that there are no impediments in the way.

Mr. BOORMAN'S care in this respect was due in part to the fact that one of his associates who went to Albany to procure legislation necessary to the construction of the road shared in the dangers of an accident on the Housatonic road of a serious character. A severe storm had arisen and cut a gully across the track, about ten feet wide and deep, into which one set of rails had fallen; but the engineer of the train, in entire ignorance of the gap—for there were no signal-men to give warning—moved toward it at a speed of over twenty miles an hour as if all were safe. The engine, tender, and express car leaped the cut and went on, carrying the forward wheels of the baggage-car safely over. But its hind-wheels, and in succession all the wheels of the passenger cars, were caught in the gap, and a crash followed. Mr. BOORMAN argued very forcibly that running the train upon a track in such a state would be held by the courts to be negligence, entitling all the injured persons to damages, and that it was far cheaper to pay signal-men than to pay such damages.

We believe, however, that there is not a road in the United States which adopts this precaution of invariable examination of the track by signal-men in advance of the passage of every train. There is more or less attention according to the means of Companies, but not enough to render it *certain* that an unruly animal has not leaped over the slight fences which line the track or that there is not some other obstruction, and passengers are carried at high speed in the faith and hope that all is well. Until public opinion is much more decided than it is now, we shall seldom witness any large expenditure for the safety of travelers, and accidents will therefore be of frequent occurrence, leaving passengers to their remedies at law for whatever damage they may suffer. But on such lines as the Central, however, which at present suffers from a plethora of wealth, and on the Hudson River and Harlem roads, there is no excuse for the want of all the care necessary to absolute safety.

Whatever may be the present law relating to damage occasioned by the want of signal-men, it is the manifest interest of the public that damage to any passenger from such carelessness shall be heavily paid. To rule that a Company is justified in attempting to jump a ten feet gap, and that it is not bound to know of the existence of such a gap when knowledge of it might be obtained with proper care, is to legalize massacre. A correct and safe ruling on this subject is necessary to induce the establishment of a sufficient police; and as the lines mentioned are in the same hands, and as the managers know what the common safety demands, we hope that such an example may be set on these great lines as to induce proper care in all parts of the country. The increased travel which will be occasioned by removing a deep and wide-spread fear among passengers, will cover the expense of signal-men, who, with a little instruction, could easily keep the track for a certain distance in good order. The true rule of economy in managing roads is to keep them as safe as they can be made.

The recent disaster at Angola has caused unusual sensation from the fact that nearly every passenger who remained in the car until it went off the track was killed from some unknown cause. In making cars the use of cast-iron supports to each seat is nearly universal. These are screwed to the floor and into the cushion-frame which rests upon them. The sudden stoppage of the train on the Housatonic road, by the accident already mentioned, occasioned a shock in the first passenger car sufficient to separate the seats and their supports from the floor, and to throw them and the stoves and passengers into the forward part of the car in a confused heap. The accident at Angola produced, no doubt, the same result, for the shock was much more severe than that upon the Housatonic road. The hurling of the seats, loaded with iron supports with jagged ends, from one end of the car to the other, as it went down end foremost, doubtless disabled all of the passengers who were not instantly killed by the weight of the fragments of the car. The accumulated weight of seats, stoves, and dead and wounded passengers, confined the mass together until its destruction by fire was complete.

A death more horrible can scarcely be conceived; but if the present plan of building cars continues these horrors will be repeated. What the passenger wants in case of such an accident is something to seize, so that he can keep his place, which is now impossible. The European cars, with seats for six persons only, are much safer at such a time, for the space is small. But upon our roads we are exposed to being thrown the whole length of a car, and to being crushed by falling weights. The remedy is found in framing or bolting each seat composed of wood or boiler-iron carefully and securely into the frame-work of the car, which should itself be strengthened, so that, to use the language of Mr. JERVIS, "there may be as much wood between a passenger and death as possible."

An accident—not due to the presence or absence of signal-men—which occurred on the Hudson River Railroad shortly before the road was opened to Albany, exhibited one of the dangers from cars weakly framed. An up-train was stopped by an inexperienced conductor near Croton, to eject a passenger who had paid his fare only to a station nearer the city. While this was going on, a train which had started later from the city, sent for some special object, ran—its speed partially checked—into the first-mentioned train, then standing on a curve and partially hidden from observation, and after splitting open a portion of the cars, entered others, the engine foremost—with steam, smoke, and heat issuing from it—greatly to the dismay of the passengers, one of whom, a lady, was thrown upon the boiler, and, with others, injured. Before the conductor could recover from the surprise of having one train thrust into another—as the hand into a glove—a down-train struck the fragments of cars which had been thrown across the downward track, and a huge pile composed of engines, tenders, baggage express, and passenger cars, and their human freight was the consequence. The ease with which the cars were split open and broken into fragments showed that they had been made more for appearances than for the absolute safety of passengers. But very little improvement has since taken place; on the contrary, faults of construction have since been introduced which expose them in a greater degree to the tendency to split open and go immediately to pieces, which the triple accident developed.

A frame to be strong must unite the bottom, sides, and top completely together in a perfect net-work of timbers—not too light—held together by bolts or rods. For this purpose the top or roof ought not to be a mere covering; but it should not only participate in the general strength, but contribute to it. Those cars which have one portion of the roof elevated above another to afford ventilation are the most comfortable on account of their greater height and the means they afford for the expulsion of the over-breathed air, but are nevertheless weak, as the large open oblong immediately under the raised ceiling can not be or is not securely framed. The want of frequent and strong cross timbers or rods exposes such cars to be split open, and to fall to pieces from a variety of accidents. The union of wood and wrought iron in the framing might give sufficient opportunity in an arched, rather than a double roof, to accomplish the object of sufficient ventilation, without the sacrifice of strength. Should a car doubly-roofed roll over, which is common in severe accidents, the upper roof would be crushed in—it is so utterly weak—and add to the danger. The roof and other portions being united substantially, it would be very easy to devise a stove, made, including the pipe, of boiler-iron, and for coal, that could be held in its place, in case of a shock, with bolts extending through the floor and roof timbers—or what would be better, hot-water pipes might be introduced. But until heavy damages are exacted for all those who are injured by fire, the flimsy structures now used will be continued. The combination of comfort and safety in the interior construction of cars is not difficult of accomplishment; but every piece of surplus wood, all flimsy stoves, and every easily broken and displaced seat should be rejected, and nothing used which will not stay in its place, and aid passengers at the critical moment of an accident.

For want of strength in the bottom framing of cars it sometimes happens that a broken axle enters among the passengers, and breaks its way from one end of the car to the other, doing great damage—a difficulty which strong framing would obviate. When the axle or wheels give way the end of the car is brought immediately in contact with the rails, receiving a great shock, the severity of which would be mitigated by hanging the cars lower. This could be brought about very easily, and should receive attention.

The utter helplessness of passengers in such accidents is due to the fact that substance is sacrificed to show in building cars, and that every thing gives way—the frame because it is too weak, the seats because they are fastened to cast-iron frames which are fastened by screws to the floor—and the chances of escaping safely are consequently few. We throw out these hints in the hope that the strong men who have lately undertaken to manage the great lines in the State may give their attention to the two points presented, relating to police and the construction of cars, and establish our railroad interests on a basis of as entire safety for passengers as care and money can secure.

AMERICAN SURGERY AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

OUR triumphs at the Paris Exhibition have not been quite as loudly saluted as those of M'CORMICK'S Reaper and HOBBS'S Locks at that in London, but the official Reports unexpectedly show a superiority in certain American inventions in surgical science. Among these was the orthopædic apparatus of Dr. CHARLES F. TAYLOR, of New York. These apparatus are various; but his orthopædic corset for the treatment of curvature of the spine is most highly commended. This apparatus is a simple lever, which raises the superior part of the spinal column by using the transverse processes as a fulcrum, so that while pressure on the articulations of the transverse processes is safely increased, that on the bodies of the diseased vertebræ is considerably diminished. The instrument is hinged, and acts as a supplementary vertebral column. The patient can be in the open air while the seat of disease is wholly protected.

Dr. TAYLOR exhibited apparatus for the cure of muscular paralysis of childhood by means of localized movements, of the value of some of which we have personal knowledge; also an instrument for counter-extension in hip-disease. This is not the place for scientific explanations, but it is the place to announce what could not otherwise be publicly known as it should be; that Dr. TAYLOR'S apparatus for the treatment of deformities have not only the approval of the best French surgeons, but are tested constantly and gratefully by American sufferers.

HENRY KEEP.

IN collecting materials for the biography of HENRY KEEP, which recently appeared in these columns, the place of his birth was so inadvertently stated that the inference might be drawn that he was born in the Jefferson County poor-house; whereas the fact is, as we have since been informed, that, though struggling with adversity, Mrs. KEEP retained her son under her own roof as long as she lived. In his earlier years he thus had the benefits of the careful training and tender regard which only a loving mother can bestow, and hence it was only at her death that, her children being unprovided for, HENRY was indentured, as before stated, to a neighboring farmer. This much by way of explanation is due not only to the subject of our sketch and to truth, but also to the memory of one who is spoken of by all who knew her as a most affectionate and devoted mother, and one of the noblest of women. We are also requested to state that the announcement that Mr. KEEP is President of the Northwestern Railroad was also incorrectly made.

LITERARY.

A DELIGHTFUL and valuable history of "The Huguenots; their Settlement, Churches, and Industries in England and Ireland," by SAMUEL SMILES, is just republished by the HARPERS, with an Appendix treating of the Huguenots in America, by GABRIEL P. DISOSWAY. It is peculiarly timely in its appearance with Mr. MOTLEY'S new volumes, which describe the cruel persecutions of PHILIP II. that drove the Protestant Netherlanders across the Channel. The book is full of the most interesting information and anecdote; and the story of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes and of the sufferings and struggles of the French Huguenots is faithful and vivid. Indeed, the whole work is precisely one of those instructive volumes which are truly said to be "as fascinating as a novel," and it is properly presented by the publishers in a very handsome form.

"The life of NATHANAEL GREENE, Major-General in the Army of the Revolution," has been known for a long time to be in preparation by his grandson, GEORGE WASHINGTON GREENE, who is in possession of all the family papers, and the first of the three volumes is now published by PUTNAM & SON. Of the author's peculiar accomplishment for the task those who are privately familiar with his wide scholarship are fully aware, and his "Historical View of the American Revolution," a work of remarkable research and interest, has informed the public. He has made an admirable use of his ample resources, and the result is a biography which vividly depicts the domestic and public life of the hero down to the camp at Valley Forge in 1778. The biographer does not seem to be unduly influenced by his kindred to the General; and he delightfully refreshes the story of the early days of the Revolution. We can but make a note of the work here, and heartily commend it to all who would understand why GREENE was the cherished friend of WASHINGTON.

"Mrs. Comfort's Fairy Stories," by LUCY RANDALL COMFORT, published by the HARPERS, is a little quarto of little tales for little people, which will, however, be a great delight to them. They are just long enough to be piquant and charming, and the delicate fancy that plays through them is airy as the sprites themselves. It is a very commendable plan to lay aside a copy of this modest and pretty little book for the next juvenile birthday.

"A Fourteen Weeks' Course in Chemistry," by J. DORMAN STEELE, Principal of Elmira Free Academy, and published by A. S. BARNES & Co., is not, in the ordinary sense, a book of science made easy, which is generally science made worthless; but it is a thorough hand-book of a few of the principles and practical applications of chemistry to the concerns of common life. The author, whose common-sense in dealing with his subject is as evident as his mastery of it, does not attempt to omit or to disguise the nomenclature of the science which, as he truly says, robs it of its mathematical beauty and discipline. He omits only what is essential to the chemist, and he has made a precious book which every body can read with growing wonder and pleasure. It is as full of necessary and valuable knowledge as a nut of meat, and we are not surprised to hear of its success.

THE NEW RECONSTRUCTION BILL.

THE new Reconstruction Bill, which was recommitted to the House Judiciary Committee on January 13, and of which we gave a synopsis last week, came up again in the House on January 14, unaltered. It was debated, with much acrimony, on January 15 (during which Fernando Wood, of New York, was censured for immoderate language), January 16, 17, 18, and 20, but no vote was arrived at up to the latter date, though it appeared settled that the bill would eventually pass by a large majority.

THE COTTON TAX.

THERE has been no settlement of the differences between the House and Senate in regard to the repeal of the COTTON TAX. The House passed a bill to repeal the tax altogether; the Senate amended it, suspending the collection of the tax for one year, and refused to concur in the original bill. A committee of conference was appointed on January 20.

EUROPEAN RECOGNITION OF THE MEXICAN REPUBLIC.

IT is a noteworthy fact that simultaneously with the reception of the body of the late Maximilian of Mexico in Vienna, the Kingdom of Italy, of which Maximilian's late possessions of Miramar now form a part, having been wrested from Austria in 1866, officially recognized the restoration of the Mexican Republic by appointing Senor Scovasso as Minister of Italy at the Mexican capital.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN'S ARREST.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN, an American citizen of some prominence, was arrested on January 17 on board the steamer *Scotia*, on her arrival at Queenstown, charged with being a Fenian. This action of the British Government created considerable excitement in Washington, but, of course, no official action can or will be taken at present.

THE "GALATEA" IN A CYCLONE.

THE "young sailor" Prince of England, His Royal Highness, ALFRED, Duke of Edinburgh, is predestined to have an adventurous career. We lately gave some account of his prowess in hunting wild elephants in Africa; now we are called upon to record and illustrate his adventure on board his ship, the *Galatea*, in one of the violent cyclones or "revolving hurricanes" so common in the Indian Ocean. The vessel was on her way from the Cape of Good Hope to Adelaide, Australia, and the cyclone struck her about midnight of October 12. A little before that hour a black arch squall was observed to the westward. This came up rapidly, making the sea foam and boil beneath it, and the wind was distinctly heard screaming along on its path toward the ship. The helm was at once put hard up to keep her head from coming up to the wind, and the fore-yard was braced up to assist the helm; but with all these precautions, although there was no sail on the mizzen-mast, the ship kept so close to the wind as to "spill" (or shake) her maintop-sail with the main-yard square. Bearing away before the squall was, therefore, out of the question, as the ship had such a tendency to come up to the wind. The foretop-sail having been clewed up to furl (owing to the force of the wind, although it could be hardly spared, being required to keep the ship off the wind), and other important matters having been arranged, the main-yard was braced up, and the ship was hove to, under close-reefed maintop-sail, reefed foresail, and forestay-sail—the foretop-mast staysail having been blown away previously. The sea was at that time one wide white sheet of hissing foam, and the ship at one time heeled over so much that the men could not keep their footing, many of them being thrown violently down into the lee scuppers. A huge sea struck the ship between the fore and main masts, rising in a dense white mass of spray, which completely hid the foremast. The sky was not all dense and black, but very light at times, when the moon appeared between the clouds in a white misty spot. No serious harm was done to ship or crew; and the royal frigate arrived safely at her destination on October 30.

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THE BRITISH SHIP "GALATEA" IN A CYCLONE IN THE INDIAN OCEAN.—[SEE PAGE 67.]

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THE MOONSTONE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

Printed from the Author's Manuscript.

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.

CHAPTER X.

ONE on the top of the other, the rest of the company followed the Ablewhites, till we had the whole tale of them complete. Including the family, they were twenty-four in all. It was a noble sight to see, when they were settled in their places round the dinner-table, and the Rector of Frizinghall (with beautiful elocution) rose and said grace.

There is no need to worry you with a list of the guests. You will meet none of them a second time—in my part of the story at any rate—with the exception of two.

Those two sat on either side of Miss Rachel, who, as queen of the day, was naturally the great attraction of the party. On this occasion she was more particularly the centre-point toward which every body's eyes were directed; for (to my lady's secret annoyance) she wore her wonderful birthday present which eclipsed all the rest—the Moonstone. It was without any setting when it had been placed in her hands; but that universal genius, Mr. Franklin, had contrived, with the help of his neat fingers and a little bit of silver wire, to fix it as a brooch in the bosom of her white dress. Every body wondered at the prodigious size and beauty of the Diamond, as a matter of course. But the only two of the company who said any thing out of the common way about it were those two guests I have mentioned, who sat by Miss Rachel on her right hand and her left.

The guest on her left was Mr. Candy, our doctor at Frizinghall.

This was a pleasant, companionable little man, with the drawback, however, I must own, of being too fond, in season and out of season, of his joke, and of plunging in rather a headlong manner into talk with strangers, without waiting to feel his way first. In society he was constantly making mistakes, and setting people unintentionally by the ears together. In his medical practice he was a more prudent man; picking up his discretion (as his enemies said) by a kind of instinct, and proving to be generally right where more carefully conducted doctors turned out to be wrong. What *he* said about the Diamond to Miss Rachel was said, as usual, by way of a mystification or joke. He gravely entreated her (in the interests of science) to let him take it home and burn it. "We will first heat it, Miss Rachel," says the doctor, "to such and such a degree; then we will expose it to a current of air; and, little by little—puff!—we evaporate the Diamond, and spare you a world of anxiety about the safe-keeping of a valuable precious stone!" My lady, listening with rather a careworn expression on her face, seemed to wish that the doctor had been in earnest, and that he could have found Miss Rachel zealous enough in the cause of science to sacrifice her birthday gift.

The other guest who sat on my young lady's right hand was an eminent public character—being no other than the celebrated Indian traveler, Mr. Murthwaite, who at risk of his life had penetrated in disguise where no European had ever set foot before.

This was a long, lean, wiry, brown, silent man. He had a weary look and a very steady attentive eye. It was rumored that he was tired of the humdrum life among the people in our parts, and longing to go back and wander off on the tramp again in the wild places of the East. Except what he said to Miss Rachel about her jewel, I doubt if he spoke six words, or drank so much as a single glass of wine, all through the dinner. The Moonstone was the object that interested him in the smallest degree. The fame of it seemed to have reached him, in some of those perilous Indian places where his wanderings had lain. After looking at it silently for so long a time that Miss Rachel began to get confused, he said to her in his cool immovable way, "If you ever go to India, Miss Verinder, don't take your uncle's birthday gift with you. A Hindoo diamond is sometimes a part of a Hindoo religion. I know a certain city, and a certain temple in that city, where, dressed as you are now, your life would not be worth five minutes' purchase." Miss Rachel, safe in England, was quite delighted to hear of her danger in India. The Bouncers were more delighted still; they dropped their knives and forks with a crash, and burst out together vehemently, "Oh! how interesting!" My lady fidgeted in her chair, and changed the subject.

As the dinner got on I became aware, little by little, that this festival was not prospering as other like festivals had prospered before it.

Looking back at the birthday now, by the light of what happened afterward, I am half inclined to think that the cursed Diamond must have cast a blight on the whole company. I plied them well with wine; and, being a privileged character, followed the unpopular dishes round the table, and whispered to the company, confidentially, "Please to change your mind, and try it; for I know it will do you good." Nine times out of ten they changed their minds—out of regard for their old original Betteredge, they were pleased to say—but all to no purpose. There were gaps of silence in the talk, as the dinner got on, that made me feel personally uncomfortable. When they did use their tongues again, they used them innocently, in the most unfortunate manner and to the worst possible purpose. Mr. Candy, the doctor, for instance, said more unlucky things than I ever knew him to say before. Take one sample of the way in which he went on, and you will understand what I had to put up with at the side-board, officiating as I was in the character of a man who had the prosperity of the festival at heart.

One of our ladies present at dinner was worthy Mrs. Threadgall, widow of the late Professor of that name. Talking of her deceased husband perpetually, this good lady never mentioned to strangers that he *was* deceased. She thought, I suppose, that every able-bodied adult in England ought to know as much as that. In one of the gaps of silence somebody mentioned the dry and rather nasty subject of human anatomy; whereupon good Mrs. Threadgall straightway brought in her late husband as usual, without mentioning that he was dead. Anatomy she described as the Professor's favorite recreation in his leisure hours. As ill-luck would have it, Mr. Candy, sitting opposite (who knew nothing of the deceased gentleman), heard her. Being the most polite of men he seized the opportunity of assisting the Professor's anatomical amusements on the spot.

"They have got some remarkably fine skeletons lately at the College of Surgeons," says Mr. Candy, across the table, in a loud cheerful voice.

"I CAN'T TELL YOU WHAT TRICKS THEY PERFORMED, OR HOW THEY DID IT."

"I strongly recommend the Professor, ma'am, when he next has an hour to spare, to pay them a visit."

You might have heard a pin fall. The company (out of respect to the Professor's memory) all sat speechless. I was behind Mrs. Threadgall at the time, plying her confidentially with a glass of hock. She dropped her head, and said, in a very low voice, "My beloved husband is no more."

Unlucky Mr. Candy, hearing nothing, and miles away from suspecting the truth, went on across the table louder and politer than ever.

"The Professor may not be aware," says he, "that the card of a member of the College will admit him, on any day but Sunday, between the hours of ten and four."

Mrs. Threadgall dropped her head right into her tucker, and, in a lower voice still, repeated the solemn words, "My beloved husband is no more."

I winked hard at Mr. Candy across the table. Miss Rachel touched his arm. My lady looked unutterable things at him. Quite useless! On he went, with a cordiality that there was no stopping anyhow. "I shall be delighted," says he, "to send the Professor my card, if you will oblige me by mentioning his present address?"

"His present address, Sir, is *the grave*," says Mrs. Threadgall, suddenly losing her temper, and speaking with an emphasis and fury that made the glasses ring again. "The Professor has been dead these ten years!"

"Oh, good Heavens!" says Mr. Candy. Excepting the Bouncers, who burst out laughing, such a blank now fell on the company that they might all have been going the way of the Professor, and hailing as he did from the direction of the grave.

So much for Mr. Candy. The rest of them was nearly as provoking in their different ways as the doctor himself. When they ought to have spoken, they didn't speak; or when they did speak, they were perpetually at cross purposes. Mr. Godfrey, though so eloquent in public, declined to exert himself in private. Whether he was sulky, or whether he was bashful, after his discomfiture in the rose-garden, I can't say. He kept all his talk for the private ear of the lady who sat next to him. She was one of his committee-women—a spiritually-minded person, with a fine show of collar-bone and a pretty taste in Champagne; liked it dry, you understand, and plenty of it. Being close behind these two at the side-board, I can testify, from what I heard pass between them, that the company lost a good deal of very improving conversation, which I caught up while drawing the corks, and carving the mutton, and so forth. What they said about their Charities I didn't hear. When I had time to listen to them, they had got a long way beyond their women to be confined, and their women to be rescued, and were buckling to on serious subjects. Religion (I understood them to say, between the corks and the carving) meant love. And love meant religion. And earth was heaven a little the worse for wear. And heaven was earth, done up again to look like new. Earth had some very objectionable people in it; but, to make amends for that, all the women in heaven would be members of a prodigious committee that never quarreled, with

"AND WHISPERED TO THE COMPANY, CONFIDENTIALLY, 'PLEASE TO CHANGE YOUR MIND, AND TRY IT; FOR I KNOW IT WILL DO YOU GOOD.'"

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all the men in attendance on them as ministering angels. Beautiful! beautiful! But why the mischief did Mr. Godfrey keep it all to his lady and himself?

Mr. Franklin again—surely, you will say, Mr. Franklin stirred the company up into making a pleasant evening of it?

Nothing of the sort! He had quite recovered himself, and he was in wonderful force and spirits, Penelope having informed him, I suspect, of Mr. Godfrey's reception in the rose-garden. But, talk as he might, nine times out of ten he pitched on the wrong subject, or he addressed himself to the wrong person; the end of it being that he offended some, and puzzled all of them. That foreign training of his—those French and German and Italian sides of him, to which I have already alluded, came out, at my lady's hospitable board, in a most bewildering manner.

What do you think, for instance, of his discussing the lengths to which a married woman might let her admiration go for a man who was not her husband, and putting it in his clear-headed witty French way to the maiden aunt of the Vicar of Frizinghall? What do you think, when he shifted to the German side, of his telling the lord of the manor, while that great authority on cattle was quoting his experience in the breeding of bulls, that experience, properly understood, counted for nothing, and that the proper way to breed bulls was to look deep into your own mind, evolve out of it the idea of a perfect bull, and produce him? What do you say, when our county member, growing hot at cheese and salad time, about the spread of democracy in England, burst out as follows: "If we once lose our ancient safeguards, Mr. Blake, I beg to ask you, what have we got left?"—what do you say to Mr. Franklin answering, from the Italian point of view: "We have got three things left, Sir—Love, Music, and Salad?" He not only terrified the company with such outbreaks as these, but, when the English side of him turned up in due course, he lost his foreign smoothness; and, getting on the subject of the medical profession, said such downright things in ridicule of doctors, that he actually put good-humored little Mr. Candy in a rage.

The dispute between them began in Mr. Franklin being led—I forget how—to acknowledge that he had latterly slept very badly at night. Mr. Candy thereupon told him that his nerves were all out of order, and that he ought to go through a course of medicine immediately. Mr. Franklin replied that a course of medicine, and a course of groping in the dark, meant, in his estimation, one and the same thing. Mr. Candy, hitting back smartly, said that Mr. Franklin himself was, constitutionally speaking, groping in the dark after sleep, and that nothing but medicine could help him to find it. Mr. Franklin, keeping the ball up on his side, said he had often heard of the blind leading the blind, and now, for the first time, he knew what it meant. In this way they kept it going briskly, cut and thrust, till they both of them got hot—Mr. Candy, in particular, so completely losing his self-control, in defense of his profession, that my lady was obliged to interfere, and forbid the dispute to go on. This necessary act of authority put the last extinguisher on the spirits of the company. The talk spurted up again here and there, for a minute or two at a time; but there was a miserable lack of life and sparkle in it. The Devil (or the Diamond) possessed that dinner party; and it was a relief to every body when my mistress rose, and gave the ladies the signal to leave the gentlemen over their wine.

I had just ranged the decanters in a row before old Mr. Ablewhite (who represented the master of the house), when there came a sound from the terrace which startled me out of my company manners on the instant. Mr. Franklin and I looked at each other; it was the sound of the Indian drum. As I live by bread, here were the jugglers returning to us with the return of the Moonstone to the house!

As they rounded the corner of the terrace, and came in sight, I hobbled out to warn them off. But, as ill-luck would have it, the two Bouncers were beforehand with me. They whizzed out on to the terrace like a couple of sky-rockets, wild to see the Indians exhibit their tricks. The other ladies followed; the gentlemen came out on their side. Before you could say "Lord, bless us!" the rogues were making their salams; and the Bouncers were kissing the pretty little boy.

Mr. Franklin got on one side of Miss Rachel, and I put myself behind her. If our suspicions were right, there she stood, innocent of all knowledge of the truth, showing the Indians the Diamond in the bosom of her dress!

I can't tell you what tricks they performed, or how they did it. What with the vexation about the dinner, and what with the provocation of the rogues coming back just in the nick of time to see the jewel with their own eyes, I own I lost my head. The first thing that I remember noticing was the sudden appearance on the scene of the Indian traveler, Mr. Murthwaite. Skirting the half-circle in which the gentlefolks stood or sat, he came quietly behind the jugglers, and spoke to them on a sudden in the language of their own country.

If he had pricked them with a bayonet, I doubt if the Indians could have started and turned on him with more tigerish quickness than they did on hearing the first words that passed his lips. The next moment they were bowing and salaming to him in their most polite and snaky way. After a few words in the unknown tongue had passed on either side, Mr. Murthwaite withdrew as quietly as he had approached. The chief Indian, who acted as an interpreter, thereupon wheeled about again toward the gentlefolks. I noticed that the fellow's coffee-colored face had turned gray since Mr. Murthwaite had spoken to him. He bowed to my lady, and informed her that the exhibition was over. The Bouncers, indescribably disappointed, burst out with a loud "O!" directed against Mr. Murthwaite for stopping the performance. The chief Indian laid his hand humbly on his breast, and said the second time that the juggling was over. The little boy went round with the hat. The ladies withdrew to the drawing-room; and the gentlemen (excepting Mr. Franklin and Mr. Murthwaite) returned to their wine. I and the footman followed the Indians, and saw them safe off the premises.

Going back by way of the shrubbery I smelled tobacco, and found Mr. Franklin and Mr. Murthwaite (the latter smoking a cheroot) walking slowly up and down among the trees. Mr. Franklin beckoned to me to join them.

"This," says Mr. Franklin, presenting me to the great traveler, "is Gabriel Betteredge, the old servant and friend of our family of whom I spoke to you just now. Tell him, if you please, what you have just told me."

Mr. Murthwaite took his cheroot out of his mouth and leaned, in his weary way, against the trunk of a tree.

"Mr. Betteredge," he began, "those three Indians are no more jugglers than you and I are."

Here was a new surprise! I naturally asked the traveler if he had ever met with the Indians before.

"Never," says Mr. Murthwaite; "but I know what Indian juggling really is. All you have seen to-night is a very bad and clumsy imitation of it. Unless, after long experience, I am utterly mistaken, those men are high-caste Brahmins. I charged them with being disguised, and you saw how it told on them, clever as the Hindoo people are in concealing their feelings. There is a mystery about their conduct that I can't explain. They have doubly sacrificed their caste—first, in crossing the sea; secondly, in disguising themselves as jugglers. In the land they live in that is a tremendous sacrifice to make. There must be some very serious motive at the bottom of it, and some justification of no ordinary kind to plead for them, in recovery of their caste, when they return to their own country."

I was struck dumb. Mr. Murthwaite went on with his cheroot. Mr. Franklin, after what looked to me like a little private veering about between the different sides of his character, broke the silence as follows, speaking in his nice Italian manner, with his solid English foundation showing through:

"I feel some hesitation, Mr. Murthwaite, in troubling you with family matters, in which you can have no interest, and which I am not very willing to speak of out of our own circle. But, after what you have said, I feel bound, in the interests of Lady Verinder and her daughter, to tell you something which may possibly put the clew into your hands. I speak to you in confidence; you will oblige me, I am sure, by not forgetting that?"

With this preface he told the Indian traveler (speaking now in his clear-headed French way) all that he had told me at the Shivering Sand. Even the immovable Mr. Murthwaite was so interested in what he heard that he let his cheroot go out.

"Now," says Mr. Franklin, when he had done, "what does your experience say?"

"My experience," answered the traveler, "says that you have had more narrow escapes of your life, Mr. Franklin Blake, than I have had of mine; and that is saying a great deal."

It was Mr. Franklin's turn to be astonished now.

"Is it really as serious as that?" he asked.

"In my opinion it is," answered Mr. Murthwaite. "I can't doubt, after what you have told me, that the restoration of the Moonstone to its place on the forehead of the Indian idol, is the motive and the justification of that sacrifice of caste which I alluded to just now. Those men will wait their opportunity with the patience of cats, and will use it with the ferocity of tigers. How you have escaped them I can't imagine," says the eminent traveler, lighting his cheroot again, and staring hard at Mr. Franklin. "You have been carrying the Diamond backward and forward, here and in London, and you are still a living man! Let us try and account for it. It was daylight, both times, I suppose, when you took the jewel out of the bank in London?"

"Broad daylight," says Mr. Franklin.

"And plenty of people in the streets?"

"Plenty."

"You settled, of course, to arrive at Lady Verinder's house at a certain time? It's a lonely country between this and the station. Did you keep your appointment?"

"No. I arrived four hours earlier than my appointment."

"I beg to congratulate you on that proceeding! When did you take the Diamond to the bank at the town here?"

"I took it an hour after I had brought it to this house—and three hours before any body was prepared for seeing me in these parts."

"I beg to congratulate you again! Did you bring it back here alone?"

"No. I happened to ride back with my cousins and the groom."

"I beg to congratulate you for the third time! If you ever feel inclined to travel beyond the civilized limits, Mr. Blake, let me know, and I will go with you. You are a lucky man."

Here I struck in. This sort of thing didn't at all square with my English ideas.

"You don't really mean to say, Sir," I asked, "that they would have taken Mr. Franklin's life, to get their Diamond, if he had given them the chance?"

"Do you smoke, Mr. Betteredge?" says the traveler.

"Yes, Sir."

"Do you care much for the ashes left in your pipe when you empty it?"

"No, Sir."

"In the country those men came from they care just as much about killing a man as you care about emptying the ashes out of your pipe. If a thousand lives stood between them and the getting back of their Diamond—and if they thought they could destroy those lives without discovery—they would take them all. The sacrifice of caste is a serious thing in India, if you like. The sacrifice of life is nothing at all."

I expressed my opinion upon this that they were a set of murdering thieves. Mr. Murthwaite expressed *his* opinion that they were a wonderful people. Mr. Franklin, expressing no opinion at all, brought us back to the matter in hand.

"They have seen the Moonstone on Miss Verinder's dress," he said. "What is to be done?"

"What your uncle threatened to do," answered Mr. Murthwaite. "Colonel Herncastle understood the people he had to deal with. Send the Diamond to-morrow (under guard of more than one man) to be cut up at Amsterdam. Make half a dozen diamonds of it instead of one. There is an end of its sacred identity as The Moonstone—and there is an end of the conspiracy."

Mr. Franklin turned to me.

"There is no help for it," he said. "We must speak to Lady Verinder to-morrow."

"What about to-night, Sir?" I asked. "Suppose the Indians come back?"

Mr. Murthwaite answered me before Mr. Franklin could speak.

"The Indians won't risk coming back to-night," he said. "The direct way is hardly ever the way they take to any thing—let alone a matter like this, in which the slightest mistake might be fatal to their reaching their end."

"But suppose the rogues are bolder than you think, Sir?" I persisted.

"In that case," says Mr. Murthwaite, "let the dogs loose. Have you got any big dogs in the yard?"

"Two, Sir. A mastiff and a blood-hound."

"They will do. In the present emergency, Mr. Betteredge, the mastiff and the blood-hound have one great merit—they are not likely to be troubled with your scruples about the sanctity of human life."

The strumming of the piano reached us from the drawing-room as he fired that shot at me. He threw away his cheroot, and took Mr. Franklin's arm, to go back to the ladies. I noticed that the sky was clouding over fast as I followed them to the house. Mr. Murthwaite noticed it too. He looked round at me in his dry, drolling way, and said:

"The Indians will want their umbrellas, Mr. Betteredge, to-night!"

It was all very well for *him* to joke. But I was not an eminent traveler; and my way in this world had not led me into playing ducks and drakes with my own life among thieves and murderers in the outlandish places of the earth. I went into my own little room, and sat down in my chair in a perspiration, and wondered helplessly what was to be done next. In this anxious frame of mind other men might have ended by working themselves up into a fever; *I* ended in a different way. I lit my pipe, and took a turn at Robinson Crusoe.

Before I had been at it five minutes I came to this amazing bit—page one hundred and sixty-one—as follows:

"Fear of Danger is ten thousand times more terrifying than Danger itself, when apparent to the Eyes; and we find the Burthen of Anxiety greater, by much, than the Evil which we are anxious about."

The man who doesn't believe in Robinson Crusoe after *that* is a man with a screw loose in his understanding, or a man lost in the mist of his own self-conceit! Argument is thrown away upon him; and pity is better reserved for some person with a livelier faith.

I was far on with my second pipe, and still lost in admiration of that wonderful book, when Penelope (who had been handing round the tea) came in with her report from the drawing-room. She had left the Bouncers singing a duet—words beginning with a large "O," and music to correspond. She had observed that my lady made mistakes in her game of whist for the first time in our experience of her. She had seen the great traveler asleep in a corner. She had overheard Mr. Franklin sharpening his wits on Mr. Godfrey, at the expense of Ladies' Charities in general; and she had noticed that Mr. Godfrey hit him back again rather more smartly than became a gentleman of his benevolent character. She had detected Miss Rachel, apparently engaged in appeasing Mrs. Threadgall by showing her some photographs, and really occupied in stealing looks at Mr. Franklin, which no intelligent lady's maid could misinterpret for a single instant. Finally, she had missed Mr. Candy, the doctor, who had mysteriously disappeared from the drawing-room, and had then mysteriously returned, and entered into conversation with Mr. Godfrey. Upon the whole, things were prospering better than the experience of the dinner gave us any right to expect. If we could only hold on for another hour, old Father Time would bring up their carriages, and relieve us of them altogether.

Every thing wears off in this world; and even the comforting effect of Robinson Crusoe wore off after Penelope left me. I got fidgety again, and resolved on making a survey of the grounds before the rain came. Instead of taking the footman, whose nose was human, and therefore useless in any emergency, I took the blood-hound with me. *His* nose for a stranger was to be depended on. We went all round the premises, and out into the road—and returned as wise as we went, having discovered no such thing as a lurking human creature any where. I chained up the dog again for the present; and, returning once more by way of the shrubbery, met two of our gentlemen coming out toward me from the drawing-room. The two were Mr. Candy and Mr. Godfrey, still (as Penelope had reported them) in conversation together, and laughing softly over some pleasant conceit of their own. I thought it rather odd that those two should have run up a friendship together—but passed on, of course, without appearing to notice them.

The arrival of the carriages was the signal for the arrival of the rain. It poured as if it meant to pour all night. With the exception of the doctor, whose gig was waiting for him, the rest of the company went home snugly under cover in close carriages. I told Mr. Candy that I was afraid he would get wet through. He told me, in return, that he wondered I had arrived at my time of life without knowing that a doctor's skin was water-proof. So he drove away in the rain, laughing over his own little joke; and so we got rid of our dinner company.

The next thing to tell is the story of the night.

ON A SPITEFUL LETTER.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

HERE, it is here—the close of the year,
And with it a spiteful letter.
My fame in song has done him much wrong,
For himself has done much better.

O foolish bard, is your lot so hard,
If men neglect your pages?
I think not much of yours or of mine:
I hear the roll of the ages.

This fallen leaf, isn't fame as brief?
My rhymes may have been the stronger.
Yet hate me not, but abide your lot:
I last but a moment longer.

O faded leaf, isn't fame as brief?
What room is here for a hater?
Yet the yellow leaf hates the greener leaf,
For it hangs one moment later.

Greater than I—isn't that your cry?
And I shall live to see it.
Well, if it be so, so it is, you know;
And if it be so—so be it!

O summer leaf, isn't life as brief?
But this is the time of hollies.
And my heart, my heart is an evergreen:
I hate the spites and the follies.

ELEVEN THOUSAND POUNDS.

"TAKE care of it, Hugh."

"All right, Sir; good-morning."

"Good-morning;" and Mr. Hugh Randall put on his hat, and, passing through the bank, took his way into the town with £11,000 under his charge.

Oh, Hugh, Hugh, did it never occur to you that pockets *have* been picked before now, and that some such trifle as a few odd thousands might not come amiss to any one who, with limited means of his own, was desirous of increasing them at his neighbors' expense? Whether the thought of danger entered his mind or not, Hugh risked it, and went leisurely on his way, for Mr. Hugh was one of those people who make a point of never being unduly excited. He was frequently employed in the execution of such transactions as the present between his uncle's bank and the other banks of the city; consequently he felt much at home when, on reaching his destination, he marched up to that portion of the bank counter which was appropriated to the business transactions of a multitude of people whose surnames happened to fall within the bounds marked out by the letters "L to R."

The elderly and precise clerk who occupied the high stool on the opposite side of the counter was almost shaken out of his propriety by Hugh's start and confused exclamation, as, after searching vainly in the depths of his pockets for the precious notes, the fact dawned upon him that they were gone, unmistakably gone.

"What's the matter, Mr. Hugh?" "What is it?" was repeated more than once before his scattered senses were recalled, and then the query was only met by another, and one which, alas! was not to be so easily answered. "What *am* I to do?" were the words which he at last stammered out. Had any one kindly suggested some plan by which he might, without loss of time, have shipped himself for the antipodes, no doubt Hugh would gladly have adopted it; and perhaps his gratitude would have been quite as great had the floor opened and swallowed him up, hiding from his bewildered eyes the inquiring faces around, which seemed to be dancing waltzes with the green lamp-shades, to the sound of the sovereigns clinking in the little scales. Unfortunately, neither of these favorable openings presented itself, and, in default of either, he returned in the most crest-fallen condition, as fast as a Hansom cab could carry him, to the room which he had left so complacently less than an hour before.

How Hugh managed his confession he could never afterward remember; but nothing could efface the recollection of the grave kindness which, amidst his extreme annoyance, his uncle showed toward himself, and which was harder to bear than the sternest reproofs. Half unconsciously, Hugh felt that even then the uncle, who had been as a father to him, had not forgotten the young brother, whose dying message from a field of battle had commended the baby-boy whom he had never seen, to a care scarcely less kind and watchful than his own might have been. Once in possession of the facts of the loss, Mr. Ran-

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dall's views instantly shaped themselves into the definite form of "the police station," whither the hapless steed of the patent Hansom was urged by every inducement that could be afforded by the driver's whip, to which, but for a lingering sense of propriety, Hugh would fain have added the strokes of his umbrella.

As he and his uncle were ushered into the inspector's presence, Hugh experienced, to an uncomfortable degree, a return of the feelings which years ago possessed him, when the discipline of school life brought him into unpleasantly close communication with the head-master. The inspector was a gentleman who had seen many days since that eventful one on which he rose from the inferior position which called for the exhibition of his prowess in whatever field might be afforded by the streets for its display; consequently his personal appearance had now assumed a portly dignity much in accordance with his more domestic, but doubtless immeasurably more elevated, sphere of labor. He had apparently been aroused from an afternoon doze by the entrance of his visitors; but the air of dull business which he had contrived to assume very soon gave place to an excitement which he could scarcely conceal under a veil of decorous sorrow for Mr. Randall's loss. Rubbing his hands, he took up his position behind an official-looking desk, and proceeded to subject Hugh to a rigorous cross-examination upon every particular of the theft. Poor Hugh! he began to feel as if the thumb-screw itself would be a mild form of treatment compared with the neatly-turned questions by which the inspector made him confess himself guilty of the most egregious carelessness in the presence of his uncle, and one or two attendant policemen, who he *felt* were standing behind him open-mouthed with wonderment, in contemplation of the phenomenon of a man who, having come to years of discretion, had been so devoid of common-sense as to walk down a crowded thoroughfare, in the busiest part of the afternoon, with eleven thousand pounds in his coat-tails. The examination—which indeed elicited little else—being ended, an ominous silence ensued, broken after a few minutes by the inspector, who, striking his hand on the desk, ejaculated, "I have your man!" with a warmth which almost made the two gentlemen expect to see the flattened form of the thief lying upon the desk when the official hand was withdrawn. Further explanations put them in possession of the fact that a celebrated detective was at the moment in the city, nay, in the very police-station itself, having come down from London in the course of an investigation in which he was engaged; "and," added the inspector, "if any one can find your money, he's the man."

Mr. Taplin soon added his presence to the council of war. He was a great contrast to his brother official, being rather below the middle height, and of a spare, wiry figure; and was, moreover, possessed of sharply-cut features and a pair of keen gray eyes, which, without the smallest symptom of restlessness, seemed to take in to the full every thing around. As Hugh glanced from the one man to the other, the vision of a bull-dog and a greyhound flashed through his mind, and he instinctively came to a conclusion as to which of the two was the more likely to run down the game. His meditations were brought to a close by the request for "particulars," and once more he went through the meagre details, which he felt only sufficed to make him an object of pity to all beholders. Wasn't it enough to have made away with eleven thousand pounds of other people's money, without having perpetually to refresh his memory on the subject? and he felt strongly moved to appropriate to his own case sundry poetical similes of "stags at bay," "hunted lions," and so forth; consequently the detective's assurance of his certainty that the money was on its way either to London or America was rather crossly received.

"I don't see what's the use of your being certain," he answered, somewhat sharply; "better say the North Pole at once; I should be quite as likely to find it."

Mr. Taplin vouchsafed no other reply than the shadow of a smile, showing his pitying sense of the young man's inability to estimate the extent of *his* resources. He was not one of the people who carry on all their mental processes outside their heads, and a silence fell on the whole party for several minutes, during which, with amazing rapidity of thought, the detective laid his schemes, the first step in which was a visit to the post-office just before the bags were made up.

By that time Hugh's fit of injured innocence had been succeeded by despondency, and he watched with extreme anxiety while, in accordance with the detective's directions, the registered letters were spread out before them. There was a line which bounded even Mr. Taplin's powers; here he might look, but he might not touch. As he bent over the letters Hugh saw a flash of pleasure in the gray eye as it rested on an envelope addressed, in a scrawling hand, to "Mrs. G. Hopkins, 19 P—— Street, London." The detective just laid one finger on it, turned to Hugh, and said, with an emphasis which carried weight with it, "Your money is in that letter, or it's gone beyond our reach. You must come up to town with me to-night."

A few hours later the two were shooting along the line on their way to London. Now, if there was one thing which Hugh Randall hated more than another, it was traveling by night, and with the words "wild-goose chase" running races with each other in his head, he was not likely to look with favor on the present expedition, or to compose himself very tranquilly to sleep. The middle-aged gentleman by his side was soon snoring sonorously; the old lady at the farther end of the carriage began a gentle accompaniment; and Hugh was reduced to watching, with some degree of interest, the young lady whom she chaperoned, while she divested herself of her bonnet, and enveloped her brown hair in a bewitching arrangement of blue wool, such as he now beheld for the first time in perfection, having hitherto only seen the article in a transition state, trussed on the knitting-pins with which his sisters toiled in anticipation of a bazar which was to come off the following Christmas. But even this little amusement was soon denied; for the wearer, evidently being disposed to follow her chaperon's example and go to sleep, Hugh withdrew his eyes, only to meet the perfectly sleepless ones opposite. He tried a few scraps of conversation, but Mr. Taplin appeared more disposed for meditation, and Hugh sought solace in the contemplation of the same scene reversed, as reflected in the window-pane. He grew provoked as time went on, and sleep, which reigned undisturbed at the other end of the carriage, entirely declined to visit either his companion or himself. "Not that I think he wants it," he soliloquized; "I never saw any thing like those eyes, so terribly wide-awake. I don't believe a fly could stir in that carriage and he not see it. I wonder if he thinks that old lady is a 'case;' how he looks at her!" In a few moments more Hugh was rushing, in his dreams, no more along a material railway, but down a fathomless abyss in pursuit of a Hansom containing a stout old lady in a blue head-dress trimmed with banknotes, who was being driven to Newgate by Mr. Taplin. He awoke, with a start, to encounter the gray eyes over which no veil of drowsiness had fallen; and when the hours of the weary night had dragged through, and a succession of equally unpleasing dreams had given way to the cold reality of a London station in the early dawn, the detective was as perfectly himself as though he had enjoyed hours of refreshing sleep, and the ringing cheerful voice which proposed a bath and breakfast sounded wonderfully fresh and pleasant.

The curtain next rises upon a trio passing along the streets of London. This trio consisted of our two friends and the postman in whose beat P—— Street was situated. By a hasty visit to the district post-office, Mr. Taplin had possessed himself of such information as was necessary for his purpose, and having given minute directions to the postman, had joined him again when he reached the street. All hopes of seeing the money had faded from Hugh's mind again and again, but his heart beat faster than usual as they turned into the dingy-looking street in which the last scene of the play was to be enacted, and by the time they reached the door of No. 19 it was beating like a sledge-hammer. Taplin desired him to be quite quiet, and by a look enforced on the postman the remembrance of the directions he had given; for the detective was far too canny to risk, by their reiteration, the calmness upon which the chance of their being carried out depended.

The double knock was quickly answered, and Hugh started back almost as if he were the thief when the door opened, only disclosing, however, a rather showy-looking woman. Mr. Taplin stood back, just hidden from her sight, but in the quiet of the dull street every word came distinctly through the frosty morning air.

"Registered letter. 'Mrs. G. Hopkins.' Can she sign the paper?"

Then the answer: "I am Mrs. Hopkins. Give it here."

In accordance with his orders the postman only produced the paper, while apparently searching in his pouch for the letter. Mrs. Hopkins took the bait most satisfactorily, walked away, and after a few moments of suspense the anxious listeners heard her footsteps as she returned with the signed paper and handed it to the postman, who then placed the letter in her hand. In another moment—Hugh scarcely knew how, so rapid was the change—the postman was doubling round the corner of the street, with a well-earned coin in his pocket, and Mr. Taplin was in the narrow passage, and had snatched the letter from its owner's hand. As Hugh pressed up to his side he tore open the seal, and the rustling notes lay in his hand! Hugh could scarcely believe his eyes; but a motion of his companion checked the torrent of wonder that was rushing from his lips. The unhappy woman had realized something of what had happened, and, with a faint cry of "It's all up with us!" fell back against the wall. A feeling akin to reverence took possession of Hugh Randall, as, without a shade of triumph in the success of his work, the detective supported her into the shabby parlor, and laid her on the black horse-hair sofa. It was a daring and perilous move to seize the letter, but his instructions certainly led him to run the risk. With a muttered "Are there no womenkind in the house?" he left the room, and Hugh heard the firm step sounding along the passage, and the clear voice calling at the top of the stairs, "Here, Betty—Susan—whatever your name is, where are you?" A slatternly maid-of-all-work answered the summons, in no small amazement at the sight of two strange gentlemen, and to her charge Mr. Taplin left her mistress, while he and Hugh assured themselves of the identity and completeness of the notes. Mrs. Hopkins soon recovered sufficiently to pour out a flood of tears and bewildered lamentations; but with calm patience the detective at length drew from her the facts which he needed. "Ah," she cried, bitterly, "he told me he would make our fortune this time, and I should have plenty then. He drank every thing he made before, the wretch! and left me here in this miserable hole. But I'll be revenged on him yet."

"Ah, poor thing! poor thing!" remarked the detective to Hugh; "there are generally women mixed up in this sort of thing. Money stolen in this sort of way is almost always sent to women. I suppose they think it is not so likely to be suspected."

As they left the room, when Mr. Taplin had made such arrangements as suited his good will and pleasure, he desired Hugh to look at a photograph hanging in a frame over the chimney-piece, and no sooner were they in the street than, with the wonder with which one watches yards of many-colored ribbon drawn out from a conjuror's ears, Hugh beheld issuing from Mr. Taplin's pocket-book the duplicate of the *carte*. "That's the man," observed Mr. Taplin at last, with a ring of triumph even in his calm voice, "after whom I came down to your parts. Strange, now, isn't it? That was a little matter which took place weeks ago, and we were altogether off the scent. Well, we got on a new track early this week, and I went down, believing if I caught my bird any where it would be there. Then your business turned up, and, like a flash, it crossed my mind that in finding out the one I should just be carrying on the work I came after. I can't in any way account for it, but that was my impression; and you see how true it was. I knew enough of the fellow I was after to be pretty sure that, if your notes were in his hands, they would either come to town or go direct to America. But it was just a toss up between the two; and I should have been altogether at sea if it hadn't been for seeing this letter at the office. When I saw 'Mrs. Hopkins' I was as sure as that I was a living man that the money was there, for I knew 'Hopkins' was one of my man's *aliases*, though he was going by another name when he did the bit of work about which I went north. It was a queer thing seeing the photograph which I had to trace him by, and which had gone about in my pocket these few weeks till I knew the face as well as my own, hanging up over that poor thing's fire-place."

And so Hugh Randall went home again, not grudging his five hundred miles' journey, inasmuch as he carried with him eleven thousand pounds—but not in his coat-pocket.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

NOT SO BAD AS THEY SEEM.—Mistresses show more consideration for their servants than is generally supposed. Not long ago Mrs. Fidgitt was heard telling Mary Ann that she had been scouring the whole house for her.

What is the key-note of good-breeding?—B natural.

What would this world be without a woman?—A perfect blank—like a sheet of paper—not even *ruled*.

Brown, on his first journey per coach, not long ago, worried the driver beside whom he sat with incessant childish questions about every thing on the road. At last he gave his quietus thus:

DRIVER. "There's been a woman lying in that house more than a month, and they haven't buried her yet."

BROWN. "Not buried her yet! Pray tell me why not?"

DRIVER. "Because she isn't dead."

WANTED.

A pair of spectacles to suit the eyes of potatoes. The club with which an idea struck the poet. A stick to measure narrow escapes. The identical hook and line with which an angler caught a cold. An umbrella used in the reign of tyrants. A knot from the board a man paid seven dollars a week for.

At the time when we were in the midst of our warfluny, and men had got their piety and their patriotism so mixed up that they didn't know which from t'other, the elder of one of our populous churches, having finished his sermon and closed his Bible, looked round upon his congregation with a countenance which indicated that he had something of importance to communicate. The audience, as in duty bound, rustled a little, and then subsided into the silence of intense expectation. After the suspense proper before the delivery of a weighty matter the elder opened his mouth and announced: "The closing prayer will be made by *a brother-in-law of General Grant*."

A little boy in Lowell was asked how many mills make a cent.

"Ten, Sir," was the prompt reply.

Immediately a bright-faced little girl held up her hand in token of dissent.

"Well, miss, what have you to say?"

"Please, Sir, ten mills don't make a cent. Pa says all the mills in town don't make a cent."

A FUR-TIVE JOKE.—Why would it be economical to present your wife with a seal-skin cloak?—Because it would hirsute as long as she lived.

TOUCHING MELODY.—The most affecting instance of the power of music is that presented by the troubadour mentioned in the song. He sang so sweetly that he actually "touched his guitar."

A bright, keen little girl was much interested in preparing for an excursion about to take place. A clergyman jocosely asked her if she could repeat the alphabet backward. She said, "No, Sir," when the gentleman remarked, "Then you can't go on the excursion." She looked very demure for a moment, when she asked, "Can you say the Lord's Prayer backward?" "No, dear." "Then," replied the girl, "you can't go to heaven." Her interrogator stopped.

VERY IRISH RENDERING OF AN OLD SONG—"'Tis my *Day*light on a shiny night!"

A subscription paper was lately circulated with the following object in view: "We subscribe and pay the amount opposite our names for the purpose of paying the organist and a boy to *blow the same!*"

An enthusiastic lover says the first time he was kissed he felt like a tub of roses swimming in honey, Cologne, nutmegs, and cranberries. He felt also as if something was running through his nerves on feet of diamonds, escorted by several little cupids in chariots drawn by angels, shaded by honey-suckles, and the whole spread with melted rainbows.

A marriage-license issued in Washington was returned with the indorsement, "She wouldn't have me." Poor fellow!

An Iowa editor suggests that every man be allowed to marry as many wives as are required to wash, cook, and keep house for him. He has been unfortunate in procuring servants.

"Boy," said an ill-tempered old fellow to a noisy lad, "what are you hollerin' for when I am going by."

"Humph!" returned the boy, "what are you going by for when I am hollerin'?"

DICKENS'S WORKS ILLUSTRATED.

New York Aldermen.

Brooklyn Churches.

"A TALE OF TWO CITIES."

"DOMBEY AND SON."

"GREAT EXPECTATIONS."

"HARD TIMES."

"BLEAK HOUSE."

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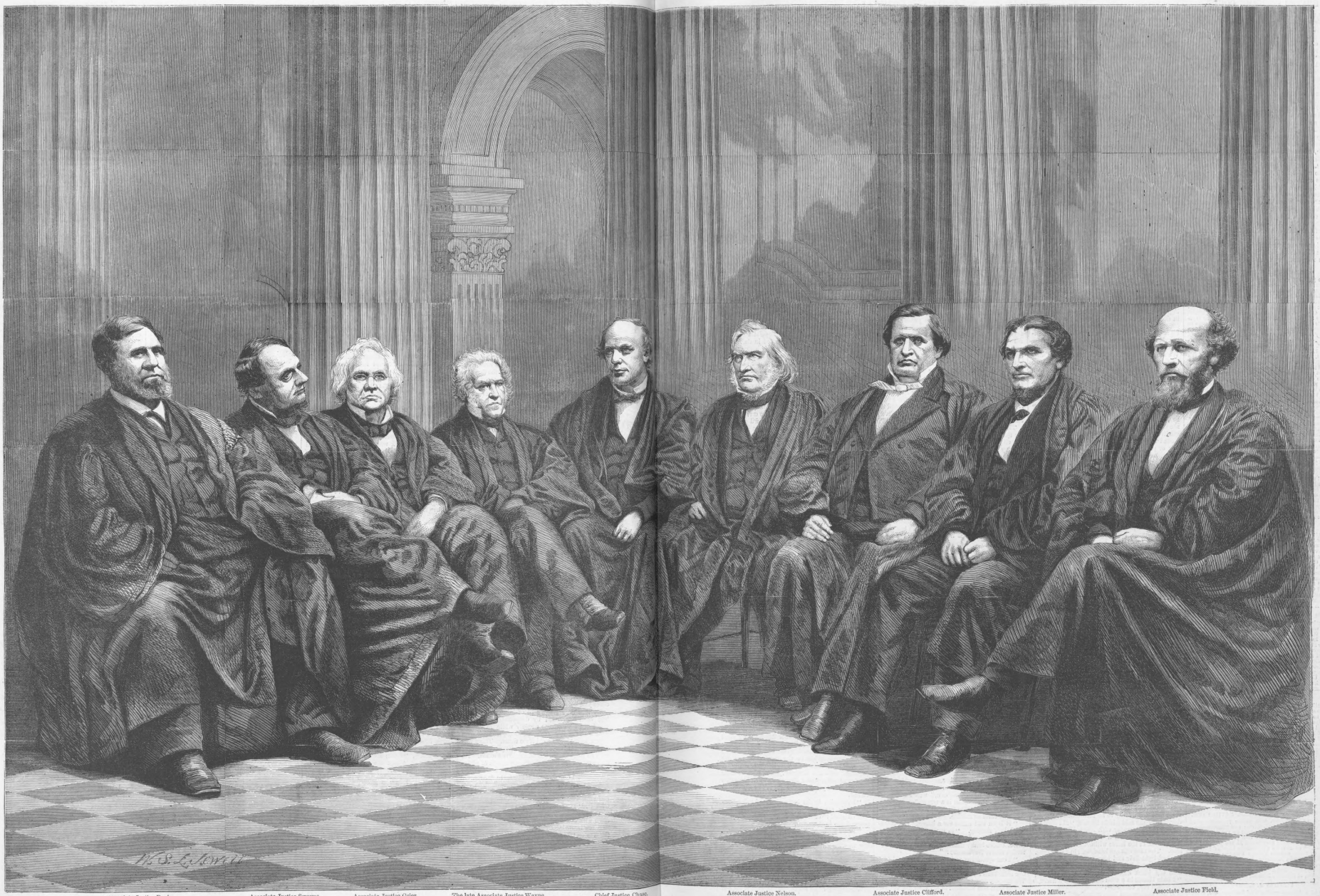

THE CHIEF JUSTICE AND ASSOCIATE JUSTICES OF THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. GARDNER, WASHINGTON, D. C.—[SEE PAGE 74.]

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THE JUSTICES OF THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT.

As we write this article Congress is engaged in debating a bill further regulating the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court of the nation by declaring what shall constitute a quorum of the Justices of the Supreme Court; doubtless before it shall reach the eyes of our readers that body, the highest judicial tribunal in the land, will be invested with the new power which this bill contemplates giving it. In view of this fact, and the additional importance given to the Chief Justice and his assistants, a great deal of interest has been manifested to know more of them; and we therefore give on other pages of this issue of the *Weekly* accurate portraits of Mr. CHASE and the Assistant Justices. Our engraving is taken from an imperial photograph recently published at Washington by Mr. ALEXANDER GARDNER. It represents the members of the court attired in the official robes worn by them when upon the bench, but seated in their private room or consultation-chamber, not in the hall of the Supreme Court.

The sessions of the court for hearing arguments and deciding causes are held always at Washington, commencing on the first Monday of December and continuing through the winter, a greater or less time according to the amount of business before it. During the spring, summer, and fall, the judges are largely occupied in holding circuit courts for the trial of causes, each one of them having a circuit composed of various States assigned to him.

Below will be found brief biographical sketches of the Chief Justice and his assistants at the time when our photograph was taken.

CHIEF JUSTICE SALMON P. CHASE.

The public life and services of Chief Justice CHASE are familiar. They were recapitulated in an article in this journal published soon after his elevation to the Chief-Justiceship. A native of New Hampshire, his removal in youth to Ohio was followed by calls to public service in that State in several important positions, culminating in an election to the United States Senate for the period from 1849 to 1855; to the Governor's chair in 1855; and again in 1857; and again to the Senate in 1860; soon after which he accepted the port-folio of the Treasury Department in President LINCOLN'S cabinet. He was appointed by that magistrate Chief Justice of the Supreme Court on December 6, 1864, to succeed Judge TANEY, then recently deceased. As a jurist he has been distinguished by the exhibition of a ripe and comprehensive knowledge of actual affairs, and for a judicious and sound application to them of legal principles, together with a high degree of administrative ability—a quality in which many profound and learned judges do not excel, but which is of the highest value in the position which he fills. He has thus far held the fourth circuit, comprising Maryland, the Virginias, and the Carolinas.

JAMES M. WAYNE,

The senior of the Associate Justices at the time when our illustration was taken, is now no longer living. He was a native of Savannah, Georgia; was educated at Princeton College; chose the law for his profession, and commenced practice in his native city; but was early called upon to enter public life. After filling acceptably several official stations in the State he was elected to Congress where he served until 1835, in which year he was appointed to the Supreme Court by President JACKSON. He was esteemed as a sound and accomplished judge; and his opinions, particularly within the department of admiralty law, to which he devoted special study, were highly respected. His death occurred at Washington early in July, 1867, the result of typhoid fever. It created, however, no vacancy in the Court. By a statute passed in 1866, Congress provided that no vacancy in the office of Associate Justice shall be filled until the number of Associates becomes reduced to six.

SAMUEL NELSON

Is, since the decease of Justice WAYNE, the senior member of the Court, in the order of appointment. His commission dates from February 14, 1845; but he had previously had a long judicial experience in the State courts of New York. From 1823 to 1831 he was, under the former judicial organization of this State, one of the "circuit judges," and from 1831 to 1845, he was, first a Justice, and afterward Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the State. As a member of the United States Supreme Court, he presides over the Second Circuit, comprising New York, Vermont, and Connecticut; in which the volume of judicial business is unusually heavy, varied, and important. His residence is at Cooperstown, in this State.

ROBERT COOPER GRIER

Is a native of Pennsylvania; born March 5, 1794. His father was a distinguished and successful teacher, and Judge GRIER in early life assisted and succeeded his father in the duties of his position as the head of a college at Northumberland, Pennsylvania; at the same time prosecuting his legal studies. In 1817 he commenced the practice of law, which he continued until 1833, when he was appointed "President Judge" of the District Court of Allegheny County. In 1846 he was appointed and unanimously confirmed a Justice of the United States Supreme Court. His Circuit is the Third, embracing Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware, and his residence is Philadelphia.

NATHAN CLIFFORD

Is a native of New Hampshire; but his public career has been chiefly associated with the State of Maine, to which he removed in 1827. After serving as member (and Speaker) in the State Legislature, as Attorney-General of the State, and as Representative in Congress from Maine, he became, in 1846, Attorney-General of the United States. He was a Commissioner and afterward Minister from our Government to Mexico, upon the conclusion of the Mexican war. After an interval spent in professional business at home he was, in 1858, appointed to the Supreme Court by President BUCHANAN. He presides in the first circuit, his predecessors in it being STORY, WOODBURY, and CURTIS. The decisions in this circuit have always held a very eminent place in American jurisprudence, and have been reported in a nearly continuous series down to a recent date. A series of reports of Judge CLIFFORD'S decisions is, we believe, nearly ready for publication.

NOAH H. SWAYNE, S. F. MILLER, DAVID DAVIS.

These three gentlemen, who reside respectively at Columbus, Ohio; Keokuk, Iowa; and Bloomington, Illinois, were all appointed in 1862 by President LINCOLN. Their previous public and professional services were extensively mentioned in the journals of the time. The circuits which have been of late assigned to them are—to Justice SWAYNE the sixth, consisting of Ohio, Michigan, Kentucky, and Tennessee; to Justice MILLER the eighth, of Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, and Arkansas; and to Judge DAVIS the seventh, of Indiana, Illinois, and Wisconsin.

STEPHEN J. FIELD

Is one of a famous quadrate of brothers, the other three being DAVID DUDLEY, distinguished as an advocate and successful friend of law reform; CYRUS W., the founder of the Atlantic Telegraph; and HENRY M., the religious journalist and author. Judge FIELD is, we believe, a native of the East, but his professional life, before his appointment to the Supreme Court, was spent in California. He was, from 1857 to 1859, an Associate Justice, and from 1859 to 1863 the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of that State. This period was the era of litigation in land claims. While California was under the dominion of Spain and Mexico, her wild lands were, for the encouragement of colonization, freely granted to persons who would engage to make settlements upon them. The treaty by which California was ceded to the United States provided for the protection of private claims founded upon these grants. The cession and the discoveries of gold gave great value to these tracts, which had been comparatively worthless a few years previous, and a class of lawsuits arose very suddenly, almost without precedent for number, intricacy, difficulty, and importance, the appeals in which overburdened the Supreme Court. It is understood that Judge FIELD'S conversance with the recondite rules and unfamiliar usages which prevailed in the former governments of California has been an important aid in enabling the Court to develop the harmonious and philosophic system of jurisprudence by which those titles have now very generally become adjudicated.

LOIS AMBLER.

"AN old maid!"

That was what the young people of St. Paul's began to say of Lois Ambler.

St. Paul's was the pretentious name of the unpretending church where Lois and the young people made feint of worshiping. We say feint, because so few of us, even the best, ever do more than make feint of worshiping.

Lois Ambler's own brothers and sisters began to say, "An old maid for certain."

Lois herself, in her own chamber, sitting in a low rocking-chair at the window, looked out into the gathering autumn twilight, and wrote of herself "Old maid." Not with pen or pencil did Lois write. She had laid them carefully aside an hour before in the little desk at the other side of the room, and her hands were folded now, oh, so still! over her white-aproned lap. But Lois, without ink or paper, was writing earnest words. They were not words written to-day to be recalled to-morrow. They were not careless, jesting words. They were words like those we find in deeds and dead men's wills, full of power to execute their purpose. There is something fearful about such words. They are absolute as inevitable necessity; they are inexorable as fate. Lois Ambler was very calm as she wrote them. We are nervous over our trifling words, our little acts, our petty griefs, our small joys; when we speak our solemn words we are grave; when we do our great deeds we are calm; in the presence of our deep griefs we are still; the intensity of our great joys makes us quiet.

Lois was a girl of deep feelings. Some people thought not. Looking at her quiet face and dignified manner—a manner that seldom forsook her, even when her face lost its quiet—they said she was not impressible nor warm-hearted, hence she lived in a perpetual calm. These people only looked at the surface of things. They had no line or plummet to measure heights and depths of human character. Their judgments were constitutionally and inevitably imperfect. The world is full of purblind, superficial critics who sit in judgment on women like Lois Ambler and never reach the truth because it is beyond them. There were better readers of human nature, who detected reserve forces, strength, intensity, enthusiasm, keen sensitiveness, and quick appreciation in the sudden flash of Lois's expressive gray eyes, in the arch and quiver of lips that would not always be suppressed, in quick, involuntary gestures that set will at defiance, and most of all in occasional words and tones that leaped out as crowded waters overflow their dykes.

Lois Ambler, sitting in the September twilight still as death, was not thinking of other people's thoughts concerning her. She was thinking her own thoughts of herself and another.

That other, a man, had become a regular attendant at St. Paul's and a power in Lois's life in the earlier spring. That was not the first of it either. The very first was earlier than the spring, before the winter's snows had left the hill-tops or the buds swelled on the trees. Lois, walking to the village on a woman's errand—a spool of cotton, a paper of needles, a few yards of Swiss—thinking intently, as was her way of thinking, found her thoughts broken in upon by the sound of horses' hoofs upon the road-side. As the horse and rider approached Lois's lips parted with a smile. If she had a weakness, her father was wont to say, it was on the subject of horses. "She is a miserable judge of horse-flesh, too," he would add, with a laugh. "Strength and steadiness in an animal are all lost on Lois. She would sacrifice them all to style."

The horse that came dashing down the road and into Lois's thoughts that chill February morning possessed in a marked degree this requisite style. His step was dainty, as if he spurned the earth he trod on, Lois thought, and the arch of his neck was right royal. You see Lois's ideas of style referred to carriage rather than build. She pronounced him immediately an importation. All the horses in their town were steady, quiet animals, excellent for drawing plows and hearses, but they lacked the spirit and pride of this creature. She had seen Black Hawk a few years before in the neighborhood of Croton Lake, and had often said she had not seen the animal since that was worthy to be mentioned the same day. Now she said within herself, "He shall be written in my memory with Black Hawk."

Lois Ambler, being a woman, had not taken in so much of the horse without seeing the rider also. The man was not handsome in Lois's eyes. He had light hair and blue eyes, and she had a fancy for dark-haired, black-eyed men. Dark men and black horses were among her likings. "I hate blonde in a man and white in a horse," she would say, decidedly.

If any thing could have atoned to Lois for the lack of color in the complexion and hair and eyes of the rider she met that morning, it would have been the manner of his riding. He sat the horse with the conscious dignity of masterhood. As he passed Lois a gale of east wind made him shiver, and he let the reins fall on his horse's neck while he buttoned his coat tighter around him.

"Our men here would keep a watchful eye and a tight rein on such a horse," thought Lois. "Evidently he knows the flesh and blood he deals with. More likely still the horse knows what manner of flesh and blood is his master."

Lois was fond of poetry. Snatches of verse were ever running riot in her brain, and as she continued her walk to the village she was repeating to herself the opening lines of Bernardo del Carpio:

"The warrior bowed his crested head and tamed his heart of fire,
And sued the haughty king—"

She paused suddenly in her mental quotation, condemning it as inappropriate. In all probability the man was no warrior. Ten chances to one if he had raised his finger in defense of the national flag in its recent peril. His head was not crested save by a hideous beaver hat, hideous in spite of its being fashionable, and sleek, and shiny, and he had not bowed it either. It would have been a piece of unpardonable assurance if he had. As for his heart of fire she was taking a poetical license with that too. Possibly the man's heart never had any fire in it. She was of opinion that fires burned more brightly in the souls that shone out of dark-eyed men. It might be that the fires had gone out too, leaving only ashes and cinders, for the man was not young. She remembered how proudly he sat upon his steed, and wondered if terrible extremity even would drive that man to suing.

Lois Ambler's thoughts were not altogether consistent, you perceive; but by way of excuse for Lois for thinking them, and by way of self-justification for writing them, I would inquire just here, where is the woman who is altogether consistent in thought and word and deed?

Lois's walk accomplished for her all she intended—namely, the securing of the spool of cotton, the paper of needles, the few yards of Swiss. It accomplished more. Ah! there is a world of mystery in this seizing of our intentions by powers over which we have no control, converting our lightest words and smallest acts into levers that move all of the future for us.

She wore the Swiss in a sash that night to Mary Hogarth's party. Time had been when Lois was a belle because of youth and beauty. Belleship is a bud which, if not gathered by the matrimonial reaper, is apt to blossom into a wall-flower. Lois Ambler never will be that. I write it confidently, for in her budding womanhood were germs of character rare as the ovaries that choice exotics bear.

This night at Mary Hogarth's the young people flocked around Lois. They were mainly of the clique known as the St. Paul's set, for in country villages church makes caste. They had an axe to grind; they wanted to organize a set of sociables; there was no one like Lois for such things. She was popular, she had experience, she made people do as she wished. If the younger ladies started them they would soon have a score of jealousies and bickerings that would act like centrifugal forces, driving them off at a tangent from each other. Lois was a centripetal force; people gravitated toward her; they did not understand it, but it was a fact. Shall I tell you the secret? It lay in her power of self-control. It is a greatness all the world acknowledges.

She was talking to John Decker, and looked slightly weary and bored, when Mary Hogarth brought a stranger to her corner—Mr. Gregory she called him.

"He looked sensible and as if he wouldn't relish school-girl talk, and I didn't know what to do with him, so I took him over to Lois," she explained to her mother. "Lois is a trump at talking, and when I don't know what to play I always make it a rule to play trumps. He came with the Clarks. He could bring no better credentials for respectability."

Artful Mary Hogarth! She was one of the people to whom Lois Ambler was a mystery, but she prided herself on her skill in grouping people harmoniously.

Lois looked up at the announcement of Mr. Gregory's name, and saw the rider of the morning.

"I think I passed you on my way from the village," said Mr. Gregory, fixing his clear blue eyes on Lois's face. "You saw my horse. I think you did not see me?" he added.

Lois smiled. In that moment she read the man's vanity—a vanity that expected and was accustomed to receive gratification. A spirit of resistance took possession of her, and she replied, evasively:

"Your horse is a splendid animal."

Mr. Gregory frowned.

"Raven looks well," he said. "He would be stubborn if he dared."

Lois Ambler was keenly sensitive, and her sensitiveness made her quick to draw inferences.

"He thinks me stubborn," was her mental comment. "The man is a tyrant."

There was a sudden flash in her eyes, then her face was calm as marble.

"It is an odd name for a horse!" she ejaculated, half musing. "Is it the 'Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from the nightly shore, whose lordly name is, on the night's Plutonian shore, Nevermore?'"

"Your quotation is not flattering," said Mr. Gregory, with a curl of his lip. "Neither horse nor rider hails from a nightly or Plutonian shore. We are just down from New York."

The man was sarcastic in his wounded vanity. Lois's womanly impulse to heal the wound she had carelessly made prompted the quick apology:

"I beg your pardon—"

She would have said more, but Mr. Gregory, with a wave of his hand, stopped her.

"No need," he said. "Women like you decapitate your victims as surely as Herodias beheaded the Baptist. The next minute you offer an apology to repair the injury. It were as easy to heal a broken heart with Spalding's glue."

Lois's face lost its calm. "Women like me!" she echoed. You saw in a moment by the pain in her face it was the thorn in her flesh to be classed with odd women. Mr. Gregory made no attempt to extract it.

"Is it pleasant here in the summer?" he asked.

Lois replied, absently, that strangers generally liked it.

"Do *you* like it?" demanded Mr. Gregory.

"Yes," Lois replied. "I like it exceedingly."

"Humph!" ejaculated Mr. Gregory. "I should think it might be stupid."

"*You* would doubtless find it so," Lois retorted. A moment after she blushed at her rudeness.

The blush made Mr. Gregory smile.

Add consistency to your jewels," he said; "and teach your face and tones to harmonize in their testimony."

"I do not understand!" exclaimed she, helplessly.

"Every word uttered should be established by two witnesses," explained Mr. Gregory. "Your face contradicts your lips—perhaps your life."

"You do not believe in physiognomy?" asked Lois, coldly.

"I believe in psychology just now," was Mr. Gregory's answer. "What do you believe in, Miss Ambler?"

"That galop," was Lois's quick reply, as the "No Rest Galop" rippled from beneath the musician's fingers, and John Decker claimed her hand.

Mary Hogarth, congratulating herself on her skillful disposition of party elements, suddenly found herself checked in her congratulatory mood by the sight of Lois Ambler whirling down the room with John Decker, and Mr. Gregory deep in conversation with Captain Brunges.

"What upon earth!" was her involuntary exclamation. "Lois only tolerates John Decker; and there is Mr. Gregory, scarred in defense of the national flag, who finds nobody better to talk with than Captain Brunges, an ignorant man and a very bad rebel. Oil and water would assimilate as easily. I must put an end to that."

In a few minutes she was chatting with Mr. Gregory. She hardly knew how she came to do it, but she was talking of Lois Ambler. It was not Mary Hogarth's way to talk of other girls. Thinking of it afterward, she concluded that Mr. Gregory must have led her into the error unconsciously. She remembered afterward that she had said to him she never looked at Lois Ambler's face without thinking of mountains whose summits reached into regions of perpetual snow; and Mr. Gregory had answered, "Ah, but there are flashes in the woman's eye that make me think rather of a slumbering volcano."

Lois remembered in that September twilight, with the sharpened memory that comes to us when our life is intensest, how, after that first meeting, sitting in this same little room, she had picked up a volume of poems and read Poe's Raven from beginning to end. She remembered the shudder with which she laid it down, repeating over and over again that last despairing verse:

"And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming, throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—never more!"

She remembered that in her vivid imaginings of the pallid bust, and croaking raven, and despairing soul, there had mingled a very real picture of a coal-black steed and a resolute rider who had searched her face with a pair of calm, mesmeric eyes, and her heart with the question, "What do you believe in, Miss Ambler?" She remembered that she had said to herself she could never get on with that man. She was glad they were not likely to meet often. She remembered now—oh, so strange was the remembrance!—how the likelihood was lessened by acts of her own will that kept her from the places where Mr. Gregory frequented.

It had been the result of no planning of hers that she had met him one morning as she returned from a long, exhilarating ride on horseback. He instantly wheeled his horse. "I will ride with you—if you do not object," were the words he used. His manner implied, "I shall ride with you any way."

Lois bowed. That wordless bow conveyed the idea of resignation to the inevitable, nothing more. "You deserted me ingloriously the other evening," said Mr. Gregory, going back to their former meeting with a straightforward bluntness that did not try to hide the scar of the wound received.

"Discretion is the better part of valor," replied Lois, meekly.

"Original!" exclaimed Mr. Gregory, as if he scorned the justification.

"In its application," answered Lois, calmly.

Looking up, suddenly, she saw that Mr. Gregory was laughing good-naturedly. That laugh neutralized her mood and disarmed her rebellion. She laughed herself. Sparring was such silly work for such grown-up men and women!

Mr. Gregory took a rose-bud from the lapel of his coat. "Would Miss Ambler take it as a peace-offering?" he asked. Lois took it with a smile. She would keep the peace if Mr. Gregory would not provoke her to rebellion. He did it the next moment. It was a beautiful rose-bud; a sanguine, he explained. He admired flowers

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on bushes. Mrs. Clark had the bad taste to pluck it and fasten it in his coat. It was boyish and unsophisticated for men to wear flowers. It was an affectation of sentiment. He was glad Miss Ambler liked it, for he did not.

Hugh Gregory's conduct reminded one of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. All the good conferred and immunities granted one moment he revoked the next. It was hard telling why he did it—perhaps to test his power, perhaps to preserve a non-committal posture.

Lois would have flung the flower back to its giver had she followed out her impulse; but the self-control, which was her greatness, triumphed, and she was carelessly placing it in the waist of her habit when her horse sprang suddenly and the flower fell to the ground.

Hugh Gregory made a motion to dismount, but she arrested him, partly from a foolish fear of giving trouble, and partly because the flower was valueless to her.

"Let it go," she said. "It does not signify at all."

Hugh Gregory in a twinkling sat upright, his face full of wounded feeling.

"I offer you a calumet, and you give me a quiver full of arrows," he said, indignantly.

"I beg your pardon!" exclaimed Lois, penitently. "I would really like it. Will you get it for me?"

"Never! I can not stoop so low," was the deep, earnest answer.

Lois was troubled. Vain as the man was, selfish as she suspected him to be, and uncompromising as she saw him, she had not meant to wound him so. Beneath all the rebellion he aroused within her there was that in his face and character that interested her. Some womanly instinct may have hinted even then that they whose lives were strung so finely that each with blundering fingers developed discords unknown before had power with better skill to evolve the sweetest harmony. It was only a hint half-comprehended and half-believed, but it made her sorely vexed and troubled.

That afternoon the sewing circle of St. Paul's held its monthly meeting. Lois Ambler was late, as she was apt to be where she was not wholly interested, and in her heart she voted sewing circles bores. She made election of her group, standing at the door and surveying the knots of women who chatted and sewed in the basement of St. Paul's. Mary Hogarth was talking animatedly to a bevy of girls who listened with apparent interest. That group promised the most entertainment, and she crossed over. Mary was talking of some hero in the war—a lieutenant who, in the thickest of the battle, had taken his captain's place in making an advance movement upon the enemy's lines, and all because he had once done the man injustice. The girls were loud in their admiration.

"Who told you?" asked Susan Morgan, a shrewd girl, who always wanted data.

"Captain Clark himself," answered Mary Hogarth. "He almost worships the man."

"Who is the man?" asked Lois Ambler.

"Lieutenant Gregory—Mr. Gregory, as he insists on being called now," answered Mary Hogarth.

Lois Ambler, not given to blushing, blushed and fell to self-communing. She had fallen into the error of condemning what she doubted—she whose heart clamored for justice and righteous judgment. These women, less just in general than she, had rebuked her. She thought of the rose-bud by the way-side signifying a quiver full of arrows, war to the end. Peace was infinitely better.

Lois left St. Paul's early. Mary Hogarth would have detained her, but a sight of Lois's face checked and restrained her, and she made no further effort.

"We meet to-night at the Widow Barton's to sew for the freedmen," said one of the elderly ladies to Lois as she passed out. "Will you come? The gentlemen are coming."

"It was foolish in me to add that, I suppose," said the lady, resuming her sewing and chat with her neighbor. "Lois isn't the girl to need a beau as inducement to do her duty."

The old lady might have withheld her self-condemnation, for Lois had certainly no thought of coming until the supplement was added to her invitation.

Lois was at the Widow Barton's at an early hour. A faded sanguina-bud drooped from one of the button-holes of her waist.

"It's awful withered!" said Mrs. Barton, disparagingly. "Do throw that out of the window, and go to my rose-bush and get a fresh one."

Lois shook her head.

Hugh Gregory came late. It was later still before he came in Lois's vicinity. He would not have come then, but Captain Clark called him to examine a fernery.

The girls rose to go, Lois among them.

"Miss Ambler has a fine face and form, don't you think so?" asked Captain Clark of Hugh Gregory.

"A fine form—yes," assented Hugh Gregory, frowning and turning to Lois. All his face changed as he looked at her. "Excuse me," he said, and crossed over.

"Is it a rose-bud, a sanguina?" he asked of Lois in a low tone.

"You should recognize it," she answered, blushing.

"Where did you get it?" he demanded.

"I walked out for it. It was not far," Lois began. "I do not like to be at enmity with any one. It is unchristian, and—"

Hugh Gregory stopped her.

"Don't dilute your act with weak words," he said, with a gentle pleading, strangely at variance with his old imperiousness. "It was a kind act, and I appreciate it. Going, are you? Good-by, then! I go away to-morrow, but we will meet again. Good-by!"

He had taken her hand, and grasped it firmly in his.

He came back again in the spring, and that was the beginning of the affair with Lois Ambler, according to the parishioners of St. Paul's. People pay little heed to the upheaving of loose earth and the laying of foundation walls; not until the structure rises above the surface does it command their notice or regard.

It was a strange summer for Lois. In her dreams of it in that September twilight it was like a picture full of high lights and deep shadows, or a piece of music full of exquisite harmonies and wailing misereres, or a poem with the mingled blessedness of "Paradise Regained" and the horrors of "Inferno." There were neutral tints in the picture, quiet passages in the music, and prosy pages in the poem. John Decker made them and Captain Clark; but beneath, and above, and running through them all were the days when Hugh Gregory crossed her path, and stirred her life.

Lois dwelt on one night in her musings as we dwell on last moments and last words of our dead friends. It was at the end of the summer, "the end of all things," she said, with a blush for saying it. The young people were all at Susan Morgan's. Hugh Gregory had come in with a stern face that did not soften till he talked with Lois. Lois had such a trusting way, that sat so sweetly on her old dignity that Hugh Gregory could not but be charmed. He gave himself up to the charming a while, all his face glad with a fullness of content. They were out on the long veranda; in their mood it was quite natural to get away from the crowd into the moonlight. Lois, in the frankness of her intercourse, fell into chat of their first meeting.

She quoted Hugh Gregory's remark, "'Women like me.' Describe them."

It had been the thorn in the flesh all this time. Hugh Gregory extracted it.

"Women resolute and high-minded, so just that but for their womanhood they would be severe; so trusting in their womanhood that mercy dethroned justice; loving honor, self-controlling, patient, and full of pity; not altogether consistent, not always self-comprehending, and not by nature humble. Women that were hard to win, but once won were kept forever. Lois Ambler—"

The sweet womanly face was bowed reverently and her eyes were dim with happy tears. Heaven was not far away.

Captain Clark tapped Hugh Gregory on the shoulder and handed him a letter, which he held in his hand.

"It was given me in New York," he said. "I give it to you now lest I forget it."

He stopped then and there, with his heart in flames, and read it, slowly and coldly, with but the slightest tinge of a blush on his cheek; the slightest of scornful curls on his lip. When he had finished it he did not speak, but stood looking at her who watched him a little way off. He gazed at her for a moment, sadness and scorn strangely mingled in his look; and then crushing the letter in his hand he turned to her and spoke, huskily, yet determinedly,

"It is cold here. Let us go in."

Lois's eyes for a moment were filled with great astonishment, then a change came over her. The gates of the Paradise that Hugh Gregory held ajar were closed and she shut out. But the expression to which her countenance had changed was not the one he expected to see when he had so coldly said, "Let us go in." He knew that Lois was not by nature humble. But there are other passions than pride in this world. He had expected her to look scornfully at him. Her eye had nothing of pride and contempt in it; she looked sadly in his face, and approached him with her gentlest air and laid her hand on his arm.

"Let us go in," he said, with nervous haste, "people are silly in the moonlight."

The Lois Ambler of a year before would then have glanced at him a look of scorn that would have annihilated him, but Lois was no longer proud with the man she loved.

"Let me see that letter, Hugh," she said, commanding, not entreating.

He hesitated a moment, still bending on her his strange look.

"Certainly," he said, at length, straightening the crumpled sheet and handing it to her. "It is nothing, my dear—"

He stopped at the words. A strange shiver ran through Lois Ambler's frame; her fingers grasped more nervously his arm; at length she took his hand in both of hers, and bending down kissed it. Strange action for the proud and haughty Lois Ambler!

She read it and blushed for him even more than he blushed for himself. It was a reminder of indebtedness, a dun for wine and cigars, for riotous living! She looked up at him inquiringly as she handed it back.

"Let us go in," he said.

"No. Not till you tell me what you mean. Why does this thing change your purpose?"

"It has made me see how contemptible I am. I would have asked you to share life with me—I who live without purpose, in idleness, in worse than idleness. I am disgusted with myself. You can not have a greater contempt for me than I have for myself. I am not worthy to love you."

"You are worthy to be loved, Hugh, and you know how I love you. You shall live for me, will you not? You shall labor for me, will you not? You shall endure all things for me, will you not?"

Lois Ambler is *not* an old maid, and Hugh Gregory no longer lives without a purpose, or wastes his life in riotous living.

And, moreover, reader, Lois Ambler is no imaginary character, and more than one Hugh Gregory walks Broadway in this our day.

TREASURE.

Two youthful schoolmates, blithe and free,
Wander'd together by the sea.

Said one, "My hopes are high as heaven;
To me the Future shall be given."

Said his companion, "I will stand
Among the foremost of the land.

"My fame shall thread the maze of men,
And lightnings quiver from my pen."

They met again in forty years,
And told their boyish hopes and fears.

The one had set his heart on gold,
And found it—growing frail and old.

The other, living fuller life,
Had fled the haunts of worldly strife,

And fill'd his soul with purpose high
And wisdom of the earth and sky,

But had not gather'd golden store,
To scare ill-fortune from his door;

Nothing but Courage, Hope, and Faith,
And Love, the conqueror of Death.

The rich man, with a mournful smile,
Said to the poor, and sigh'd the while:

"Oh, friend! thou'st dream'd thy life away,
And now that thou art old and gray,

"Hast not a penny for thine age,
Or for thy children's heritage."

The poor man cheerily replied:
"What matters? Life and joy abide.

"My children, sporting in the sun,
Can do at least what I have done.

"I've had my pleasure as I went,
And known the riches of content.

"Thou hast thy treasures—I have mine—
My heart my judge, men's verdict thine.

"But, friend, who'st chosen other ways
Than those I've trodden all my days,

"When comes the hour, as come it must,
When thou shalt mingle with the dust,

"Whose treasures shall the best endure—
Those of the rich man or the poor?

"Thine cease at portals of the grave,
Not even their shadow can'st thou save!

"But what I've won with heart endeavor
Is mine forever and forever.

"I take it with me through the tomb,
And find it when I pass the gloom!"

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE inventor of Nitro-Glycerine has written an elaborate article on the subject to the London *Times*. He thinks it is taking a very narrow view of the matter to try to check improvements on the plea of accidents. Certain restrictions respecting the transportation of this material seem to have disturbed him. Probably his nearest relative has not yet been blown to pieces; otherwise he would scarcely regard—as he seems to do—wise regulations in regard to Nytro-Glycerine "measures to paralyze the circulation of a powerful and useful agent." He recommends that the public be enlightened in regard to its use. That is surely what should be done, and as rapidly as possible. And meanwhile? Shall the use of explosive materials "be left to the understanding" of the ignorant? "Civilization" need not "be stopped," but prudence is wisdom, and "prevention is better than cure."

Our system of letter-delivery is to be improved. Postmaster Kelly has secured an addition of over one hundred carriers, and after the first of February letters will be delivered nine times a day in the upper part of the city, and eight times a day down town.

It is said that a section of the Nicolson pavement is to be laid before the gates of Plymouth Church, that the services may not be disturbed by passing vehicles. Other churches might adopt the same plan with great advantage.

It now comes to light that a French savant, Delisier by name, actually predicted the earthquake and hurricane at St. Thomas. He made his calculations from astronomical observations, and from the influence of planets upon the surface of the earth, and foretold that the 12th of November would be the date. As the convulsions of nature commenced just about that time, he may be considered a true prophet—provided he really *did* predict as is stated. Report says that he is preparing a work on the subject, to be read to the Academy of Sciences at Paris.

Among the curiosities of literature the following letter should be preserved. It was recently received by a merchant of this city, who, a day or two before, had his pocket relieved of his porte-monnaie, in which, however, there was nothing of value. The porte-monnaie was returned with the letter, which is unique:

SIR,—After a great deal of trouble I was able to find out your name and address, and would request you in future to have more money in your pocket than you had yesterday, or my business would be spoiled altogether. For a gentleman of your standing and wealth I think it a d—d shame to go out with but two postage stamps in a pocket-book. The next time I shall have a chance to pick your pocket please to be provided with at least a few bank bills. If not, I shall publish you to some good cracksman. Yours, with no thanks, A PICKPOCKER.

P.S.—The stamps I paid to the boy for bringing this letter.

It is pleasant when the conduct of our generals in the late war receives unsolicited commendation from Southerners. A resident of Savannah, giving in a recent private letter some retrospective account of Sherman's occupation of that city, thus writes:

"Sherman's army behaved nobly—so nobly as to win for itself and its gentlemanly chief a warm place in the hearts of our people. His very *first* act, after placing sentinels for the safeguard of the citizens, was to detail scores of men from his own ranks, with army wagons, to go out and obtain fuel for the supply of the inhabitants; and within three days every family in the city had received at least a temporary supply. He found Savannah destitute both of food and fuel, and he brought into the city about eighty thousand men as hungry as ourselves; yet there was no violence, not an occupied house was entered without leave of the resident, no depredations were committed, no noise, fighting, drunkenness, or profanity disturbed the quietude of our streets, either by day or night.

"But though there was no *unnecessary* suffering inflicted by the army of occupation, both they and we were almost without food—probably not ten days' supply of the barest necessaries in any house in the city. But the impending doom of starvation was averted by the noble philanthropy of our *Northern* friends. Ship-loads of provisions soon hastened to our relief, supplying temporarily our wants until business could be resumed, and money began again to circulate in our community. With *us* the worst was then over; and when, four months later, the Army of Virginia surrendered to Grant, I believe there was scarcely less rejoicing at the *South* than the North. True, our people were the *conquered* party—many had risked *all* friends and property in a losing venture—most of us had little in the way of worldly goods left—but we were worn out with the horrors of this unnatural strife, and longed for *peace* on almost any terms; and when it came, and folded its balmy wings over our troubled land, there were few indeed who did not bid it welcome, and utter a fervent 'Thank God' for the coming of the white-winged messenger."

A new method of punishing children has been invented, which is said to quell the turbulence of small children in a marvelous manner. It comes from Paris, as so many other good things do. For example:—James is seven years old; and he is a naughty boy one day. His papa remarks to him, in a serious tone, "James, you have been a bad boy to-day; I shall take a year off your age. You are now only six years old." Overcome with grief at this fearful calamity, the rebellious child subsides into complete docility, and promises perfect obedience if the abstracted year may be restored. We do not know whether this invention has yet been patented.

A revelation has been made to the Mormon leaders, and they have decided that all under their authority must give up the use of tea, coffee, and tobacco. No drinking-saloons are allowed in Salt Lake City—which fashion might be followed elsewhere with immense advantage.

A farmer in Phillips, Maine, while digging a well, came upon some irregularly laminated rock. Through this ledge he worked down by blasting four feet further, at which depth he found three frogs, completely imbedded in the rock. These frogs were each from three to four inches in length, but about an eighth of an inch in thickness, appearing as if flattened out by pressure. In about ten minutes after they were thrown out they showed signs of life, by slight motions or twinges of the eye. They also commenced inflating themselves and growing thicker, and in the course of half an hour hopped off. They were nearly the same color as the ledge in which they were found.

What delightful surroundings they have in South America! A Brazilian officer thus describes some of the beauties of soldiering in that tropical clime: "Amphibious creatures abound. In my own tent I have already killed four snakes. Every morning I find myself accompanied by a body-guard of fifteen or twenty monstrous toads, which have quietly spent the night under the corners of the hides that serve me as bed. Enormous alligators promenade regularly every night from lake to lake. In a major's tent, the other day, one was killed that measured about six feet in length, and an unfortunate Brazilian soldier was unexpectedly taken off his legs by one of these horrible creatures and carried into the nearest lake."

It is stated that the profits of the Paris Exhibition amount to about $600,000. The sum gained during the three supplementary days for the poor of Paris was 176,000 francs.

At a recent convention of clergymen it was proposed, after dinner, that each should in turn entertain the company with some "interesting remarks." Among the rest, one drew upon his fancy and related a dream. In his dream he went to heaven, and he described the golden streets, etc. As he concluded, one of the divines, who was somewhat noted for his penurious habits, inquired, jocosely:

"Well, did you see any thing of me in your dream?"

"Yes, I did."

"Indeed! what was I doing?"

"You were on your knees."

"Praying, was I?"

"No—scraping up gold!"

The following statements, gathered from an English journal, may not be uninteresting to the scientific reader: The recent discovery by Schiaparelli, of Milan, that the orbits of many of the comets are filled with a circulating band of meteoric stones explains why the earth experiences a star-shower nearly every time it rolls through the orbit of a comet. These stones, or such as reach the earth, are mostly composed of iron, nickel, cobalt, and phosphorus. Some of them are a kind of sandstone. When the meteorites strike our atmosphere, with a velocity infinitely greater than the rush of missiles ejected by human artillery, the friction of the air sets fire to them, and ere they have penetrated in a vertical direction as much as twenty or thirty miles the intense heat usually bursts them into powder. If they contain any combustible substance it ignites, so that few ever find their way unbroken to the earth. Those that do reach the earth fall in an intensely heated state.

An Irish surgeon who had couched a cataract and restored the sight of a poor woman, in Dublin, called together his professional brethren, declaring that he had discovered a phenomenon in optics. He stated to them that the sight of his patient was so perfectly restored that she could see to thread the smallest needle, but that when he presented her with a book "she was not capable of distinguishing one letter from another." This very singular case excited the ingenuity of all the gentlemen present, and various solutions were offered. Doubt crowded on doubt, and the problem grew darker from every explanation, when at length a servant in attendance suggested that perhaps *the woman had never learned to read!* And so it was!

A lank-looking young man recently entered a bank in one of the Eastern States, and loitered about for some time, as if "waiting for an opportunity." The eye of the cashier was upon him; but at length he sidled up to the counter, and said, "Is there any way a fellow can find out if any body has any money in the bank?" "Oh yes," the cashier blandly answered; "you can ask any one, and he will probably tell you." This did not seem satisfactory to the youth, and he made another effort. "Well," said he, "I suppose I must tell you; I am engaged to a girl, Miss M—— D——, and folks say that she has a hundred dollars in the bank, and I want to know if it is so." "Ah yes, I understand it," said the cashier; "you can ask the girl, and she will probably tell you." At the last accounts the young man had not obtained his marriage-license.

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ROMEO (*Seward*). "Courage, man; the hurt can not be much."
MERCUTIO (*Johnson*). "No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world.—A plague o' both your Houses."

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SOLDIERS' MONUMENT.

WE give on this page an engraving of the "Grant County Soldiers' Monument," lately erected at Lancaster, the county seat of Grant County, Wisconsin, by the patriotic people of the county, to the memory of the Volunteers who fell in the recent war for the Union.

The monument is placed in the northeast corner of the Court-house square; and is of most beautiful design and elegant finish. It is made of the purest white marble, the main shaft is 27 feet high, the sub-base 7 feet, and the base 5 feet square. The first die upon which the inscriptions are wrought is 3½ feet square, surmounted by a cap and cornice and indented by means of raised corners. Over this is the second die upon which the emblems are carved, which is 24 inches square and 30 inches high, from which the column tapers to the top. On the east side of the first square die is a beautiful laurel wreath, within which is inscribed the following:

"Dedicated to the memory of the brave soldiers of Grant County, who fell in defense of universal liberty in the great rebellion of A.D. 1861. This marble contains their names; the many bloody battle-fields of the South contain their ashes; their memory is forever enshrined in the hearts of their countrymen."

Over this, on the second die, are a couple of American flags, a cannon, and an anchor, spanned above by an arc. On the north side of the first die is inscribed the following extract from LINCOLN'S Address, at Gettysburg:

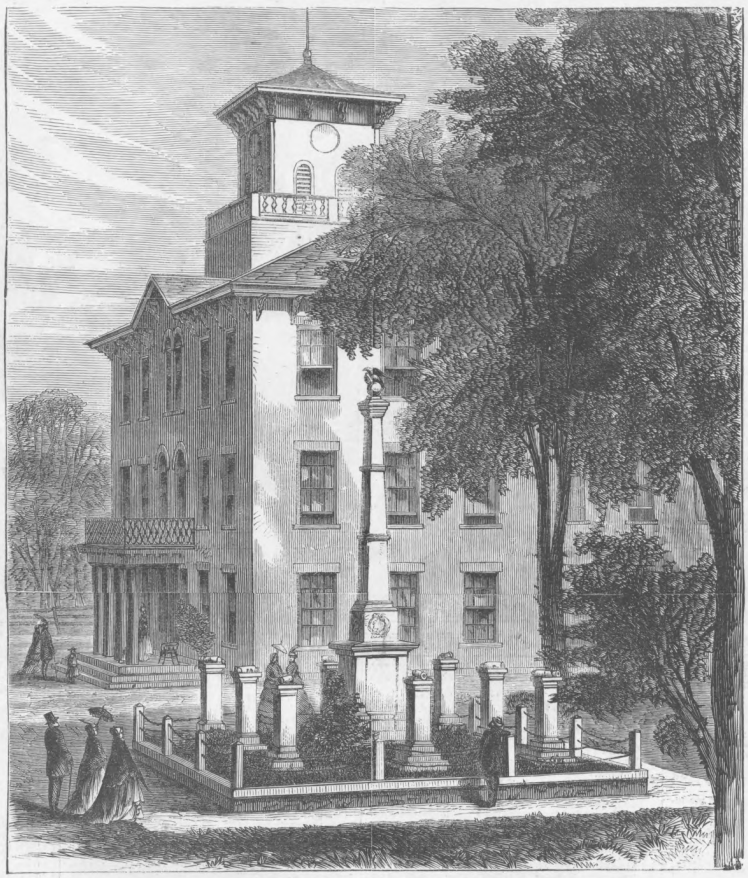
"We here highly resolve that these honored dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Over this, on the second die, is cut the anchor of hope, garlanded with laurel leaves, resting upon the Holy Bible. On the west side the following couplet—a translation of an inscription found on a monument at Thermopylæ—is engraved:

"Go stranger; to your country tell
For her we fought, were buried where we fell."

Over this are four swords and mountings grouped together.

On the south side is this quotation from LINCOLN'S emancipation proclamation: "I do order and declare that all persons held as slaves..... are, and henceforward shall be free."



GRANT COUNTY SOLDIERS' MONUMENT, LANCASTER, WISCONSIN.

And over this, on the second die, beautifully wrought, a pair of broken shackles upheld by a right hand. The column is surmounted by an eagle standing on a globe with outstretched wings holding a wreath in its beak.

The monument is placed within a hollow square formed by eight uniform columns, on which are engraved the names of the honored dead of Grant County, 750 in number. Each column is capped by a cannon. These are surrounded by a fence formed by twelve posts of marble connected with a chain. Outside of this is a gravel-walk and a row of evergreens.

The design of the whole monument is elegant, chaste, and appropriate; and the work is executed in a manner rarely excelled. The cost of the whole was about $7000. It was formally dedicated with appropriate and impressive ceremonies July 4, 1867.

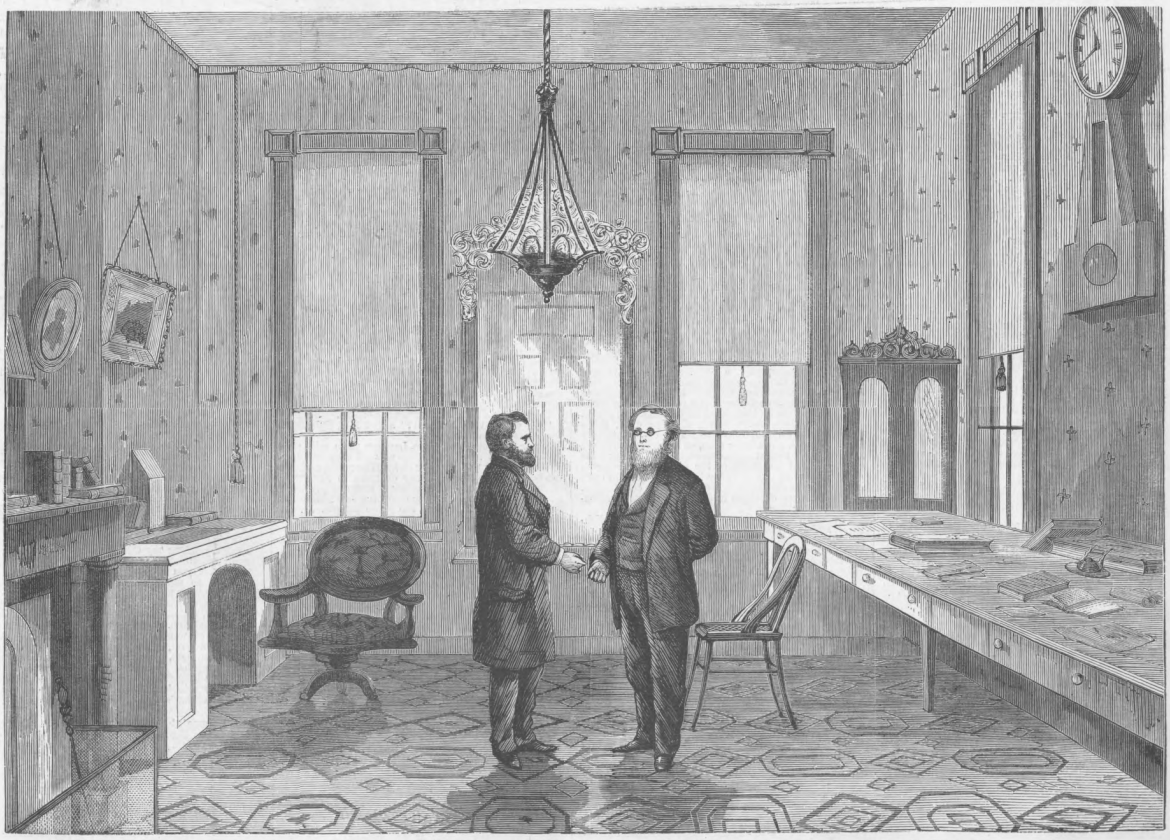
THE WAR OFFICE.

WE give on this page an engraving representing the Secretary's room of the War Department at Washington exactly as it appeared on the day of the memorable transfer of the office to Secretary STANTON by General GRANT at the bidding of the United States Senate. The sketch was made by our artist, THEODORE R. DAVIS, on the day that the transfer took place, and General GRANT and Mr. STANTON are represented in the engraving as they appeared at that time.

This apartment of the War Department is known as the "Secretary's Room," and is the one used by Mr. STANTON and General GRANT. Mr. STANTON ordinarily receives his visitors standing at the corner of the high table in the right of the picture. General GRANT, while acting as Secretary of War, usually did his work and conferred with visitors seated at the table near which the great chair is placed.

CIVILIZED FLIES.

A SINGULAR circumstance has lately been reported by scientific men on the subject of the domestic fly of Europe and America. Every body knows that the civilized man is, and always has been, more than a match for the savage; and that before the continually encroaching steps of the Anglo-Saxon and other European



THE SECRETARY'S ROOM IN THE WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

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races—but more especially the Anglo-Saxon and Scandinavian—the aborigines of the American continent, of the Cape of Good Hope, of Australia, and New Zealand, have been gradually disappearing. If two races refuse to amalgamate, the weaker goes to the wall. Civilization is too much for them, and they retire from its presence only to linger a little while in the land of their fathers, conscious of their inferiority, and driven to the grave at last. That this should happen in the case of men is not very surprising, but that it should happen in the case of house-flies is not a little remarkable. Dr. Haast, a Fellow of the Linnæan Society, writes to Dr. J. D. Hooker, from New Zealand, that not only does the European drive away the Maori or original inhabitant, but that the European house-fly drives away the New Zealand fly. Of two evils New Zealand colonists prefer the lesser, and as the spread of the European insect goes on slowly, they are actually importing house-flies in boxes and bottles to their new inland stations. Is it that all living things that are much in the society of, or in immediate contiguity to, man in a high state of civilization have their faculties sharpened by the association—sharpened, as it were, by danger, and the necessity of protecting themselves against such formidable foes? Is it that similar animals and insects in wild countries, where men are few, are not so highly educated by adverse circumstances, not so acute, clever, and wary; and that when superiors of their own race are brought into contact with them, the weaker flies before the stronger, as we see it among men?

Captain Carleton's Great Story of Frontier Life.

THE MYSTERIOUS HUNTER;
Or, The Man of Death.

CHAPTER I.

GOLD! GOLD in California!

How this announcement, some twenty years ago, thrilled the country from the Lakes to the Gulf! How topsy-turvy it turned all preconceived notions as to the idea of slowly-acquired wealth, and opened up dazzling visions of untold riches to the universal Yankee nation!

The Gold Fever burst out suddenly and became almost instantaneously a sweeping, raging epidemic.

The banker locked up his vaults, the merchant closed his ledger, the lawyer thrust his brief into the grate, and the mechanic left his bench—all in thorough disgust with the old maxim, "slow, but sure"—turning their faces westward toward the ELDORADO of the Pacific.

Some went by steamer, via the Isthmus; others ventured by sail, to incur the perils of Cape Horn; whilst others still, most venturesome of all, struck out boldly across the unexplored deserts of the Far West, to meet unknown hardships, and encounter perils from fierce beasts and fiercer men.

With this much of preface, kind reader, let me introduce myself.

Henry Gregory, aged twenty-two—a victim of the gold fever—at your service.

That I, of all others, should be attacked by the fever, seemed eminently proper and natural; for an adventurous life seemed to be, as it were, my birth-right. My father and grandfather had been New Bedford whalemen, and their lives had been full of perils and strange vicissitudes; whilst my elder and only brother had run away at the early age of twelve, and entered the merchant service. An uncle, too, had been a man-of-wars-man, and had been shot down on board the ill-fated Chesapeake, standing by the side of the immortal Lawrence. Thus I grew up, my mind stored day by day with marvelous tales of the great deep.

I was not to go alone. New Bedford was full of adventurous youths. Hal Pittman was to go with me. Hal was my second self, the playmate of my boyhood, and occupied the third place in my affections—my mother and sister naturally coming first.

Hal's father, too, had been a sailor—a captain of a ship engaged in the Havana trade; but he had, at the time of which I write, been dead several years. To illustrate the character of the father and the son, let me relate a brief incident of one of their voyages.

When Hal was only nine years old, his father took him along on a trip to Cuba. There were pirates in those days, and to be prepared in case of necessity, many merchant vessels carried a cannon or two, besides arms for the crew. The Nancy—that was the name of Captain Pittman's ship—carried two six-pounders, and muskets and cutlasses for thirty men.

When about fifty miles out from Havana, a suspicious looking craft hove in sight, and gave chase. She was unanimously voted to be a pirate, and so she proved. Captain Pittman had on board a very valuable cargo, and at once crowded all sail to escape. Unfortunately, it was not a stern chase, and the pirate was a splendid sailer. She bowled along over the sea like a proud courser, and was soon nearly athwart the fore-foot of the Nancy, and within long musket-shot.

A flash from the bow-port of the pirate, and a twenty-four pound shot tore through the forward bulwarks of the Nancy. All hope of escape by flight was cut off, and resistance seemed almost useless, for the deck of the pirate was covered with men.

Still the captain would not surrender; but he saw no hopes to save life in any other direction, and with a sullen look, gazed at the swiftly approaching vessel. The two six-pounders were loaded, and the one aft was pointed toward the pirate. Hal had watched the entire scene with intense interest, and when the roar of the enemy's gun boomed over the sea, and the splinters flew from the bulwarks, it seemed to fire his young blood.

He crept stealthily aft, and, unseen by any of the crew, applied the coal to the vent of the cannon. The little six-pounder roared out furiously, startling the entire crew.

Captain Pittman darted aft in a towering passion to see who had ventured to do so serious a thing without orders, and was overwhelmed with surprise on beholding little Hal dancing with delight at his exploit.

Before the angry parent could reach the erring son, a cry of dismay was heard from the deck of the pirate, and great confusion was visible among the enemy.

It was soon explained.

The six-pounder had been loaded with a solid shot, and this had gone crashing through the pirate's hull an inch below the water's edge.

The pirate was sinking!

The entire aspect of affairs was changed; hope sprang up in the breasts of all on board the Nancy. The captain seemed all at once endued with marvelous spirit. Gun after gun was discharged, one most happily carrying away the pirate's fore-topmast, and essentially checking her speed. A fresher breeze sprung up, and the Nancy crowded on more sail, and soon the pirate was left behind out of range. In half an hour darkness fell, and what became of the pirate vessel none on board the Nancy ever knew.

Hal's spunk had saved the ship, and he was during the balance of the trip a great pet with the old tars.

This same Hal was to go with me to the land of gold. We completed our arrangements, bade sorrowful adieus to our friends, and were *en route* to the new ELDORADO.

CHAPTER II.

INDEPENDENCE, Missouri.

In due course of time we reached this young and growing frontier city; a city that was to us the limit of civilization, and the initial point of our journey across the seemingly illimitable prairies of the Far West.

We attached ourselves to a train that was to start in three days. It was to contain fifty souls and ten wagons, each vehicle requiring four stout mules. There were several females and children in the party, and thirty-three able-bodied men well armed with rifles.

Hal and I had but little "baggage;" indeed a stout and somewhat capacious carpet sack contained our joint stock; and for the transportation of this we arranged with the owner of a wagon for twenty-five dollars in gold.

In our personal outfit we were, perhaps, somewhat extravagant; but the reader must not forget our comparative youth and adventurous spirit. He will also bear in mind that we were determined to combine pleasure with profit.

We bought a regular hunter's garb, consisting of hunting shirts, leggins, striped cotton undershirts, blue neckties, slouched felt hats with low crowns, stout boots, and brass spurs. In dress we were as near alike as two peas, and, being about the same size, we bore a striking resemblance to each other.

We were emphatically "armed to the teeth." In our holsters we carried a pair of Colt's revolvers, six-shooters; in our belts, old-fashioned bowie-knives; light, ornamented rifles completed the armament. We had also flasks and pouches, canteens and haversacks.

We thought we had made good bargains in purchasing our horses; mine was a powerful bay, Hal's a staunch black. They were both American horses, stout, of good proportions, and possessed considerable speed. Our saddles and bridles were after the Mexican style, quite serviceable, and richly ornamented.

We were ready, and the train was to start the next morning at daybreak.

Independence was, as I have stated, a sort of mush-room city. Like Jonah's gourd, it had sprung up in a night.

Its population was a floating one, and composed of the most heterogeneous material; and, after the manner of all frontier towns, it abounded in drinking-saloons and gambling-shops.

The evening prior to our departure was oppressively sultry, and the streets were full of people. Hal and I lit our cigars and started for a stroll.

Soon our attention was attracted to a scene under a little clump of trees in front of a "canvas" drinking-shop. A good-sized monte-table covered with red chintz, had been erected, and on it were several piles of half and quarter eagles. A group of half a dozen men stood around the table eyeing the treasure.

Behind the table sat two men, the owners, no doubt, of the gambling establishment. One was a large, thick-set fellow, with low, repulsive features. His hair was long and unkempt, and his whiskers and shaggy eyebrows were perfectly enormous. He was broad-shouldered, and, apparently, a physical giant. He was dressed in the rude garb of the frontier, and had a belt stuck full of pistols and knives. Undoubtedly he was a rough and ugly customer. His partner was a Mexican. There was no mistaking those clean-cut, sharp, angular features, those black, piercing eyes, those white, ghastly teeth, that dried-up, yellow, peppery skin. He was not a large man, only a trifle above the medium; but every movement and word indicated the craftiness and treachery of the full-blown Mexican. He was, beyond doubt, every inch a knave, and even more to be feared than his brutal-looking companion.

The two were Strength and Craft—always formidable when combined.

These two worthies appeared to own the establishment, and to be employing the most seductive and persuasive speeches to entice by-standers and passers-by to try their fortunes in a game of hazard. They were but too successful, for the spirit of gaming ran high. Were we not all, in fact, risking every thing, even our lives, in a mad pursuit of wealth? If wealth were to be gained here, what use to seek further? So many reasoned, and were fleeced of what they had, instead of adding to their means.

"Hold on!" whispered Hal into my ear. "This seems to be a regular slaughter-shop. Look, now, that youngster has just lost fifty dollars. What a precious pair of cut-throats these monte-dealers are!"

I paused at the table. A half dozen wood torches blazing in the air threw a lurid glare over the entire spot. Hal was a good monte-player. His father had learned it in his voyages to Cuba, for the Spaniards and Cubans are famous for their proficiency in all such games, and had in turn taught it to his family.

As we paused at the table, the heavy-whiskered desperado glanced at us from beneath his shaggy brows, and I thought I beheld a sudden furtive gleam in his eye, that meant mischief for both of us.

"Who'll try thar luck next?" said he, in a heavy gruff voice, that sounded like the distant mutterings of a storm—a splendid diapason bass.

The group, composed of about a dozen, did not seem inclined to indulge any farther in the play, all of which had heretofore only served to swell the piles upon the red chintz.

"Come, boys!" continued the fellow; "faint heart never wins a fair lady, ye know. Hyer's sev'ral piles o' yaller boys a waitin' fur yer pockets. Say, stranger, won't ye try yer luck? Kiver these fifty dollars, hey?"

This last remark was addressed to Hal, who instantly replied, in a nonchalant voice: "Fifty green cheese! Where do you s'pose a poor devil like me could raise half that sum? Say ten dollars now, and I don't mind."

"Small pertaters, hey!" sneered the bully, who was a little nettled at Hal's complete *sang-froid*. "Ten dollars hain't wuth countin' skeerce; but as trade's gettin' a leetle dull, we'll try ye on ten ef ye sez so."

"All right. Proceed," replied Hal.

The cards were cut and the game was quickly played—the golden eagle going to increase the piles on the chintz.

"He! he!" laughed the whiskerando. "Got any mere ten spots handy?"

"Strapped," replied Hal, with a suggestive shrug, "unless you will put up fifty dollars against my diamond ring."

"Humph! the ring's too small for me," growled the bully.

"But not for me, Tom Landers," interrupted his companion, the crafty, smooth-tongued Mexican. "Carajo! I will play for it, if you please."

"Crack ahead, then!" growled the brutal Tom Landers. "I don't play fur no sech gewgaws as that. If ye want to do it, Senor Guaymas, I hain't nuthin' ter say."

The ring, with a cluster of several diamonds, was really a valuable one. It had been presented to Hal's father years before by a rich Cuban planter, and the dazzling brightness of the precious stones had stirred up the avarice of the Mexican gambler.

The diamond ring and fifty dollars were put up.

The cards were cut—the game played swiftly. My chum was the winner.

"Stop now, Hal," said I. "Let's go."

"Carissima!" exclaimed Senor Guaymas, with a most seductive smile: "surely you will not leave fortune just as she comes to you. There is more gold to be won!"

"Certainly," answered Hal, with a merry laugh. "We've found a rich gold mine. Let us work it."

Fifty dollars against fifty dollars. Again Hal is the winner. His blood is rising. A rich flush on his cheek, and know that the excitement which ever attends gaming is thrilling his nerves.

"Cover my hundred—eh?" he demanded.

"Of course," was the reply.

Another quick game. Astounding luck! Hal sweeps the board.

"Blarst ye!" growled Tom Landers, getting up, and displaying his mammoth proportions. "This hyar's got ter be stopped."

Then the two monte-dealers held a short consultation; they were both getting nervous. Two hundred dollars lost in twenty minutes!

The crowd gradually increased; they knew these two bankers to be a precious pair of knaves—knaves who fleece their victims by the dozen hourly. They are soldom beaten; yet the youth scarcely out of his teens is winning their gold rapidly.

There is sport ahead, reasons the crowd.

"Cover my two hundred?" asked Hal, lighting a fresh cigar as he spoke.

Senor Guaymas and Tom Landers were still consulting. Two hundred dollars was all they had left. They hesitated to accept the risk. If they should lose, the bank was broken; if they declined to play, they stood no chance to recover what had already been lost. They answered: "We cover the two hundred."

The excitement grew as the game progressed. A yell from the crowd announced the result.

"The bank is broken!"

The crowd spoke the truth, for my chum was the possessor of four hundred in gold. There was not a quarter eagle left upon the table. I was amazed.

The two gamblers looked at each other. Tom Landers's face was in a tempest of passion, and his eyes shot broadsides of fury over the chintz table. The Mexican was mac as a hornet, but too politic to show it.

"Cover my four hundred?"

How tantalizingly Hal asked that! It stung Senor Guaymas to the quick, for I saw his lip quiver and his eye snap. It was the last hair that broke the camel's back. He whirled suddenly about, with an expression of malice upon his thin, sallow features, that I never saw equaled.

I regretted now that Hal had pushed matters so far—these Mexicans are so passionate and so vindictive. A street fight was by no means desirable, especially with with such characters as these gamblers. It does not take much on the frontier to bring blows and blood.

Suddenly Senor Guaymas decided: he thrust his hand into an inner breast pocket. I had seen such motions before: the wretch was about to draw a pistol upon my chum; so I placed my revolver in such a position that I could use it on the instant, and watched the Mexican.

My suspicions were at fault. I did the rascal injustice. He drew out his hand, and placed a diamond-studded brooch upon the table. It was superb: a splendid lady's pin, the like of which is seldom seen.

"That brooch is worth double your pile," said the Mexican, glancing warily over the crowd. "Will you cover it? I warrant it genuine."

"More jewelry," laughed Hal. "Certainly I'll cover it."

The game went on, and, terrible fatality! the banker lost, and the diamond brooch was my friend's.

"El demonio! what accursed luck!" hissed the Mexican between his tightly compressed lips, as his face grew livid.

"Cover the whole pile now—gold, watch, ring, and brooch?" continued Hal, with frigid coolness.

"No, curse you!" roared the banker, no longer able to control his feelings. "I've nothing left. You've ruined me!"

My chum bit off the end of his cigar, and threw it away. Then I saw a peculiar twinkle in his eye. He leaned over the table and said,

"I'll tell you what I'll do."

"What?"

"*Play for scalps.*"

The Mexican started back aghast. Then his black eyes gleamed balefully and in a frenzied tone he said,

"Done, by all the saints!"

"No, no!" I interposed, laying my hand on my chum's shoulder. "For Heaven's sake, stop! this has gone far enough already. Don't carry it farther."

I was horrified at the proposition, and dreaded the bloody scene that was certain to follow. Hal was in no mood to listen to my objections, but pushed away my hand rather unceremoniously, and replied,

"Humph! we must finish the contest in good style. If the scoundrel wants my scalp, he's welcome to get it. I'm sure I can lift his with marvelous grace. Down with the cards, old yellow-belly."

The excitement was at a white heat; the crowd, which had increased to a full score, jostled and swayed to and fro in a tremor of expectation.

Senor Guaymas was livid and ghastly; he threw down the cards, which were hastily cut, and the game proceeded. All held their breaths and strained their eyes.

"Carajo! lost, lost!" groaned the unfortunate Mexican, striving to steady himself at the table as the crowd yelled and jeered at his terrible luck. "Satanas take you and your tricks! You are in league with the Evil One. I am undone; take the stakes."

"No, by hokey! nothin' o' that sort hyar," roared Tom Landers, in a voice like a bull. "My partner hain't a goin' ter be scalped by no sech leetle whiffet as yon puppy. I allus stands by my friends, an' I'm not goin' ter play false to 'em now."

The bully pushed forward and drew his mammoth proportions up to their full height; his face was red with anger and strong whisky. The crowd drew back a little, apparently awed somewhat by the defiant and formidable aspect of the furious desperado.

Hal leaped square upon the table and glanced over the crowd. He saw a score of excited faces upturned; he saw the gleam of forty flashing eyes; he heard the mutterings of passion.

"Say, men!" he cried, in a clear, calm voice. "You have watched this game. Did I win it fairly?"

"Yes, yes!" yelled the crowd.

"Is the Mexican's scalp fairly mine?"

"Yours, yours!" roared a score of throats.

"Then, by St. Paul, I'll have it!" said my chum, drawing his formidable bowie. "Down with your head on this table, old Guaymas."

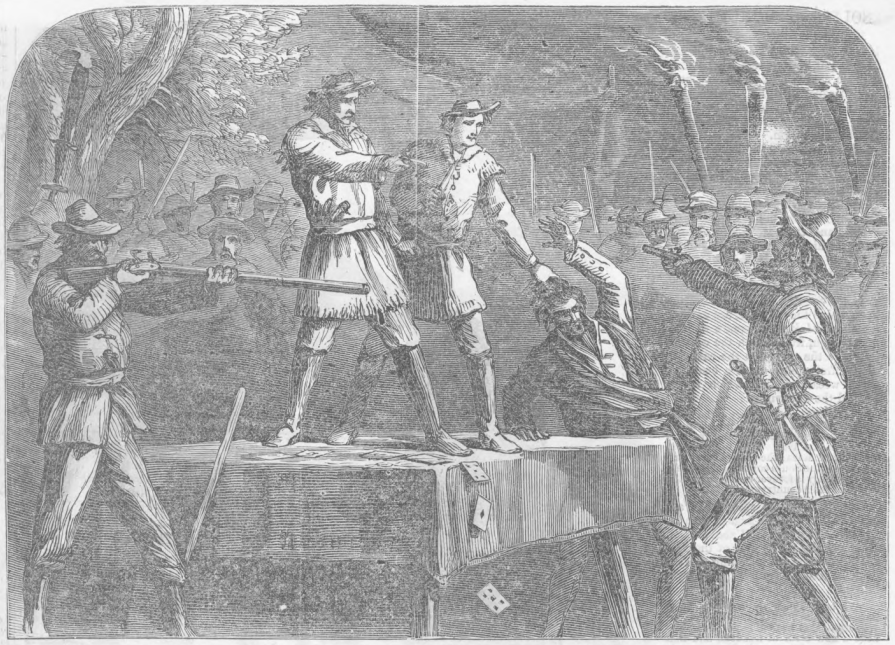
The Mexican grew pale, and his knees smote together; he presented an aspect of mute terror that was appalling; he stood rooted to the ground.

Click! came the cocking of a revolver. Tom Landers had drawn his six-shooter and thrust it toward Hal. Hal did not flinch a particle, but held his knife in his right hand, and eyed the bully. I leaped upon the table, holding my Colt ready, with finger on the trigger, and stood by my chum's side.

"Shoot if you dare, you cowardly cut-throat!" I said, with as much coolness as I could command. "It will be your last shot."

There was a rustle in the crowd, and the next instant a tall, slab-sided trapper, carrying in his hands an enormous rifle, emerged from the crowd, and confronted the glowering Tom Landers. The trapper threw his rifle to a level, and drew a bead upon the bully.

"Tom Landers," said he, in a gruff voice, "if ye don't put up that leetle shootin'-iron, I'll put the contents o' old Black Bess through yer noddle quicker 'n greased lightnin' 'd kill a b'ar. The boy has won the scalp; an' if thar's any virtue in my muscle, he'll hev it too."



"SAY, MEN!" CRIED HAL, IN A CLEAR, CALM VOICE, "YOU HAVE WATCHED THIS GAME. DID I WIN IT FAIRLY?" "YES, YES!" YELLED THE CROWD. "IS THE MEXICAN'S SCALP FAIRLY MINE?" "YOURS, YOURS!" ROARED A SCORE OF THROATS. "THEN, BY ST. PAUL! I'LL HAVE IT!" SAID MY CHUM, DRAWING HIS FORMIDABLE BOWIE.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XII.—No. 580.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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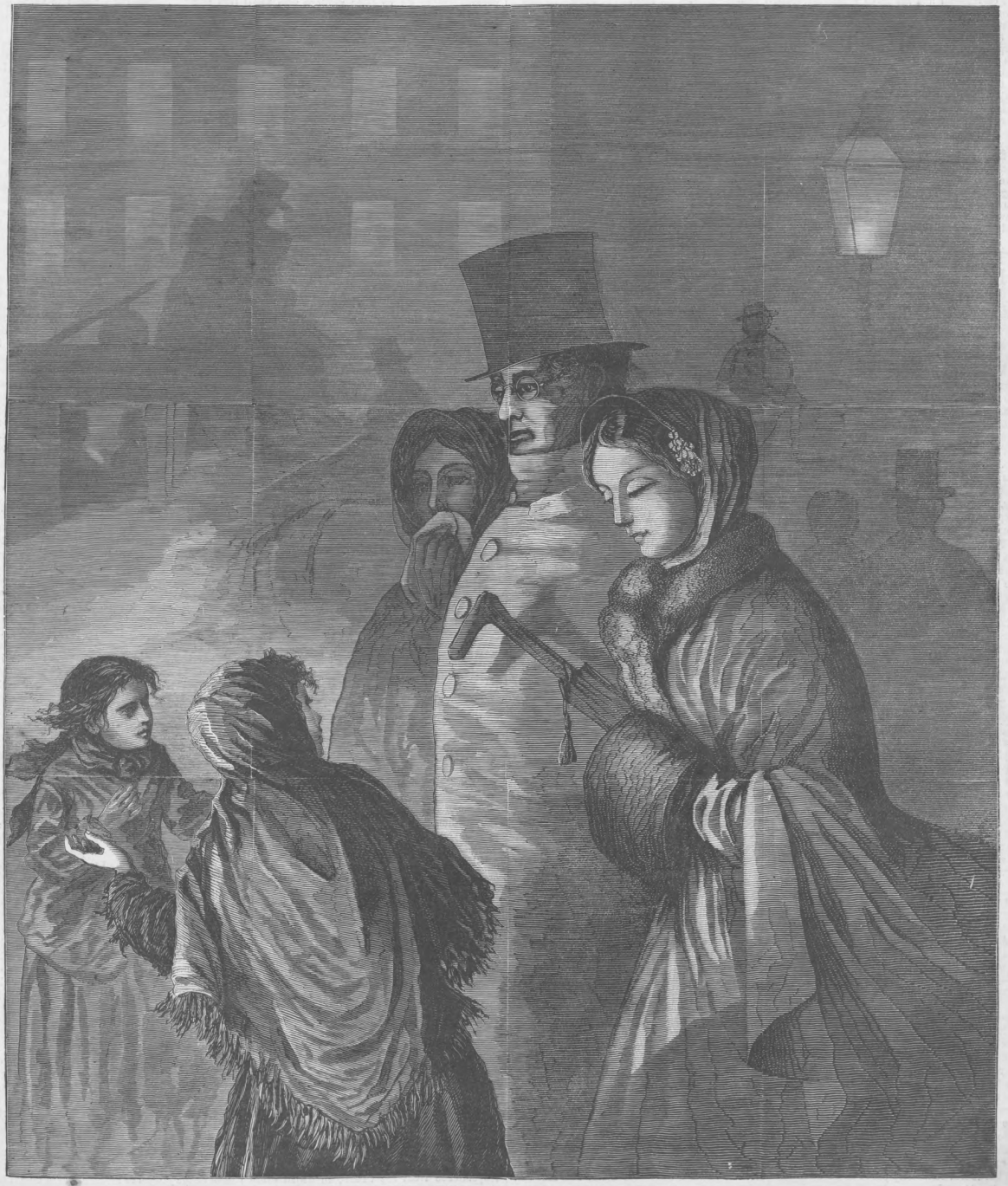

"PLEASE GIVE ME A PENNY, SIR!"—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

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"PLEASE GIVE ME A PENNY, SIR!"

IN one of his pleasant letters to the *Christian Times* of London, Rev. NEWMAN HALL speaks in terms of the highest praise of what might be called "the organized charities" of New York, and more particularly of the various institutions of this city which have for their main object the care, support, and rescue from a life of crime and shame, of our "forty thousand city arabs," as he enumerates and designates the young vagrants and beggars of both sexes who live in the metropolis. The organized charities of New York have been praised by many others besides Mr. HALL; there is no doubt, even in the coldest of hearts and most uncharitable of minds, that they are practical and effective means of distributing charity and doing good; but there is also vast room for the judicious bestowal of unorganized, individual charity. Of special charities there can not be any too much, even if some of them be unwisely administered, nor can those who have the means to bestow go far wrong in giving freely in a general way. Especially is this the case at this time—during the present unusually hard winter, when so many worthy and industriously-disposed persons are, by the present commercial and industrial embarrassments, thrown out of employment. It is estimated that from 10,000 to 15,000 working men and women of this city have been discharged from regular employment since the opening of winter; and the proportion in other cities and States is not less. Many of these must necessarily seek relief at the various charitable institutions; the vast majority, however, must depend on the general charity of the public. The public do not need to be reminded that such want exists, for the needy applicants hourly asking for alms reminds them only too forcibly and unpleasantly of it, and it is to be hoped that they do not need urging to give freely, but perhaps the gentle reminder which we give in the beautiful picture on the preceding page will not be out of place at this time, when the need of charity is so great, and when the extravagance of our people in the pursuit of vain and ethereal pleasures is so unreasonable.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1868.

THE SITUATION.

AMIDST the loud shout of reactionary and partisan exultation which saluted the success of last November, we were told that now the State of New York at least could see daybreak, and that now the party of economy and public virtue and true principles of government having come into power in the lower House of the Legislature, we should see what we should see. But before the first month of the session has expired a member of the majority is reported in the debates of the Assembly as saying, "He thought that any rich and powerful corporation could overcome any committee of the House."

What a statement is here of the character of the Legislature! That it was made by a Democrat is of no importance. It is a subject of the greatest interest to every citizen of every party. If the honor of the members of the Legislature has become a jest even to themselves, it is time for thoughtful men to devise a remedy for the situation. Yet we do not believe there is any royal road to the reform, nor that the difficulty can be removed by law.

There is an evident political demoralization observable upon every side, which is really due in great part to the enormous and constant sophistication of the last twenty years upon the subject of slavery. Men were politically obliged to call wrong right; to chaffer, and higgle, and explain with their consciences—and with the inevitable result. The political character of the whole country was morally weakened, and we are now paying the moral as the war was the material penalty. We are apt stoutly to deny any relation of politics to morality, but the truth imperatively asserts itself; and he is a very insufficient statesman who does not consider it.

We have elsewhere spoken of the education of freedmen. If any thing were clear when the war ended, it was our duty and interest toward them: a duty that might be overdone, but was not therefore to be left undone. Yet the fact of emancipation, so beneficent and sublime in itself, has undoubtedly been misinterpreted. It was but an act of justice, long and cruelly delayed, and it seemed to imply a fine moral elevation. But we have probably accepted the aspect of the act for the intention. For it was extravagant to suppose that a nation which had so long confused its conscience upon the subject could at once rise to such a height. And it did not. Those who supposed it possible were mistaken. Those who have thought that a policy founded upon the view of emancipation as a moral regeneration of the country would be warmly sustained have deceived themselves. The completion of emancipation is due to the same national necessity that began it; and they confuse their minds who persist in regarding it as a great moral victory.

That it will ultimately prove to be so is unquestionable. It will at length be seen by us that honesty is the best policy, and that an immoral social system is not expedient, but costs more than it comes to. Nor are we now complaining that nations delay reforms which morality demands until the demand is emphasized by self-interest. We are only looking for some explanation of the evident and painful demoralized state of the public mind in this country which is called the great reaction. Every aspect of it is as mean as that of the reaction under CHARLES II. in England. The inexpressibly contemptible hostility to the colored population is its first aspect—a hostility which feeds itself by every kind of slander and wretched appeal to a wretched prejudice, and forever seeks to exasperate instead of conciliate mutual confidence. The second symptom of the demoralization called reaction is the evident tendency to repudiation in some quarters, or willingness not to fulfill the exact moral understanding that existed when the national loans were made.

This reaction or demoralization will be the chief reliance in the approaching Presidential election of the party which fostered slavery and brought on the war. The two planks of its platform will be hatred of the negroes and repudiation. It will be observed that the name of Mr. HORATIO SEYMOUR, of this State, is not often mentioned as a probable Presidential candidate of the Democratic party. He wrote a letter, indeed, late in the autumn, declining to be considered as an aspirant. Such a letter, of course, was naturally regarded as a polite reminder that Barkis was willin'. But we are inclined to believe that it was a sincere performance. At the Democratic State Convention last autumn Mr. SEYMOUR made a speech, in which he substantially favored keeping the public faith. But the movement of the reaction—the process of demoralization—was so rapid that, by the beginning of winter, Mr. SEYMOUR found that his latest utterance was far behind the sentiment of his party, and that he had ceased to be a leader. Mr. PENDLETON, a frank secessionist and repudiator, had not concealed his sentiments, and was saluted by the Northwestern reaction as the true interpreter of the party feeling. The clamor against the untaxed bonds grew louder and fiercer, and Mr. SEYMOUR, who had virtually spoken for that interest, was sagacious enough to see that he was already unavailable.

We are far from attributing intentional fraud to many of those who support the repudiating policy in whatever form it may be proposed. Nor is it difficult to see the reason of a widespread feeling upon the subject. Business is every where dull. The farmer's crops lie upon his hands. Gold is feverish, and with every fluctuation ruins thousands of small country traders. Taxes are heavier than ever before. Yet people of small means—and they are the great mass of the population—see that the holders of the gold-bearing bonds pay no tax upon them, while gold is at 120, or 130, or 140. The taxpayers vaguely feel that it is unjust; that here is an immense amount of property which contributes nothing at all to the taxes yet receives heavy dividends from the money raised by taxation. The mass of people are not thinkers; they know little of political economy, and they will be very friendly to any party or policy which promises, as they imagine, to equalize taxation.

Yet probably there is no one of the persons who have this feeling and wish this result who would not agree, upon reflection, that nothing can be gained by an actual breach of faith. If the United States should tax their bonds under the plea that they were originally exempted only from local taxation, or if there should be a payment of the interest upon a part of the Five-Twenties in greenbacks, or if the whole debt should be repudiated, the result would be morally the same; the national faith would be broken and the national name dishonored; and it would be economically the same, for credit being destroyed, the whole business of the country would be prostrated. The first step might not be ill-intentioned, but the end of the journey would be in full view. The embezzlers whom every year discovers and sends to self-destruction or to the State Prison meant to replace every thing before any body could be a loser. Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of BUTLER, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of PENDLETON, attend to the history of every man and of every nation which deliberately breaks faith!

It is the duty of every faithful citizen, therefore, not to say that the people are evidently resolved to do an unwise or dishonest thing, but to show them that unwisdom and dishonesty can not be advantageous. There is a favorite and familiar method of disposing of great public questions by saying, "Oh, the people have made up their minds to it!" But if the people have made up their minds to a false or a wrong policy—what then? Is an honest man to fall into line and shout Great is Diana! or is he to persist in preaching the unknown God? We do not believe that the country is ready to break faith, and all honest men have a right to demand from Congress a financial policy which will be simple, efficient, and just. The reaction unresisted will be an incalculable moral and material misfortune to the country; and we respectfully suggest that the way to resist it is not to yield to it.

THE ALPHABET AND THE NEW CITIZENS.

THERE is no subject of profounder interest than that of education in the late rebel States; and while the Democratic journals are every where sneering and canting about the freedmen, and striving to inflame and perpetuate hostility between the races, the freedmen themselves are steadily advancing in education and intelligence. The moment emancipation was accomplished, whatever was done or left undone education of the freedmen became a national necessity. If the President and his supporters could have had their way, the new citizens would have been left wholly to the old. If the Freedmen's Bureau had not been sustained against the veto, the situation at the South would have been infinitely obscurer than it is. The question that was so persistently asked in some quarters, whether it were the proper business of Congress or the Government to educate a part of the people at the public expense? was answered by the plain necessities of the case. With four millions of emancipated persons among six or eight millions who had been a master class, who knew that emancipation had been wrought despite them, and who could not avoid seeing in every freedman a living sign of their defeat and humiliation, there could be no more palpable national duty than to instruct the emancipated class.

From the beginning of the war there had been faithful men and women engaged in teaching, and voluntary societies rapidly arose to carry forward the good work, which has now fallen very much into the hands of the American Freedmen's Association. But General HOWARD, the Chief of the Bureau, has always been in the most friendly relations with the various societies, and has taken care that every thing within the power of the Bureau should be done for the cause. Amidst the fierce storm of politics this noiseless work has proceeded—a work of incalculable value, and largely dependent upon private subscription.

The whole subject is so vitally related to the rapid pacification and prosperity of the country that we confess none of the reports which are made by the various Departments at this season seems to us more significant than that of General HOWARD upon this subject. His name will surely live in the traditions of a grateful race. A more faithful friend no class in this country ever had, a more patriotic and modest public servant has not been known among us. From time to time there have been rumors of his removal, but some good genius has stayed the Presidential hand; and as the prolonged duration of the Bureau is doubtful, it may fairly be presumed that the General will remain to the end. In his late Report he speaks in the most encouraging tone of the subject of education.

It appears that the organization of the educational department of the Bureau is constantly more complete and efficient. It works harmoniously with all the voluntary associations, and the General thinks that "the freedmen may, before long, be safely left with such instructors." For the last six months, reported by Mr. J. W. ALVORD, General Superintendent of schools in each State, we learn that the whole number of schools reported, including Sunday-schools, is 3695, and of pupils 238,342. This was an increase of the previous six months of 1503 schools and 76,638 pupils. Of these schools 1056 are sustained wholly, or in part, by the freedmen, and 391 of the buildings are owned by themselves; 699 of the teachers in the day and night schools are colored, and 1388 white. 28,068 colored pupils have paid tuition, the average amount per month being $14,555; and only 6911 of the pupils were free before the war. There are 21 normal schools, with 1881 pupils. These schools, for the instruction of teachers, have been nearly doubled during the last six months, and are to be multiplied rapidly. The total expenditure by the Bureau for all educational purposes during the six months was $220,833 01, and for the whole year $643,766 20.

The interest in education among the colored people, says the General, does not flag, and the educational effort has been strikingly successful. The progress under necessarily unfavorable circumstances, the permanency of the schools, scarcely one failing after beginning, and the rapid increase of general intelligence among the colored population, are such as to cause the General to say that "the hopes of the warmest friends of the freedmen have been more than fulfilled. The Future is full of promise for the entire race redeemed from bondage and ignorance." These are cheerful words, spoken by one who knows more of the matter than any body else.

General HOWARD recommends that when the term of the Bureau expires the educational division, "which is beyond measure important," shall be transferred to the Department of Education, with ample power to sustain and extend the present system. How agreeable it is, after the stupid ribaldry of the Copperhead correspondence from the South, in which every thing ludicrous is distorted and derided, to contemplate the facts of this Report and all that they imply!

CHILD MURDER.

IN our paper for January 25 we published a view of the wicket of the Foundling Hospital at Florence, in Italy, and we called attention to the fact of the alarming increase of infanticide and of other unmentionable crimes. Indeed the most startling phenomenon of our life is the apparent decline of the maternal sentiment. Essays are constantly published by medical men which explain the mysterious advertisements in otherwise respectable newspapers. In some papers the reader may find nearly a column of such advertisements, which, in plain English, are merely murder made easy and disease made sure. They are both a cause and a symptom; and the essays of which we speak are the record of the experience of faithful and wise physicians. The late Dr. WORTHINGTON HOOKER, one of the most eminent among them, declared, in a former number of this journal, that the average of children in American families has declined from eight to less than three, and that one of the chief causes is the consent of the mother.

The inevitable consequence of such a condition is that human life declines in value, and that the unwilling mother views infanticide with composure. It is therefore not surprising that the Secretary of the Board of State Charities in Massachusetts has ascertained during the last year that eighty out of every hundred infants placed in public alms-houses die within a short time; and an asylum has been founded to care for the unfortunate children; and all the town authorities are authorized to send foundlings and all deserted infants thither. During the last week, also, another instance of this wanton carelessness of life, or in other words, murder, was exposed in this city. A woman applied to the Board of Health for a burial permit for a child two months old. Dr. HARRIS was suspicious, and upon inquiry it was ascertained that the body of the infant was brought from the house of CATHARINE D. PUTNAM, who keeps a lying-in hospital for women who are not wives.

The certificate upon which the permit was sought was given, according to the report in the morning papers, by Dr. JAMES W. RANNEY, and a false number of the house was mentioned. To the inquiry, whether it was a disreputable house, Dr. RANNEY replied that if taking children from the breast and feeding them upon "spoon victuals" tends to shorten their lives, and "if persons in a house doing this thing makes it disreputable, then this is a disreputable house." The cook testified that Mrs. PUTNAM advertised children for adoption, and kept them until they were adopted, and that there was a death in the house every two months. That is, Mrs. PUTNAM keeps a lying-in retreat for mothers who wish to abandon their offspring, and Mrs. PUTNAM disposes of them. If there are no applicants for adoption the fate of the infants may be surmised.

The experience of Europe has led to the establishment of foundling hospitals as the surest method of diminishing child murder. The argument that such institutions tend to promote vice by alleviating its consequences is not sound. For we have no right to make the sacrifice of those who are wholly innocent a means of restraining the guilty. Nor is the correction of the evil from which this crime springs to be found in vehement denunciation and exclamations of horror, and then leaving it to cure itself. In the city of New York we believe that the *Crèche* receives foundlings under certain conditions; but the time is fully ripe for such foundling hospitals as those in Europe. Nor have we any doubt that the revelations of every month and week, the testimony of science and of the police, will rapidly persuade the public of this truth.

THE NEW YORK CONVENTION.

As there is no report published of the proceedings of the Constitutional Convention at Albany except in the local papers, which are usually a fortnight behind the debates, it is edifying to observe the criticisms which are made upon that body and its work. The Democratic papers were not favorable to the Convention before it assembled, and soon after its deliberations began the New York *Tribune* led off in a loud denunciation of its "windiness," and set the fashion of laughing at it, which has been faithfully followed to the present time.

But we believe that when the work of the Convention is submitted to the people they will heartily approve it; and this is an opinion which is not peculiar to the members of the dominant political party among the delegates. Even the Albany *Argus*, which upon the adjournment in the autumn denounced the probable action of the Convention as destructive of all that is most desirable in civil society, now that its labors are coming to an end describes the changes made by it as generally valuable. Doubtless the *Argus* thinks that the result is due to the fact that the Convention has as yet made very few radical alterations in the present Constitution. It has equalized the suffrage, and extended the term of the judges to fourteen years, and it has laid certain restrictions upon the Legislature in passing special laws. But it has been unsparing in rejecting any proposition of fundamental

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reform other than that of the voting qualification.

Thus the article reported by the Committee on Charities, proposing a complete system of State care of charities and charitable bequests, was—not to speak lightly—incontinently crumpled up and thrown out of the window. The Chairman of the Committee, Mr. ERASTUS BROOKS, who is peculiarly familiar with the whole subject, and made a long and valuable and interesting speech upon presenting his article, struggled strenuously to save his work from immediate and ignominious rejection; but Judge COMSTOCK bore down upon him with a legal argument upon charitable uses and the wisdom of leaving the whole subject to the Legislature, and was most decidedly supported by the Convention.

This debate seemed to have given the Convention a taste of blood; so when the Report of the Committee upon Education appeared another onset was made. The Committee proposed to recognize in the Constitution the Land Scrip and Cornell University Funds, and to create a State Board of Education to do the duties which are now divided between the Board of Regents and the Superintendent of Education. The first proposition was so evidently proper that it was adopted after very little debate. But the second led to a very animated discussion during two days. Mr. HALE, of Essex; Mr. ALVORD, of Onondaga; Judge PARKER, of Albany; Judge VERPLANCK, of Erie, and Judge COMSTOCK, of Onondaga, were the chief opponents of the proposition, which was supported mainly by Mr. GOULD, of Columbia, and the Chairman of the Committee. Finally the test question was raised upon an amendment of Judge COMSTOCK'S, virtually continuing the present system, for which the Chairman offered a substitute, in which the proposition of the section reported was made more precise. The division defeated the Committee by a small majority in a house which was not a quorum; but the question of quorum was not raised, and the defeat was accepted. The Convention then trampled the whole article under foot, excepting the first section. It even refused to guarantee the freedom of the common schools in the fundamental law; but on a subsequent day the Chairman of the Committee on Education moved that the Committee on Revision be instructed to report the guarantee.

As we write the Convention is engaged upon the article providing for the government of cities. It is not possible to foretell the decision, but our decided impression is that the Convention will not advise the people of the State to relinquish the right of necessary control in the city of New York. Judge VERPLANCK, of Erie, one of the leading Democrats in the Convention, declared that he thought the Constitution so far as completed the best State Constitution ever made; but he said that unless the government of the great cities, including the police and the health management and all other subjects, was left wholly to themselves, he was very sure that this best of Constitutions would be fatally injured and justly rejected. To us, on the contrary, it seems clear, both from reason and experience, that such a course would be, under the circumstances, a criminal renunciation of their unquestionable authority by the people of New York.

It is generally understood that the action of the Democratic party upon the Constitution will depend very much upon the decision of this question. If the subject is left as it stands at present, or if the Constitution expressly assert a system of State care of the police and health, the party will oppose it; if the power of control is expressly renounced, the party may support the Constitution. But whatever be the fate of the labor of the Convention a faithful story of its deliberations will not shame those who have diligently devoted themselves to the duty which was imposed upon them.

MOTLEY'S NEW VOLUMES.

THE third and fourth volumes of Mr. MOTLEY'S History of the United Netherlands, finishing the work, are just published by the HARPERS. They are wholly worthy of the author, and the interest of the narration is fascinating to the very end. That end is the truce between the States-General, the Arch-Duke, and the King of Spain in 1609, which, after forty years of the most memorable heroism upon the part of the Dutch, virtually established the Republic. These two volumes are therefore the end of the historian's present undertaking. But he is already at work upon the natural sequel of the story here told, the Thirty Years' War, ending with the peace of Westphalia.

We are more than ever impressed in these volumes by the singular fitness of the historian for the particular task he has chosen. Mr. MOTLEY comes to his work not as a scholar merely, nor as a historian in the sense of mere annalist, but as a man of individual convictions and as a citizen with a full share of social and political responsibility. History, in his judgment, is not a more or less imposing and brilliant romance, but a part of our own life and full of the most valuable experience. He, therefore, does not affect a judicial impartiality, except as to facts. For the rest he judges the times and persons of his narrative as he would his contemporaries, making the due allowance for the difference of epochs. Upon the great questions involved in the struggle of the Netherlands, the historian's convictions are so clear, his sympathies so fresh, and his interest so vital, that he has, as he ought to have, the warmth of an actual actor in the events he describes. And so, substantially, he is. The same relentless and cruel hostility to liberty of thought that sustained the devilish war of PHILIP II. upon the Netherlands, the same feeling of caste which caused the Kings of England, France, and Spain to hate the very name of Republic and a government of burghers; under changed forms are the substance of our struggles to-day, the struggles which Mr. MOTLEY has seen both in Europe and at home.

The men and events treated in these volumes are of the highest interest. PHILIP II. of Spain, ELIZABETH of England, HENRY IV. of France, ALEXANDER FARNESE, Prince of Parma, MAURICE of Nassau, JOHN of Olden-Barneveld, JAMES I. of England, with the Marquis of Spinola and a crowd of lesser actors, are constantly conspicuous upon the page. Then we have the brilliant opening campaign of MAURICE against ALEXANDER FARNESE, and the contests between FARNESE and HENRY of Navarre, with the latter's finally successful operations; the battle of Ivry, and the pompous farce of HENRY'S conversion; with the siege of Ostend and the battle of Nieuport; HEEMSKEOK'S great naval victory in the Bay of Gibraltar; the difference between MAURICE and BARNEVELD; the petulance of ELIZABETH; the rise of the Dutch East India trade; the arctic explorations; and the many and long negotiations leading at last to peace.

PHILIP II. died in 1600, and his character is elaborately analyzed by the historian. The whole history is indeed the record of his crimes; but the summary of his life is one of the most tremendous of historical judgments in its severity and force. PHILIP was the fearful illustration of what the logic of the Romish Church will make of a sincere zealot who is also a monarch of vast power. PHILIP was the scourge of civilization. The misery which he caused is indescribable, and his sole excuse for it was that other men did not think as he did upon religious subjects.

The Netherlands stood against him with a zeal as unswerving as his own. The brave, gay, frivolous, and false HENRY of Navarre, the "Huguenot," as he was called, would have extinguished the hope of mankind with a smile, and had the Netherlands been overcome England would have fallen. The heroic devotion of the Dutch, their tough tenacity, their indomitable industry and enterprise by which, during so constant and engrossing a war, they rose into the first commercial and, for their numbers, the first military power of the age, are well worth our most thoughtful study. Sometimes during the war the citizens taxed themselves fifty per cent. of their individual incomes, and so doubled the public exchequer; and there were years when one man out of three of the whole male population was ready to be mustered into the field. There was hardly a Netherlander, man, woman, or child, who could not read and write; and the schools were a public charge. Nothing but such a people could have exhausted and foiled the fanaticism of such a king as PHILIP.

Mr. MOTLEY exposes, without equivocation, the whole system of treachery and swindling called statecraft and diplomacy under which a King or a Pope, or any agent of theirs, would lie and cheat in a manner which, in a game of cards, would cause him to be kicked out of the company. Diplomacy was not an encounter of wits, it was merely a bout of lying; and whoever succeeded best in making his lies believed was the ablest diplomatist.

The Netherlands were the cradle of modern Liberty; and no man less an intelligent lover of liberty than Mr. MOTLEY could have told their heroic story with such perfect appreciation, such sympathy and power.

THE HYGIENE OF GYMNASTICS.

WHEN Mr. Horace Greeley announced that, if appointed umpire in a base-ball match, he would certainly give the "champion ball" to the "nine" who lost the game, as their defective playing at outdoor sports was in some measure proof that they were good husbands and brothers and sons, with a commendable love of home and home-pleasures, he preached a very good and effective sermon against an evil into which a great many young men of America are running at present with headlong speed and injudicious zeal. In gymnastics and calisthenics, as in many other things, the young men and women of this country have of late years committed a great many excesses; and they need to be warned of the dangers to health and beauty which they are thereby unwittingly encountering. The development of a taste for manly exercises designed to promote health and strength, and beauty and grace of person, has undoubtedly conduced to a diminution of certain bad habits, and has been productive of temperance in diet and drink; but there is danger, and very great danger too, that we shall run into the other extreme, and get something too much of gymnastics. There is now existing an undue interest, not only to witness, but to perform, feats of strength and agility, which are attractive merely because difficult and dangerous. We know of one gymnastic-school in this city which possessed the "Pfau mania" to such a degree that really healthful exercises were abandoned while the scholars risked their necks in attempting to transform themselves into Russian acrobats, and fly through the air on trapezes swung at a dangerous height, but not necessarily more difficult to catch or control on that account. In fact, the young gymnasts of the whole country, including pedestrians, yachtsmen, Turners, base-ball players, cricketers, and even our fair friends, the lovers of croquet, seem to be bent on becoming "professionals."

It is all well enough to admire the wonderful nerve that must be present in the man who walks a rope over the great cataract, and the energy and endurance necessary to walk a hundred miles in a day, or turn innumerable somersaults. These are, however, not true gymnastics; they are the amusement of an hour, or the labors of a gamester, and tend to no advantage, mental or physical. Gymnastics and calisthenics should be taken, like medicines, "for their own sakes." The purpose of the first is to develop and regulate the strength of the body; the other to promote grace in the movement of the person; and it is a matter of great interest to know how and when to take each, and how much of each to take. Physical education is undoubtedly of the greatest value to mankind, not only as far as its own direct influence is concerned on the health and natural existence, but as an adjunct to mental advancement and culture. But physical exercise should be so regulated that the *physique* may be uniformly advanced and strengthened, at the same time so apportioned that exhaustion and fatigue may not occur. Really sound physiological training would embrace both these points; but of late we have not been physiologically "sound," and the sooner we come to reason the better. It may be interesting to those amateur gymnasts who are ambitious to excel in these hurtful "theatrical gymnastics" which are practiced by such athletes as Blondin, Pfau, and others, that pantomimists and acrobats are short-lived people, and although, doubtless, other extravagances and temptations assist in thus producing an evil result, it is not be denied that over-exertion and the want of sufficient knowledge as to the relation between food of a certain character and quantity, and exertion of a severe kind, has, in many instances, laid the foundation of disease, and been the primary cause of an early dissolution. If, then, we would obtain advantage from exertion, the individual requirements of food and support need particular attention. Perhaps in no way have the old rules of diet been so erroneous as in those which limit the supply of fluid. We speak now as to *quantity*, and not as to quality. A certain waste must occur during excessive exertion, and unless that be supplied from *without*, the fluids of the body are interfered with, producing, doubtless, a reduction in weight, but, at the same time, thickening the blood, wasting the muscle which is dependent to a great extent upon fluid for its function, and deranging the entire organization. Again, as all exertion increases respiration, it becomes an important matter to supply a proper amount of fresh air. For this reason it would certainly be better if all gymnastic exercises were taken in the open air, and the plan of building gymnasia is open to very serious and strong objections. Should, however, such an arrangement be necessary, the freest ventilation should be insisted on, and a particular freedom from dust enforced. One other matter, which may be considered a trivial one, and yet which is very influential for good or evil, is the clothing that is worn during the course of instruction. Loose flannel clothes are in every way suitable, and particularly is it necessary that ample space be afforded about the chest and shoulders. But most important of all is the matter of proper instruction; and no young man or woman should go through a course of physical exercise without good guide or some such valuable and practical book as the volume by William Wood, lately published by Harper & Brothers, and which has already reached a second edition and become a standard authority on the subject of all sorts of Physical exercises.

LITERARY.

In "Stories of the Gorilla Country," published by the HARPERS, PAUL DU CHAILLU gives us young folks a most entertaining little book of African adventure, anecdote, and information. Monsieur PAUL was an ardent if not a mighty hunter, and his haps and mishaps with elephants, leopards, boas, and gorillas are full of excitement. The author, whose first work was jealously assailed by certain critics in England, has lived to see the fidelity of his statements confirmed, and it is not as a romance, but as a story of actual experience, that this attractive volume appeals to the reader. It is written for young readers, and is copiously and strikingly illustrated. But every body will find it amusing and interesting.

ART SCHOOLS OF NEW YORK.

WE give on the succeeding page a number of views in the several Schools of Design, or Art Schools, of this city, the most perfect, and indeed the only institutions of the kind in this country which approach completeness.

The Art Schools are intended not only for the thorough education of painters and sculptors, but the practical instruction of designers in all the various arts and manufactures which require designing and engraving in any of their branches. Many people have opposed these schools as of no practical value, and even to this day the proportion of the public who support and the youth who accept the advantages of these schools is but an insignificant fraction of the total population—not one in ten thousand. Perhaps this is because the schools are yet young and their practical value has not as yet been fully demonstrated in practical results or the development of many great designers. We are such a practical people in America that we occasionally fail to see the utility of many things which we are required to learn. But a few visits to either of the Art Schools of New York would demonstrate their great utility to the most skeptical of Gradgrinds in search of the hardest of facts.

No sensible person will fail to be interested in an evening visit to the drawing-classes of the Mechanics' Institute, at No. 472 Broadway. This is a school supported entirely by the Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen, and is for the benefit and instruction of any and all mechanics' apprentices. It is free and open to all boys of this class; and at the present time numbers 450 pupils. First-class teachers are always in attendance, and as desirous of instructing as boys can be to learn. If the apprentice of a machinist enters the school he is put to work at first on the rudiments of mechanical and machine drawing, and gradually advanced until the most complicated engine is made plain to his understanding, and until his hand can copy correctly the design which has been set before him, or his mind originate a better. In the same way, if a window-shade-maker's apprentice enters this school he is instructed in drawing designs for those painted window-shades which form a not insignificant part of our industry. The large boy in the engraving on the right and lower corner of our page of illustrations is evidently the apprentice of a cabinet-maker, and has got beyond the first rudiments of designing. Eventually, when he shall have passed through the whole course of his study in this school at night and his master's shop during the day, he will be able not only to execute with tools, as most journeymen can, the beautiful scroll-work which ornaments most of the furniture of the day, but also to design new and original and perhaps more beautiful patterns. The apprentices of carpenters and builders are also taught all manner of architectural and mathematical drawing, not with the intention of making complete architects of them, but to give them such a knowledge of architecture as to enable them, as future master-carpenters and builders, to clearly comprehend the architect's plans of the buildings which they shall contract to erect. Mr. HENRY H. WINANS, who has been in charge of this school for eleven years, and who has done much to educate the young mechanics of this city, informs us that since the school was started, in 1856, several of his pupils have become designers in machine-work, fresco-painting, and cabinet-work, for large establishments, and that two have become architects. The practical results of the instruction in these schools, however, is to make more perfect mechanics of the apprentices.

The schools of the Cooper Institute are also free, and are sustained by the fund which established that noble institution. They are open alike to males and females, though different rooms are provided for the different sexes. Here designing of all sorts is taught, and here are graduated designers in all known branches of manufacture, including silver, brass and iron work, tapestry, jewelry, etc., etc. The same general course of instruction is maintained here as in the school of the Mechanics' Institute, but results, perhaps, in producing more professional designers than does the latter school.

The antique (or statuary) school of the National Academy of Design is the principal and highest art school in this country. It is not an elementary school as are the others; before a student can enter it he must have already mastered the rudiments of art and acquired such a proficiency in the use of pencil or crayon as to be able to make a drawing, whose excellence shall indicate to the school council the possession by the applicant of a certain degree of talent for art. This drawing must be of a plaster head, foot, face, or other portion of the human figure. The student, once admitted, has the privilege of the large rooms of the Academy, where are to be found copies in plaster of all the famous and beautiful statues of the Old World. These they are permitted to copy and study. The teachers are merely critics, and occasionally point out the errors of the students, and suggest how they may be remedied or avoided. To this school males and females are alike admitted. Attached to this is also the "Life School," to which only the more advanced male students in the statuary school are admitted, and in which drawings are made from living models.

THE NEW RECONSTRUCTION BILL.

THE new Reconstruction bill, which originated with the House committee (and which proposes to deprive the President of all power to further oppose the Congressional scheme of reconstruction, and to devolve his present powers on General Grant, as the General-in-chief of the army), was passed by the House, after several days' debate, on January 21, by a vote of 124 yeas to 45 nays—enough to carry it over a veto by the President. The bill was promptly introduced, on January 22, in the Senate; but no action had been taken on it, though it was thoroughly debated, up to January 28.

THE COTTON TAX.

THE Senate on January 22 discharged its committee of conference on the Cotton Tax bill, and passed an amendment to the House bill suspending the tax for 1868, and fixing it at one cent per pound after this year.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN'S DISCHARGE.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN, whose arrest by the English authorities at Queenstown, charged with Fenianism, was noticed in our last, was discharged at Cork on January 20, and the officers at London deny that they authorized his arrest. He immediately began a suit against the British Crown for illegal arrest, fixing his damages at $500,000.

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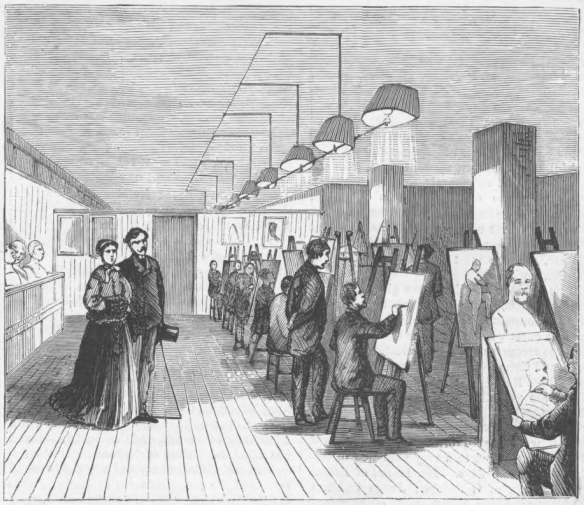
SCHOOL OF DESIGN FOR FEMALES, COOPER INSTITUTE.



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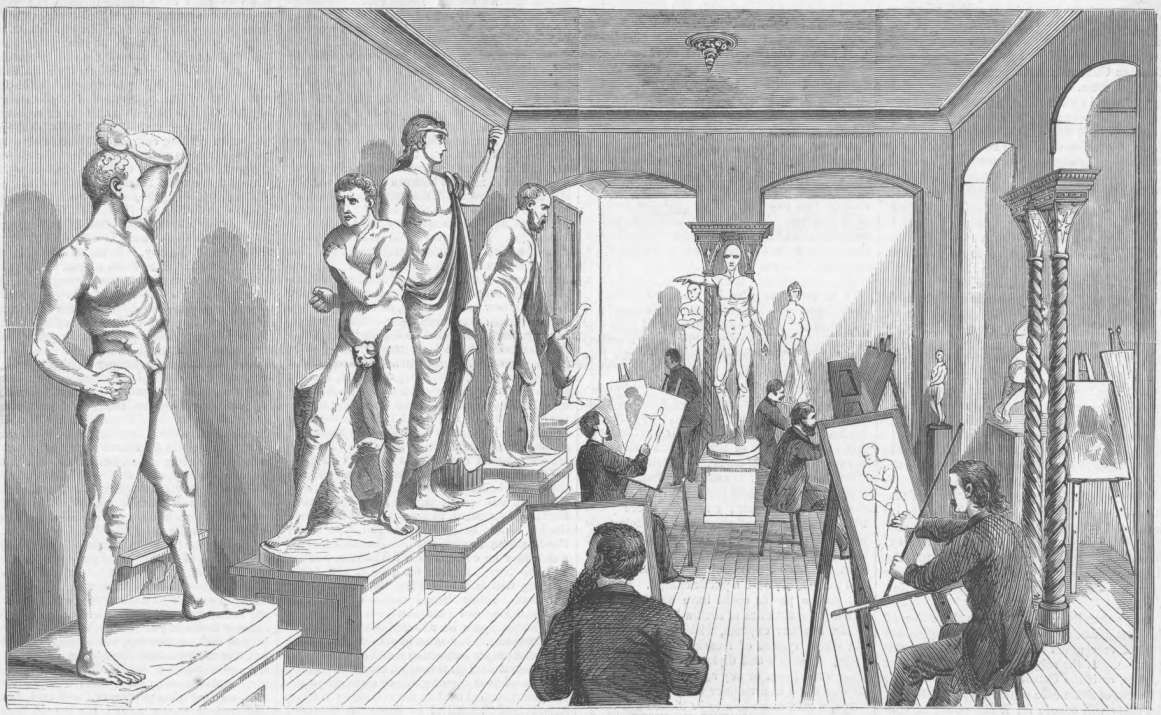
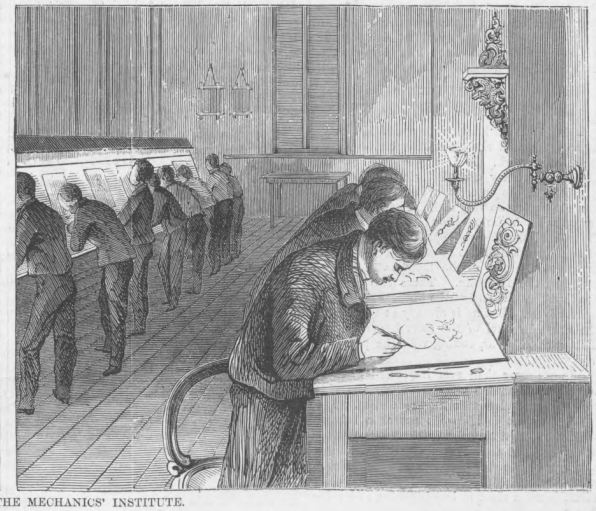


ANTIQUE SCHOOL, NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.



DRAWING-CLASSES OF THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

ART SCHOOLS OF NEW YORK.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 83.]

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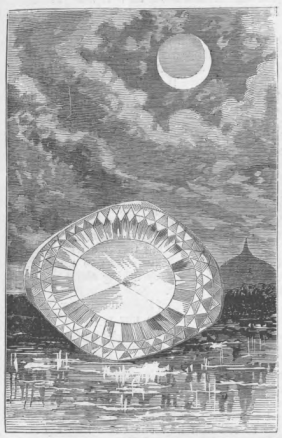
THE MOONSTONE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

Printed from the Author's Manuscript.

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.



CHAPTER XI.

WHEN the last of the guests had driven away I went back into the inner hall, and found Samuel at the side-table, presiding over the brandy and soda-water. My lady and Miss Rachel came out of the drawing-room, followed by the two gentlemen. Mr. Godfrey had some brandy and soda-water. Mr. Franklin took nothing. He sat down, looking dead tired; the talking on this birthday occasion had, I suppose, been too much for him.

My lady, turning round to wish them good-night, looked hard at the wicked Colonel's legacy shining in her daughter's dress.

"Rachel," she asked, "where are you going to put your Diamond to-night?"

Miss Rachel was in high good spirits, just in that humor for talking nonsense, and perversely persisting in it as if it was sense, which you may sometimes have observed in young girls when they are highly wrought up, at the end of an exciting day. First, she declared she didn't know where to put the Diamond. Then she said, "on her dressing-table, of course, along with her other things." Then she remembered that the Diamond might take to shining of itself, with its awful moony light, in the dark, and that would terrify her in the dead of night. Then she bethought herself of an Indian cabinet which stood in her sitting-room, and instantly made up her mind to put the Indian diamond in the Indian cabinet, for the purpose of permitting two beautiful native productions to admire each other. Having let her little flow of nonsense run on as far as that point, her mother interposed and stopped her.

"My dear! your Indian cabinet has no lock to it," says my lady.

"Good Heavens, mamma!" cries Miss Rachel, "is this an hotel? Are there thieves in the house?"

Without taking notice of this fantastic way of talking, my lady wished the gentlemen good-night. She next turned to Miss Rachel, and kissed her. "Why not let *me* keep the Diamond for you to-night?" she asked.

Miss Rachel received that proposal as she might, ten years since, have received a proposal to part her from a new doll. My lady saw there was no reasoning with her that night. "Come into my room, Rachel, the first thing to-morrow morning," she said. "I shall have something to say to you." With those last words she left us slowly; thinking her own thoughts, and, to all appearance, not best pleased with the way by which they were leading her.

Miss Rachel was the next to say good-night. She shook hands first with Mr. Godfrey, who was standing at the other end of the hall, looking at a picture. Then she turned back to Mr. Franklin, still sitting weary and silent in a corner.

What words passed between them I can't say. But standing near the old oak frame which holds our large looking-glass, I saw her, reflected in it, slyly slipping the locket which Mr. Franklin had given to her out of the bosom of her dress, and showing it to him for a moment, with a smile which certainly meant something out of the common, before she tripped off to bed. This incident staggered me a little in the reliance I had previously felt on my own judgment. I began to think that Penelope might be right about the state of her young lady's affections after all.

As soon as Miss Rachel left him eyes to see with, Mr. Franklin noticed me. His variable humor, shifting about every thing, had shifted about the Indians already.

"Betteredge," he said, "I'm half inclined to think I took Mr. Murthwaite too seriously when we had that talk in the shrubbery. I wonder whether he has been trying any of his traveler's tales on us? Do you really mean to let the dogs loose?"

"I'll relieve them of their collars, Sir," I answered, "and leave them free to take a turn in the night, if they smell a reason for it."

"All right," says Mr. Franklin. "We'll see what is to be done to-morrow. I am not at all disposed to alarm my aunt, Betteredge, without a very pressing reason for it. Good-night."

He looked so worn and pale as he nodded to me, and took his candle to go up stairs, that I ventured to advise his having a drop of brandy-and-water, by way of night-cap. Mr. Godfrey, walking toward us from the other end of the hall, backed me. He pressed Mr. Franklin, in the friendliest manner, to take something before he went to bed.

"I WENT TO THE CABINET. THE DRAWER WAS EMPTY."

"SHE WENT UP TO MR. FRANKLIN WITHOUT APPEARING TO NOTICE MR. GODFREY."

I only note these trifling circumstances, because, after all I had seen and heard that day, it pleased me to observe that our two gentlemen were on just as good terms as ever. Their warfare of words (heard by Penelope in the drawing-room), and their rivalry for the best place in Miss Rachel's good graces, seemed to have set no serious difference between them. But there! they were both good-tempered, and both men of the world. And there is certainly this merit in people of station, that they are not nearly so quarrelsome among each other as people of no station at all.

Mr. Franklin declined the brandy-and-water, and went up stairs with Mr. Godfrey, their rooms being next door to each other. On the landing, however, either his cousin persuaded him, or he veered about and changed his mind as usual. "Perhaps I may want it in the night," he called down to me. "Send up some brandy into my room."

I sent up Samuel with the brandy-and-water; and then went out and unbuckled the dogs' collars. They both lost their heads with astonishment on being set loose at that time of night, and jumped upon me like a couple of puppies! However, the rain soon cooled them down again: they lapped a drop of water each, and crept back into their kennels. As I went into the house I noticed signs in the sky which betokened a break in the weather for the better. For the present, it still poured heavily, and the ground was in a perfect sop.

Samuel and I went all over the house, and shut up as usual. I examined every thing myself, and trusted nothing to my deputy on this occasion. All was safe and fast when I rested my old bones in bed, between midnight and one in the morning.

The worries of the day had been a little too much for me, I suppose. At any rate, I had a touch of Mr. Franklin's malady that night. It was sunrise before I fell off at last into a sleep. All the time I lay awake the house was as quiet as the grave. Not a sound stirred but the splash of the rain, and the sighing of the wind among the trees as a breeze sprang up with the morning.

About half past seven I woke, and opened my window on a fine sunshiny day. The clock had struck eight, and I was just going out to chain up the dogs again, when I heard a sudden whisking of petticoats on the stairs behind me.

I turned about, and there was Penelope flying down after me like mad. "Father!" she screamed, "come up stairs, for God's sake! *The Diamond is gone!*"

"Are you out of your mind?" I asked her.

"Gone!" says Penelope. "Gone, nobody knows how! Come up and see."

She dragged me after her into her young lady's sitting-room, which opened into her bedroom. There, on the threshold of her bedroom door, stood Miss Rachel, almost as white in the face as the white dressing-gown that clothed her. There also stood the two doors of the Indian cabinet, wide open. One of the drawers inside was pulled out as far as it would go.

"Look!" says Penelope. "I myself saw Miss Rachel put the Diamond into that drawer last night."

I went to the cabinet. The drawer was empty.

"Is this true, miss?" I asked.

With a look that was not like herself, with a voice that was not like her own, Miss Rachel answered, as my daughter had answered:

"The Diamond is gone."

Having said those words she withdrew into her bedroom, and shut and locked the door.

Before we knew which way to turn next my lady came in, hearing my voice in her daughter's sitting-room, and wondering what had happened. The news of the loss of the Diamond seemed to petrify her. She went straight to Miss Rachel's bedroom and insisted on being admitted. Miss Rachel let her in.

The alarm, running through the house like fire, caught the two gentlemen next.

Mr. Godfrey was the first to come out of his room. All he did when he heard what had happened was to hold up his hands in a state of bewilderment, which didn't say much for his natural strength of mind. Mr. Franklin, whose clear head I had confidently counted on to advise us, seemed to be as helpless as his cousin when he heard the news in his turn. For a wonder, he had had a good night's rest at last; and the unaccustomed luxury of sleep had, as he said himself, apparently stupefied him. However, when he had swallowed his cup of coffee—which he always took, on the foreign plan, some hours before he ate any breakfast—his brains brightened; the clear-headed side of him turned up, and he took the matter in hand, resolutely and cleverly, much as follows:

He first sent for the servants, and told them to leave all the lower doors and windows (with the exception of the front door, which I had opened) exactly as they had been left when we locked up overnight. He next proposed to his cousin and me to make quite sure, before we took any further steps, that the Diamond had not accidentally dropped somewhere out of sight—say at the back of the cabinet, or down behind the table on which the cabinet stood. Having searched in both places, and found nothing—having also questioned Penelope, and discovered from her no more than the little she had already told me—Mr. Franklin suggested next extending our inquiries to Miss Rachel, and sent Penelope to knock at her bedroom door.

My lady answered the knock, and closed the door behind her. The moment after we heard it locked inside by Miss Rachel. My mistress came out among us, looking sorely puzzled and distressed. "The loss of the Diamond seems to have quite overwhelmed Rachel," she said, in reply to Mr. Franklin. "She shrinks, in the strangest manner, from speaking of it, even to *me*. It is impossible you can see her for the present."

Having added to our perplexities by this account of Miss Rachel, my lady, after a little effort, recovered her usual composure, and acted with her usual decision.

"I suppose there is no help for it?" she said, quietly. "I suppose I have no alternative but to send for the police?"

"And the first thing for the police to do," added Mr. Franklin, catching her up, "is to lay hands on the Indian jugglers who performed here last night."

My lady and Mr. Godfrey (not knowing what Mr. Franklin and I knew) both started, and both looked surprised.

"I can't stop to explain myself now," Mr. Franklin went on. "I can only tell you that

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the Indians have certainly stolen the Diamond. Give me a letter of introduction," says he, addressing my lady, "to one of the magistrates at Frizinghall—merely telling him that I represent your interests and wishes, and let me ride off with it instantly. Our chance of catching the thieves may depend on our not wasting one unnecessary minute." (*Nota bene:* Whether it was the French side or the English, the right side of Mr. Franklin seemed to be uppermost now. The only question was, How long would it last?)

He put pen, ink, and paper before his aunt, who (as it appeared to me) wrote the letter he wanted a little unwillingly. If it had been possible to overlook such an event as the loss of a jewel worth twenty thousand pounds, I believe—with my lady's opinion of her late brother, and her distrust of his birthday-gift—it would have been privately a relief to her to let the thieves get of with the Moonstone scot-free.

I went out with Mr. Franklin to the stables, and took the opportunity of asking him how the Indians (whom I suspected, of course, as shrewdly as he did) could possibly have got into the house.

"One of them might have slipped into the hall, in the confusion, when the dinner-company were going away," says Mr. Franklin. "The fellow may have been under the sofa while my aunt and Rachel were talking about where the Diamond was to be put for the night. He would only have to wait till the house was quiet, and there it would be in the cabinet, to be had for the taking." With those words he called to the groom to open the gate, and galloped off.

This seemed certainly to be the only rational explanation. But how had the thief contrived to make his escape from the house? I had found the front door locked and bolted, as I had left it at night, when I went to open it, after getting up. As for the other doors and windows, there they were still, all safe and fast, to speak for themselves. The dogs, too? Suppose the thief had got away by dropping from one of the upper windows, how had he escaped the dogs? Had he come provided for them with drugged meat? As the doubt crossed my mind, the dogs themselves came galloping at me round a corner, rolling each other over on the wet grass, in such lively health and spirits that it was with no small difficulty I brought them to reason, and chained them up again. The more I turned it over in my mind, the less satisfactory Mr. Franklin's explanation appeared to be.

We had our breakfasts—whatever happens in a house, robbery or murder, it doesn't matter, you must have your breakfast. When we had done, my lady sent for me; and I found myself compelled to tell her all that I had hitherto concealed, relating to the Indians and their plot. Being a woman of high courage, she soon got over the first startling effect of what I had to communicate. Her mind seemed to be far more perturbed about her daughter than about the heathen rogues and their conspiracy. "You know how odd Rachel is, and how differently she behaves sometimes from other girls," my lady said to me. "But I have never, in all my experience, seen her so strange and so reserved as she is now. The loss of her jewel seems almost to have turned her brain. Who would have thought that horrible Diamond could have laid such a hold on her in so short a time?"

It was certainly strange. Taking toys and trinkets in general, Miss Rachel was nothing like so mad after them as most young girls. Yet there she was, still locked up inconsolably in her bedroom. It is but fair to add that she was not the only one of us in the house who was thrown out of the regular groove. Mr. Godfrey for instance—though professionally a sort of consolergeneral—seemed to be at a loss where to look for his own resources. Having no company to amuse him, and getting no chance of trying what his experience of women in distress could do toward comforting Miss Rachel, he wandered hither and thither about the house and garden in an aimless uneasy way. He was in two different minds about what it became him to do, after the misfortune that had happened to us. Ought he to relieve the family, in their present situation, of the responsibility of him as a guest? or ought he to stay on the chance that even his humble services might be of some use? He decided ultimately that the last course was perhaps the most customary and considerate course to take, in such a very peculiar case of family distress as this was. Circumstances try the metal a man is really made of. Mr. Godfrey, tried by circumstances, showed himself of weaker metal than I had thought him to be. As for the women servants—excepting Rosanna Spearman, who kept by herself—they took to whispering together in corners, and staring at nothing suspiciously, as is the manner of that weaker half of the human family, when any thing extraordinary happens in a house. I myself acknowledged to having been fidgety and ill-tempered. The cursed Moonstone had turned us all upside down.

A little before eleven Mr. Franklin came back. The resolute side of him had, to all appearance, given way, in the interval since his departure, under the stress that had been laid on it. He had left us at a gallop; he came back to us at a walk. When he went away he was made of iron. When he returned, he was stuffed with cotton, as limp as limp could be.

"Well!" says my lady, "are the police coming?"

"Yes," says Mr. Franklin; "they said they would follow me in a fly. Superintendent Seegrave, of your local police force, and two of his men. A mere form! The case is hopeless."

"What! have the Indians escaped, Sir?" I asked.

"The poor ill-used Indians have been most unjustly put in prison," says Mr. Franklin. "They are as innocent as the babe unborn. My idea that one of them was hidden in the house has ended, like all the rest of my ideas, in smoke. It's been proved," says Mr. Franklin, dwelling with great relish on his own incapacity, "to be simply impossible."

After astonishing us by announcing this totally new turn in the matter of the Moonstone our young gentleman, at his aunt's request, took a seat, and explained himself.

It appeared that the resolute side of him had held out as far as Frizinghall. He had put the whole case plainly before the magistrate, and the magistrate had at once sent for the police. The first inquiries instituted about the Indians showed that they had not so much as attempted to leave the town. Further questions addressed to the police proved that all three had been seen returning to Frizinghall with their boy, on the previous night between ten and eleven—which (regard being had to hours and distances) also proved that they had walked straight back after performing on our terrace. Later still, at midnight, the police having occasion to search the common lodging-house where they lived, had seen them all three again, and their little boy with them as usual. Soon after midnight I myself had safely shut up the house. Plainer evidence than this, in favor of the Indians, there could not well be. The magistrate said there was not even a case of suspicion against them, so far. But, as it was just possible, when the police came to investigate the matter, that discoveries affecting the jugglers might be made, he would contrive, by committing them as rogues and vagabonds, to keep them at our disposal, under lock and key, for a week. They had ignorantly done something (I forget what) in the town, which barely brought them within the operation of the law. Every human institution (Justice included) will stretch a little, if you only pull it the right way. The worthy magistrate was an old friend of my lady's—and the Indian lot were "committed" for a week, as soon as the court opened that morning.

Such was Mr. Franklin's narrative of events at Frizinghall. The Indian clew to the mystery of the lost jewel was now, to all appearance, a clew that had broken in our hands. If the jugglers were innocent, who, in the name of wonder, had taken the Moonstone out of Miss Rachel's drawer?

Ten minutes later, to our infinite relief, Superintendent Seegrave arrived at the house. He reported passing Mr. Franklin on the terrace, sitting in the sun (I suppose with the Italian side of him uppermost); and warning the police, as they went by, that the investigation was hopeless before the investigation had begun.

For a family in our situation, the Superintendent of the Frizinghall police was the most comforting officer you could wish to see. Mr. Seegrave was tall and portly, and military in his manners. He had a fine commanding voice, and a mighty resolute eye, and a grand frock-coat which buttoned beautifully up to his leather stock. "I'm the man you want!" was written all over his face; and he ordered his two inferior policemen about with a severity which convinced us all that there was no trifling with *him*.

He began by going round the premises, outside and in; the result of that investigation proving to him that no thieves had broken in upon us from outside, and that the robbery, consequently, must have been committed by some person in the house. I leave you to imagine the state the servants were in when this official announcement first reached their ears. The Superintendent decided to begin by examining the boudoir; and, that done, to examine the servants next. At the same time he posted one of his men on the staircase which led to the servants' bedrooms, with instructions to let nobody in the house pass him till further orders.

At this latter proceeding the weaker half of the human family went distracted on the spot. They bounced out of their corners; whisked up stairs in a body to Miss Rachel's room (Rosanna Spearman being carried away among them this time); burst in on Superintendent Seegrave; and all looking equally guilty, summoned him to say which of them he suspected, at once.

Mr. Superintendent proved equal to the occasion—he looked at them with his resolute eye, and he cowed them with his military voice. "Now, then, you women, go down stairs again, every one of you. I won't have you here. Look!" says Mr. Superintendent, suddenly pointing to a little smear of the decorative painting on Miss Rachel's door—at the outer edge, just under the lock. "Look what mischief the petticoats of some of you have done already. Clear out! clear out!" Rosanna Spearman, who was nearest to him, and nearest to the little smear on the door, set the example of obedience, and slipped off instantly to her work. The rest followed her out. The Superintendent finished his examination of the room; and, making nothing of it, asked me who had first discovered the robbery. My daughter had first discovered it. My daughter was sent for.

Mr. Superintendent proved to be a little too sharp with Penelope at starting. "Now, young woman, attend to me—and mind you speak the truth." Penelope fired up instantly. "I've never been taught to tell lies, Mr. Policeman!—and if father can stand there and hear me accused of falsehood and thieving, and my own bedroom shut against me, and my character taken away, which is all a poor girl has left, he's not the good father I take him for!" A timely word from me put Justice and Penelope on a pleasanter footing together. The questions and answers went swimmingly; and ended in nothing worth mentioning. My daughter had seen Miss Rachel put the Diamond in the drawer of the cabinet, the last thing at night. She had gone in with Miss Rachel's cup of tea, at eight the next morning, and had found the drawer open and empty. Upon that she had alarmed the house—and there was an end of Penelope's evidence.

Mr. Superintendent next asked to see Miss Rachel herself. Penelope mentioned his request through the door. The answer reached us by the same road: "I have nothing to tell the policeman—I can't see any body." Our experienced officer looked equally surprised and offended when he heard that reply. I told him my young lady was ill, and begged him to wait a little and see her later. We thereupon went down stairs again; and were met by Mr. Godfrey and Mr. Franklin crossing the hall.

The two gentlemen, being inmates of the house, were summoned to say if they could throw any light on the matter. Neither of them knew any thing about it. Had they heard any suspicious noises during the previous night? They had heard nothing but the pattering of the rain. Had I lying awake longer than either of them, heard nothing either? Nothing! Released from examination. Mr. Franklin (still sticking to the helpless view of our difficulty) whispered to me: "That man will be of no earthly use to us. Superintendent Seegrave is an ass." Released in his turn, Mr. Godfrey whispered to me: "Evidently a most competent person. Betteredge, I have the greatest faith in him!" Many men, many opinions, as one of the ancients said, before my time.

Mr. Superintendent's next proceeding took him back to the "boudoir" again, with my daughter and me at his heels. His object was to discover whether any of the furniture had been moved during the night out of its customary place—his previous investigation in the room having, apparently, not gone quite far enough to satisfy his mind on this point.

While we were still poking about among the chairs and tables the door of the bedroom was suddenly opened. After having denied herself to every body, Miss Rachel, to our astonishment, walked into the midst of us of her own accord. She took up her garden hat from a chair and then went straight to Penelope with this question:

"Mr. Franklin Blake sent you with a message to me this morning?"

"Yes, miss."

"He wished to speak to me, didn't he?"

"Yes, miss."

"Where is he now?"

Hearing voices on the terrace below I looked out of window, and saw the two gentlemen walking up and down together. Answering for my daughter, I said, "Mr. Franklin is on the terrace, miss."

Without another word, without heeding Mr. Superintendent, who tried to speak to her, pale as death, and wrapped up strangely in her own thoughts, she left the room, and went down to her cousins on the terrace.

It showed a want of due respect, it showed a breach of good manners, on my part; but, for the life of me I couldn't help looking out of window when Miss Rachel met the gentlemen outside. She went up to Mr. Franklin without appearing to notice Mr. Godfrey, who thereupon drew back and left them by themselves. What she said to Mr. Franklin appeared to be spoken vehemently. It lasted but for a short time; and (judging by what I saw of his face from the window) seemed to astonish him beyond all power of expression. While they were still together my lady appeared on the terrace. Miss Rachel saw her—said a few last words to Mr. Franklin—and suddenly went back into the house again, before her mother came up with her. My lady, surprised herself, and noticing Mr. Franklin's surprise, spoke to him. Mr. Godfrey joined them, and spoke also. Mr. Franklin walked away a little, between the two, telling them what had happened, I suppose; for they both stopped short, after taking a few steps, like persons struck with amazement. I had just seen as much as this when the door of the sitting-room was opened violently. Miss Rachel walked swiftly through to her bedroom, wild and angry, with fierce eyes and flaming cheeks. Mr. Superintendent once more attempted to question her. She turned round on him at her bedroom door. "*I* have not sent for you!" she cried out, vehemently. "*I* don't want you. My Diamond is lost. Neither you nor any body will ever find it!" With those words she went in, and locked the door in our faces. Penelope, standing nearest to it, heard her burst out crying the moment she was alone again.

In a rage one moment, in tears the next! What did it mean?

I told the Superintendent it meant that Miss Rachel's temper was upset by the loss of her jewel. Being anxious for the honor of the family, it distressed me to see my young lady forget herself—even with a police-officer—and I made the best excuse I could, accordingly. In my own private mind I was more puzzled by Miss Rachel's extraordinary language and conduct than words can tell. Taking what she had said at her bedroom door as a guide to guess by, I could only conclude that she was mortally offended by our sending for the police, and that Mr. Franklin's astonishment on the terrace was caused by her having expressed herself to him (as the person chiefly instrumental in fetching the police) to that effect. If this guess was right, why—having lost her Diamond—should she object to the presence in the house of the very people whose business it was to recover it for her? And how, in Heaven's name, could *she* know that the Moonstone would never be found again?

As things stood at present no answer to those questions was to be hoped for from any body in the house. Mr. Franklin appeared to think it a point of honor to forbear repeating to a servant—even to so old a servant as I was—what Miss Rachel had said to him on the terrace, Mr. Godfrey, who, as a gentleman and a relative, had been probably admitted into Mr. Franklin's confidence, respected that confidence as he was bound to do. My lady, who was also in the secret no doubt, and who alone had access to Miss Rachel, owned openly that she could make nothing of her. "You madden me when you talk of the Diamond!" All her mother's influence failed to extract from her a word more than that.

Here we were, then, at a dead lock about Miss Rachel—and at a dead lock about the Moonstone. In the first case, my lady was powerless to help us. In the second (as you shall presently judge), Mr. Seegrave was fast approaching the condition of a superintendent at his wit's end.

Having ferreted about all over the "boudoir," without making any discoveries among the furniture, our experienced officer applied to me to know, whether the servants in general were or were not acquainted with the place in which the Diamond had been put for the night.

"I knew where it was put, Sir," I said, "to begin with. Samuel the footman, knew also—for he was present in the hall when they were talking about where the Diamond was to be kept that night. My daughter knew, as she has already told you. She or Samuel may have mentioned the thing to the other servants—or the other servants may have heard the talk for themselves, through the side-door of the hall, which might have been open to the back staircase. For all I can tell every body in the house may have known where the jewel was last night."

My answer presenting rather a wide field for Mr. Superintendent's suspicions to range over, he tried to narrow it by asking about the servants' characters next.

I thought directly of Rosanna Spearman. But it was neither my place nor my wish to direct suspicion against a poor girl whose honesty had been above all doubt as long as I had known her. The matron at the Reformatory had reported her to my lady as a sincerely penitent and thoroughly trustworthy girl. It was the Superintendent's business to discover reason for suspecting her first—and then, and not till then, it would be my duty to tell him how she came into my lady's service. "All our people have excellent characters," I said. "And all have deserved the trust their mistress has placed in them." After that there was but one thing left for Mr. Seegrave to do—namely, to set to work and tackle the servants' characters himself.

One after another they were examined. One after another they proved to have nothing to say—and said it (so far as the women were concerned) at great length, and with a very angry sense of the embargo laid on their bedrooms. The rest of them being sent back to their places down stairs, Penelope was then summoned, and examined separately a second time.

My daughter's little outbreak of temper in the "boudoir," and her readiness to think herself suspected, appeared to have produced an unfavorable impression on Superintendent Seegrave. It seemed also to dwell a little on his mind that she had been the last person who saw the Diamond at night. When the second questioning was over my girl came back to me in a frenzy. There was no doubt of it any longer—the police-officer had almost as good as told her she was the thief! I could scarcely believe him (taking Mr. Franklin's view) to be quite such an ass as that. But, though he said nothing, the eye with which he looked at my daughter was not a pleasant eye to see. I laughed it off with poor Penelope, as something too ridiculous to be treated seriously—which it certainly was. Secretly, I am afraid I was foolish enough to be angry too. It was a little trying—it was indeed. My girl sat down in a corner with her apron over her head, quite broken-hearted. Foolish of her, you will say: she might have waited till he openly accused her. Well, being a man of just and equal temper, I admit that. Still Mr. Superintendent might have remembered—never mind what he might have remembered. The devil take him!

The next and last step in the investigation brought matters, as they say, to a crisis. The officer had an interview (at which I was present) with my lady. After informing her that the Diamond *must* have been taken by somebody in the house he requested permission for himself and his men to search the servants' rooms and boxes on the spot. My good mistress, like the generous, high-bred woman she was, refused to let us be treated like thieves. "I will never consent to make such a return as that," she said, "for all I owe to the faithful servants who are employed in my house."

Mr. Superintendent made his bow, with a look in my direction, which said plainly, "Why employ me if you are to tie my hands in this way?" As head of the servants, I felt directly that we were bound, in justice to all parties, not to profit by our mistress's generosity. "We gratefully thank your ladyship," I said; "but we ask permission to do what is right in this matter by giving up our keys. When Gabriel Betteredge sets the example," says I, stopping Superintendent Seegrave at the door, "the rest of the servants will follow, I promise you. There are my keys, to begin with!" My lady took me by the hand, and thanked me with the tears in her eyes. Lord! what would I not have given, at that moment, for the privilege of knocking Superintendent Seegrave down!

As I had promised for them, the other servants followed my lead, sorely against the grain, of course, but all taking the view that I took. The women were a sight to see, while the police-officers were rummaging among their things. The cook looked as if she could grill Mr. Superintendent alive on a furnace, and the other women looked as if they could eat him when he was done.

The search over, and no Diamond or sign of a Diamond being found, of course, any where, Superintendent Seegrave retired to my little room to consider with himself what he was to do next. He and his men had now been hours in the house,

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and had not advanced us one inch toward a discovery of how the Moonstone had been taken, or of whom we were to suspect as the thief.

While the police-officer was still pondering in solitude, I was sent for to see Mr. Franklin in the library. To my unutterable astonishment, just as my hand was on the door it was suddenly opened from the inside, and out walked Rosanna Spearman!

RIGHT.

Low to myself I said the word;
With deeper thrill through voice and will
It rang as with a shout!
Such power was in it to be heard,
And from that hour my soul grew still,
And put away its doubt.

A battle-cry is in that word;
A force to wield on deadliest field,
Which he who grasps shall feel
As if his hand had drawn a sword,
And triumph were forestalled and sealed
With the first battle-peal!

A royal word! a conquering word!
Which none could speak with lips so weak
But straight they should grow strong;
As if, unknowing, they had heard
The mighty host of victors speak,
And echoed the new song!

The grand word! the eternal word!
Given us whereby to glorify
This daily work and care.
Building our temples to the Lord
After the heavenly house on high
Where the city lies four-square.

And straight and perfect lives do grow—
Whose image is in form of His—
From heavenly height to height.
So let the Will be done below!
Oh, Duty, it needs only this,
And thou art named Delight.

ECCENTRICITIES OF THE FLESH.

THE vagaries the flesh puts on are quite as wonderful as those exhibited by the mind. We think nothing of any unaccountable antipathy a man may express mentally. Half of us, indeed, act from sudden impulse, like or dislike. We can not give a reason for it even to ourselves; but we are indeed puzzled to find the body as well as the mind influenced by other bodies in the most remarkable manner, often without our being aware of the offending object's presence. We allude to the extraordinary susceptibility some persons' physical structures have to the presence of other bodies, either animate or inanimate. Thus, the mere vicinity of certain animals is quite sufficient to excite in the most violent manner the nervous system of some individuals. The presence of a cat in the room has been known to affect certain persons as though they were about to be seized with a fit: and such persons, again, are equally disturbed by the proximity of rabbits. The effect of touching the fur of the rabbit or that of the cat is still more distressing to the individuals thus eccentrically constituted. The direct contact of certain articles of food with the stomach affects some individuals in the most remarkable manner. Some persons can not eat a lobster salad without its having a very curious effect upon their complexion. We know a lady who once indulged at supper-time in a salad of this kind, and upon her return to the ball-room her face and neck immediately became covered with spots, obliging her to retire. Cockles and shrimps have the like effect upon persons thus peculiarly constituted. A medical friend tells us that eating veal gives a lady of his acquaintance the nettle-rash, and that orange-peel has produced great nervous excitement. Figs, again, give rise in some people to what is termed "formication," or a sensation like the tickling movement of ants upon the palate. The most extraordinary example of the adverse influence of a common article of food upon the human stomach is related by a surgeon of one of our public hospitals. He says that a patient of his can not touch rice without the most extreme discomfort. "On one occasion, when at a dinner-party, he felt the symptoms of rice-poisoning come on, and was, as usual, obliged to retire from the table, although he had not partaken of any dish ostensibly containing rice. It appeared, on investigation, that some white soup, with which he had commenced his dinner, had been thickened with ground rice." In another case, similar symptoms having come on after a gentleman had partaken of bottled beer, this apparently extraordinary fact was explained by the presence in the bottle of a few grains of rice, which had been placed there to excite a secondary fermentation. But what is this to the perverse stomach of a gentleman in a case cited by Doctor Prout, who was poisoned by eating a mutton-chop? The most digestible of all flesh to the ordinary mortal was to him positively as poisonous as though he had eaten toad-stools. It was at first imagined by his physician that his dislike to this kind of food arose from mere fancy, and in order to test him, mutton, disguised, was served to him as other flesh meat, but always with the same result—violent vomiting and diarrhea. Indeed, the effect upon him was so great, that had he been kept upon a mutton diet Doctor Prout believed he would have died.

Some persons can not touch honey without the very alarming symptoms appearing of swelling of the tongue, frothing of the mouth, and blueness of the fingers. Mustard applied to some eccentric skins will produce violent twitchings of the muscles of the face, arms, and legs.

Many persons we know can not remain in a room where there is a cheese; and we are told of an eccentric constitution that could not sit at a table where there was a cooked hare. Eggs, again, rebel in the most violent manner against some stomachs. The sense of touch, too, is very eccentric in some individuals, and the handling of a russet apple is intolerable to a gentleman we have heard of; and the mere passing of the hand along the bristles of a brush produces the most exquisite nervous distress in a lady of our acquaintance.

The emanations arising from vegetable sources have a very marked effect upon some people. Indeed, there is a disease known as the hay asthma, which, at the hay harvest, periodically affects many persons who reside any where near hay-fields when they are being mowed. The reason is well known. Floating particles of the seed are always set free at such times, and, striking against the mucous membranes of the nose, mouth, and throat of the individuals liable to this affection, produce spasmodic action of the throat, which is not only very distressing but dangerous. Ipecacuanha, again, is most obnoxious to many individuals, producing vomiting and diarrhea. The mere removing of a stopper from a bottle containing this drug will produce in some persons an instantaneous effect, although far removed from the object itself. Persons thus affected by this emanation have been known to be seized with spasms in consequence, although removed by a couple of floors from the cause.

The ordinary spasmodic asthma arises from causes just as local. It often happens that patients so afflicted can not pass certain limits without bringing on a spasm. The distance of a length of a street will often give a man perfect exemption from his dire trouble, or precipitate him into it. As a rule, persons who are liable to seizure in the pure atmosphere of the country obtain great relief by a residence in towns; often, too, in the most disagreeable, and, to persons in health, most unhealthy portions of them. In this distressing complaint it may truly be said that what is one man's meat is another man's poison.

THE BRONTË FAMILY.

THERE is very little that is new which can be told of that most interesting of English literary families, the Brontë girls; but an Englishman who lately spent "a winter day at Haworth," their former home and present burial-place, resurrected a son of the old sexton of the church over which the father of the family presided, and who stated that he knew every one of the Brontës well:

"No," he said, in reply to some of my questions about them, "they didn't visit much among the people in the village. They were fonder of taking long walks by themselves on the moors. Emily (Ellis Bell) was very reserved. Anne was the loveliest, Sir. Whenever they were baking at the parsonage she always took care to make me—I was a little lad, then, you know, Sir—an apple pasty; or, if she couldn't make me one, then she would give me a handful of raisins, or something of that sort."

"Did you know Branwell, the son?" said I. "Was he not very clever?"

"That he was, Sir! I'll give you an instance of it. I'll tell you what I've seen him do often and often. I have seen him take two quills, one in each hand, and write two letters at once on two different subjects, while some one kept talking to him. He wrote just as easily with the left hand as with the right. The way he first began to write with both hands, he told me, was this. One day he was at a railway-station, and he wanted very much to get two letters written before the train came up, and it occurred to him that he might as well write them both at once. He tried, and found he could do it quite well."

Mrs. Gaskell, in her "Life of Charlotte Brontë," has stated that one reason of Branwell Brontë's having so early contracted those habits of intoxication which blighted his career, was to be found in the fact that when a traveler for a commercial house came to stay at Haworth for the night, and complained of the dullness of the place, the host of the "Black Bull" would then send up to the parsonage, "with the traveler's compliments," and beg Mr. Branwell to come down to the inn and spend an hour or two there. The sexton, however, informed us that this statement was quite untrue. "Mrs. Gaskell," said he, "went too far there." The host of the "Black Bull" had never thus sent for Branwell; "for," as the sexton observed, grimly, "he (Branwell) never wanted no sending for, he went fast enough of himself."

"Did you know Mr. Nicholls, the curate, who married Charlotte Brontë?" asked my friend.

"Yes; I knew him well. A nice man he was. Quiet, you know, but very kind, and a real good hard-worker."

"How long was Mr. Nicholls at Haworth?"

"Why, altogether, he was here for about seventeen years. Ten years he was here afore he married Miss Brontë, and about seven years afterward. Four months after Mr. Brontë died he went away."

"Did he apply for the living after Mr. Brontë's death?" we asked.

"Yes; he did, Sir," answered the sexton; "but he didn't get it."

"But surely," said we, "having been curate here for seventeen years of his life, having known the Brontë family so long, and having married Charlotte Brontë, he was the most suitable person to have been appointed."

"Well, I don't know how it was, Sir," responded the sexton; "but all I know is, he sent in his application to the trustees, and hearing there was going to be some opposition to him, he withdrew it."

He showed us the communion-pew, in front of which Charlotte Brontë was married, and under which she now lies buried, almost on the very spot where her feet must have stood during the performance of the marriage rite. All the family, also, except Anne, are buried close beside her. The sexton then pointed out to us the Brontë pew, which is close before the altar, and especially showed us where she (Charlotte) used to sit.

"She was," he said, "very little, and had a foot-stool for her feet. Yes, the pew was in exactly the same state as when they sat in it. Ah, Sir," continued the sexton, "I once saw Thackeray and an American, who, they tell me, is a great man over there, called Emerson, and Miss Martineau, and Miss Brontë, all sitting in that pew, one Sunday. Thackeray and Emerson came to visit Miss Brontë for a day or two, that was how they all sat there on the Sunday."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

OUR newly acquired Alaska seems to be a sort of target to which are directed all the jokes of press and people. Every newspaper, almost, thrusts out one or two little stabs toward that northern territory. But thus far we have not heard of its rising in *hot* indignation to avenge these numerous insults. And so it is both interesting and amusing to cull from various sources, and compare bits of information—true and false doubtless—and to wonder what sort of a rusticating place Walrussia would be for next summer's vacation! After spending July and August in Sitka one would be prepared to decide what reports were true and what false.

The common impression is that Alaska is a very good country to emigrate from; but the idea that any human being can feel any affection for it is regarded as preposterous. Nevertheless it is said that many tears were shed in Sitka when the transfer was made to the United States. One said, "I can not be present at the death of the country;" and the accomplished wife of the Governor is reported to have been overwhelmed with grief.

The village of Sitka is described by one writing from the place as "consisting of as many as two dozen rough board dwellings, together with the warehouses of the old company. It is inclosed by a stockade, and lies very low, the tide at times rising into the streets." About two-fifths of the population are Russians, the remainder Indians. Some idea of the progress of civilization is gained from the statement that "of all the inventions of the past century only one has been practically known to this people—the friction match." Slavery is so much of a domestic institution among the Indians that the wealth of families is estimated by the number of their slaves. These Indians, by-the-way, are reported to have exhibited some hostility toward the United States—perhaps because they were not consulted when the transfer was made. As to the productions of this far-off country information seems to be uncertain and various; but, condensed, is something as follows:

"Sitka raises fine potatoes."

"Alaska cabbages have no head, turnips and potatoes no body, cauliflowers no sweetness, and the fruit trees no fruit."

"Fossil ivory has been found in Alaska, and the tusk of a mastodon has been brought to San Francisco."

"Crabs six feet long, or wide, are found in Alaska."

"Twenty thousand pounds of walrus tusks arrived in one vessel at San Francisco from Alaska."

"Gold has been discovered back of Sitka, and the diggings promise to be as rich as any in California."

"The chief part of the seven millions purchase-money appears to have been expended for codfish."

"Watery turnips, tough artichokes, stale parsnips, tasteless cauliflowers, insipid cherries, and indigestible raspberries."

"Alaska must have been a glorious country to go gunning in when those old mastodons and things were sloshing around there."

"Alaska is great in fish."

And from these items every body can draw their own deductions. Only the fishes really do deserve a little extra notice. Some of the salmon are said to weigh fifty pounds, and the halibut as much as three hundred and fifty pounds! But the crabs must take the palm, for *three* will fill a barrel! Alaska is expected—by some—to become "the New England of the Pacific—a Yankee country, full of seamen and fishermen and similarly adventurous folks." Land speculators predict that Sitka will have fifty thousand inhabitants in less than a dozen years; and, finally, somebody is reported to have already taken up his abode in Sitka, so as to be on hand to run for Congress as soon as there is a chance.

Things are coming to a bad pass in our city railroad cars. A gentleman in entering a Sixth Avenue car not long since found the door-way blocked up by three men who seemed unwilling to stir. They presently left the car, however, and immediately the gentleman discovered that his pocket had been picked of seventy-five dollars. The conductor said he knew the men were pickpockets; but when asked why he had not informed the passengers of the fact he said that he was not going to run the risk of having his head kicked off! So is there to be no protection in the cars against known and systematic villainy?

It is said that an electro gas-lighting apparatus has recently been placed in the painting gallery of A. T. Stewart's new mansion on Fifth Avenue. The number of burners is three hundred and twenty-five. Each burner is lighted by means of a platinum wire, made red-hot by an electric current.

We do not understand economy in this country. A million tons of coal-dust are annually consolidated for fuel in France and Belgium.

Colonel Hoe, the lightning press inventor, is fitting up a press to print on both sides of a sheet at the same time. So it is said.

There is nothing like having a plenty of newspaper reporters around. They do a vast deal of good when it is least expected. Not long since a rash young man, weary of life, was about jumping from a train in motion when he was deterred by a reporter, who asked his name, age, business, and residence for an obituary item. Still more recently a "newspaper man" in Canada was attacked on a bridge by a rascal, but he threw his assailant out into the river and made an item of him.

During the last cold snap a car loaded with barrels of cider was thrown from a railroad track in Connecticut. The cider became frozen, and the people carried it away in bags. A clear case of "*hard cider*."

Unsuitable conduct in church service seems to be attracting attention in various sections of the country. A court in Indiana recently imposed heavy fines on a company of church whisperers and laughers, whose conduct had, at last, become so intolerable as to require judicial treatment. A Pennsylvania paper suggests that church pews be placed on pivots, so that the occupants may not be obliged to strain their necks every time somebody comes into church.

There is a match factory in Detroit which occupies three and a half acres of ground, and is capable of turning out about 1,000,000,000 matches every year. Enough, remarks a local paper, to set all creation on fire.

Milwaukee has officially decided the value of a man's beard. In a fight a ruffian pulled out a man's beard, and the court awarded him $15 damages. If it had just been colored by a nightly application of cabbages the damages might have been greater.

An American barber, in London, shaves a man a minute, and defies the world to beat him. People are shaved every day quicker than that—down in Wall Street.

There is one sensible, benevolent man in Pennsylvania—and we wish we knew his name. But he lives in Pittsburg, and is an owner of real estate. In view of the general depression in business he has reduced the rents of his tenant-houses.

A Chicago paper announces a sneezing match; and a tooth-pulling match is in prospect among the dentists. "Matches" are almost played out. A more commendable feat than any mere useless trial of strength has been performed by three boys, who have drawn an aged father and a crippled mother and brother from Detroit to Montreal. Their vehicle was a rude wagon, and the distance about four hundred miles. The family are poor, and the object of the journey was to reach friends in Montreal, who are abundantly able to assist them.

The Brahmins keep their minds clear by temperate habits. They regulate their appetites by a girdle of a single straw. When it bursts they cease eating.

A speedy method of paying off the national debt has been suggested. The fine for swearing in Massachusetts is $1 per oath; in New York, $10 for twenty oaths. If these fines should be rigorously collected there would soon be an immense fund which could not be better applied than to help pay our debt.

Virginia is getting ahead of us. The people there are going to catch fish by *steam*.

A certain Simon, a notorious public executioner in the south of France, has recently died in the hospital at Carcassone. This Simon had been the hero of many adventures in the course of his career. One of these is recorded as being the original cause of the abolition of the punishment of branding. An unfortunate culprit being brought up to be marked on the shoulder with a red-hot iron by Simon, the latter let the instrument fall just when he had applied it to the flesh, so that the mark was not considered valid. Twice again did Simon make the attempt, and bungled in his horrid work until the unhappy sufferer fainted away. The awkward executioner was fined three hundred francs, for the convict had been burned to the very bone. On a second occasion, in attempting to behead a condemned priest, Simon first cut away only a portion of the skull, and in the next attempt cut off the hand of his assistant. This time he was condemned to three months' imprisonment and a fine. Again, being unable to compete either in strength or skill with the criminal, a frightful scene took place on the scaffold, the account of which has prevented the sentence of death from being passed since that time in that same city. The struggle ended in the defeat of Simon and his two assistants, and the culprit was conveyed back to prison. This time the courts of the South resolved that, though forbidden to abolish the punishment of death, they were not forbidden to abolish the executioner, and dismissed Simon from his office. But he loved his "profession," and his unnatural instincts were satisfied by a place as attendant at the dissecting-room of a Lyons hospital, where he remained until, worn out, he went to his native place to die.

A Western paper is responsible for the following good story:

"Theodore Tilton had just entered a hotel in a Western town, and was going up stairs very travel-stained to change his toilet preparatory to lecturing, when he encountered on the second-floor an overdressed and vulgar woman. 'Are you the porter?' questioned the woman, laying her hand upon Theodore's arm. 'No, Madam,' was the quiet response; 'are you the chamber-maid?'"

It has been said that the word "would" in Rufus Choate's handwriting resembled a small gridiron struck by lightning. Those who have seen specimens of his writing will not consider the comparison inapt.

Foreign papers say that out of five young men in Berlin, Prussia, who recently tried to go a week without sleep, three died. Why didn't they go to sleep? And what, or who, kept them awake till they died?

THE OVERLAND MAIL-COACH.

ALTHOUGH the "passage of the plains" and the "ascent of the Sierra Nevada Mountains" by the Pacific Railroad has somewhat contracted the hitherto long route of the Overland Pony Express and Mail-Coaches, these primitive institutions, ever seen in the van-guard of the army of civilization, continue to cross the Rocky Mountains and carry mails and passengers between the termini of the two roads.

In the last volume we gave some illustrations of the route of the Pony Express; on the next page we give a fine engraving, showing one of the many difficulties which the Overland Coach has to encounter in making the toilsome and dangerous ascent of the Rocky Mountains. The road pursued by the coaches is necessarily very narrow, as it is made on the side of the steep mountains, and usually overlooking some deep gorge. In winter portions of the road are found to be sheets of ice, and the streams which dash down the sides of the mountains are bordered by huge icicles, or rather glaciers of great size and magnificence. The coach in our engraving is represented in the midst of one of the heavy windstorms which prevail in the ravines or gulches of the Rocky Mountains; and the air is filled with the snow-flakes which have been disturbed in their rest on the side of the mountain.

The sketch which we thus reproduce was made by our artist in "Guy's Gulch," a ravine on the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, about thirty miles west of Denver City, Colorado.

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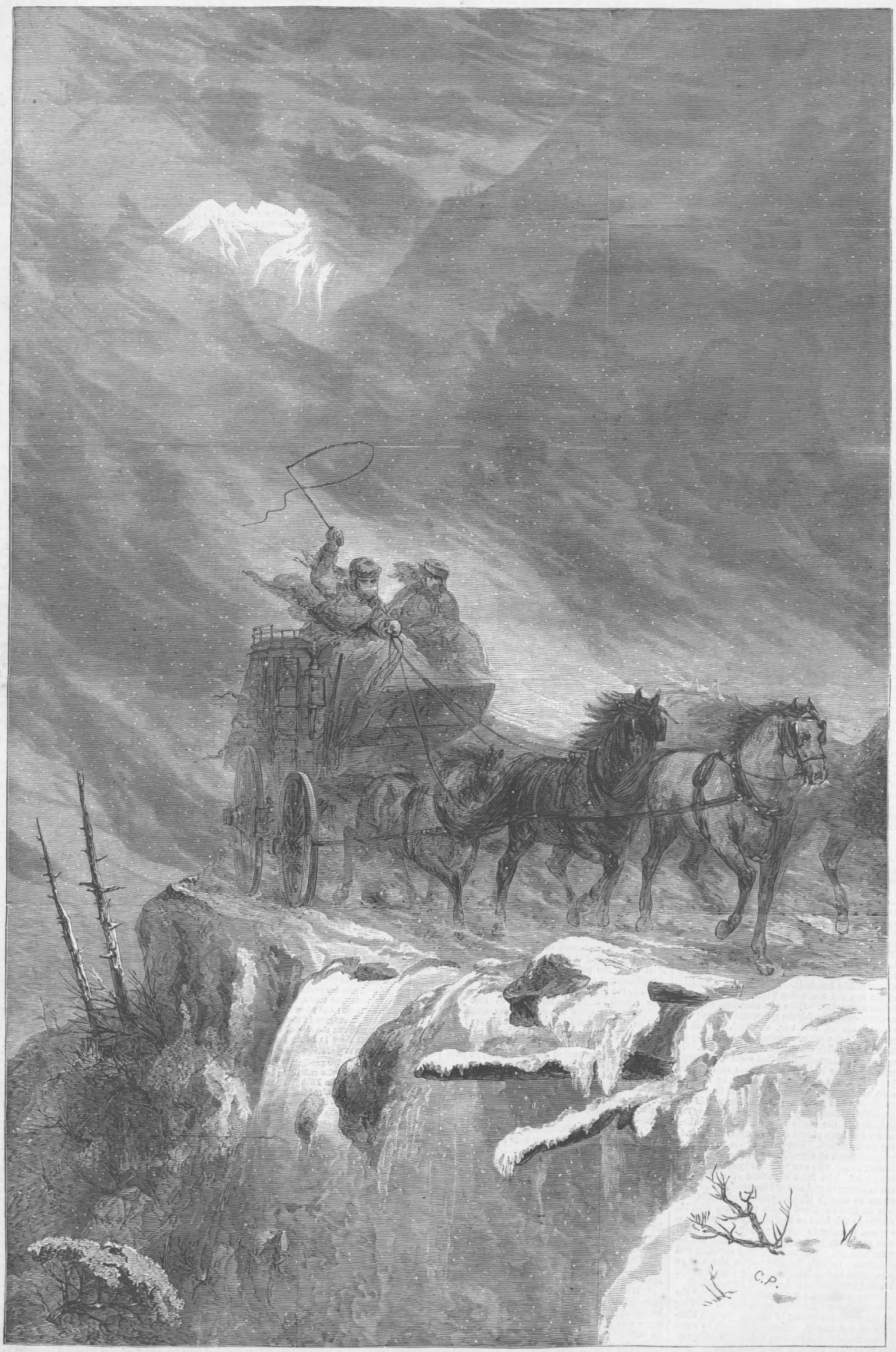

OVERLAND MAIL-COACH CROSSING THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS—SCENE IN GUY'S GULCH.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 87.]

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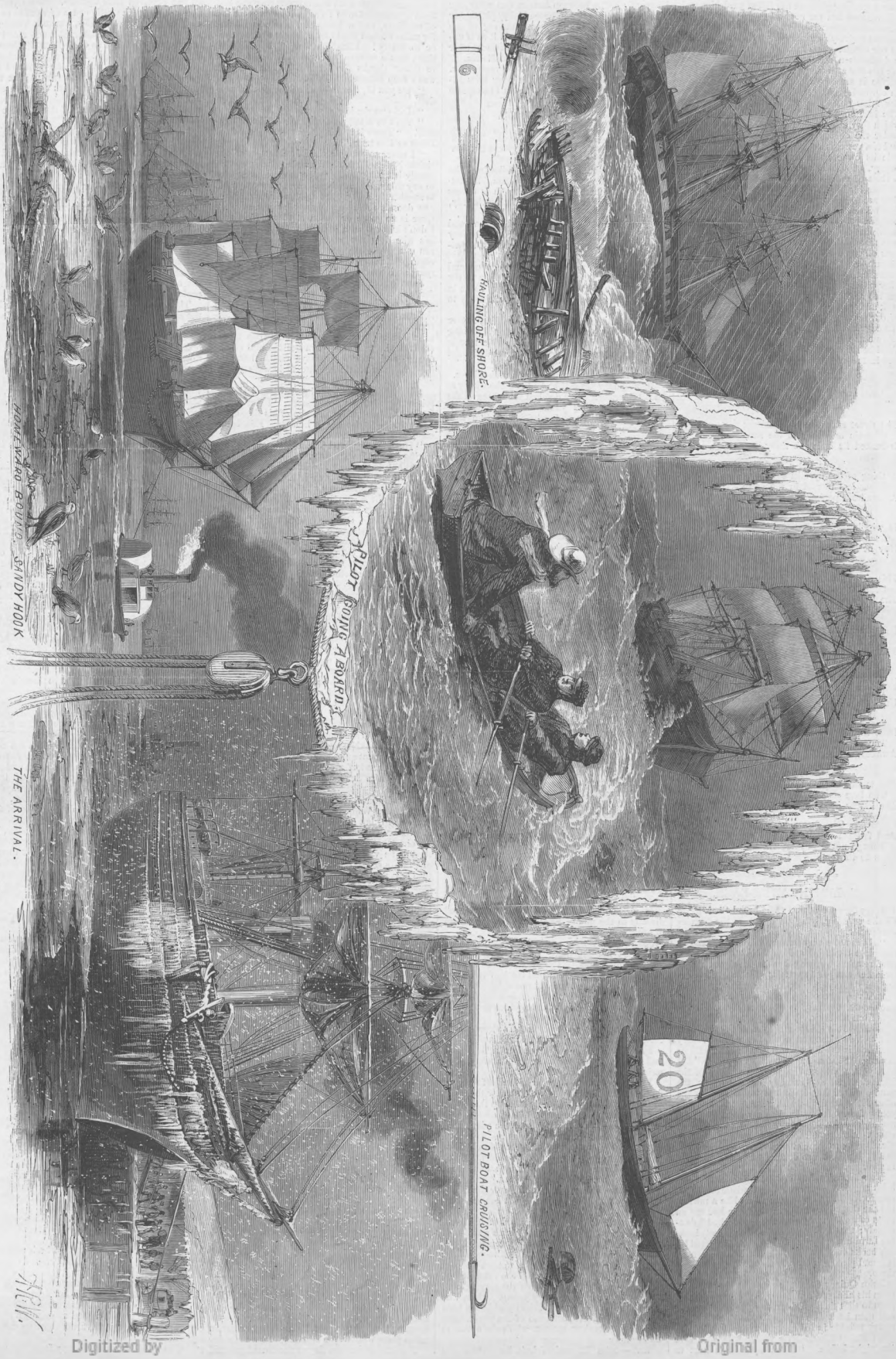

WINTER SCENES ON THE SEA-BOARD—SKETCHED BY A. R. WARD.—[SEE PAGE 90.]

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WINTER ON THE SEA-BOARD.

OUR beautiful engravings on page 89 illustrate a peculiar phase of life full of hardships and excitements, but yet not without its attractions, financial or otherwise, since over three thousand persons actively pursue it in winter and summer on our coasts. The summer existence of a pilot is doubtless a delightful one, but in winter the life has few attractions, surrounded as those who pursue it must be by such scenes as we depict. In our series pilot boat No. 20 is seen cruising a few miles out at sea for an incoming steamer. The insurance companies require all vessels on which they take risks to enter and leave all ports under the charge of a regularly licensed pilot, and if a vessel is lost through any violation of this rule its owners can not recover the insurance money. This creates the demand for port pilots, a class of men intimately acquainted with the harbors in which they are licensed to pilot, and they are to be found in large numbers at all times just off the coast at the entrances to our principal harbors. Three or four pilots generally cruise in each pilot boat. When an incoming vessel signals that she is in want of a pilot a small boat puts off from the latter vessel, as in the second picture, and the required pilot goes aboard. Sometimes, while waiting for a pilot, and even after pilots have been taken aboard, the vessels get too near the shore, and are forced to hastily tack and "haul off shore" as it is called. In one of our scenes a vessel thus endangered is represented "hauling off shore." The fourth picture represents the ship, under the pilot's care, homeward bound, passing Sandy Hook; and the fifth and last represents her moored at her dock.

TRANSITION.

Its day is done—
The sweet and transient summer day,
Wherein unfolding to the sun,
It basked its little life away.

'Twas but a worm!
A thing of beauty still to me,
A peerless marvel in the germ,
A wondrous perfectness to be.

And there it lies
In winding-sheet of silken gold,
As kingliest monarch when he dies
May ne'er be shrouded, fold on fold.

Now brown and dead,
This shriveled and unsightly shell
Remains alone of grandeur fled,
The story of a life to tell.

But what is lost?
Does aught forever truly die,
'Mid all the mysteries intercrossed,
That in the heart of nature lie?

Our weak souls cling,
Our fond affections still are wed
To some bright, perishable thing,
Until we wailing cry—'tis dead!

Yet evermore
Does time renew in varied guise
The changeful past, and o'er and o'er
Awakes new life from that which dies.

The hope we mourn,
The tender blooms that fade and fall,
The love that never knew return,
The kindly deed or word—these all

The future keeps,
And faithful will its trust restore,
Though not the same; the worm that creeps
Thus to its tomb, shall wake to soar.

STOLEN HEART'S-EASE.

JOHN QUINCY STEWART had read Shakspeare all the morning, lying on a sofa in the Elmendorf parlor.

"He is not a nervous man who can not rest in one place two minutes at a time," Miss Elmendorf remarked, taking her old-fashioned watch from her snug little watch-pocket, and continuing her praise of the Shaksperian reader.

"A very sensible man is Mr. Stewart! For two hours, I think, he has scarcely raised his eyes from his book. He has great concentration of mind. It is always a sign of weak characters to fly off in a tangent every two minutes. My brother thinks all the world of Mr. Stewart. It is a regular Damon and Pythias friendship."

A young girl, standing at the window of the Elmendorf library uneasily drumming on the panes, ceased her impatient tattoo and looked after Miss Elmendorf with a strange look on her young face. It was hard to say what that look meant, and the face was not easy to make out either. The mouth indicated humility, as if she plead guilty to some charge the elder woman had made, but there was contradiction and rebellion in the eyes.

Miss Elmendorf walked into the parlor with a brisk angularity that was characteristic of the Elmendorf gait. The mantle shone like a mirror, but she dusted it carefully; the grate had not an atom of uncleanness on it, but she brushed it dextrously; the furniture was the most orderly looking furniture in the world, but she rearranged it; the books on the table looked as if laid down by line and plummet, but she found work to do even there.

John Quincy Stewart's attention was diverted from his Shakspeare. He glanced from the open page to that tidy, good-looking Miss Elmendorf, and then back to his page again. There was a merry twinkle in his eye. He was thinking of what Philip Elmendorf's young wife had said the night before. "Sister Cynthia is neat to provocation. I really believe she don't sleep nights, thinking of dirt. When she dies I think she will have to be suspended, like Mohammed's coffin, between heaven and earth, for she wouldn't ever rest in peace if they placed her in the ground." He laughed, thinking of the way in which the young girl had said it as if under protest, and blushing guiltily a moment after as if she had committed an unpardonable sin.

Then passing from thoughts of the young Mrs. Elmendorf to observation of the elder Miss Elmendorf, his eyes went back to his Shakspeare again.

"To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess,"

he quoted, closing his book, and following Miss Elmendorf's motions. "Miss Cynthia," he added, "the care bestowed on this room is excess equal to gilding refined gold, painting the lily, etc."

Miss Elmendorf colored, but said, as she stood arrested, duster in hand, "My brother is very neat, and loves order. His wife hasn't a particle—"

She paused abruptly, for the door opened, and the young girl to whom she had spoken in the library entered. With the weary air of one in quest of amusement or occupation she went to the table and turned over the books.

"You will find some excellent reading matter there," commented Miss Elmendorf, rubbing some imaginary stain from the marble mantle with her duster. "There are several delightful memoirs."

The younger woman shrugged her shoulders.

John Quincy Stewart looked apprehensively at Miss Elmendorf. She disliked that shrug of the shoulder in Philip's young wife so much; it looked so Frenchy and rebellious. She supposed she had picked it up at boarding-school, from one of those trifling French teachers whose brains lay in their heels. She never did think much of the French, but she must not say any thing of the sort now, for Elizabeth was of French extraction.

Elizabeth, Philip Elmendorf's wife, added to the disapprobation expressed by the shrug of her shoulders the quick words, emphatically said, "I hate memoirs. They are always about stupid good people, who die in their youth. As a rule they are poor and pious."

John Quincy Stewart's mouth curled mischievously under his mustache. He knew Cynthia Elmendorf so well that he was predicating her opinion of Philip's wife: "Entirely too decided for a woman, and so unreasonable!"

But Cynthia Elmendorf was a woman of vast control, and only by the look on her face betrayed her opinion. "There are some scientific works," she remarked, with an air of resignation.

Like a spoiled child's answer came the response: "I never read one in my life. I should fall asleep in five minutes."

"They are full of facts," remarked Cynthia Elmendorf, in an argumentative way.

Elizabeth Elmendorf shrugged her shoulders, and delivered herself of the heterodox opinion: "I hate facts."

John Quincy Stewart's mustache failed to cover his smile, and he placed the open volume between his face and the two women. "It beats Shakspeare," he said to himself, "the talk of these two women. Miss Cynthia is shocked beyond words at that last heresy."

"Elizabeth!" was all Miss Elmendorf said, but there was a volume of reproof and disapprobation in the name explosively uttered.

A moment after she said: "That is a good book you hold in your hand."

It was "Baxter's Saint's Rest." Elizabeth Elmendorf laid it down with a sigh. "I am not a saint," she said, "I should not understand."

She left the books in a confused pile and walked to the window.

Miss Elmendorf, the tidy housekeeper, crossed directly to the pile of books and arranged them in orderly precision.

John Quincy Stewart looked after her and christened her Martha, "careful and troubled about many things." His eyes followed the two women with a merriment that the half veiling of the dark, heavy lashes could not hide.

His friend's wife drew the shade from the window and let the sunlight fall in golden bars across the carpet.

When she had left it his friend's sister let the curtain drop again and excluded the sunlight.

Elizabeth Elmendorf stepped to a little vase and bent her head over a cluster of flowers, scattering their petals with her touch.

Five minutes later Cynthia Elmendorf took the faded flowers from the vase and threw them out of the window. "They only litter up the carpet and make a muss," she said.

Elizabeth Elmendorf went to the piano and dashed off a merry, whirling galop.

"I wish you knew 'The Dead March' from 'Saul,'" commented Cynthia Elmendorf. "My brother thinks it has more music in it than all the dancing music that was ever written."

Elizabeth Elmendorf, standing over the grate, bit her lips and picked nervously at her handkerchief.

It was a habit Cynthia Elmendorf had condemned more than once, it was such a childish, nervous trick, so little like a grown woman's ways, she had said, severely. But Miss Elmendorf did not find fault now. She was a woman who did not speak all her thoughts, and she remembered John Quincy Stewart's words the day before: "Your brother's wife is very young. Do not be hard with her." Hard? Miss Cynthia had been shocked at Mr. Stewart's use of the word. She was a conscientious woman who only meant to do her duty.

But—Miss Elmendorf knit her brows and looked searchingly at the young girl before the grate—could it be? Was Elizabeth weeping? Elizabeth, with no lack of food and raiment—in fact, much better food and raiment than she had been accustomed to in former days—a house full of comforts, and a husband whom any woman for miles around would have esteemed it an honor to marry! Elizabeth weeping? Why, if there was a woman in Christendom who ought to return thanks for her position, that woman was Philip Elmendorf's wife.

"Are you ill, Elizabeth?" asked Miss Elmendorf.

"No," was the low answer.

"Don't be a baby, then," chided Miss Elmendorf. "There is nothing my brother despises so much as idle tears."

"I never saw such a child for her years!" exclaimed Miss Elmendorf, as the young woman hastily left the room. "She can't settle herself to any thing, but wanders around from one thing to another, in a way that fidgets me half to death. She doesn't seem quite happy, as you say, but there is no sense or reason in that. I am sure I don't know what a woman can want that Philip's wife does not possess. In my opinion she can not appreciate my brother, and I think he committed the greatest mistake of his life in marrying such a woman."

John Quincy Stewart differed with Miss Elmendorf on the question of appreciation. Her brother's wife was young, perchance a little giddy, and the atmosphere of her new home was very different from that to which she had been accustomed. Miss Cynthia must give the woman time to get acclimated. She was warm-hearted and enthusiastic, and their quiet ways chilled her, perhaps, but she would fall into their ways gradually.

Miss Elmendorf shook her head and sighed, reiterating her previous remark, "I fear Philip has made the greatest mistake of his life, and I think he begins to see it himself. Elizabeth's childish ways fret him exceedingly."

"Hush!" whispered John Quincy Stewart, raising his hand, warningly.

"What do you hear?" asked Miss Elmendorf.

"Nothing," he answered, after a moment's pause. "I think it was a mouse in the wall."

That night Philip Elmendorf and his friend discussed some knotty point in law, sitting over the library fire. Cynthia Elmendorf, a little way off, sewed industriously, and listened. She was thinking it was quite like old times, before Philip met that poor little Lizzie Whipple, and committed the unaccountable error of making her his wife, because, forsooth, she was young, and bright, and pretty.

There was a movement at the door, and Philip Elmendorf's wife entered.

"There is an end to any quiet, sensible talk now," thought Miss Elmendorf. Philip's wife had such a way of flitting around like a butterfly, or bird, or any other unsteady thing, and she broke into the grave, quiet talks with the most unreasonable assertions, and had not an atom of dignity or propriety about her.

But Miss Elmendorf was mistaken. Philip's wife walked into the library that night with a propriety and dignity that was a match for "Miss Cynthia's own," as the girl-wife called Miss Elmendorf's manner. She placed her work-basket on the table, and gravely seated herself to the arrangement and sewing of patchwork blocks.

Miss Elmendorf arched her eyebrows incredulously. Was there something in the girl, after all?

Philip Elmendorf smiled approvingly. He had liked Lizzie Whipple's bright and merry ways when a girl, but he admired dignity and sobriety in Elizabeth his wife.

John Quincy Stewart wondered. Companion though he was of Philip Elmendorf and friend of Philip's sister, there was a geniality in his nature that formed no part of the Elmendorf character, and the young wife, curbed and checked on every side, had detected the sympathy gleaming in John Stewart's eyes and smiling from his handsome mouth, and sometimes in her rebellious moods had poured out her indignant protests in his presence.

This patchwork was her especial aversion. "Such nonsense!" she would say, flinging it into her work-basket when Miss Elmendorf left the room. "Such nonsense! Cut muslin in pieces, with malice aforethought, and sew it together again! It is contrary to all rules of domestic economy. I am a labor-saving machine. I don't believe in it, and I have a mind to say I won't do it."

But that night she sewed the pieces meekly, scarcely lifting her young head. She was strangely passive, as if indignation and rebellion were not possible in her life.

John Quincy Stewart wondered, and contrasting the weeping, sensitive girl with this woman, cold as Niobe, sunless and tearless, he asked himself, doubtingly, the question, "Was the rustling I heard only a mouse in the wall?"

After that night there was a change in the Elmendorf mansion. The new spirit of antagonism that had entered in the shape of Philip's young wife, and fought against the coldness and hardness of the Elmendorf character, lay still as if it had been smitten with its death-blow. Elizabeth Elmendorf took to dusting of mantles, and rubbing of furniture, and eschewing the sunlight and flowers, after the manner of Philip's proper sister.

Miss Elmendorf said Mr. Stewart was right. He was a man of great discernment and penetration. He had said that Elizabeth would fall into their ways gradually.

John Quincy Stewart shook his head sadly. The woman had not fallen into their ways gradually. She might have done that, and her nature sustained no shock, but no sudden revolution takes place without the crushing of inner forces.

He watched her one day as she dusted and laid the books straight, and piled the music, and shut out the sunlight. She did it like a born Elmendorf, he thought; but he did not smile as when he had observed Miss Cynthia. Miss Cynthia's rigid ways were as little cause of wonder as the silence of the granitic hills, but to a woman of Elizabeth Elmendorf's nature this new mood was as little to be trusted as the solemn stillness of Vesuvius. He brought flowers, and smiled to see the smouldering fires in the woman's soul flash out of her dark, beaming eyes; he read poetry, and saw that underneath the calm exterior the woman's heart was stirred; he brought new music, and waked some of the melodies she was nigh forgetting.

Neither Philip Elmendorf nor his sister objected. John Quincy Stewart was a man among a thousand, Philip said, and his sister nodded her approval. In her eyes he had no equal among ten thousand.

There came a day when John Quincy Stewart passed out of the Elmendorf mansion with a sad and thoughtful face. Years must elapse before he could see its familiar walls again.

Two women watched him from the windows. Cynthia Elmendorf, grave and dignified, with a great sorrow in her eyes, stood at the library window, gazing after the retreating figure; and Elizabeth Elmendorf, crouching behind the damask curtains that shaded the bay-window in the parlor, sobbed as if her heart would break.

The old eight-day clock in the hall, striking the hour of four some time later, roused the two women. Cynthia Elmendorf came out of her reverie with a guilty start. She had actually been dreaming and wasting time, this practical economist, and the parlor was in disorder, as parlors are sure to be after the departure of guests. Sighing heavily, and arising with the air of one who puts away some haunting memory, she walked into the parlor with the old, brisk angularity of gait.

The eight-day clock had roused Elizabeth Elmendorf too. "Four o'clock!" she had exclaimed, mentally. "Philip will soon be here, and all things must be in perfect order. Perfect order! He does not see the chaos in my inner life."

She said the words sneeringly, and for a moment Elizabeth Elmendorf was a defiant and rebellious woman. Only a moment, and the rigid calmness came back with the memory of words Cynthia Elmendorf had spoken. "I fear Philip has made the greatest mistake of his life, and I think he begins to see it himself." You could see by the look on her face how that woman had vowed in her pride that he who had chosen her should have no reason henceforth to repent his choice. Only for a moment had her hungry heart uttered its cry of need, only a moment sighed for the crumbs that had fallen to her from John Quincy Stewart's genial kindness.

The door opened and Cynthia Elmendorf entered, proceeding to the dusting of mantle and arranging of furniture and piling of books. On the table was a vase of faded flowers. She took them to the window with intent to fling them out. Suddenly she paused, and her face grew tender and pitiful. She remembered that John Quincy Stewart had brought them there with the apology, "They will keep our hearts young. Never mind the litter, Miss Cynthia." She surveyed the flowers meditatively. No! she could not throw them away. She would keep them for a souvenir. She laughed at herself. It was such an odd thing for Cynthia Elmendorf to preserve such trashy things as withered flowers. She had always held such namby-pamby doings in contempt. She could hardly bring herself to such a pass of folly. Should she throw them away? She deliberated, vase in hand. "Keep our hearts young," she quoted. No, she would save them. She set them down and went for a paper to put them in.

Elizabeth Elmendorf stepped from behind the damask curtains. She had been a witness to her sister's deliberation. "He brought them to me," she said to herself. "I shall keep one for remembrance."

She bent over the vase and took a heart's-ease, the only one, from the faded leaves and flowers.

Ah! Cynthia Elmendorf, smiling almost like a young girl over the little cluster of withered flowers, thinking tenderly of the hand that plucked them, and dreaming fondly of the day you shall clasp that hand again, check your smile as you have checked others, cease your tenderness and be stoical, as you are wont to be, put away your dreams and be practical and severe, for a younger hand and fairer has stolen the heart's-ease from your flowers!

It was years after that John Quincy Stewart stood in the Elmendorf mansion, noting the old right-angled order and punctilious neatness of the place. Cynthia Elmendorf entered, scarcely changed from the rigid and dignified woman he had left. But there had been great changes. Philip was dead.

"And his wife Elizabeth, where is she?" asked John Quincy Stewart.

Cynthia Elmendorf frowned. Elizabeth was a strange creature, she said. While Philip lived she had fallen into their ways and been a grave and steady woman. It was different now. She was strangely rebellious and had returned to her old childish ways. She never could understand why Philip married such a child.

There are other things Cynthia Elmendorf will never understand. Life itself is incomprehensible and full of mystery since.

"I want Elizabeth, your brother's wife."

John Quincy Stewart stood before Cynthia Elmendorf with that petition.

"Elizabeth!" faltered the woman with white lips. And what became of her dreams?

But the discipline of that woman's life had not been in vain, and she stood up calmly a moment after and said, "I have no right to deny you your choice."

With glad hearts and happy faces John Quin-

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cy Stewart and Elizabeth Elmendorf talked of their future joys; and just the other side of a partition wall Cynthia Elmendorf stood over a blazing fire and dropped into the glowing coals the tokens of a lost love, books, letters, and a single cluster of faded flowers. Dreams were over and hopes dead. Elizabeth Elmendorf had stolen the heart's-ease from her life.

WHEN NOBODY'S NIGH TO HEAR.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

THE snow lies white, and the moon gives light,
I'll out to the freezing mere,
And ease my heart with one little song,
For none will be nigh to hear.
And it's O my love, my love!
And it's O my dear, my dear!
It's of her that I'll sing till the wild woods ring
When nobody's nigh to hear.

My love is young, she is young, is young,
When she laughs the dimple dips.
We walked in the wind, and her long locks blew
Till sweetly they touched my lips.
And I'll out to the freezing mere,
Where the stiff reeds whistle so low,
And I'll tell my mind to the friendly wind,
Because I have loved her so.

Ay, and she's true, my lady is true!
And that's the best of it all;
And when she blushes my heart so yearns
That tears are ready to fall.
And it's O my love, my love!
And it's O my dear, my dear!
It's of her that I'll sing till the wild woods ring,
When nobody's nigh to hear.

MY WIFE AND MY SON'S WIFE.

BARRING the selfishness of the old man's prayer—

"Oh Lord, bless me and my wife,
My son John and his wife.
Us four,
No more.
Amen!"

it is a petition that has literally expressed my heart's desire for years, with this result, that the Lord has blessed me and my wife, but He has not blessed my son John and his wife. Thinking it all over to-night, as I have, reclined in my easy-chair before the fire, I have come to the conclusion that my blessing and my son John's curse are attributable to the differences in our wives.

For some of these differences *vide* below.

As a lass, my wife was bred at home in a great many old-fashioned notions, like the honor due parents, veneration to superiors, the value of time, human accountability, and woman's responsibility. She was instructed, moreover, in the art of bread-making, and a variety of useful employments.

My son John's wife received her education at one of the fashionable boarding-schools that turn out young ladies with all the modern improvements. Among these improvements, so-called, was the conviction that *paterfamilias*, as she learnedly dubbed him, was a dear old fellow to pay bills, a delicious sort of banking institution that had no credit pages in its system of book-keeping, and never balanced accounts. Farther than this, *pater* was something of an old fogy, whose opinions were entirely out of date and too ridiculous for respect or adoption. *Materfamilias* also was a very good woman in her way. As a medium of communication between herself and the exchequer she had no equal, and a better indorser with the family banker could not be found. But *mater* too was full of obsolete notions, and not up to the times by any manner of means. Another modern improvement was the conviction that the time not consumed in eating, drinking, sleeping, dressing, party-going, and novel-reading was an unmitigated bore, to be killed by any possible expedient. The other modern improvements were mainly playing indifferently on a piano, painting poorly in oils, dancing gracefully, flirting skillfully, gossiping recklessly, and doing nothing genteelly.

As a lass, my wife was a buxom woman, glowing with health and happiness. Oh the redness of her plump cheeks and the brightness of her sparkling eyes! She did not need to respond, in her hearty, merry tones, to inquiries after her health, "I am very well, I thank you!" Her rosy cheeks, and rounded form, and clear, strong tones testified to her well-being.

As a lass, my son John's wife was a pale and fragile creature, like a lily or a snow-flake, John said. She had mild, languid eyes and a thin, baby voice that responded faintly to queries after her health: "I am miserable to-day;" and the next day would say, "I am not so well as I was yesterday."

As a married woman, my wife's nerves are a help to her and me; but I am of opinion that the nerves of my son John's wife are more of a hindrance than a help. There is the same difference in the heads and hearts and bones and backs of the two women. My wife's head plans, contrives, considers, and designs. The head of my son's wife aches, throbs, and is always ready to split. My wife's heart is a good, steady, human heart, full of pure blood and the seat of womanly affections. The heart of my son's wife is the seat of disease, and its blood lacks iron. My wife's bones are equal to the full duties incumbent on sound bones, but the bones of my son's wife are deficient in lime, soda, or magnesia, and are full of aches and pains. My wife's back is strong to bear the burdens of the day, but the back of my son's wife is always broken and troubled with lumbago.

My wife takes for her model the virtuous woman in Proverbs: "She riseth while it is yet night and giveth meat to her household and bread to her maidens."

My son John's wife arises toward noon, and has very indistinct notions what kind of meats her household is fed with, or what kind of bread her maidens are eating.

My wife has quick, elastic steps, and rapid-moving hands that are always busy. Like the king's virtuous woman, "she girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms."

My son John's wife moves slowly and gracefully, and her hands are generally folded in elegant repose. The girding of her loins is not strength, I am sure, but some arrangement of whalebone.

My wife's industry is well directed in a variety of useful employments. "She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff."

My son John's wife has a taste for fancy-work. She layeth her hands to the crochet-needle, and her hands hold the tatting-shuttle.

My wife is always well dressed, and her garments are mainly of domestic manufacture. She has a prototype in the habit of the virtuous woman who "maketh herself coverings of tapestry."

My son John's wife is gorgeously attired in society; but my son John groans over the bills from importers, dress-makers, and milliners.

My wife is charming at the breakfast-table. Smooth hair, a tidy dress, a white collar, and a smiling face, make up her charms.

My son John's wife, if she appear at the breakfast-table, is not charming. Her hair is in crimping-pins and curling-papers; her slippers are down at the heel; her dress is shabby, and she wears no collar. Venus herself would be ugly in such attire.

My wife "openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness."

My son John's wife openeth her mouth with complaints, and fault-finding, and fretful murmurs, and idle gossip, and unreasonable demands; and her tongue is in the bad habit of scolding.

My wife "looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness."

My son John's wife trusts the ways of her household to servants, and she eats the bread of her cook, when she has one, and the nearest baker's when she has not.

My wife is a good mother to her children. From infancy to maturity she has watched, instructed, and cared tenderly for them. Her attention to their physical wants has been uniform and discreet, and her devotion to their higher interests has been vigilant and unflagging.

My son John's wife leaves her children to the care of menials. They annoy and distress her. Their noise makes her head ache when she is not well-dressed, and their dirty little hands soil her garments when she is. As for their manners it is the business of their teachers to look after them, and what are churches and Sabbath-schools good for if they do not take charge of their morals?

My wife's kingdom is her home. Here she lavishes her best powers and richest gifts, reigning a very queen.

My son John's wife is only a queen outside her home. The shabby woman, dull and indifferent to those whose happiness or misery depends on her moods, develops into the smiling, social queen in the presence of strangers to whom she is under no obligations, and to whom her smiles or frowns are of little significance.

My wife's "husband is known in the gates when he sitteth among the elders of the land." Bless you! He would never have sat there but for her. How do you think he is known? Why, by the whiteness of his linen, and the completeness of his buttons, and the fit of his collar, and the tie of his cravat, and the sleekness of his hat, and the remnants of the smile that settled on his face when, after a good breakfast, the little woman looked him over and dismissed him with a kiss. He is known, too, by the content that fills his heart and shines out of his face with the thought that all day long a wise woman is watching over his interests and looking after his dinner, and will be ready to greet him, when the day's work is over, with smiles and kind words. Of course the elders know him, and envy him, and wish they stood in his boots.

My son John is not known in the gates, for he does not sit among the elders of the land. John's linen is apt to be soiled and fringed at the edges, his buttons are often lacking, his collar does not fit, his cravat is tied carelessly, his hat is rough, and his broadcloth dusty, while his face has the anxious look that settles there when, after a breakfast of sour bread and muddy coffee, he leaves his wife in bed, the baby crying, the little boy riding the silk umbrella, the little girl sailing her shoes in the bath-tub, the chamber-maid giving warning up stairs that she is going to leave, and the cook down stairs giving away soap and tea to her sister's children. John's face scarcely brightens all day long. It is not likely to, with the thought that the income of his business will not balance his family expenses, and the prospect of going home to a sulky wife, children ill-bred and neglected, servants wasteful and rebellious, a dinner illy ordered and worse cooked, and a pile of bills from milliners, dress-makers, "butchers, bakers, and candlestick-makers." The elders don't know John, but I greatly fear that club-houses and wine-saloons will.

My wife's "children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her." My son John says the Lord gave him no choice of a mother, but he shall never cease to be thankful for the Lord's gift. For myself, I find no words of praise so fitting my wife as the king's praise: "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

The children of my son John's wife will never arise up and call her blessed; and her husband says bitterly the Lord gave him the choice of a wife, and he shall never cease to condemn his judgment.

My life is full of content; the lines have fallen to me in pleasant places. Men say I am lucky. Every thing turns to blessing in my hand. Providence has smiled upon me, and the Lord has dealt bountifully with me.

My son John's life is full of bitterness. He complains grievously that every thing goes wrong with him, fate is against him, Providence frowns upon him, and the Lord deals hardly with him.

I pause and ponder. Sitting in my cheerful home to-night, the words of the wise man recur to my mind: "Every wise woman buildeth her house, but the foolish plucketh it down with her hands." Looking just across the fire, where sits my holy-faced, sweet-voiced wife, I see the wise woman who has builded her house, and I cease to blame the Lord for my son John's ill-fortune, seeing in his wife the foolish woman who plucketh down her house with her own hands.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A NAPPY THOUGHT.—Why is freedom of the press asleep in France?—Because it's under the influence of its second Nap.

A Bostonian the other day astonished the librarian of a circulating library by saying, "I'll take the life of General Grant."

A MINER'S LAMENTATION—"Vein! vein! give ore."

CROWING HENS.

"Why shouldn't *we* crow?" said the speckled Hen.
"Why not?" said the white Hen.
"Why not?" said all the Hens, as the question went round.
"We are as clever, as strong, as handsome, and as good every way as that domineering old Cock; in my opinion we are superior!" said the speckled Hen.
"And in mine," said the white Hen.
"And in mine," said all the Hens, much impressed and excited by this new view of things.
So they practiced, and stretched out their necks, and stuck their heads on one side, all in imitation of the old Cock, and a very remarkable noise they made.
"Hey-day!" said Drover, stopping as he ran through the yard to listen to the hubbub; "my dear creatures, what are you at? Give up this nonsense. While you keep to clucking you are highly respectable, but when you take to *crowing* you can't think what ridiculous figures you cut—keep to clucking, dears, keep to clucking!"

"Here, you young rascal, walk up and give an account of yourself. Where have you been?" "After the girls, father." "Did you ever know me to do so when I was a boy?" "No, Sir; but mother did."

PAPA. "Well, Sissy, how do you like your school?"
SISSY. "Oh, so muts."
PAPA. "That's right. Now tell me all you have learned to-day?"
SISSY. "I have learned the names of all the little boys."

"Astonishing cure for consumption," as the old lady said when she sprinkled snuff on the victuals of her boarders.

THE STORY OF A SPOTTED DOG.

I purchase a Spotted Dog from a canine professor.

Before I reach home it begins to rain. The spots on my Dog change their shape.

The rain changes my Spotted Dog into a striped one.

By the time we reach home my Dog is of a clouded-gray hue.

The application of soap and hot water produces a White Dog.

Guided by the ever-efficient police, I find my canine professor in the act of spotting another White Dog for the market!

At a tavern, one night,
Messrs. *More*, *Strange*, and *Wright*
Met to drink and good thoughts to exchange.
Says More, "Of us three,
The whole town will agree
There is only one knave, and that's *Strange*."
"Yes," says Strange (rather sore),
"I'm sure there's one *More*,
A most terrible knave and a bite,
Who cheated his mother,
His sister and brother."
"Oh yes," replied More, "that is *Wright*!"

Diggory says he always respects old age except when some one cheats him with a pair of tough chickens.

MOTHER EARTH.—All of us, as we know, have this common mother. As, however, there is such a great diversity among mankind, we may fairly conclude that each was originally made from a peculiar kind of the same material. Hence, in all probability, the first Scotchman was constructed from a "*sandy* soil," and the first German student from "*pipe-clay*." All sycophants, of course, must have had a *grovely* origin; and without doubt, all members of the *fair* sex must in the beginning have sprung from "*delicate* ground!" N.B.—As a matter of course the first Chinaman came from "*tea-dust*."

A MUSICAL BURGLAR—One who breaks into a tune.

Dr. Abernethy rarely met his match, but on one occasion fairly owned that he was beaten. He was sent for by an inn-keeper, who had had a quarrel with his wife, who had scarred his face with her nails, so that the poor man was bleeding and much disfigured. Abernethy considered this an opportunity not to be lost for admonishing the offender, and said, "Madam, are you not ashamed of yourself to treat your husband thus—the husband, who is the head of all—your head, Madam, in fact?" "Well, Doctor," fiercely returned the virago, "and may I not scratch my own head?"

THE MOST ENLIGHTENED OF SCIENCES—Gas-tronomy.

MORE WONDERFUL THAN THE SHE-WOLF THAT SUCKLED ROMULUS—The new dog-mas of the Church of Rome.

AN ALARMING FEATURE—A cannon's mouth.

What Christian knights do the life-boat men resemble?—Crusaders (crews aiders). Oh!

NEW NAME FOR A FOG—The air apparent.

MORE INCONVENIENT TO SPEAKERS THAN A FALSETTO VOICE—A false set o' teeth.

Why can not Philadelphia have an earthquake? Every where else is enjoying one. Where are our enterprising earth-Quakers?

Three little girls were playing among the sage brush in a back-yard. Two of them were "making believe keep house" a few yards distant from each other—neighbors as it were. One of them says to the third little girl: "There, now, Nelly, you go to Sarah's house, and stop a little while and talk, and then you come back and tell me what she says about me; and then I'll talk about her: then you go and tell her all I say, and then we'll get mad and won't speak to each other, just like our mothers do, you know. Oh! that'll be such fun!"

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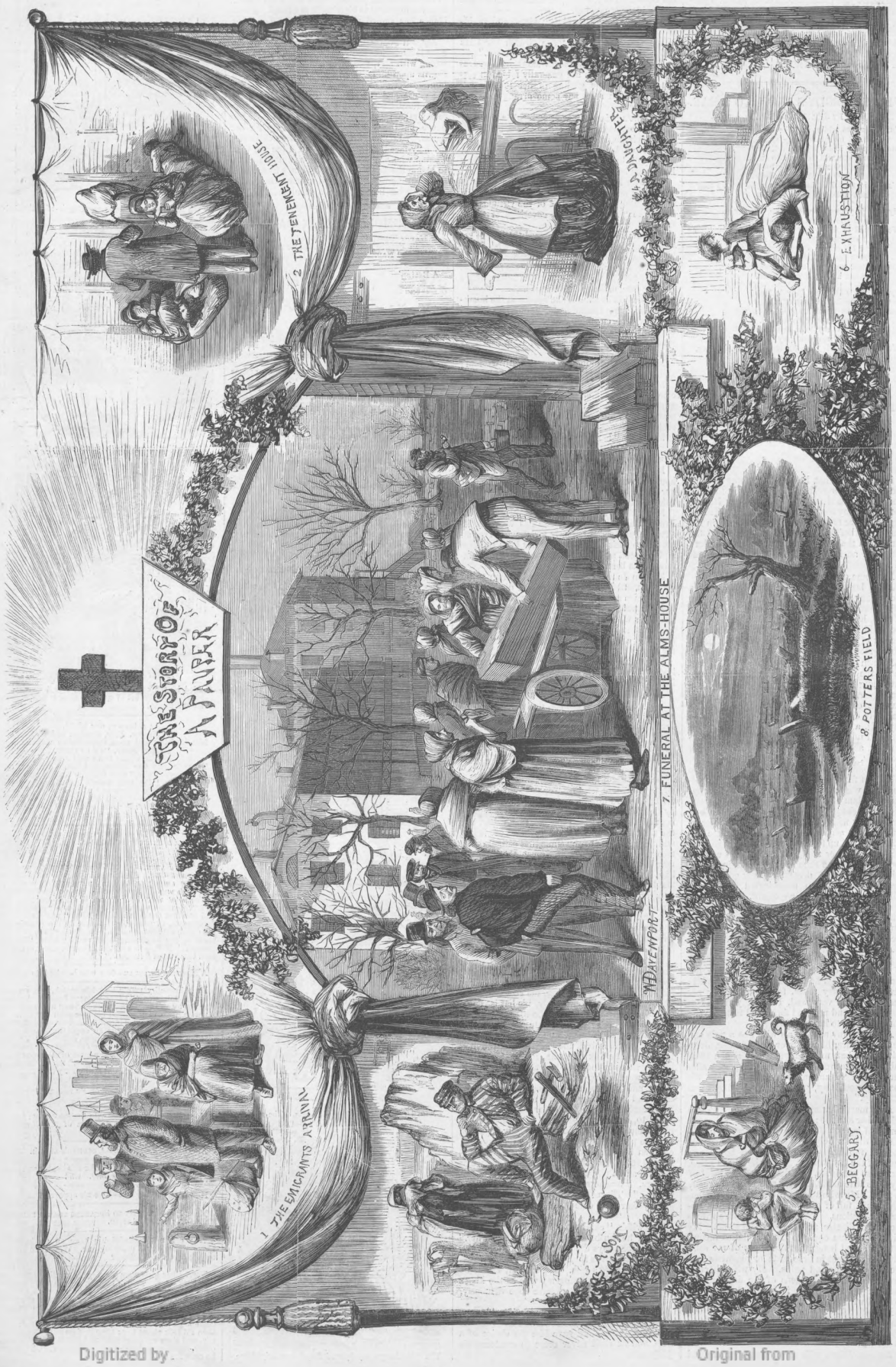

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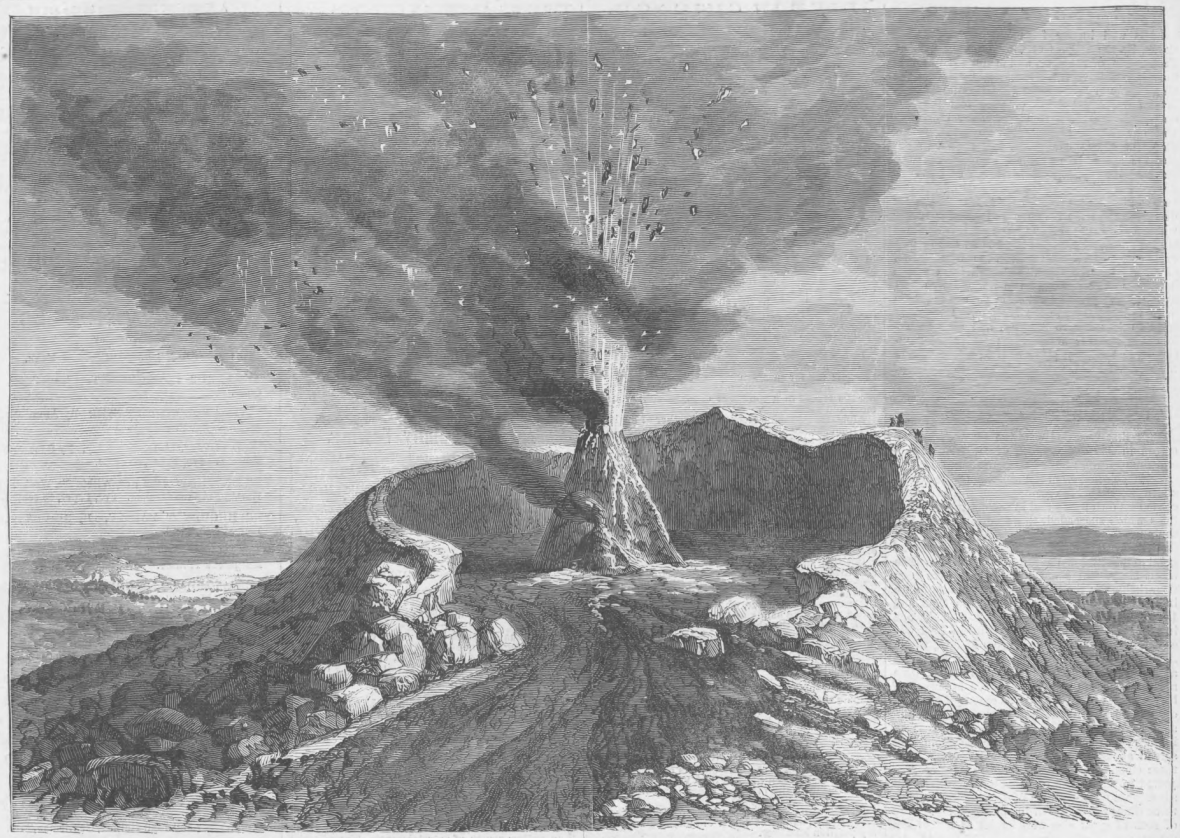
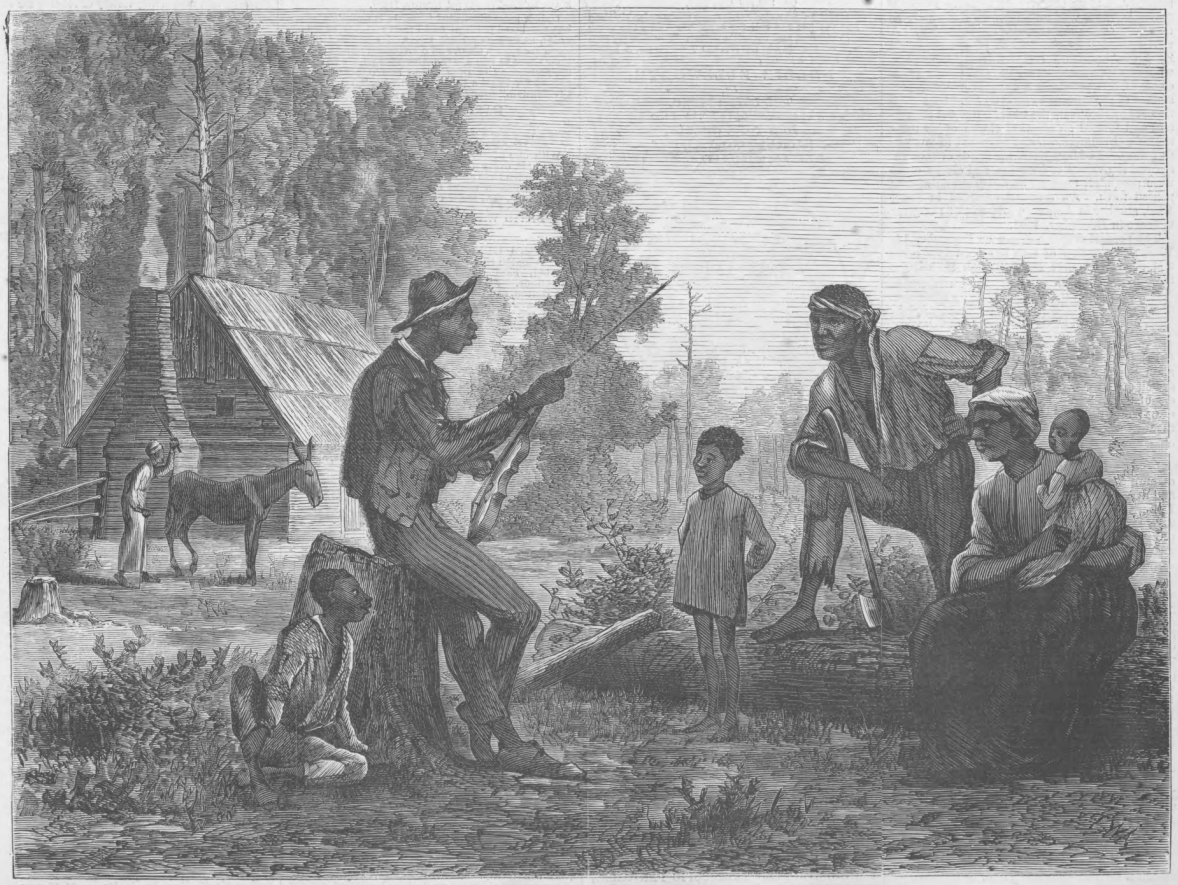


MOUNT VESUVIUS IN A STATE OF ERUPTION, DECEMBER 20, 1867.—[SEE PAGE 94.]



SCENE ON A SOUTHERN PLANTATION.—SKETCHED BY A. W. THOMPSON.—[SEE PAGE 94.]

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THE STORY OF A PAUPER.

IT is well known from long experience, as shown by the reports of the Commissioners of Emigration, of the Poor, and of our Prisons, that the stings of poverty are most keenly felt, and the allurements of crime most speedily submitted to by the many thousands of poor and ignorant emigrants who flock to this country annually; and our artist, on page 92, to illustrate his theme of a Pauper's Story, has chosen to depict the career of a poor emigrant woman who has come to this country in search of her children. He has chosen the dark side of the picture, and one that fortunately is less frequently displayed than the brighter and happier scenes which attend success. The emigrant is depicted landed on our shores, but there is no one to welcome her. She is next seen in that most dismal of all abodes, the tenement-house, from whose horrors she goes in search of her children. A son is found in the Penitentiary; a daughter's body is discovered in the Morgue. Poverty at length drives her to beggary, and ends in exhaustion and the alms-house; and a brief existence in the latter place ends in a long rest in the Potter's Field.

THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.

THE first recorded eruption of Vesuvius occurred in August, A.D. 79, when Herculaneum and Pompeii were buried beneath its ashes. The materials ejected from the mountain were scoriæ and ashes alone, the quantities of which far exceeded its own bulk; and in the occasional eruptions which succeeded, these were the only volcanic products until the year 1066, when the first flow of lava occurred. The total number of its great eruptions down to the present time has been about sixty, and some among them have been remarkable for the vast movement taking place in a short time. Between the years 1306 and 1631 no eruption occurred, except a slight one in 1500. The eruption of Vesuvius in 1631 was accompanied with great currents of lava, which flowed over most of the villages at its base, and at the same time torrents of boiling water were sent forth. The eruption of 1779 is described by Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON as among the grandest and most terrible of these phenomena. White sulphurous smoke, like heaps of cotton, rose up in piles four times as high as the mountain, and spread about it to a proportional extent. Into these clouds stones, scoriæ, and ashes were projected to the height of at least 2000 feet. On subsequent days columns of fire shot forth to full three times the height of the mountain. Masses of rock of great size were projected out of the crater, one of which measured 108 feet in circumference and 17 feet in height. In June, 1794, occurred a terrible eruption, which destroyed the town of Torre del Greco. A single stream of lava was estimated by BRIESLAK as containing more than 46,000,000 cubic feet. A vent opened near the bottom of the mountain 2375 feet in length and 237 feet in breadth, which became filled with lava, and on the hardening of this presented a dyke in every respect similar to the ancient basaltic dykes. The eruption of 1822 broke up the whole top of the mountain, and formed an elliptical chasm about three miles in circumference, and supposed to be 2000 feet deep. In May, 1855, the floods of lava destroyed the village of Cercolo; and eleven cones were produced, from all of which floods of lava poured forth. An eruption occurred in June, 1858, another in August, 1859, and one of great violence in December, 1861.

The present eruption began on December 14, 1867, and the flow of lava has been very great and continuous ever since, though no villages have been destroyed.

A SOUTHERN PLANTATION SCENE.

EVERY reader acquainted with Southern plantation life will recognize the faithfulness of the sketch on page 93. The negroes are ardent lovers of music—most of them are natural musicians; and there is no charm so unresisting to them as the sound of a fiddle or "de old banjo."

MESSRS. G. W. REED & BRO. announce in this column that they will give a Gold Fountain Pen and a Year's Subscription to this Paper for Five Dollars. The offer is a good one, and they refer to HARPER & BROS. as to their reliability and the quality of their Pens. Find the advertisement below this, and read it.

FIFTY-FOUR DAYS WITHOUT FOOD.—Many of our readers have doubtless noticed an item concerning the refusal of a citizen of Dayton, Ohio, to take food. The Dayton *Journal* of Wednesday of this week says: "Yesterday was the *fifty-fourth* day since Mr. BROWN, of this city, tasted food. This is the united testimony of MR. BROWN and his family, who are worthy people. —*Exchange.*

If MR. BROWN has not taken *food* for fifty-four days, he must have been taking some pretty nourishing *drink!* We presume he has been taking "UPHAM'S Fresh Meat Cure."—*Communicated.*

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READ THIS. HARPER'S BAZAR, WEEKLY, or MAGAZINE FOR ONE YEAR, and a SUPERB ISAAC REED & SON GOLD PEN AND HOLDER, FOR $5 00. The Price of this PEN AND CASE is $2 50, and each Pen is WARRANTED.

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LIFE IN CHICAGO.

NELLIE ELLSWORTH;
OR,
THE LOVER FIEND.

A TALE OF LIFE IN CHICAGO.

BY EDWARD MINTURN.

In producing this startling and thrilling composition, by an author who seems alike at home on land and sea, and to possess a knowledge of the realities of life enjoyed by but few romancists, the publishers of

The New York Weekly

have again struck a wave of the popular tide of sentiment which for months past has been steadily carrying them forward to fame and fortune.

NELLIE ELLSWORTH;
OR,
THE LOVER FIEND,

in originality of plot and characters, as well as in startling effects and points, is far ahead of any of this author's previous efforts. Exhibiting the power of weak innocence to struggle with and to conquer villainy, in high and low life, showing the blackness of human depravity in contrast with angelic, yet mortal purity, it teaches throughout a lesson which the most fastidious can but pronounce good, pure, and ennobling.

In the opening scene the villain of the life-drama exposes a part of his plot to a wretch weaker than himself; but for several chapters the mystery, which is only unveiled at the close, is merely hinted at, leaving the reader in a condition of tantalizing wonderment and uncertainty.

Alphonse Germaine rescues the brother of the heroine from suicide and want, having no nobler aim in so doing than to ruin and possess the heroine. To this end he aids in their migration from New York to Chicago, furnishing funds and pretending disinterested friendship. To carry out his plans he employs mercenary wretches to aid in their execution, and finally has

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GENTS,—I have just seen one of your gold fifteen dollar ($15) watches, and must have one immediately. You will please ship at your earliest convenience one of the same kind (imitation gold $15 watch). If I get as good a one as the one I have just seen I can make a good trade for you in this part of the country.

Yours respectfully, J. S. COLQUID, S. Atlantic and Gulf Railway, Georgia.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, January 10, 1868.

GENTS,—I have carried one of your oroide watches some time. It keeps good time, and keeps its color good. I am well pleased with it. Mine is a large size, at $15. Please send me one of the ladies' size.

A. H. BRIGGS, 256 So. Desplans, Chicago, Illinois.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: FORT SUMNER, NEW MEXICO, December 28, 1867.

GENTLEMEN,—I have received your chain per express, for which I paid $6 75, and am well pleased with it. I consider it a cheap article. Please send me two of your watches, gentlemen's size, at $15 each. Send them C. O. D., by express, to Fort Union, New Mexico, where the mail conductor from this post will receive them for me and pay all expenses. I have no doubt but I will be able to send you several more orders when the watches are seen here.

Yours respectfully,
J. R. BOLTON, Quartermaster Sergeant, Co. "F," 37th U. S. Infantry.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS, December 21, 1867.

SIRS,—Please send me one more of your oroide watches. I received the watch you sent, and I am very much obliged for such a good timepiece. Very respectfully, PATRICK D. CORNIGAN.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co., New York: FARMINGTON, IOWA, December 25, 1867.

GENTLEMEN,—I am much pleased with the watches, and concluded to keep them both. There is another order on the way for you, sent on my account. Hoping the above may be satisfactory, and expecting to send more soon, I remain, Yours truly, A. T. CHURCH.

Messrs. Collins & Co.: PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, January 19, 1868.

GENTLEMEN,—We are very much pleased with the watches, and have no hesitancy in recommending them generally. Hoping your advertisement in our paper will do you much good, &c., M. T. WOLF, Press Office.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: BLACKSHEAR, GEORGIA, December 27, 1867.

GENTLEMEN,—You will please send me one of your oroide hunting watches by express to Blackshear, Ga.—No. 8, A. & G. R. R.—C.O.D. I saw the watch you sent to Mr. W. W. Campbell, which created a great sensation. I think you will be patronized if you hold out and prove to be genuine. I would be pleased to be your agent if I would be any help to you. There will be quite a number here that will send for watches in a short time. Respectfully yours, E. F. SWEAT.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: FORT UNION, NEW MEXICO, December 25, 1867.

SIRS,—I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your watch, and it gives entire satisfaction; but you forgot to send me the $2 chain. You will have more orders from me before long. Yours respectfully,
JAMES DILLON, "A" Co., 3d Cavalry, Fort Union, New Mexico.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: TOPEKA, KANSAS, January 4, 1868.

SIRS,—The watch came safely to hand to-day. I think it will prove all I expected. Please send me one ladies' size, double case, by the Merchants' Union Express, Topeka, Shawnee Co., Kansas, G. W. Wines. Please send me a nice watch, and oblige GEORGE W. WINES.

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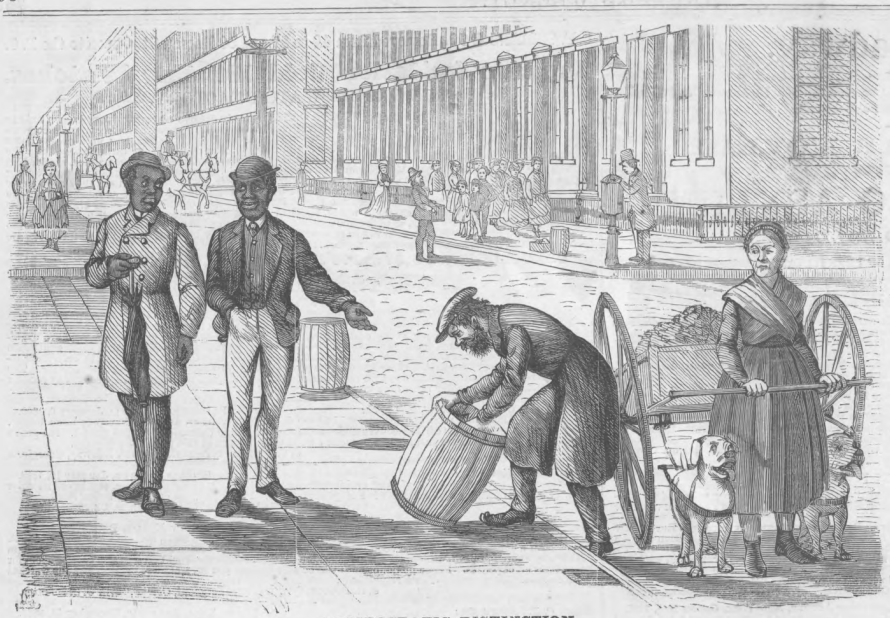

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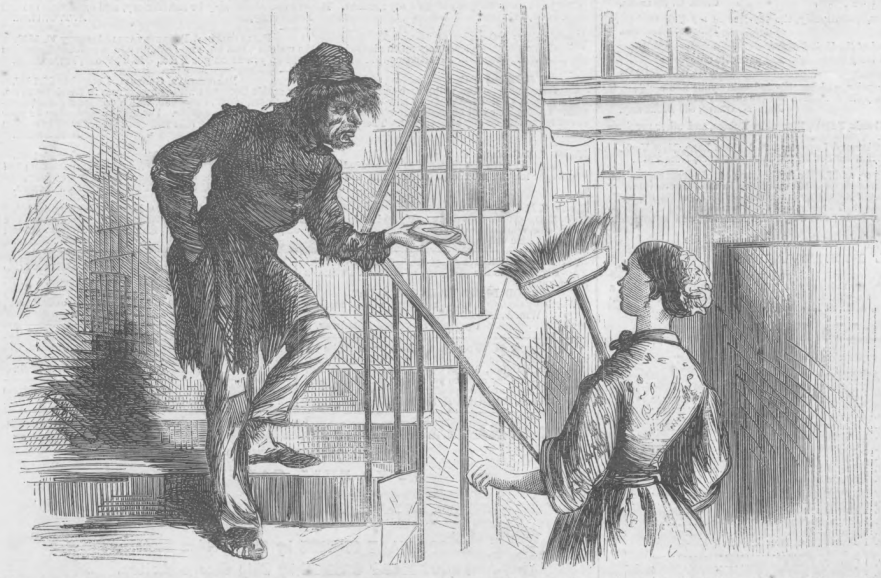

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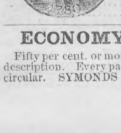

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XII.—No. 581.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1868, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

THE GREAT FIRE IN CHICAGO.

THE most destructive fire which has ever visited Chicago occurred in that city on the night of January 28. The loss to property is at least four times greater than that of the great fire of 1859, which broke out on Lake Street, just west of the river, and burned over four blocks. It also greatly exceeds in destructiveness the terrible Lake Street fire of 1857, though happily unattended by the sickening loss of human life which rendered that conflagration memorable. Of this last most disastrous conflagration we give a sketch from the pencil of Mr. W. B. BAIRD.

The origin of the fire is not positively ascertained. A few minutes before seven o'clock in the evening three men were seen to emerge from the stairway leading to the floors above the bookstore of S. C. GRIGGS & Co., and a few seconds afterward the building was discovered, from the volumes of smoke issuing from the windows and doors, to be on fire. It is evident that they have a model fire-department in Chicago, for it appears that the steam fire-engines were on the spot before the slightest ray of flame had burst from the building. But the fire within had obtained such headway that it was impossible to subdue the flames before they had destroyed the building and extended to others adjoining.

Every person who has visited Chicago has seen and admired "Burch's Building" on the corner of Lake Street and Wabash Avenue, giving, as it did, evidence not only of the architectural taste but the prosperity of the city, which only forty years ago was a wilderness well-nigh inapproachable. "Burch's Building" was a five-story iron-front business block, and its beauty and strength rendered it an ornament to the city. The fire of January 28 reduced it to a mass of ruins. Within an hour after it had begun a fierce gale of wind from the west had driven the fire entirely through the building to Wabash Avenue, and within another hour the Wabash Avenue front was also destroyed.

While the fire was at its height in the Burch Building a flake of fire descended into an area of No. 20, on the north side of Lake Street, between Wabash and Michigan avenues, and coming in contact with a stock of dry-goods, another conflagration was almost instantly in full blast. The fire speedily communicated with the highly combustible contents of BURNHAMS & VAN SCHAACK'S wholesale drug-store, adjoining on the east, and, notwithstanding the desperate efforts of the firemen, the flames reached across the alley, and within an hour another five-story marble-front block, extending east to Michigan Avenue, was in ruins, as was also an adjacent building to the north, on Michigan Avenue.

But for the fact that a recent snow-storm had

THE GREAT FIRE IN CHICAGO, JANUARY 28, 1868.—[SKETCHED BY W. B. BAIRD.]

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rendered the roofs of buildings fire-proof, the conflagration would have been much more disastrous. Such continuous showers of sparks and myriads of flaming torches were never before seen driving through the air. The adjoining streets were aglow with living coals of fire that rained down to the terror of over-coats and furs, while out over the lake, as far as the eye could reach, could be traced the flight of the fiery shower.

The total loss by this fire will reach $2,000,000.

TO A YOUNG WIDOW.

THERE is a young widow, bewitching and fair,
Who lives in a mansion that looks on the Square.
I pass by her window whenever I dare—
The policemen already suspiciously stare
With a scowl that says plainly, "You'd better take care!"—
While glancing to see if my charmer is there.
But whether she wishes my feelings to spare,
Or has gone to the country to visit here *mère*,
Or has taken a journey to see something rare,
Or has gone down to Richmond—Oh Southerns beware
Of her soft, winning eyes and her rich, glossy hair!
And her figure so graceful, like lilies that bear
The dew gems of morning. And then to compare
The tones of her voice to the birds of the air,
Were to flatter the birds. Well, I freely declare,
All the rest of her sex for her sake I forswear,
Though it lead to misfortune and end in despair,
Like the moth who is blinded at night by the glare
Of the candle till lost in the dazzling flare—
Yet whatever man may do, that thing will I dare,
To be near that young widow who lives by the Square.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1868.

NATIVE AND NATURALIZED CITIZENS.

THE most prominent topic of public interest since the introduction of the new reconstruction law is the bill for the protection of naturalized citizens reported by Mr. BANKS from the Committee on Foreign Affairs. It was the subject of a very pointed speech from Mr. WILSON, of Iowa, Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, in which he declared that he wished the United States to lay down the rule that naturalization is equivalent to birth in the country. But, as he plainly shows, if this be the object of the Committee it is not reached by the bill; for the first section, after announcing that all naturalized citizens shall be equally protected with natives during their sojourn in foreign states, proceeds to authorize the President to use all the power of the Government to secure the recognition by other countries of the principles of public law in the matter of naturalization which have been always maintained by the United States. The word "maintained," however, was wisely stricken out in the House by the Chairman and "asserted" substituted.

The truth is, that we have "maintained" no principle whatever upon the subject. The Judiciary has been always inclined to follow the rule of the English Common Law. If a naturalized citizen returns to his native country, the United States have not protected him against claims due as a foreign subject before his naturalization here. We have before quoted Mr. WHEATON'S reply when Minister in Berlin to a Prussian naturalized in the United States and who went to Prussia upon business, to protect him from the Prussian claim of military service. Mr. WHEATON told him that if he had staid in the United States or had gone to any country but Prussia he would have been protected; but when he returned to Prussia "your native domicile and national character revert." This was in 1840; but as late as 1853 Mr. EVERETT, Secretary of State, took the same ground in writing to Mr. BARNARD, Minister to Prussia. Mr. WEBSTER held the same view. Mr. CASS, Secretary of State in 1859, confined the foreign jurisdiction over the naturalized citizen to the case of actual desertion or escape from the country after having been regularly drafted into the army by the Government. There is no principle involved in this conduct of our Government except that a foreign Government may have valid claims upon a naturalized citizen.

The second section of the new bill provides that if any naturalized citizen shall be arrested in a foreign state without charge of crime, and his release unreasonably delayed, the President may arrest and detain any subject of that state who may be found among us. The absurdity of this provision will doubtless occasion its modification. But why report absurd provisions at all?

The London *Times*, in discussing the subject, is very far from agreeing with Mr. WILSON, of Iowa. "The only doubt," it says, is not whether the natural-born subject, although naturalized, elsewhere, may be treated as a subject upon his return to the native soil, but whether, having changed his country and renounced his allegiance, he ought not "to be placed on the same footing with foreigners as regards his proceedings upon a foreign soil." This is evidently illogical, for if there can be no alienation of allegiance by expatriation, the subject conspiring in America is exactly as guilty as if in England, and should be seized whenever he comes within reach of the arms of the English authority. If he be still a subject, he is wholly a subject. If he be wholly a subject, he is every where in the world entitled to the protection and supervision of his Government, and every where his offenses against it are of the same relative character. The *Times* sees this, and owns that if all persons born in the United Kingdom owe a life-long allegiance to Her Majesty, they have an equal title to her protection, and that, consequently, she is bound to watch over the interests of Irishmen domiciled in the United States. It confesses that this is not supposable. But how does it avoid the other conclusion, that if Her Majesty is *not* bound to protect him they are no longer her subjects? This is the inevitable result of its doctrine, and it hobbles out of the dilemma by declaring that England has no desire or occasion to punish American Fenians, and no power of punishing them until they arrive within the kingdom.

The New York *World* has a highcockalorum dispatch from Washington that Great Britain must accept Mr. JOHNSON'S "ultimatum," or war will be declared by the United States. There will be no war between the United States and England until the best and wisest men in both countries have exhausted every honorable and practicable method of settling all differences between them. Our situation admonishes us not to covet a foreign war at this time: the situation of England imperatively forbids her to think of it. The duty of every faithful citizen and journal in this country is to moderate not to exasperate any hostility of feeling that may exist. The tone of the letters of "Historicus" upon this subject to the London *Times*, for instance, is much nobler and more humane than that of most of the orators and journals who discuss it upon our side. Indeed there is not such consistency in our maintenance of our assertions upon this subject hitherto that we can now take a supercilious tone. If Great Britain has never logically maintained her position of perpetual allegiance, neither have we insisted upon our supposed principle of the absolute right of expatriation, and there is hardly a supposable calamity to civilization greater than that of a war between the United States and England to settle this or any other difference.

CITIES IN THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

AFTER a long and most earnest debate the Constitutional Convention of New York has disposed of the question of City Government—and substantially as we had wished. The State still retains its right, by its immediate authority, to keep the peace of the great city. The extraordinary proposition of the Majority Report, that the Mayor should be elected for three years, with the right of appointing and removing the heads of all departments, and that the Legislature should be forbidden to create new districts, for any purpose whatever, was rejected. The article as adopted provides for the election of a Mayor, who is to see that the duties of the various city officers are faithfully performed, and who shall have access to all their books and papers. He shall have power to remove such city officers for violation or neglect of duty, whether elected or appointed, "but only with reasonable notice, a copy of charges, and an opportunity to be heard in defense." The rest of the article, which is very short, is mainly the provision of the present Constitution.

The debate was as interesting as it was animated, and the question became somewhat a party division, although a very few sincere Republicans felt it to be their duty to vote with the Democrats. The Majority Report, which was a scheme virtually to separate the city of New York from the State, was supported by the chairman of the committee, Mr. IRA HARRIS, Mr. ALVORD, Mr. ERASTUS BROOKS, Mr. A. D. LAWRENCE, Mr. SCHUMACHER, Mr. DALY, Mr. VERPLANCK, Mr. COMSTOCK, Mr. ROBERTSON, and Mr. GROSS. It was opposed by Mr. MARTIN J. TOWNSEND, Mr. J. M. FRANCIS, Mr. SMITH, Mr. HAND, Mr. GOULD, Mr. LAPHAM, Mr. STRATTON, Mr. OPDYKE, Mr. HUTCHINS, and Mr. CURTIS. The general argument of those who supported the Report was that the city of New York has the same right to local self-government with every other similar division of the State; that although the city is taxed for police and other purposes the State disposes of the money; that the State care is expensive and intolerable, and will throw out of power in the State the party under whose auspices the present system of State care was introduced.

The argument of the opponents of the Report was, that a city is but a State organization for a specific purpose; that the power delegated to the city by the State must be regulated by reason and experience; that the exceptional character of the city of New York requires the system of police, for instance, which will best subserve the common welfare of the State; that the Mayor was appointed by the State until about 1830; that after twenty-five or thirty years' experience the city, without regard to party, asked for a change, and that in obedience to that request and from a profound conviction of the necessity of the case the police was established by the State. The whole subject, it was urged, was one of expediency, and nothing could be more inexpedient than for the State to tie its hands. The expenses of the present system of State care, it was contended, are not extravagant, and the figures and statistics were produced in proof. Every Fire Insurance Company but four asks for the retention of the present fire system; every Life Insurance Company for that of the Health Board. As for party ascendency, it must take its chance. No man who is sincerely a Republican, it was said, would be willing to buy the victory of his party at the price of putting the protection of the property and of the most defenseless inhabitants of the city into the hands of a police appointed by a Mayor elected by the grog-shops.

There was one remarkable argument urged by the Chairman of the Committee in support of his article. It was, that if the citizens of New York will not take the trouble to have a good city government, they must suffer the consequences. With the facts before him, can any man seriously suppose that a majority of the municipal voters would elect officers who would fairly discharge the first duty of good government, that of equal personal protection? Does the Chairman suppose that under his system there are not districts in the city in which no vote could be polled distasteful to the majority of voters there? His system, as Mr. HENRY C. MURPHY of Brooklyn truly said in his Minority Report, would make the Mayor an autocrat who would name his successor.

With this article and that on State Prisons the most important subjects before the Convention are disposed of. When the question upon striking out the section of the Report which forbade the Legislature to interfere in the city by any commission whatever was about to be decided, Mr. DALY repeated what Mr. VERPLANCK and Mr. GROSS had already declared, that unless it were adopted the Constitution would receive the solid opposition of the Democratic vote of New York and Brooklyn. But the Convention seemed to be of opinion that its duty was to consider the general welfare of the State, and the section was stricken out.

The whole subject now rests with the people of the State in the Legislature. If they choose to repeal the laws which establish the present Police, Fire, Health, and Central Park Boards, they will do so. The Convention declined to repeal those laws in the new Constitution; and it also declined to insert in that instrument a complete system of city government. Its action in the matter seems to us to be so just and wise that we are very sure it will be approved by intelligent citizens every where in the State.

THE VOLUME OF THE CIRCULATION.

THE question is under discussion in Congress and in all financial circles, what will be the effect on the price of commodities of increasing or diminishing the quantity of paper-money? Will prices rise or fall in the same proportion? A contemporary assails the theory that they thus rise or fall, on the ground that the price of gold, which between 1862 and 1867 fluctuated violently, did not at any time correspond with the quantity of paper-money in existence. Gold was 250 on the 30th June, 1864, and was only 144 on the 1st October, 1865, although at the latter period the quantity of paper was much larger. It will at once be discovered, from these dates, that between the two periods the surrender of General LEE occurred. When gold was at 250 the country was depressed by the condition of belligerent affairs, and when it was at 144 the war had been ended and confidence in our debt and currency had been restored. It may safely be assumed that the price of gold, which reached 285, measured by greenbacks, was due more to other causes than to the quantity of the latter.

JOHN ADAMS furnished to the Count DE VERGENNES, in 1780, some of the prices then charged for articles in Massachusetts in the Continental money of that day. "Salt, which costs very little in Europe, and used to be sold for a shilling a bushel, is $40 a bushel, and in some of the other States $200 at times. Linens, which cost two livres a yard in France, $40 a yard." In the same year $500 and $1000 were offered for one dollar in silver. The Confederate currency sank to nothing after the surrender of General LEE.

In order to ascertain clearly the effect on the price of commodities of the abundance or scarcity of paper-money, the question should be considered in relation to money not issued in war. In that case a long experience may be appealed to, and much light may also be derived from the abundance or scarcity which from time to time have occurred with the precious metals. Europe was stirred into great activity in mining for the precious metal during a portion of the Middle Ages, but for many years before the discovery of America the quantity mined did not keep pace with the increase of other productions. In the century after the discovery of America the quantity of gold and silver poured into Europe nearly, if not quite, quadrupled what was in circulation. This period was succeeded by one of inactivity until the discovery of gold and silver in California and Australia, which stimulated the most active industry in the production of those metals.

The uniform testimony of historians is, that the prices of commodities declined for some years prior to the discovery of America, and that on the contrary, in the century following that event, they had quadrupled, keeping pace with the production of gold and silver. The isolation of Europe at that time from the populations and trade of the Eastern World, with its exclusive reliance on a metallic currency, and its tolerably steady progress in industry, afforded an excellent opportunity for ascertaining with much precision the effect on prices of an increase of the precious metals. All other things being equal, like results would now be produced from the same policy, but the exceptions to any general rule on this subject, which in our day must be taken into view, are very numerous, and especially so far as the rule concerns paper-money in the United States.

Money travels faster than ever before, and we have been told that a nimble sixpence is better than a slow shilling. That less money is required to do the same work than hitherto is due to the creation of railroads, to the telegraph, to the substitution of one issuer of undoubted credit for many not so, to the collection of money in banks, to the use of checks and drafts instead of bank bills, and to clearing-houses. The substitution of machinery for manual labor in nearly all the varied forms of our industry increases the mass of products, and so lowers the price that it becomes difficult to say how much of that price is due to facilities of production, and how much to the quantity of money in use. It was supposed by many up to the very time of gathering our late crops that every production of agriculture would be cheap; but it is found that, although we usually carried over from fifty to sixty million dollars' worth of grain, the quantity held in the whole Union up to the new harvest did not exceed ten millions of dollars in value, and that the consumption of the new crop was commenced universally as soon as gathered, and particularly in the South, which was suffering from famine. Until we carry over the usual surplus, and have in addition a good crop, the country will buy sparingly, and leave the question in doubt to many, how much of the depreciation in goods is due to that abstinence, and how much to the condition of the currency.

Then again, the paper currency was carried to an unusual height by the extreme necessities of the war—gold having been expelled as the fruit of the preceding system—and people are at a loss to know what policy will be pursued at Washington—whether to expand with the probability of repudiation; to contract, with the fear of ruin to debtors, if violent; or to stand still in masterly inactivity, with the danger to those in power which arises from having no decisive policy. Balances are consequently hoarded by timid capitalists, and prices fall, notwithstanding the great abundance of money. The universal fear of contraction indulged in by the debtor class is proof of their conviction that diminishing the quantity of money affects injuriously their means of payment.

The experience of the world since the establishment of the Bank of England in 1694, is more confusing on the question discussed, inasmuch as by the introduction of paper-money commerce, instead of being a direct exchange of equivalents—for such was the case when gold and silver were paid for other productions of labor—became, in fact, an exchange of what was valuable in itself, for a promise to pay its equivalent. The question always arises, what value is there in the promise? How and when will it be fulfilled? JACOB, in his valuable work on the precious metals, informs us that the multiplication of these promises in the shape of paper, issued under the authority of all commercial powers, had produced the effect—this was before the discovery of gold and silver in California and Australia—of stopping or greatly reducing production in the chief mines of the world, so that the gap was daily growing wider that existed between the increasing promises to pay gold and silver and the diminishing means of performance. The certainty of failure, sooner or later, results always from that condition of affairs, and of itself causes an addition to the price of commodities, which is further augmented by increasing the quantity of such money.

But making allowance for the effect of these and other like exceptions, and the rule must undoubtedly prevail that prices fall or rise in the proportion in which money is diminished or increased.

"NEW DOMINION" BITTERS.

THE present prospects for a firm establishment of the Canadian Confederation upon a permanent foundation are any thing but encouraging. The tone of the speeches and newspaper comments on both sides of the Atlantic show that its ultimate failure is regarded as quite within the limits of possibility. Even those who were the most earnest and sanguine promoters of the Union are now disheartened and perplexed by the difficulties that attend the experimental working of their ponderous machine. The policy thus far pursued by the Government has not tended to harmonize the discordant elements. The benefits and burdens of Confederation are unequally distribut-

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ed. Local interests clash more vehemently than before, and the ascerbity of political partisanship has become the more embittered.

Under these prognostics of continued disorder the territorial expansion of the new realm has not been rapid. The only progress thus far made is the securing a vote of Vancouver's Island favorable to joining the Confederation (which goes as far toward a consolidation of British America as the annexation of the rock of Gibraltar might do). As regards those provinces which have thus far stood aloof from the "new nationality" the most powerful arguments have failed to induce them to enter the union; while as respects the victimized provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick the subtlest logic can not convince them that their condition has been improved by the closer connection with Canada. Seven months of patient waiting have been barren of those extraordinary advantages which were promised to these unwilling partners in the magnificent scheme.

Taken as a unit the Confederation has lost ground. Its business has suffered, its revenues have diminished, and its expenses have increased. Labor is a drug, wages are reduced, poverty pinches, and emigration is depopulating large districts. Respecting Canada herself (that is, the present Provinces of Ontario and Quebec) she derives from the Union the unquestionable advantage of the assistance of the Lower Provinces in paying her enormous debts. Her manufactures enter into successful competition with those of the Lower Provinces, and she not only compels her neighbors to purchase her manufactures, but her flour also. She grabs all their surplus revenue through the central office at the seat of government, and reaps the benefit of the disbursement of the public moneys for salaries and the expenses of the general government at Ottawa. Politically, Canada has gained nothing, for the strife between parties representing the double nationality of its people still continues; only the questions in dispute have taken new shape—and perhaps the more objectionable one of annexation to the United States.

But the discord that most threatens to break up the imperfectly-formed union has its seat in the Lower Provinces. One of these (New Brunswick) entered into the alliance against her firm convictions and after reconsideration of a negative vote. Nova Scotia was dragged in by force. The compulsory change in the circumstances of these two provinces is well calculated to excite discontent, rebellion, and threatened secession. For many years they had enjoyed a remarkable degree of prosperity and exemption from the financial burdens of other peoples—secure in their chartered rights, enjoying an elective franchise and a responsible government as beneficent as those of the adjoining Republic. Free from debt and taxation, with their own Custom-houses and their low tariffs, applying themselves with thrift and enterprise to the development of their exhaustless resources and the establishment of internal steam communication, they had gradually acquired a wealth and condition of ease that made them enviable. Since 1858 their internal improvements equaled in cost and usefulness those of the entire previous half century. Railroads and steamers connected all the provinces, and extended to the United States, so as to facilitate commercial intercourse in every possible way. Consequently, Yankee capital poured in abundantly, and was so largely invested in mining and manufactures that it threatened soon to control those important interests. Americans were foremost in almost every enterprise. The prospect was flattering.

The repeal of the Reciprocity Treaty inflicted serious injury, and crushed many speculative ventures in the bud. What injury that measure failed to inflict Confederation has accomplished. The coal product of Nova Scotia has fallen off *two-thirds* since 1866; the gold mining interest is almost at a dead stand; shipbuilding is very dull, and general industry is paralyzed; workmen are demanding higher wages; starving fishermen are appealing to the Government for relief; money is tighter than it ever was before; real estate is inactive, and commerce languishes. Only a few weeks ago, four lines of steamers running from Halifax to foreign ports were temporarily suspended for lack of support. Besides, an obnoxious postal bill is soon to go into effect, and a 15 per cent. tariff on the necessaries of life. Knowledge is to be severely taxed; there is to be a tax on newspapers, a 15 per cent. duty on printing paper, and a 15 per cent. duty on types! Is it strange that the Bluenoses kick under such unfamiliar burdens? or will it be queer if they should incline to weigh their loyalty on the scale of high tariffs?

Bad as the prospect was in the commencement, the provincials were disposed to give Confederation a fair trial, but now that all their predictions of evil are more than realized, it is no wonder that they become restive and threatening, or that they are emigrating to the United States to an extent so alarming as to command the attention of Parliament. The fact is, the feelings of our neighbors are now worked up to that pitch of excitement that, were it not for the existence of our enormous taxes and oppressive tariffs, they would seriously and enthusiastically entertain the project of annexation—the mere whisper of which would have been criminal twelve months ago. It is obvious that, if we have any covetous leaning toward the rich territory of our neighbors, a long stride might be made toward its acquisition by reducing our burdens, as our wisest financiers propose. If St. Thomas, with its alien population, cast but 22 votes against annexation to the United States, how unanimous would be the choice of our neighbors, whose sons come to us, unbidden, at the rate of several thousand every year! The integrity of the "New Dominion" just now rests upon a doubtful foundation.

THE EXPENSE OF THE CITY SCHOOLS.

THE Citizens' Association, through its President, Mr. PETER COOPER, has published a letter to Mr. RICE, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, calling his attention to the amount of money spent for schools in the city of New York, and to the number of scholars actually attending. Mr. COOPER truly says that, as the public schools "must be maintained at all hazards and at whatever cost," the expense must be carefully watched. The law allots $10 for each pupil who actually attends and is taught for a certain time during the year. In 1862 the average attendance was 74,000, and the expense was $1,413,068. In 1867 the average attendance was 90,000, and the expense was $2,939,348—nearly three millions of dollars. The letter asks the Superintendent to recommend that the Governor appoint Commissioners to examine the subject, and report upon the measures necessary to perfect the system of common schools in the city of New York.

This will probably be cited as another attempt to commission the city. But last year, when there was a proposition before the Legislature to appoint a School Commission, it was rejected after a full consideration of the subject, from which it appeared that the schools were admirable and their general management excellent. The Rev. JAMES FRASER, the English Commissioner to examine our public school system, praises the city schools most highly in his Report, and a committee of the Boston Board conceded that in many important points the New York schools were even superior to those of Boston. It is plain, in this case at least, that when it is shown that there is no need of direct State care it is not authorized; and the fact is a vindication of the wisdom of the Legislature as well as of the excellence of the schools.

It is undoubtedly true, as is often alleged in letters to the *Tribune*, that the schools are overcrowded. The city Superintendent and his assistants constantly mention and deplore the fact. But the Board of Education contend that schoolhouses are built as fast as the means can be collected; and with the present school-tax of a mill and a quarter, they feel that the school expense is about as high as public opinion will probably warrant. But it is surely a proper subject of inquiry why nearly three millions of dollars do not furnish as many school-houses and as much instruction as are required by the number of actual pupils. If the investigation should show that the money is not wasted, then it would furnish the most powerful argument for raising more money to supply the necessary accommodation. Mr. COOPER says, in his letter: "The large outlay for public instruction in this city is not justified by the number of pupils taught nor by the accommodations afforded to the children." If this is a mistake, nobody is so much interested as the members of the Board of Education to correct it; and speaking from the character of the President of the Board, Mr. LARREMORE, we feel very sure they would not shrink from any investigation proposed in a friendly spirit.

SECURITY OF CARS.

ERIE, PENNSYLVANIA, *Jan.* 24, 1868.

Editor Harper's Weekly:

In yours of the last issue there is a letter from an Engineer relating to the heating of railway cars, etc. I wish to make a few statements, showing that his ideas will not work. He proposes to build car seats with a bulk-head—that is, to make them extend to the floor air-tight. It would not work that way. Suppose a train was running east, and the seats all built as he says, how will the same car answer to return west? Room must be allowed for a man to sit comfortably. Then, again, the cleaning of each space would be very difficult. In the present way a hose is taken in and every space washed over. I have been on trains when they have smashed up, and can say that seats built as he proposes would kill and wound more of the passengers than those used at present. The concussion of a collision or a run-off is sufficient to start all the seats, no matter how securely they are fastened. The present seat has an iron frame secured to the floor of the car by screws. They pull out readily, whereas the wooden bulk-heads would make a mass of splinters which would enter the person in all directions. His idea of a stove would do well if applied under the centre of the car with heating apparatus, etc. A stove can not be secured any better than the seats. They will break away with the concussion. I have seen it on several occasions. Was in a passenger car when all the seats were torn away. No one was badly hurt; the car ahead had wooden seats (second-class), and several were killed. One child had a splinter driven in its head back of the ear. Cast-iron for stoves is better than wrought-iron, as it will not burn out so quickly or warp so easily. An apparatus of the base-burning style, anthracite coal, with hot-air grates in each seat, would do safely, as the hard coal rarely sets fire. Yours. etc.

A CIVIL ENGINEER.

A PUBLIC EXPOSURE.

Editor Harper's Weekly:

You are so evidently the friend of the traveler, Sir, that I beg leave to use your columns to expose one man whom I think should be noticed. I wish to expose him to the admiration and esteem of the public in general, especially all those who journey by rail, and whose avocations compel them to ride upon it. Mr. GEORGE A. MERRILL, Superintendent of the Rutland, Burlington, and Vermont Valley Railroad, has issued the subjoined notice, and it is posted in the cars of his road:

NOTICE.

Baggagemen on the trains, freight as well as passenger, are expected and employed by the Company not only to do their work well but PLEASANTLY, and to give every facility to travelers by information and by AGTS. Any departure from civility of conduct, and that courtesy due to the patrons of the Road, will render them unfit for its service, and they will be dismissed accordingly.

Travelers may be unreasonable, but that will be considered no excuse for any employé to be so in return.

This is printed in large type, so that he who rides may read. What is the result? Civility and polite attention to every want. If you ask one of the conductors a question he does not throw the answer at you over his shoulder as he moves on, but replies succinctly and intelligibly. The brakemen are also civil, and I will warrant there are not many trunks thrown end over end on the road, in view of the notice alluded to.

What innovations! What alarming precedents! The next train that sweeps from the north will allow half an hour for dinner, and gentlemen may cry peas, peas! with the certainty of getting and eating them.

Yours truly,

A RAILER.

POPULAR CRIES AND THEIR EFFECT.

MR. BENJAMIN DISRAELI, than whom there is not a shrewder man in Europe, invented an admirable cry in his novel "Coningsby." It was "Our young Queen and our old institutions." It did not mean any thing in particular, for Queen Victoria could no more help being young in 1838 than her uncle William, just dead, had been able to help being old. As for their "old institutions," they might have been the stake, or the rack, or the whipping-post; but the cry sounded well, and saved people the trouble of thinking, which is all that is wanted in a cry. Had Mr. Disraeli "stumped" the county of Bucks with that cry he might have achieved a triumph at High Wycombe, instead of being branded by Daniel O'Connell (than whom no politician ever better understood the value of a senseless cry) as a "lineal descendant of the impenitent thief." But Mr. Disraeli was not a Radical in those days, and more inclined to cry, "Flare up, and join the Union" (a most popular cry in its time) than "Our young Queen and our old institutions." It is erroneously supposed that the downfall of Napoleon the Great was wholly due to the defeat at Waterloo. That the rout at Mont St. Jean had something to do with his collapse is certain; but unprejudiced persons will tell you that his unpopularity in the provinces in 1814–15 was mainly caused by the convenient cry, *Plus de Droits Réunis*. The *Droits Réunis* were a kind of consolidated assessed taxes, which the peasantry imagined to be very onerous. The Bourbons changed the name of the impost to something else, and made it ten times more grinding; but the Cry had been deprived of its resonance, and that was something. By 1830 the people had learned a new Cry, and cried Charles X. to Holyrood with it.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

So numerous have vulgar, sensational newspapers and illustrated journals become in New York city that the Legislature of the State has been considering a bill to suppress the infamous and degrading traffic.

Gilbert H. Bates, an ex-sergeant of a Wisconsin regiment in the late war, has undertaken, on a wager, to carry the Stars and Stripes through the South, overland from Vicksburg to Washington. If he succeeds, the feat is to be quoted by the Democratic party as a positive proof of the good-will and peaceful disposition of the late rebels.

Philosophers are just now interested in the confession of a murderer, named Joseph Schaefer, who says he has killed three men and plotted to kill a fourth for no other purpose than a desire to kill. The savans are not unanimous as to the insanity of the creature.

The proverbial weakness of Mississippi River steamboats was singularly illustrated on January 25 by an accident to the steamer *Emerald*. While rounding a sharp curve in the river, known as Tunica Bend, the steamer careened, and *her cabin slipped off into the river*, unfortunately drowning four ladies.

General Meade, commanding in Georgia and Alabama, has given notice that the constitutions and ordinances of those States will be binding on courts and others when legalized by him, thus ignoring the people entirely.

The South Carolina Convention has proposed to divide the State lands into small farms to be sold to poor farmers.

Georgia is about to ask Congress for a loan of $30,000,000 to the impoverished planters; South Carolina is more modest, and talks of one or two millions only.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE British army under Napier had penetrated to the centre of Abyssinia, but had not met the enemy up to January 28.

The eruption of Vesuvius is not the only volcanic action dreaded at Naples. The old Bourbon party of Italy threatens a revolutionary uprising there.

Reverend Newman Hall, who has been in this country lately, looking at the strength of the land and studying the humor of the people, strongly urges England to settle the Alabama claims as best she can; and Mr. Milner Gibson, a leading member of Parliament, says peace must be preserved at all costs. He intimates that all differences between the two governments ought to be settled now, as future administrations may not be so amicably inclined.

Italy is engaging in a singular naval expedition. A fleet is to sail shortly for the Parama River, for what purpose is unknown and hard to conceive. It is hoped that it is to make peace between Brazil and Paraguay.

Peru has been again revolutionized, and Prado, who made himself Dictator nearly two years ago, has had to take refuge under the American flag. Success in every campaign and in every feature of his policy seems to be necessary to a ruler's safety in the South American republics. Prado failed in a light assault on the rebels in Arequipa, which he has been besieging for some time, and the people and army immediately went over to the enemy, and proclaimed Canseco President. Prado has since fled to Chile.

Denmark is rather anxious to sell St. Thomas, and the King has already receipted the bill for it, or, diplomatically speaking, signed the treaty which transfers it, if we want to take it.

Prince Humbert of Italy, eldest son of Victor Emanuel II., heir to the throne and a Major-General in the army, is engaged to Princess Margherita of Genoa, his second cousin, who is just turned sixteen.

Bismarck has been pensioning the petty kings and dukes of Hanover, Nassau, and the other German States whom he upset a year and a half ago. The German Parliament was much opposed to throwing away its money in this way, but Bismarck threatened to dissolve Parliament if the pensions were not voted, and they were instantly granted.

Osaka and Hiogo, two ports of Japan, were thrown open to foreign commerce on January 1. Thus civilization continues to press forward.

THE AVALANCHE.

WE publish on page 100 an illustration representing the awful peril that attends traveling in the neighborhood of the Grisons and the Alpine passes after the snow has accumulated on the heights.

There are three kinds of avalanches. The first is the drift, or *Staublavinen*, composed of the loose snow which has accumulated in the upper regions and is put in motion by a strong wind, and increases in volume as it descends. The damage done by these falls is not very great, since the snow is loose and may be removed from the places where it accumulates, but the compression of the air sometimes chokes men and cattle, and has been known to overturn houses by its force. The rolling avalanche is more terrible, for it comes after a thaw, when the clammy grains of snow begin to move and form into a ball, which grows as it rolls downward until it forms a destructive mass, carrying all before it, silently, swiftly, and surely. It was one of these which, in 1749, involved the whole village of Rueras, in the Grisons, covered it in, and moved it from its site, without a sound loud enough to awaken the inhabitants, some of whom wondered what delayed the morning light, and one hundred of whom were dug out. Sixty still lived, saved by the air that was in the interstices. In 1806, in Val Calanca, a forest was moved from one side of the valley to the other by a rolling avalanche, and a pine-tree was placed on the roof of the parsonage by its vagaries. Sliding avalanches are awful enough; but they are formed on lower slopes by the gradual thawing of the foundations and the slipping *en masse* of the upper accumulation of frozen snow. They slide swiftly downward, carrying every thing before them. Sometimes, however, they come to a steep place, topple over, begin to roll, and become a great ball—a rolling avalanche, in fact—and eventually may meet with a hard rock or some impregnable obstacle, and be dashed to pieces, so as to resemble a drift. Thus the traveler is never quite certain in what form the avalanche may come upon him, or whether a whisper, a footfall, the cracking of a driver's whip, may not make such a concussion of the light atmosphere as to bring the enemy upon him unawares.

DISTRESS AMONG THE POOR.

IT is hardly necessary, we presume, to say to any of our readers that the distress among the poor people of our great cities has been, and is still, unusually great this present winter. We are glad to know, however, that the efforts which have been made to relieve the poor have been in due proportion to the increased destitution. An appropriation by the State Legislature of $500,000 has been proposed for the relief of the poor of New York and Brooklyn. Several establishments for the relief of the poor have been opened in this city, one of which, located at No. 1 Bond Street, we illustrate on page 100. The number of applicants daily at this house alone amounts to about 1000 persons. Every day before the opening hour, 10 o'clock A.M., a line of several hundred men, women, and children are to be found waiting for assistance. Among these are bookbinders, carpenters, tailors, shoemakers, and other tradesmen, all out of employment and all suffering. So many persons, and especially mechanics, have not applied in the same time since the "bread or blood" processions in this city. In two instances whole families of children have been taken into the institutions in order that the parents may go to work and save sufficient to support themselves. The plan of relief is, when fuel is required, to send a quarter of a ton at the outset, and two more up to March 1, to such applicants as have filled up an application, which is furnished in blank, and have sworn to the truth of the statement made therein, and after its truth has been verified by a visit to their houses. Those who need money, if worthy, receive a dollar, and are desired to call again in two weeks. This, of course, is only a temporary relief.

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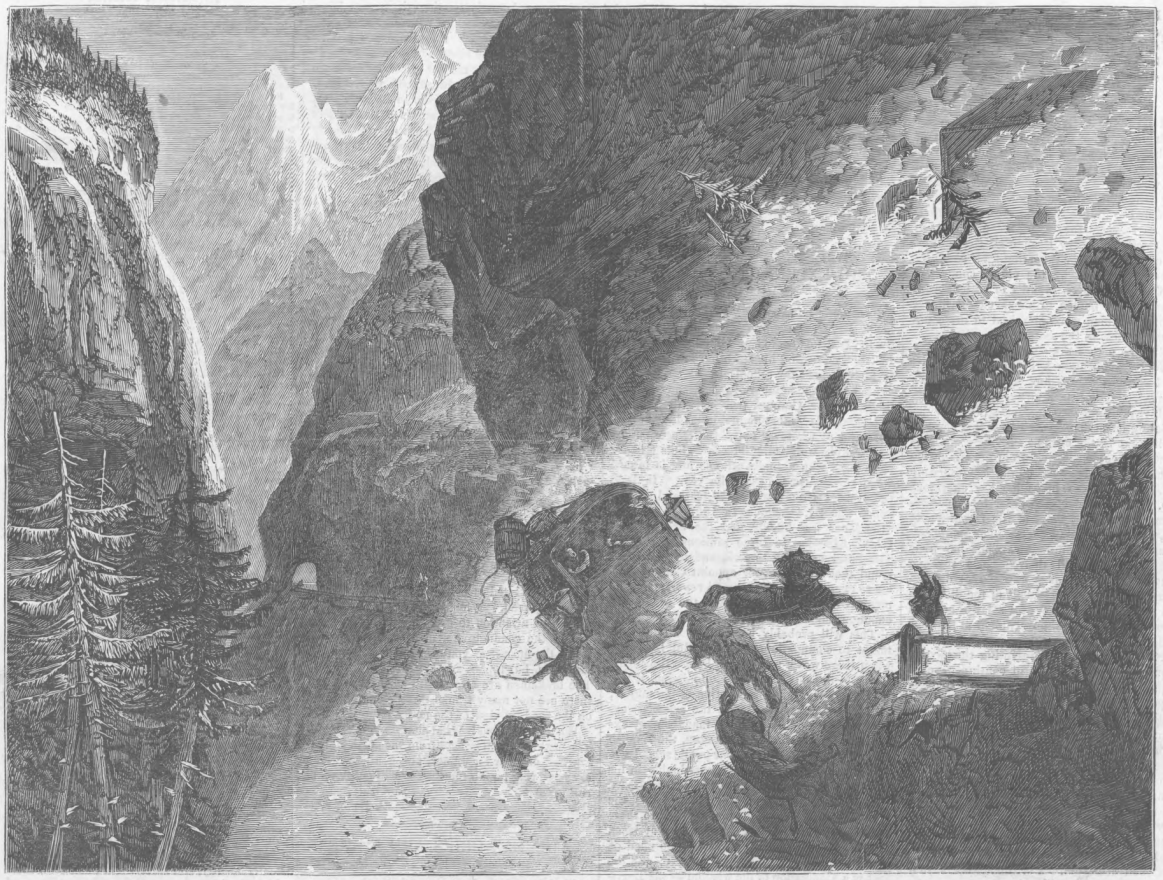

AN AVALANCHE IN AN ALPINE PASS.—[SEE PAGE 99.]

RELIEVING THE POOR AT No. 1 BOND STREET, NEW YORK.—SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.—[SEE PAGE 99.]

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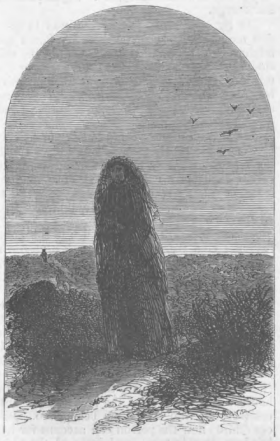
THE MOONSTONE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

Printed from the Author's Manuscript.
RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.



CHAPTER XI.—(*Continued.*)

AFTER the library had been swept and cleaned in the morning, neither first nor second housemaid had any business in that room at any later period of the day. I stopped Rosanna Spearman, and charged her with a breach of domestic discipline on the spot.

"What might you want in the library at this time of day?" I inquired.

"Mr. Franklin Blake dropped one of his rings up stairs," says Rosanna; "and I have been into the library to give it to him." The girl's face was all in a flush as she made me that answer; and she walked away with a toss of her head and a look of self-importance which I was quite at a loss to account for. The proceedings in the house had doubtless upset all the women-servants more or less; but none of them had gone clean out of their natural characters, as Rosanna, to all appearance, had now gone out of hers.

I found Mr. Franklin writing at the library-table. He asked for a conveyance to the railway station the moment I entered the room. The first sound of his voice informed me that we now had the resolute side of him uppermost once more. The man made of cotton had disappeared; and the man made of iron sat before me again.

"Going to London, Sir?" I asked.

"Going to telegraph to London," says Mr. Franklin. "I have convinced my aunt that we must have a cleverer head than Superintendent Seegrave's to help us; and I have got her permission to dispatch a telegram to my father. He knows the Chief Commissioner of Police, and the Commissioner can lay his hand on the right man to solve the mystery of the Diamond. Talking of mysteries, by-the-by," says Mr. Franklin, dropping his voice, "I have another word to say to you before you go to the stables. Don't breathe a word of it to any body as yet; but either Rosanna Spearman's head is not quite right, or I am afraid she knows more about the Moonstone than she ought to know."

I can hardly tell whether I was more startled or distressed at hearing him say that. If I had been younger, I might have confessed as much to Mr. Franklin. But when you are old, you acquire one excellent habit. In cases where you don't see your way clearly, you hold your tongue.

"She came in here with a ring I dropped in my bedroom," Mr. Franklin went on. "When I had thanked her, of course I expected her to go. Instead of that she stood opposite to me at the table, looking at me in the oddest manner—half frightened, and half familiar—I couldn't make it out. 'This is a strange thing about the Diamond, Sir,' she said, in a curiously sudden, headlong way. I said, Yes it was, and wondered what was coming next. Upon my honor, Betteredge, I think she must be wrong in the head! She said, 'They will never find the Diamond, Sir, will they? No! nor the person who took it—I'll answer for that.' She actually nodded and smiled at me! Before I could ask her what she meant we heard your step outside. I suppose she was afraid of your catching her here. At any rate, she changed color and left the room. What on earth does it mean?"

I could not bring myself to tell him the girl's story even then. It would have been almost as good as telling him that she was the thief. Besides, even if I had made a clean breast of it, and even supposing she was the thief, the reason why she should let out her secret to Mr. Franklin, of all the people in the world, would have been still as far to seek as ever.

"I can't bear the idea of getting the poor girl into a scrape, merely because she has a flighty way with her, and talks very strangely," Mr. Franklin went on. "And yet, if she had said to the Superintendent what she said to me, fool as he is, I'm afraid—" He stopped there, and left the rest unspoken.

"The best way, Sir," I said, "will be for me to say two words privately to my mistress about it at the first opportunity. My lady has a very friendly interest in Rosanna; and the girl may only have been forward and foolish, after all. When there's a mess of any kind in a house, Sir, the women-servants like to look at the gloomy side—it gives the poor wretches a kind of importance in their own eyes. If there's any body ill, trust the women for prophesying that the person will die. If it's a jewel lost, trust them for prophesying that it will never be found again."

This view (which I am bound to say I thought a probable view myself on reflection) seemed to relieve Mr. Franklin mightily; he folded up his telegram and dismissed the subject. On my way to the stables to order the pony-chaise I looked in at the servants' hall where they were at dinner. Rosanna Spearman was not among them. On inquiry I found that she had been suddenly taken ill, and had gone up stairs to her own room to lie down.

"Curious! She looked well enough when I saw her last," I remarked.

Penelope followed me out. "Don't talk in that way before the rest of them, father," she said. "You only make them harder on Rosanna than ever. The poor thing is breaking her heart about Mr. Franklin Blake."

Here was another view of the girl's conduct. If it was possible for Penelope to be right the explanation of Rosanna's strange language and behavior might have been all in this—that she didn't care what she said so long as she could surprise Mr. Franklin into speaking to her. Granting that to be the right reading of the riddle, it accounted, perhaps, for her flighty self-conceited manner when she passed me in the hall. Though he had only said three words still she had carried her point, and Mr. Franklin *had* spoken to her.

I saw the pony harnessed myself. In the infernal net-work of mysteries and uncertainties that now surrounded us, I declare it was a relief to observe how well the buckles and straps understood each other! When you had seen the pony backed into the shafts of the chaise you had seen something there was no doubt about. And that, let me tell you, was becoming a treat of the rarest kind in our household.

Going round with the chaise to the front door I found not only Mr. Franklin, but Mr. Godfrey and Superintendent Seegrave also, waiting for me on the steps.

Mr. Superintendent's reflections (after failing to find the Diamond in the servants' rooms or boxes) had led him, it appeared, to an entirely new conclusion. Still sticking to his first text, namely, that somebody in the house had stolen the jewel, our experienced officer was now of opinion that the thief (he was wise enough not to name poor Penelope, whatever he might privately think of her!) had been acting in concert with the Indians; and he accordingly proposed shifting his inquiries to the jugglers in the prison at Frizinghall. Hearing of this new move Mr. Franklin had volunteered to take the Superintendent back to the town, from which he could telegraph to London as easily as from our station. Mr. Godfrey, still devoutly believing in Mr. Seegrave, and greatly interested in witnessing the examination of the Indians, had begged leave to accompany the officer to Frizinghall. One of the two inferior policemen was to be left at the house in case any thing happened. The other was to go back with the Superintendent to the town. So the four places in the pony-chaise were just filled.

Before he took the reins to drive off Mr. Franklin walked me away a few steps out of hearing of the others.

"I will wait to telegraph to London," he said, "till I see what comes of our examination of the Indians. My own conviction is, that this muddle-headed local police-officer is as much in the dark as ever, and is simply trying to gain time. The idea of any of the servants being in league with the Indians is a preposterous absurdity, in my opinion. Keep about the house, Betteredge, till I come back, and try what you can make of Rosanna Spearman. I don't ask you to do any thing degrading to your own self-respect, or any thing cruel toward the girl. I only ask you to exercise your observation more carefully than usual. We will make as light of it as we can before my aunt; but this is a more important matter than you may suppose."

"It's a matter of twenty thousand pounds, Sir," I said, thinking of the value of the Diamond.

"It's a matter of quieting Rachel's mind," answered Mr. Franklin, gravely. "I am very uneasy about her."

He left me suddenly, as if he desired to cut short any further talk between us. I thought I understood why. Further talk might have let me into the secret of what Miss Rachel had said to him on the terrace.

So they drove away to Frizinghall. I was ready enough, in the girl's own interest, to have a little talk with Rosanna in private. But the needful opportunity failed to present itself. She only came down stairs again at tea-time. When she did appear she was flighty and excited, had what they call an hysterical attack, took a dose of sal volatile by my lady's order, and was sent back to her bed.

The day wore on to its end drearily and miserably enough, I can tell you. Miss Rachel still kept her room, declaring that she was too ill to come down to dinner that day. My lady was in such low spirits about her daughter that I could not bring myself to make her additionally anxious by reporting what Rosanna Spearman had said to Mr. Franklin. Penelope persisted in believing that she was to be forthwith tried, sentenced, and transported for theft. The other women took to their Bibles and hymn-books, and looked as sour as verjuice over their reading—a result, which I have observed, in my sphere of life, to follow generally on the performance of acts of piety at unaccustomed periods of the day. As for me, I hadn't even heart enough to open my Robinson Crusoe. I went out into the yard, and being hard up for a little cheerful society, set my chair by the kennels and talked to the dogs.

Half an hour before dinner-time the two gentlemen came back from Frizinghall, having arranged with Superintendent Seegrave that he was to return to us the next day. They had called on Mr. Murthwaite, the Indian traveler, at his present residence, near the town. At Mr. Franklin's request he had kindly given them the benefit of his knowledge of the language, in dealing with those two, out of the three Indians, who knew nothing of English. The examination, conducted carefully, and at great length, had ended in nothing; not the shadow of a reason being discovered for suspecting the jugglers of having tampered with any of our servants. On reaching that conclusion Mr. Franklin had sent his telegraphic message to London, and there the matter now rested till to-morrow came.

So much for the history of the day that followed the birthday. Not a glimmer of light had broken in on us so far. A day or two after, however, the darkness lifted a little. How, and with what result, you shall presently see.

CHAPTER XII.

THE Thursday night passed, and nothing happened. With the Friday morning came two pieces of news.

Item the first: The baker's man declared he had met Rosanna Spearman, on the previous afternoon, with a thick veil on, walking toward Frizinghall by the foot-path way over the moor. It seemed strange that any body should be mistaken about Rosanna, whose shoulder marked her out pretty plainly, poor thing—but mistaken the man must have been; for Rosanna, as you know, had been all the Thursday afternoon ill up stairs in her room.

Item the second came through the postman. Worthy Mr. Candy had said one more of his many unlucky things, when he drove off in the rain on the birthday night, and told me that a doctor's skin was water-proof. In spite of his skin the wet had got through him. He had caught a chill that night and was now down with a fever. The last accounts, brought by the postman, represented him to be light-headed—talking nonsense as glibly, poor man, in his delirium as he often talked it in his sober sense. We were all sorry for the little doctor; but Mr. Franklin appeared to regret his illness chiefly on Miss Rachel's account. From what he said to my lady while I was in the room at breakfast-time he appeared to think that Miss Rachel—if the suspense about the Moonstone was not soon set at rest—might stand in urgent need of the best medical advice at our disposal.

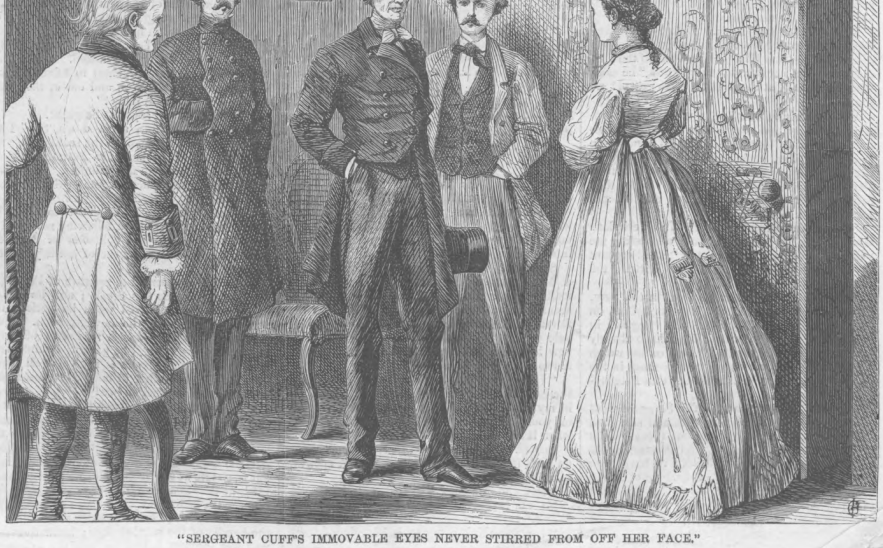
Breakfast had not been over long when a telegram from Mr. Blake, the elder, arrived in answer to his son. It informed us that he had laid hands (by help of his friend the Commissioner) on the right man to help us. The name of him was Sergeant Cuff, and the arrival of him from London might be expected by the morning train.

At reading the name of the new police-officer Mr. Franklin gave a start. It seems that he had heard some curious anecdotes about Sergeant Cuff from his father's lawyer during his stay in London. "I begin to hope we are seeing the end of our anxieties already," he said. "If half the stories I have heard are true, when it comes to unraveling a mystery there isn't the equal in England of Sergeant Cuff!"

We all got excited and impatient as the time drew near for the appearance of this renowned and capable character. Superintendent Seegrave returning to us at his appointed time, and hearing that the Sergeant was expected, instantly shut himself up in a room, with pen, ink, and paper, to make notes of the Report which would be certainly expected from him. I should have liked to have gone to the station myself to fetch the Sergeant. But my lady's carriage and horses were not to be thought of, even for the celebrated Cuff; and the pony-chaise was required later for Mr. Godfrey. He deeply regretted being obliged to leave his aunt at such an anxious time; and he kindly put off the hour of his departure till as late as the last train, for the purpose of hearing what the clever London police-officer thought of the case. But on Friday night he must be in town, having a Ladies' Charity, in difficulties, waiting to consult him on Saturday morning.

When the time came for the Sergeant's arrival I went down to the gate to look out for him.

A fly from the railway drove up as I reached the lodge; and out got a grizzled, elderly man, so miserably lean that he looked as if he had not got an ounce of flesh on his bones in any part of him. He was dressed all in decent black, with a white cravat round his neck. His face was as sharp as a hatchet, and the skin of it was as yellow and dry and withered as an autumn leaf. His eyes, of a steely light gray, had a very disconcerting trick, when they encountered your eyes, of looking as if they expected something more from you than you were aware of yourself. His walk was soft; his voice was melancholy; his long lanky fingers were hooked like claws. He might have been a parson, or an undertaker, or any thing else you like, except what he really was. A more complete opposite to Superintendent Seegrave than Sergeant Cuff, and a less comforting officer to look at for a family in distress, I defy you to discover, search where you may.



"SERGEANT CUFF'S IMMOVABLE EYES NEVER STIRRED FROM OFF HER FACE."

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"Is this Lady Verinder's?" he asked.

"Yes, Sir."

"I am Sergeant Cuff."

"This way, Sir, if you please."

On our road to the house I mentioned my name and position in the family to satisfy him that he might speak to me about the business on which my lady was to employ him. Not a word did he say about the business, however, for all that. He admired the grounds, and remarked that he felt the sea-air very brisk and refreshing. I privately wondered, on my side, how the celebrated Cuff had got his reputation. We reached the house, in the temper of two strange dogs, coupled up together for the first time in their lives by the same chain.

Asking for my lady, and hearing that she was in one of the conservatories, we went round to the gardens at the back and sent a servant to seek her. While we were waiting Sergeant Cuff looked through the evergreen arch on our left, spied out our rosary, and walked straight in, with the first appearance of any thing like interest that he had shown yet. To the gardener's astonishment, and to my disgust, this celebrated policeman proved to be quite a mine of learning on the trumpery subject of rose-gardens.

"Ah, you've got the right exposure here to the south and sou'west," says the Sergeant, with a wag of his grizzled head, and a streak of pleasure in his melancholy voice. "This is the shape for a rosary—nothing like a circle set in a square. Yes, yes; with walks between all the beds. But they oughtn't to be gravel-walks like these. Grass, Mr. Gardener—grass walks between your roses; gravel's too hard for them. That's a sweet pretty bed of white roses and blush roses. They always mix well together, don't they? Here's the white musk-rose, Mr. Betteredge—our old English rose holding up its head along with the best and the newest of them. Pretty dear!" says the Sergeant, fondling the Musk-Rose with his lanky fingers, and speaking to it as if he was speaking to a child.

This was a nice sort of man to recover Miss Rachel's Diamond, and to find out the thief who stole it!

"You seem to be fond of roses, Sergeant?" I remarked.

"I haven't much time to be fond of any thing," says Sergeant Cuff. "But, when I *have* a moment's fondness to bestow, most times, Mr. Betteredge, the roses get it. I began my life among them in my father's nursery garden, and I shall end my life among them if I can. Yes. One of these days (please God) I shall retire from catching thieves, and try my hand at growing roses. There will be grass walks, Mr. Gardener, between my beds," says the Sergeant, on whose mind the gravel-paths of a rosary seemed to dwell unpleasantly.

"It seems an odd taste, Sir," I ventured to say, "for a man in your line of life."

"If you will look about you (which most people won't do)," says Sergeant Cuff, "you will see that the nature of a man's tastes is, most times, as opposite as possible to the nature of a man's business. Show me any two things more opposite one from the other than a rose and a thief, and I'll correct my tastes accordingly—if it isn't too late at my time of life. You find the damask-rose a goodish stock for most of the tender sorts, don't you, Mr. Gardener? Ah! I thought so. Here's a lady coming. Is it Lady Verinder?"

He had seen her before either I or the gardener had seen her—though we knew which way to look, and he didn't. I began to think him rather a quicker man than he appeared to be at first sight.

The Sergeant's appearance, or the Sergeant's errand—one or both—seemed to cause my lady some little embarrassment. She was, for the first time in all my experience of her, at a loss what to say at an interview with a stranger. Sergeant Cuff put her at her ease directly. He asked if any other person had been employed about the robbery before we sent for him; and hearing that another person had been called in, and was now in the house, begged leave to speak to him before any thing else was done.

My lady led the way back. Before he followed her, the Sergeant relieved his mind on the subject of the gravel-walks by a parting word to the gardener. "Get her ladyship to try grass," he said, with a sour look at the paths. "No gravel! no gravel!"

Why Superintendent Seegrave should have appeared to be several sizes smaller than life, on being presented to Sergeant Cuff, I can't undertake to explain. I can only state the fact. They retired together; and remained a weary long time shut up from all mortal intrusion. When they came out Mr. Superintendent was excited and Mr. Sergeant was yawning.

"The Sergeant wishes to see Miss Verinder's sitting-room," says Mr. Seegrave, addressing me with great pomp and eagerness. "The Sergeant may have some questions to ask. Attend the Sergeant, if you please!"

While I was being ordered about in this way, I looked at the great Cuff. The great Cuff, on his side, looked at Superintendent Seegrave in that quietly expecting way which I have already noticed. I can't affirm that he was on the watch for his brother-officer's speedy appearance in the character of an Ass—I can only say that I strongly suspected it.

I led the way up stairs. The Sergeant went softly all over the Indian cabinet and all round the "boudoir;" asking questions (occasionally only of Mr. Superintendent, and continually of me), the drift of which I believe to have been equally unintelligible to both of us. In due time his course brought him to the door, and put him face to face with the decorative painting that you know of. He laid one lean inquiring finger on the small smear, just under the lock, which Superintendent Seegrave had already noticed, when he reproved the women-servants for all crowding together into the room.

"That's a pity," says Sergeant Cuff. "How did it happen?"

He put the question to me. I answered that the women-servants had crowded into the room on the previous morning, and that some of their petticoats had done the mischief. "Superintendent Seegrave ordered them out, Sir," I added, "before they did any more harm."

"Right!" says Mr. Superintendent, in his military way. "I ordered them out. The petticoats did it, Sergeant—the petticoats did it."

"Did you notice which petticoat did it?" asked Sergeant Cuff, still addressing himself, not to his brother-officer, but to me.

"No, Sir."

He turned to Superintendent Seegrave upon that, and said, "*You* noticed, I suppose?"

Mr. Superintendent looked a little taken aback; but he made the best of it. "I can't charge my memory, Sergeant," he said, "a mere trifle—a mere trifle."

Sergeant Cuff looked at Mr. Seegrave as he had looked at the gravel-walks in the rosary, and gave us, in his melancholy way, the first taste of his quality which we had had yet.

"I made a private inquiry last week, Mr. Superintendent," he said. "At one end of the inquiry there was a murder, and at the other end there was a spot of ink on a table-cloth that nobody could account for. In all my experience along the dirtiest ways of this dirty little world I have never met with such a thing as a trifle yet. Before we go a step further in this business we must see the petticoat that made the smear, and we must know for certain when that paint was wet."

Mr. Superintendent—taking his set-down rather sulkily—asked if he should summon the women. Sergeant Cuff, after considering a minute, sighed, and shook his head.

"No," he said, "we'll take the matter of the paint first. It's a question of Yes or No with the paint—which is short. It's a question of petticoats with the woman—which is long. What o'clock was it when the servants were in this room yesterday morning? Eleven o'clock—eh? Is there any body in the house who knows whether that paint was wet or dry, at eleven yesterday morning?"

"Her ladyship's nephew, Mr. Franklin Blake, knows," I said.

"Is the gentleman in the house?"

Mr. Franklin was as close at hand as could be—waiting for his first chance of being introduced to the great Cuff. In half a minute he was in the room, and was giving his evidence as follows:

"That door, Sergeant," he said, "has been painted by Miss Verinder, under my inspection, with my help, and in a vehicle of my own composition. The vehicle dries whatever colors may be used with it in twelve hours."

"Do you remember when the smeared bit was done, Sir?" asked the Sergeant.

"Perfectly," answered Mr. Franklin. "That was the last morsel of the door to be finished. We wanted to get it done on Wednesday last, and I myself completed it by three in the afternoon, or soon after."

"To-day is Friday," said Sergeant Cuff, addressing himself to Superintendent Seegrave. "Let us reckon back, Sir. At three on the Wednesday afternoon, that bit of the painting was completed. The vehicle dried it in twelve hours—that is to say, dried it by three o'clock on Thursday morning. At eleven on Thursday morning you held your inquiry here. Take three from eleven, and eight remains. That paint had been *eight hours dry*, Mr. Superintendent, when you supposed that the women-servants' petticoats smeared it."

First knock-down blow for Mr. Seegrave! If he had not suspected poor Penelope, I should have pitied him.

Having settled the question of the paint, Sergeant Cuff, from the moment, gave his brother-officer up as a bad job—and addressed himself to Mr. Franklin, as the more promising assistant of the two.

"It's quite on the cards, Sir," he said, "that you have put the clew into our hands."

As the words passed his lips the bedroom door opened and Miss Rachel came out among us suddenly.

She addressed herself to the Sergeant, without appearing to notice (or to heed) that he was a perfect stranger to her.

"Did you say," she asked, pointing to Mr. Franklin, "that *he* had put the clew into your hands?"

("This is Miss Verinder," I whispered, behind the Sergeant.)

"That gentleman, miss," says the Sergeant—with his steely-gray eyes carefully studying my young lady's face—"has possibly put the clew into our hands."

She turned for one moment, and tried to look at Mr. Franklin. I say tried, for she suddenly looked away again before their eyes met. There seemed to be some strange disturbance in her mind. She colored up, and then she turned pale again. With the paleness there came a new look into her face, a look which it startled me to see.

"Having answered your question, miss," says the Sergeant, "I beg leave to make an inquiry in my turn. There is a smear on the painting of your door here. Do you happen to know when it was done? or who did it?"

Instead of making any reply, Miss Rachel went on with her questions as if he had not spoken, or as if she had not heard him.

"Are you another police-officer?" she asked.

"I am Sergeant Cuff, miss, of the Detective Police."

"Do you think a young lady's advice worth having?"

"I shall be glad to hear it, miss."

"Do your duty by yourself—and don't allow Mr. Franklin Blake to help you!"

She said those words so spitefully, so savagely, with such an extraordinary outbreak of ill-will toward Mr. Franklin, in her voice and her look, that—though I had known her from a baby, though I loved and honored her next to my lady herself—I was ashamed of Miss Rachel for the first time in my life.

Sergeant Cuff's immovable eyes never stirred from off her face. "Thank you, miss," he said. "Do you happen to know any thing about the smear? Might you have done it by accident yourself?"

"I know nothing about the smear."

With that answer she turned away, and shut herself up again in her bedroom. This time, I heard her—as Penelope had heard her before—burst out crying as soon as she was alone again.

I couldn't bring myself to look at the Sergeant—I looked at Mr. Franklin, who stood nearest to me. He seemed to be even more sorely distressed at what had passed than I was.

"I told you I was uneasy about her," he said. "And now you see why."

"Miss Verinder appears to be a little out of temper about the loss of her Diamond," remarked the Sergeant. "It's a valuable jewel. Natural enough! natural enough!"

Here was the excuse that I had made for her (when she forgot herself before Superintendent Seegrave, on the previous day) being made for her over again, by a man who couldn't have had *my* interest in making it—for he was a perfect stranger! A kind of cold shudder ran through me, which I couldn't account for at the time. I know now that I must have got my first suspicion, at that moment, of a new light (and a horrid light) having suddenly fallen on the case, in the mind of Sergeant Cuff—purely and entirely in consequence of what he had seen in Miss Rachel, and heard from Miss Rachel, at that first interview between them.

"A young lady's tongue is a privileged member, Sir," says the Sergeant to Mr. Franklin. "Let us forget what has passed, and go straight on with this business. Thanks to you, we know when the paint was dry. The next thing to discover is when the paint was last seen without that smear. *You* have got a head on your shoulders—and you understand what I mean."

Mr. Franklin composed himself, and came back with an effort from Miss Rachel to the matter in hand.

"I think I do understand," he said. "The more we narrow the question of time the more we also narrow the field of inquiry."

"That's it, Sir," said the Sergeant. "Did you notice your work here on the Wednesday afternoon, after you had done it?"

Mr. Franklin shook his head and answered, "I can't say I did."

"Did *you*?" inquired Sergeant Cuff, turning to me.

"I can't say I did either, Sir."

"Who was the last person in the room, the last thing on Wednesday night?"

"Miss Rachel, I suppose, Sir."

Mr. Franklin struck in there, "Or possibly your daughter, Betteredge." He turned to Sergeant Cuff, and explained that my daughter was Miss Verinder's maid.

"Mr. Betteredge, ask your daughter to step up. Stop!" says the Sergeant, taking me away to the window, out of ear-shot. "Your Superintendent here," he went on, in a whisper, "has made a pretty full report to me of the manner in which he has managed this case. Among other things he has, by his own confession, set the servants' backs up. It's very important to smooth them down again. Tell your daughter, and tell the rest of them, these two things with my compliments: First, that I have no evidence before me, yet, that the Diamond has been stolen; I only know that the Diamond has been lost. Second, that *my* business here with the servants is simply to ask them to lay their heads together and help me to find it."

My experience of the women-servants, when Superintendent Seegrave laid his embargo on their rooms, came in handy here.

"May I make so bold, Sergeant, as to tell the women a third thing?" I asked. "Are they free (with your compliments) to fidget up and down stairs, and whisk in and out of their bedrooms, if the fit takes them?"

"Perfectly free," says the Sergeant.

"*That* will smooth them down, Sir," I remarked, "from the cook to the scullion."

"Go and do it at once, Mr. Betteredge."

I did it in less than five minutes. There was only one difficulty when I came to the bit about the bedrooms. It took a pretty stiff exertion of my authority, as chief, to prevent the whole of the female household from following me and Penelope up stairs, in the character of volunteer witnesses in a burning fever of anxiety to help Sergeant Cuff.

The Sergeant seemed to approve of Penelope. He became a trifle less dreary; and he looked much as he had looked when he noticed the white musk-rose in the flower-garden. Here is my daughter's evidence, as drawn off from her by the Sergeant. She gave it, I think, very prettily—but, there! she is my child all over: nothing of her mother in her; Lord bless you, nothing of her mother in her!

Penelope examined: Took a lively interest in the painting on the door, having helped to mix the colors. Noticed the bit of work under the lock, because it was the last bit done. Had seen it, some hours afterward, without a smear. Had left it, as late as twelve at night, without a smear. Had, at that hour, wished her young lady good-night in the bedroom; had heard the clock strike in the "boudoir;" had her hand at the time on the handle of the painted door; knew the paint was wet (having helped to mix the colors, as aforesaid); took particular pains not to touch it; could swear that she held up the skirts of her dress, and that there was no smear on the paint then; could *not* swear that her dress mightn't have touched it accidentally in going out; remembered the dress she had on, because it was new, a present from Miss Rachel; her father remembered, and could speak to it, too; could, and would, and did fetch it; dress recognized by her father as the dress she wore that night; skirts examined, a long job from the size of them; not the ghost of a paint-stain discovered any where. End of Penelope's evidence—and very pretty and convincing, too. Signed, Gabriel Betteredge.

The Sergeant's next proceeding was to question me about any large dogs in the house who might have got into the room, and done the mischief with a whisk of their tails. Hearing that this was impossible, he next sent for a magnifying-glass, and tried how the smear looked, seen that way. No skin-mark (as of a human hand) printed off on the paint. All the signs visible—signs which told that the paint had been smeared by some loose article of somebody's dress touching it in going by. That somebody (putting together Penelope's evidence and Mr. Franklin's evidence) must have been in the room, and done the mischief, between midnight and three o'clock on the Thursday morning.

Having brought his investigation to this point, Sergeant Cuff discovered that such a person as Superintendent Seegrave was still left in the room, upon which he summed up the proceedings for his brother-officer's benefit, as follows:

"This trifle of yours, Mr. Superintendent," says the Sergeant, pointing to the place on the door, "has grown a little in importance since you noticed it last. At the present stage of the inquiry there are, as I take it, three discoveries to make, starting from that smear. Find out (first) whether there is any article of dress in this house with the smear of the paint on it. Find out (second) who that dress belongs to. Find out (third) how the person can account for having been in this room, and smeared the paint, between midnight and three in the morning. If the person can't satisfy you, you haven't far to look for the hand that has got the Diamond. I'll work this by myself, if you please, and detain you no longer from your regular business in town. You have got one of your men here, I see. Leave him here at my disposal, in case I want him—and allow me to wish you good-morning."

Superintendent Seegrave's respect for the Sergeant was great; but his respect for himself was greater still. Hit hard by the celebrated Cuff, he hit back smartly, to the best of his ability, on leaving the room.

"I have abstained from expressing any opinion, so far," says Mr. Superintendent, with his military voice still in good working order. "I have now only one remark to offer, on leaving this case in your hands. There *is* such a thing, Sergeant, as making a mountain out of a mole-hill. Good-morning."

"There is also such a thing as making nothing out of a mole-hill, in consequence of your head being too high to see it." Having returned his brother-officer's compliment in those terms, Sergeant Cuff wheeled about, and walked away to the window by himself.

Mr. Franklin and I waited to see what was coming next. The Sergeant stood at the window, with his hands in his pockets, looking out, and whistling the tune of the Last Rose of Summer softly to himself. Later in the proceedings, I discovered that he only forgot his manners so far as to whistle, when his mind was hard at work, seeing its way inch by inch to its own private ends, on which occasions the Last Rose of Summer evidently helped and encouraged him. I suppose it fitted in somehow with his character. It reminded him, you see, of his favorite roses, and, as *he* whistled it, it was the most melancholy tune going.

Turning from the window, after a minute or two, the Sergeant walked into the middle of the room, and stopped there, deep in thought, with his eyes on Miss Rachel's bedroom door. After a little he roused himself, nodded his head, as much as to say, "That will do!" and, addressing me, asked for ten minutes' conversation with my mistress, at her ladyship's earliest convenience.

Leaving the room with this message, I heard Mr. Franklin ask the Sergeant a question, and stopped to hear the answer also at the threshold of the door.

"Can you guess yet," inquired Mr. Franklin, "who has stolen the Diamond?"

"*Nobody has stolen the Diamond*," answered Sergeant Cuff.

We both started at that extraordinary view of the case, and both earnestly begged him to tell us what he meant.

"Wait a little," said the Sergeant. "The pieces of the puzzle are not all put together yet."

THE RED SLEIGH.

WE were all glad enough to gather around the glowing grate and listen to Aunt Sallie's story, for the storm was far too furious for any fun in a sleigh-ride that day.

She was a splendid-looking old lady, and must have been very handsome when young.

She sat looking into the fire for a moment with her spectacled eyes, but she was really looking into the past.

"Things were somewhat different when I was young," said she; "but we loved sleighing as well as you do, and I will tell you the story of a ride we had, ever so many years ago:

"I was independent enough to help take care of myself, and I was teaching school in S——

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that winter. It's a city now, but it was only a large village then.

"I boarded with the Olivers, and Hattie Oliver and I were great friends, and, of all the born coquettes I ever saw, she was one of the prettiest and most inveterate.

"She had plenty of admirers, of course, and seemed fairly to delight in teasing them. There were two in particular, and I always wondered how John Forbes and Charlie Simmons could be such confidential intimates under the circumstances.

"John was the richest, and he was a tall, black-haired, handsome fellow, but not very popular. He was kind enough, and full of life and spirits; but Hattie used to say that 'He seemed all the while to be standing up behind himself and studying you, and she hated that.' For my own part, I liked John Forbes amazingly, though he was always shy and quiet in my company. Perhaps because I teased him so unmercifully about Hattie.

"Charlie Simmons was also an excellent fellow, but he hadn't a very glib tongue, and Hattie led him a most uncomfortable sort of a dance.

"Beaux of my own, did you say? Of course I had. Don't interrupt me.

"Now, the joy and pride of John Forbes's heart were his black team and his red sleigh, and they were really the best turn-out in the village in those days. Every day or so that sleigh would pull up in front of our house; but I was too closely confined at the school to be in Hattie's way much.

"John and Charlie made an appointment for one Saturday, however, when we were both at liberty, for a grand trip out on the old south road. The sleighing was splendid, only, if any thing, there was too much snow.

"When they came for us John had his own team, and Charlie had procured a very good one somehow. Hattie, as a matter of course, took her seat in the red sleigh, and I told Charlie how much I pitied him for having to be contented with only me; but he laughed merrily, and seemed so cheerful about it that I didn't feel at all awkward.

"Off we started, all smothered up in furs and curled down in the deep, comfortable 'cutters' as warm as toast. The horses were a perfect jingle of bells, and so full of life that I almost felt nervous about them.

"Hattie was in a gale of spirits that morning, and her merry peals of laughter came back to us with the music of the bells, while from something in John's manner I had a sort of instinct that he had not invited her on that sleigh-ride for nothing; and I was right about it, as I will tell you.

"They had driven three or four miles, and were a good distance ahead of our slower team, but John seemed to be getting more and more silent all the while, and Hattie rallied him about it.

"'I may well be a little sober, Hattie,' said he, 'for I think that to-day may have an influence for good or evil on my whole life.'

"'Why, Mr. Forbes,' said Hattie, 'are you afraid that your horses will run away and smash up your wonderful red sleigh?'

"'No, they know too much for that; but I am going to ask a question that is of great importance,' said he.

"'Why don't you ask it of Sallie, then? She is the schoolmistress, and knows every thing,' said Hattie.

"'Oh, I guess you know quite enough to tell me what I want to learn; and you must answer me truly and frankly, for my happiness for life depends on the result.'

"'It must be a wonderful question,' said Hattie. 'What can it be?'

"'Will you tell me if I ask you?'

"Hattie was beginning to feel a little 'flustered,' as she told me afterward; but her inborn love of mischief and coquetry came upon her too strongly to be resisted.

"They were just then passing a small house by the side of the road that had once been a kind of tavern. The family had moved out of it a few days before, and Hattie knew it, though John did not.

"'Mr. Forbes,' said Hattie, 'won't you be kind enough to stop and get me a glass of water? I can hold the horses.'

"John looked more than a little vexed; but he handed her the reins and jumped out. She gathered them firmly in her plump little hands; and, just as he was about to knock at the door of the empty house, she called out to him:

"'Mr. Forbes, I must take a little time to consider your question before I answer it. I will drive on a mile or so. When I come back perhaps I will tell you.'

"And, with a gay little laugh, Hattie drove recklessly away, leaving poor John looking very much like a fool as he leaned against the door-post.

"'The saucy minx!' said he. 'It's too bad! I wonder if she can manage those horses—they may break her neck before she gets back. Then the others will be here in a minute, and won't they laugh!'

"A new idea got into his head just then, for he was a hard man to catch, and when we came up he was quite ready for us.

"'Hullo, John!' exclaimed Charlie. 'Where's your team? Haven't had a quarrel, have you?'

"'Oh no, not exactly; only Hattie wants a change of drivers. She will be back after you in a minute, and I am to drive Miss Morris. Hattie has got something of great importance to say to you,' said John.

"'Oh! I see,' said Charlie. 'You asked—'

"But John put his finger on his lip, and Charlie stopped short. It was all a mystery to me; but Charlie got out and John got in, and away we whirled, leaving our friend kicking his heels to keep them warm, and looking anxiously for the return of the red sleigh.

"'And so,' said I, 'Hattie Oliver gave you the mitten, did she?'

"I was looking him straight in the face, and he colored as red as his own sleigh at first, as if with vexation; but then he put on a sort of roguish expression, and said:

"'She tried a rather chilly sort of a joke on me, that's all, and I've turned it over to Charlie. Maybe it won't be at my expense now, after all.'

"I thought I saw through it, and we both laughed heartily, but John soon became quite sober and serious again. I thought, though, that I had never seen him look so well as he did just then.

"'Miss Morris,' said he, pretty quickly, as we spun along over the smooth snow, 'I have got a very important question to ask you.'

"'Is it the same one Charlie Simmons was speaking about, and have you asked it of Hattie?' said I, mischievously.

"'It is the same, and yet it isn't, and she ran away from me before I could ask her. It affects my happiness very deeply, and I must have an answer to-day.'

"Somehow I did not want him to say another word just then, and he himself was silent, as if hesitating what to say. We had been driving fast, and had got some distance from where we had left Charlie, and just then we heard the swift jingle of bells coming up the road. It was Hattie in the red sleigh. She had managed to turn the horses around, but, as soon as they were headed for home, they started off at a tremendous pace, and she had not half strength enough to rein them in, though they were not exactly running away. We turned aside to let her pass, and she shot a quick glance of surprise and vexation at John and me as she whirled by us. John was a little scared about her, but he almost laughed as he saw that look.

"'She will need help, I am afraid,' said he. 'We must turn and follow her. Her joke on me is not so very good a one after all.'

"He was really alarmed, and put the borrowed team to its best speed, but they were no match for his own blacks. Hattie did her best, but all in vain, until she came near where Charlie was standing. He had been getting impatient, but he saw at once what was the trouble, and ran out toward her. There was a deep snow-bank a little farther on, and he pointed to it and shouted to her to turn her horses into it.

"She understood his gestures better than his words, and in a moment more the black team, after a little plunging that only sent them in more deeply, stood snorting and trembling and almost covered up in the snow. Hattie was very nearly buried; but she was a brave girl, and she clung to the reins until Charlie came up, and we were there, too, very quickly.

"The two gentlemen went to work, unhitched the sleigh and pulled it back into the road, and then the horses were got out without much trouble and hitched in again.

"John was afraid to let any one else drive his horses after such an occurrence, and he and I transferred ourselves to the red sleigh, while Charlie and Hattie got into the other.

"She was as mute as a mouse, and I almost pitied her; but I had no need to do so. John was not silent long, but returned to his interrupted question. He was beginning in the same style as before, when I interrupted him again with:

"'Really, Mr. Forbes, you had better get your answer from Hattie. I assure you that it is out of my power to give you any information.'

"'But that can not be,' said he.

"'Well, then, I insist upon it that you get your answer directly from her. She is the only one who will tell you any thing,' said I.

"He looked exceedingly annoyed, and for a moment he was quite severe to his horses.

"'It must be all true, then!' he muttered to himself, and then he was silent for some time.

"What he said, when he did open his mouth, I will tell you by-and-by; but it would spoil the story to tell you now.

"Meantime Charlie and Hattie were following us as best they could, and it wasn't long before he found his tongue to say:

"'Well, Miss Oliver, John tells me that you have something of importance to ask of me!'

"'I? That's only one of his jokes. He just did it to get out of the scrape I put him in.'

"Charlie looked a trifle crest-fallen for a moment; but his mind had been made up that day, and he said:

"'Well, if you have nothing of importance to say to me, *I have* something of importance to say to *you*. First, though, did not John himself ask you a question to-day? He told me he was going to do so?'

"Hattie looked at him in utter astonishment, but she knew how intimate the two men were, and she quietly said:

"'Yes, or he tried to.'

"'And what did you tell him?'

"'I gave him no answer as yet; and if I had, I do not see that *you* have a right to know what my answer was.'

"And her eyes flashed a little, for it was an awkward question to answer.

"'Perhaps I have no right; but he is my best friend, and it is of the utmost importance to him. And now I must ask my own question.'

"He tried several times to do so, while Hattie sat there, coloring and almost crying under the buffalo-robes, but at last it jumped from his lips all at once.

"'Will you be my wife?'

"It was too bad, Hattie thought, knowing, as he did, all about John Forbes, for him to persecute her just then, and she told him so.

"'But,' said he, 'I don't see what John has got to do with it. My question is my own, not his.'

"'But how can I answer you until I have answered him? You must give me time to consider, and now you must drive me directly home.'

"Hattie had made a bad mess of it that morning, and she was now fairly beginning to cry. Charlie Simmons was at his wit's end, but he bit his lips and drove for home as rapidly as his horses could travel.

"We got home before them, of course, and a splendid ride we had of it. I have never seen any thing since that took my fancy half so much as that red sleigh when I turned and looked at it from the door as I went in.

"John came in with me to warm himself, and when Hattie and Charlie entered the parlor we were chatting away cozily enough before the great, old-fashioned fire-place.

"Hattie blushed crimson, and Charlie seemed wonderfully uneasy. I thought I could detect a vexed and anxious expression on John's face, but he said, in his off-hand way:

"'Ah, Miss Hattie Oliver, I'm ahead of you this time. I got an answer to my question in spite of you.'

"I looked daggers at him, and tried to stop him, but he went on.

"'She tells me that the story of the engagement must be one of Widow Stone's own invention. Only there's no need of any more such invention hereafter.'

"Hattie blushed worse than ever, and looked from one of us to the other in a puzzled sort of way, and I could not help laughing.

"'What can you all mean?' said she.

"'I mean, that if you had let me finish my question this morning you wouldn't have been run away with; but it is all right now.'

"'Is it, old fellow?' said Charlie. 'Then I wish you joy, from the bottom of my heart! Only I haven't been so lucky.'

"Hattie gave him one look, and ran out of the room; but he followed her, and when they came back it was clear that he had made her give him an answer. I suppose it was about such a one as I had given John during my ride in the red sleigh."

That was the end of Aunt Sallie's story; but it puzzled us a little, and one of the girls spoke up:

"Why, Aunt Sally, were you engaged to Mr. Forbes?"

"Yes," said Aunt Sally, "that is the old judge's middle name; and there were so many other Browns in town that he mostly went by it until he became Judge, and that was years after we were married. Sometimes I wish I was young again, and was back with John in the red sleigh, for life isn't all as merry and comfortable as a sleigh-ride."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.—To beat carpets. Use matting: for coolness it *beats carpets*.—To make a window blind. Fill it up with bricks and mortar.—To prevent the creaking of a door. Nail it up.—To obtain sleep. Have nothing but "nodding" acquaintances.—To keep up your spirits. Place the decanters on the roof of the house.

TYPICAL TREES.

For gouty people—the ache corn.
For antiquarians—the date.
For school-boys—the birch.
For Irishmen—the och.
For conjurors—the palm.
For negroes—See dah!
For young ladies—the man go.
For farmers—the plant'in.
For fashionable women—a set of firs.
For dandies—the spruce.
For actors—the pop'lar.
For physicians—syc a more.
For your wife—her will o.
For lovers—the sigh press.
For the disconsolate—the pine.
For engaged people—the pear.
For sewing-machine people—the hemlock.
For boarding-house keepers—'ash.
Always on hand—the pawpaw.
Who this is written for—yew.

A young couple went to a clergyman noted for his waggishness to get married. By an innocent mistake he began to read from his Prayer-book as follows: "Man that is born of woman is full of trouble, and hath but a short time to live." The astonished bridegroom suddenly exclaimed, "Sir, you mistake; we came to be married." "Well," replied the clergyman, "if you insist, I will marry you; but believe me, my friend, you had better be buried."

Boiling water is more estimable than cold, because it can't help rising in esteem.

Why is law a cheap article?—Because it is always afforded at cost.

Why is your last birthday like sour milk?—Because it's something that has occurred (a curd). Ah!

A District School not far away,
'Mid Berkshire hills, one winter day,
Was humming with its wonted noise
Of threescore mingled girls and boys—
Some few upon their task intent,
But more on furtive mischief bent,
The while the master's downward look
Was fastened on a copy book—
When suddenly, behind his back,
Rose sharp and clear a rousing SMACK!
As 'twere a heavy battery of bliss
Let off in one tremendous kiss.
"What's that?" the startled master cries.
"That, thir," a little imp replies,
"Wath William Willith, if you pleathe—
I thaw him kith Thuthannah Peathe."
With frown to make a statue thrill
The master thundered—"Hither, Will!"
Like wretch o'ertaken in his track,
With stolen chattels on his back,
Will hung his head in fear and shame,
And to the awful presence came—
A great, green, bashful simpleton,
The butt of all good-natured fun.
With smile suppressed, and birch upraised,
The threatener faltered—"I'm amazed
That you, my biggest pupil, should
Be guilty of an act so rude!
Before the whole set school to boot—
What evil genius put you to't?"
"'Twas she, herself, Sir," sobbed the lad,
"I didn't mean to be so bad;
And when Susannah shook her curls,
And whispered I was 'fraid of girls,
And dursn't kiss a baby's doll,
I couldn't stand it, Sir, at all,
But up and kissed her on the spot!
I know—boo-hoo—I ought to not,
But, somehow, from her looks—boo-hoo—
I thought she kind o' wished me to!"

STREET-CAR HINTS.

Gentlemen should stand as thickly as possible on the rear platform, even if there is plenty of room inside. It makes it so pleasant to ladies getting on board.

Don't put out your cigar, but get on the front platform with it, and smoke furiously, particularly if the doors are open and a strong draft blowing through.

Don't neglect to spit as often as possible on the matting. It looks independent.

Look diligently out of the window when a woman enters with a baby in her arms.

Talk politics in a loud voice; the ladies like it so much.

Don't be backward in filling platforms and passage-ways with baskets, bundles, and boxes. That is what the platforms and passage-ways are made for.

Blow up the conductor if he don't hold on for you late at night, or if he does hold on for any body else.

In stepping off when the car is in motion, always do it with your face toward the rear of the car. It is such capital exercise for the legs.

Ladies desiring to take a street-car should wait for one that is most crowded.

The rule is that a car shall only stop on the further side of a crossing. Always expect it to stop on the wrong side, and find fault with the conductor because he don't break orders.

If a conductor observes your signal, and stops his car for you, don't hurry any, even if you are a square or more away. The other passengers will feel so pleasant toward you.

A lady said to a gentleman, who was suffering influenza: "My dear Sir, what do you take for your cold?" "Five pocket-handkerchiefs a day, Madam."

When was Noah in America?—When he was on the Ark-and-saw.

1. THE RECONNOITRE.

2. THE ADVANCE.

3. CLOSE QUARTERS.

4. THE RETREAT.

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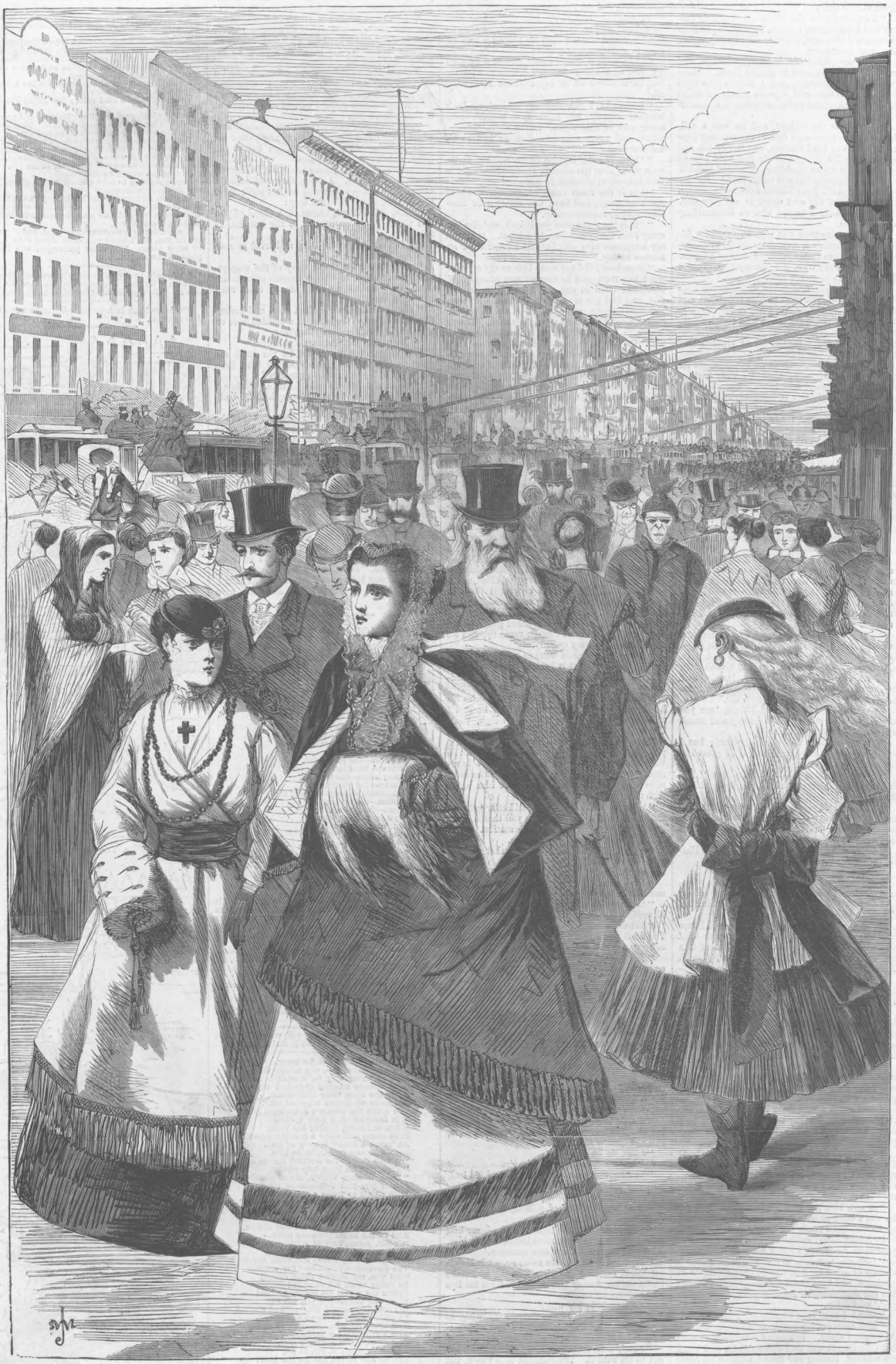

BROADWAY, FEBRUARY, 1868.—[DRAWN BY W. S. L. JEWETT.]

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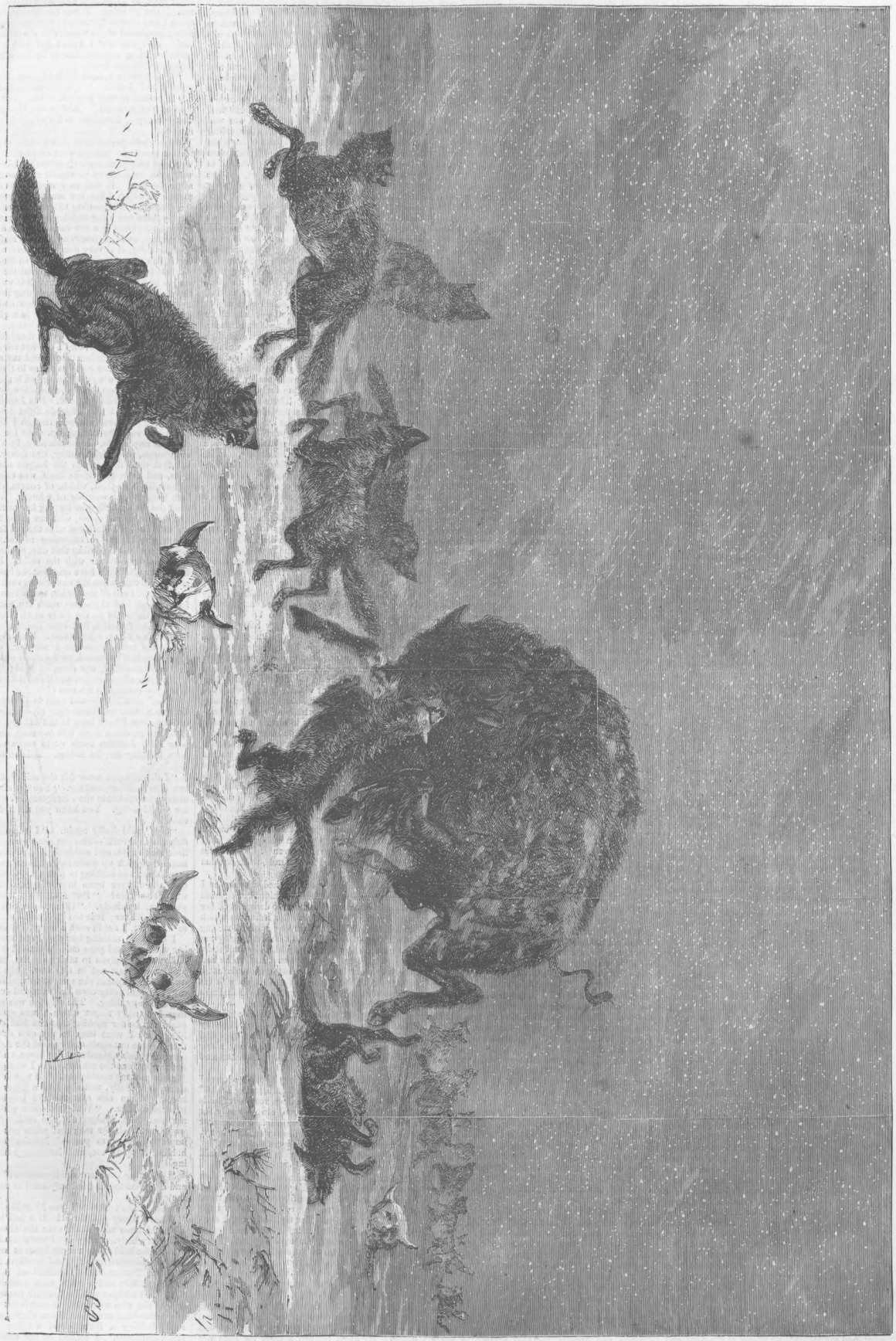

BUFFALO ATTACKED BY WOLVES.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 106.]

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BUFFALO ATTACKED BY WOLVES.

THE buffalo bull is Monarch of his Herd only during his youth; buffalo, like human, nature is ungrateful, and beasts and men renounce servants and leaders alike in their old age. With the buffalo the cry is, "The king is old, long live the young king!" When a buffalo king begins to show signs of decay he is not only deposed as leader, but exiled or driven from the herd as a useless member of buffalo society and left to take care of himself, which, owing to the weakness which caused his repudiation, he is not always able to do. During the summer months these aged exiles roam, sometimes singly, sometimes in bands of four or five, over the choicest pastures of prairie land, where they are safe alike from wolves and Indians. The first, having plenty to eat in summer and being in that season rather the hunted than the hunter, do not care to struggle with the buffaloes; and the Indian has too much aversion to hard work to think of eating an old bull when young ones are to be had in such plenty.

But when the deep snows of winter come, and wolves and buffaloes, too, are well-nigh famished, then comes the "tug of war." Hunger gives the wolves courage, and they attack the old bulls which are left behind by the herds. Several packs join forces, and a buffalo chase takes place the like of which summer hunters never see. Our spirited illustration on page 105 will, however, give them an idea of this exciting hunt—exciting alike to wolves, buffalo, and the fortunate hunter who witnesses it from a safe and respectable distance.

MY NEIGHBOR NELLY.

BY MISS THACKERAY.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART I.

THEY were both my neighbors, of course; but I do not understand what kind of hearts people have who can apportion their love equally, according to the claims of justice. I saw as much of one sister as the other. And Martha was an excellent girl, quite honest and friendly and good; but as for Ellen, there never could be any question about her. One did not even think of discriminating which were her special good qualities. She was Ellen, that was enough; or Nelly, which I prefer for my part. We all lived at Dinglefield Green in the old days. It is a model of a village, in one sense of the word; not the kind of place, it is true, to which the name is generally applied, but a village orné, as there are cottages ornés. The real little hamlet, where the poor people lived, was at a little distance, and gave us plenty of occupation and trouble. But for Dinglefield Green proper, it was such a village as exists chiefly in novels. The Green was the central point, a great triangular breadth of soft grass, more like a small common than a village green, with the prettiest houses round—houses inclosed in their own grounds—houses at the very least embosomed in pretty gardens, peeping out from among the trees. None of us were *very* rich; nor was there any thing that could be called a "place" in the circle of dwellings. But I believe there was as much good blood and good connection among us as are usually to be found in a much larger community. The great house opposite, which was separated from the Green by a ha-ha, and opened to us only a pretty sweep of lawn, looking almost like a park, belonged to Sir Thomas Denzil, whose pedigree, as every body knows, is longer than the Queen's. Next to him was Mrs. Stokes's pretty cottage—one of the Stokes who have given their name to places all over the country: the son is now General Stokes, a C.B., and I don't know what besides; and her daughter married Lord Leamington. Next to that—but it is needless to give a directory of the place—probably our neighbors, generally, may appear in their proper persons before my story is done.

The sisters lived next to me: my house lay, as their father said, athwart their bows. The Admiral was too much a gentleman to talk ship, or shop, as the gentlemen call it, in ordinary conversation; but he did say that my cottage lay athwart his bows; and the girls admitted that it would have been unpleasant had it been any body but me: I was then a rather young widow, and, having no children, did not want much of a house. My cottage was very pretty. I think myself that there was not so pretty a room in all the Green as my drawing-room; but it was small. My house stood with its gable-end to the Green, and fronted the hedge which was the boundary of Admiral Fortis's grounds. His big gate and my small one were close together. If the hedge had been cut down I should have commanded a full view of the lawn before his house and the door; and nobody could have gone out or come in without my inspection. They were so friendly that it was once proposed to cut it down, and give me and my flowers more air: but we both reflected that we were mortal; circumstances might change with both of us; I might die, and some one else come to the cottage whose inspection might not be desirable; or the Admiral might die, and his girls be married, and strangers come. In short, the end of it was that the hedge remained; but instead of being a thick holly wall, like the rest of my inclosure, it was a picturesque hedge of hawthorn, which was very sweet in spring-and a perfect mass of convolvulus in autumn; and it had gaps in it and openings. Nelly herself made a round cutting just opposite my window, and twined the honey-suckle into a frame for it. I could see them through it as I sat at work. I could see them at their croquet, and mounting their horses at the door, and going out for their walks, and doing their capricious gardening. It was Nelly only who ever attempted to work in the garden; the other was afraid of her hands and her complexion, and a hundred things. Nelly was not afraid of any thing—not even of Mr. Nicholson, the gardener, who filled me with awe and trembling. Perhaps you may say that there was not much fear of her complexion. She was brown, to begin with; but the prettiest brown—clear, with crimson flushes that went and came, and changed her aspect every moment. Her eyes were the softest dark eyes I ever saw; they did not penetrate or flash or sparkle, but glowed on you with a warm lambent light. In winter, with her red cloak on, she was the prettiest little figure; and the cold suited her, and made her glow and bound about like a creature of air. As for Martha, she was a great deal larger and whiter than her sister. I suppose, on the whole, she was the prettier of the two though she did not suit me. They were their father's only children, and he was very fond of them. Their mother had been dead so long that they had no recollection of her; and the girls were not without those defects which girls brought up by a man are so apt to have. They were rather disposed to think that any thing could be had for a little coaxing. Perhaps they had more confidence in their own blandishments than is common with girls, and were more ready to use them, knowing how powerless papa was against their arts. They were badly educated, for the same reason. The Admiral was too fond of them to part with them; and he was one of the men who fear reports and rumors, and would not have a lady, not even a middle-aged governess, in his house. He had expensive masters for his girls, and the girls did what they pleased with those excellent gentlemen, and grew up with the very smallest amount of education compatible with civilization. I rather liked it, I confess, in Nelly, who was very bright, and asked about every thing, and jumped at an instant understanding of most things she heard of. But it did not answer in Martha's case, who was not bright, and was the sort of girl who wanted to be taught music, for instance, properly, and to practice six hours a day. Without being taught, and without practicing, the good girl (for Nelly, as she explained, had no taste for music) thought it her duty to play to amuse her friends; and the result was a trial to the temper of Dinglefield Green. We had some very good musicians among us, and Martha heard them continually, but never was enlightened as to the nature of her own performance; whereas Nelly knew, and grew crimson every time her sister approached the piano. But Nelly was my favorite, as every body said; and perhaps, as a natural consequence, I did her sister less than justice.

We led a very pleasant, neighborly life in those days. Some of us were richer, and some poorer; but we all visited each other. The bigger houses asked the smaller ones to dinner, and did not disdain to pay a return visit to tea. In the summer afternoons, if you crossed the Green (and could hear any thing for the noise the cricketers made), you would be sure to hear, in one quarter or another, the click of the croquet balls, and find all the young people of the place assembled over their game, not without groups of the elder ones sitting round on the edge of the well-mown lawns. When I settled there first I was neither young nor old, and there was a difficulty which party to class me with; but by degrees I found my place among the mothers, or aunts, or general guardians of the society; and by degrees my young neighbors came to be appropriated to me as my particular charge. We walked home together, and we went to parties together; and, of course, a little gossip got up about the Admiral—gossip which was entirely without foundation, for I detest second marriages, and, indeed, have had quite enough of it for my part. But Nelly took a clinging to me—I don't say a fancy, which would be too light a word. She had never known a woman intimately before—never one older than herself, to whom she was half a child and half a companion. And she liked it, and so did I.

There was one absurd peculiarity about the two girls which I shall always think was the foundation of all the mischief. They never called each other, nor were called, by their names. They were "the sisters" to every body. I suppose it was a fancy of their father's—he called them "the sisters" always. They called each other Sister when they spoke to or of each other. It annoyed me at first, and I made an attempt to change the custom. But Martha disliked her name. She had been called after her grandmother, and she thought it was a shame. "Martha and Ellen!" she said, indignantly. "What could papa be thinking of? It sounds like two old women in the alms-house. And other girls have such pretty names. If you call me Martha, Mrs. Mulgrave, I will never speak to you again." When one thought of it, it was a hard case. I felt for her, for my own name is Sarah, and I remember the trouble it was to me when I was a girl; and the general use and wont of course overcame me at last. They were called "the sisters" every where on the Green. I believe some of us did not even know their proper names. I said mischief might come of it, and they laughed at me; but there came a time when Nelly, at least, laughed at me no more.

It was in the early summer that young Llewellyn came to stay with the Denzils at their great house opposite. He was a distant cousin of theirs, which was a warrant that his family was all that could be desired. And he had a nice little property in Wales, which had come to him unexpectedly on the death of an elder brother. And, to crown all, he was a sailor, having gone into the navy when he was a second son. Of course, being a naval man, it was but natural that he should be brought to the Admiral first of all. And he very soon got to be very intimate in the house; and, indeed, for that matter, in every house in the Green. I believe it is natural to sailors to have that hearty, cordial way. He came to see me, though I had no particular attraction for him, as cheerfully as if I had been a girl, or alas! had girls of my own. Perhaps it was the opening in the hedge that pleased him. He would sit and look, but he did not speak to me of the sisters—more's the pity. He was shy of that subject. I could see he was in real earnest, as the children say, by his shyness about the girls. He would say something about them, and then rush on to another subject, and come back again half an hour after to the identical point he had started from. But I suppose it never occurred to him that I had any skill to fathom that. He went with them on all their picnics, and was at all their parties; and he rode with them, riding very well for a sailor. The rides are beautiful round Dinglefield. There is a royal park close at hand, where you can go and hide yourself in grassy glades and alleys without number. I have even been tempted to put myself on my old pony and wander about with them on the springy turf under the trees; though, as for their canterings and gallopings, and the way in which Nelly's horse kicked its heels about when it got excited, they were always alarming to me. But it was a pleasant life. There is something in that moment of existence when the two who are to go together through life see each other first, and are mysteriously attracted toward each other, and forswear their own ideal and all their dreams, and mate themselves under some secret compulsion which they do not understand—I say there is something in such a moment which throws a charm over life to all their surroundings. Though it be all over for us; though, perhaps, we may have been in our own persons thoroughly disenchanted, or may even have grown bitter in our sense of the difference between reality and romance, still the progress of an incipient wooing gives a zest to our pleasure. There is something in the air, some magical influence, some glamour, radiating from the hero and the heroine. When every thing is settled, and the wedding looms in sight, fairy-land melts away, and the lovers are no more interesting than any other pair. It is, perhaps, the uncertainty, the chance of disaster; the sense that one may take flight or offense, or that some rival may come in, or a hundred things happen to dissipate the rising tenderness. There is the excitement of a drama about it—a drama subject to the curious contradictions of actual existence, and utterly regardless of all the unities. I thought I could see the little sister, who was my pet and favorite, gradually grouping thus with young Llewellyn. They got together somehow, whatever the arrangements of the party might be. They might drive to the Dingle, which was our favorite spot, in different carriages, with different parties, and at different times; but they were always to be found together under the trees when every body had arrived. Perhaps they did not yet know it themselves; but other people began to smile, and Lady Denzil, I could see, was watching Nelly. She had other views, I imagine, for her young cousin since he came to the estate. Nelly, too, once had very different views. I knew what her ideal was. It, or rather he, was a blond young giant, six feet at least, with blue eyes, and curling, golden hair. He was to farm his own land, and live a country life, and be of no profession; and he was to be pure Saxon, to counterbalance a little defect in Nelly's race; or rather, as she supposed, in her complexion, occasioned by the fact that her mother was of Spanish blood. Such was her ideal, as she had often confided to me. It was funny to see how this gigantic and glorious vision melted out of her mind. Llewellyn was not very tall; he was almost as dark as Nelly; he was a sailor, and he was a Welshman. What did it matter? One can change one's ideal so easily when one is under twenty. Perhaps in his imagination he had loved a milk-white maiden too.

Lady Denzil, however, watched, having, as I shall always believe, other intentions in her mind for Llewellyn, though she had no daughter of her own; and I am sure it was her influence which hurried him away the last day without taking leave of any of us. She kept back the telegram which summoned him to join his ship until there was just time to get the train. And so he had to rush away, taking off his hat to us, and almost getting out of the window of the carriage in his eagerness, when he saw us at the Admiral's door, as he dashed past to the station.

"Good-by, for the moment!" he shouted; "I hope I am coming back." And I could see, by the color in Nelly's cheek, that their eyes had met and understood each other. Her sister bowed and smiled very graciously, and chattered about a hundred things.

"I wonder why he is going in such a hurry? I wonder what he means about coming back?" said Martha. "I am sure I am very sorry he is gone. He was very nice, and always ready for any thing. What a bore a ship is! I remember when papa was like that—always rushing away. Don't you, Sister? but you were too young."

"I remember hearing people talk of it," said Nellie, with a sigh.

She was *rêveuse*, clouded over, every thing that it was natural to be under the circumstances. She would not trust herself to say he was nice. It was I who had to answer, and keep up the conversation for her. For my own part, I confess I was vexed that he had gone so soon—that he was gone without an explanation. These things are far better to be settled out of hand. One goes away; but nobody can make sure how one may come back—or what one may find when one comes back. I was sorry, for I knew a hundred things might happen to detain, or keep him silent; and Nelly's heart was caught, I could see. She had been quite unsuspecting, unfearing; and it was gone ere she understood what she was doing. My heart quaked a little for her; not with any fear of the result, but only with a certain throbbing of experience and anxiety that springs therefrom. Experience does not produce hope in the things of this world. It lays one's heart open to suspicions and fears which never trouble the innocent. It was not because of any thing I had seen in Llewellyn; but because I had seen a great deal of the world, and things in general. This was why I kissed her with a little extra meaning, and told her to lie down on the sofa when she got home.

"You have not been looking your best for some days," I said. "You are not a giantess, nor so robust as you pretend to be. You must take care of yourself." And Nelly, though she made no reply, kissed me in her clinging way in return.

Some weeks passed after that without any particular incident. Things went on in their usual way, and though we were all sorry that Llewellyn was gone, we made no particular moan over him after the first. It was very rarely that a day passed on which I did not see the sisters; but the weather was beginning to get cold, and one Friday there was a fog which prevented me from going out. Ours is a low country, with a great many trees, and the river is not far off; and when there is a fog, it is very dreary and overwhelming. It closes in over the Green, so that you can not see an inch before you; and the damp creeps into your very bones, though it was only the end of October, and the trees hung invisible over our heads in heavy masses, now and then dropping a faded leaf out of the fog in a ghostly, silent way: the chill went to one's heart. I had a new book, for which I was very thankful, and my fire burned brightly, and I did not stir out of doors all day. I confess it surprised me a little that the girls did not come in to me in the evening, as they had a way of doing, with their red cloaks round them, and the hoods over their heads, like Red Riding Hood. But I took it for granted they had some friends from town, or something pleasant on hand; though I had not heard any carriage driving up. As for seeing that was impossible. Next morning, by a pleasant change, was bright, sunny, and frosty. For the first time that season the hedges and gardens, and even the Green itself, was crisp and white with hoar-frost, which, of course, did not last, but gave us warning of winter. When I went out I met Nelly just leaving her own door. She was in her red cloak, with her dress tucked up, and the little black hat with the red feather, which was always so becoming to her. But either it was not becoming that day, or there was something the matter with the child. I don't remember whether I have said that she had large eyes—eyes that, when she was thinner than usual, or ill, looked out of proportion to the size of her face. They had this effect upon me that day. One did not seem to see Nelly at all; but only a big pair of wistful, soft eyes looking at one, with shadowy lines round them. I was alarmed, to tell the truth, whenever I saw her. Either something had happened, or the child was ill.

"Good-morning, my dear," I said; "I did not see you all yesterday, and it feels like a year. Were you coming to me now?"

"No," said Nelly—and even in the sound of her voice there was something changed—"it is so long since I have been in the village. I had settled to go down there this morning, and take poor Mary Jackson some warm socks we have been knitting for the babies. It is so cold to-day."

"I thought you never felt the cold," said I, as one does without thinking. "You are always as merry as a cricket in the winter weather when we are all shivering. You know you never feel the cold."

"No," said Nelly again. "I suppose it is only the first chill"—and she gave me a strange little sick smile, and suddenly looked down and stooped to pick up something. I saw in a moment there was nothing to pick up. Could it be that there were tears in her eyes which she wanted to hide? "But I must go now," she went on, hurriedly. "Oh no, don't think of coming with me; it is too cold, and I shall have to walk fast, I am in such a hurry. Good-by."

I could do nothing but stand and stare after her when she had gone on. What did it mean? Nelly was not given to taking fancies, or losing temper—at least not in this way. She walked away so rapidly that she seemed to vanish out of my sight, and never once looked round or turned aside for any thing. The surprise was so great that I actually forgot where I was going. It could not be for nothing that she had changed like this. I went back to my own door, and then I came out again and opened the Admiral's gate. Probably Martha was at home, and would know what was the matter. As I was going in Martha met me coming out. She was in her red cloak, like Nelly, and she had a letter in her hand. When she saw me she laughed and blushed a little. "Will you come with me to the post, Mrs. Mulgrave?" she said. "Sister would not wait for me; and when one has an important letter to post—" Martha went on, holding it up to me, and laughing and blushing again.

"What makes it so very important?" said I; and I confess that I tried very hard to make out the address.

"Oh, didn't she tell you?" said Martha. "What a funny girl she is! If it had been me I should have rushed all over the Green, and told every body. It is—can't you guess?"

And she held out to me the letter in her hand. It was addressed to Captain Llewellyn, H.M.S. *Spitfire*, Portsmouth. I looked at it, and I looked at her, and wonder took possession of me. The address was in Martha's handwriting. It was she who was going to post it; it was she who, conscious and triumphant, giggling a little and blushing a little, stood waiting for my congratulations. I looked at her aghast, and my tongue failed me. "I don't know what it

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means," I said, gasping. "I can't guess. Is it you who have been writing to Captain Llewellyn, or is it Nelly, or who is it? Can there have been any mistake?"

Martha was offended, as indeed she had reason to be. "There is no mistake," she said, indignantly. "It is a very strange sort of thing to say, when my friend, any acquaintance even, would have congratulated me. And you know us so well! Captain Llewellyn has asked me to marry him—that is all. I thought you might have found out what was coming. But you have no eyes for any body but sister. You never think of me."

"I beg your pardon," said I, faltering; "I was so much taken by surprise. I am sure I wish you every happiness, Martha. Nobody can be more anxious for your welfare than I am—" And here I stopped short in my confusion, choked by the words, and not knowing what to say.

"Yes, I am sure of that," said Martha, affectionately, stopping at the gate to give me a kiss. "I said so to sister this morning. I said I am sure Mrs. Mulgrave will be pleased. But are you *really* so much surprised? Did you never think this was how it was to be?"

"No," I said, trembling in spite of myself; "I never thought of it. I thought, indeed—but that makes no difference now."

"What did you think?" said Martha; and then her private sense of pride and pleasure surmounted every thing else. "Well, you see it *is* so," she said, with a beaming smile. "He kept his own counsel, you see. I should not have thought he was so sly—should you? I dare say he thinks he showed it more than he did; for he says I must have seen how it was from the first day."

And she stood before me so beaming, so dimpling over with smiles and pleasure, that my heart sank within me. Could it be a mistake, or was it I—ah, how little it mattered for me—was it my poor Nelly who had been deceived?

"And did you?" I said, looking into her face, "did you see it from the first day?"

"Well, n-no," said Martha, hesitating; and then she resumed with a laugh, "That shows you how sly he must have been. I don't think I ever suspected such a thing; but then, to be sure, I never thought much about him, you know."

A little gleam of comfort came into my heart as she spoke. "Oh, then," I said, relieved, "there is no occasion for congratulations after all."

"Why is there no occasion for congratulations?" said Martha. "Of course there is occasion. I wanted Sister to run in and tell you last night, but she wouldn't; and I rather wanted you to tell me what I should say, or, rather, how I should say it; but I managed it after all by myself. I suppose one always can, if one tries. It comes, by nature, people say." And Martha laughed again, and blushed, and cast a proud glance on the letter she held in her hand.

"But if you never had thought of him yesterday," said I, "you can't have accepted him today."

"Why not?" said Martha, with a toss of her pretty head—and she was pretty, especially in that moment of excitement. I could not refuse to see it. It was a mere piece of pink and white prettiness, instead of my little nut-brown maid, with her soft eyes, and her bright varied gleams of feeling and intelligence. But then you can never calculate on what a man may think in respect to a girl. Men are such fools; I mean where women are concerned.

"Why not?" said Martha, with a laugh. "I don't mean I am frantically in love with him, you know. How could I be, when I never knew he cared for me? But I always said he was very nice; and then it is so suitable. And I don't care for any body else. It would be very foolish of me to refuse him without any reason. Of course," said Martha, looking down upon her letter, "I shall think of him very differently now."

What could I say? I was at my wit's end. I walked on by her side to the post-office in a maze of confusion and doubt. I could have snatched the letter out of her hand, and torn it into a hundred pieces; but that would have done little good; and how could I tell if it was a mistake after all? He might have sought Nelly for her sister's sake. He might have been such a fool, such a dolt, as to prefer Martha. All this time he might but have been making his advances to her covertly—under shield, as it were, of the gay bright creature who was too young and too simple-hearted to understand such devices. Oh, my little nut-brown maid! no wonder her eyes were so large and shadowy, her pretty cheeks so colorless! I could have cried with vexation and despair as I went along step for step with the other on the quiet country road. Though she was so far from being bright, Martha at last was struck by my silence. It took her a considerable time to find it out, for naturally her own thoughts were many, and her mind was fully preoccupied; but she did perceive it at last.

"I don't think you seem to like it, Mrs. Mulgrave," she said; "not so much as I thought you would. You are the very first person I thought of; I was coming to tell you when I met you. And I thought you would sympathize with me and be so pleased to hear—"

"My dear," said I, "I am pleased to hear—any thing that is for your happiness; but then I am so much surprised. It was not what I looked for. And then, good Heavens, if it should turn out to be some mistake—"

"Mrs. Mulgrave," said Martha, angrily, "I don't know what you can mean. This is the second time you have talked of a mistake. What mistake could there be? I suppose Captain Llewellyn knows what he is doing; unless you want to be unkind and cross. And what have I done that you should be so disagreeable to me?"

"Oh, my dear child!" I cried, in despair, "I don't know what I mean; I thought once—there was Major Frost, you know—"

"Oh, is it that?" said Martha, restored to perfect good-humor; "poor Major Frost! But of course if he did not choose to come forward in time he could not expect me to wait for him. You may make your mind quite easy if that is all."

"And then," I said, taking a little courage, "Captain Llewellyn paid Nelly a great deal of attention. He might have thought—"

"Yes," said Martha, "to be sure; and I never once suspected that he meant it for me all the time."

I ask any body who is competent to judge, could I have said any more? I walked to the post-office with her, and I saw the letter put in. And an hour afterward I saw the mail-cart rattling past with the bags, and knew it had set out to its destination. He would get it next morning, and the two lives would be bound for ever and ever. The wrong two?—or was it only we, Nelly and I, who had made the mistake? Had it been Martha he sought all the time?

SENSATIONAL LITERATURE.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, of sensational literary fame, has been publishing in Miss Braddon's highly sensational magazine a defense of "Sensationalism in Literature and Art," in which he speaks thus:

"What is Sensationalism, and who is Sensational? I will strive to tell you. The late Mr. William Shakspeare was an arrant sensational writer. He wrote the play of 'Macbeth,' which is founded mainly on murder and witchcraft. He wrote 'Hamlet,' in which there are many murders, a suicide, a suspicion of madness, and a ghost. He wrote 'Othello,' in which there is jealousy, and also murder. He wrote 'King Lear,' in which there is murder, blindness, and madness. He wrote 'Antony and Cleopatra,' in which there is suicide. He wrote 'Julius Cæsar,' in which there is murder and a ghost. He wrote 'Richard the Third,' in which there are no end of murders and no end of ghosts. He wrote 'Romeo and Juliet,' in which there is poison, murder, and premature interment. He wrote the 'Merchant of Venice,' in which there is robbery and elopement, and an attempt on the part of a Jew bill-discounter to cut open the stomach of a Christian gentleman. The late M. de Voltaire highly objected to Shakspeare's sensationalism. He called him *un barbare grotesque*. He preferred murder *à la Grecque*, when you only hear the murdered Agamemnon groaning behind the scenes. He liked Peloponnesian adultery, Heracleidan seduction, and Attic incest. Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, were not sensational writers. Ben's most sensational play, 'The Alchemist,' is made up of the humors of a conjuror, a swindler, and a woman of the town. Desdemona is sensational; Doll Common is not so. Beaumont and Fletcher depicted the 'humor' of their age with strength, richness, and raciness; they represented the manners of their time with pliancy, variety, and fidelity; but their plays were plays of Manners, and not of Human Nature. What has become of Etherege's 'Love in a Tub,' and Wycherley's 'Gentleman Dancing-master,' and Rowe's 'Biter?' Where are Massinger, Shirley, Vanbrugh, Congreve, and Farquhar? Who save bookworms reads the 'Scornful Lady,' or the 'Custom of the Country,' or the 'Beggar's Bush,' or the 'Humorous Lieutenant,' or the 'Little French Lawyer,' or the 'Laws of Candy?' Who knows much about 'The Fox,' or the 'New Inn,' or the 'Staple of News?' Yet the people who wrote these things were cried up by self-conceited wits and sages as infinitely superior to Shakspeare. Have they kept possession of the stage? Will they ever obtain possession of the stage again? Away from bookmen's shelves, the whole rout of them are as dead and gone as a chandler-shopkeeper's ledger of the year before last.

"In the opinion of dolts, and dullards, and envious backbiters, every thing is 'sensational' that is vivid, and nervous, and forcible, and graphic, and true. There is no sensation in the wretched daubs of Benjamin West, or the heartless tea-tray varnishing of Mings; but there is most deleterious sensationalism in Fuseli, and Hogarth, and Goya. Miguel de Cervantes wrote sensationally, but Gongora would have scorned the act. Camoens was sensational, but Lousada was 'classic.' Wedgewood was a sensational potter, and Flaxman a sensational sculptor. The revival of wood-engraving was a 'sensation' as bitterly deprecated by the old admirers of nambypamby stipple and woolly mezzotint as vaccination was by the advocates of inoculation. The *Grub Street Journal* and the *Daily Intelligencer* were not sensational papers. The *Telegraph*, the *Standard*, and the *Star* are clearly sensational. Mr. Millais is a sensational painter, so is Mr. Holman Hunt. Mr. Woolner is a sensational sculptor; Mr. Ruskin's art-criticisms are sensational; Mr. Darwin is a sensational philosopher; Mr. Fechter is a sensational actor; Mr. Spurgeon is a sensational preacher; Dr. Cumming is a sensational theologian; so, from another point of view, is Dr. Newman; so, from another point, is Professor Maurice. As for Mr. Kingsley, as poet, novelist, parson, and historian, he was always sensational. *Belgravia* is a sensational magazine, and Miss Braddon is a dreadfully sensational novelist. M. Nélaton is a sensational surgeon; M. Edmond About a sensational wit; Napoleon III. a sensational sovereign; and Graf von Bismarck a sensational statesman. As for Garibaldi, he was never more than a sensational patriot; and it was only General Grant's sensational obduracy that caused the Southern Confederacy to collapse.

"This is the cry, this is the yelp, this is the howl in which the dullards, and the dolts, and the backbiters revel. Suppose that the sensible portion of society consented just for a season to lay down their arms, and allow the non-sensationalists to have their way? No more sensation plays, no more sensation poems—by-the-way, 'Maud' is glaringly sensational, and so is 'Enoch Arden'—no more sensation novels, no more sensation leading-articles, no more sensation pictures, no more sensation sermons, no more sensation speeches. Let us go back to the calmly dull, to the tranquilly inane, to the timorously decorous, to the sweetly stupid. Don't let us move, don't let us travel, don't let us hear or see any thing; but let us write sonnets to Chloe, and play madrigals on the spinnet, and dance minuets, and pray to Heaven against Sensationalism, the Pope, the Devil, and the Pretender; and then let Dullness reign triumphant, and Universal Darkness cover all."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

FIFTY years ago a single room in a private dwelling was our Post-office, and one man and one boy were considered competent to receive, deliver, distribute, and make up the mails that came into and left this city. To-day, in addition to our General Post-office, there are fourteen stations, one of which, Station D, is said to receive, assort, and deliver more letters than does the Post-office at Albany; and hundreds are employed in carrying out the details of postal affairs. One or two simple facts—though they are astounding ones—will give some idea of the increase of business in one department of the New York Post-office during the last ten years. In 1850 the average number of letters received nightly in the "box department" was fifteen thousand; now the letters received nightly average ninety thousand. In 1858 the number of letters received at the "drop" from carriers and stations between the hours of six P.M. and half past twelve A.M. amounted to about five thousand. Now the number of letters received between half past six P.M. and half past twelve A.M. from station, drop, and carriers amount to about forty-five thousand. During the twelve months ending with November, 1867, nearly nineteen millions of letters were collected from lamp-post boxes, while over twelve millions of mail letters and more than five millions of city letters were delivered by carriers to our citizens. This statement does not include the letters delivered through the five thousand and eight hundred boxes which are at present rented at the Post-office.

The addition which has this month been made to the number of carriers—the whole body numbering now about three hundred—will insure prompt, frequent, and careful delivery.

It was ascertained by Postmaster James Kelly, on his recent visit to England, that the whole secret of the rapid and accurate postal arrangements of London lay in the number of men employed; that, throughout Great Britain and Ireland, three men on the average were employed to do the work expected of one in the United States. No less than two thousand and six hundred carriers are employed in London. So that, even after making every deduction for difference of population which figures will allow, and after giving Americans all the credit for greater skill, industry, and rapidity in work which national pride might possibly suggest, it still remained evident that more letter carriers were needed to perfect our postal system. It has been very justly remarked that in one respect the British postal system is superior to ours—its servants are appointed for life, or during good behavior; and when unfitted by ill health or age are pensioned. With us respect for service and age is not considered. A man may grow gray and break down his health in our Post-offices and then be dismissed at an hour's notice to make way for some political favorite, who in his turn must give place to another.

It is related of Sir Frederick Bruce, the late British Minister, that he had not an article of solid silverware in his house; and as proof of the wisdom of this arrangement, he used to tell of one occasion when burglars entered his house in the night, but finding the coveted forks, spoons, etc., were plated, had left them. Even if one can well afford to lose plate, this does not remove the unpleasant shock resulting from a visit of burglars. Beyond this, the man who has a handsome set of gold or silverware in his house, or who sports a five-thousand dollar breast-pin, is not as safe from midnight attacks as if his wealth were invested in some less noticeable manner.

"Railroads to the right of us,
Railroads to the left of us,
Railroads all around us,
Thunder and roar."

So sings some poetic "parodist." Probably his mind was impressed with the recent statement that when the Suez Canal and the Pacific Railroad are finished we can go round the world in ninety days.

If the young men of New York are in such a fearful internal condition as a certain city paper represents them to be, we should earnestly recommend them to save themselves from becoming total wrecks by marrying as soon as possible some girl who has seen a thimble, who understands darning, *and* who is willing to devote herself to the business. Read this description of the young man who does his own mending—read and ponder. "Outwardly he may appear in the height of fashion, and arrayed in all the gorgeousness of purple and fine linen; but inwardly he is the abode of rents and tears. The lining of that handsome overcoat is diversified with large gashes from which protrude unseemly wadding; the trowsers pockets are furnished with little holes through which a procession of pen-knives, nickel cents, meerschaums, and door-keys, quietly meander adown the leg to the pavement; the waistcoat is without its buckles at the back; the collar is held in its place by an ingenious and skillful device of pins; and the shirt—alas! the shirt!—is but a memory of the late lamented buttons whose places know them no more."

California promises to furnish not only the best wines but the choicest silks. At a late County Fair in that State specimens of superior watered silk dress goods were exhibited; and numerous facts prove that the entire State is well adapted to silk-growing.

The most remarkable and valuable stud of horses ever owned by any private gentleman is probably in possession of Mr. Robert Bonner. Their names are familiar—Lantern, Peerless, Flatbush Mare, Lady Palmer, Pocahontas, The Auburn horse, and last, but greatest as regards speed, the famous Dexter. This champion of the American trotting turf is a dark-brown horse, with white feet and nose, a large, well-formed head, a rather wicked-looking eye, and a flowing tail. Pocahontas is a graceful and beautiful horse, a dark rich bay, with a small, fine head, proud arched nostril, brilliant eye, and long tail, sweeping the ground. Mr. Bonner's horses are driven almost solely by himself. They are never taken for exercise into public streets unless he is present, but are exercised regularly in a path which surrounds their stable. The internal arrangements of this stable are made with careful reference to the comfort of its occupants. These horses were purchased by the owner for use and personal enjoyment, and he does not permit them to be driven for any wager, under any circumstances; nor will he drive them himself for a wager.

Odd typographical errors are constantly occurring in the newspapers of the day. An Illinois paper recently made the surprising statement that "two thousand car loads of *oats* had come East over western railroads." What the editor designed to say was that two thousand car loads of *oats* had come East. Another journalist, discoursing upon some political subject, asserted confidently that "we are but parts of a stupendous *whale*." If the word *whole* be substituted for whale it will not seem so preposterous. A city paper, speaking of the organ concerts at Plymouth Church, remarked: "These concerts will help to create a taste for *street* organ music;" which certainly did seem a singular result, until it was suggested that "*strict*" was the word intended to be used. A clergyman sent, not long ago, a notice to Selma, Alabama, that he would preach the following Sunday on "Selma's Expense-Account for Sin." The notice was inserted in a newspaper, and by a compositor's blunder "sin" was changed into "tin;" and the announcement of that metal as the subject of a religious discourse excited such curiosity that when Sunday evening came the church was crammed, and hundreds were turned away who could not find standing-room inside. A New Haven journal lately announced as the question for discussion in a debating club, "Ought *future* punishment to be abolished?" *Capital* punishment was what they intended to talk about. And only a few days ago a city newspaper gave an interesting sketch of a new church which had been established under "*suspicious*" circumstances! Evidently *auspicious* was the adjective intended to be used.

The French have many economical devices which Americans never think of or would quite disdain. For example, in the restaurants of Paris the washer of dishes is paid a moderate salary, it is true; but in addition, he has his perquisite; and this is the grease obtained from the dishes. The dish-water is boiled, the grease skimmed off as it rises to the surface, and put into little barrels which sell for about twenty francs apiece. Sometimes not less than fifteen of these barrels may be collected in a month.

A curious discovery has been made in France in regard to the influence of iron on vegetables. In those soils where there is an absence of iron vegetation assumes a withered appearance, which is removed by the application of a solution of sulphate of iron. Haricott beans, watered with this substance, acquire an additional of sixty per cent. Mulberries, peaches, pears, grape-vines, and wheat derive advantages from the same treatment. In the cultivation of clover wonderful advantages have been gained by the application of the sulphate of iron on soils where it is desired to produce an early crop.

A certain newspaper in Missouri has adopted the fashion of giving notices of marriages in advance. They are in the usual form, with the words "will be" before the announcement.

A man near Fremont, Ohio, lost an axe a while ago; but he found a river, which was partial compensation. This was the way of it. He had been felling trees in the woods. In walking over a slightly sunken place he noticed a hollow sound, and turning, struck the ground with his axe. The axe broke through and disappeared, and never has been heard from since. Investigations showed water below the surface, and a strong current was discovered. A lead and line let down to the depth of seventy feet found no bottom. The supply of water is only slightly affected by drouth, and a pump set up near the place has furnished the purest water to the whole neighborhood during the late dry season. It is certainly quite a remarkable stream.

A new fire-alarm has been invented by a Connecticut genius. It consists of a small box containing a series of springs of brass and steel, so arranged that the brass, by its greater expansion and contraction, moves the steel. This machine may be set at any degree of temperature, and should a fire occur in its vicinity, and the temperature of the atmosphere rise above the fixed degree, an alarm will be struck.

A Frenchman has made an ink from hydrofluorate of ammonia, and hydrochloric acid properly thickened, by which with any pen inefficacable characters can be traced on glass. This ink will be of service to the chemist and apothecary in labeling bottles and marking gradations on glass.

SALMON-FISHING IN OREGON.

ONE of the chief occupations—or rather sports, since Indians do not admit that they ever work—of the Indians of Oregon, is that of spearing salmon, as represented in our engraving on page 108. When sitting on the rocks in the rivers, in a recumbent position, watching and waiting to spear the fish when they appear, they look, to a person at a distance, like great herons watching for their prey, only that in the case of the Indians a long lance, which serves as a harpoon, is held poised in the hand and represents the long necks and beaks of the birds.

HUNTING IN AFRICA.

ONE of our engravings on page 108 is from a sketch by Mr. THOMAS BAINES, formerly a companion of Dr. LIVINGSTONE in the explorations of the Zambesi River, and represents a hunting scene in Africa not unlike some of the buffalo hunting scenes which have been and still are to be witnessed in this country. The sketch was made on the Vaal River, in the month of October. Immense herds of wild animals congregate there in the dry weather, when the smaller rivulets and pools are depived of water. They consist chiefly of the "Boute quagga," or "Burchell's zebra," the "blees-bok," the gnu or "wilde-beeste" (both of the black and the brindled varieties), the "harte-beeste," many small antelopes, and ostriches; while vultures hover above, ready to descend upon the carcass of any that may be killed. The common or half-striped quagga is more often seen in Kaffirland, while the zebra is met with in mountainous districts. In their later journey to the Zambesi, Mr. CHAPMAN and Mr. BAINES found on the salt plains, in large herds, a quagga which seemed intermediate between Burchell's and the true zebra, having the small equine head, ears, hoofs, and tail of the first, with the complete and beautiful striping of the last.

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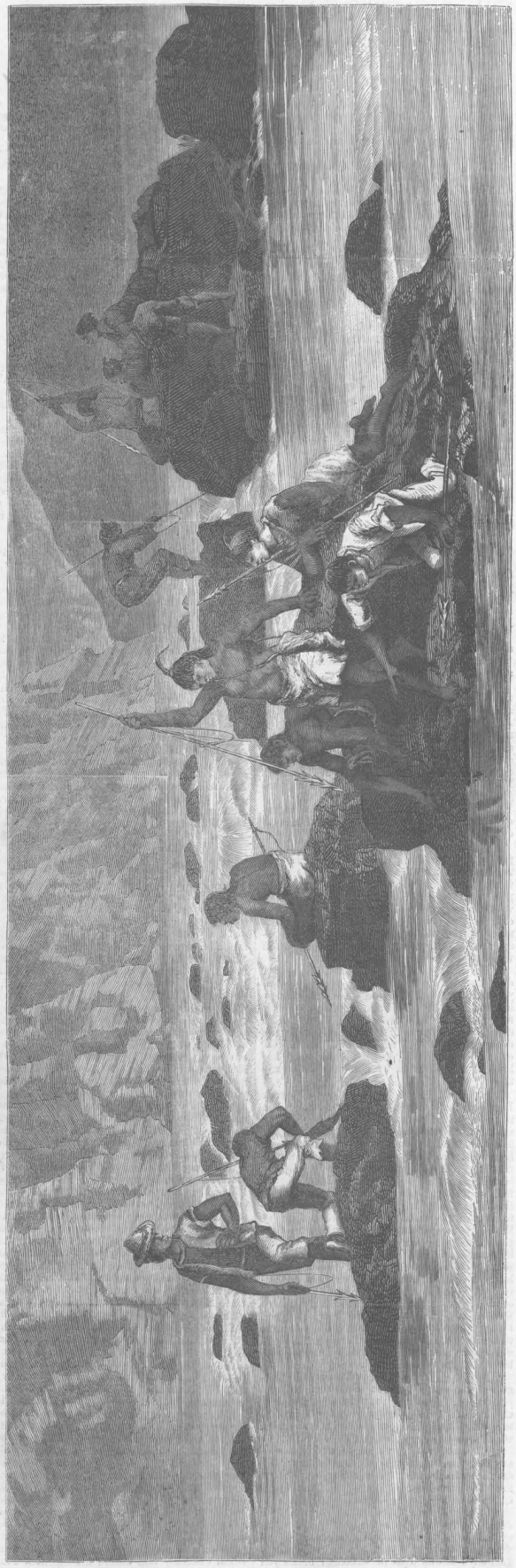
HUNTING QUAGGAS AND ZEBRAS IN AFRICA.—[SEE [illegible]



INDIANS FISHING FOR SALMON IN OREGON.—[SEE PAGE 107.]

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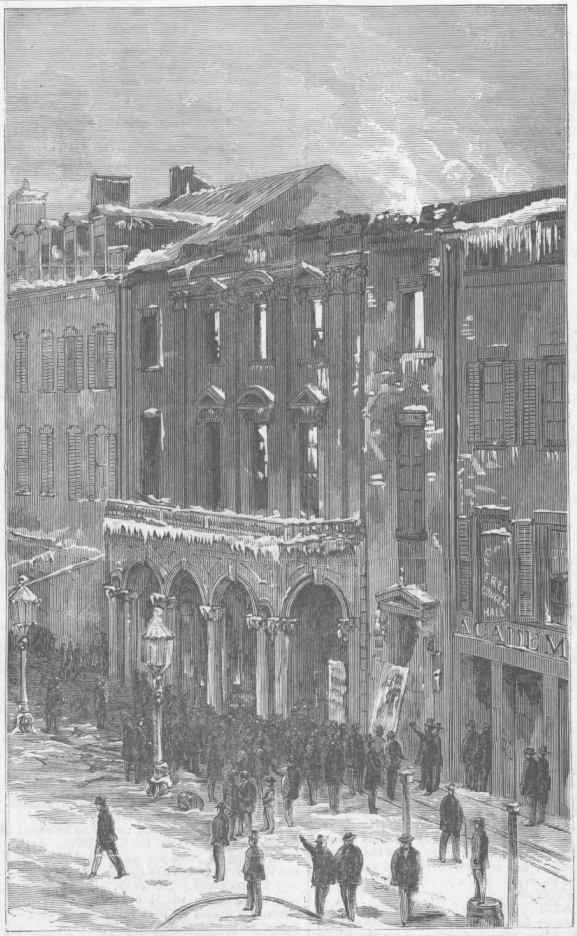
LYING IN WAIT.—[SEE POEM, PAGE 110.]



BURNING OF THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, ALBANY.—[PHOT. BY H. I. FELLOWS, ALBANY.]

FIRE AT ALBANY, NEW YORK.

WE illustrate on this page the conflagration which destroyed the Academy of Music at Albany, on the morning of January 29. The fire commenced near the roof and burned downward, and yet the flames could not be mastered. The whole of the interior was destroyed and reduced to a mass of cinders and ruin. The building was first opened as a theatre in 1824. In 1829 it was sold and converted into St. Paul's Church. Some seven years ago the church people sold it to H. J. HASTINGS, who, in 1863, transferred it to JOHN M. TRIMBLE, by whom it was converted into a theatre. The Academy was the most beautiful place of amusement in Albany.

FENIAN ATTACK ON THE MARTELLO TOWER, DUNCANNON, IRELAND, JANUARY 17, 1868.—[SEE PAGE 110.]

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LYING IN WAIT.

PERHAPS it was the nipping cold
That made me feel in moody frame,
As lately through the woods I strolled
One chilly morn in quest of game.
I scarce had fetched my pointers round,
And passed from out the shrubb'ry-gate,
The hall-door neared, when straight I found
That three sharp-shooters lay in wait.

A sudden shock—a small surprise;
I started, looked around, and lo!
I saw three pair of laughing eyes;
I felt the artillery of snow.
I looked again, I looked once more;
The leader of the snowy raid—
Methought I'd felt her darts before—
Was bonny bright-eyed Adelaide.

In wait she lay! Her gentle look,
More potent than the sun above,
Soon as surprise my senses took,
Had thawed the snow-balls into love!
I thought, ah me! of last night's valse;
I laughed—no more in moody state
Turned to my stoic maxims false—
My fate was sealed—she'd laid in wait.

She'd killed a heart—*that* was her prey;
It yielded to her subtle snare:
The snow had melted all away;
More firm, love's arrow lingered there.
For love is warm and snow is cold,
And in her snow-ball love lay curled;
Love melted quick it's snowy fold—
The ball she gently at me hurled.

THE FENIAN WAR.

ENGLAND continues to be excited, and apparently very much frightened, by the exploits of the Fenians, who appear to be not only innumerable but invincible, and are no sooner suppressed in one spot than they break out afresh in another. The last news from Ireland and England is more than usually exciting, embracing, as it does, the arrest and release of GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN, the prosecution of the proprietors of the Dublin *Nation* for the publication of inflammatory articles, the arrest of MARCUS ADAMS, the Head Centre of the London Brotherhood, and the two attacks on the Martello Tower at Dunemanon, Ireland. The first of these, which took place on the night of Jan. 20, we illustrate on page 109.

These Martello towers, of which we have heard a good deal during the Fenian war, are little forts which are supposed to defend the coast of the United Kingdom. Their construction dates back to the wars with France under NAPOLEON, and were intended to prevent descents on the coast. These forts bear the name of the Martello Towers; and are generally armed with a single cannon mounted on a pivot, and placed on the top of the fortification.

The full details of the first assault on this Martello tower have singularly enough never been received here, though drawings of the scene have come to hand. The second attack took place on the night of January 27, and was made by a small body only of Fenians. After receiving the first fire of the garrison the attacking party retired, but did not leave the field. They waited until their numbers were largely increased from crowds who seemed to be near at hand, and again advanced upon the tower, beginning a general discharge of fire-arms, by which one of the garrison was wounded. When the assailants had almost reached the foot of the tower the troops again fired, and two men were seen to fall. The crowd then fell back and disappeared in the darkness. The two men who were shot were carried off by their companions, and it is not known whether they were wounded or killed. The affair caused great excitement in Wexford County.

"MAKE A NOTE ON'T."

IT is a bad plan, if you have been powerfully impressed by a thought, or scene, or event, and wish to preserve your impressions in their original vividness, not to make a record of them at once. Impressions are terribly evanescent things; you fancy, while subjected to their powerful influence, that nothing can be easier than to recall them at will; but in after-years, when you try to do so, you find that it requires a greater effort than your memory is capable of. Even in a few days much of the vigor, much of the raciness of an impression disappears; much of its lustre is rubbed off. Depend upon it, it's the only way if you want to preserve them from corruption and decay; embalm them at once in ink and paper. Gray, the poet, in one of his letters has some admirable observations on the wisdom of a man's immediately embodying in writing the notions and feelings raised in his mind by a place or event, if he would wish to recall them to himself or make them known to any one else at a future period. "I almost envy your last month," he says, "being in a very insipid situation myself; and desire you would not fail to send me some furniture for my Gothic apartment, which is very cold at present. It will be the easier task, as you have nothing to do but transcribe your little red books, if they are not rubbed out; for I conclude you have not trusted every thing to memory, which is ten times worse than a lead-pencil. Half a word fixed upon or near the spot is worth a cart-load of recollection. When we trust to the picture which objects draw of themselves on our mind, we deceive ourselves; without accurate and particular observation, it is but ill drawn at first; the outlines are soon blurred; the colors every day grow fainter, and at last, when we would produce it to any body, we are forced to supply its defects with a few strokes of our own imagination."

GEN. VAN WYCK AND THE GETTYSBURG SOLDIERS' HOME.

GENERAL VAN WYCK, who has been laboring zealously in Congress to destroy the enterprise for giving a home to our disabled veterans, is an excellent type of that destructive class who may pull down but are unable to suggest the first idea for erecting a better structure. He is displeased with the Gettysburg plan for building the needed asylum, but gives no hint of any better manner in which the desired end can be reached. He says the diamonds in the project are worthless stones—though the greatest diamond dealers in the country say the reverse—the farm a delusion, the yacht "Henrietta" not worth an old song, and that the several large purses of greenbacks will prove mere "fairy money" to the fortunate captors—glittering enough over night, but turning to dried leaves before the morning. He does not say, however, that the charter of incorporation for the enterprise, said to have been granted by the Pennsylvania Legislature last year, is not a binding and valid charter; and, failing to say this, all the rest of his objections are mere leather and prunella. Here we have a charter for raising money to build a Soldiers' Home on the battle-field of Gettysburg; and, to accomplish this, authority is given for the distribution of prizes in the manner now proposed by Generals BEAVER, SICKEL, and the other directors. It is against the manner, therefore, and not against the matter of this movement, that General VAN WYCK, if at all, should direct his wrath. If he finds any of the prizes worthless, let him urge that they be thrown overboard and others substituted. If the diamonds are only paste, kick them into the gutter, and let "gems of purest ray serene"—pure and sparkling as VAN WYCK's own virtue—take their place. If the money prizes are not enough, let them be doubled or trebled. If the yacht "Henrietta" should only be rated at so much old junk, let her be scuttled wherever she may now lie, and let the finest steamer afloat be purchased to occupy her position. All this can be done within the limits of the incorporating charter, and the people will not grudge the increased expense that gives assurance our disabled soldiers will be taken care of; but when General VAN WYCK assails the charter itself, instead of the prizes now offered under its provisions, he is striking at the only practical plan now before the country through which the people may express their gratitude to those who were crippled in defense of the flag.

If the United States were a monarchy or empire the matter of creating a Soldiers' Home would be extremely simple, taking the form of an edict directing so much money to be raised by tax for that purpose; but here this cannot be done, owing to State jealousies, local rivalries, and the inveterate spirit of corrupt jobbing which now infects every public work. Every delegation in Congress would only consent to the measure provided its own State should be assigned as the location for the new asylum; or even if the bill were to pass with the requisite appropriation, the spirit of jobbery would interpose such delays that all the sufferers would be dead before the promised relief could reach them. What private enterprise can accomplish in a year public jobbers would take twenty years and twenty times the same amount of money for completing; and it is eminently proper that in a work of national gratitude such as this the people should have the matter left entirely in their own hands, every member of the community being able to make a personal assessment of from one dollar upward, just as each may see fit, according to his or her means and wishes.

Lotteries, like every thing else, are not good *per se*, nor bad *per se*, but must be judged in connection with their object. Spain, Austria, and Prussia still raise a large portion of their revenue in this manner, and scarcely a civilized government on earth but has at one time or other resorted to this means of raising money for its necessities or grander charities—finding it by all odds the least odious manner in which taxation can be imposed. It makes every man his own taxing-master, so that whether a dollar shall be given or ten thousand, can be decided by no other decree than that of the individual donor. Looking at home also, is there to-day a charity fair, or fair for building a church in which, under the sanction of the clergy, and with the fairest and most pious of the gentler sex acting as ministering angels, the visitors are not requested to take chances in some very extravagant "raffles" for the sake of promoting some pious object? "It is the cause, my soul, it is the cause," that gives its complexion to every thing; and while we earnestly applaud the activity of the postal and police authorities in breaking up the swindling lottery and policy schemes conducted by sharpers for their personal profit, we can not in any manner divine how a benevolent project, regularly chartered and conducted under responsible auspices for building a soldiers' home at Gettysburg, can come to be classed under the same condemnation.

Turning back to our files we see that on the 29th of January last an enterprise precisely similar to this Gettysburg project, but less than one fourth of its size, was drawn at the Cooper Institute in this city, the net proceeds being devoted to founding a home for soldiers' orphans. The distribution was made under the personal supervision of Major-Generals VAN VLIET and BARLOW, the latter then Secretary of State; Judge CHARLES P. DALY, Treasurer of the Soldiers' Orphans' Fund; NATHANIEL JARVIS, JR., and others of equally high character, while the business manager of that enterprise was the same who now manager of the project which General VAN WYCK condemns. From that enterprise ninety-nine thousand and odd hundred dollars were realized and duly paid over into the hands of Judge DALY as treasurer for the soldiers' orphans; so that here, as that scheme was less than one fourth the size of this, we have fair assurance that certainly not less than four or five hundred thousand dollars, besides the land already purchased, will be turned over to the trustees for building the Gettysburg Asylum. Perhaps the sum may be yet larger; but with every attack made upon it in Congress, or by the regular lottery and policy dealers, with whose profits it interferes, the expenses, of course, are increased and the difficulties magnified. The people, however, appear to have taken hold of it with a will; and until General VAN WYCK can offer them some better means of raising a Soldiers' Home it would be much wiser and more decent for the gallant General to hold his tongue. But whatever may be his course can make little difference, for the asylum project is in the hands of men with whom there is no such word as fail, and, with the sympathies of the people once enlisted, our disabled veterans may rest secure that the Gettysburg Asylum will be built, and that right quickly.—*New York Herald.*

REID'S PATENT POTATO BAKER is an excellent contrivance. BELL & CO., Buffalo, N. Y., have it for sale. See advertisement.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

HARPER & BROTHERS *have now ready:*

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THE LAND HAS BEEN PURCHASED

By this Association, and Ten Thousand Dollars have already been paid toward the preservation of the Battle-Ground; about thirty acres (adjoining the site of General Meade's Headquarters) have been set apart for the uses of the Asylum.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

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Permission is hereby granted to the said Supervisors to hold such Gift Festival, exempt from all charge, whether from special tax or other duty in respect to said Gift Festival. E. A. ROLLINS *Commissioner.*

Having labored for three years to erect a Home for our Crippled Veterans, and having passed a bill for that purpose in the New York Legislature incorporating some one hundred of our best citizens as directors—but under which bill no action has been had, from that time to this—and knowing the great and crying necessity of the case, the shame of leaving our disabled veterans to starve or beg, I hereby most cordially endorse your enterprise, and it shall have all the aid of my tongue, pen, and influence.

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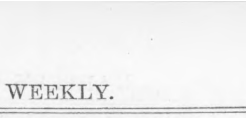

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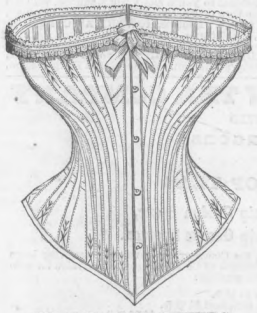

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XII.—No. 582.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1868, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

DEAD-LETTER OFFICE.

OUT of the 462,279,719 letters which annually pass through the United States mails, 4,306,508 are misdirected or unpaid and go to the Dead-Letter Office at Washington. Our own correspondence—by no means light, since we have had very frequently to open over a thousand letters a day—has taught us that there are a great many careless people who consign not only their effusions but their money to the mails with the most reckless negligence; what must be then the experience of the venerable clerks of the Dead-Letter Office who examine the misdirected ones of a daily correspondence of over one million letters? It is hardly credible that frequently letters reach the Department at Washington which have the name of the town as well as that of the State omitted from the direction; or that often there is no other address than that of the town and State, the name of the person being omitted as totally unimportant. And occasionally letters thus carelessly directed contain money or other valuables.

But if the misdirections of dead-letter offices are curious often their contents are far more singular. A great many persons have a singular idea of the nature of mailable matter; and in the Museum of the Department at Washington may be found articles of every character resurrected from the dead-letters. While our artist was making the sketch on this page a worn-out gaiter boot, size 2½, was disemboweled from a defunct package and consigned to the waste bundle. Hoop-skirts, night-gowns, embroidered slippers, as well as lace collars and such light wearing apparel, are supposed by some deluded females to be mailable matter; while oil-paintings, jewelry, and sometimes even glass ware pass by Uncle Sam's express rather than those of Adams's.

Our sketch of this interesting bureau of the Postal Department at Washington illustrates the process of disposing of the dead-letters. The work of opening the letters and arranging them in bundles is done by male clerks, some of whom have been for many years engaged in the Department. One of the old gentlemen shown in the sketch is a brother of a former Postmaster-General. When the letters have been opened, they are tied up in bundles and passed to female clerks, who occupy a balcony which extends

THE DEAD-LETTER OFFICE AT WASHINGTON.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

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around the apartment. Those letters which contain money or valuables are passed directly to the chief clerks or "heads of divisions," and by them registered and carefully noted and examined. It is the duty of the female clerks to investigate the bundles of opened letters and discover all information that may be contained which will facilitate the return of the dead-letter to the sender.

The latest statistics of the Dead-Letter Office show that of the 4,306,508 letters consigned thereto during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1867, 3,619,062 were domestic, and 179,466 foreign. Nearly half a million were held for non-payment of postage. These statistics show that the number of dead-letters diminished nearly one million during the last year, and this gratifying result is attributed to the use of envelopes with a request for the return to the writers of unclaimed letters directly from the post-office addressed. It is estimated that fully fifty millions of these envelopes were used during that year, the Department supplying about one-third of the number.

There is very little of this great amount of paper wasted. Such letters as can not be returned to their owners are sold by contract, and, by a patented process, reduced to a pulp in the presence of a post-office official; from this the ink is extracted, and the pulp worked into paper.

So profitable has this proved that the other departments at Washington are saving their waste paper, and the Treasury Department has lately made a proposal to supply the Postal Department with envelopes made from defaced fractional currency.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1868.

NEW YORK POLITICS.

THE Republican Convention of New York has declared its preference for General GRANT as a candidate for the Presidency, and for Governor FENTON as Vice-President. The Convention appointed the delegates to Chicago, and adopted a series of simple and decided resolutions, which express the utmost confidence in GRANT and FENTON, the heartiest sympathy with Congress, and the most stringent desire of an economical administration of the Government. The Convention was large, enthusiastic, and unanimous. The temporary Chairman, the Hon. J. M. VAN COTT, opened the session with a very admirable and eloquent statement of the principle and position of the party, and the difference in the city, which appears in every Convention, had a fair hearing, and was determined as usual.

Upon this point we have only to repeat what we said at the close of the last Convention. The Republican party does not wish to exclude any honest votes. It welcomes all who accept its principles and approve its policy. Its conduct shows that it does not wish to reopen old differences when they are once settled; and with its National delegation, headed by the names of General SICKLES and LYMAN TREMAIN, it will hardly be accused of a reluctance to honor those who have not always acted with it. But if General SICKLES and Mr. TREMAIN had been Republicans, and had last year actively engaged in a movement the inevitable result of which would have been the overthrow of the party, and had openly supported the Democratic candidates and policy, with what face could those gentlemen of their friends have insisted upon the party honors this year?

Yet that is precisely the position of the gentlemen who every year go to the Convention from the city and demand what they call recognition. What is recognition? Many of them supported Mr. HOFFMAN for Governor. Their peculiar organs constantly deride the policy which the Republican party adopts. It is very difficult to discover why they are not practically Democrats in every thing but the name, and yet they perpetually demand "recognition." Recognition as what? As representatives of the Republican party, as interpreters of the Republican policy, as candidates for Republican honors? Such a claim is palpably unfair. If they wish recognition as Republicans merely—they have it if they sincerely support the party. If they wish something more—if they aim at party honors, they ought certainly to see that the surest way to them is not the provocation of dissensions: it is a quiet blending with the mass of the party, and the rest will follow.

But when they urge their constant argument that the Republican vote diminishes in the city, what do they mean? Is the vote smaller because they themselves vote against the party? And is that a cogent reason for giving them a "recognition" which consists in conspicuous position or leadership? Is it not the simple truth that these gentlemen diverged from the party, and is it not equally true that nothing prevents their return to it? When Mr. SPENCER or Mr. GREELEY speak of the party as doing better without them they mean merely, we presume, that an open enemy is better than a false friend. But why should there be any false friendship in the matter? Why do not the contestants vote and act with the party?

They will not, of course, claim that they have been the only faithful Republicans, and that the rest were in error. For they will recall what Mr. WEED has himself confessed, and they must concede that Mr. WEED's difference with the great party with which he was so long associated sprang from the adoption by that party of a policy which he did not favor. Mr. WEED would hardly insist that he had been a consistent Republican, in the ordinary use of the words; and if he would not make the claim, surely none of the gentlemen who now act with him can properly urge it. Their duty as sincere Republicans, by which we now merely mean voters who prefer, from whatever reason, to support the Republican party—is to acknowledge its present organization; and when they have done so, if they are dissatisfied with it, to endeavor to change that organization within the line of the party. Every man of the contestants, we are very sure, would do more in a single day to obliterate all difference by quietly uniting with the party, than they can ever do by obstinate persistence in a quarrel with which the party in the State has no sympathy.

The New York Republicans have begun betimes. Their voice is clear and firm. But the great result of the campaign, to which every generous American who believes that the welfare of the country imperatively demands the ascendency of the Republican party, looks hopefully forward, is to be attained only by the most diligent and intelligent and conscientious labor. It will be a contest of reason and patriotism with the surviving traditions of the political demoralization wrought by slavery upon the public mind.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE GENERAL.

THERE can no longer be a doubt of General GRANT'S opinions upon the political situation. He has spoken as he should have spoken, not in obedience to a party request, or to satisfy the exigency of a Presidential canvass, but in the course of his official duty, and in reply to a verbal order of the President of the United States to disregard the law. Of the scope and manner of the General's reply every body in the country is now aware. He says in the most positive tone that his intention is and has been to obey the law—an intention which, when asserted by General HANCOCK, threw the President into ecstasies of delight—and he adds that he thinks all the wretched falsehood which has lately issued from the White House, through certain newspapers, is an attempt to involve him in the resistance to law for which the President hesitated to assume the responsibility.

In a question of veracity between the President and the General very few intelligent persons, we presume, would long hesitate which to believe. It is certainly a painful duty for any citizen to be compelled to say that he does not believe the President to have told the truth; and to obviate that necessity General GRANT generously states, at the close of his letter of January 25, that the President may have misunderstood him. But that is hardly possible. The President's intention to use General GRANT to the General's political ruin has been evident from the day that he called him to the War Department. He counted undoubtedly upon the involuntary flexibility of a soldier who had lived remote from politics in the hands of a trained politician. GRANT was too popular. He commanded the confidence of thoughtful men, as well as the admiration of the multitude. There were plain signs that he was to be an irresistible candidate for the Presidency, unless his fame were in some manner tarnished, or his incompetency somehow exposed. He was not yet the fully accepted favorite of the most radical Republicans, and it would be an ingenious and effective movement to entangle him in a net of false appearances.

For this purpose he was made to displace Mr. STANTON, the Republican representative in the Cabinet. For a moment the plot seemed to succeed. Those Republicans who were opposed to the nomination of General GRANT made the most of the occasion, and spoke of his action with a regret which betrayed the utmost satisfaction. Gradually the truth began to appear. The General quietly discharged his duties, and remained upon the best possible terms with Mr. STANTON. Those who truly comprehended the position of affairs felt that he had succeeded Mr. STANTON as the representative of the anti-reactionary spirit in the Cabinet, and were content. The feeling for him in the country deepened. Without writing letters or making speeches, he became more and more the accepted candidate of the liberal party under the changed circumstances of the time. The meeting in New York, proceeding from a great interest which is not political, reminded the President of his own forlorn position and waning hopes. The natural and admirable silence of the General, who had always spoken—and unmistakably—whenever a proper occasion arose, was as puzzling to his enemies as it was satisfactory to his friends. The impeachment failed. Generals ORD and POPE were removed. Congress debated, and as the necessity of action in the case of Mr. STANTON approached, the President resolved to turn it to his own advantage.

Nobody should be surer of his weapons and of his adversary than a political fencer. The President made another thrust—and has thrown himself instead of touching his opponent. There is something comical in his discomfiture, if it did not involve some very grave considerations. Knowing that Mr. STANTON would be reinstated, and desiring to thwart the course of law, the President tried to engage General GRANT as an accomplice. He failed ignominiously, and in revenge declared that the General had promised to help him break the law. The General, of course, denies it, but says that the President may have thought otherwise. To say that the President *must* have thought otherwise, or he would have removed the General, is folly. The President is not of mettle that would brave the sure consequence of such an act. He hoped to place General GRANT in the attitude of passively opposing Congress by awaiting an order of the Supreme Court—and was again foiled.

The correspondence will not materially affect the opinion which honorable men hold of the President, but it shows that General GRANT is as faithful as he is silent, and as sagacious as he is brave. The most skeptical Republican now sees what many have always known, that the General's devotion to the principles upon which alone the country can be restored to permanent peace is sure and profound. We all talk so much in this country that we can hardly believe a man to be steadfast and right unless he occasionally vociferates the fact of his fidelity. But there is something in the total want of exaggeration both in General GRANT'S character and conduct, a charm of blended modesty, sagacity, and simplicity, so unusual among our public men, that, as with LINCOLN, its contemplation tends to high public benefit. He is the only prominent candidate for any office who knows not Buncombe.

From this time forward he must, of course, endure a pitiless storm of the foulest slander. The very doubt which his silence inspired in the minds of some reactionary managers, that he could be made the candidate of negro hate and repudiation, will touch their darts with a more acrid venom. But the man who advanced from tranquil obscurity to be the great soldier who victoriously ended the war, and whose moderation and subordination to law are as admirable as his warlike genius, will know how to preserve his own self-respect and the enthusiastic confidence of his friends amidst the furious falsehoods of party malignity.

RECONSTRUCTION.

THE POWERS OF CONGRESS AND THE PRESIDENT OVER OFFICERS.

THE question, what are the relative powers of Congress and the President in adjusting the relations growing out of civil war, and the extent of their respective powers, increases in interest as each new and important event arises in our progress toward the consummation of peace. The minds of some are embarrassed by the extraordinary admission of Mr. STEVENS, of Pennsylvania, that Congress is acting outside of its just constitutional limits; and some confusion is produced by the conflicting opinions of the ablest jurists and statesmen who have written on the subject. Chancellor KENT, in the first volume of his Commentaries, page 165, affirms that by the Constitution of the United States the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, *may make peace;* but it is reserved to Congress to declare war. Mr. MADISON, in his celebrated articles under the signature of "Helvidius," takes the same ground, basing it wholly upon the treaty-making power, which is in these words: "He [the President] shall have power, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make treaties, provided two-thirds of the Senators present concur." There is no other ground for this opinion. It is clear, therefore, that the deduction as to where the authority to make peace is lodged is erroneous, as applied to a civil war; as no party on the other side capable of making a treaty is admitted to exist. In case of a foreign war with an acknowledged power, there would perhaps be a necessity for closing it by treaty, and such treaty when made would undoubtedly govern. If when the interview was pending at Fortress Monroe between agents of the so-called Confederate Government and President LINCOLN an understanding had been reached, the matters in difference might perhaps have been arranged by treaty, agreed to in the first instance by the President and Mr. DAVIS; but as the interview was fruitless, it can not be affirmed with certainty what course would have been taken in the opposite contingency. It might have been in the contemplation of President LINCOLN to submit the matter, in case of an understanding, to Congress for its decision; for this would have been the true course. The President alone has no power to terminate and tie up the ends of a war; on the contrary, the power (except in the case of a foreign war ended by treaty) is lodged solely with Congress. VATTEL, in his Law of Nations, page 432, says: "The same power who has the power of making war, of determining on it, of declaring it, and of directing its operations, has naturally that likewise of making and concluding the treaty of peace. These two powers are connected together, and the latter naturally follows the former. If the ruler of the state is empowered to judge of the causes and reasons for which the war is to be undertaken, of the time and circumstances proper for undertaking it, of the manner in which it is to be supported and carried on, it is therefore his province to set bounds to its progress, to point out the time when it shall be discontinued, and to conclude a peace." BLACKSTONE, at 258 of his Commentaries, 1st volume, confirms this view, as follows: "And wherever the right resides of beginning a national war, there must also reside the right of ending it, or the power of making peace." The Supreme Court of the United States, in 3d DALLAS, page 54, referring to the old Articles of Confederation (in which, however, the right to make peace is conferred in express terms), say: "In Congress were vested.....the rights and powers of war and peace.....there must be a supreme power or will—the rights of war and peace are *component parts* of this supremacy." The only authority conferred on the President besides that relating to treaties, which has the least bearing on this subject, are the clauses which vest in him "the executive power;" which provide that "he shall be commander-in-chief of the army and navy," and of the militia while in service, and that "he shall take care that the laws be faithfully executed." These, it will be seen, are *executive* powers; while the power to declare war is made wholly *legislative*, as will appear from an examination of the clauses which bear upon it. It is "the United States" (Constitution, §4, art. 4), not the Executive, "which shall protect each of them" (the States) "against invasion; and.....against domestic violence." The necessary powers for these purposes and for declaring war were expressly conferred on Congress among the enumerated powers. "The Congress shall have power" (says the Constitution) "to declare war,"....."to provide and maintain a navy; to make rules for the government and regulation of the land and naval forces; to provide for calling forth the militia to execute the laws of the Union, suppress insurrections, and repel invasions;" and "to make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the foregoing powers."

It is very clear, therefore, that the only control, if it amount to control, over the authority of Congress on the subject of war and peace, is contained in the clause authorizing the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make treaties, provided two-thirds of the Senators present concur. The President can do nothing without the advice and consent of the Senate, nor can the two jointly do any thing without the existence and action of a ruler of acknowledged authority, competent to make, and who has assented to, a treaty with our Government. In a war, such as lately raged within the limits of the United States, the power of Congress is wholly unfettered as respects its *termination* as well as its commencement. The power of Congress with respect to civil war is unspent until peace is accomplished to its satisfaction. No interference of the Executive, except in the single case of a treaty, if that were possible, can affect it. The terms on which the capitulation of General LEE were accepted do not impair this power, the extent of which was measured by the emergency that called it into being, which put at stake the life, liberty, and property of every citizen and the very existence of the nation. Until Congress decides that these great interests are placed on a basis of security the powers which war called into existence, and which supplant those of peace, remain in force. In war the collected forces which are arrayed for our destruction must be met by an equivalent or greater force; and as the power to assault is unlimited, that for defense must be equally unlimited. The framers of our Constitution could not, and did not, therefore, set any limits upon the discretion of Congress in declaring, conducting, or terminating a civil war, but made its powers commensurate with the emergency.

The question has arisen in adjusting the terms of peace—for this the country is now engaged in—whether it is competent for Congress to bestow powers on an officer created by its own authority without direct responsibility to the Executive. The Constitution, in the clause § 2, Art. II., conferring on the President the power to nominate, and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate to appoint certain officers, provides expressly that "the Congress may by law vest the appointment of *such inferior officers as they think proper* in the President alone, in the courts of law, or in the Heads of Departments."

In the case of Kendall against the United States, reported in 12th Peters, 625, Chief-Justice TANEY observes: "The office of Postmaster-General was not created by the Constitution, nor are its powers or duties marked out by that instrument. The office was created by act of Congress, and whenever Congress creates such an office as that of Postmaster-General by law, it may unquestionably by law limit its powers, and regulate its proceedings, and may subject it to any supervision or control, executive or judicial, which the wisdom of the Legislature may deem right."

Judge THOMPSON, in delivering the opinion

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of the Court in that case, says (page 612): "It was urged at the bar that the Postmaster-General was alone subject to the direction and control of the President with respect to the execution of the duty imposed on him by this law; and this right of the President is claimed as growing out of the obligation imposed upon him by the Constitution to take care that the laws be faithfully executed. This is a doctrine that can not receive the sanction of this Court. It would be vesting in the President a dispensing power, which has no countenance for its support in any part of the Constitution, and is asserting a principle which, if carried out in its results to all cases falling within it, would be clothing the President with a power entirely to control the legislation of Congress and paralyze the administration of justice."

As the case arose during the Presidency of General JACKSON, and was argued in behalf of AMOS KENDALL, Postmaster-General, by the Attorney-General of the United States, Mr. BUTLER, and by Mr. KEY, it must be supposed that all the points which ingenuity and ability could raise were presented to the Court, and that the decision against the pretenses of General JACKSON was made with all the caution and solemnity which marked the course of the Supreme Court in important Constitutional questions.

OUR MINISTER IN ENGLAND.

IF Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS has really resigned his position Mr. WILLIAM E. ROBINSON will probably be glad, but the country, which values great ability and the most efficient service at a most critical time, will be sincerely sorry. Mr. ADAMS was one of the first appointments of President LINCOLN, and arrived at his post just after the famous recognition of the rebel States as a belligerent power, which is now the subject of very serious and even critical discussion. He was heralded chiefly by his name, for he had not been conspicuous in public life except as the Buffalo Free-soil candidate for the Vice-Presidency in 1848, and as a Representative in Congress during the stormy session of 1860, etc. We have before spoken of the speech which he made in the House after the movement of secession had begun. It was very grave, as conciliatory as a truly sagacious lover of liberty could then justly be, and was solemnized by the profound impression of the inevitable conflict. In May, 1861, he went to London as United States Minister.

A man of ample fortune, of secluded habits, and reserved temperament, Mr. ADAMS was an accomplished political student, and his preparation of the Life and Works of his grandfather, JOHN ADAMS, had made him very familiar with our own history. He was one of the earliest of the political anti-slavery men, and had taken an earnest part in the great debate which ended in the war. When he went to England, therefore, he was an admirable representative of the views which had at last succeeded to the direction of the Government. He was in accord with the dominant feeling and conviction of the country, and by training and temperament was curiously fitted for his post. His masterly performance of his duties is an important part of the history of the war; and his correspondence with Earl RUSSELL upon all the difficult questions that demanded consideration is one of the finest and most honorable chapters of our diplomacy. He has been seven years Minister, and his career has nobly maintained the high traditions of his name.

Within a few months he has been violently assailed by the Fenian champions as negligent of the rights of his fellow-citizens traveling in England upon lawful business; and Mr. WILLIAM E. ROBINSON, a Democratic Representative from Brooklyn, a gentleman of Irish birth and a Fenian, has discharged a great deal of loose rhetoric at Mr. ADAMS. For ourselves, with due respect for the prudence and wisdom of Mr. ROBINSON, we do not believe that an outrage upon any American citizen was ever brought to the notice of Mr. ADAMS and disregarded by him. It is his misfortune, of course, that our Government has no determined policy upon the question of the alienation of allegiance; but we wait for the evidence that the rights of any peaceful American citizen have been violated by Great Britain within the knowledge of Mr. ADAMS and without action upon his part. Irishmen hot from the head-quarters of the Irish Republic in New York, landing in England or Ireland and arrested under suspicious circumstances of conspiracy, are not presumptively American citizens. When they demand Mr. ADAMS's protection as such it is his duty promptly to ascertain the truth, and he is not the man to omit any duty.

We do not know that his reported resignation springs from any complaint of dereliction of duty —nor from the stories of any new M'CRACKEN. But we do know that if it be true we lose a man from the public service who is peculiarly fitted for its responsibilities. Nor do we know what are his views of the present situation at home. The course of his son, Mr. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, has been asserted to be not without the sympathy and approval of the father. But we judge Mr. ADAMS by his public words and acts, and they are thus far such as every honorable American must approve.

As we write, his successor is not announced. Of the three gentlemen named for that position —Mr. SEWARD, Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON, and Mr. HORATIO SEYMOUR—we very much prefer Mr. JOHNSON. Mr. SEWARD'S appointment would be peculiarly unfortunate, if for no other reason than the unfriendly feeling toward him in England. It would be painful to every generous American and every liberal English mind that the reaction of slavery and of our most disgraceful epoch should be represented in England by Mr. HORATIO SEYMOUR as our Minister. Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON, if not a Republican, was true to the country in its peril, and was therefore contemptuously rejected as Senator by the Democratic party in his State. He is by no means a representative of the best American spirit and conviction; but we shall surely have no right to complain if a President who removed Mr. MOTLEY upon the word of M'CRACKEN should nominate Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON as Minister to England. But whoever goes upon President JOHNSON'S nomination will not tarry very long; for the regenerated public sentiment which sent Mr. ADAMS will, after the 4th of March, 1869, name his successor.

FROM VIRGINIA.

A LETTER from a Virginian who deplores the folly which refuses to accept the terms of reconstruction offered by Congress, says that a large part of the population of the State is under the domination of the old Democratic leaders, and that the *La Crosse Democrat* and similar Northern papers are believed to express the controlling sentiment of this part of the country. The Convention now sitting in Richmond is regarded as a body which means to subject the State to negro supremacy, and, although the white voters are a majority of all, and as a class have certainly a superior education with all the advantages of influence, they prefer to sulk and to let the State stagnate. Our correspondent adds:

"We have built up around us a Chinese wall of prejudice, and will not suffer that wall to be broken down, even to promote our own welfare.

"As to being loyal citizens, we do not pretend to be so, if the term loyal implies any affection for the United States Government or attachment to it. We regard it as a despotism, cruel and oppressive. Its yoke is burdensome to us. We will cast it off when we can do so. We advocate the repudiation of the National debt, and every measure that would be injurious to the Government, not remembering that what would be pernicious to the Government of the United States would also exert a disastrous influence on our own welfare. We are opposed to the education of the negroes—that would have a tendency to place them on an equality with ourselves. Our prejudices make us blind to our best interests."

This is a condition of feeling, as we have often said, which ought to surprise no one. The theory that the late war was a silken joust of arms, in which having conquered we have only to bow gracefully to the defeated knight and invite him to dinner that all may be serene, is the very ecstasy of folly. The chief element of statesmanship is common-sense; and no one but a visionary or hopeless doctrinaire would seriously imagine that a sound and permanent reconstruction could be effected by inviting the late rebels to resume control of the various States that attempted secession. Whatever may be the right way, *that* is the wrong way; and if the country, tired of trying other methods, should at last try that, the consequences would be incalculably disastrous.

THE OHIO "MARTYR."

THE New York *World*, in a severe article upon VALLANDIGHAM, does all that one newspaper can do to read him out of the Democratic party. Why it should now suddenly turn upon the eminent "Martyr" and roundly denounce him will not at once appear to every one who is not tolerably familiar with current politics. The illustrious "Martyr" has certainly not changed his views; but he has written an article prophesying a heavy Democratic defeat in Ohio, and it is but natural to suppose that he will do what he can to prove himself a true prophet. This is the occasion of the violent attack of the *World*, which is of the opinion that VALLANDIGHAM has done all the service which the Democratic party could expect of him, and that he may, therefore, now be contemptuously kicked aside.

Now it does not need a very remarkable memory to recall that in the year 1863 VALLANDIGHAM was the regular Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio. He was not then residing in the State, having been expelled the country for aid given to the national enemy. The Democratic party made as usual a very loud canvass. Mr. S. S. Cox, who is now urged as Minister to Austria, stumped the State for VALLANDIGHAM, and made some remarks about the triumphant return of the illustrious exile from banishment. The "Martyr," however, was defeated by a hundred thousand majority, and was not much heard of until the Democratic National Convention in 1864, in which he was an accredited delegate, and framed the second resolution of the celebrated platform, which, as he stated in a letter on the 22d of October, 1864, received fifteen out of eighteen votes in the Platform Committee; and in his speech at Dayton, upon his return from Chicago, he said of the Convention "it meant peace, and it said so." The *World* says that VALLANDIGHAM and Mr. PENDLETON "both held pronounced views on the conduct of the war." The truth is, that they both bitterly denounced the war itself, not its conduct; they were both secessionists, and one of them was the regular Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio in 1863, and the other was the regular Democratic candidate for Vice-President in 1864.

Why is VALLANDIGHAM now contemptuously cashiered, while Mr. PENDLETON is at this moment the most promising, and certainly the most logical, Democratic candidate for the Presidency? That he tried to defeat Colonel BURNS, a political rival, and now foretells the doom of the Democratic party in Ohio, may be convenient pretexts for denouncing him with loathing; but the real reason is, that VALLANDIGHAM is a living monument of the party position of his associates during the war, and that is a memory which the party managers would now gladly obliterate if they could. We say the party position, not, certainly, the position of all Democrats. Nor is the coming election to be determined solely by arguments drawn from the war. But when the reaction reveals its candidate, whether he be epauleted or not, the country thoroughly aroused, and mindful of its late history, will see in his supporters the party which, when GRANT was taking Richmond and SHERMAN was marching to the sea, cried Amen! when VALLANDIGHAM in its name declared the war a failure.

OUR CITY SCHOOLS.

SINCE the publication of the article in our last issue on "The Expense of the City Schools" we have received a copy of an elaborate Report of the Finance Committee of the Board of Education, showing the operations of the school system of the city under existing laws. This is a public document, and one which invites the examination of all who are interested in our system of public instruction.

It appears from this Report that the Board of Education, in accordance with the recommendation of a committee of the Legislature of 1867, of which HON. ORNON ARCHER was Chairman, and in pursuance of an Act introduced by HON. HORATIO BALLARD, a member of that committee—providing funds for this purpose—propose this year to furnish additional school accommodations sufficient for 10,000 children. This will necessitate an expense of $601,954 $\frac{65}{100}$—$50,000 of which, by a provision of the Act, is devoted to erecting a school-house for colored children.

The whole fund, estimated by the Board for the year's expenses, including the above amount, is $2,900,000, of which the salaries of the 2514 teachers employed in the Day, Evening, and Normal Schools amount to $1,677,500.

In consideration of the high position acceded to the school system of the city by the representatives from all our neighboring cities, as well as by visitors from abroad, for its liberality and efficiency, the exhibit of the Board of Education seems to show commendable economy and good management.

We recommend an examination and careful consideration of the document to all of our citizens.

M. DU CHAILLU'S LECTURES.

THE Lectures of M. DU CHAILLU on his travels in the Gorilla Country, at Steinway Hall, beginning on February 17, and continuing on the 26th and 28th instants, will be among the most interesting of the season. The lecturer will illustrate his subject by many new and elegant diagrams.

CHICAGO'S CALAMITY.

THE destruction of the great book-house of Messrs. S. C. GRIGGS & Co. by the fire of January 28 is recognized by the citizens of Chicago as a public calamity, in consequence not only of the drawback which the fire has been to the commercial prosperity of the city, but also, and principally, because of the destruction of the choice works which formed a large part of the stock of the great book-firm of Chicago. No house in the West exercised a greater controlling influence on the literary growth of that region than did that of Messrs. GRIGGS & Co.; their stock was not only large but very choice, embracing imprints of the best Eastern publishers, the standard volumes of all languages, the choicest illustrated and artistic works of France, Germany, and England, all the standard educational works for schools and colleges, including the classics, and an immense stock of stationery. While the loss of Chicago by this fire has therefore been large, commercially speaking, her calamity, intellectually regarded, has been much greater. The public of the city felt a metropolitan pride in the institution; the public of the surrounding country had long enjoyed its literary and educational influences; and the destruction of the establishment is justly looked upon as a serious public loss.

But it is not irreparable. Messrs. GRIGGS & Co. are men of energy, who will in the future as in the past by their great industry, experience, and tact soon build up their house upon its old foundations and attain their former prosperity. In their losses they have received the sympathy of all; in their efforts to restore their house they will have the cordial good-will and aid of the entire community and the trade East and West.

"THE VOICE IN SINGING."

A MODEST little book, which many persons would most gladly see, and of which they are not likely to hear, has been just published by J. B. LIPPINCOTT, in Philadelphia. It is "The Voice in Singing," by Mrs. EMMA SEILER, a German lady of extraordinary scientific knowledge, who had made a name as a very careful, skilled, and learned teacher in Germany before she came to this country; and her brief work has been faithfully translated by an accomplished and most conscientious German scholar. Mrs. SEILER has made a thorough study of the voice physiologically, physically, and æsthetically, and her attention was drawn to it by her own experience as a teacher, which revealed to her that she had no sound general principle for the special culture of voices, and by the conviction of competent judges that fine singers are becoming fewer than formerly. Her studies, her acquaintance with the best modern singers—notably with JENNY LIND—her residence in Italy and in France, and familiarity with the method of GARCIA and the other masters, taught her that the present method of teaching is injurious; and heroically beginning at the beginning, with the laryngoscope, she satisfied herself by patient study and reflection, and the result of her researches is written in this little book. We commend it most earnestly to all students of vocal music as sure to instruct and delight them by its thoroughness and clearness. It is not easy reading, but it is very valuable, and may help to save and perfect many a lovely voice. It is a work of blended knowledge and enthusiasm, and unique in conciseness and simplicity.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

THE sessions of Congress from February 4 to February 10 were not very important.

The Senate still has the new Reconstruction bill under debate, with no signs of an early conclusion of the discussion.

On February 5, a bill was promptly passed through both Houses authorizing the Secretary of War to employ counsel for the defense of army officers in cases brought against them for acts performed in the discharge of their duties in enforcing the Reconstruction laws.

The first step toward forfeiting the railroad grants to certain of the Southern States was taken in the House on February 5, a bill for that purpose passing by a vote of 86 yeas to 73 nays.

The new army appropriation bill, reported in the House February 6, provides $33,000,000 for the annual expenses and very largely reduces the force.

The House does not think that the Capital of the United States ought to be removed to the Mississippi Valley. A resolution declaring such to be the sense of the House was lost on February 10 by a vote of 97 nays to 77 yeas.

A bill was introduced in the House on February 10 to provide for a gradual return to specie payments. It provides that on and after the 1st of December, 1868, the Secretary of the Treasury shall exchange gold for legal-tender notes at the rate of one gold dollar for one dollar and thirty cents in currency; on the 1st of January, 1869, at one dollar and twenty-nine cents, and one cent less on the first of each succeeding month until the exchange is dollar for dollar; and that on and after June 1, 1871, the United States will pay gold for all its legal-tender notes, dollar for dollar. It leaves the question of contraction or expansion of the currency to future legislation. No action has as yet been taken on it.

NEWS ITEMS.

Minister Adams has resigned, and is to return to the United States in April, in time to take an active and perhaps prominent part in the next great political canvass.

The Republican Convention of New York met at Syracuse on February 5, and instructed its delegates to the National Convention to vote for General Grant and Governor Fenton as the candidates of the party for President and Vice-President.

The Arkansas Convention recently voted upon a resolution to prohibit amalgamation of the races. The vote was a party one, the Radicals and blacks voting for and the Conservatives against the proposition.

General O'Neil, of Fenian fame, has offered the President one hundred thousand men to enforce the *Alabama* or any other claims against England.

The Supreme Court decision in the Georgia and Mississippi cases—in which those States sued to restrain the Secretary of War, General-in-Chief, and others, from enforcing the reconstruction laws therein—holds that the court is without jurisdiction. A former decision of Chief Justice Taney was quoted in support of the position taken. It was held by the court that the question was purely political and not judicial; and that the court could have no right to pronounce merely an abstract opinion of the United States Constitution or of State laws. No question of person or property was presented in the bill to justify judicial action on the part of the court.

The Alabama election resulted in a defeat of the proposed Constitution by the failure to vote of a majority of the registered electors. This is the first election of this character which has been held by any of the Southern States.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Roman question is again being seriously discussed in France and Italy in consequence of the interesting fact that Victor Emanuel had prohibited the Italian clergy from performing a Te Deum ordered by the Pope to celebrate the defeat of the Garibaldians.

The King and Queen of Portugal while hunting on February 5 were fired upon by a party in ambush, but escaped unhurt.

Prussia has pensioned the deposed King of Hanover, but objects to his living in France, and Napoleon has consented to expel all Hanoverian political refugees from French soil.

The King of Prussia has expressed a willingness to act as umpire between the United States and Great Britain in the matter of the *Alabama* claims.

United States Minister Burlinghame is in the service of the Emperor of China: at least he has resigned the mission to China, and is on his way home with a message from the Emperor of China to the President of the United States. Whether or not it has reference to commercial intercourse, or asks aid against the rebels, is not yet known.

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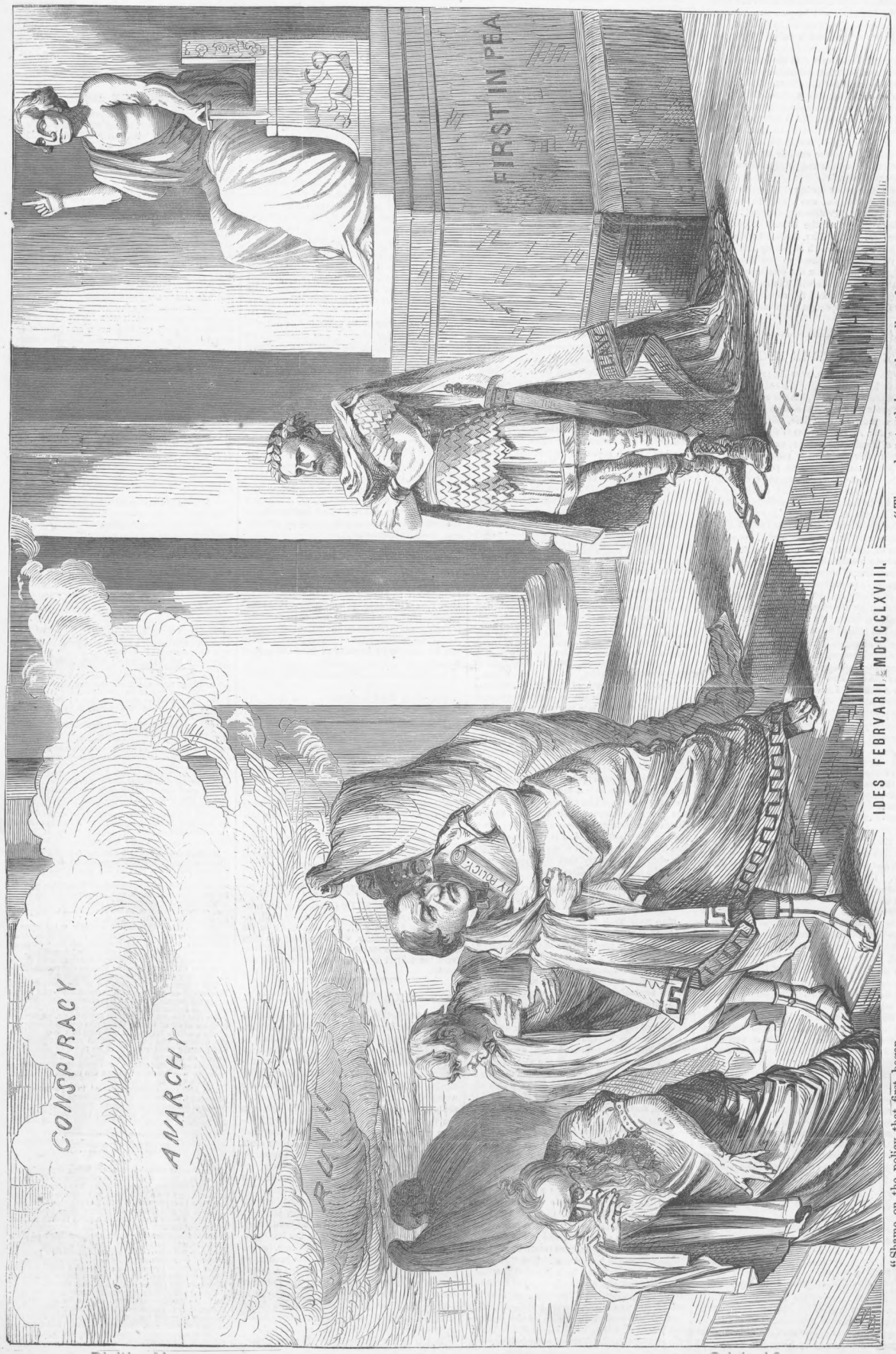

"Shame on the policy that first began
To tamper with the heart to hide its thoughts."—*Howard's Regulus.*

"The seal of truth is on thy gallant form,
For none but cowards lie."—*Murphy's Alonzo.*

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THE MOONSTONE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

Printed from the Author's Manuscript.

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.

CHAPTER XIII.

I FOUND my lady in her own sitting-room. She started and looked annoyed when I mentioned that Sergeant Cuff wished to speak to her.

"*Must* I see him?" she asked. "Can't you represent me, Gabriel?"

I felt at a loss to understand this, and showed it plainly, I suppose, in my face. My lady was so good as to explain herself.

"I am afraid my nerves are a little shaken," she said. "There is something in that police-officer from London which I recoil from—I don't know why. I have a presentiment that he is bringing trouble and misery with him into the house. Very foolish and very unlike *me*—but so it is."

I hardly knew what to say to this. The more *I* saw of Sergeant Cuff the better I liked him. My lady rallied a little after having opened her heart to me—being naturally a woman of a high courage, as I have already told you.

"If I must see him, I must," she said. "But I can't prevail on myself to see him alone. Bring him in, Gabriel, and stay here as long as he stays."

This was the first attack of the megrims that I remembered in my mistress since the time when she was a young girl. I went back to the "boudoir." Mr. Franklin strolled out into the garden, and joined Mr. Godfrey, whose time for departure was now drawing near. Sergeant Cuff and I went straight to my mistress's room.

I declare my lady turned a shade paler at the sight of him! She commanded herself, however, in other respects, and asked the Sergeant if he had any objection to my being present. She was so good as to add that I was her trusted adviser as well as her old servant, and that in any thing which related to the household I was the person whom it might be most profitable to consult. The Sergeant politely answered that he would take my presence as a favor, having something to say about the servants in general, and having found my experience in that quarter already of some use to him. My lady pointed to two chairs, and we set in for our conference immediately.

"I have already formed an opinion on this case," says Sergeant Cuff, "which I beg your ladyship's permission to keep to myself for the present. My business now is to mention what I have discovered up stairs in Miss Verinder's sitting-room, and what I have decided (with your ladyship's leave) on doing next."

He then went into the matter of the smear on the paint, and stated the conclusions he drew from it—just as he had stated them (only with greater respect of language) to Superintendent Seegrave. "One thing," he said, in conclusion, "is certain. The Diamond is missing out of the drawer in the cabinet. Another thing is next to certain. The marks from the smear on the door must be on some article of dress belonging to somebody in this house. We must discover that article of dress before we go a step further."

"And that discovery," remarked my mistress, "implies, I presume, the discovery of the thief?"

"I beg your ladyship's pardon—I don't say the Diamond is stolen. I only say, at present, that the Diamond is missing. The discovery of the stained dress may lead the way to finding it."

Her ladyship looked at me. "Do you understand this?" she said.

"Sergeant Cuff understands it, my lady," I answered.

"How do you propose to discover the stained dress?" inquired my mistress, addressing herself once more to the Sergeant. "My good servants, who have been with me for years, have, I am ashamed to say, had their boxes and rooms searched already by the other officer. I can't and won't permit them to be insulted in that way a second time!"

(There was a mistress to serve! There was a woman in ten thousand, if you like!)

"That is the very point I was about to put to your ladyship," said the Sergeant. "The other officer has done a world of harm to this inquiry by letting the servants see that he suspected them. If I give them cause to think themselves suspected a second time, there's no knowing what obstacles they may not throw in my way—the women especially. At the same time, their boxes *must* be searched again—for this plain reason, that the first investigation only looked for the Diamond, and that the second investigation must look for the stained dress. I quite agree with you, my lady, that the servants' feelings ought to be consulted. But I am equally clear that the servants' wardrobes ought to be searched."

This looked very like a dead lock. My lady said so, in choicer language than mine.

"I have got a plan to meet the difficulty," said Sergeant Cuff, "if your ladyship will consent to it. I propose explaining the case to the servants."

"The women will think themselves suspected directly," I said, interrupting him.

"The women won't, Mr. Betteredge," answered the Sergeant, "if I can tell them I am going to examine the wardrobes of *every body*—from her ladyship downward—who slept in the house on Wednesday night. It's a mere formality," he added, with a side look at my mistress; "but the servants will accept it as even dealing between them and their betters; and, instead of hindering the investigation, they will make a point of honor of assisting it."

I saw the truth of that. My lady, after her first surprise was over, saw the truth of it also.

"You are certain the investigation is necessary?" she said.

"It's the shortest way that I can see, my lady, to the end we have in view."

My mistress rose to ring the bell for her maid. "You shall speak to the servants," she said, "with the keys of my wardrobe in your hand."

Sergeant Cuff stopped her by a very unexpected question.

"Hadn't we better make sure first," he asked, "that the other ladies and gentlemen in the house will consent, too?"

"The only other lady in the house is Miss Verinder," answered my mistress, with a look of surprise. "The only gentlemen are my nephews, Mr. Blake and Mr. Ablewhite. There is not the least fear of a refusal from any of the three."

I reminded my lady here that Mr. Godfrey was going away. As I said the words Mr. Godfrey himself knocked at the door to say good-by, and was followed in by Mr. Franklin, who was going with him to the station. My lady explained the difficulty. Mr. Godfrey settled it directly. He called to Samuel, through the window, to take his portmanteau up stairs again, and he then put the key himself into Sergeant Cuff's hand. "My luggage can follow me to London," he said, "when the inquiry is over." The Sergeant received the key with a becoming apology. "I am sorry to put you to any inconvenience, Sir, for a mere formality; but the example of their betters will do wonders in reconciling the servants to this inquiry." Mr. Godfrey, after taking leave of my lady, in a most sympathizing manner, left a farewell message for Miss Rachel, the terms of which made it clear to my mind that he had not taken No for an answer, and that he meant to put the marriage question to her once more, at the next opportunity. Mr. Franklin, on following his cousin out, informed the Sergeant that all his clothes were open to examination, and that nothing he possessed was kept under lock and key. Sergeant Cuff made his best acknowledgments. His views, you will observe, had been met with the utmost readiness by my lady, by Mr. Godfrey, and by Mr. Franklin. There was only Miss Rachel now wanting to follow their lead, before we called the servants together, and began the search for the stained dress.

My lady's unaccountable objection to the Sergeant seemed to make our conference more distasteful to her than ever, as soon as we were left alone again. "If I send you down Miss Verinder's keys," she said to him, "I presume I shall have done all you want of me for the present."

"I beg your ladyship's pardon," said Sergeant Cuff. "Before we begin, I should like, if convenient, to have the washing-book. The stained article of dress may be an article of linen. If the search leads to nothing, I want to be able to account next for all the linen in the house, and for all the linen sent to wash. If there is an article missing, there will be at least a presumption that it has got the paint-stain on it, and that it has been purposely made away with, yesterday or to-day, by the person owning it. Superintendent Seegrave," added the Sergeant, turning to me, "pointed the attention of the women-servants to the smear, when they all crowded into the room on Thursday morning. That *may* turn out, Mr. Betteredge, to have been one more of Superintendent Seegrave's many mistakes."

My lady desired me to ring the bell and order the washing-book. She remained with us until it was produced, in case Sergeant Cuff had any further request to make of her after looking at it.

The washing-book was brought in by Rosanna Spearman. The girl had come down to breakfast that morning miserably pale and haggard, but sufficiently recovered from her illness of the previous day to do her usual work. Sergeant Cuff looked attentively at our second house-maid—at her face, when she came in; at her crooked shoulder, when she went out.

"Have you any thing more to say to me?" asked my lady, still as eager as ever to be out of the Sergeant's society.

The great Cuff opened the washing-book, understood it perfectly in half a minute, and shut it up again. "I venture to trouble your ladyship with one last question," he said. "Has the young woman who brought us this book been in your employment as long as the other servants?"

"Why do you ask?" said my lady.

"The last time I saw her," answered the Sergeant, "she was in prison for theft."

After that there was no help for it but to tell him the truth. My mistress dwelt strongly on Rosanna's good conduct in her service, and on the high opinion entertained of her by the matron at the Reformatory. "You don't suspect her, I hope?" my lady added, in conclusion, very earnestly.

"I have already told your ladyship that I don't suspect any person in the house of thieving, up to the present time."

After that answer, my lady rose to go up stairs, and ask for Miss Rachel's keys. The Sergeant was beforehand with me in opening the door for her. He made a very low bow. My lady shuddered as she passed him.

We waited, and waited, and no keys appeared. Sergeant Cuff made no remark to me. He turned his melancholy face to the window; he put his lanky hands into his pockets, and he whistled The Last Rose of Summer drearily to himself.

At last Samuel came in, not with the keys, but with a morsel of paper for me. I got at my spectacles, with some fumbling and difficulty, feeling the Sergeant's dismal eyes fixed on me all the time. There were two or three lines on the paper, written in pencil by my lady. They informed me that Miss Rachel flatly refused to have her wardrobe examined. Asked for her reasons, she had burst out crying. Asked again, she had said: "I won't, because I won't. I must yield to force if you use it, but I will yield to nothing else." I understood my lady's disinclination to face Sergeant Cuff with such an answer from her daughter as that. If I had not been too old for the amiable weaknesses of youth, I believe I should have blushed at the notion of facing him myself.

"Any news of Miss Verinder's keys?" asked the Sergeant.

"My young lady refuses to have her wardrobe examined."

"Ah!" said the Sergeant.

His voice was not quite in such a perfect state of discipline as his face. When he said "Ah!" he said it in the tone of a man who had heard something which he expected to hear. He half-angered and half-frightened me—why, I couldn't tell, but he did it.

"Must the search be given up?" I asked.

"Yes," said the Sergeant, "the search must be given up, because your young lady refuses to submit to it like the rest. We must examine all the wardrobes in the house or none. Send Mr. Ablewhite's portmanteau to London by the next train, and return the washing-book, with my compliments and thanks, to the young woman who brought it in."

He laid the washing-book on the table, and, taking out his penknife, began to trim his nails.

"You don't seem to be much disappointed," I said.

"No," said Sergeant Cuff; "I'm not much disappointed."

I tried to make him explain himself.

"Why should Miss Rachel put an obstacle in your way?" I inquired. "Isn't it her interest to help you?"

"Wait a little, Mr. Betteredge—wait a little."

Cleverer heads than mine might have seen his drift. Or a person less fond of Miss Rachel than I was might have seen his drift. My lady's horror of him might (as I have since thought) have meant that *she* saw his drift (as the Scripture says) "in a glass darkly." I didn't see it yet—that's all I know.

"What's to be done next?" I asked.

Sergeant Cuff finished the nail on which he was then at work, looked at it for a moment with a melancholy interest, and put up his penknife.

"Come out into the garden," he said, "and let's have a look at the roses."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE nearest way to the garden, on going out of my lady's sitting-room, was by the shrubbery path, which you already know of. For the sake of your better understanding of what is now to come, I may add to this, that the shrubbery path was Mr. Franklin's favorite walk. When he was out in the grounds, and when we failed to find him any where else, we generally found him here.

I am afraid I must own that I am rather an obstinate old man. The more firmly Sergeant Cuff kept his thoughts shut up from me the more firmly I persisted in trying to look in at them. As we turned into the shrubbery path I attempted to circumvent him in another way.

"As things are now," I said, "if I was in your place I should be at my wit's end."

"If you were in my place," answered the Sergeant, "you would have formed an opinion—and, as things are now, any doubt you might previously have felt about your own conclusions would be completely set at rest. Never mind, for the present, what those conclusions are, Mr. Betteredge. I haven't brought you out here to draw me like a badger; I have brought

"SERGEANT CUFF LOOKED ATTENTIVELY AT OUR SECOND HOUSE-MAID—AT HER FACE, WHEN SHE CAME IN; AT HER CROOKED SHOULDER, WHEN SHE WENT OUT."

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you out here to ask for some information. You might have given it to me, no doubt, in the house, instead of out of it. But doors and listeners have a knack of getting together, and, in my line of life, we sometimes cultivate a healthy taste for the open air."

Who was to circumvent *this* man? I gave in—and waited as patiently as I could to hear what was coming next.

"We won't enter into your young lady's motives," the Sergeant went on; "we will only say it's a pity she declines to assist me, because, by so doing, she makes this investigation more difficult than it might otherwise have been. We must now try to solve the mystery of the smear on the door—which, you may take my word for it, means the mystery of the Diamond also—in some other way. I have decided to see the servants, and to search their thoughts and actions, Mr. Betteredge, instead of searching their wardrobes. Before I begin, however, I want to ask you a question or two. You are an observant man—did you notice any thing strange in any of the servants (making due allowance, of course, for fright and fluster) after the loss of the Diamond was found out? Any particular quarrel among them? Any one of them not in his or her usual spirits? Unexpectedly out of temper, for instance? or unexpectedly taken ill?"

I had just time to think of Rosanna Spearman's sudden illness at yesterday's dinner—but not time to make any answer—when I saw Sergeant Cuff's eyes suddenly turn aside toward the shrubbery; and I heard him say softly to himself, "Hullo!"

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"A touch of the rheumatics in my back," said the Sergeant, in a loud voice, as if he wanted some third person to hear us. "We shall have a change in the weather before long."

A few steps further brought us to the corner of the house. Turning off sharp to the right, we entered on the terrace, and went down, by the steps in the middle, into the garden below. Sergeant Cuff stopped there, in the open space, where we could see round us on every side.

"About that young person, Rosanna Spearman?" he said. "It isn't very likely, with her personal appearance, that she has got a lover. But, for the girl's own sake, I must ask you at once whether *she* has provided herself with a sweet-heart, poor wretch, like the rest of them?"

What on earth did he mean, under present circumstances, by putting such a question to me as that? I stared at him instead of answering him.

"I saw Rosanna Spearman hiding in the shrubbery as we went by," said the Sergeant.

"When you said 'Hullo?'"

"Yes—when I said, 'Hullo.' If there's a sweet-heart in the case, the hiding doesn't much matter. If there isn't—as things are in this house—the hiding is a highly suspicious circumstance, and it will be my painful duty to act on it accordingly."

What, in God's name, was I to say to him? I knew the shrubbery was Mr. Franklin's favorite walk; I knew he would most likely turn that way when he came back from the station; I knew that Penelope had over and over again caught her fellow-servant hanging about there, and had always declared to me that Rosanna's object was to attract Mr. Franklin's attention. If my daughter was right, she might well have been laying in wait for Mr. Franklin's return when the Sergeant noticed her. I was put between the two difficulties of mentioning Penelope's fanciful notion as if it was mine, or of leaving an unfortunate creature to suffer the consequences, the very serious consequences, of exciting the suspicion of Sergeant Cuff. Out of pure pity for the girl—on my soul and my character, out of pure pity for the girl—I gave the Sergeant the necessary explanations, and told him that Rosanna had been mad enough to set her heart on Mr. Franklin Blake.

Sergeant Cuff never laughed. On the few occasions when any thing amused him he curled up a little at the corners of the lips, nothing more. He curled up now.

"Hadn't you better say she's mad enough to be an ugly girl and only a servant?" he asked. "The falling in love with a gentleman of Mr. Franklin Blake's manners and appearance doesn't seem to *me* to be the maddest part of her conduct by any means. However, I'm glad the thing is cleared up: it relieves one's mind to have things cleared up. Yes, I'll keep it a secret, Mr. Betteredge. I like to be tender to human infirmity—though I don't get many chances of exercising that virtue in my line of life. You think Mr. Franklin Blake hasn't got a suspicion of the girl's fancy for him? Ah! he would have found it out fast enough if she had been nice-looking. The ugly women have a bad time of it in this world; let's hope it will be made up to them in another. You have got a nice garden there, and a well-kept lawn. See for yourself how much better the flowers look with grass about them instead of gravel. No, thank you. I won't take a rose. It goes to my heart to break them off the stem. Just as it goes to your heart, you know, when there's something wrong in the servants' hall. Did you notice any thing you couldn't account for in any of the servants when the loss of the Diamond was first found out?"

I had got on very fairly well with Sergeant Cuff so far. But the slyness with which he slipped in that last question put me on my guard. In plain English, I didn't at all relish the notion of helping his inquiries, when those inquiries took him (in the capacity of snake in the grass) among my fellow-servants.

"I noticed nothing," I said, "except that we all lost our heads together, myself included."

"Oh," says the Sergeant, "that's all you have to tell me, is it?"

I answered, with (as I flattered myself) an unmoved countenance, "That is all."

Sergeant Cuff's dismal eyes looked me hard in the face.

"Mr. Betteredge," he said, "have you any objection to oblige me by shaking hands? I have taken an extraordinary liking to you."

(Why he should have chosen the exact moment when I was deceiving him to give me that proof of his good opinion is beyond all comprehension! I felt a little proud—I really did feel a little proud of having been one too many at last for the celebrated Cuff!)

We went back to the house; the Sergeant requesting that I would give him a room to himself, and then send in the servants (the indoor servants only), one after another, in the order of their rank, from first to last.

I showed Sergeant Cuff into my own room, and then called the servants together in the hall. Rosanna Spearman appeared among them, much as usual. She was as quick in her way as the Sergeant in his, and I suspect she had heard what he said to me about the servants in general, just before he discovered her. There she was, at any rate, looking as if she had never heard of such a place as the shrubbery in her life.

I sent them in, one by one, as desired. The cook was the first to enter the Court of Justice, otherwise my room. She remained but a short time. Report, on coming out: "Sergeant Cuff is depressed in his spirits; but Sergeant Cuff is a perfect gentleman." My lady's own maid followed. Remained much longer. Report, on coming out: "If Sergeant Cuff doesn't believe a respectable woman, he might keep his opinion to himself, at any rate!" Penelope went next. Remained only a moment or two. Report, on coming out: "Sergeant Cuff is much to be pitied. He must have been crossed in love, father, when he was a young man." The first house-maid followed Penelope. Remained like my lady's maid, a long time. Report, on coming out: "I didn't enter her ladyship's service, Mr. Betteredge, to be doubted to my face by a low police-officer!" Rosanna Spearman went next. Remained longer than any of them. No report on coming out—dead silence, and lips as pale as ashes. Samuel, the footman, followed Rosanna. Remained a minute or two. Report, on coming out: "Whoever blacks Sergeant Cuff's boots ought to be ashamed of himself." Nancy, the kitchen-maid, went last. Remained a minute or two. Report, on coming out: "Sergeant Cuff has a heart; *he* doesn't cut jokes, Mr. Betteredge, with a poor hard-working girl."

Going into the Court of Justice, when it was all over, to hear if there were any further commands for me, I found the Sergeant at his old trick—looking out of the window and whistling The Last Rose of Summer to himself.

"Any discoveries, Sir?" I inquired.

"If Rosanna Spearman asks leave to go out," said the Sergeant, "let the poor thing go; but let me know first."

I might as well have held my tongue about Rosanna and Mr. Franklin! It was plain enough; the unfortunate girl had fallen under Sergeant Cuff's suspicions, in spite of all I could do to prevent it.

"I hope you don't think Rosanna is concerned in the loss of the Diamond?" I ventured to say.

The corners of the Sergeant's melancholy mouth curled up, and he looked hard in my face; just as he had looked in the garden.

"I think I had better not tell you, Mr. Betteredge," he said. "You might lose your head, you know, for the second time."

I began to doubt whether I had been one too many for the celebrated Cuff, after all! It was rather a relief to me that we were interrupted here by a knock at the door and a message from the cook. Rosanna Spearman *had* asked to go out, for the usual reason, that her head was bad, and she wanted a breath of fresh air. At a sign from the Sergeant, I said, Yes. "Which is the servants' way out?" he asked, when the messenger had gone. I showed him the servants' way out. "Lock the door of your room," says the Sergeant; "and if any body asks for me, say I'm in there, composing my mind." He curled up again at the corners of the lips, and disappeared.

Left alone, under those circumstances, a devouring curiosity pushed me on to make some discoveries for myself.

It was plain that Sergeant Cuff's suspicions of Rosanna had been roused by something that he had found out at his examination of the servants in my room. Now, the only two servants (excepting Rosanna herself) who had remained under examination for any length of time were my lady's own maid and the first house-maid, those two being also the women who had taken the lead in persecuting their unfortunate fellow-servant from the first. Reaching these conclusions, I looked in on them, casually as it might be, in the servants' hall, and, finding tea going forward, instantly invited myself to that meal. (For, *nota bene*, a drop of tea is, to a woman's tongue, what a drop of oil is to a wasting lamp.)

My reliance on the tea-pot as an ally did not go unrewarded. In less than half an hour I knew as much as the Sergeant himself.

My lady's maid and the house-maid had, it appears, neither of them believed in Rosanna's illness of the previous day. These two devils—I ask your pardon; but how else *can* you describe a couple of spiteful women?—had stolen up stairs, at intervals during the Thursday afternoon; had tried Rosanna's door, and found it locked; had knocked, and not been answered; had listened, and not heard a sound inside. When the girl had come down to tea, and had been sent up, still out of sorts, to bed again, the two devils aforesaid had tried her door once more, and found it locked; had looked at the keyhole, and found it stopped up; had seen a light under the door at midnight, and had heard the crackling of a fire (a fire in a servant's bedroom in the month of June!) at four in the morning. All this they had told Sergeant Cuff, who, in return for their anxiety to enlighten him, had eyed them with sour and suspicious looks, and had shown them plainly that he didn't believe either one or the other. Hence the unfavorable reports of him which these two women had brought out with them from the examination. Hence, also (without reckoning the influence of the tea-pot), their readiness to let their tongues run to any length on the subject of the Sergeant's ungracious behavior to them.

Having had some experience of the great Cuff's roundabout ways, and having last seen him evidently bent on following Rosanna privately when she went out for her walk, it seemed clear to me that he had thought it unadvisable to let the lady's maid and the house-maid know how materially they had helped him. They were just the sort of women, if he had treated their evidence as trust-worthy, to have been puffed up by it, and to have said or done something which would have put Rosanna Spearman on her guard.

I walked out in the fine summer evening, very sorry for the poor girl, and very uneasy in my mind, generally, at the turn things had taken. Drifting toward the shrubbery, there I met Mr. Franklin in his favorite walk. He had been back some time from the station, and had been with my lady, holding a long conversation with her. She had told him of Miss Rachel's unaccountable refusal to let her wardrobe be examined, and had put him in such low spirits about my young lady that he seemed to shrink from speaking on the subject. The family temper appeared in his face that evening for the first time in my experience of him.

"Well, Betteredge," he said, "how does the atmosphere of mystery and suspicion in which we are all living now agree with you? Do you remember that morning when I first came here with the Moonstone? I wish to God we had thrown it into the quicksand!"

After breaking out in that way, he abstained from speaking again until he had composed himself. We walked silently, side by side, for a minute or two, and then he asked me what had become of Sergeant Cuff. It was impossible to put Mr. Franklin off with the excuse of the Sergeant being in my room, composing his mind. I told him exactly what had happened, mentioning particularly what my lady's maid and the house-maid had said about Rosanna Spearman.

Mr. Franklin's clear head saw the turn the Sergeant's suspicions had taken, in the twinkling of an eye.

"Didn't you tell me this morning," he said, "that one of the tradespeople declared he had met Rosanna yesterday, on the foot-way to Frizinghall, when we supposed her to be ill in her room?"

"Yes, Sir."

"If my aunt's maid and the other woman have spoken the truth, you may depend upon it the tradesman *did* meet her. The girl's attack of illness was a blind to deceive us. She had some guilty reason for going to the town secretly. The paint-stained dress is a dress of hers; and the fire heard crackling in her room at four in the morning was a fire lit to destroy it. Rosanna Spearman has stolen the Diamond. I'll go in directly, and tell my aunt the turn things have taken."

"Not just yet, if you please, Sir," said a melancholy voice behind us.

We both turned about, and found ourselves face to face with Sergeant Cuff.

"Why not just yet?" asked Mr. Franklin.

"Because, Sir, if you tell her ladyship, her ladyship will tell Miss Verinder."

"Suppose she does. What then?" Mr. Franklin said those words with a sudden heat and vehemence, as if the Sergeant had mortally offended him.

"Do you think it's wise, Sir," said Sergeant Cuff, quietly, "to put such a question as that to me—at such a time as this?"

There was a moment's silence between them: Mr. Franklin walked close up to the Sergeant. The two looked each other straight in the face. Mr. Franklin spoke first; dropping his voice as suddenly as he had raised it.

"I suppose you know, Mr. Cuff," he said, "that you are treading on delicate ground?"

"It isn't the first time, by a good many hundreds, that I find myself treading on delicate ground," answered the other just as immovable as ever.

"I am to understand that you forbid me to tell my aunt what has happened?"

"You are to understand, if you please, Sir, that I throw up the case, if you tell Lady Verinder, or tell any body, what has happened until I give you leave."

That settled it. Mr. Franklin had no choice but to submit. He turned away in anger, and left us.

I had stood there listening to them, all in a tremble; not knowing whom to suspect, or what to think next. In the midst of my confusion, two things, however, were plain to me. First, that my young lady was, in some unaccountable manner, at the bottom of the sharp speeches that had passed between them. Second, that they thoroughly understood each other without having previously exchanged a word of explanation on either side.

"Mr. Betteredge," said the Sergeant, "you have done a very foolish thing in my absence. You have done a little detective business on your own account. For the future, perhaps you will be so obliging as to do your detective business along with me."

He took me by the arm, and walked me away with him along the road by which he had come. I dare say I had deserved his reproof—but I was not going to help him to set traps for Rosanna Spearman for all that. Thief or no thief, legal or not legal, I don't care—I pitied her.

"What do you want of me?" I asked, shaking him off, and stopping short.

"Only a little information about the country round here," said the Sergeant.

I couldn't well object to improve Sergeant Cuff in his geography.

"Is there any path, in that direction, leading from the sea-beach to this house?" asked the Sergeant. He pointed, as he spoke, to the fir-plantation which led to the Shivering Sand.

"Yes," I said; "there is a path."

"Show it to me."

Side by side, in the gray of the summer evening, Sergeant Cuff and I set forth for the Shivering Sand.

THE QUEEN'S BOOK.

[FROM PUNCH.]

LET cynics scoff and worldlings sneer,
And cold aristocrats condemn;
Their censure weighed not in her ear,
Her counsel was not ta'en with them.

A wiser, womanlier thought
Whispered within her woman's heart:
"They that my solace would have wrought,
They in my grief shall have their part.

"The love I mourn, for whom I go
In mourning, ever, to the end,
What England lost in him they know,
How sure a guide, how firm a friend;

"But what the loss the wife, and Queen,
Had in that nature, pure and sweet,
That judgment, steady and serene,
That counsel swift all needs to meet,

"That light of joy within the home,
That fount of peace beside the hearth,
That gravity which ne'er was gloom,
That glee as pure as maiden's mirth—

"All this my people can not know,
All this I only can make known,
That they may gauge the joy and woe
I knew with him, now know alone.

"So my past life, my walks and ways,
The wife's and mother's, not the Queen's,
My treasured tale of happier days,
My record of love-hallowed scenes,

"I'll open to my people's eyes,
And therein bid them take their part,
That they may weigh the weight that lies
On my lone life and widowed heart.

"Till feeling what my joy has been
They feel how vast my grief must be:
And, when my treasure they have seen,
May measure what its loss to me."

What Queen like this was ever known,
To take her people to her heart?
When was Queen's household-life so shown
With modest truth and artless art?

The Royal Widow has done well
Thus on her people's love to call,
Her simple, wife'y tale to tell,
And trust her joys and griefs to all.

Ne'er since VICTORIA felt the Crown
A weight upon her girlish brow,
Have Heaven's best blessings been called down
About her path, as they are now.

THE WILL I FOUND.

WHEN Aunt Jeffrey died we looked very anxiously for a will, but in vain.

Uncle Jeffrey had been a childless widower when he married her, and she had then one son, John Atkins, to remember her first husband by. John Atkins and I were pretty good friends for a while, but when my uncle died and left all his property to his wife I did not like it.

Not that I needed it—not by any means, for my sister Marion and I had been very handsomely provided for by our own father—but then what right had Uncle Jeffrey to forget us in that manner? He ought at least to have made some mention of his wife's niece, Annie Atkins; but he did not, although I always believed that she had jilted me more to oblige him than any thing else.

When, therefore, Aunt Jeffrey died without a will, John Atkins became her sole heir, and entered upon the property with as much coolness and in as matter-of-course a way as if it really of right belonged to him, and from that day forth I took a dislike to him.

I never said as much to him, and he kept on visiting at our house just the same; but I made my grandmother Spooner, who kept house for me then, invite Annie Atkins to come and live with her, just to spite him; and then it vexed me that he took that also as a matter of course and didn't seem to care. He even went so far as to say that it was the correct thing under the circumstances, and that grandmother Spooner was the only person remaining in the family who could properly take charge of its young lady members.

Marion even sided with him in that; but then she was excessively fond of Annie, and was ever so much taken with the idea of having her in the house.

I had known a great deal of Aunt Jeffrey's ways, however, for I had always been her favorite, and I made up my mind that she never did allow herself to die without making some kind of a will. And if she had made a will, I was sure that Annie, and Marion, and myself would all be handsomely remembered. Not that I cared on my account, but there really was no sense or justice in all the old Jeffrey and Spooner prop-

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erty going to John Atkins without so much as the stroke of a pen.

The matter troubled me, and I fairly dreamed about it, wondering where on earth that will could have been deposited.

Sometimes I thought that John Atkins knew something about it, and when he sat by the library fire talking with Marion, or stood by Annie at the piano, I would watch his face for the lines that indicate craft and secretiveness. He certainly had some of them, and his mother had before him. She had been odd in some respects, and my knowledge of her taste for queer, out-of-the-way hiding-places, and all that sort of thing, furnished me with food for more than a little meditation.

Another of her tastes had led her to the collection of a huge stock of antiquated and singular-looking furniture. In the course of time she had made her house quite a curiosity-shop. And here it was that my first available idea struck me. I said nothing about it to Marion, and I was a good deal puzzled how to do any thing with it, but time furnished me with the opportunity. I had called to mind that, for as long as I could remember, an immense old-fashioned chest-of-drawers—what she called a "secretary"—had stood in Aunt Jeffrey's dressing-room, and had been the receptacle of all the heterogeneous collection of minor nick-nacks. I would never have dreamed of trying to get it of John Atkins; indeed I was afraid of arousing his suspicions by mentioning the matter ever so guardedly, but I fully made up my mind that that old *omnium-gatherum* had a story of its own to tell.

At last, however, as I was saying, the thing was done for me, and by John Atkins himself. He announced, some months after his mother's death, that he was going to sell out all the old rattle-traps at auction, and put in some new furniture. Annie and Marion heartily approved of the idea, but I very wisely said nothing.

When the day of the sale came I managed to have a telegram sent to him that kept him away for several hours on a regular wild-goose chase, and by the time he got back every thing was done and completed.

Of course I purchased the old "secretary," though not without a sharp competition with one or two musty individuals who were on the look-out for just such Noah's relics as that was, and as soon as ever it was fairly mine I had it carted off home without a moment's delay.

It was very well that I did so, for the moment John Atkins came back and found that the auctioneer had included that particular piece of work in the list of sales he began to make a most unreasonable fuss about it, solemnly averring that he had had no intention of selling an article which had been so great a favorite with his dear departed mother. That, of course, did not diminish my satisfaction with my purchase; but when he found out who had it, and came to speak to me about it, I told him that I had had the very same idea, and had bid it in out of regard for Aunt Jeffrey. He offered me my money back, but I very quietly refused, telling him, in a half-sarcastic way, that it would not look well among his elegant new furniture, and that I really wanted to have something from the old Jeffrey estate.

That silenced him, for he knew very well that I was not altogether pleased with the manner in which he had received his inheritance.

Annie and Marion both told me that I ought to let him have it back again; but I chuckled to myself and told them that perhaps I would some day.

I had the old "secretary," with a good deal of trouble, carried into the library, and it gave me no end of inward satisfaction when I saw John Atkins's eyes wandering to it that evening. I half believed that he suspected my motive in the purchase, and I knew that, if so, he could not have made a prior examination, or he would not have cared.

I overheard him saying to Marion, in the hall, "I wish you would persuade your brother to let me have that old affair back again."

"Oh," said Marion, "you know how crotchety he is. It won't be long before he is tired of it, and then you may find it set down before your door any morning, but it won't be of any use to argue with him now."

I thought of what "that old affair" might contain for her benefit, and laughed to myself over her opinion of her crotchety brother. But even Annie came to bother me about it, and I really did not like to be rude to her, so I put on an air of mystery, and told her I had some very singular ideas connected with that piece of furniture; I was quite superstitious about it. Annie did not have much to say to me in those days. I used to think that her conscience troubled her, as well it might, about the manner in which she had treated me before Aunt Jeffrey's death.

Why, she even cut my correspondence while I was in Europe, allowing my letters to go unanswered for a whole year; and when I came home, soured and crusty, she never vouchsafed to me a breath of explanation. Marion tried to patch the matter up, but I would not hear a word after what had happened; a man is a fool who allows a woman to snub him in that way. Still, as she was a sort of a relation, poor, too, and under Grandmother Spooner's protection, I could not be otherwise than civil to her, only I was determined to have my way about Aunt Jeffrey's old furniture in spite of all the young women, or old ones either, in the house.

John Atkins made a more than usually long call that night, and seemed to have something on his mind, and after he left I could see clearly that I was, for the occasion, out of favor with the young ladies for my churlish refusal to comply with their notions. I did not care much for that, however, but hugged my own idea and wished them both safe in bed.

I had been reading an old story of Poe's, in which he describes the method used by the French police in searching for secret drawers and other hidden receptacles, and I was determined to take my time to it and make as sure of my business as his friend Dupin, or Vidocq himself, could have done.

A whole ring-full of keys, of different sizes, had been delivered with the "secretary," and I had provided myself with an accurate rule, a small chisel, and a gimlet. I knew very well that the chest of drawers contained just so much space, and no more, and that all I need do was to make sure that *all* of that space was *accounted for*. Any space which the several drawers, cupboards, etc., did *not* account for would at once furnish me with a chance for more accurate investigation.

It was late when the girls retired, but I determined to commence operations that night.

I sat there for a little while looking curiously at my ancient-looking purchase, and studying its peculiarities, for it was peculiar.

It was fairly enormous in size, built of solid mahogany, now dark with age, and finished and ornamented with queer devices in brass. It was so heavy that the united strength of half a dozen men had barely sufficed to put it in its present position. It stood on four great lion-claws, each of which contained a massive castor or roller.

There was a low cupboard at the bottom, with double doors. Then came a couple of not very deep drawers, and then a sort of carved front, fully two feet in height, that let down, on being unlocked, like the leaf of a table, disclosing a multiplicity of little drawers and pigeon-holes. I had seen Aunt Jeffrey open it more than once, and I knew very well that she had been in the habit of keeping her papers there.

As I sat and studied my proposed "job," the idea of its probable success grew rapidly upon me, and at last I pitched my cigar into the grate, and set to work with as much of science as my reading had supplied me with. First, I took an accurate external measurement of the whole affair, making careful minutes of the dimensions. There was no mirror on top, only a high, carved scroll of mahogany.

I began, systematically, with the cupboard at the bottom, and after some trouble in finding the key I threw it open. The shelves were thin, and after a good hour spent in prying, measuring, and sounding, I made up my mind that *that* part of the old "secretary" at least was honest and just what it appeared to be.

I never enjoyed any thing more in my life than I did that search, and was not at all disappointed with my want of immediate success. In fact, I found so much pleasure in the business that I made up my mind to prolong it, and have at least one more evening of just such fun. Nine-tenths of all our real pleasure is more in expectation and endeavor than in actual attainment or possession.

So I went to bed that night to dream of all sorts of absurd and impossible discoveries in the musty recesses of Aunt Jeffrey's mahogany monster.

The next day I had the servants polish up the brass-work, and rub the whole thing till it shone as it had done under the old lady's care. When evening came John Atkins made his appearance, as usual, and I tried to be uncommonly gracious to him, but he carefully abstained from any allusion to the "secretary," though I could see that he noticed its improved appearance. I believe he thought I had done all that to aggravate him, but if so he was mistaken.

He and Marion seemed disposed to let me alone that evening, and took themselves off to the parlor for some music, though I must say that they were a pair of most wretched performers.

Marion was even gruff enough to bid John good-night and show him out, and then go off up stairs to her own room without coming in to see us again, leaving me and Annie by ourselves, for Grandmother Spooner, like a sensible old person, went to bed early. I did not mind that, for Annie was good company, but I got tired, after a while, of waiting for her to go, and took it into my head to amuse myself by telling her all sorts of stories about secret drawers, lost wills, and so forth, until, at last, I fairly let the cat out of the bag, in a manner, by suggesting the possibility of such a thing in the old secretary, and proposing a search. Of course, I did it in an off-hand way, as a good piece of fun, and Annie merrily assented. She opened her eyes a little, however, when she came to see my preparations, though she said nothing, and joined me with a very fair show of interest in the work.

I began with the two middle drawers, but it did not take a great while to prove that there was nothing wonderful there. A few old rags and some papers of very dry herbs were all that rewarded that part of our search.

Then we came to the "let down" part of the concern, and here I was infinitely more particular—so much so that Annie became weary of it, declaring that she was satisfied, and gave the matter up. She went and sat down by the fire, however, and watched me, sleepily, as I went on. I stuck to it, however, measuring and peering and prying, until I thought I had fairly ransacked every nook and cranny, but all to no purpose. Truth to tell I was about to give up in despair when an idea struck me. In the centre, between the rows of pigeon-holes, were two upright tiers of little drawers, each with its own useless little old-fashioned lock. They all were empty; but when I came to pull one of them all the way out, I found that it was only about a foot deep, while the secretary was nearly twice as much. Here was something to go ahead on, and I rapidly took out all the little drawers. Then a smart pull on the centre-piece and its attached wood-work brought that all out together, and then, "Eureka!" there was a little door, the key of which I readily found on the ring. I kept as mute as a mouse; but a side-glance informed me that Annie had gone to sleep in her chair.

I felt sure that I had now reached the object of my search, and my fingers fairly trembled as I put the feeble, clumsy little key in the lock. The door opened readily, and there were four good-sized compartments jam full of papers.

With as little noise as possible I drew them out and began to run them over. It was very easy to determine the character of most of them at a glance, and all their importance had died with poor Aunt Jeffrey.

Paper after paper flew from my nervous fingers; envelope after envelope fell on the floor. I never stopped to *untie* any of the red tape, until at last I came upon a package that looked somewhat fresher than the rest, done up in common yellow wrapping-paper. There was some writing on this, and I held it up to the light and read:

"The end of my nephew's folly."

Off came the wrapper in an instant, and a pile of letters fell into my hands. I uttered a loud and somewhat forcible exclamation, for the first upon which my eyes fell were addressed to myself in Annie's handwriting, and the remainder were addressed to her in mine—and *none of the seals were broken*.

I was gazing at them in stupid amazement, but my exclamation had startled Annie, and she again stood beside me.

"Have you found it?" said she; and then she saw what it was that I had found, and put out her hand for them, saying, in a trembling, troubled sort of voice, and turning very pale: "Oh, Tom, give them to me! You have no right to them now!"

"I'd like to know why," said I. "When I bought this old thing I bought all that was in it. But who would have thought that of Aunt Jeffrey?"

"Oh, Tom," said she again, "do give me my letters!"

"There are yours," said I; "but these others are addressed to me. Let's sit down and read them."

And so we did; for there was evidently no will among those papers.

I was satisfied with the result of my search, however; for after Marion had tried to explain to me in the morning the reason of her odd retreat on John's departure, I said to her:

"Tell John Atkins that he is mistaken about my not liking him; and you may have his mother's old secretary as a part of your wedding portion. Annie and I wouldn't have it in *our* house for any money."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE recently invented "steam man" continues to excite the attention of the curious, not only in Newark, but also in far-distant places. This wonderful creature is seven feet nine inches in height, and weighs five hundred pounds. Steam is generated in his body, and by a complicated mechanism he steps along quite naturally, walks or runs as he is bid, goes in any direction, and at almost any speed, and, without the least objection, draws after him heavy burdens. This giant has been humorously christened "Daniel Lambert;" and is actually provided with human habiliments; not exactly to keep him *warm*—but to complete the likeness. Mr. Deddrick the inventor, has been besieged by calls and letters from the curious. A creature of such wonderful power, able to ascend or descend all grades, will certainly become popular, unless those are right who regard the whole thing as a hoax, and incline to make all possible fun about it. One gentleman proposed that "Daniel" be allowed "to walk to Chicago," as the sensation produced would eclipse Weston's in his pedestrian trip. Some letters received are from ladies who pretend to be in search of husbands. And one gentleman wants a lady made to order; but the inventor is doubtful whether a woman would be a success, as his creatures *do not talk*. The "first (steam) man" cost about two thousand dollars; but duplicates can probably be constructed at about one-sixth that expense. And it is also believed that horses can be made on similar principles, which will do the work of a dozen ordinary horses. Truly this is an age of wonders!

In a recent number of the *American Gaslight Journal* some simple facts are given, together with practical advice concerning the management of gas, which, if followed, might save much annoyance and useless expense. Without attempting to give even the substance of the article in a short paragraph, one or two hints may be serviceable to consumers who complain of deficient light and excessive gas bills. Light derived from gas is remarkably reduced by improperly constructed burners. The most important requisites for good burners are, that the orifices where the gas issues should be perfectly regular in shape, and of a proper size to permit it to issue with a very low pressure. And these conditions apply to every kind of burner. If the orifices are too small, a high pressure is required to expel the gas, and the light is diminished just in proportion to the increased pressure. It is a mistake to suppose that the amount of light obtained will be in proportion to the quantity of gas issuing from a burner. There is a particular point in the consumption of any class of burner where the maximum of light is derived, and any deviation from this entails loss. A five-feet bat-wing or fish-tail burner will give a maximum of light in proportion to the gas consumed, compared with any less-sized burner, and it will be found in practice the larger-sized burners are the most economical, the large sizes giving as high as 200 to 300 per cent. advantage in light as compared with the smallest sizes. Consequently, it is more economical to have one good large gaslight than several small ones. Although the ornamental effect of globes and glasses is pleasant, still they are detrimental to the diffusion of the light of gas. A clear glass globe obstructs about 12 per cent.; a clear globe engraved with flowers about 24 per cent.; a globe ground all over about 40 per cent.; an opal globe about 60 per cent. Hence is apparent the folly of using elaborately engraved and ground globes or shades where it is desirable to economize.

Almost every day accidents occur from falling or slipping upon the ice. It is generally supposed that rubber over-shoes are a safeguard against slipping. But when the ice is wet many have found rubbers to prove more treacherous than ordinary leather boots. There is a kind of rubber cloth shoe, with rough soles, which is far more protective than the ordinary make. It is light and warm without giving that unpleasant dampness to the foot which rubbers usually do. These are chiefly used by gentlemen, but are so much lighter than the "Arctic" boot that it seems strange they are not also made for ladies. The suggestion has been made that some ingenious person should invent a cheap and convenient attachment, made of rough cloth or carpeting, to be worn with boots or shoes in slippery weather. A mere sole would be sufficient, nor is it necessary that this should extend the whole length of the boot. Some simple contrivance would doubtless save many broken bones.

The ice crop this year will be an unusually good one, the weather having been very favorable. The Knickerbocker Ice Company is the largest in the business in the United States. There are between seven and eight hundred men in its employ, filling its houses in Ulster County alone. It has located houses in nearly every available place on the Hudson River, which are capable of storing not less than 492,000 tons. Over two thousand and five hundred laborers, and more than three hundred horses, are employed in storing the ice. Many other companies reap their harvest from the Hudson and Rondout Creek, making an aggregate of something like 721,000 tons of ice which is packed away for summer use. New ice-houses are in process of erection. About fifty per cent. of the ice is wasted between the storing and the delivery to customers.

A novel contrivance has been invented by a gentleman of Michigan for heating, cooling, or ventilating buildings, as may be desired. It consists of an arrangement that can be attached to any ordinary heater, the effect being to force a continuous volume of fresh air up between the hot cylinder and casing, which, becoming heated in its passage, warms an apartment of almost any size in an incredibly short time. The inventor also claims that by means of his appliance he can heat a dwelling *throughout with one-eighth the quantity of fuel that is ordinarily consumed*. When heated air is not required, the same mechanism will introduce a circulating stream of cold air, thus both cooling and ventilating the apartment.

The town of Hinsdale, New Hampshire, recently indulged itself in a grand sleigh-ride. A neighboring town got up a sleighing-party of fifty couples, and challenged Hinsdale to surpass it—number, weight, and pretty ladies being the special points to be considered. Hinsdale responded with one hundred and thirty-four couples, drawn by one hundred and fifteen horses, in sixty-nine single sleighs, seventeen double, and three four-in-hands, making a procession a mile long, headed by their brass band. The palm was also awarded to Hinsdale for the heaviest man and the prettiest woman.

How very unquiet must be the slumbers of the veritable author of "Rock me to sleep, mother"—whoever he or she may be! Some new aspirant for the glory of authorship is rising up every now and then. The latest appears to be one Edward Young, of Lexington, Georgia. At least "An Old Compositor" declares that he himself set the poem, from Young's manuscript, in 1859; and that it originally appeared in *The Southern Field and Fireside*, printed in Augusta, Georgia. Mr. Young—so states the "Old Compositor," who seems to ignore the claims of both Mr. Bell and Mrs. Akers—was a blacksmith or carriage-smith of eccentric and wayward character, but the author of some very exquisite and plaintive melodies, and a frequent contributor to the journals of the day.

The poor peasants of Finland are suffering fearfully from the famine which is now raging there. They think themselves fortunate if they can obtain loaves composed of equal portions of saw-dust, moss, and a coarse rye-flour. Many have obtained the Emperor's permission to emigrate.

There has recently been on exhibition in Boston, at Williams & Everett's, an exquisite little drawing, which at first appears to be a fine engraving. It represents the Village Rat-catcher and his dogs; and though very perfect as a work of art, it is of peculiar interest as being the *master-piece* of a poor, untaught, crippled silk-weaver, who drew and painted it with his mouth alone, unassisted, and without instruction. Incredible as this may seem there is no doubt of the fact. John Carter (for that is the artist's name) was the son of a common laborer in England. In early life he fell from a tree forty feet in height, which accident entirely deprived him of the use of his limbs, every part of the body being paralyzed excepting his head and neck. In this condition the idea occurred to him of amusing himself by drawing with his mouth; and after long-continued efforts he succeeded. His wife or sister assisted him only by filling the brush from the pallet with India ink, and placing it between his lips. He continued to twirl it rapidly round so as to bring it to a fine point for use. He first outlined or sketched his composition, and then filled in and shaded it after the manner of a line engraving. His work was performed resting upon his couch, his paper being fastened to a desk, which was placed almost perpendicularly before, and in close proximity to, his face. With his head inclined toward the right side, and with his half pencil between his teeth, he produced by the means of the motion of his neck, assisted by his lips and tongue, the most beautifully-turned strokes, rivaling in fact the greatest proficients in the art of drawing.

An exchange publishes—for gratuitous distribution—some valuable rules, which gentlemen may find convenient for reference. Ladies are not expected to adhere to them strictly; but all others in the habit of visiting printing establishments would do well to "pocket this scrap:"

1. Enter softly.
2. Sit down quietly.
3. Subscribe for the paper.
4. Don't touch the poker.
5. Say nothing interesting.
6. Engage in no controversy.
7. Don't smoke.
8. Keep six feet from the table.
9. Don't talk to the workmen.
10. Hands off the papers.
11. Eyes off the manuscript.
12. Let the "devil" alone.

The following story is good—as a *story* merely; but a little moral may be drawn from it which may be useful to Sabbath-school Superintendents and teachers:

A boy of more natural brightness than some who are better educated was asked,

"Where do you go to Sunday-school, Jimmy?"

"Why, marm, I go to Baptisses, and Methodisses, and the Presbyterians, but I've been trying the 'Piscopals for two or three weeks."

"You don't seem to belong any where, then, Jimmy?"

"Why, yes marm, don't you see? I belongs to 'em all, excepting the 'Piscopals, but I'm going to jine them, too, now."

"Well, Jimmy, what's your idea in going to so many?"

"Why, you see, I get's a little of what's going on at 'em all, marm. I gits liberries, and hymn-books, and all that: and when they have picnics I goes to every one of 'em."

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"ISRAEL IN EGYPT."

ONE of the most remarkable pictures at the last exhibition of the English Royal Academy of Arts was that of E. J. POYNTER, which we copy on this page of the *Weekly*. High praise was awarded to it, not only as a thoroughly artistic work, but as the most complete illustration hitherto afforded by any painter of a principle of modern art which opens up sources of interest unthought of by the "Old Masters." That principle is the union of archæology with art; meaning by this the representation of an historical event not conventionally, but as truthfully as possible, with the aid of the knowledge amassed by modern critical research, by travel, museums, or otherwise.

The subject chosen—one of the most interesting episodes of the Old Testament narrative—illustrates the following text:

"Now there arose up a new king over Egypt which knew not Joseph, and he set over Israel task-masters to afflict them with burdens. And the Egyptians made the children of Israel to serve with rigor. All their service wherein they made them serve was with rigor."—*Exodus* i. 8, 14.

The picture represents the sufferings of the Israelites under King THOTHMES III. of the eighteenth dynasty. This great king and conqueror is supposed by some writers to be the PHARAOH in whose reign the exodus took place, and who was, at all events, one of their chief oppressors. The narrative in the book of Exodus, from which the quotation above is given, informs us further that the Egyptians made the lives of the children of Israel "bitter with hard bondage in mortar, and in brick, and in all manner of service in the field;" and also that the Hebrews "built for PHARAOH treasure cities, Pithom and RAAMSES." There is, therefore, abundant authority for supposing that they were condemned to the kind of labor represented in the picture—from its degrading nature the more likely to be forced on a people in a state of slavery. For the employment of men as beasts of draught in the manner represented there is likewise ample authority. Sir GARDNER WILKINSON, from whose researches alone might be adduced facts in confirmation of a very great deal that is introduced into the picture, states that the ancient Egyptians transported the vast blocks of stone and colossal statues, which they so freely used in their grandiose architecture, from the quarries to the places where they were to be set up, often in flat-bottomed boats on canals made for the purpose; but sometimes the stones and statues were drawn on sledges, perhaps some hundreds of miles, by oxen or by human labor. There are extant ancient Egyptian paintings depicting the last mode of transport. One of these illustrates a manner of conveying colossal figures very similar to that conceived by Mr. POYNTER. The figure, in this instance, is a seated, human-shaped colossus. "One hundred and seventy-two men, in four rows of forty-three each, pull the ropes attached to the front of the sledge; and a liquid, probably grease, is poured from a vase by a person standing on the pedestal of the statue, in order to facilitate its progress as it slides over the ground, which was probably covered by a bed of planks, though they are not indicated in the painting. Some of the persons employed in this laborious duty appear to be Egyptians, the others are foreign slaves, who are clad in the costume of their country. Below are persons carrying vases of the liquid, or perhaps water, for the use of the workmen, and some implements connected with the transport of the statue, followed by task-masters with their wands of office. On the knee of the figure stands a man who claps his hands to the measured cadence of a song to mark the time and insure the simultaneous draught. The statue was bound to the sledge by ropes, which were tightened by means of pegs inserted between them and twisted round until completely braced; and to prevent injury from the friction of the ropes upon the stone, a comprest leather or other substance was introduced at the part where they touched the statue." It was customary also for a band of soldiers to attend, perhaps for the purpose of overawing the slaves and compelling obedience in their odious task.

In regard to the locality indicated, we have to bear in mind that the Hebrews inhabited the eastern side of the Delta. Consequently, it may readily be imagined that they were employed by THOTHMES III. in the completion by him of the temple of the sun at On (Heliopolis) in the Delta, the foundations of which had been laid some centuries before by ORIRTASEN, first king of the twelfth dynasty. The obelisk of ORIRTASEN, with his name and titles engraved thereon, is still standing in a garden a few miles from Cairo after a lapse of nearly 4000 years, and is almost all that remains of the famous temple described by STRABO. This temple the painter has depicted, as if restored, in accordance with the general plan of the principal Egyptian temples as proved by the remains at Thebes and elsewhere, and the obelisk in the picture is an accurate delineation of the ancient monolith of ORIRTASEN. The extreme distance faintly seen through the haze of light does not, however, represent the country in the neighborhood of Heliopolis; but is evidently meant to convey an impression of the general character of the scenery of the Nile valley, with its pyramids and temples, and rocky mountains honey-combed with tombs.

The first great propylon of the temple consists, as we see, of a gateway and two great flanking towers, in front of which are four colossal sitting statues of the king in black syenite, and the obelisk already mentioned, the fellow to which, though not included in the picture, should be assumed as standing on the corresponding side of the seated figures. The walls of the massive towers are covered (according, of course, to common precedent in Egyptian temples of all ages) with paintings; the two principal subjects representing the victories of THOTHMES. The lower one shows the king symbolically as a colossal hero putting single-handed his enemies to flight, and driving them to take refuge in a walled city. In the upper one he is shown with his phalanxes of chariots and horsemen. In the smaller paintings he is seen receiving tribute, disposing of the prisoners who are brought bound before him, offering prayers and sacrifices to the gods. The second propylon is still in course of completion and is partly covered with scaffolding, on which artists are at work finishing the paintings. Here in figures of gigantic size the king is making adorations and offerings to the gods. Lining the course or dromos which connects the propylae is a double row of colossal lions in red granite.

One of these colossi (the last we may suppose to be wanting to complete the avenue) appears here conspicuously in the fore-ground. Placed on a ponderous wheeled platform, it is drawn by a long string of Hebrew slaves, who are urged on by the pitiless lash of the task-masters, the principal and most conspicuous slave-driver having, forsooth (to make his tyranny more insufferable by contrast), his own precious person protected from the sun by an Ethiopian umbrella-bearer. PHARAOH himself accompanies it in his chariot, preceded and followed by a long procession of the officers of his court. At each side of him walk the fan-bearers, carrying the state flabella, which not only served to cool the air when waved before him, but were the insignia of his rank. He is dressed in the thin white muslin with which Egyptians of rank are always represented as being draped, and wears on his head a mitre studded with gold rings. An umbrella embroidered with his names is held over his head, and behind walk officers carrying emblems of royalty and figures of the gods on poles decorated with fluttering streamers. Before him goes the sacred ark of RA, the great sun-god, borne on the shoulders of twelve priests with SHAVEN heads. Other priests walk in front offering incense and bowing before it; while behind it two priests carry the names and titles of the king. A princess, daughter of PHARAOH, or lady of rank, also accompanies the procession in a palanquin borne on the shoulders of four servants. She holds on her knees a little boy, and—by a happily-conceived touch of nature which seems to bring the strange, far-off scene down almost to our own day—she is represented as laughing delightedly at his precocious flourishing of a toy-whip over the shoulders of one of the servants in imitation of the cruelty of the task-masters. Toward the right of the picture is a cart or truck, drawn by three men, which is laden with spare cables, levers, and other implements that might be required in the event of a break-down on the road. Perched on the top of the coils is a boy of brutal visage (suggestively enough) putting a new lash to his whip. By-the-way, in the Assyrian sculptures in the British Museum, which represent the removal of the colossal bulls, carts of this kind holding coils of rope are shown. Hebrew women carrying watering-pots on their heads accompany the toiling slaves. One of them is giving drink to a fainting wretch who has fallen out from his gang, while a task-master stoops over him to see whether more work can be forced out of him. In the corner to the right is a group of women dancing and playing on musical instruments, celebrating with songs and cymbals the arrival of the lion; and among them is a negro buffoon jeering at the Israelites, and dancing with mocking antics. The paved road takes a curve to the propylon of the temple, and under the lofty portal may be seen another lion which has almost arrived at its destination. Between the immediate fore-ground and the straight wall that forms the inclosure of another temple are two tanks, separated by a causeway; these are the sacred lakes across which the funeral processions were ferried, as symbolizing the passage of the dead from this world to the next. Over the wall just mentioned rises, in the middle distance to the left, the town, with its palaces, its villas, its terraced gardens; and the view beyond is bounded, as already intimated incidentally, by a pyramid and such arid, tomb-pierced rocks as border the Nile through so much of its vast length. We have only to add, by way of description, that fidelity to local color appears as conspicuously in the general effect incident to the climate as in the countless details of the picture. The too literally blinding, ophthalmia-engendering sunlight of Egypt is indicated by the calcined aspect of almost every thing on which falls the glaring rays, and by the sharp definition of the dark-cast shadows, a notable instance occurring in the shadow projected from the obelisk on to the sloping face of the propylon tower.

This picture—at once a monument of research, a triumph of invention, an example of intelligent composition of complex materials, and an achievement of artistic knowledge and skill, must be regarded as one of the most remarkable works of art of our time.

To verify the laborious accuracy with which this picture has been wrought out, one needs but to refer for character to WILKINSON'S "Ancient Egyptians," with its 500 illustrations from monuments; and for scenery, unchanged for centuries, to BARTLETT'S "Nile Notes," CURTIS'S "Howadji," and PRIME'S "Boat Life."

ISRAEL IN EGYPT.—[BY E. J. POYNTER.]

MY NEIGHBOR NELLY.

By MISS THACKERAY.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART II.

THE news soon became known to every body in the Green, and great surprise was excited by it. Every body, I think, spoke to me on the subject. They said, "If it had been the other sister!" For Lady Denzil went so far as to say this, when, after having called at the Admiral's to offer her congratulations, she came in to see me. "I do not pretend that I like the marriage," she said, with a little solemnity. "There were claims upon him nearer home. It is not every man that is at liberty to choose for himself; but if it had been the little one I could have understood it." I hope nobody spoke like this to Nelly; she kept up a great deal too well to seem me. She was in the very centre of all the flutter that such an event makes in a small society like ours, and she knew people were watching her; but she never betrayed herself. She had lost her color somehow—every body remarked that; and the proud little girl got up a succession of maladies, and said she had influenza and indigestion, and I know not what, that nobody might suspect any other cause. Sometimes I caught her for one instant off her guard, but it was a thing that happened very rarely. Two or three times I met her going off by herself for a long walk, and she would not have my company when I offered to go with her. "I walk so fast," she said, "and then it is too far for you." Once I even saw her in the spot to which all our walks tended—the Dingle, which was our favorite haunt. It was a glorious autumn, and the fine weather lasted long—much longer than usual. Up to the middle of November there were still masses of gorgeous foliage on the trees, and the sky was as blue—not as Italy, for Italy is soft and languorous and melting—but as an English sky without clouds, full of sunshine, yet clear, with a premonitory touch of frost, can be. The trees in the Dingle are no common trees; they are giant beeches, big-boled, heavily-clothed giants, and rodden and crisp and hold their own until the latest moment; and that mount up upon heights, and descend into hollows, and opened up here and there into gleams of the far plain around, growing misty in the distance as if it were sea. The great point in the landscape is a royal castle, the noblest dwelling-place I ever saw. We who live so near are learned in the different points of view; we know where to catch it shining like a fairy stronghold in the white hazy country, or stretching out in gray profile upon its height, or setting itself—here the great donjon, there a flanking tower—in frames of leafy branches. I had left my little carriage and my stout old pony on the road, and had wandered up alone to have my last peep before winter set in, when suddenly I saw Nelly before me. She was walking up and down on the soft yielding moss, carpeted with beech-mast and pine-needles; then she would stop and gaze blankly at the view—at the great plain whitening off to the horizon, and the castle rising in the midst. I knew what the view was, but I saw also that she did not see it. Her face was all drawn together, small and shrunken up. There were deep shadowy lines round her eyes; and as for the eyes themselves, it was them and not Nelly that I saw. They were dilated, almost exaggerated, unlike any thing I ever saw before. She had come out here to be alone, poor child! I crept away as best I could through the brown crackling ferns. If she heard any thing, probably she thought it was some woodland creature that could not spy upon her. But I don't believe she heard any thing, or saw any thing; and I was no spy upon her, dear heart!

The nearest we ever came to conversation on the subject was once when I was telling her about a girl I once knew, whose story had been a very sad one. She had pledged her heart and her life to a foolish young fellow, who was very fond of her, and then was very fond of somebody else; and would have been fond of her again, periodically, to any number of times. She had borne it as long as she could, and then she had broken down; and it had been a relief to her, poor girl, to come and cry her heart out to me.

"It has never been my way, Nelly," I said; "but it seems to ease the heart when it can speak. I don't think that I could have spoken to any one, had it been me."

"And as for me," cried Nelly, "if I should ever be like that—and if any one, even you, were so much as to look at me as if you knew, I think I should die!"

This was before the lamp was lighted; and in the dark I think she put up a hand to wipe off something from her eyelash. But you may be sure I took care not to look. I tried to put all speculation out of my eyes whenever I looked at her afterward. My poor Nelly! in the very extravagance of her pride was there not an appeal, and piteous throwing of herself upon my forbearance? I thought there was, and it went to my heart.

The next thing, of course, was that Llewellyn was

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coming to see his betrothed. He was to come at Christmas, not being able to leave his ship before. And then it was to be settled when the marriage should take place. I confess that I listened to all this with a very bad grace. Any reference to the marriage put me out of temper. He wrote to her regularly and very often, and Martha used to read his letters complacently before us all, and communicate little bits out of them, and spend half her mornings writing her replies. She was not a ready writer, and it really was hard work to her, and improved her education—at least, in the mechanical matters of writing and spelling. But I wonder what sort of rubbish it was she wrote to him, and what he thought of it. Was it possible he could suppose it was my Nelly who wrote to him all those commonplaces? or, was the mistake on my part, not on his? As time went on I came to think, more and more, that the latter was the case. We had been deceived, Nelly and I. And Martha and Llewellyn were two lovers worthy of each other. I fear I was not very charitable to him in my thoughts.

But I could not help being very nervous the day of his arrival. It was a bleak wintry day, Christmas-eve, but not what people call Christmas weather. It rarely is Christmas weather at Christmas. The sky hung low and leaden over our bare trees, and of course there was no croqueters now on the Green, nor sound of croquet balls, to enliven the stillness. I could not rest at home. We had not been informed what train Captain Llewellyn was to come by, and my mind was in such a disturbed state that I kept coming and going all day long, on one errand or another, lingering about the road. I don't myself know what I meant by it; nor could I have explained it to any body. Sometimes I thought, if I should meet him, I would speak, and make sure. Sometimes I fancied that I could read in his face, at the first look, what it all meant. But, any how, I did not meet him. I thought all the trains were in when I went to the Admiral's in the afternoon, at five o'clock—that is, all the trains that could arrive before dinner, for we were two miles from the station. Martha and her father were in the drawing-room when I entered. There was a bright fire, but the candles were not lighted; I suppose, out of reluctance to shut up the house and close all the windows before the visitor came. Martha was sitting by the fire, looking very gay and bright, and a little excited. She told me Nelly had been all day in the church helping with the decorations, and that she was to stay at the rectory for dinner, as there was a Christmas-tree for the school-children to be got ready. "I dare say she thought we should not want her this first evening," Martha said, with a little laugh; and such was the bitterness and unreasonableness of my heart that I could have shaken her; which was nonsense, for, of course, she had a right to the society of her betrothed. While we were sitting chatting over the fire, all at once there came a sound of wheels, and the dog-cart from the little inn at Dinglefield station came rattling up. Martha gave a little cry and ran to the drawing-room door. I know I should have gone away, but I did not. I stood behind in the ruddy gloom, and saw her rush into Llewellyn's arms. And he kissed her. And the next moment they were back in the room beside us, she chatting about his journey, and looking up in his face, and showing her satisfaction and delight, as it was quite natural she should do. It seemed to me that he did not make very much reply; but the room was dark, and his arrival was sudden, and there was a certain confusion about every thing. The Admiral came forward, and shook hands with him, and so did I, and instead of looking as if he wished us a hundred miles off, Llewellyn kept peering into the corners, as if he wanted another greeting. Then he came to the fire, and stood before it, making the room all the darker with his shadow; and after we had all asked him if he had felt the cold on his journey, there did not seem very much to say. I don't know how the others felt, but I know my heart began to beat wildly. Martha was in an unnatural state of excitement. She drew a great comfortable easy-chair to the fire for him. "Dear Ellis, sit down," she said, laying her hand softly on his arm. The touch seemed to wake him up out of a kind of reverie. He took her hand, and held it for a moment, and then let it fall.

"You are far too kind," he said, "to take so much trouble for me. A thousand thanks. Where is—your sister? She knew I was to come by this train."

"No, I don't think Sister knew," said Martha; "that was my little secret. I would not tell them what train you were coming by. She is helping with the church decorations. She will see you to-morrow, you know. I wish they would bring the tea: papa, will you ring?—Oh, papa has gone away. Wait a minute, Ellis dear, and I will run and make them bring it immediately. It will warm you better than any thing else. I sha'n't be a moment gone."

The moment she had left us poor Llewellyn turned to me. Notwithstanding the ruddy firelight I could see he was quite haggard with the awful suspicion that must have flashed upon him. "Mrs. Mulgrave!" he cried, hurried, holding out his hands, "for God's sake, tell me, what does this mean?"

"It means that you have come to see your betrothed, Captain Llewellyn," said I; "she has just gone out of the room. You made your choice, and I hope you did not expect to have both the sisters. Martha staid to receive you, as was right and natural. You could not expect the same from Nelly. She thought neither of you would want a third to-night."

I was so angry that I said all this in a breath. I know I ought to be ashamed of myself, but I did it; I don't think, however, that he heard half. He covered his face with his hands, and gave a groan, which seemed to me to echo all through the house; and I had to add on to what I was saying, "Oh, for Heaven's sake, restrain yourself!" I cried, without even taking breath, "now it is too late!"

And then Martha came in, excited and joyous, half dancing with high spirits. I could have groaned too, and hid my face from the light, as he did, poor fellow; but she went up to him, and drew down his hands playfully, and said, "I am here, Ellis, you needn't cover your eyes." He did not answer her with a compliment or a caress, as perhaps she expected: and Martha looked at me where I was standing by the side of the fire. I knew she thought I was the restraining influence that closed his mouth and subdued his joy—and what could I do?—I went away: I could be of no use to him, poor boy! He must face it now as best he could. I went away, and as soon as I got safely into my own house sat down and cried. Not that crying would do any good; but when every thing is going wrong, and every body is on the way to ruin, and you see how it is, and know how to mend it, and yet can not, dare not, put forth a hand, what can any one do but sit down and cry?

But I could not rest in my quiet, comfortable, lonely house, and know that those poor young hearts were being wrung, and keep quiet and take no notice. I had my cup of tea, and I put on my warm cloak and hood, and went across the Green, though it was wet and slippery, to the school-room, where I knew Nelly would be. She was in the midst of a heap of toys and paper flags and little tapers, dressing up the Christmas-tree. There were three or four girls altogether, and Nelly was the busiest of all. Her little hands were pricked and scratched with the points of the holly, and the sharp needles of the little fir-tree on which she was working. Poor child, I wish it had been her hands only that were wounded. The others had gloves on, but Nelly had taken hers off, either because she found the pain of the pricks good for her, or because of some emblematical meaning in it. "I can't work in gloves," she said, carelessly, "and it don't hurt so much when you are used to it." When I saw her I could not but think of the pictures of Indians tied to the stake, with arrows flying at them from all quarters. I am aware St. Sebastian was killed in the same way—but I did not think of him.

"I wish you would come with me, Nelly," I said; "you know Christmas-eve is never very merry to me. There is no dinner, but you shall have something with your tea."

"I am going to the rectory," said Nelly. She did not venture to look at me, and she spoke very quick, with a kind of catch in her breath. "It promised—and there is a great deal to do yet. When Christmas is not merry, it is best to try and forget it is Christmas. If I were to go with you, you would talk to me, and that would make you feel every thing the more."

"I would not talk—you may trust me, Nelly," I said, eagerly. In my excitement I was for one minute off my guard.

She gave me one look, and then turned away, and began arranging the flags, and pricking her poor little soft fingers. "Talking does not matter to me," she said, in her careless way. Her pride was something that filled me with consternation. She would not yield, not if she had been cut in little pieces. Her heart was being torn out of her very breast, and she was ready to look her executioners in the face, and cheer them on.

I don't know how they all got through that evening. Nelly, I know, went home late, and went to her own room at once, as being tired. It was poor Llewellyn that was the most to be pitied. I could not get him out of my mind. I sat, and thought and thought over it, till I could scarcely rest. Would he have the courage to emancipate himself and tell the truth? or would the dreadful coil of circumstances in which he had got involved overcome him and subdue his spirit? I asked myself this question till it made me sick and faint. How was he to turn upon the girl who was hanging on him so proud and pleased and confident, and say that he had never cared for her, and never sought her? There are men who would have the nerve to do that; but my poor, simple, tender-hearted sailor—who would not hurt a fly, and who had no warning nor preparation for the fate that was coming on him—I could not hope that he would be so brave.

I saw by my first glance next morning at church that he had not been brave. He was seated by Martha's side, looking pale, and haggard, and stern; such a contrast to her lively and demonstrative happiness. Nelly was at the other end of the pew, under her father's shadow. I don't know what she had done to herself—either it was excitement, or in her pride she had had recourse to artificial aids. She had recovered her color as if by a miracle. I am afraid that I did not pay so much attention to the service as I ought to have done. My whole thoughts were bent upon the Admiral's seat, where there were two people quite serene and comfortable, and two in the depths of misery and despair. There were moments when I felt as if I could have got up in church and protested against it in the sight of God. One feels as if one could do that; but one keeps still, and does nothing all the same.

In the afternoon Llewellyn came to see me. He would have done it any how, I feel sure, for he had a good heart. But there was a stronger reason still that Christmas-day. He did not say much to me when he came. He walked about my drawing-room, and looked at all the ornaments on the tables, and opened the books, and examined my Christmas presents. Then he came and sat down beside me before the fire. He tried to talk, and then he broke off, and leaned his face between his hands. It was again a gray, dark, sunless day; and it was all the darker in my room because of the veranda over the windows, which made it so pleasant in summer. I could see his profile darkly before me as he made an attempt at conversation, not looking at me, but staring into the fire; and then, all at once, his shoulders went up, and his face disappeared in the shadow of his hands. He stared into the fire, still under that shelter; but he felt himself safe from my inspection, poor fellow.

"I ought to beg your pardon," he said, suddenly concentrating all his attention upon the glowing embers, "for speaking as I did—last night—"

"There was nothing to pardon," said I. And then we came to an embarrassed pause, for I did not know which was best—to speak, or to be silent.

"I know I was very abrupt," he said. "I was rude. I hope you will forgive me. It was the surprise." And then he gave vent to something between a cry and a groan. "What is to become of us all, good God!" he muttered. It was all I could do to hear him, and the exclamation did not sound to me profane.

"Captain Llewellyn," I said, "I don't know whether I ought to say any thing, or whether I should hold my tongue. I understand it all; and I feel for you with all my heart."

"It doesn't matter," he said; "it doesn't matter. Feeling is of no use. But there is one thing you could tell me. She—you know—I can't call her by any name—I don't seem to know her name:—Just tell me one thing, and I'll try and bear it. Did she mind? Does she think me—? Good Heavens! what does it matter what any one thinks? If you are sure it did not hurt her, I—don't mind."

"N—no," said I; but I don't think he got any comfort from my tone. "You may be sure it will not hurt her," I went on, summoning up all my pride. "She is not the sort of girl to let it hurt her." I spoke indignantly, for I did not know what was coming. He seized my hand, poor boy, and wrung it till I could have screamed; and then he broke down, as a man does when he has come to the last point of wretchedness: two or three hoarse sobs burst from him. "God bless her!" he cried.

I was wound up to such a pitch that I could not sit still. I got up and grasped his shoulder. In my excitement I did not know what I was doing.

"Are you going to bear it?" I said. "Do you mean to let it go on? It is a lie; and are you going to set it up for the truth? Oh, Captain Llewellyn! is it possible that you mean to let it go on?"

Then he gave me one sorrowful look, and shook his head. "I have accepted it," he said. "It is too late. You said so last night."

I knew I had said so; but things somehow looked different now. "I would speak to Martha herself," said I. And I saw he shuddered at her name. "I would speak to her father. The Admiral is sensible and kind. He will know what to do."

"He will think I mean to insult them," said Llewellyn, shaking his head. "I have done harm enough. How was I to know? But never mind—never mind. It is my own doing, and I must bear it." Then he rose up suddenly, and turned to me with a wan kind of smile. "I can not afford to indulge myself with talk," he said. "Good-by, and thanks. I don't feel as if I cared much now what happened. The only thing is, I can't stay here."

"But you must stay a week—you must stay over Christmas," I cried, as he stood holding my hand.

"Yes," he said, with a sigh. "I must get through to-night. If you'd keep her out of the way, Mrs. Mulgrave, it would be the kindest thing you could do. I can't look at her. It kills me. But I'll be summoned by telegram to-morrow," he added, with a kind of desperate satisfaction. "I wrote this morning." And then he shook hands with me hurriedly, and went away.

I had very little trouble to keep Nelly—poor Nelly!—out of his way. She made me go up stairs with her, after dinner (I always dined there on Christmas), to show me the presents she had got, and the things she had prepared for her pensioners in the village. We made a great pet of the village, we people who lived on the Green, and, I fear, rather spoiled it. There were things for the babies, and things for the old women, which were to be bestowed next day when they all came to the school-room for the Christmas-tree. She never mentioned Llewellyn to me, nor Martha, nor referred to the domestic event which, in other circumstances, would have occupied her mind above all. I almost wonder it did not occur to her that to speak of, and show an interest in, her sister's engagement was a quite necessary part of her own self-defense. Either it was too much, and she could not, or it did not enter into her mind. She never took any notice of it, at least to me. She never so much as mentioned his name. They never looked at each other, nor addressed each other, though I could see that every look and movement of one was visible to the other. Nelly kept me up stairs until it was time for me to go home. She came running out with me, with her red cloak round her, when the Admiral marched to the gate to see me home, as he made a rule of doing. She stood at the gate, in the foggy, wintry darkness, to wait for him until he came back from my door. And I waited on my own threshold, and saw them going back—Nelly, poor child, clinging fast to her father's arm. My heart ached; and yet not so much even for her as for the other. What was he doing indoors, left alone with the girl he was engaged to and did not love?

Next morning, to the astonishment and dismay of every body but myself, Captain Llewellyn was summoned back to his ship by telegraph. Martha was more excited about it than I should have supposed possible. It was so hard upon poor dear Ellis, she said, before they had been able to arrange any thing, or even to talk of any thing. She had not the slightest doubt of him. His wretched looks, and his hesitation and coldness, had taught nothing to Martha. If she was, perhaps, disappointed at first by his want of ardor, the disappointment had soon passed. It was his way; he was not the sort of man to make a fuss. By this means she quite accounted for it to herself. For my own part, I can not say that I was satisfied with his conduct. If he had put a stop to it boldly—if he had said at once it was all a mistake—then, whatever had come of it, I could have supported and sympathized with him; but it made an end of Captain Llewellyn, as a man, in my estimation, when he thus ran away. I was vexed, and I was sorry; and yet I can not say I was surprised.

He wrote afterward to say it was important business, and that he had no hope of being able to come back. And then he wrote that he had been transferred to another ship just put into commission, and had to sail at once. He could not even come to wish his betrothed good-by. He assured her it could not be for long, as their orders were only for the Mediterranean; but it was a curious reversal of all their former ideas. "He must retire," Martha said, when she had told me this news with tears. "The idea of a man with a good property of his own being ordered about like this! Papa says things have changed since his days; he never heard of any thing so arbitrary. After all he said about our marriage taking place first, to think that he shall have to go away now, without a moment to say good-by!"

And she cried and dried her eyes, while I sat by and felt myself a conspirator, and was very uncomfortable. Nelly was present too. She sat working in the window, with her head turned away from us, and took no part in the conversation. Perhaps it was a relief; perhaps—and this was what she herself thought—it would have been better to have got it over at once. Any how, at this present juncture, she sat apart, and took no apparent notice of what we said.

"And Nelly never says a word," sobbed Martha. "She has no sympathy. I think she hates poor dear Ellis. She scarcely looked at him when he was here, and she won't say she is sorry now."

"When every body is sorry, what does it matter if I say it or not?" said Nelly, casting one rapid glance from her work. She never was so fond of her work before. Now, she had become all at once a model girl: she never was idle for a moment; one kind of occupation or another was constantly in her hands. She sat at her knitting, while Martha, disappointed and vexed, cried and folded up her letter. I don't know whether an inkling of the truth had come to Nelly's mind. Sometimes I thought so. When the time approached which Llewellyn had indicated as the probable period of his return, she herself proposed that she should go on a visit to her godmother, in Devonshire. It was spring then, and she had a cough; and there were very good reasons why she should go. The only one that opposed it was Martha. "It will look so unkind to dear Ellis," she said; "as if you would rather not meet him. At Christmas you were out all the time. And if she dislikes him, Mrs. Mulgrave, she ought to try to get over it. Don't you think so? It is unkind to go away."

"She does not dislike him," said I. "But she wants a change, my dear." And so we all said. The Admiral, good man, did not understand it at all. He saw that something was wrong. "There is something on the little one's mind," he said to me. "I hoped she would have taken you into her confidence. I can't tell what is wrong with her, for my part."

"She wants a change," said I. "She has never said any thing to me."

It was quite true; she had never said a word to me. I might have betrayed Llewellyn, but I could not betray Nelly. She had kept her own counsel. While the Admiral was talking to me I can not describe how strong the temptation was upon me to tell him all the story. But I dared not. It was a thing from which the boldest might have shrunk. And though every body on the Green had begun to wonder vaguely, and the Admiral himself was a little uneasy, Martha never suspected any thing amiss. She cried a little when "poor Ellis" wrote to say his return was again postponed; but it was for his disappointment she cried. Half an hour after she was quite serene and cheerful again, looking forward to the time when he should arrive eventually. "For he must come some time, you know; they can't keep him away forever," she said; until one did not know whether to be impatient with her serenity or touched by it, and would not make up one's mind whether it was stupidity or faith.

PREMONITIONS OF INSANITY.

MANY mental eccentricities are only the forerunners of very serious mental disease, and are indeed recognized as such by the more intelligent and honest physicians. Just as the whirling straws in the road are the forerunners of a great storm, so some odd symptom will often indicate the approach of a terrible mental overthrow. In many of the more terrible lesions of the brain, resulting in entire loss of intellectual power, the very smallest symptoms are often indicative of the mischief that is about to intervene. The inability to grasp a stick, the continual numbness of a finger, the loss of memory in small matters, are often indications of the approach of serious cerebral disturbance. Doctor Forbes Winslow, in his very interesting volume on obscure diseases of the brain and mind, gives a most extraordinary instance of impairment of memory, which he quotes from the case-book of Dr. Graves, a Dublin physician. "An Irish farmer, in consequence of a paralytic fit, lost the power of remembering noun substantives and proper

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J. ROSS BROWNE.

JOHN ROSS BROWNE, nominated, and we trust to be confirmed, as Minister to China, was born about the year 1820. His father had been editor of the *Dublin Comet*, a leading newspaper of the day, which took strong ground against the English Government. Those were days when writers in Ireland had no rights which the British Government was bound to respect. BROWNE'S paper was suppressed, and he thrown into prison, from which he was released on condition of leaving the country. Naturally he came to the United States, where he arrived in 1833. He struck for the West, settled first in Indiana, and then removed to Louisville, Kentucky, where he became editor of a newspaper.

The passion for travel which has grown up with his son, JOHN ROSS BROWNE, early manifested itself. While a mere lad he traveled on foot through several of the Western States, a tour which lasted for months; then he voyaged for a while as a common "boat-hand" up and down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. At eighteen he became a reporter on a Cincinnati paper, and commenced the study of medicine, making himself in the mean while an accomplished stenographic reporter. Going to Washington he became a reporter in the Senate, having all the while an eye to future travels. Having saved a few dollars he started out, expecting that his funds would last him as far as Jerusalem. They were exhausted by the time he reached New York, whence, nothing better turning up, he shipped for a whaling-voyage. From this he returned after a couple of years with just money enough to carry him to Washington, but with matter in his head for a very clever book, "Etchings of a Whaling Cruise." Again he acted as Senatorial reporter until Mr. ROBERT J. WALKER, then Secretary of the Treasury, offered him the place of his private Secretary. He held this place till 1849, when he set out for California, a State which has since been his proper home, with a commission as Lieutenant in the Revenue Service. After an adventurous voyage, some incidents of which he has pleasantly told in his "Crusoe Life," he reached San Francisco with just money enough to pay the postage upon a package of letters, one of which contained the startling tidings that the revenue service had been reduced, and that he was among those whose services were "no longer required."

His stenographic acquirements here stood him in good stead. The Convention for forming a Constitution was in session, and he was appointed reporter, with the privilege, besides his pay of $10,000, of publishing the debates for his own benefit. He had the book printed, and just then the California question was the prominent one before Congress. The Senate ordered two thousand copies from which BROWNE, who by this time had married, realized a profit of $3000. He built a house at Washington, and supposed that his journeyings were at an end. But the passion for travel was not thus to be stifled. After a few months he sold out, and with the money thus acquired set off for a European tour, corresponding for the *National Intelligencer* from Germany, Hungary, Italy, Greece, Turkey, and the Holy Land. A portion of his adventures in Sicily and Palestine were given to the public in "Yusef," one of the most charming books of travel in the language.

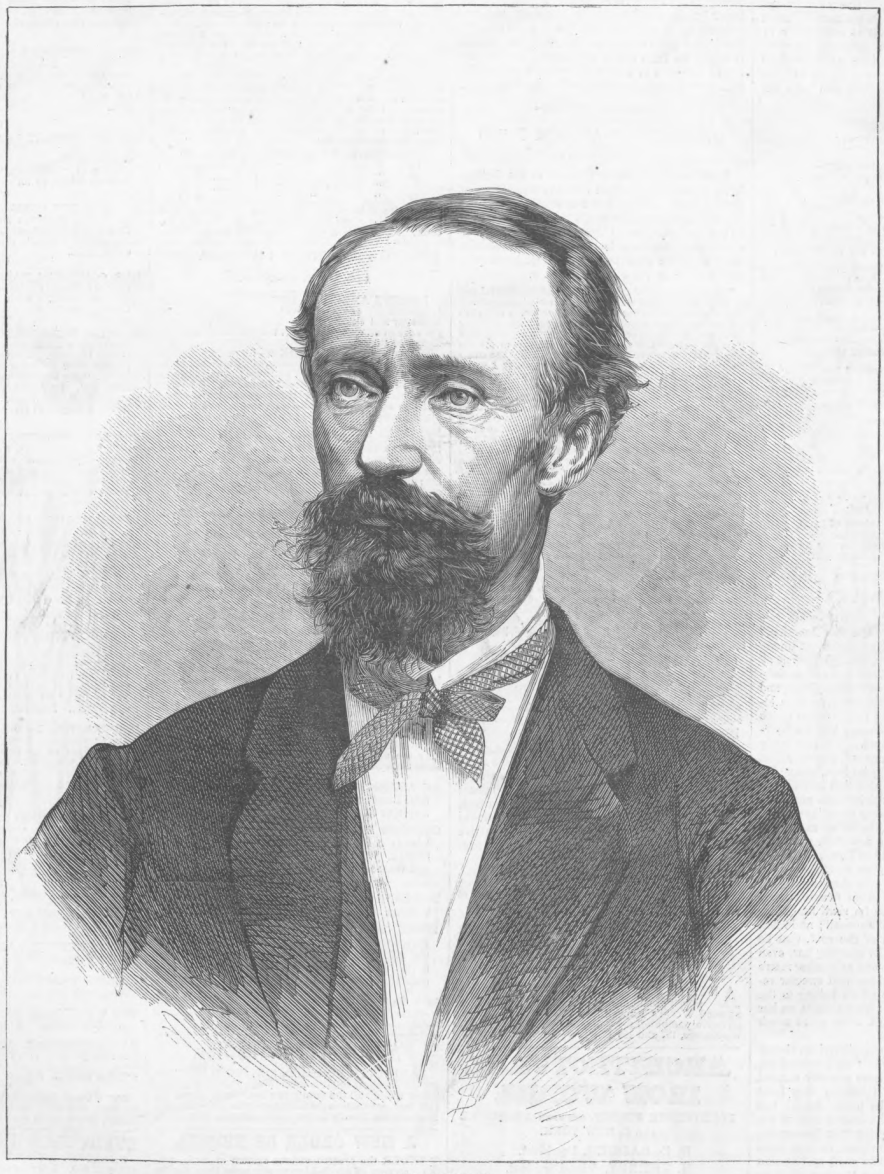
He had become known to the Government as a keen man of affairs as well as a clever writer. Returning to Washington he was appointed Inspector of Custom-houses and the like, and in this capacity traversed the frontiers of the Union, both on the East and the West. In 1855 he bought a ranche near San Francisco, and for five years was Special Agent for the Treasury Department, visiting the whole Pacific Coast and journeying into the interior. In this capacity he excited the ill-will of the powers that then were by his exposures of frauds in the public service. Traces of this old enmity still survive, and have cropped out in a strenuous opposition to the confirmation of his nomination as Minister to China.

Losing his "official head," after a series of journeys through the mining districts, in 1860 he set out again for Europe, partly to educate his children in Germany, and partly to travel. These journeys in Iceland, Russia, Poland, and elsewhere, together with his genial account of Home Life in Germany, have furnished matter for several capital books.

Returning to California soon after the breaking out of the war, he again traveled through all the mining regions, and made himself so thoroughly acquainted with our great mineral interests that he received the appointment of Commissioner to investigate and report upon them. His reports, printed by order of Congress, demonstrate his fitness for this post. Meanwhile the Wine-Growers of California, finding that the existing laws bore hardly upon that interest, commissioned him to lay the matter before Congress and endeavor to procure a modification of the laws. His efforts were successful; and Congress, appreciating the reliability of his facts and the soundness of his arguments, made modifications of the tax-law which have saved that growing interest from at least temporary prostration.

The voluntary retirement of Mr. BURLINGHAME from the Chinese Mission has rendered another appointment necessary. We believe that Mr. BROWNE possesses more qualifications for this post than any other man. We do not urge it simply because he is an accomplished writer, although this was the reason why WASHINGTON IRVING was appointed Minister to Spain, and Mr. MOTLEY to Austria. But this fact certainly should be no disqualification. We urge it because he is the man for the place. Few men living have come in contact with so many people of so many races and countries. No man, we are sure, has met with and parted from them upon such terms of esteem and good-will. The personal manners of a foreign Minister have much to do with the success of his mission. A cordial gentleman will easily accomplish every where, and especially among the Orientals, what a churlish Minister would attempt in vain. Mr. BROWNE has shown by his long relations with our Government that he is fully capable of dealing with all the questions which can arise between us and the Chinese. In matters of finance, industry, and national intercourse he is fully at home. His most absolute integrity has never been called in question. There is, moreover, a special reason why a Californian should represent us in China. California is the great point where the two peoples touch each other. No man but a Californian can fairly understand the great questions involved in our relations with the Celestial Empire.

Mr. BROWNE has long had it in mind to add China to the countries over which his travels have extended. Life spared, he will certainly go to China. As a mere personal matter we could wish that he should visit the Flowery Kingdom as a private traveler; for in that case we, and our collaborateurs of *Harper's Magazine*, would be in constant receipt of papers setting forth, by pen and pencil, the results of his observations. If he goes as representative of the nation, we presume that official propriety will not permit him to make any communications except to the Government. We yield our own wishes to the public good, and hope that Mr. BROWNE will represent not us but the Nation in the Chinese Empire.



J. ROSS BROWNE.

HOW TO CONVERSE.

Do not interlard your talk with Greek or Latin quotations. You know you would not dare to repeat English poetry after the same fashion; why, then, do you take that liberty with a dead language? If your audience is a scholarly one, they must have heard it all before; if not, they will not understand you, and you will in that case be guilty of an unpardonable breach of good-manners. A still more contemptible exhibition is afforded by those persons who insist upon using French terms (such as *exigeant* for exacting), when English ones express their meaning equally well. When these tid-bits are delivered with a rich roll of the tongue (to convey the idea of a Parisian accent), and even with shrugs of the shoulders, and palms of the hands thrown outward, to complete the local coloring, the educated Idiot stands confessed.

Be modest in your demands upon the attention of your company; and while taking good care that no other person shall monopolize the conversation, do not fall into that error yourself. Let every one say his say, unless (with his Widderburn Bottom or otherwise) he has proved himself incapable. And never interrupt a narration merely because you have heard it before yourself, although if the company generally is under the harrow, any worm may turn. If the memory is sometimes "a tremendous engine of conversation," it is also often arrayed against it; and a muttered groan will circle round a whole company at the beginning of some old stories.

A PARIS GUIDE-BOOK.

IT was fitting that the year which saw Paris at the summit of its splendor should see the publication of the *Paris Guide*. This extraordinary work is to all other guide-books what the *Iliad* is to all other epics, what the Colosseum is to all other theatres, what the Pyramids are to all other tombs. Here is a work of over 2000 closely-printed pages, written by the foremost writers of France, interspersed with illustrations by some of the most famous designers. It is in bulk an encyclopedia; for interest, a volume of brilliant essays. It is not to be put into the pocket in setting out for a ramble through the streets or a run through the galleries. It is a work to study before seeing Paris, to study again after seeing Paris. The history, the science, the art, the social condition, the outside aspects, the inner life of Paris are here set forth by men, each specially acquainted with the subject with which he deals. If one could imagine Macaulay, Thackeray, Dickens, Lord Shaftesbury, Professor Tyndall, Ruskin, Matthew Arnold, Dean Stanley, Spurgeon, the Mayhews, Anthony Trollope, Greenwood, Tom Taylor, and Oxenford, combining to produce a London guide—or Horace Greeley, Henry Ward Beecher, Richard Grant White, Walt Whitman, Dr. Draper, Peter Cooper, Charles Sumner, General Sherman, Oakey Hall, and Henry T. Tuckerman writing to tell us all about New York and its ways and by-ways, then we should have a work analagous to the volumes now before us. To the *Paris Guide* nearly all the chief living writers of France have contributed. Victor Hugo has written one of his extraordinary rhapsodies by way of introduction; Louis Blanc, the eminent Republican and refugee, and Eugéne Pelletan, the practiced debater of the Corps Législatif, have narrated the history of Paris. Renan, Sainte-Beuve, Berthelot, and Littré have described the scientific and literary institutions. Michelet, Peyronnet, Perdonnet, Laboulaye, Morin, and a number of others have dealt with the schools and places of instruction. Didot, the eminent publisher, has told what there is to say about printing and publishing establishments. Gautier, Charles Blanc, Burges, Jacquemart, and others have discoursed

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upon the museums. Assollant and Guillemot are among those who have described the art treasures. Quinet, Le Duc, and Coquerel have written upon the churches. Dumas, *fils*, Roqueplan, and Augier upon the theatres. Dumas, *père*, and Taine upon the schools of art; and Darcel and Lock upon the industrial arts of Paris. When we turn to the second volume, "The Life of Paris," we find an even larger staff of illustrious names—Paul Féval, Edmond About, Jules Janin, Ernest Legouvé, John Lemoinne, Mademoiselle Doria d'Istria, Emile de Girardin, Louis Ulbach, George Sand, Paul de Kock, François Hugo; Nadar, the aëronaut; Forcade, of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*; Berryer, first of advocates; Jules Favre, most eloquent of orators; Jules Simon, foremost of educational reformers; Nélaton, *facile princeps* of surgeons; and some scores of others. Altogether, more than 130 of the principal writers of France have constructed this noble memorial of the most beautiful of cities. Every writer has been commissioned to write in his own way upon his own subject. The result is a diversity of style most charming in an encyclopedic work like this, and an amount of information such as no half dozen, much less one man, could have collected, even though a lifetime had been devoted to the task.

THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE.

Whatever else to the night has gone—
The night that never shall know a dawn—
It stands undimmed in my memory still,
The old brown school-house on the hill.

I see the briers beside the door,
The rocks where we played at "keeping store,"
The steps we dug in the bank below,
And the "bear track" trod in the winter snow.

The corner brick on the chimney lies
Just as it did to my boyish eyes;
And in dreams I throw the stones again
I threw at that toppling brick in vain.

The names on the weather-boards are part
Of the sacred treasures of my heart;
Some yet a place with the earth-sounds keep,
And some in the holds of silence sleep.

I hear the growl, from his central lair,
Of the swiftest boy who stood for "bear;"
And the sound brings back the joy and glow
Of the chase around the ring of snow.

Often again in thought I slide
On the stone-boat down the long hill-side;
The breathless speed, and the dizzy reel,
And the wind in my lifted hair I feel.

Ah me! There are spots that hold my dead
In a sleep unstirred by memory's tread;
And many a scene of life's triumph lies
Deep in the mists that never rise.

And things of rapture, and things of tears,
Are hidden within the veil of years;
But the old brown school-house on the hill—
It stands undimmed in my memory still.

SPIRITUAL WIVES.

William Hepworth Dixon, who, some time ago, in a volume misnamed "The New America," gave England the benefit of his experiences among the Polygamists of Salt Lake, the Spiritualists of New England, the Celibate Lovers of Mount Lebanon, the Bible Communists of Oneida Creek, and the Free Lovers of a dozen other American localities, has evidently caught the infection which has long troubled Brigham Young, Andrew Jackson Davis, and Father Noyes. He has lately published two large volumes of jargon about "spiritual wives" and "celestial love," in which he endeavors to convey the idea that in America we are all Mormons and Spiritualists and Free Lovers. He defines this theory of spiritual wives to be "that a man who may be either unmarried before the law or wedded to a woman whom he can not love as a wife should be loved, shall have the right, in virtue of a higher morality, and a more sacred duty than the churches teach him, to go out among the crowd of his female friends and seek a partner in whom he shall find some special fitness for a union with himself; and when he has found such a bride of the soul, that he shall have the further right of courting her, even though she may have taken vows as another man's wife, and of entering into closer and sweeter relations with her than those which belong to the common earth; all vows on his part and on her part being to this end thrust aside as so much worldly waste."

Mr. Dixon calls this a purely American theory originating in this country. "In England the reading and writing public have scarcely entered upon these questions. In Germany they have been more debated, and the public feeling has found expression both in the church and in the courts of law." He thinks that "in Europe the old forms of society are too strong for this innovating religious spirit to make swift and certain head," and is anxious to know "where shall we find room for a new light, a new liberty, a new Gospel?" Americans may congratulate themselves in the choice of their goodly land as the field of this labor, for, according to Mr. Dixon, "it is mainly in the New World that the subject is being brought out in a thousand busy brains, and by a thousand busy pens. "In America," he says, "the field lies open. There the space is vast, the population sparse, the order new, the custom lax. No man cares to ask what his neighbor thinks, and only under pressure of great excitement ever dreams of interfering with what he says or does. In matters of religion, even more than in others, a Yankee is taught by his circumstances to give and take. The way in which people come together in a new place compels them to adopt a tolerant habit of mind, not only in respect to doctrine, but to all that flows from doctrine."

Some one has informed Mr. Dixon that "great numbers of men and women put their faith in spirits." Judge Edmonds, of New York, is quoted as numbering the Spiritualists of America at 4,000,000, "and that among these men and women not a few accept the doctrine of natural mates." By believers in this doctrine he explains that he means women who believe in spiritual husbands, and men who believe in spiritual wives —"persons who are known to be resitve in the married state;" and he seriously quotes, as proof of the great numbers of these dissatisfied persons, the statement of a Southern paper made during the war, to the effect that "more wives ran away from their husbands in the North than slaves from their masters in the South."

English tourists in America are proverbially unfortunate, and proverbially abusive. Mr. Dixon has been the most unfortunate and most deceived of all; and his rather doubtful praise is the worst of abuse. English tourists in America naturally fall into bad hands, for they can not choose their own society; and it is, of course, not the best class of persons who intrude their attentions on the foreign gentlemen. But Mr. Dixon's tastes and inclinations have led him into unusually disreputable company, and he has gone home impressed with the idea that all America is given up to what he calls the "new Gospel." Mr. Dixon gives notice in his preface that scarcely any of his facts are to be found in books. As far as America is concerned we can assure him that few of them are to be found based on truth.

GETTYSBURG ASYLUM FUND CONCERT.

Last evening a concert in aid of the Gettysburg Asylum for Invalid Soldiers took place at Irving Hall. Altogether the worthy undertaking was a decided success, whether in reference to the performances of the artists, or in point of attendance, the latter having by far exceeded the most sanguine expectations of its generous promoters.—*New York Herald*, Feb. 9.

The grand musical festival in aid of the Gettysburg Asylum for Invalid Soldiers came off as advertised, last evening, at Irving Hall. The occasion drew together one of the largest audiences ever seen at Irving Hall, and so many persons applied for admission that at eight o'clock there was no standing room for the hundreds who arrived after that hour. After the overture Mr. Benjamin W. Hitchcock, manager for the Gettysburg Asylum Association, came forward and addressed the audience. He began by thanking them for their presence, and explained that the movement now inaugurated was a national one, and did not operate for the benefit of individuals. The people had erected a monument to honor the memory of the dead who laid down their lives on the field of Gettysburg, and now it was proposed to create an asylum for the reception of those veterans who suffered mutilation or such severe wounds that they were incapable of supporting themselves.—*New York Times*, Feb. 9.

Gettysburg Asylum Concert.—A musical festival in aid of the Gettysburg Asylum for Invalid Soldiers was held last night at Irving Hall. Three thousand persons attended. Mr. Theodore Thomas presided, and was sustained by Miss Maria S. Brainerd and a full orchestra.—*New York Mercury*, Feb. 9.

Concert for the Benefit of the Gettysburg Asylum.—Irving Hall last night was packed with an immense audience, and the concert was a complete success. The people, indeed, seem to take this matter up with a will, and the object certainly seems most praiseworthy and patriotic.—*N. Y. Dispatch*, Feb. 9.

For particulars, see page 128 of this paper.

THE WITCH-FINDER.

This is the title of a most exciting story, which has just been commenced in that very excellent family literary journal, the *New York Weekly*. It is from the pen of the great romancer, Leon Lewis, and is decidedly the greatest of all that writer's great works. The story is strictly historical of the scenes as drawn from that era in the history of Salem when innocent men, women, and children were hung, burned, and drowned as witches. It is without doubt the most exciting as well as the most instructive romance of modern times. See the advertisement on the next page.

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A GREAT ANNOUNCEMENT.

WILL BE COMMENCED IN No. 16, READY FEB. 18, OF

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY,

(THE BEST STORY AND SKETCH PAPER OF THE AGE,)

A Thrilling Tale, entitled,

THE WITCH-FINDER;

OR,

THE HUNTED MAID OF SALEM.

By LEON LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE SILVER SHIP," "THE WATER WOLF," "SYRIA, THE JEWESS," ETC.

A thoroughly authentic history of Salem Witchcraft has yet to be written. In the books treating of this subject the atrocities that were perpetrated by the Witch-Testers were classed as almost pardonable offenses, because committed under the delusion that the victims were gifted with supernatural powers, and could at will afflict any person with the most direful physical and mental ailments—such as blindness, deformity, or insanity. In those days every person who suddenly became ill at once proclaimed that he was bewitched, and began recalling to mind the female on whom he had last looked, and who, it was thought, had prostrated him by the power of witchcraft. The suspected party, as was natural, generally proved to be some unfortunate woman against whom the invalid had long harbored a spirit of unfriendliness. The relatives of the sick person were at once summoned. After listening to the story of the individual supposed to be bewitched, they would proceed in a body to the dwelling of the unsuspecting victim, drag her forth, publicly accuse her of Witchcraft in having afflicted their suffering relative, and make her submit to

The Witch-Finder's Test.

Tears and entreaties were of no avail; the expostulations of friends only made matters worse by leaving them open to suspicion, and it often happened that in endeavoring to shield the unfortunate victim from the fury of the superstitious multitude even the friends of the supposed witch were compelled to undergo the tortures of

The Witch-Finder's Test.

These tests were as numerous as they were atrocious and diabolical, and frequently resulted in the death of the victim. When proved guilty of Witchcraft, death by the most cruel means was of course the sentence; but it was not a rare occurrence for

The Witch-Finder's Test

to put an end to the victim's sufferings by death just as she was about to be declared innocent.

At this distant day, and in this age of enlightenment, there will be found many who will discredit the following brief description of one of the many tests resorted to by

The Heartless Witch-Finder.

The Salemites believed that it was *impossible to drown a witch*—that if thrown into a river she would certainly be able to make her way to the shore. Acting upon this belief, when a woman was suspected of Witchcraft, she would be compelled to undergo the

Witch-Finder's Drowning Test.

She would be dragged to the nearest river, and plunged in at a considerable distance from the shore. In case the woman succeeded for a time in keeping her head above the surface of the water, that was considered *positive evidence that she was a Witch*, and she would be stoned to death as she struggled with the remorseless waves. In this test the only proof of the woman's innocence of Witchcraft was *when she could not swim*, and therefore *sank to rise no more*. Innocent or guilty, it was death in either case! By drowning she proved herself innocent; but if it appeared probable that she could save her life by swimming, she was *stoned like a cat until she drowned*.

Even cruelty more atrocious than this was put in practice by

The Witch-Finder.

Private quarrels and ancient grudges were avenged by accusing innocent people of Witchcraft. Young wives were ruthlessly torn from loving husbands, accused before the gaping, ignorant, and superstitious populace,

Branded as Witches,

and after being marched through the town, that every body might look their last upon the

Female Demons,

the terrified women were given over to the villainous wretches who had achieved notoriety as

Witch-Finders.

The remarkable story which is soon to appear in

The New York Weekly,

is a reliable exposé of the atrocities enacted in the

Days of Salem Witchcraft.

The tale is founded on authentic records and data, and is entitled

THE WITCH-FINDER;

OR,

The Hunted Maid of Salem.

The plot of the story is original, although it has for its basis an accurate account of the cruelties that were perpetrated during the period of

Salem Witchcraft.

Among the principal characters portrayed in this exciting story is

The Witch-Hunter.

The most disreputable person in Salem, at the time of the Witchcraft excitement, was a man named BOARDMAN, who had achieved a devilish notoriety as a Volunteer Accuser, a Witch-Tester, or Witch-Discoverer. This heartless miscreant praticed various jugleries, under pretense of distinguishing a witch from an innocent person, such as drawing blood, saying the Lord's Prayer backward, &c.

The Hunted Maiden.

Another interesting personage of those times was HESTER WAYBROOK, the daughter of a colonial merchant—a beautiful and noble-hearted girl, whom the villain BOARDMAN persecuted with his attentions, and afterward hunted as a Witch.

The White Angel of Salem.

A third and most remarkable personage of those dark days was a mysterious being who appeared in Salem when the delusion was deepest. She possessed the aspect of a young lady; but a strange peculiarity was noticed in her appearance—she was strangely white, and her skin shone so brilliantly that many supposed her to be an angel. She went about doing good, opposing the Witch-Hunters, releasing prisoners, helping widows and orphans, &c.

Whoever would have full particulars concerning these and a score of other inhabitants of Salem in the days of Witchcraft, must read the thrilling and beautiful narration just drawn from the historical collections of Massachusets, and entitled

THE WITCH-FINDER;

OR,

The Hunted Maid of Salem,

BY LEON LEWIS,

which will be commenced in No. 16 of

The New York Weekly.

The great success of the NEW YORK WEEKLY is in a measure due to the scrutiny exercised in compiling the contents, so that the slightest offensive word or passage may be avoided. Heads of families, fully aware that we expunge from our manuscripts every expression that might contaminate the young, present

The New York Weekly

to their wives and children, fully confident that its teachings will have a beneficial effect, and that its Stories, while they inculcate good morals, also exhibit the punishment that must attend vice.

The contents of

The New York Weekly

are varied to suit the popular taste; they are instructive, entertaining, and amusing. The thoughtful will find in

The New York Weekly

subjects that will induce reflection; the knowledge-seeker will be edified, and will learn the social habits peculiar to various parts of the world; while the humorously inclined can always find in the quaint writings of JOSH BILLINGS, PHILANDER DOESTICKS, MARK TWAIN, JOHN QUILL, and other humorists, something that will provoke merriment and laughter.

As we have not space to particularize at great length the numerous features of THE NEW YORK WEEKLY, we will just mention some of the standing attractions:

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ITEMS OF INTEREST.—The important events of the world are epitomized in this column, and their essence given in pithy sentences.

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From the Philadelphia Press.

THE OROIDE WATCH.—By reference to the advertisement of Messrs. Collins & Co., it will be seen that the firm claims to give a really good watch, with good works, and an oroide case, for fifteen dollars. Oroide is a costly bronze, precisely resembling gold, wearing like it, and never changing color like pinchbeck. We have examined these watches and found them good and cheap—two having been purchased at retail price by gentlemen in our office—and are satisfied that they are fully what Messrs. Collins & Co. represent them to be. Their ladies' watches are very beautiful, and we know of no present so cheap which would be more acceptable. The very small proportion of gold which is given in most of the so-called gold watches of the present day renders them practically of no greater value than oroide.

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Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, January 10, 1868.
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Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: FORT SUMNER, NEW MEXICO, December 28, 1867.
GENTLEMEN,—I have received your chain per express, for which I paid $6 75, and am well pleased with it. I consider it a cheap article. Please send me two of your watches, gentlemen's size, at $15 each. Send them C. O. D., by express, to Fort Union, New Mexico, where the mail conductor from this post will receive them for me and pay all expenses. I have no doubt but I will be able to send you several more orders when the watches are seen here.
Yours respectfully,
J. R. BOLTON, Quartermaster Sergeant, Co. "F," 37th U. S. Infantry.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS, December 31, 1867.
SIRS,—Please send me one more of your oroide watches. I received the watch you sent, and I am very much obliged for such a good timepiece. Very respectfully, PATRICK D. CONNIGAN.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co., New York: FARMINGTON, IOWA, December 25, 1867.
GENTLEMEN,—I am much pleased with the watches, and concluded to keep them both. There is another order on the way for you, sent on my account. Hoping the above may be satisfactory, and expecting to send more soon, I remain, Yours truly, A. T. CHURCH.

Messrs. Collins & Co.: PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, January 19, 1868.
GENTLEMEN,—We are very much pleased with the watches, and have no hesitancy in recommending them generally. Hoping your advertisement in our paper will do you much good, &c., M. T. WOLF, Press Office.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: BLACKSHEAR, GEORGIA, December 27, 1867.
GENTLEMEN,—You will please send me one of your oroide hunting watches by express to Blackshear, Ga.—No. 8, A. & G. R. R.—C.O.D. I saw the watch you sent to Mr. W. W. Campbell, which created a great sensation. I think you will be patronized if you hold out and prove to be genuine. I would be pleased to be your agent if I would be any help to you. There will be quite a number here that will send for watches in a short time. Respectfully yours, E. F. SWEAT.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: FORT UNION, NEW MEXICO, December 25, 1867.
SIRS,—I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your watch, and it gives entire satisfaction; but you forgot to send me the $2 chain. You will have more orders from me before long. Yours respectfully,
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SIRS,—The watch came safely to hand to-day. I think it will prove all I expected. Please send me one ladies' size, double case, by the Merchants' Union Express, Topeka, Shawnee Co., Kansas, G. W. Wines. Please send me a nice watch, and oblige GEORGE W. WINES.

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From the New York Herald.

GETTYSBURG ASYLUM FUND CONCERT.

Last evening a concert in aid of the Gettysburg Asylum for Invalid Soldiers took place at Irving Hall. Setting aside the attractive features of the programme, the object of the concert itself was quite sufficient to elicit a generous response, and long before the hour announced for the "opening march" the spacious building was densely crowded in every part. Indeed, seldom has Irving Hall presented such an appearance, for shortly after eight o'clock standing room was an impossibility—a fact which speaks volumes for the Gettysburg Asylum fund. Among other things, Miss Brainerd sang a few appropriate songs, which evoked hearty encores, with which, in every instance, she considerately complied; and the well-filled orchestra was quite *au fait* in the rendering of a grand national medley, which gained a good round of deserved applause. At the conclusion of the first portion of the programme, Major James Haggerty came forward and delivered a lengthened address on behalf of the object of the proposed asylum for the Gettysburg soldiers. Personally, he was not identified with the matter more than to advocate the cause of the brave heroes who died in defense of their country's rights. He alluded in glowing terms to the brilliant deeds of the gallant warriors of Gettysburg, and passed a very high eulogium on the recent editorial in the *Herald* for its kind and liberal recognition of their merit, and its warm advocacy in their behalf. Moreover, he was exceedingly gratified to observe that the article from the *Herald* had been widely copied by prominent journals throughout the country, which he was assured would have the usual beneficial effect. Adverting to the American navy and the architecture of ships in this country generally, he alluded to the "Lenrietta" as an example for all nations to follow, characterizing it as the acme of perfection and a model for the world. He was sure that though the government had hitherto passed over the very praiseworthy object of the Gettysburg Asylum fund, no doubt through pressure of business, it would, nevertheless, meet with its deserved consideration and support. Major Haggerty retired amid loud applause, and the second portion of the programme was then proceeded with. The orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Theodore Thomas, played some pleasing selections from Rossini, Strauss, and Verdi. "L'Eclair" was charmingly rendered by Miss Brainerd, and a determined encore had the effect of evoking the humorous "Barney O'Hea," which was greeted with loud tokens of approbation. The concert was subsequently brought to a close by a grand selection from "Il Trovatore," comprising the most popular airs from that favorite opera. Altogether the worthy undertaking was a decided success, whether in reference to the performances of the artists, or in point of attendance, the latter having by far exceeded the most sanguine expectations of its generous promoters.

From the N. Y. Daily Times.

The grand musical festival in aid of the Gettysburg Asylum for Invalid Soldiers came off as advertised, last evening, at Irving Hall. The occasion drew together one of the largest audiences ever seen at Irving Hall, and so many persons applied for admission that at 8 o'clock there was no standing room for the hundreds who arrived after that hour. The musical programme was under the direction of Theodore Thomas, assisted by his celebrated orchestra, Miss Brainerd the distinguished vocalist, and Mr. G. Matzka, pianist. The performance was an excellent one, and the several pieces were repeatedly applauded by the enthusiastic audience present. After the overture Mr. Benjamin W. Hitchcock, manager for the Gettysburg Asylum Association, came forward and addressed the audience. He began by thanking them for their presence, and explained that the movement now inaugurated was a national one, and did not operate for the benefit of individuals. The people had erected a monument to honor the memory of the dead who laid down their lives on the field of Gettysburg, and now it was proposed to create an asylum for the reception of those veterans who suffered mutilation or such severe wounds that they were incapable of supporting themselves. He urged those present to keep the work alive, and enable the managers to erect an asylum that may be an honor to the nation and a benefit to the soldier.

Major James Haggerty was next introduced, and made a stirring speech in behalf of the wounded soldiers, and said that as they had braved the perils of the battle-field for the safety of the country, they now deserve to have a proper asylum for the remainder of their lives, instead of being compelled to grind out organ music at street corners for the stray pennies dropped in their hat. He was not ashamed to speak in favor of the Gettysburg Asylum Association, and he had attended the concert because he had added his mite to the funds gathering in the hands of the managers. Both speeches were well received, and the audience appeared to be in the best of humor when the concert closed.

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FEBRUARY, 1868.
In the Number for January was commenced "*The Woman's Kingdom: a Love Story*," by DINAH MULOCK CRAIK, Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," &c.
The most popular Monthly in the world.—*New York Observer*.
It meets precisely the popular taste, furnishing a pleasing and instructing variety of reading for all.—*Zion's Herald, Boston*.

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In the first Number for 1868 was commenced the issue of "*The Moonstone*," a Novel, by WILKIE COLLINS, Author of "The Woman in White," &c.
The model newspaper of our country.—*N. Y. Evening Post*.
The articles upon public questions which appear in HARPER'S WEEKLY form a remarkable series of brief political essays.—*North American Review*.

An Illustrated Weekly Journal of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.
Harper's Bazar.
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

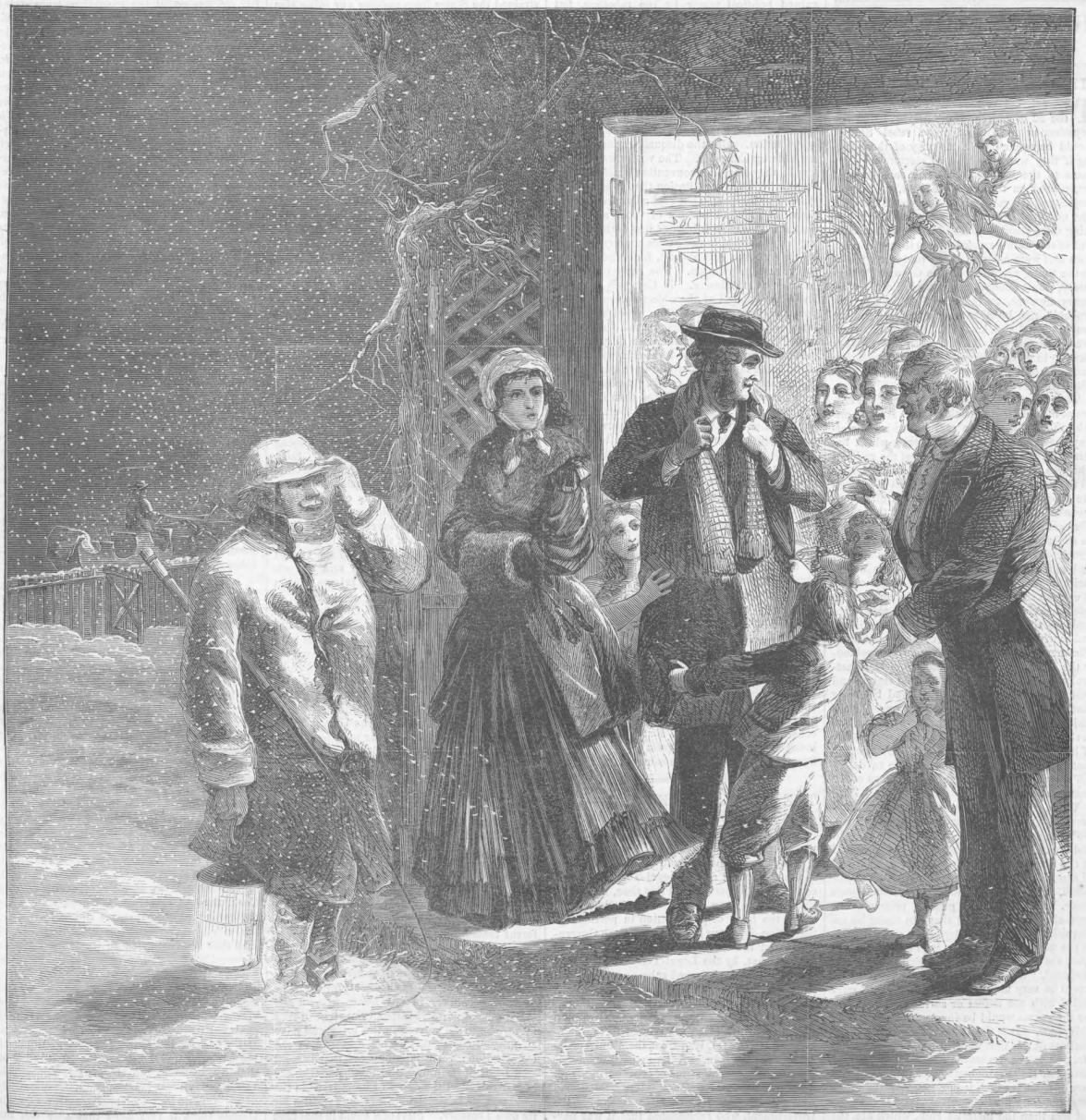
VOL. XII.—No. 583.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1868, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

"DON'T GO YET!"

THE picture which we give below is one of that character of illustrations which are, perhaps, better appreciated without any written description—one of those speaking pictures which, as it is usually put, "tell their own story;" but it is one that will tell a different story to each student. A morose old bachelor, for instance, would tell you that he could see no beauty, no sentiment, no meaning in it; that the features of the gentleman who is taking his leave are not natural, like nothing human, while the beautiful in the drawing of the female figure in the foreground and the beauty in her face would have not the slightest charm for him. We might, indeed, find a few of our lady readers who will not appreciate it, though ladies, as a general thing, are much quicker in catching the sentiment of a good picture or song than are the men. But we are happy to think that to ninety-nine hundredths of our readers the sketch will be a highly agreeable one, and recall recollections of the most delightful character. It is evident, as we look at the engraving, that the couple for whom the sleigh waits, and on whom the old driver with his lantern attends at the door, have been the central figures—the popular and live people—at the party which is going on within the farmhouse; all are grieved at their early departure, and all exclaim, in pleading and loving tones, "Don't go yet!" The old gentleman at the door says it, and you can imagine that he half frowns to see that it is unheeded; the good dame of the house says it, and raises her hand in remonstrance, and looks vexed to find it is in vain; while the children who cling to the skirts of their friend cry it out loudly and piteously, with an occasional willful "You sha'n't go!" and, finally, finding that their voices and their arms can no longer keep their genial friends, they retire to the fireside corner and pout for a moment until the music arouses them again and makes them forget their momentary sorrow.

One of the sweetest of sensations, according to Lord BYRON, is to know you are waited for. We suppose it is not precisely Christian-like to feel gratified at others' sorrow, but it is no less a pleas-



"DON'T GO YET!"

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ure, to our minds, to know that you are grieved after by loving ones. We suppose it is not necessary to tell our older readers so—at least we hope it is not, and so we address this remark to the juveniles—but there are fewer gratifications like that of being followed to the door by those you love; and many of the happiest moments of life are spent "lingering at the door to say good-by." Every young boy who reads this should remember that it will be a very unequivocal indorsement of his life if, in his manhood, his friend follows him to the door and entreat, "Don't go yet!" And to every young lady with an eye on a sweet-heart, we can suggest that she may learn a good deal of his character by watching his "leave-taking" at home and in society; and if he is followed to the door, as is the gentleman in the picture, she had better make up her mind at once to take him, and forever after entreat him "Don't go yet!"

WAGES.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

GLORY of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song,
Paid with a voice flying by to be lost on an endless sea—
Glory of Virtue, to fight, to struggle, to right the wrong—
Nay, but she aim'd not at glory, no lover of glory she:
Give her the glory of going on, and still to be.

The wages of sin is death: if the wages of Virtue be dust,
Would she have heart to endure for the life of the worm and the fly?
She desires no isles of the blest, no quiet seats of the just,
To rest in a golden grove, or to bask in a summer sky:
Give her the wages of going on, and not to die.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1868.

THE NEW ALABAMA QUESTION.

THE original reconstruction act, passed on the 2d of March, 1867, provided that the Constitution in any of "the rebel States" should be ratified by a majority of those voting if they were qualified as electors of delegates to the Convention. The supplemental act, passed on the 23d of March, required a majority of the votes of the registered electors. The number registered in Alabama was something more than a hundred and sixty thousand, and of this number about fifteen thousand more than half were colored. The vote lately polled in the State, according to the Governor's Secretary, wants about fifteen thousand of the necessary number, so that the Constitution has probably not been ratified according to the provisions of the law. It is reported, however, that General MEADE will order another election in certain counties where the terrorism exercised over the voters favorable to the Constitution did its perfect work.

That this terrorism is the occasion of the failure of the vote is unquestionable. It is but another illustration of the coercion which has always been known in those States; which before the war marked and ostracized the resident who was opposed to slavery, and which lynched the stranger who protested against it. When the rebel leaders wished to drag Virginia into secession JAMES M. MASON declared that those who were opposed to the movement should not be suffered to vote. It is the natural policy of a society which rests upon a barbarous system, and which by outraging human rights necessarily degrades and imbrutes the public mind. It can not surprise any thoughtful man that the late rebel class in Alabama has been able to intimidate the white and colored loyal citizens, and so to defeat the adoption of the Constitution. The men of this class, and they are undoubtedly the great bulk of the white population, naturally hate the power that freed the slaves, and overthrew "the Confederacy;" and believing that with a President favorable to their schemes and a reactionary party among those who share in the Government, they have yet a good chance of having their own way, it is to be expected that they will do all that is possible to defeat the wishes and plans of the loyal citizens of the country.

What, then, should be the course of Congress? Certainly it need not be chagrined. No honest and patriotic man need feel mortified that the work has not been accomplished at the first trial. There has been a great deal of sarcasm leveled at the reconstructive legislation, and it has undoubtedly been sometimes hasty. But the great general principle has been always sound; and that can never be relinquished. The difficulty of the situation lies in the public impatience. "The war is over," cries the country, when the rebel armies surrendered, "now let us all go on as before." It would be very unfortunate for mankind if wars ended with the defeat or surrender of armies, for then arms would be invoked to settle every difference. It is the circumstances and consequences of war that make it dreadful and terrible. It is the devastation and desolation and death; it is the estrangement of the living; the fury of passion which is engendered; the fierce hate and long meditating revenge; it is these, not less than the material ruin, which are the true tragedy of war.

But when to these you add the industrial and social change which follows from the sudden emancipation of an essential part of the population and their immediate participation in political power, as an absolute necessity of the situation, the consequences of war are such that the most sagacious statesmanship may be often baffled even while moving in the right direction, and will necessarily be accused of incompetency by those who are more impatient of reaching a result than mindful of the means of reaching it. The power of Congress to deal with the States lately in rebellion, it seems to us, as was shown in these columns last week, to be incontestible. The desirable plan, of course, was that each branch of the Government should move harmoniously: the Legislature deliberating and deciding upon the necessary laws, the Executive heartily co-operating, and the Judiciary awaiting the settlement of the political difficulty. The novelty of the situation required general forbearance. But that was impossible. The country demanded constant action, and it has had it. And the course of Congress has been peculiarly fortunate in this that it has developed the real condition of the rebel States, which is a cardinal point to be known in determining what shall be done.

Had Congress begun by a method of reconstruction, which however justifiable by precedent and abstractly would have seemed obviously harsh, it could properly have been objected that it was seeking to alienate feeling in order to excuse severity. But it did not do this. Its first proposition was of a moderation wholly unprecedented. It proposed that the States in question should not have actually gained political power by the rebellion, but should lose representation in the degree that they arbitrarily restricted the elective franchise. This proposition was rejected. Then, in deference to the plain wish of the country that reconstruction should not be delayed, Congress proposed that the State organization should be founded upon a vote of all the people, excepting a certain class of those who were not only rebels but violators of the oath to support the Constitution. But the disqualification was removable by Congress. The voters were registered; they elected a convention which, in Alabama, adopted a constitution that upon its submission to the people has probably received less than the required number of votes, and is rejected. Congress is blamed first for not allowing the old voters in the States concerned to do as they chose; and second, for enfranchising the colored population. The reply to the objections is conclusive. If Congress had followed the counsel of the objectors the political power in the States in question would have been intrusted entirely to the disaffected class, which would have gained an increase of power by emancipation; while the loyal citizens, and especially the late slaves, would have been wholly at the mercy of the late rebels. Such a course would have been no less wicked than absurd.

There is no reasonable doubt that the majority which voted for the Convention in Alabama approve the Constitution and have been prevented from voting by the terrorism of which we have spoken. The votes cast, almost without exception, were in favor of the Constitution. They should of course have decided the question. But the provision of the Act of Congress forbids. The provision is unwise and should be repealed. Then if any State at a fair election prefers the immediate military supervision of the United States to a State government founded upon the consent of the great mass of the population it can abide by its choice. Now that we have learned that it is possible to get on, although the situation is not desirable, without all the States practically in the Union, it is unnecessary to depart from the sound principle of reconstruction. Remove the present unwise restriction of the law and every registered voter will vote. If they refuse reconstruction, they will find General MEADE and General SCHOFIELD and General CANBY very efficient and conservative Governors. But if Alabama be brought in by Act of Congress ought not every State to be restored in the same manner?

THE LEGAL-TENDER ACT.—OUR BONDS PAYABLE IN COIN.

THE question—what the General Government promised to pay when it issued its Five-Twenty bonds, whether coin or paper, and what is the true effect of the Legal-Tender acts—is one of great importance at this time, when new theories have been started on the subject, and made the basis of party action in portions of the Union, injurious to the credit of the Government and the business of the country. The position that, by the Legal-Tender acts, all the Five-Twenty bonds issued subsequently to their passage are payable in paper, arises from a misconception of the true object of such local regulations, and of the nature and character of public loans. Such loans are offered to the capitalists of the world, who treat them universally as payable in coin. A large portion of this debt—contracted at a time of great peril, to preserve our national existence, is now held abroad by foreigners—sold to them by agents of the Government, who represented that it was payable in gold and silver. We should forfeit the confidence of commercial nations, and lose the priceless advantage of national character, if we attempted to apply a local and temporary currency, forced upon us by war for our local objects, to the payment of such a loan. The wants of the Government in process of time can have no limits assigned to them. It is a great object, therefore, that our credit should be equally unlimited. The clause in Art. 6 of the Constitution that all debts incurred by the old Confederation shall be binding on the United States "may have been inserted" (says Mr. MADISON, in the *Federalist*), "among other reasons, *to satisfy the foreign creditors of the United States.*" If we are equally jealous of our honor, the quibbles of PENDLETON and BUTLER will have no weight with the country. The Legal-Tender Act, on which they severally base the position that the bonds are payable in paper, has no application to the principal of the loan.

Ever since the Second Congress Legal-Tender acts have been in operation, enacted in performance of the duty to make general regulations as to the medium in which debts shall be paid by individuals. There are no State acts on that subject, and if a national and general provision had not been made, different rules would prevail in different States. Under the old Articles of Confederation the authority of Congress was limited to the regulation of its own coins and those struck by the several States, and did not include the regulation of the value of foreign coins. This latter was left to the States themselves. To prevent diversity on this subject, the Constitution provided that Congress shall have power "to coin money, regulate the value thereof and of foreign coin," and it restrained the States from making any thing else a tender. The new duty thus imposed upon Congress has been performed from time to time by laws which prescribe the value of such coins. They include the coins of Great Britain, France, Spain, Mexico, Peru, Chili, Central America, Bolivia, Portugal, Brazil, Columbia, and other powers. A single case, it is said, illustrates a principle. The act of April 10, 1806, is presented to show the scope and effect of these local regulations intended to apply to our own citizens. This is its language:

"Spanish milled dollars, at the rate of one hundred cents for each, the actual weight whereof shall not be less than seventeen pennyweights and seven grains, and in proportion for parts of a dollar, *shall pass current as money within the United States, and be a legal tender for the payment of all debts and demands.*"

No statesman, no financier, no pettifogger ever supposed that these acts related to the public debt of the United States, or that our bonds, payable in *dollars*, were to be paid to our foreign creditors in the dollars of Mexico, or Peru, or Chili, or Bolivia, although thus made lawful money and a legal tender for *all* debts within the United States. The Act of 1793, February 9, provided that "All foreign gold and silver coins (except Spanish milled dollars and parts of such dollars), which shall be received in payment for moneys due to the United States, after the time when the coining of gold and silver dollars shall begin at the mint of the United States, shall, previously to their being issued in circulation, *be coined anew.*" Such money was not therefore to be paid by the Government, but was to be lawful money and a legal tender for the private debts of individuals and the public debts of public corporations within the jurisdiction of the Government. Such is the precise signification of the Act of 1862, which declares that the Treasury notes of the United States shall "be lawful money and a legal tender for all debts, public and private, within the United States."

The power of the General Government to make its notes lawful money and a legal tender for the private debts of individuals or the public debt of public corporations, grows out of the necessity of providing the rule in war by which its courts of justice and the courts of the several States shall enforce the collection of debts. The collection of debts through means of the courts and marshal of the United States is an act of force, which in war must be accommodated to the necessities of the country. Its forces are employed in war in a different way; and whoever invokes the aid of the Government to collect his debt in war, must accept its aid in the pursuit of his remedy, as the Government may elect. Enforcing the collection of debts in Gold and Silver at such a time, when the Government needs for its use all the precious metals it can obtain, would require an army, in this service, equal to its army in the field. Instead of suspending the collection of debts entirely during war, it mitigates the rigor of their enforced collection by the substitution of a different medium for payment from the Gold and Silver which its action had either expelled or had turned away from the channels of trade. But although the Government may in war suspend the writ of Habeas Corpus; provide for quartering soldiers in any house without the owner's consent; and suspend the right of trial by jury as to all persons in the army and navy—these are conceded rights specified in the Constitution; yet it is contended that it must stop with all its grand and mighty machinery of war to collect the debts of its citizens in the Gold and Silver which its own wants require for its own Treasury. SHYLOCK could in that case elevate himself above the whole power of the Government—as the central and important figure—and turn the public force in the direction of his debtors. On the contrary, all who are creditors, all who are debtors, and all who are jurors, may be torn from their civil pursuits and made to fight the battles of the country. This is war. Life, liberty, and property—those of the nation and those of individuals—are all at stake; and in the authority conferred on Congress with respect to war is embraced the same powers, in their plenitude, which other nations employ for offense or defense in the great struggle for existence. Great Britain and France—nations the first in opulence—resorted to legal-tender acts—substituting paper for coin as a local currency—and thus proved that the policy was necessary for a great war. If necessary and proper for them, it was "necessary and proper" for us, and, being an ordinary *means* appurtenant to war, is thus brought directly within the scope of the granted powers.

There would be no pretense for applying our Legal-Tender Act to the public debt were it not that it specifies that these Treasury notes shall be receivable for "all claims and demands against the United States except for interest upon bonds, notes, and *certificates* of debt or *deposit.*" The ground that this exception, mentioning interest, shows that the *principal* of the bonds is included in the general language, fails utterly as an argument, because it would apply equally to the principal of its certificates of deposit. These are certificates of gold deposits, which no one ever pretended may be paid in paper. The rule invoked that the exceptions include what they do not in terms exclude, being thus inapplicable, it is a fair inference that the exceptions were stated from motives, common to legislation, of abundant caution and have no other object. The public debt of the United States is never referred to under the head of *claims and demands*, but this language is used to include the claims and demands of a floating character connected with the war, as to the payment of which there is no special agreement. That arrangement is proper, and hence those who make sales of supplies to the Government receive its paper, which is temporarily issued for the temporary purposes of the war. The power in peace, to declare paper a legal tender for the private debts of individuals, or the public debts of corporations, does not exist under our Constitution. Its exercise in peace would create just anxiety and alarm and expose us to the censure of all civilized nations. The duty is, therefore, imperative upon the United States to follow the example of those nations which, after making paper money a tender during war within their own limits, returned to specie payments as soon as the disturbance of their internal affairs would permit. To adopt the paper Legal-Tender Act as the permanent policy of the United States is an impossibility, unless we intend to sink down in the descending scale of degradation to the level of Mexico, and expect to be blotted out from the list of established commercial nations.

The standard of gold and silver coins is not changed by the Legal-Tender Act of 1862 or by those Acts which in nearly the same language followed it, but the previous Acts fixing the quantity of standard silver and gold the *dollar* shall contain, remain unchanged and in full force and effect. *This* is what the Government promised to pay, and will pay, with promptitude and integrity, for the decision of this question embraces the deeper one, *whether the Union itself shall be preserved.*

FREE LIQUOR.

THE first considerable act of the Democratic majority in the New York Assembly is the repeal of the Metropolitan Excise Law; and the first proposition of the same majority, whose chief cry against the law has been that it is special legislation, is to vest the metropolitan license power exclusively in the mayors of New York and Brooklyn, subject to the regulation of the Common Councils of those cities. The debate in the House was very earnest and interesting. The Democrats insisted upon "the sovereign right of New York city to govern itself," and complained of the arbitrary enforcement of the law. The Republicans, with admirable temper, declared their willingness to amend the really objectionable parts of any law. Mr. POND took this ground. Mr. ALLIS wished to regard, as far as possible, the peculiar habits of the Germans. Mr. LA BAU, yielding to no man in honoring the city of New York, thought that her best days were when the State took even a more direct interest in the city government than now. Mr. PITTS said that he would like to leave the question of repeal to the tax-payers, and to the mothers, wives, and daughters of the city.

There can be no doubt what their verdict would be, but the Assembly passed the bill by a vote of 65 to 46. Its fate in the Senate, which is almost tied between the parties, is uncertain. But whatever it be, there can be no doubt of the advantage of the law to the good order of the city. Should the Democratic policy prevail, Sunday must become the most disorderly of all days in the metropolis. Our German friends think it very hard that they can not drink beer in public on Sundays as they do in

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the gardens and lokals of the Fatherland, but they know how difficult the discrimination is between the sale of malt and ardent liquors. In Germany they have the liberty of drinking on Sundays, but they have little of that higher liberty which they enjoy here, and which may be well considered worth some little sacrifice. Let us look at some of the facts in which they with all good citizens are interested.

The Excise Board was constituted on the 14th of April, 1866. For six months afterward its operations were paralyzed by the CARDOZO injunctions. Then the Court of Appeals affirmed the constitutionality of the law, and since that time it has been enforced. The whole amount collected to the 1st of December, 1867, during the nineteen months, including the CARDOZO paralysis, is $2,600,451 53, and the cost of collection has been less than three per cent. In that time the retail liquor-shops have been reduced in New York and Brooklyn from 9270 to 6845—a reduction in number of 2425 shops, and the release of some 10 or 15,000 persons in attendance upon them to different and probably more orderly pursuits. The number of hours during the week in which liquor is publicly sold has been reduced from 168 to 108; the hours between midnight and sunrise and all Sundays being wholly free from the traffic.

Meanwhile the public order upon election days is unprecedented; the deposits in the Savings Banks have greatly increased; and arrests for disorder and crime upon Sundays, which were formerly more, are now fewer than on any other day in the week. In the year 1865, during the eight months from May to November, there were 3515 of the arrests made on Sundays, and but 3380 on Tuesdays; while in the thirteen months of the full enforcement of the law the arrests on Sundays proceeding from drunkenness were 2514, while on the Tuesdays of the same months it was 6021—or more than double the Sunday arrests. There are still 6845 liquor and beer shops open all the time except in the hours mentioned; and the present system is merely one of regulation, which is the policy approved by the general experience.

Of course nobody doubts that a license system intrusted to the elective political authorities of the city would be practically no restraint whatever upon the sale of ardent spirits every where and at all times. The increase of disorder and crime would necessarily be enormous, and the increase of taxation in proportion. Under the old system, which the Metropolitan law supplanted, there were annually some $12,000 paid into the treasury against $1,300,000 under the new. These are facts which every sober tax-paying man will ponder; and whatever errors there may be in the administration of the present law, he can hardly fail to see that the system which the Democratic majority of the Assembly would introduce would turn Sunday, in New York and its neighborhood, into a Saturnalia.

INTERNATIONAL COINAGE.

ON the 15th of February instant the Governments of the nineteen different nations of the earth which were represented at the late "International Monetary Conference" held at Paris were, by agreement, to have answered whether they would unite in placing their respective monetary systems on the basis indicated by the Conference, and thereby accomplish a result vitally important to the world's commercial interests and the general advancement of mankind. The conclusion which they reached is not yet made public; but, as a spirit of harmony and compromise of individual preference characterized their deliberations, it is reasonable to anticipate a more successful issue than has heretofore followed the efforts of "Universal Peace Societies," or the attempts to establish an international postage, an international copyright, or a universal language.

It is the generally received opinion, we believe, that the world is to move steadily on, under the universal law of ascension, until a complete unification of races takes place, and the climax of human perfection is reached in the Millennium. Certainly the world's history shows a marked progress in this direction since the "confusion of tongues" at Babel, when the world's population was scattered like chaff, and divided up into petty tribes, sovereignties, and states. Under the central authority of the Roman Empire a long stride was made toward a united political and monetary organism; but with its downfall the fabric was again broken into fragments, and it has taken twelve centuries of reconstruction to reintegrate the elements and reach the present gratifying status of the present era—a result so practically exemplified in the Monetary Conference at Paris.

The political changes in the Old World, with the consequent diminution in the number of coining nations, together with the commercial intercourse which has been secured between nations hitherto persistently exclusive, have at last enabled the principal intelligent sovereignties to do what has hitherto been impossible within the history of man—meet face to face in friendly conference for the promotion of the general weal.

That a union of the coinage of the Eastern and Western continents would be of inestimable importance in its moral, political, and commercial effects is incontestible. Its attainment has been long sought for, and the share of influence which the United States, even in its earliest infancy, has exerted in securing what has thus far been accomplished must be ever gratifying to the national pride; for, by the adoption of the metric system in 1786, it not only took the lead in the cause of monetary unification, but forever firmly established the monetary unity and the monetary sovereignty of the Republic from ocean to ocean. Six years afterward France followed the example by decimalizing her coin, and other nations have fallen into the system successively. In 1821 JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, in the United States Senate, made the first official proposition known in civil history for a general monetary convention such as has now been assembled.

All the most interesting and important facts bearing upon this subject and upon the proceedings of the Paris Conference are embodied in the comprehensive Report presented to the State Department by SAMUEL B. RUGGLES, the delegate from the United States.

The aggregate population of the European and American nations represented a little exceeds 320,000,000, and of their dependencies in Asia, 190,000,000. The plan of unification agreed to embraces: A single standard, exclusively of gold; coins of equal weight and diameter; coins of equal quality (or *titre*), nine-tenths fine; the weight of the present five-franc gold piece (1612.70 milligrams) to be the unit, with its multiples. The Conference accordingly unanimously recommended the issue of a coin of the weight and value of twenty-five francs, specimens of which have already been struck, with proposed inscriptions suitable to the tastes and languages of the different nations; for it is not proposed that any shall change their local names and emblems, unless they so prefer, only the coins shall be legal tenders, public and private, by all. Thus, the specimen coin of Austria is inscribed, "*Or, Essai Monetaire*," encircling "25 francs, 10 florins, 1867." That of the United States has inscribed on its reverse, "5 Dollars, 25 Francs, 1867;" suitable mottoes and emblems to be added according to election. The diameter of this coin a little exceeds that of the present half-eagle.

The adoption of this unit compels a reduction of seventeen and a half cents in the value of the United States half-eagle, and of four cents in the British sovereign. The coins of other countries approximate quite as nearly to the required standard of value, so that their assimilation is not a difficult task, especially when aided by the alacrity with which the contracting parties have entered into the plan; as for instance the Emperor of Austria, who has already signed a preliminary treaty with the French Emperor.

Broad as is the basis upon which this new monetary fabric is to rest, it is likely to receive large accessions from Asia; for China is even now upon the point of coining gold coins of similar weight and value to those of France, while the coinage of Japan resembles that of France in some essential features. Persia, Turkey, and the Ottoman Empire have expressed their interest in the monetary reform. It is more than probable that South America will throw in her adhesion to the new alliance, and thereby complete the monetary unification of the American hemisphere.

In view of the rapidly increasing product of gold throughout the world, it becomes important, especially to the gold-producing United States, to secure the proposed reform at once; otherwise the cost and difficulty of recoinage will rapidly increase from year to year. The value of coin in circulation now in Continental Europe is estimated at $22,000,000,000.

In MR. RUGGLES'S Report he carefully considers the intermediate importance of the Western Hemisphere, not only as a producer of gold, but as the stepping-stone between Western Europe and Eastern Asia, recently much enhanced in importance by steam navigation on the Pacific, and to be still more by the completion of the Pacific Railroad. The entire subject is as exhaustless as the illimitable future, which it concerns more than any other philanthropic scheme for the unification of races and their interests. It is destined to be a far more powerful agent than conquest ever was.

MR. DISRAELI AND PARLIAMENT.

THE British Parliament has reassembled, and we shall now see what Mr. DISRAELI proposes to do upon the subjects of Ireland and of popular education. When he has stated his plan he will wait and see what Parliament proposes; and if it is wholly antagonistic to his own plan, he will say "Certainly," throw his own suggestions under the table, and obey Parliament. It is in this quiet way that Mr. DISRAELI has revolutioned the traditions of his government. Hitherto there has been a sense of political and party honor among the chief British statesmen which compelled them, when in the ministry, after proposing and defending their policy, and submitting it to the judgment of Parliament, to abide by its decision. If it were accepted, the result was very grateful to the ministry, who retained office. But if it were rejected, the Prime Minister advised the sovereign to send for the representative leader of the victorious Opposition, and he formed the new ministry.

The present ministry, of which Mr. DISRAELI is the strongest member, abide by the decision, also, but in quite another way. They carry out the doctrine of instructions to its logical result. The ministry being, as Mr. BAGSHOT explains in his lively and clever book upon the English Constitution, merely a Committee of the House of Commons, Mr. DISRAELI evidently holds that it is the business of the Committee to execute the will of the appointing power. In his judgment the ministerial function is exclusively executive. The ministers may, if they choose, propose measures, but if they are not adopted that is the end of it. They would execute their own policy if it were the Parliamentary will. As it is not, they will execute that which is. This simplifies matters extremely, and leaves Mr. DISRAELI and his friends permanently in office.

Nor do we see how they are to be compelled to retire so long as they are influenced by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Lord DERBY and Lord STANLEY, as genuine Englishmen, we can fancy very impatient in the anomalous and rather absurd position into which they are thrown by Mr. DISRAELI'S dexterity. An English statesman and gentleman, honoring the venerable traditions of his Government, must instinctively wish to resign when the policy of the ministry of which he is a member is defeated. But the master of the present ministry is a disciple of the "Asian mystery." His dark, inscrutable face is one in which it is very hard to discern those qualities which are most characteristic of the best Englishmen and dearest to them. His speeches as Tory leader and to Tory constituencies should astonish and alarm the sobriety of England as much as JOHN WILKES'S talk at the end of the last century. The only political system which DISRAELI ever seemed truly to favor is a medieval reminiscence; a system in which the aristocracy are rulers and take good care of the people. It seems to be his hope now to effect a union between the higher and the lowest class in order to hold the Liberals in check, as the old Southern leaders of the Democracy in this country allied themselves with the ignorance and prejudice of the free States to check the party of free labor and free soil.

Every body acknowledges Mr. DISRAELI'S extraordinary versatility and ability, but nobody seems to believe that he has any principle. The best English journals openly applaud and doubt him. It is evident that they feel him to be in some vague way an adventurer. He has carried the most liberal reform in the elective franchise, but nobody believes him to be a reformer. He went beyond GLADSTONE and JOHN BRIGHT, but nobody doubts their sincere devotion to political reform. Meanwhile it is impossible to foretell the course of the Ministry upon the Irish and education question. Lord STANLEY recently intimated in a public speech that no serious reforms would be proposed in Ireland, and the permission demanded of Parliament to suspend the *habeas corpus* in that unhappy country does not promise conciliation, although, of course, it is not necessarily inconsistent with it. We shall be surprised, however, if Mr DISRAELI does not propose some comprehensive Irish policy; and utterly mistaken if he does not abandon it and retain his office should Parliament disapprove.

A LITTLE BRICK-DUST.

THE letter from Virginia which we published last week stated that the La Crosse *Democrat* is the most popular and widely-read of newspapers in the late rebel States. Some Democrats are trying to shake off VALLANDIGHAM, but we have heard of none who object to the La Crosse *Democrat*. Indeed, the New York *World* feebly attempts to imitate its ribald insults to the memory of Mr. LINCOLN. We quote two specimens of the style of this organ of Democracy. In the first it is speaking of Mrs. LINCOLN, and in the second of reconstruction:

"Really, we don't believe more than one good thing ever happened to the poor woman, and that was the night she went with the 'Late Lamented' to the Washington play-house, and the devil run off with her husband. That was a great relief to the poor thing, as it also was to the millions of oppressed, tyranny-ridden people of the country."

"By making this, as God and its founders intended it should be, a white man's government, by diminishing the hordes of thieving tyrants who are devastating the fairest portion of our common country; by driving from power the bastard members of the bogus Congress; by repudiating the gigantic debt contracted by a fraction of the people, during a period of temporary insanity and wickedness, imposed on the whole people."

Under such sound Democratic influences we may naturally anticipate the most harmonious reconstruction at the earliest moment.

LITERARY.

THE American News Company have just published a "Hand-book for Havana, and Guide-book for Travelers in Cuba, Puerto Rico, and St. Thomas," which is full of the most necessary information, and is prepared with an admirable sense of the requirements of travelers and invalids. It is the things most familiar that the traveler wants explained, and this is what he will find in this compact and convenient little volume called "The Stranger in the Tropics," or the Hand-book, etc. Thus he is reminded that the habit of the island of Cuba, founded upon experience, is to eat copiously every day of the fruit of the season; that he must not drink spirituous liquors when he eats bananas; and the whole intercourse of smokers is accurately set forth. The advice to invalids is the work of a medical man; and whoever goes to Havana for health or business or pleasure will find this book the most useful of pocket companions.

In "Ohio in the War" Mr. WHITELAW REID has done for his State what each State which was earnestly engaged in the suppression of the rebellion should do for itself. In two very portly volumes of eight or nine hundred pages each he has preserved the military records of the Ohio troops during the war for the Union, and preserved them in such a manner that they will be equally interesting to the general reader and valuable to future generations. The work really contains a record of the military career of every officer and every organization enlisted by Ohio from 1861 to 1865. The first volume contains a great number of elaborate biographies of the principal Union officers from the State of Ohio—faulty perhaps in conclusions and criticisms, but carefully compiled as regards the facts, and for this reason valuable. The second volume is filled chiefly with rosters of the hundred and fifty odd Ohio regiments, and an account of the actions, marches, etc., etc., in which each engaged. Pennsylvania, and we believe some few other States, have authorized and aided similar works to that of Mr. REID; but we have seen none in which the labor has been so clearly and completely done as in this instance. Every State should take steps not only to preserve its official records of the war, but to do so in such a manner as to place them within the reach of the people of the State and the whole country. Mr. REID has furnished in "Ohio in the War" a perfect model for such works.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

LEGISLATION in Congress for the week ending February 18 was confined to matters of minor importance.

Colorado is asking admission as a State of the Union, and a bill to that effect was reported in the Senate on February 12.

Alabama asks readmission to the Union in conformity with the 5th section of the original Reconstruction Bill, and a bill to restore her to her rights of representation was introduced in the Senate on February 14, and the House on February 17. It was referred to the Judiciary Committee of either House.

The House, on February 12, considered bills to prevent foreign convicts from entering the United States, and to protect citizens abroad; but action was taken on neither.

The Senate, on February 13, received a bill creating the Territory of Wyoming out of a portion of Dakota.

The Senate, on February 17, considered a memorial from a number of German citizens praying for "the abolition of the Presidency as a copy of royalty and dangerous to the republic."

In the same body a bill was reported providing that a majority vote shall hereafter decide elections under the Reconstruction Acts. This is to avoid and counteract the efforts of rebels to defeat the Constitution, as in Alabama, by largely registering and then refusing to vote.

NEW YORK LEGISLATURE.

The State Legislature has wisely taken steps to examine the rivers and streams of the State with a view to rendering them more productive of fish, and a bill appointing Seth Green and Robert B. Roosevelt Commissioners of Fisheries was introduced into the Senate on February 11.

NEWS ITEMS.

According to Italian journals (not the best authority on American matters), Admiral Farragut has been commissioned by Mr. Seward or the American Government to purchase the port of Spezzia for the benefit of the Mediterranean squadron.

Arkansas is the second State to act in the matter of adopting a new Constitution. On February 11 the Convention of that State adopted a new Constitution providing, among other things, for female and negro suffrage, and fixing the 12th of March as the day for the election which is to ratify or reject it.

Mr. Charles O. Rogers, of the Boston *Journal*, has purchased, for $280,000, a site in Washington Street, opposite the head of State Street, Boston, and is going to erect a newspaper office which will be at once an ornament and pride of Boston.

Twenty-five years ago the Plains of the West were believed to be a great desert and so called, and the Rocky and Sierra Nevada Mountains were considered impassable in winter. This winter twenty thousand men are laying railroad tracks on the summit of the mountains, and the "desert" is traversed daily by trains.

It appears to be the order of the day in Europe to protest against the arming of nations. Russia has burlesqued this peculiarity of the Great Powers by complaining of the warlike attitude of Servia and Bulgaria—a protest which would find a humorous counterpart in that of the United States against the present attitude of Hayti and St. Domingo.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE opposition of the Japanese nobles to the opening of the ports of Osaka and Hiogo to foreigners culminated on January 25 in a serious revolt which resulted in the temporary overthrow of the government. Several months since Stots-Bashi, the Tycoon who made the treaty opening these ports, was compelled to resign in favor of another Prince of the Daimios, or royal houses. This new Tycoon has made himself equally obnoxious to the other Princes—Satsuma, Cholsa, and Toso—and on January 25 they seized his person and assumed the reins of government. Stots-Bashi fled to Osaka, where he endeavored to raise a force to put down the rebellion. The foreign ministers in Japan have declined to interfere in the quarrel, although foreign interests are much involved in it.

The Turks are much distressed at the appearance of the United States steamer *Ticonderoga* on the coast of Crete, and have it that the whole squadron of Admiral Farragut is to rendezvous in the Grecian Archipelago. "Farragut's flag" in the Mediterranean, it seems, is giving great trouble to both Papacy and Porte.

Sir David Brewster, inventor of the kaleidoscope, and for many years past distinguished as a savant, died on February 10, 1868, aged 87 years.

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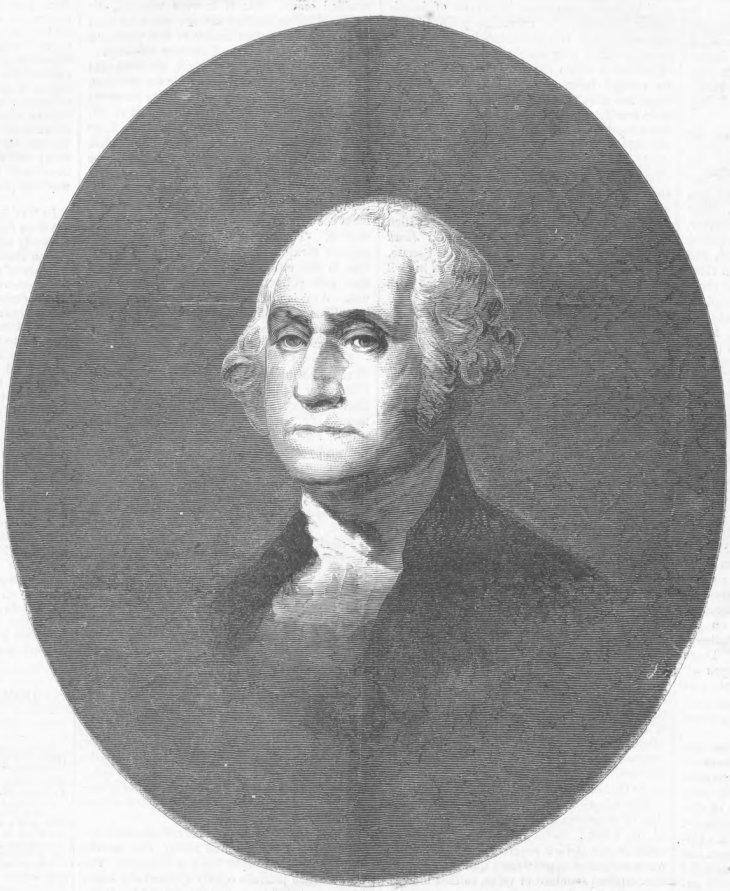
STUART'S WASHINGTON.

A YEAR since we presented to the readers of the *Weekly* a large engraving of the head of MARTHA WASHINGTON, by GILBERT CHARLES STUART; we now give, as its companion picture, an exact representation of the head of WASHINGTON by the same artist. The original paintings from which these engravings were made now hang in the Boston Athenæum, and form a principal attraction of that place. These portraits are really the basis for all the likenesses which we have of WASHINGTON and his wife, and, as the standard portraits of the illustrious pair, they are of course invaluable.



STUART'S PORTRAIT OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY WHIPPLE, BOSTON.]

RELIEVING THE POOR.

WE said a few weeks ago that there was no real necessity for reminding our readers of the great distress among the poor of the city and country, for our citizens appear to be alive to it. The engravings on this page are not, therefore, intended as reminders, but are chronicles of what the charitable are doing. They illustrate the good works of the Young Men's Christian Association. The first shows the appearance of the crowd which is to be seen daily in front of the head-quarters of the Association at No. 69 Ludlow Street. They are entering the building to partake of the meal which is daily set for the benefit of such worthy poor people as need a dinner. About 500 persons are fed daily at this institution. The second cut shows the scene within the house at the hour for distributing soup to families.—Large numbers of children attend at the building at this time, and soup is served out to them by the pailful, which they carry home to their parents.

THE LAST OF MAXIMILIAN.

JUST four years ago MAXIMILIAN of Miramar received with great honors and magnificence, at his castle near Trieste, the Mexican deputation which came to offer him the crown of Mexico; and when, on April 10, he accepted, in a brief speech, he was greeted with shouts of "God save the Emperor MAXIMILIAN I.!" and with salvos of artillery from the Castle of Miramar and the town of Trieste. The body of the unfortunate Prince was received at Trieste on January 16 last, with equal pomp, but of a less joyous character. Our engraving on page 137 illustrates the last of these memorable receptions, and completes the story of the chief victim of LOUIS NAPOLEON:

"The town of Trieste was clad in mourning," writes an eye-witness of the scene; "the stores were closed, funeral knells were rung from all the churches, salvos of artillery were fired at the port, the castle, and the vessels, and a concourse of the people flocked to the mole where the body was to be landed. The civil and military authorities, the dignitaries of the empire, the deputies of the Diet of Agram, with the Bishop of Sole at their head, and other officials, were at their post. On the arrival of the Imperial family, represented by the Archdukes CHARLES, LOUIS VICTOR, LEOPOLD, and ERNEST, the shallop that bore the coffin cast off from the *Novara* at 9.30 A.M., and, towed by a small tug-boat, moved silently toward the mole of San Carlo.

"All eyes were fixed on the floating coffin. The shallop measured sixty feet in length, and fourteen feet in width. It was ornamented with a silver angel holding two crowns, and a lion couchant. A canopy of black cloth, trimmed with silver fringe and adorned with the crown, covered the catafalque whereon the body reposed. The Mexican coffin had been inclosed in a copper coffin, over which was spread a red velvet pall, embroidered with gold. The Imperial family placed on the coffin a crown with the three inscriptions:

TO THE VALIANT HERO!
TO THE BELOVED BROTHER!
TO THE GOOD CHRISTIAN!

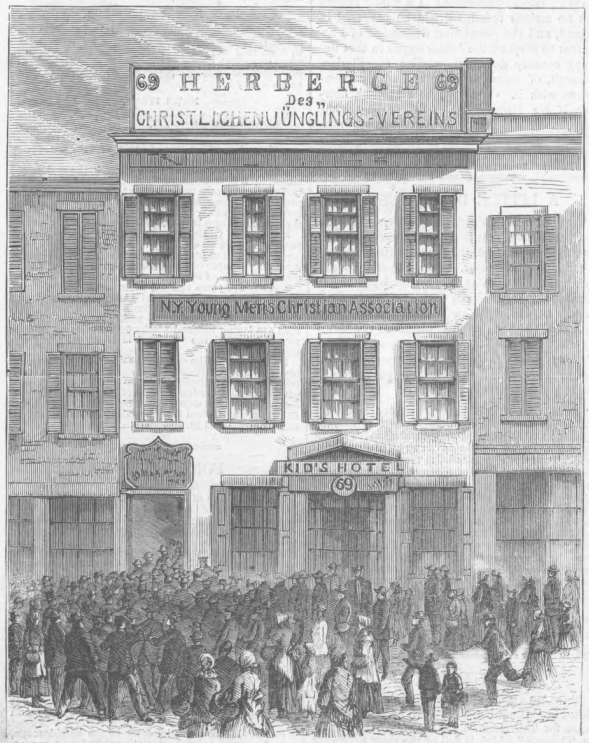
"To the right and left of the coffin, on black velvet cushions embroidered with silver, rested the crown of Mexico, the hat of the Austrian Archduke, and the princely crown, together with the orders of St. Eugene, of the Imperial Eagle, of Guadalupe, and other dignities. Three other crowns also adorned the coffin of the unfortunate Prince; the one presented by the garrison of Queretaro to its Emperor; another presented by the Governor of the Fortress of Gibraltar, and a third given by the officers of the fleet of Pola. Eight officers of the marines, with drawn swords, formed a guard of honor around the body.

"The funeral-boat was preceded by a boat covered with black cloth, carrying the staff officers, followed by other boats manned by the officers who had accompanied the victor of Lissa to Mexico.

"When the floating procession reached the pier the officers of the Imperial marine raised the coffin and placed it on the hurdles prepared for the purpose, after which it was deposited in the magnificent Court funeral-car, which was in waiting close by on the dock. The moment was solemn and affecting, and many eyes were filled with tears. The Bishop of Trieste gave the benediction of the Church, in the presence of an immense multitude, and the procession moved in the following order: The officers of the body-guard surrounding the coffin, with the servants of the Castle of Miramar; then, after the car, came the municipal council, the clergy, the Archdukes, the Vice-Admiral Tegethoff, and the Governor, M. de Bach. At the railroad dépôt a new benediction was given the mortal remains of the Prince, and the cars started for Vienna, where the obsequies were to be celebrated."

BALTIMORE ART SCHOOL.

IT appears from some correspondence elicited by our late illustrated article on the Art Schools of New York that Schools of Design are more general all over the country than is usually supposed. One of these in Baltimore, attached to the Maryland Institute—a most valuable adjunct to the school system of that State—has at this time four hundred and forty-five pupils, male and female. Already forty-four of the graduates of the Baltimore School of Design have received appointments as assistant engineers in the National navy, while others are occupying positions in which they are enabled to give enlightened direction to several of the mechanical arts. But unfortunately Baltimore has no PETER COOPER, alive to the interests of civilization and the necessities of art education, and as enlightened and generous as he is wealthy; and its Institute is at this time compelled to ask a support from the State Legislature, which will not, it is hoped, unwisely refuse.



RELIEVING THE POOR.—THE DINNER HOUR.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

RELIEVING THE POOR.—SERVING SOUP.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

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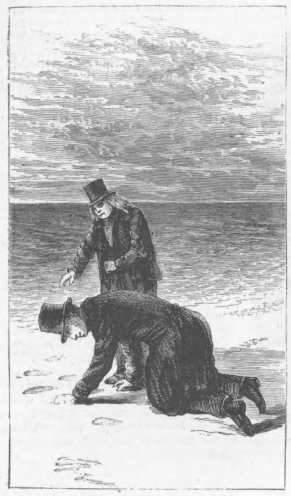
THE MOONSTONE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

Printed from the Author's Manuscript.
RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.



CHAPTER XV.

THE Sergeant remained silent, thinking his own thoughts, till we entered the plantation of firs which led to the quicksand. There he roused himself, like a man whose mind was made up, and spoke to me again.

"Mr. Betteredge," he said, "as you have honored me by taking an oar in my boat, and as you may, I think, be of some assistance to me before the evening is out, I see no use in our mystifying one another any longer, and I propose to set you an example of plain-speaking on my side. You are determined to give me no information to the prejudice of Rosanna Spearman, because she has been a good girl to *you*, and because you pity her heartily. Those humane considerations do you a world of credit, but they happen in this instance to be humane considerations clean thrown away. Rosanna Spearman is not in the slightest danger of getting into trouble—no, not if I fix her with being concerned in the disappearance of the Diamond, on evidence which is as plain as the nose on your face!"

"Do you mean that my lady won't prosecute?" I asked.

"I mean that your lady *can't* prosecute," said the Sergeant. "Rosanna Spearman is simply an instrument in the hands of another person, and Rosanna Spearman will be held harmless for that other person's sake."

He spoke like a man in earnest—there was no denying that. Still, I felt something stirring uneasily against him in my mind. "Can't you give that other person a name?" I said.

"Can't *you*, Mr. Betteredge?"

"No."

Sergeant Cuff stood stock-still, and surveyed me with a look of melancholy interest.

"It's always a pleasure to me to be tender toward human infirmity," he said. "I feel particularly tender at the present moment, Mr. Betteredge, toward you. And you, with the same excellent motive, feel particularly tender toward Rosanna Spearman, don't you? Do you happen to know whether she has had a new outfit of linen lately?"

What he meant by slipping in this extraordinary question unawares I was at a total loss to imagine. Seeing no possible injury to Rosanna if I owned the truth, I answered that the girl had come to us rather sparely provided with linen, and that my lady, in recompense for her good conduct (I laid a stress on her good conduct), had given her a new outfit not a fortnight since.

"This is a miserable world," says the Sergeant. "Human life, Mr. Betteredge, is a sort of target—misfortune is always firing at it, and always hitting the mark. But for that outfit we should have discovered a new night-gown or petticoat among Rosanna's things, and have nailed her in that way. You're not at a loss to follow me, are you? You have examined the servants yourself, and you know what discoveries two of them made outside Rosanna's door. Surely you know what the girl was about yesterday, after she was taken ill? You can't guess? Oh, dear me, it's as plain as that strip of light there at the end of the trees. At eleven, on Thursday morning, Superintendent Seegrave (who is a mass of human infirmity) points out to all the women servants the smear on the door. Rosanna has her own reasons for suspecting her own things; she takes the first opportunity of getting to her room, finds the paint-stain on her night-gown, or petticoat, or what not, shams ill, and slips away to the town, gets the materials for making a new petticoat or night-gown, makes it alone in her room on the Thursday night, lights a fire (not to destroy it; two of her fellow-servants are prying outside her door, and she knows better than to make a smell of burning, and to have a lot of tinder to get rid of)—lights a fire, I say, to dry and iron the substitute dress after wringing it out, keeps the stained dress hidden (probably *on* her), and is at this moment occupied in making away with it, in some convenient place, on that lonely bit of beach ahead of us. I have traced her this evening to your fishing village, and to one particular cottage which we may possibly have to visit before we go back. She stopped in the cottage for some time, and she came out with (as I believe) something hidden under her cloak. A cloak (on a woman's back) is an emblem of charity—it covers a multitude of sins. I saw her set off northward along the coast, after leaving the cottage. Is your sea-shore here considered a fine specimen of marine landscape, Mr. Betteredge?"

I answered, "Yes," as shortly as might be.

"Tastes differ," says Sergeant Cuff. "Looking at it from my point of view, I never saw a marine landscape that I admired less. If you happen to be following another person along your sea-coast, and if that person happens to look round, there isn't a scrap of cover to hide you any where. I had to choose between taking Rosanna in custody on suspicion, or leaving her, for the time being, with her little game in her own hands. For reasons, which I won't trouble you with, I decided on making any sacrifice rather than give the alarm as soon as to-night to a certain person who shall be nameless between us. I came back to the house to ask you to take me to the north end of the beach by another way. Sand—in respect of its printing off people's footsteps—is one of the best detective officers I know. If we don't meet with Rosanna Spearman by coming round on her this way, the sand may tell us what she has been at, if the light only lasts long enough. Here *is* the sand. If you will excuse my suggesting it—suppose you hold your tongue, and let me go first?"

If there is such a thing known at the doctor's shop as a *detective-fever*, that disease had now got fast hold of your humble servant. Sergeant Cuff went on between the hillocks of sand, down to the beach. I followed him (with my heart in my mouth); and waited at a little distance for what was to happen next.

As it turned out, I found myself standing nearly in the same place where Rosanna Spearman and I had been talking together when Mr. Franklin suddenly appeared before us, on arriving at our house from London. While my eyes were watching the Sergeant my mind wandered away in spite of me to what had passed on that former occasion between Rosanna and me. I declare I almost felt the poor thing slip her hand again into mine, and give it a little grateful squeeze to thank me for speaking kindly to her. I declare I almost heard her voice telling me again that the Shivering Sand seemed to draw her to it, against her own will, whenever she went out—almost saw her face brighten again, as it brightened when she first set eyes upon Mr. Franklin coming briskly out on us from among the hillocks. My spirits fell lower and lower as I thought of these things—and the view of the lonesome little bay, when I looked about to rouse myself, only served to make me feel more uneasy still.

The last of the evening light was fading away; and over all the desolate place there hung a still and awful calm. The heave of the main ocean on the great sand-bank out in the bay, was a heave that made no sound. The inner sea lay lost and dim, without a breath of wind to stir it. Patches of nasty ooze floated, yellow-white, on the dead surface of the water. Scum and slime shone faintly in certain places, where the last of the light still caught them on the two great spits of rock jutting out, north and south, into the sea. It was now the time of the turn of the tide; and even as I stood there waiting, the broad brown face of the quicksand began to dimple and quiver—the only moving thing in all the horrid place.

I saw the Sergeant start as the shiver of the sand caught his eye. After looking at it for a minute or so he turned and came back to me.

"A treacherous place, Mr. Betteredge," he said; "and no signs of Rosanna Spearman any where on the beach, look where you may."

He took me down lower on the shore, and I saw for myself that his footsteps and mine were the only footsteps printed off on the sand.

"How does the fishing village bear, standing where we are now?" asked Sergeant Cuff.

"Cobb's Hole," I answered (that being the name of the place), "bears as near as may be due south."

"I saw the girl this evening, walking northward along the shore, from Cobb's Hole," said the Sergeant. "Consequently, she must have been walking toward this place. Is Cobb's Hole on the other side of that point of land there? And can we get to it—now it's low-water—by the beach?"

I answered, "Yes," to both those questions.

"If you'll excuse my suggesting it, we'll step out briskly," says the Sergeant. "I want to find the place where she left the shore before it gets dark."

We had walked, I should say, a couple of hundred yards toward Cobb's Hole, when Sergeant Cuff suddenly went down on his knees on the beach, to all appearance seized with a sudden frenzy for saying his prayers.

"There's something to be said for your marine landscape here, after all," remarked the Sergeant. "Here are a woman's footsteps, Mr. Betteredge! Let us call them Rosanna's footsteps, until we find evidence to the contrary that we can't resist. Very confused footsteps, you will please to observe—purposely confused, I should say. Ah, poor soul, she understands the detective virtues of sand as well as I do! But hasn't she been in rather too great a hurry to tread out the marks thoroughly? I think she has. Here's one footstep going *from* Cobb's Hole; and here is another going back to it. Isn't that the toe of her shoe pointing straight to the water's edge? And don't I see two heel-marks further down the beach, close at the water's edge also? I don't want to hurt your feelings, but I'm afraid Rosanna is sly. It looks as if she had determined to get to that place you and I have just come from, without leaving any marks on the sand to trace her by. Shall we say that she walked through the water from this point till she got to that ledge of rocks behind us, and came back the same way, and then took to the beach again where those two heel-marks are still left? Yes, we'll say that. It seems to fit in with my notion that she had something under her cloak when she left the cottage. No! not something to destroy—for, in that case, where would have been the need of all these precautions to prevent my tracing the place at which her walk ended? Something to hide is, I think, the better guess of the two. Perhaps, if we go on to the cottage, we may find out what that something is!"

At this proposal my detective-fever suddenly cooled. "You don't want me," I said. "What good can I do?"

"The longer I know you, Mr. Betteredge," said the Sergeant, "the more virtues I discover. Modesty—oh, dear me, how rare modesty is in this world! and how much of that rarity you possess! If I go alone to the cottage the people's tongues will be tied at the first question I put to them. If I go with you I go introduced by a justly respected neighbor, and a flow of conversation is the necessary result. It strikes me in that light; how does it strike you?"

Not having an answer of the needful smartness as ready as I could have wished, I tried to gain time by asking him what cottage he wanted to go to.

On the Sergeant describing the place I recognized it as a cottage inhabited by a fisherman named Yolland, with his wife and two grown-up children, a son and a daughter. If you will look back, you will find that, in first presenting Rosanna Spearman to your notice, I have described her as occasionally varying her walk to the Shivering Sand by a visit to some friends of hers at Cobb's Hole. Those friends were the Yollands—respectable, worthy people, a credit to the neighborhood. Rosanna's acquaintance with them had begun by means of the daughter, who was afflicted with a misshapen foot, and who was known in our parts by the name of Limping Lucy. The two deformed girls had, I suppose, a kind of fellow-feeling for each other. Any way, the Yollands and Rosanna always appeared to get on together, at the few chances they had of meeting, in a pleasant and friendly manner. The fact of Sergeant Cuff having traced the girl to *their* cottage set the matter of my helping his inquiries in quite a new light. Rosanna had merely gone where she was in the habit of going; and to show that she had been in company with the fisherman and his family was as good as to prove that she had been innocently occupied, so far, at any rate. It would be doing that girl a service, therefore, instead of an injury, if I allowed myself to be convinced by Sergeant Cuff's logic. I professed myself convinced by it accordingly.

We went on to Cobb's Hole, seeing the footsteps on the sand, as long as the light lasted.

On reaching the cottage, the fisherman and his son proved to be out in the boat; and Limping Lucy, always weak and weary, was resting on her bed up stairs. Good Mrs. Yolland received us alone in her kitchen. When she heard that Sergeant Cuff was a celebrated character in London, she clapped a bottle of Dutch gin and a couple of clean pipes on the table, and stared as if she could never see enough of him.

I sat quiet in a corner, waiting to hear how the Sergeant would find his way to the subject of Rosanna Spearman. His usual roundabout manner of going to work proved, on this occasion, to be more roundabout than ever. How he managed it is more than I could tell at the time, and more than I can tell now. But this is certain, he began with the Royal Family, the Primitive Methodists, and the price of fish; and he got from that (in his dismal, underground way) to the loss of the Moonstone, the spitefulness of our first house-maid, and the hard behavior of the women-servants generally toward Rosanna Spearman. Having reached his subject in this fashion, he described himself as making his inquiries about the lost Diamond, partly with a view to find it, and partly for the purpose of clearing Rosanna from the unjust suspicions of her enemies in the house. In about a quarter of an hour from the time when we entered the kitchen good Mrs. Yolland was persuaded that she was talking to Rosanna's best friend, and was pressing Sergeant Cuff to comfort his stomach and revive his spirits out of the Dutch bottle.

Being firmly persuaded that the Sergeant was wasting his breath to no purpose on Mrs. Yolland, I sat enjoying the talk between them, much as I have sat, in my time, enjoying a stage play. The great Cuff showed a wonderful patience; trying his luck drearily this way and that way, and firing shot after shot, as it were, at random, on the chance of hitting the mark. Every thing to Rosanna's credit, nothing to Rosanna's prejudice—that was how it ended, try as he might; with Mrs. Yolland talking nineteen to the dozen, and placing the most entire confidence in him. His last effort was made, when we had looked at our watches, and had got on our legs previous to taking leave.

"I shall now wish you good-night, ma'am," says the Sergeant. "And I shall only say, at parting, that Rosanna Spearman has a sincere well-wisher in myself, your obedient servant. But, oh dear me! she will never get on in her

"WEIGH IT IN YOUR HAND, SIR," SHE SAID TO THE SERGEANT.

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present place; and my advice to her is—leave it."

"Bless your heart alive! she is *going* to leave it!" cries Mrs. Yolland. (Nota Bene—I translate Mrs. Yolland out of the Yorkshire language into the English language. When I tell you that the all-accomplished Cuff was every now and then puzzled to understand her until I helped him, you will draw your own conclusions as to what *your* state of mind would be if I reported her in her native tongue.)

Rosanna Spearman going to leave us! I pricked up my ears at that. It seemed strange, to say the least of it, that she should have given no warning, in the first place, to my lady or to me. A certain doubt came up in my mind whether Sergeant Cuff's last random shot might not have hit the mark. I began to question whether my share in the proceedings was quite as harmless a one as I had thought it. It might be all in the way of the Sergeant's business to mystify an honest woman by wrapping her round in a network of lies; but it was my duty to have remembered, as a good Protestant, that the father of lies is the Devil—and that mischief and the Devil are never far apart. Beginning to smell mischief in the air, I tried to take Sergeant Cuff out. He sat down again instantly, and asked for a last little drop of comfort out of the Dutch bottle. Mrs. Yolland sat down opposite to him, and gave him his nip. I went on to the door, excessively uncomfortable, and said I thought I must bid them good-night—and yet I didn't go.

"So she means to leave?" says the Sergeant. "What is she to do when she does leave? Sad, sad! The poor creature has got no friends in the world except you and me."

"Ah, but she has though!" says Mrs. Yolland. "She came in here, as I told you, this evening; and, after sitting and talking a little with my girl Lucy and me, she asked to go up stairs by herself into Lucy's room. It's the only room in our place where there's pen and ink. 'I want to write a letter to a friend,' she says, 'and I can't do it for the prying and the peeping of the servants up at the house.' Who the letter was written to I can't tell you: it must have been a mortal long one, judging by the time she stopped up stairs over it. I offered her a postage stamp when she came down. She hadn't got the letter in her hand, and she didn't accept the stamp. A little close, poor soul (as you know), about herself and her doings. But a friend she has got somewhere, I can tell you; and to that friend, you may depend upon it, she will go."

"Soon?" asked the Sergeant.

"As soon as she can," says Mrs. Yolland.

Here I stepped in again from the door. As chief of my lady's establishment I couldn't allow this sort of loose talk about a servant of ours going or not going to proceed any longer in my presence without noticing it.

"You must be mistaken about Rosanna Spearman," I said. "If she had been going to leave her present situation she would have mentioned it, in the first place, to *me*."

"Mistaken?" cries Mrs. Yolland. "Why, only an hour ago she bought some things she wanted for traveling—of my own self, Mr. Betteredge, in this very room. And that reminds me," says the wearisome woman, suddenly beginning to feel in her pocket, "of something I've got it on my mind to say about Rosanna and her money. Are you either of you likely to see her when you go back to the house?"

"I'll take a message to the poor thing, with the greatest pleasure," answered Sergeant Cuff, before I could put in a word edgewise.

Mrs. Yolland produced out of her pocket a few shillings and sixpences, and counted them out with a most particular and exasperating carefulness in the palm of her hand. She offered the money to the Sergeant, looking mighty loth to part with it all the while.

"Might I ask you to give this back to Rosanna, with my love and respects?" says Mrs. Yolland. "She insisted on paying me for the one or two things she took a fancy to this evening—and money's welcome enough in our house, I don't deny it. Still, I'm not easy in my mind about taking the poor thing's little savings. And to tell you the truth, I don't think my man would like to hear that I had taken Rosanna Spearman's money when he comes back to-morrow morning from his work. Please say she's heartily welcome to the things she bought of me—as a gift. And don't leave the money on the table," says Mrs. Yolland, putting it down suddenly before the Sergeant, as if it burnt her fingers—"don't, there's a good man! For times are hard, and flesh is weak; and I *might* feel tempted to put it back in my pocket again."

"Come along!" I said. "I can't wait any longer; I must go back to the house."

"I'll follow you directly," says Sergeant Cuff.

For the second time I went to the door; and, for the second time, try as I might, I couldn't cross the threshold.

"It's a delicate matter, ma'am," I heard the Sergeant say, "giving money back. You charged her cheap for the things, I'm sure?"

"Cheap!" says Mrs. Yolland. "Come and judge for yourself."

She took up the candle and led the Sergeant to a corner of the kitchen. For the life of me I couldn't help following them. Shaken down in the corner was a heap of odds and ends (mostly old metal) which the fisherman had picked up at different times from wrecked ships, and which he hadn't found a market for yet to his own mind. Mrs. Yolland dived into this rubbish, and brought up an old japanned tin case, with a cover to it, and a hasp to hang it up by—the sort of thing they use on board ship for keeping their maps and charts, and such like, from the wet.

"There!" says she. "When Rosanna came in this evening, she bought the fellow to that. 'It will just do,' she says, 'to put my cuffs and collars in, and keep them from being crumpled in my box.' One and ninepence, Mr. Cuff. As I live by bread, not a half-penny more!"

"Dirt cheap!" says the Sergeant, with a heavy sigh.

He weighed the case in his hand. I thought I heard a note or two of The Last Rose of Summer as he looked at it. There was no doubt now! He had made another discovery to the prejudice of Rosanna Spearman in the place of all others where I thought her character was safest, and all through me! I leave you to imagine what I felt, and how sincerely I repented having been the medium of introduction between Mrs. Yolland and Sergeant Cuff.

"That will do," I said. "We really must go."

Without paying the least attention to me Mrs. Yolland took another dive into the rubbish, and came up out of it, this time, with a dog chain.

"Weigh it in your hand, Sir," she said, to the Sergeant. "We had three of these; and Rosanna has taken two of them. 'What can you want, my dear, with a couple of dog's chains?' says I. 'If I join them together they'll go round my box nicely,' says she. 'Rope's cheapest,' says I. 'Chain's surest,' says she. 'Who ever heard of a box corded with chain?' says I. 'Oh, Mrs. Yolland, don't make objections!' says she; 'let me have my chains!' A strange girl, Mr. Cuff—good as gold, and kinder than a sister to my Lucy—but always a little strange. There! I humored her. Three and sixpence. On the word of an honest woman, three *and* sixpence, Mr. Cuff!"

"Each?" says the Sergeant.

"Both together!" says Mrs. Yolland. "Three and sixpence for the two."

"Given away, ma'am," says the Sergeant, shaking his head. "Clean given away!"

"There's the money," says Mrs. Yolland, getting back sideways to the little heap of silver on the table, as if it drew her in spite of herself. "The tin case and the dog chains were all she bought, and all she took away. One and ninepence and three and sixpence—total, five and three. With my love and respects—and I can't find it in my conscience to take a poor girl's savings, when she may want them herself."

"I can't find it in *my* conscience, ma'am, to give the money back," says Sergeant Cuff. "You have as good as made her a present of the things—you have indeed."

"Is that your sincere opinion, Sir?" says Mrs. Yolland, brightening up wonderfully.

"There can't be a doubt about it," answered the Sergeant. "Ask Mr. Betteredge."

It was no use asking *me*. All they got out of *me* was, "Good-night."

"Bother the money!" says Mrs. Yolland. With those words she appeared to lose all command over herself; and, making a sudden snatch at the heap of silver, put it back, holus-bolus, in her pocket. "It upsets one's temper, it does, to see it lying there, and nobody taking it," cries this unreasonable woman, sitting down with a thump, and looking at Sergeant Cuff, as much as to say, "It's in my pocket again now—get it out if you can!"

This time I not only went to the door but went fairly out on the road back. Explain it how you may, I felt as if one or both of them had mortally offended me. Before I had taken three steps down the village I heard the Sergeant behind me.

"Thank you for your introduction, Mr. Betteredge," he said. "I am indebted to the fisherman's wife for an entirely new sensation. Mrs. Yolland has puzzled me."

It was on the tip of my tongue to have given him a sharp answer, for no better reason than this—that I was out of temper with him, because I was out of temper with myself. But when he owned to being puzzled, a comforting doubt crossed my mind whether any great harm had been done after all. I waited in discreet silence to hear more.

"Yes," says the Sergeant, as if he was actually reading my thoughts in the dark. "Instead of putting me on the scent, it may console you to know, Mr. Betteredge (with your interest in Rosanna), that you have been the means of throwing me off. What the girl has done to-night is clear enough, of course. She has joined the two chains, and has fastened them to the hasp in the tin case. She has sunk the case, in the water or in the quicksand. She has made the loose end of the chain fast to some place under the rocks, known only to herself. And she will leave the case secure at its anchorage till the present proceedings have come to an end; after which she can privately pull it up again out of its hiding-place, at her own leisure and convenience. All perfectly plain, so far. But," says the Sergeant, with the first tone of impatience in his voice that I had heard yet, "the mystery is—what the devil has she hidden in the tin case?"

I thought to myself, "The Moonstone!" But I only said to Sergeant Cuff, "Can't you guess?"

"It's not the Diamond," says the Sergeant. "The whole experience of my life is at fault if Rosanna Spearman has got the Diamond."

On hearing those words the infernal detective-fever began, I suppose, to burn in me again. At any rate, I forgot myself in the interest of guessing this new riddle. I said rashly, "The stained dress!"

Sergeant Cuff stopped short in the dark, and laid his hand on my arm.

"Is any thing thrown into that quicksand of yours ever thrown up on the surface again?" he asked.

"Never," I answered. "Light or heavy, whatever goes into the Shivering Sand is sucked down and seen no more."

"Does Rosanna Spearman know that?"

"She knows it as well as I do."

"Then," says the Sergeant, "what on earth has she got to do but to tie up a bit of stone in the stained dress and throw it into the quicksand? There isn't the shadow of a reason why she should have hidden it—and yet she *must* have hidden it. Query," says the Sergeant, walking on again, "is the paint-stained dress a petticoat or a night-gown? or is it something else which there is a reason for preserving at any risk? Mr. Betteredge, if nothing occurs to prevent it, I must go to Frizinghall to-morrow, and discover what she bought in the town, when she privately got the materials for making the substitute dress. It's a risk to leave the house as things are now—but it's a worse risk still to stir another step in this matter in the dark. Excuse my being a little out of temper; I'm degraded in my own estimation—I have let Rosanna Spearman puzzle me."

When we got back the servants were at supper. The first person we saw in the outer yard was the policeman whom Superintendent Seegrave had left at the Sergeant's disposal. The Sergeant asked if Rosanna Spearman had returned. Yes. When? Nearly an hour since. What had she done? She had gone up stairs to take off her bonnet and cloak—and she was now at supper quietly with the rest.

Without making any remark Sergeant Cuff walked on, sinking lower and lower in his own estimation, to the back of the house. Missing the entrance in the dark he went on (in spite of my calling to him) till he was stopped by a wicket-gate which led into the garden. When I joined him to bring him back by the right way I found that he was looking up attentively at one particular window, on the bedroom floor, at the back of the house.

Looking up in my turn I discovered that the object of his contemplation was the window of Miss Rachel's room, and that lights were passing backward and forward there as if something unusual was going on.

"Isn't that Miss Verinder's room?" asked Sergeant Cuff.

I replied that it was, and invited him to go in with me to supper. The Sergeant remained in his place, and said something about enjoying the smell of the garden at night. I left him to his enjoyment. Just as I was turning in at the door I heard The Last Rose of Summer at the wicket-gate. Sergeant Cuff had made another discovery! And my young lady's window was at the bottom of it this time!

That latter reflection took me back again to the Sergeant, with a polite intimation that I could not find it in my heart to leave him by himself. "Is there any thing you don't understand up there?" I added, pointing to Miss Rachel's window.

Judging by his voice, Sergeant Cuff had suddenly risen again to the right place in his own estimation. "You are great people for betting in Yorkshire, are you not?" he asked.

"Well?" I said. "Suppose we are?"

"If I was a Yorkshireman," proceeded the Sergeant, taking my arm, "I would lay you an even sovereign, Mr. Betteredge, that your young lady has suddenly resolved to leave the house. If I won on that event, I should offer to lay another sovereign that the idea has occurred to her within the last hour."

The first of the Sergeant's guesses startled me. The second mixed itself up somehow in my head with the report we had heard from the policeman, that Rosanna Spearman had returned from the sands within the last hour. The two together had a curious effect on me as we went in to supper. I shook off Sergeant Cuff's arm, and, forgetting my manners, pushed by him through the door to make my own inquiries for myself.

Samuel, the footman, was the first person I met in the passage.

"Her ladyship is waiting to see you and Sergeant Cuff," he said, before I could put any questions to him.

"How long has she been waiting?" asked the Sergeant's voice behind me.

"For the last hour, Sir."

There it was again! Rosanna had come back; Miss Rachel had taken some resolution out of the common; and my lady had been waiting to see the Sergeant—all within the last hour! It was not pleasant to find these very different persons and things linking themselves together in this way. I went on up stairs, without looking at Sergeant Cuff or speaking to him. My hand took a sudden fit of trembling as I lifted it to knock at my mistress's door.

"I shouldn't be surprised," whispered the Sergeant over my shoulder, "if a scandal was to burst up in the house to-night. Don't be alarmed! I have put the muzzle on worse family difficulties than this in my time."

As he said the words I heard my mistress's voice calling to us to come in.

MY VALENTINE'S STORY.

PART I.

HOW I MET MY VALENTINE.

I WAS at Combe Minor, which had been my home from my birth. My father had died seven years before last Valentine's Day, and left my mother, with a daughter by her first husband just ten years my senior, and myself. Seven years ago from last Valentine's Day I was sixteen years of age, and Julia Moore, my step-sister, was six-and-twenty. But my father had a son by an earlier marriage, and when this son came to take possession of Combe Minor he came as a widower, bringing Bertrand, Oliver, and Jack with him. A year after our father's death my half-brother married Julia Moore; and a year before the day when I stood, as I have said, on the door-step of Combe Minor, my mother had married her third husband, Sir Godfrey Selby, and they were keeping St. Valentine's Day in Northumberland, amidst wind and snow. No wonder that, on every account, I preferred the soft Devonshire air and the sweet flowers of our sunny home. So I was twenty-three and Bertrand was fifteen, and not my Valentine, because he was my nephew: and so we started on our early walk. There was a winding drive by the edge of the wood, where rock cropped out, and holly glittered, and the willow had begun to show golden buds. This drive led by the moss well and the old quarry, so picturesquely planted with larch, to the north lodge; and Bertie and I trod the way gayly, our steps making crisp echoing sounds in the clear, frosty air, and the birds singing in the sun that set all Nature sparkling.

The old fancy, that the first man we met was to be my Valentine for the ensuing year, made fun for Bertie, who, being a very merry-hearted, and also a very clever boy, kept me laughing in spite of the mock indignation with which I had to meet some of his most daring imaginations.

"You'll never be married this year. Oh, Gracey! 'Nobody coming to marry me, nobody coming to woo!' Eh! who's that?"

We had just caught sight of the lodge, and we saw a stranger standing, as if irresolute. The stranger then knocked at the lodge-door and walked in.

"Now, fair play, dear, good, unfortunate Aunt Gracey. It won't do unless he comes out, and walks on, and meets us honestly. The first you *meet*, not *see*. You are out of luck—you are—no!"

And here the stranger reappeared, and walked toward us quite as unwaveringly and with as much intention as could be expected of any Valentine under any circumstances throughout the whole "West Countrie."

"All right!" said Bertie, in a low voice; "don't flinch. Bear up bravely, Gracey. I'll stand by you. It will be all over in a moment. Look him in the face, that you may know him again."

I could have beaten the boy for the drollery he threw into his small impertinences, for I could not keep my face grave, and the stranger was a fine, tall, handsome-looking man, walking straight in the middle of the road, and inspecting us with very evident attention.

"Hold your tongue, Bertie!"

"Don't be agitated—keep your self-possession. Trust in me—guide, philosopher, and friend!"

Here we were brought to a stand suddenly by the stranger stopping close before us and saying, "Bertrand Lawrence! I know your name. I asked at the lodge." Then he took off his hat to me.

My Valentine looked five-and-thirty years of age, with a face a good deal bronzed, and very dark hair. He had a mustache but no whisker nor beard; he was what any body might call handsome, and he had an indescribable look of power about him. I don't mean bodily strength, though he had that too. But he had a certain sweetness of expression on his somewhat massive face, as if he was gentle with the gentleness of one who could play with life because he had tamed it into submission to him. All this struck me as he lifted his hat, and said, "Miss Lawrence." Then he went on, speaking to Bertie. "Is your father at home? I am called Deverel—James Deverel. Do you know my name?"

"Major Deverel is expected on a visit to my father next week."

"Yes. I wrote and said I would come. I was then engaged this week to the Robertsons, near Torquay. But they telegraphed to me at Lord Marston's to say they had illness in the house, and had been put in quarantine—couldn't have me. So I came here straight. It will be an early 'morning-call' if you can't take me in. I have left my luggage at the station."

By this time Major Deverel was walking with us toward the house. He soon said, "Do you always walk as early as this, Miss Lawrence?"

I could not help stammering; but Bertie spoke honestly. "It's the best joke in the world. We made an engagement last night to walk out together to-day early. Valentine's Day, you know. The first man Aunt Grace met was to be her Valentine. We west-country people believe all kinds of superstitions, and that is one. We promised to tell the truth to Oliver and Jack, which was but fair, as we had refused their company. Now we shall carry you back as proof positive; the Valentine not only seen, but captured and brought home. You are Grace's Valentine, Major Deverel, and I hope you will do your year's service properly."

Major Deverel stood still. He looked at Bertie, and he looked at me. "I had never thought of it!" he said. "Valentine's Day! Well, so it is! Valentine's Day—never thought of it once, even."

His manner was very strange. I saw that it was provocative of Bertie's mirth, so I began to talk to Major Deverel of Devonshire customs, and the odd fancies that we kept in remembrance in our old-fashioned place.

Major Deverel got as good a welcome as any man could have desired. He and my brother had been at school together. My brother had gone to Cambridge, then to the bar, and had been going the Western Circuit, when his friend, Frank Deverel, had been through hard fighting in India. They had seen each other but seldom, but had corresponded without intermission; and now it was pleasant to see my brother of forty years of age and his friend, a few years younger, standing with grasped hands, looking in each other's faces, recalling old memories, both very happy in the old friendship so faithfully cherished and so suddenly gratified by this pleasant appearance on Valentine's Day.

We had breakfast; and after breakfast I heard Major Deverel say how strangely fast my brother had seemed to run through life—only forty, and twice married; with three boys, and an eldest son shooting up into manhood. "Why, *my* life," he said, "has got to begin—my *home* life, I mean;

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at least, I hope so. After all," he said, "the great struggle of youth carried into battle-fields full of danger, fuller of thought, and a responsibility that shuts *self* out of one's mind, is not the life that a man looks forward to. The patriarchal vine-and-fig-tree life advances upon one in a sort of vision, and claims one's sympathy. Yes," he added, thoughtfully, "and comes in some of men's best moments, I think." I felt quite touched. I confessed that my Valentine entertained some most admirable sentiments. "But I should not have liked to begin so early, though," he said, with an honesty of tone and manner that made me hate him. In fact, before luncheon-time Major Deverel had greatly puzzled me, and I had said to myself, "There is something odd about him." He kept on betraying the drollest sort of interest in this Valentine's Day, and once, in the most unaccountable manner, wondered what would happen before the end of it.

"Nothing more extraordinary than an assemblage of friends in the evening," said Julia, with her pretty, quiet, captivating smile. I was pleased to see that Major Deverel admired her.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "a party of friends; would you tell me all about them?"

And then he sat down by Julia's work-table, and cut open the leaves of a book in a peculiarly careful and knowing way, which made me, once more, entertain a good opinion of my Valentine. He heard about Lawsons and Robertses, Colvilles, Drakes, and Markingtons; and asked questions as to sex, age, family, fortune—once more he was growing unaccountably odd; and once more he wondered out loud that it should be Valentine's Day. "Valentine's Day! Never thought of it!" and when he ended by saying, with every mark of astonishment, "And eighteen hundred and sixty-six, too," I really thought him crazy.

Before dinner I had been both charmed and bewildered by our new guest several times. I liked, I disliked, I wondered; but with all I think I admired.

When we had assembled for dinner in our smart clothes I thought Major Deverel the finest-looking man I had ever seen—my Valentine was a man to be proud of. We ladies left the dinner-table early, for we had some little arrangements to make for the entertainment of the guests who were expected in the evening. We had not been many minutes out of the dining-room when the three boys rushed out, and joined us in the morning-room where our friends were to have tea on their arrival.

"Oh, Grace, he is the best fellow going. He will do any thing—every thing—we will have charades!"

I asked, "Did Major Deverel propose charades?"

"Oh no; you can't get him to propose any thing. I go with the stream on Valentine's Day," he said.

Our boys were very fond of acting, and with very little help from others they and I had got up several successful charades that winter. They were all *impromptu* characters. We fixed on our word and how the syllables should be expressed, and then left all the acting and the dialogue to the inspiration of the moment. I knew the boys wished for charades, and of course I knew they would have all their wishes as far as possible fulfilled. They had been brought up on the very (not over) indulgent principle, and were not the least spoilt by it. So charades we were to have, and Major Deverel was to act with us.

"Had he ever acted?" "Hundreds of times, no doubt." "Had he ever acted *impromptu* charades?" "Nobody knows. But no matter. He agrees to every thing—says he would not advise, nor contradict, nor suggest, nor refuse, nor doubt, nor run away—can you want more than that? Don't be afraid, Gracey. Let us fix on a word."

But I was afraid. Our friends were arriving; a dozen people were in the drawing-room already. I had no idea of making an exhibition of myself with my Valentine, who had several times treated this Valentine's Day as being a serious epoch in his life, and as something to be endured with vague wonderings, and an odd anxiety which he tried to hide with gay words; but which was something quite real, and, as it seemed to me, very plain to see, and altogether impossible to account for.

More carriages, more bell-ringing, more greetings, more tea! My battle with Bertie was lost. I was defeated. We were to have charades; and the first word to be acted was to be *Fearful*, out of compliment to me. "You are in that unreasonable state of agitation that you will scarcely need to act any thing, Gracey." I could only sit and smile; I was beaten, and very amiable under my misfortune.

Now the room in which we acted was a long drawing-room. Standing at the top of this room, if you looked down its length of over thirty-three feet you saw two doors; one was at the end of the room on the right hand and led into a library, the other at the side, as far down as could be, and led into the hall. Our only preparation for our favorite pastime was to bring into the room two large screens. They were so placed as to divide off the end of the room which was to be our stage, and to hide the two doors by which we came on and went off. The middle space between the screens was marked off by a row of wax-lights on the floor, and a fence made by long, low, wire guards which had been contrived for the purpose. The only peculiarity of this drawing-room arose from the fact of its having been made by throwing two rooms together, by which means there were two fire-places. One was at the end opposite our stage, the other in the centre of the left-hand side, and opposite the windows. They had grates and chimney-pieces exactly alike, and each had a looking-glass which reached up to the cornice of the room. The glass over the side chimney-piece could be seen perfectly by the actors, and when at the farther end of the stage our "situations" were reflected in it.

Before the charade began I spoke to Major Deverel. "The syllable *fear* is to be a scene with banditti, you know; you are to be just entering the stage from the library. I, and my friends, and our maid, are to come on the stage in a state of terror, the banditti having robbed us and turned us out of our carriage. I rush up to you to save us—and you"—he was listening with the drollest half-smile on his attentive face. I know I looked alarmed for the success of any acting that he might be concerned in, and he read my thoughts exactly.

"Don't be frightened before the time," he said. "I won't arrange any thing. Whatever you may do I shall do exactly as I ought to do. I mean, as I should do if so placed in real life. Now go—Bertie is making signs for you."

What outrageous, silly confidence! And yet he spoke so pleasantly that I could not scold.

Bertie was in full power; a blazing interest in the work to be begun instantly glowed in his handsome face, and he said, "Oh, Major, have you pistols? Ah, you have changed your coat." I then saw that he had a cloak on, and pistols strapped round him. "Your father dressed me," he said. "I have not done any thing myself. I go with the stream this Valentine's Day, and make the best of the place on which the stream may land me; that is all I am going to do."

I can only add to this record of our conversation that I was more puzzled than ever by Major Deverel's words and manner, and found myself on the stage informing my audience, by means of a talk with my friends, that we had left our traveling-carriage for the luxury of an afternoon walk while proceeding toward Naples on an October day.

Off we went, and on came the banditti by the library door behind us. Their evil intentions were announced in the same fashion, and they passed off as we had. The stage was then occupied by Major Deverel, supposed to be on a walking expedition. From the cries of alarm—the clash of weapons—we women rushed back to the stage. The maid on her knees in a paroxysm of fright, the friend fainting on the top of the maid, and I rushing up to Major Deverel crying "Save us!"

Then in a moment a grand tableau was formed. I found myself within the Major's strong left arm; and I confess I struggled, for I had not intended my rush to end in such harborage. But I was a mere feather compared to his strength. With a power which I don't forget he drew me closer to him, and held me caged within the bend of his iron arm. I glanced up to his face. What a face it was! His right arm was stretched out, and the pistol in his hand cowed the chief of the banditti, Master Bertie, who looked mesmerized under the earnest, glowing face, and steady, triumphant eye. No one ever saw a more real thing than Major Deverel's attitude and expression; the curtain dropped amidst immense applause, and I was released with a quiet smile. He put his pistol into his belt, and said, as if to himself, "The queerest thing in the world. I'm glad it's over, though!"

"What is queer, and what is over?" I said—we were rearranging ourselves in the library now. He answered, "By-and-by—by-and-by."

The word "*full*" was acted by a busy postman delivering valentines to a crowd who met him, and from whose full bags they filled pockets, baskets, brown-paper parcels. It was made a very merry scene by the boys and all the young friends, who made the gathering crowd till the stage was full, and the curtain dropped again.

The whole word was a recounting of the banditti danger to a nervous lady excellently acted by Mary Drake, who really worked herself up to a very fearful state while I told the story as well as her nerves allowed and the perpetual interruptions, caused by the remedies she so constantly called for, permitted.

There were two more charades, but the Major's acting—the force, the interest, the expression he had put into his part—formed the topic of the night. Every body had "felt it so!" That was the general experience; it found expression in many words, and the Major's praises reached him of course. All the answer he made was, "I never acted in my life—never took part in any charade before."

PART II.

A SOLDIER'S WOOING.

WHEN all our friends had gone, and we were alone, standing about in the supper-room, my brother told Major Deverel again that he had never seen such acting as in that first charade, adding, "I am very glad we had you to do it."

"So am I," was the brief answer. "But to me it was not acting. For one moment I saw, reflected in the great glass over your side fire-place, the whole scene. It was in every particular the counterpart of something I had seen before. I dare say I looked in earnest. I never felt more solemnly stirred. I never wanted all the courage I could command more than at that moment when you all clapped and praised us. When the curtain dropped, by Jove! how glad I was!"

"Well now I am sure he *is* mad," was my whisper, as I refreshed myself with a glass of wine offered gallantly by Bertie; but Julia seemed to think differently.

"How strange!" she exclaimed. "May we not know all about it? Won't you tell us? You have no idea how real that moment seemed. Do tell us—tell us now."

"If you please," Major Deverel said. So we sat down, and he began.

"It is a very strange story, and I am not going to try to account for it. I shall leave you to do that if you choose to try. I shall tell facts in few words—so here I begin. Some years ago I was at Constantinople. I was with a party of friends, and others joined us. We were all 'on leave' of one sort or other and ready to enjoy ourselves; and we all messed together at a French tavern in the suburb called Pera, where we lived and enjoyed ourselves greatly. We were a party of nine as nearly as I can recollect; English, French, Irish, and Scotch; I was the only Englishman, I know.

"One day I remarked that a very intelligent Scotchman was silent, and apparently distressed, at our dinner; and afterward I was told by a French friend of his, with whom I was walking on the height that overlooks the magnificent harbor and the Golden Horn, that the Scotchman had done a foolish thing—perhaps worse, a wrong thing, explained the Frenchman—he had been in a spirit of fun to ask about his future of a Turk who practiced necromancy, and he had come away sad, silent, and puzzled. It was said that this sorcerer, if he was one, could show in a sort of vision any moment of your future life that you liked to ask for. But if you fixed on a moment in the future beyond the term of your life, you beheld only a hideous blank—I say hideous, because the blank had an effect of the most desolating description on all who beheld it. There was only darkness and nothingness. The end of the room seemed to be gone, and all things gone with it; and some strong men had been said to have fainted when this revelation of utter loss had been made to them. Such a revelation had been suffered by our Scotch friend. He had asked to see what that moment would be on that day two years, and had been answered by the awful darkness I have mentioned. After a day or two I determined to go to this sorcerer myself. I told my French friend, who tried, but in vain, to dissuade me. I would not listen. He refused to go with me, so I took an Irishman, a general favorite, with me. He was called O'Neil. I don't know why I went. I think I felt it would do Patterson, the Scotchman, good if a few of us were in a similar predicament with himself. I know I had no belief whatever in these prophetic visions being true. O'Neil and I paid our visit to the 'Wise Man' on Valentine's Day. It was at night—or rather in the evening—in fact, just before nine o'clock. No difficulty of any kind was made. I put down gold—half a sovereign, for I was going to do it as cheaply as I could. He said, 'Double that; you will require more than one vision.' I said shortly that I only wanted one; and that O'Neil would be with me. He told me to take back the gold, for to have O'Neil with me was impossible. I agreed then to go by myself, and we went up stairs. The man lived in such a house as the more opulent Turks inhabit—built round a court, where a fountain played very lazily. I remember that the drip of the water seemed to add to the strange silence in this man's dwelling rather than to disturb it. Every drop was heard so perfectly, telling of the unnatural quiet, as the ticking of a clock tells of the silent passage of time. We went through the court together, up a great marble staircase, and through a passage where the walls were painted and inlaid in places with ivory, jasper, and mother-o'-pearl in the most tasteless, ignorant way. We got at last into a great room like a gallery, perfectly dark except for a circle of small lamps that burned about two feet from the floor in the centre of the room, as nearly as I could guess. In a moment I got accustomed to the dim light, and then I saw that the 'Wise Man' was standing at the very farthest end, and holding out his arm to me. He had before told me only to speak when he spoke to me. Presently he said, 'Ask for the moment you wish to see.' I said, 'This time next year.' I felt the room grow warmer. I perceived a highly fragrant scent as of some sweet wood burning; then the end of the room grew brighter and brighter, something as you may see at sunrise, though the light was less glowing, and then, by degrees, like a thing being revealed out of the wavy light and the receding darkness, I saw a distinct scene—a scene which, but for its perfect stillness, no one could have distinguished from real life. There were two men on the ground; one was dead—I had never seen him then—the other was myself, apparently dying. An Indian was on his knees trying to stanch the blood that flowed from a wound which I could not see. I looked at it steadily. I took in every particular—more people appeared in hazy outlines, and a horse—then the minute was over, and the whole was gone. The man was at my side before I knew that he had left the place where I had last seen him, and he spoke: 'You wish for another?' I said, 'I don't know—wait.' 'Don't speak till you are spoken to. I will ask you again soon.'

"In this silent interval I wondered with myself what it was wisest to do. The question, 'Did I die?'—or 'Shall I die?' I suppose I ought to say—was so strong within me that I felt it would be best, at all risks, to answer it. If the next sight gave me the dismal blank I should know what I feared—if not, I should fear no more. It was best to know. So when I was asked, 'Will you see more?' I said, 'Yes.' 'What moment shall it be?' The voice came again from the farthest corner. I said, 'This time five years.' And it came."

"What came?" asked my brother.

"Why this night—the moment when I held her in with my left arm and pointed my pistol at Bertie."

"Did you see Bertie?"

"I saw only myself and a woman just as she was. I knew the cloak when you put it on me. As I covered the lad with the pistol I caught the flash of the lock in the looking-glass, and one glance gave me the scene complete, myself with my pistol pointed, and your sister in my arms. When I had seen this scene, too, fade away, the sorcerer said, 'You will see another?' But I answered, 'No. I shall carve out my life for myself in spite of you,' and I came away."

"And is this night the very night—the fifth anniversary?"

"Yes, it is. I never thought of it till I met you to-day in the drive, and Bertie said it was Valentine's Day."

"And what of the first scene—did that come to pass?" asked Julia.

"Yes. That very day year at the same hour. I was stationed at Quebec. We had been out on a hunting excursion with some friendly Indians. A hostile tribe knew of us, and some of them on horseback came upon us. One man was killed, and the flow of blood from withdrawing an arrow with which I had been wounded made me so faint that, till an Indian stanched it by making a tourniquet with a handkerchief, I could not be moved. You will not wonder now at my having betrayed my interest in all that to-day might bring to me, and in my saying I would do nothing—that I would go with the stream. I really do believe that, in unbelieving nations, some sort of 'black art' is practiced still."

Here this strange story ended, and we went to bed, and some of us dreamed of it.

The next morning, which was as bright as the preceding one, I met Major Deverel in the hall. It was my office to make breakfast. He stood by me. The clock struck nine.

"About this hour yesterday I met you in the drive. It struck nine when I was making inquiries at the lodge."

There was something odd in his manner, I thought. I said, "My sister and brother are late this morning."

"Tired with my long story?" he said.

"Not very long, but very strange."

"Let's make it as long as we can," he said—"till death us do part?"

And his pleasant, promising eyes were upon me.

"Oh, Major Deverel, it is only *twenty-four hours!* 'A soldier's wooing—'"

"I should like nothing so much in the world!" said a voice—not mine. My brother had come in, and hearing the last words had answered them.

And certainly, before twelve o'clock, I had said a sort of "Yes," but balanced by as many "ifs" as I craftily thought would serve to make it "No" whenever I pleased. And now, as I think of it, I remember that my husband did not pay as much attention to those "ifs" as I intended. He afterward even denied that he had heard them at all.

PLEASANT TALK *vs.* GOOD LOOKS.

HOWEVER much Mr. Carlyle and others (who, by-the-by, are themselves rather voluminous in their literary works—and what are those but Speech set down in writing?) may depreciate talk, it is certain that it is the possession of this faculty which places that gulf between us and the brute creation which Mr. Darwin finds it most difficult to bridge over. It is talk which initiates all our ends; to Love, to Friendship, it is almost always the tongue which is the Gateway. The preservation of a young woman from the pursuit of a mad bull, or the rescue of a fellow-creature from drowning, are opportunities that do not take place in real life so often as in novels. The manly yet conciliatory expression of an opinion, the eloquent eulogy of a pursuit, or the witty defense of a pastime; in short, a few well-chosen words, well spoken, upon any subject, form the best introduction to our fellow-creatures, and do more to attract them to us than any natural advantage, except, indeed, the personal beauty of a woman. It is the knowledge of the power of this latter charm which makes pretty women commonly such foolish Talkers. They have only to show their faces to win at once, not only the audiences of the wise and witty, but (supposing at least they are of the masculine gender) the wise and witty themselves. Why, then, they argue, should we cultivate the powers of speech, when our eyes and lips are more eloquent than others' tongues? A question, however difficult it may be to answer *now* convincingly, to which they will one day receive a terribly conclusive reply.

The good looks of a man, as squinting Wilkes said, only avail him with a woman, against one better skilled in the art of conversation, for the first quarter of an hour; and with one of his own sex, it may be added, for a considerably less space of time. It was not by his pretty spots and gorgeous scales that the serpent persuaded Eve, but by the flicker of his forked tongue. It is much easier to captivate women, however, than to produce a favorable impression on men. The former have almost always some enthusiasm to be sympathized with, some accomplishment to be flattered, and they are eager to exhibit their likes and dislikes; the latter are often undemonstrative, and even suspicious. It is as difficult to please them as to tickle trout.

THE HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES.

BLACKWELL'S ISLAND is at once a prison, an asylum, and a hospital; it has cells for criminals, a garden for the insane, and a temporary tomb for the diseased. When a man has paid the natural penalty of dissipation, and is so bankrupt in health and pocket—incurably diseased and unequivocally poor—that even Death disdains to strike him, he is sent, at the city's expense, to disappear and die at the "Hospital for Incurables" on Blackwell's Island. Several hundred poor shattered wrecks of humanity—male and female—are here provided with refuge—a sort of half-way house between Vanity Fair and Potter's Field. The scene portrayed in our illustration on page 136 is one of frequent occurrence. Visitors to the Hospital are numerous; and most of those who visit the Island carry provisions and other creature comforts for the afflicted residents.

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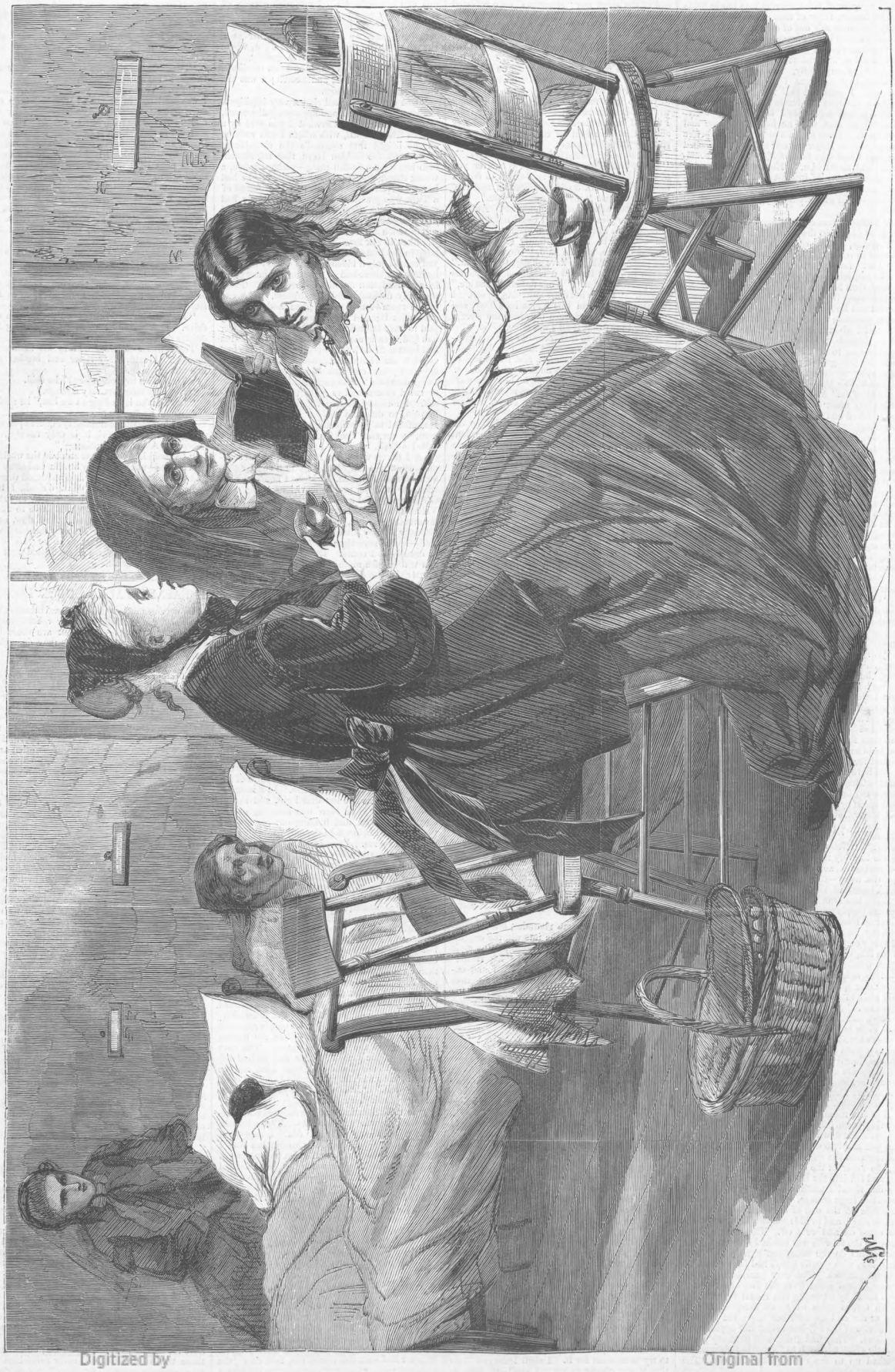

SCENE IN THE HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES ON BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.—SKETCHED BY W. S. L. JEWETT.—[SEE PAGE 135.]

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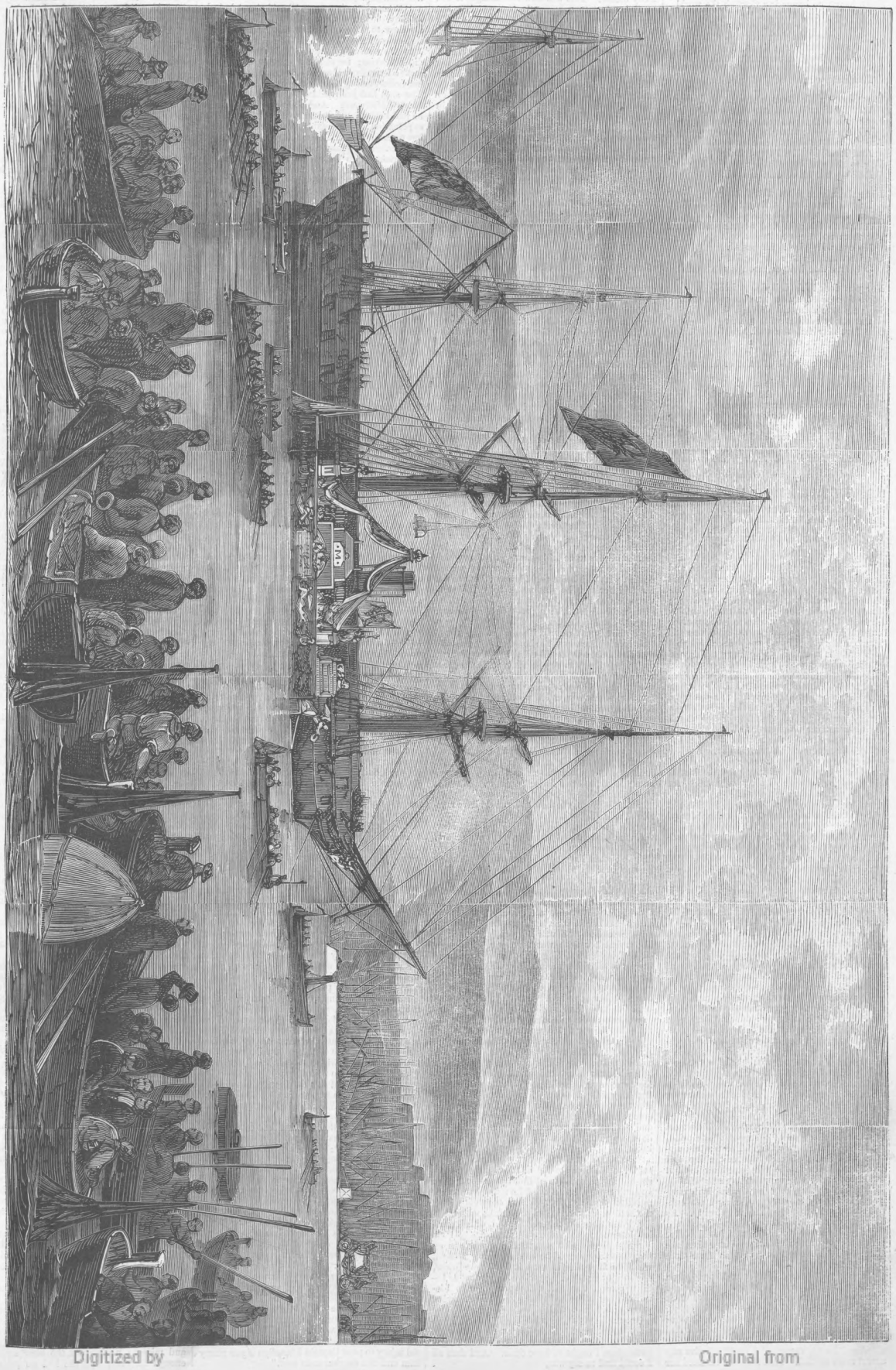

ARRIVAL OF THE BODY OF PRINCE MAXIMILIAN OF MIRAMAR AT TRIESTE, JANUARY 16, 1868.—[SEE PAGE 132.]

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THROUGH THE WORLD.

SOME hearts go hungering through the world
And never find the love they seek;
Some lips with pride or scorn are curled
To hide the pain they may not speak.
The eye may flash, the mouth may smile,
The voice in gladdest music thrill,
And yet beneath them all the while
The hungry heart be pining still.

These know their doom, and walk their way
With level steps and steadfast eyes,
Nor strive with Fate, nor weep, nor pray—
While others, not so sadly wise,
Are mocked by phantoms evermore,
And lured by seemings of delight,
Fair to the eye, but at the core
Holding but bitter dust and blight.

I see them gaze from wistful eyes,
I mark their sign on fading cheeks;
I hear them breathe in smothered sighs,
And note the grief that never speaks:
For them no might redresses wrong,
No eye with pity is impearled.
O misconstrued and suffering long,
O hearts that hunger through the world!

For you does life's dull desert hold
No fountained shade, no date-grove fair,
No gush of waters clear and cold,
But sandy reaches wide and bare.
The foot may fail, the soul may faint,
And weigh to earth the weary frame,
Yet still ye make no weak complaint,
And speak no word of grief or blame.

O eager eyes which gaze afar!
O arms which clasp the empty air!
Not all unmarked your sorrows are,
Not all unpitied your despair.
Smile, patient lips so proudly dumb—
When life's frail tent at last is furled
Your glorious recompense shall come,
O hearts that hunger through the world!

MY NEIGHBOR NELLY.

BY MISS THACKERAY.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART III.

NELLY paid her visit to her godmother, and came back; and spring were into summer, and the trees were all in full foliage again in the Dingle, and the cricketers had returned to the Green; but still Captain Llewellyn was unaccountably detained. Nelly had come home looking much better than when she went away. His name still disturbed her composure I could see; though I don't suppose a stranger who knew nothing of the circumstances would have found it out. And when Martha threatened us with a visit from him her sister shrank up into herself; but otherwise Nelly was much improved. She recovered her cheerful ways; she became the soul of all our friendly parties again. I said to myself that I had been a truer prophet than I had the least hope of; and that she was not the sort of girl to let herself be crushed in any such way. But she never spoke to me of her sister's marriage, nor of her sister's betrothed. I mentioned the matter one day when we were alone, cruelly and of set purpose, to see what she would say. "When your sister is married, and you are married," I said, "it will be very dull both for the Admiral and me."

"I shall never marry," said Nelly, with a sudden closing up and veiling of all her brightness which was more expressive than words. "I don't know about Sister; but you need not weave any such visions for me."

"All girls say so till their time comes," said I, with an attempt to be playful; "but why do you say you don't know about Martha? she must be married before long, of course?"

"I suppose so," said Nelly, and then she stopped short; she would not add another word; but afterward, when we were all together, she broke out suddenly. Martha's conversation at this period was very much occupied with her marriage. I suppose it was quite natural. In my young days girls were shy of talking much on that subject; but things are changed now. Martha talked of it continually: of when dear Ellis could come; of his probable desire that the wedding should take place at once; of her determination to have two months at least to prepare her trousseau; of where they would go after the marriage. She discussed every thing, without the smallest idea, poor girl, of what was passing in the minds of the listeners. At last, after hearing a great deal of this for a long time, Nelly suddenly burst forth:

"How strange it would be, after all, if we were to turn out a couple of old maids!" she cried, "and never to marry at all. The two old sisters! with chairs on each side of the fire, and great authorities in the village. How droll it would be! and not so very unlikely after all."

"Speak for yourself!" cried Martha, indignantly. "It is very unlikely so far as I am concerned. I am as good as married already. As for you, you can do what you please—"

"Yes, I can do what I please," said Nelly, with a curious ring in her voice; and then she added: "But I should not wonder if we were both old maids after all."

"She is very queer," Martha said to me when her sister had left the room, in an aggrieved tone. "She does not mean it, of course; but I don't like it, Mrs. Mulgrave. It does not seem lucky. Why should she take it into her head about our being old maids? I am as good as married now."

"Yes," I said, vaguely. I could not give any assent more cordial. And then she resumed her anticipations. But I saw in a moment what Nelly meant. This was how she thought it was to end. It was a romantic girl's notion, but happily she was too young to think how unlikely it was. No doubt she saw a vision of the two maiden sisters, and of one who would be their devoted friend, but who could never marry either. That was the explanation she had put in her heart upon his abrupt departure and his many delays. He had made a fatal mistake, and its consequences were to last all his life. They were all three, all their lives long, to continue in the same mind. He could never marry either of them; and neither of them, none of the three, were ever to be tempted to marry another. And thus, in a pathetic climax of faithfulness and delicate self-sacrifice, they were to grow old and die. Nelly was no longer miserable when she had framed this ideal in her mind. It seemed to her the most natural solution of the difficulty. The romance, instead of ending in a prosaic marriage, was to last all their lives. And the eldest of them, Llewellyn himself, was but seven-and-twenty! Poor Nelly thought it the most likely thing in the world.

If she had consulted me I could have told her of something much more likely—something which very soon dawned upon the minds of most people at Dinglefield Green. It was that a certain regiment had come back to the barracks which were not very far from our neighborhood. Before Captain Llewellyn made his appearance among us, there had been a Major Frost who "paid attention" to Martha; and he did not seem at all disinclined to pay attention to her now that he had come back. Though he was told of her engagement, the information seemed to have very little effect upon him. He came over perpetually, and was always at hand to ride, or walk, or drive, or flirt, as the young ladies felt disposed. Before he had been back a fortnight it seemed to me that Martha had begun to talk less about dear Ellis. By degrees she came the length of confessing that dear Ellis wrote very seldom. I had found out that fact for myself, but she had never made any reference to it before. I watched her with an interest which surpassed every other interest in my life at that moment. I forgot even Nelly, and took no notice of her in comparison. The elder sister absorbed me altogether. By degrees she gave up talking of her marriage, and of her wedding-dress, and where they were to live; and she began to talk of Major Frost. He seemed always to be telling her something which she had to repeat; and he told her very private details, with which she could have nothing to do. He told her that he was much better off than when he was last at the Green. Somebody had died and had left him a great deal of money. He was thinking of leaving the army, and buying a place in our county, if possible. He asked Martha's advice where he should go. "It is odd that he should tell you all this," I said to her one day, when she was re-confiding to me a great many of Major Frost's personal affairs; and though she was not usually very quick of apprehension, something called upon Martha's cheek the shadow of a blush.

"I think it is quite natural," she said; "we are such old friends; and then he knows I am engaged. I always thought he was very nice—didn't you? I don't think he will ever marry," Martha added, with a certain pathos. "He says he could never have married but one woman; and he can't have her now. He was poor when he was last here, you know."

"And who was the woman he could have married?" said I.

"Oh, of course I did not ask him," said Martha, with modest consciousness. "Poor fellow! it would have been cruel to ask him. It is hard that he should have got his money just after I—I mean after she was engaged."

"It is hard that money should always be at the bottom of every thing," said I. And though it was the wish nearest to my heart that Martha should forget and give up Llewellyn, still I was angry with her for what she said. But that made no difference. She was not bright enough to know that her faith was wavering. She went on walking and talking with Major Frost, and boring us all with him and his confidences, till I, for one, was sick of his very name. But she meant no treachery; she never even thought of deserting her betrothed. Had any accident happened to bring him uppermost, she would have gone back to dear Ellis all the same. She was not faithless nor fickle, nor any thing that was wicked: she was chiefly stupid, or rather, stolid. And to think the two were sisters! The Admiral was not very quick-sighted, but evidently he had begun to notice how things were going. He came to me one afternoon to consult me when both the girls were out. I suppose they were at croquet somewhere. We elders found that afternoon hour, when they were busy with the balls and mallets, a very handy time for consulting about any thing which they were not intended to know.

"I think I ought to write to Llewellyn," he said. "Things are in a very unsatisfactory state. I am not satisfied that he was obliged to go away as he said. I think he might have come to see her had he tried. I have been consulting the little one about it, and she thinks with me."

"What does she think?" I asked, with breathless interest, to the Admiral's surprise.

"She thinks with me, that things are in an unsatisfactory state," he said, calmly; "that it would be far better to have it settled and over, one way or another. She is a very sensible little woman. I was just about to write to Llewellyn; but I thought it best to ask you first what your opinion was."

Should I speak and tell him all? Had I any right to tell him? The thought passed through my mind quick as lightning. I made a longer pause than I ought to have done. And then all I could find to say was,

"I think I should let things take their chance if I were you."

"What does that mean?" said the Admiral, quickly. "Take their chance! I think it is my duty to write to him, and let things be settled out of hand."

It was with this intention he left me. But he did not write; for the very next morning there came a letter from Llewellyn, not to Martha, but to her father, telling him that he was coming home. The ship had been paid off quite unexpectedly, I heard afterward. And I suppose that, unless he had been courageous enough to give the true explanation of his conduct, he had no resource but to come back. It was a curious, abrupt sort of letter. The young man's conscience, I think, had pricked him for his cowardice in running away; and either he had wound himself up to the point of carrying out his engagement in desperation, or else he was coming to tell his story, and ask for his release. I heard of it immediately from the Admiral himself, who was evidently not quite at ease in his mind on the subject. And a short time afterward Martha came in, dragging her sister with her, full of the news.

"I could scarcely get her to come," Martha said. "I can't think what she always wants running after those village people. And when we have just got the news that Ellis is coming home!"

"Yes, I heard," said I. "I suppose I ought to congratulate you. Do you expect him soon? Does he say thing about—?"

"Oh, his letter was to papa," said Martha, interrupting my very hesitating and embarrassed speech; for my eyes were on Nelly, and I saw in a moment that her whole expression had changed. "He could not be expected to say any thing particular to papa; but I suppose it must be very soon. I don't think he will want to wait now he is free."

"I shall be very glad when it is all over," said Nelly, to my great surprise. It was the first time I had heard her make any comment on the subject. "It will make so much fuss and worry. It is very entertaining to them, I suppose, but it is rather tiresome to us. Mrs. Mulgrave, I am going to see Molly Jackson; I can hear all about the trousseau at home, you know."

"Nelly!" said I, as I kissed her; and I could not restrain a warning look. She flushed up, poor child, to her hair, but turned away with a sick impatience that went to my heart.

"If you had the worry of it night and day, as I shall have!" she said, under her breath, with an impatient sigh. And then she went away.

I knew all that was in her mind as well as if she had told me. She had lost her temper and patience as well as her peace of mind. It is hard to keep serene under a repeated pressure. She did it the first time; but she was not equal to it the second. She had no excuse to go away now. She had to look forward to every thing, and hear it all discussed, and go through in anticipation. She had to receive him as his future sister; to be the witness of every thing, always on the spot; a part of the bridal pageant, the first and closest spectator. And it was very hard to bear. As for Martha, she sat serene in a chair which she had herself worked for me, turning her fair countenance to the light. She saw nothing strange in Nelly's temper, nor in any thing that happened to her. She sat waiting till I had taken my seat again, quite ready to go into the question of the trousseau. The sight of her placidity made me desperate. Suddenly there came before me the haggard looks of poor Llewellyn, and the pale exasperation and heart-sickness of my bright little Nelly's face. And then I looked at Martha, who was sitting, serene and cheerful, just in the same spot and the same attitude in which, a few days before, she had told me of Major Frost. She had left off Major Frost now and come back to her trousseau. What did it matter to her which of them it was! As for giving her pain, or humiliating her, how much or how long would she feel it? I became desperate. I fastened the door when I closed it after Nelly that nobody might interrupt us; and then I came and sat down opposite to my victim. Martha was utterly unconscious still. It never occurred to her to notice how people were looking, nor to guess what was in any body's mind.

"You are quite pleased," said I, making my first assault very gently, "that Captain Llewellyn is coming home?"

"Pleased!" said Martha. "Of course I am pleased. What odd people you all are! Any body might see that it is pleasanter to be settled and know what one is doing. I wish you would come up to town with me some day, Mrs. Mulgrave, and help me with Elise."

"My dear," said I, "in the first place, there is something more important than Elise; there is Major Frost. What do you mean to do with him?"

"I?" said Martha, opening her eyes. "He always knew I was engaged. Of course I am very sorry for him; but if he did not choose to come forward in time he could not expect that one was to wait."

"And is that how you mean to leave him," said I, severely, "after all the encouragement you have given him? Every day, for a month past, I have expected to hear you say that you had made a mistake about Captain Llewellyn, and that it was the Major you liked best."

"Oh, fancy *me* doing such a thing!" cried Martha, really roused, "after being engaged to Ellis a whole year. If he had come forward at the proper time, perhaps— But to make a change when every thing was settled. You never could have believed it of *me*."

"If you like the other better, it is never too late to make a change," said I, carried away by my motive, which was good, and justified a little stretch of ethics. "You will be doing a dreadful injury to poor Captain Llewellyn if you marry him and like another man best."

Martha looked at me with a little simper of self-satisfaction. "I think I know my duty," she said. "I am engaged. I don't see that any thing else is of any consequence. Of course the gentleman I am engaged to is the one I shall like best."

"Do you mean that you are engaged to him because you like him best?" said I. "Martha, take care. You may be preparing great bitterness for yourself. I have no motive but your good." This was not true, but still it is a thing that every body says; and I was so much excited that I had to stop to take breath. "You may never have it in your power to make a choice again," I said, with solemnity. "You ought to pause and think seriously which of the two you love. You can not love them both. It is the most serious question you will ever have to settle in your life."

Martha looked at me with a calm surprise which drove me wild. "Dear Mrs. Mulgrave," she said, "I don't know what you mean. I am engaged to Ellis—and Major Frost has never proposed even. He may have been only flirting, for any thing I can tell; and how foolish it would be to give up the one without any real hold on the other! but of course it is nonsense altogether. Why, Ellis is coming back on purpose; and as Major Frost did not come forward in time, I don't see how he can complain."

All this she said with the most perfect placidity, sitting opposite the window, lifting her serene countenance to the light. It was a practical concern to Martha. It did not so much matter which it was; but to interfere with a thing fully arranged and settled, because of any mere question of liking! I was not by a very long way so cool as she was. Every thing seemed to me to depend upon this last throw, and I felt myself suddenly bold to put it to the touch. It was not my business, to be sure; but to think of those two young creatures torn asunder and made miserable! It was not even Nelly I was thinking of. Nelly would be free; she was young; she would not have her heart-break always kept before her, and time would heal her wounds. But poor Llewellyn was bound and fettered. He could not escape nor forget. It was for him I made my last attempt.

"Martha, I have something still more serious to say to you," I said. "Do you remember, when you told me of Captain Llewellyn's proposal first, I asked you if it was not a mistake?"

"Yes, I remember very well," said Martha. "It was just like you. I never knew any one who asked such odd questions. I should have been angry had it been any one but you."

"Perhaps you will be angry now," I said. "I know you will be vexed, but I can't help it. Oh, my dear, you must listen to me! It is not only your happiness that is concerned, but that of others. Martha, I have every reason to think that it was a mistake. Don't smile; I am in earnest. It was a mistake. Can't you see yourself how little heart he puts into it? Martha, my dear, it is no slight to you. You told me you had never thought of him before he wrote to you. And it was not you he meant to write to. What can I say to convince you? It is true; it is not merely my idea. It was all a mistake."

"Mrs. Mulgrave," said Martha, a little moved out of her composure, "I am not angry. I might be; but I am sure you don't mean it. It is one of the fancies you take into your head. How could it be a mistake? It was me he wrote to, not any body else. Of course I was not fond of him before; but when a man asks you to marry him, how is it possible there can be any mistake?"

"Oh, Martha," I said, wringing my hands, "let me tell you all; only hear me, and don't be vexed. Did you never notice all that summer how he followed Nelly about? Try and remember. He was always by her side; wherever we went those two were together. Ask any body; ask Lady Denzil; ask your father. Oh, my dear child, I don't want to hurt your feelings! I want to save you from something you will be very sorry for. I want you to be happy. Can't you see what I mean without any more explanations from me?"

Martha had, notwithstanding her composure, grown pale. Her placid looks had changed a little. "I see it is something about sister," she said. "Because you like her best you think every body else must like her best too. I wonder why it is that you are so unkind to me!"

As she spoke she cried a little, and turned her shoulder toward me instead of her face.

"Not unkind," I said, "oh, not unkind! I am speaking only because I love you all."

"You have never loved *me*," said Martha, weeping freely; "never, though I have been so fond of you. And now you want to make me ridiculous and miserable. How can I tell what you mean? What has sister to do with it? Ellis was civil to her—for my sake. It was me he proposed to. How can I tell what you are all plotting in your hearts? When people write letters to me, and ask me to marry them, am I not to believe what they say?"

"When he wrote he thought Nelly was the eldest," I said. "You know what I have always told you about your names. He wrote to her, and it came to you. Martha, believe me, it is not one of my fancies; it is true."

"How do you know it is true?" she cried, with a natural outburst of anger and indignation. "How do you dare to come and say all this now? Insulting Ellis, and sister, and me. Oh, I wish I had never known you! I wish I had never, never come into this house! I wish—"

Her voice died away in a storm of sobs and tears. She cried like a child—as a baby cries, violently, with temper, and not with grief. She was not capable of Nelly's suppressed passion and misery; neither did the blow strike deep enough for that; and she had no guide to re-

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strain her. She cried noisily, turning her shoulder to me, making her eyes red and her cheeks blurred. When I got up and went to her she repulsed me; I had nothing to do but sit down again, and wait till the passion had worn itself out. And there she sat sobbing, crushing her pretty hat, and disfiguring her pretty face, with the bright light falling upon her, and revealing every heave of her shoulders. By degrees the paroxysm subsided; she dried her eyes, poor child, and put up her hair, which had got into disorder, with hasty and agitated hands. Then she turned her flushed tear-stained face upon me. It was almost prettier than usual in this childish passion.

"I don't believe you," she cried. "I don't believe it one bit! You only want to vex me. Oh, I wish I had never known you! I wish I might never see you again—you, and—all the rest! I wish I was dead! But I shall tell papa, Mrs. Mulgrave, and I know what he will think of you."

"Martha, I am very sorry—" I began, but Martha had rushed to the door.

"I don't want to hear any more!" she said. "I know every thing you can say. You are fond of sister, and want her to have every thing. And you always hated me!"

With these words she rushed out, shutting not only the door of the room behind her in her wrath, but the door of the house, which stood always open. She left me, I avow, in a state of very great agitation. I had not expected her to take it in this way. And it had been a great strain upon my nerves to speak at all. I trembled all over, and as soon as she was gone I cried too, from mere nervousness and agitation, not to speak of the terrible thought that weighed on my mind—had I done harm or good? What would the others say if they knew? Would they bless or curse me? Had I interfered out of season? Had I been officious? Heaven knows! The result only could show.

Most people know what a strange feeling it is when one has thus estranged, or parted in anger from, a daily and intimate companion; how one sits in a vague fever of excitement, thinking it over—wondering what else one could have said; wondering if the offended friend will come or send, or give any sign of reconciliation; wondering what one ought to do. I was so shaken by it altogether that I was good for nothing but lying down on the sofa. When my maid came to look for me she was utterly dismayed by my appearance. "Them young ladies are too much for you, ma'am," she said, indignantly. "It's as bad as daughters of your own." I think that little speech was the last touch that was wanted to make me break down. As bad as daughters of my own, but not as good; very different. When I thought how those girls would cling round their father it was more than I could bear. Not that I envied him. But I was ready to do more for them than he was; to risk their very love, in order to serve them; and how different was their affection for me!

All day long I staid indoors, recovering slowly, but feeling very miserable. Nobody came near me. The girls, who were generally flitting out and in twenty times in a day, never appeared again. The very door which Martha shut in her passion remained closed all day. When it came to be evening I could bear it no longer; I could not let the sun go down upon such a quarrel; I was so lonely I could not afford to be proud. I drew my shawl round me, though I was still trembling, and went softly in at the Admiral's gate. It was dusk, and every thing was very sweet. It had been a lovely autumn day, very warm for the season, and the twilight lingered as if it was loth to make an end of it. I thought the girls would probably be in the drawing-room by themselves, and that I might invent some excuse for sending Nelly away, and try to make my peace with her sister. I did not love Martha as I loved Nelly, but I was fond of her all the same, as one is fond of a girl one has seen grow up, and watched over every day; and I could not bear that she should be estranged from me. When I went in, however, Nelly was all alone in the drawing-room. She was sitting in a low chair by the fire, for they always had a fire earlier than other people. She was sitting over it, with her face resting in her hands, almost crouching toward the friendly blaze. And yet it was a warm evening, very warm for the time of the year. She started when she heard my step, and turned round, and for the moment I saw that I was not welcome to Nelly either. Her thoughts had been better company, or was it possible that Martha could have told her? I did not think, however, that this could be the case, when she drew forward my favorite chair for me, and we began to talk. Nelly had not passed through any crisis such as that which Martha and I had made for ourselves. She told me her sister had a headache, and had been lying down before dinner, but that now she had gone out for a little air.

"Only in the garden," Nelly said. And then she added, "Major Frost is here. He is with her—and I don't think he ought to come so often—now—"

"Major Frost!" I said, and my heart began to beat; I don't know what I feared or hoped, for at this moment the Admiral came in from the dining-room and joined us, and we got into ordinary conversation. What a strange thing ordinary conversation is! We sat in the dark, with only the fire-light making rosy gleams about the room, and wavering in the great mirror over the mantle-piece, where we were all dimly reflected—and talked about every sort of indifferent subject. But I wonder if Nelly was thinking of what she was saying? or if her heart was away, like mine, hovering over the heads of these two in the garden, or with poor Llewellyn who was creeping home an unwilling bridegroom? Even the Admiral, I believe, had something on his mind different from all our chit-chat. For my own part I sat well back in my corner, with my heart thumping so against my breast that it affected my breathing. I had to speak in gasps, making up the shortest sentences I could think of. And we talked about public affairs, and what was likely to be the result of the new measures; and the Admiral, who was a man of the old school, shook his head, and declared I was a great deal too much of an optimist, and thought more hopefully than reasonably of the national affairs. Heaven help me! I was thinking of nothing at that moment but of Martha and Major Frost.

Then there was a little stir outside in the hall. The fire-light, and the darkness, and the suspense, and my own feelings generally, recalled to my mind so strongly the evening on which Llewellyn arrived, that I should not have been surprised had he walked in when the door opened. But it was only Martha who came in. The fire-light caught her as she entered, and showed me for one brief moment a different creature from the Martha I had parted with that morning in sobs and storms. I don't know what she wore; but I know that she was more elaborately dressed than usual, and had sparkling ornaments about her which caught the light. I almost think, though I never could be sure, that it was her poor mother's diamond brooch which she had put on, though they were alone. She came in lightly, with something of the triumphant air I had noticed in her a year ago, before Captain Llewellyn's Christmas visit. It was evident, at all events, that my remonstrance had not broken her spirit. I could see her give a little glance to my corner, and I know that she saw I was there.

"Are you here, papa?" she said. "You always sit, like crows, in the dark, and nobody can see you." Then she drew a chair into the circle. She took no notice of me or any one, but placed herself directly in the light of the fire.

"Yes, my dear," said her father. "I am glad you have come in. It begins to get cold."

"We did not feel it cold," said Martha, and then she laughed—a short, little, disconnected laugh, which indicated some disturbance of her calm; then she went on, with a tendency to short, broken sentences, like myself. "Papa," she said, "I may as well tell you at once. When the Major was here last he was poor, and could not speak—now he's well off. And he wants me to marry him. I like him better than—Ellis Llewellyn. I always—liked him better—and he loves *me!*"

Upon which Martha burst into tears.

If I were to try to describe the consternation produced by this unlooked-for speech I should only prolong my story without making it more clear. The want of light heightened it, and confused us all doubly. If a bomb had burst in the peaceful place I don't think it could have produced a greater commotion. It was only the Admiral, however, who could say a word, and of course he was the proper person. Martha very soon came out of her tears to reply to him. He was angry, he was bewildered, he was wild for the moment. What was he to say to Llewellyn? What did she mean? How did Major Frost dare—? I confess that I was crying in my corner—I could not help it. When the Admiral began to storm, I put my hand on his arm, and made him come to me, and whispered a word in his ear. Then the good man subsided into a bewildered silence. And after a while he went to the library, where Major Frost was waiting to know his fate.

It is unnecessary to follow out the story further. Llewellyn, poor fellow, had to wait a long time after all before Nelly would look at him. I never knew such a proud little creature. And she never would own to me that any spark of human feeling had been in her during that painful year. They were a proud family altogether. Martha met me ever after with her old affectionateness and composure—never asked pardon, nor said I was right, but at the same time never resented nor betrayed my interference. I believe she forgot it even, with the happy faculty that belonged to her nature, and has not an idea now that it was any thing but the influence of love and preference which made her cast off Llewellyn and choose Major Frost.

Sometimes, however, in the gray of the summer evenings, or the long, long winter nights, I think I might just as well have let things alone. There are two bright households the more in the world, no doubt. But the Admiral and I are both dull enough sometimes, now the girls are gone. He comes and sits with me, which is always company, and it is not his fault I have not changed my residence and my lonely condition. But I say to him, why should we change? and give the world occasion to laugh, and make a talk of us, at our age? Things are very well as they are. I believe we are better company to each other living next door than if we were more closely allied; and our neighbors know us too well to make any talk about our friendship. But still it often happens, even when we are together—in the still evenings, and in the fire-light, and when all the world is abroad of summer nights—that we both of us lament a little in silence, and feel that it is very dull without the girls.

HOLY LAND EXPLORATIONS.

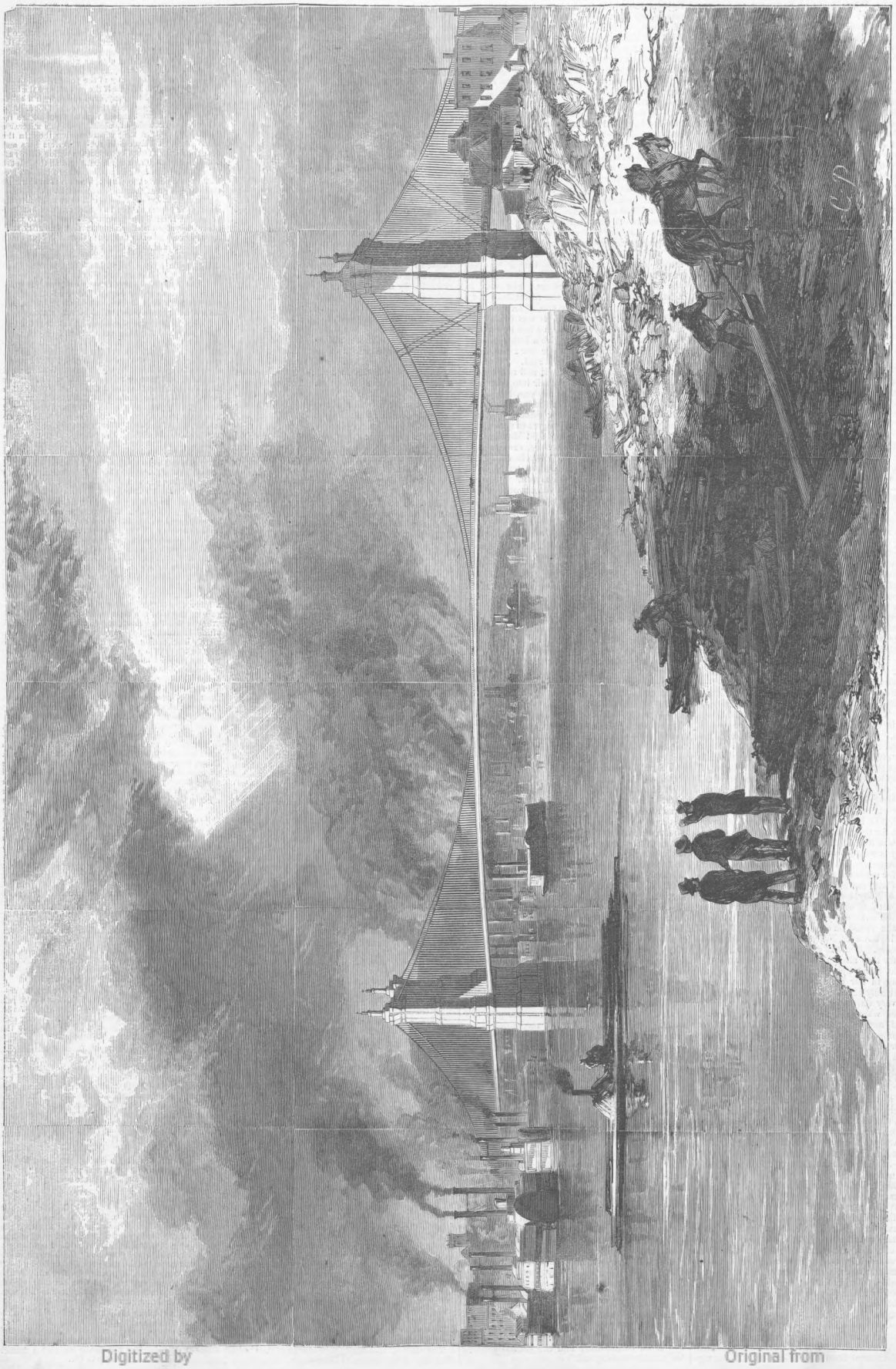
THE Palestine Exploration Fund Committee of England, at the head of which is A. H. ("Babylon") Layard, has lately been exposing our great ignorance in regard to the Land of the Book. We know far less that is reliable of Palestine than we do of Egypt, and while this ignorance exists much of the significance of the Bible must remain more or less obscure. Mr. Layard's Committee represents that our maps of Palestine are inaccurate, the names being confused in application and orthography; the archæology rests on no sufficient basis; the geology is all conjectural; and the natural history imperfectly investigated.

Two exploring expeditions have been sent out by this Committee, under the direction of Captain Wilson and Lieutenant Anderson, Royal Engineers. They landed, with a force consisting of a corporal of sappers, an expert photographer, and a practical surveyor, at Beyrout, in December, 1865, and occupied six months in determining the exact positions of places, recording the features of the ground, taking heights, examining ruined sites, photographing, and generally investigating every thing that came in their way. They fixed for the first time the exact latitude and longitude of nearly fifty places between Damascus and Jerusalem, and obtained accurate detailed maps of the whole centre line of the country, with several outlying districts. They also took 170 photographs, and made carefully-measured drawings of between thirty and forty structures—temples, synagogues, and churches—which had never before been taken. In 1867, in organizing the second expedition, Jerusalem was made the head-quarters. For the topographical and excavation department Lieutenant Warren, an officer of much experience and great energy, was selected. He started early in January last, and is now in Jerusalem, with two sappers, actively engaged in excavating and exploring. He has already been rewarded by a discovery in relation to the south wall of the sacred inclosure, which, without going into details—which would be unintelligible without illustration—we imagine to be one of the most important yet made there. In addition to his labor in Jerusalem, Mr. Warren has carefully surveyed much of the Philistine plain, a considerable portion of the highlands of Judea, and the valley of the Jordan, for about sixteen miles north of the Dead Sea. These surveys, combined with those of Wilson and Anderson, give us for the first time the materials for a correct map of more than three-fourths of the Holy Land. Most valuable discoveries have been also made in geology, zoology, botany, and natural history generally, which to all students of the Bible can not fail to be productive of attention and interest.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

AN uncommonly severe winter—so every body says—sleigh-rides and skating carnivals have been the popular amusements from Maine to Maryland *at least*, and, to some extent, even farther South. In Washington the "skatorial art" has had an unprecedented "run," and practical performers as well as sympathizing spectators have experienced a rare season of enjoyment. And nowadays, even the most artistic fancy-skating does not satisfy amateurs or connoisseurs—something more novel is demanded; and blindfold skating, playing base-ball on skates, and numerous other devices to exhibit special skill are unfolded in answer to the popular feeling. Before long we suppose it will be the style to hold the fashionable balls of the season upon the skating parks. "Fair women and brave men" will trip the "light, fantastic toe," and glide with easy grace through all the mazes of the dance *on runners*. *Trains* will be abolished, and gentlemen can devote themselves to their partners instead of being absorbed seven-eighths of the time, as is now needful, in the too often vain attempt to avoid treading upon the voluminous masses of delicate dry-goods which adorn the ball-room floor.

This cold weather, by-the-way, has proved, beyond controversy, the endurance and hardihood of woman! Never again need it be insinuated that she is weak and feeble and inferior to man, even physically. While men have been muffled in fur caps, have not women, bravely despising the rigors of the season, walked through the streets bareheaded—or next to it—unflinchingly and uncomplainingly? The fragments of ribbon and velvet with which their hair has been adorned have only served to draw admiring attention to their unexampled fortitude. Nevertheless some smothered emotions of pity rise in the mind at the sight of red ears and blue noses; and though women *are* so much tougher and stronger, and better able to bear exposure than men, one has a fancy for seeing them looking warm and comfortable, and well wrapped up, when out of doors in freezing weather! In old-time winters one needed to take a little trouble, and look under a bonnet or hood for any special pair of bright eyes and rosy lips he wanted to see more fully. No such pains is necessary nowadays—for next to it—unflinchingly and uncomplainingly? The fragments of ribbon and velvet with which their hair has been adorned have only served to draw admiring attention to their unexampled fortitude. Nevertheless some smothered emotions of pity rise in the mind at the sight of red ears and blue noses; and though women *are* so much tougher and stronger, and better able to bear exposure than men, one has a fancy for seeing them looking warm and comfortable, and well wrapped up, when out of doors in freezing weather! In old-time winters one needed to take a little trouble, and look under a bonnet or hood for any special pair of bright eyes and rosy lips he wanted to see more fully. No such pains is necessary nowadays—or



THE NEW SUSPENSION BRIDGE OVER THE OHIO RIVER AT CINCINNATI, OHIO.—[SEE PAGE 147.]

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REAR-ADMIRAL BELL.

LATE advices from Japan bring intelligence of the deaths, on January 11, of Rear-Admiral HENRY H. BELL, commanding the Asiatic squadron of our navy, Lieutenant-Commander J. H. REED, and ten seamen, by drowning in the Osaka River. It appears that the mouth of the river had been closed by a sand-bar, which had formed during a heavy storm. While the Admiral was passing over the bar from his flag-ship, the *Hartford*, to the shore, the boat was capsized, and all on board, except three sailors, were drowned. The bodies were recovered and buried near the shore.

Rear-Admiral BELL was a native of North Carolina, from which State he entered the naval service August 4, 1823. Passing through the grades of Midshipman, Passed-Midshipman, and Lieutenant, he was made a Commander in 1854, and was soon after ordered to the United States ship *San Jacinto*, destined for the East Indies, as the flag-ship of Commodore JAMES ARMSTRONG.

During the service of the *San Jacinto* on the China station the English managed to improvise a quarrel with the Chinese authorities, and in conjunction with their French allies were waging war upon that people. Pending these vexatious and irritating hostilities, a boat from the United States ship *Portsmouth*, proceeding up the Canton River, was fired upon from the Barrier Forts. Commodore ARMSTRONG determined very promptly to punish this insult to our flag, and an attack was made upon the forts by the United States sloops of war *Portsmouth* and *Levant*, Commanders FOOTE and SMITH, and the boats of the *San Jacinto*, Commander BELL. Considering the strength of the works, the number of the guns and of the garrison, and the smallness of the assailing party, the result was almost incredible. After long and obstinate fighting the Chinese troops were routed, their works captured and thoroughly destroyed. Throughout this operation Commander BELL, as testified to by the lamented FOOTE, was conspicuous for his cool, deliberate gallantry, exhibiting always the sterling qualities of an accomplished officer.

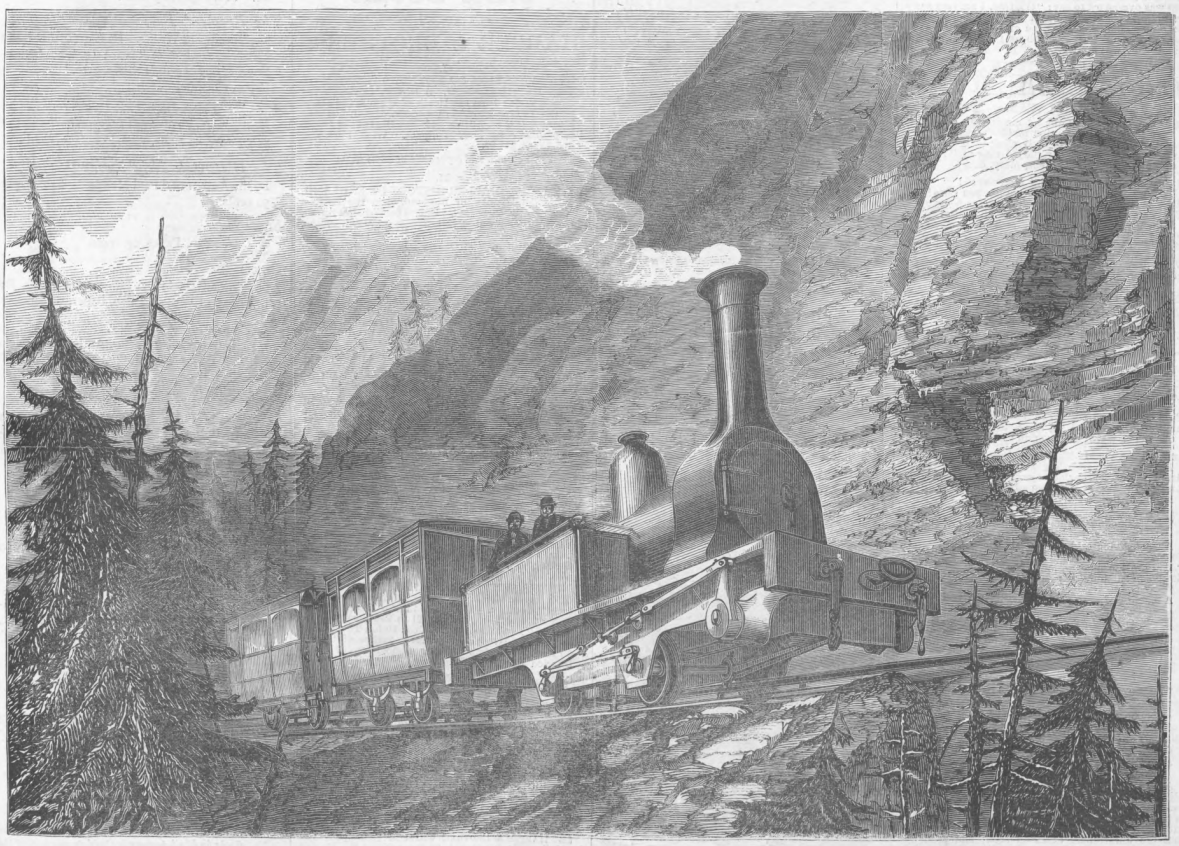
When the rebellion broke out Commander BELL, although a Southerner, promptly offered his services to the National Government, and sought active duty. When Admiral (then Commodore) FARRAGUT was ordered to the command of the West Gulf squadron, he selected Commodore BELL as his Fleet Captain. In this confidential and responsible position he was a prominent participant in the destruction of the rebel fleet, the capture of New Orleans, and the opening of the Mississippi. When Admiral FARRAGUT came North to recruit his health and prepare for the next and final struggle with the enemy in Mobile Bay, he left the command of the West Gulf squadron with Commodore BELL.

Rear-Admiral BELL received the command of the Asiatic squadron in August, 1865; and from that time until his untimely death had remained in active discharge of his duties.

THE LATE REAR-ADMIRAL H. H. BELL, U.S.N.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

THE MONT CENIS RAILWAY.

A DESCRIPTION of the proposed railway over the Alps at Mont Cenis, between Savoy and Piedmont, was given in this journal for October 12, 1867, with views showing the mountain scenery and the situation of a train ascending the incline. The entire length of this line, from St. Michel to Susa, is forty-eight miles, passing, for the most part, along the ordinary high-road. When opened for traffic, in conjunction with the railways through the Italian peninsula to Brindisi, it will be the quickest route to India. There is no doubt of the usefulness of the mechanical system, invented by Mr. FELL, the managing director, for enabling the locomotive engines to ascend and descend with perfect safety and facility the steepest gradients on this line. The principle of Mr. FELL'S system may be described as follows: The motive force or power of an engine consists of two elements, the amount of steam it can evaporate, and the amount of adhesion or bite its wheels can apply to the rails. Were a railway constructed on the level, or nearly so, the engine need only be of the weight required to give it strength and solidity to do its work efficiently; but as such a railway does not here exist it is necessary to increase the weight according as the gradients are steep. The steepest incline that an engine on



THE MONT CENIS RAILROAD—LOCOMOTIVE ENGINE, WITH HORIZONTAL EXTRA WHEELS, ILLUSTRATING THE FELL SYSTEM.

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the ordinary system of railway can ascend is 1 in 25, or 211 feet in the mile; but then its weight becomes so great that it becomes practically useless. Mr. FELL adopts a third or centre rail, upon which adhesion is obtained by the pressure of *horizontal* wheels, worked by the engine in conjunction with the ordinary perpendicular wheels. This plan enables the weight of the engine to be reduced to a minimum in consequence of the extraordinary increase of power developed by the action of the horizontal wheels on the centre rail. Mr. FELL'S engines are able to mount with ease gradients of 1 in 12, or twice as steep as the steepest gradient that an ordinary engine can surmount. This plan adds also to safety, as it is impossible for the engine or train ever to get off the line. Our engraving represents an engine and train going round a curve of forty yards. This it is able to do with perfect ease and safety, while on the ordinary system it would not be safe to go round, at any thing like speed, curves of less than 400 yards radius.

BRIDGE OVER THE OHIO.

NEW YORK is peculiarly unfortunate in her bridges. LOEW'S bridge is a decided failure, and ought to be pulled down; the East River bridge project has resolved itself into an impracticable tunnel scheme; and for some time to come it is likely that Broadway and East River will be spanned only by bridges of ice. They are more fortunate with their bridges elsewhere. St. Louis is building a splendid structure over the Mississippi, Louisville is spanning the falls of the Ohio with another, while Cincinnati has lately finished the bridge which we illustrate. This bridge was begun in 1856 and finished in 1867. The cost was $1,750,000. The total length is 2252 feet, 1057 of which are from tower to tower, and the floor is 100 feet above the "low-water-mark."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

ADVICE TO OLD BACHELORS WHO DYE THEIR HAIR—"Keep it dark."

"Come home, my son," said a parent to one who had been absent from home for some time; "come home, and your mother will kill the fatted calf for you."

"Tell her not to do it, father," replied the offspring; "for I have lived on veal ever since I've been here. Tell her to kill a quarter of a pig instead."

A dandy of twenty-six having been termed an "old bachelor," appealed to an elderly gentleman to decide whether he should be called old or not, giving his age. "Twenty-six!" said the elderly gentleman. "It is owing to how you take it. Now, for a man it is young enough; but for a goose it is rather old."

When are skipping lambs like library volumes? When they are boundin' sheep.

CENTRE OF GRAVITY—A Judge in Court.

A seven-year-old boy was lately heard to use profane language. On being reproved by his parents, and directed to ask God's forgiveness, he retired to his room and was overheard to say: "Oh, God, I am very sorry I said that naughty word, and won't say so any more; but please hurry and make me grow up to be a man, and then I can swear as much as I want to, like pa, and nobody will notice it."

A REAL TEETOTAL CURIOSITY—A pair of *water-tight* boots.

LEAP YEAR.

Leap year, isn't it? Well, let me sing to it.
Does any one fear for the maiden's year,
Lest whispered promises slyly cling to it,
And bind a little gold privileged ring to it?
Come! don't look innocent, Mary, dear?

Isn't it leap year? Millicent merry-eyed!
You're half prepared for a pounce, you puss!
For a dozen of times you've the mistletoe berry eyed.
If it weren't that I'm bashful and reticent very, I'd
Snatch up your weapon and strike you—thus!

Leap year, isn't it? Tilly tyrannical!
What a pity it wasn't a year ago,
When over the bridge leading toward the Botanical,
In tones which I scarcely should think were mechanical,
You gave me a very broad hint, you know.

Isn't it leap year? That, for the height of it,
Your high-mettled spirits will take the bar,
When you come to the jump, if you catch but the sight of it.
There is not in the world such a girl to make light of it.
You'll easily win in a canter, Car!

Leap year, isn't it? While I am singing now
I wonder if Violet's ears will burn;
To a spar of the past I can fancy her clinging now,
As half forgotten a song is ringing now
To words which she wouldn't object to learn.

Isn't it leap year? Maidens be pitiful;
Beware of the whirligig wheels of Fate.
Around you of bachelor boys there's a city full,
And maybe they'll sing you of sorrow a ditty full,
But here I sit on my chair and wait!

THE CLERICAL PARADISE—Parsontown.

An old divine said to a young preacher who had just preached a sermon of the intensely horrible order, "You are too flowery, and your flowers are all the flowers of sulphur."

A CIRCULAR LETTER—O.

ON A LADY WITH RED HAIR.

So coy and cruel was the lady Jane,
That, in revenge for slighting all his darts,
Cupid, all heedless of her prayer or pain,
Dyed her soft tresses in her lovers' hearts.

Why do stewed chickens resemble fire-arms?—Because they are fowl-in'-pieces.

An editor heads his list of marriages "noose items;" another calls them "feats of the ring."

The first 'bus in America was Columbus.

A CAUTION TO MILKMAIDS.—A man in Kentucky killed a sick cow a few days since in whose stomach was found a large brass pin, a hair-pin, and a quantity of hooks and eyes. A jury of the neighbors, formally summoned for the occasion, returned an oral verdict that the unfortunate deceased (cow) had probably swallowed a milkmaid or a waterfall, at some period of its adult life.

A man that has seen "better days."

Two's company—three's none.

After "Dark."

DRUNKARD. "You are no gentleman to follow me," etc.

A business that would "soot" any one.

"Never too late to mend."

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A capital book for boys.—*Spectator.*
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It is the best contribution of the year to juvenile, as are Motley's volumes to historical literature.—*Boston Transcript.*
This work will prove exceedingly interesting, as much so as "Robinson Crusoe" ever was, not only to young people on account of its striking novelty and charming and natural style, but to the aged and learned as well.—*New York Herald.*

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A Brute will not SWALLOW DRUGS.

A human being ought to exercise at least as much wisdom as a beast, guided only by instinct. Take an apple in one hand, a spoonful of medicine in the other; approach a child, and see which it will choose. In most cases brute force is required to force medicine down the throat of any child. Men and women loathe and abhor the cursed dose: our natural instinct rises up in abhorrence to this worn-out, heathenish practice, handed down to us as a relic of the Dark Ages, conceived by the most superstitious men, composed of soothsayers and astrologers. We find some so ignorant at the present day, who believe that medicines act. Under this delusion they swallow pills, physic, cod-liver oil, bitters, soothing syrups, etc. The simpletons think this drug acts thus, and so gulp down another, expecting it to operate in a different manner, to reach this organ or that complaint. Folks possessed of common sense know that all drugs or medicines of any kind are simply dead, inert matter—have no life, but are chaos. If a dose will purge the bowels, it will physic the box or bottle from which it was taken. Pour a dose of it into a dead person: see now if your boasted relic of barbarism acts upon the corpse. Now try a dose of the detestable stuff; turn it down your own throat; the living system acts upon it and rejects it as an enemy, throws it out at nature's general outlet, or by the water through the action of the kidneys or at the pores; some doses most abominable are thrown with violence and disgust back again out of the mouth. Millions are committing slow (sometimes quick) suicide by taking medicine in opposition to their own instincts and better nature. The plea of ignorance can not save their health or life. Quacks flourish and prosper, and it is of vital importance to their purse to have dupes who will do their bidding with unshaken confidence, without asking questions, but meekly accept of their authority, do them reverence as to the Deity. People of sound judgment study natural laws, act with discretion, insist upon their right to reason and ask the why and the wherefore, accept of no man as authority, but exercise their own common sense, enjoy better health, longer life, expend less money; while ignorant fools, led about by their noses, invariably gulp down all kinds of nostrums. Life-long constipation, ill health, and misery are their constant companions. All who debauch and prostitute their stomachs by swallowing medicines deserve their fate; it is a sin against their better nature and all right reason, and it is impossible for such to escape the consequences. I will pledge my word and honor, knowing the truth of what I here assert by experience, that all who will swear eternal opposition to swallowing medicines will, in every case, enjoy better health, longer life, and possess more means, and be forever grateful for the timely advice here given. All physical pain arises from inflammation, be it a simple headache or toothache, neuralgic or rheumatic, pain in liver, lungs, or any internal organ, a simple itch or any breaking out on the surface, ulcers of every name and nature, be it a frightful cancer or a simple mosquito bite. Inflammation causes the pain in all and every instance. Inflammation is heat; put out the fire, and pain must cease absolutely. It can be done, and WOLCOTT'S PAIN PAINT can do it. I don't ask you to believe it until you try it, free of cost, on any part of your body, whether pain be internal or external, acute or chronic, lameness or aches of the longest standing—I include all pain, of every name and nature, and promise relief within five minutes at the very first application of PAIN PAINT, and by following directions permanently cure millions who have been pronounced hopeless invalids. The way is clear, the road is plain, and a wayfaring man, though a fool or a skeptic, can try the remedy without money, without price, and without faith, at the following free offices that I have established: 170 Chatham Square, N. Y., general depot, or at the drug store of T. D. C. Miller, M.D., 1335 Third Avenue; 56 Market Street, or 796 Third Avenue; No. 11 Seventh Avenue; also 76 Cornhill, Boston; 622 Arch Street, Philadelphia; 33 South Pearl Street, Albany, N. Y.; 126 Superior Street, Cleveland; and 151 Vine Street, Cincinnati. Theo. D. C. Miller, M.D., 1335 Third Avenue, says: "Dr. WOLCOTT'S PAIN PAINT is the cheapest and best pain curer under heaven, and is the greatest blessing to mankind for the relief from pain ever known." Dr. Miller is a graduate of Bellevue Hospital Medical College, N. Y.

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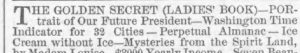

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CONTENTS:

THE MINNESOTA PINERIES.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—In the Pine Forests.—Loggers' Camp.—Interior of Camp.—Loggers Nooning.—Camping Out.—Sawing into Logs.—Unloading Logs.—Landing Logs.—Preparing for the Drive.—On the Drive.—Breaking a Jam.—Sacking.
A MOSAIC.
THE RESTIGOUCHE.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Ici on parle Français.—An uncertain View.—St. John, New Brunswick.—Perfect Equality.—Landing at Dalhousie.—Micmac Costumes.—Micmac Celebration.—Daniel Fraser.—Spearing Salmon.—The Catamaran.—Al Fresco.—The Upper Restigouche.—Hic Jacet.
THE NEW TIMOTHY. PART I.
CONSOLATION.
BEEF-TEA.
OUT AT SEA.
SURVIVORS OF CIVILIZATION.
A BROKER'S LOVE AFFAIR.
SHEFFIELD—A BATTLE-FIELD OF ENGLISH LABOR. PART I.
THE SHIPS.
HIGHLAND LIFE OF VICTORIA AND ALBERT.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Queen Victoria in 1840.—Prince Albert in 1840.—Ferry of the Spey.—The Dead Stag.—Prince's Encampment at Feithort.—Welsh Woman.—The Dutchman's Cap.—Balmoral Castle from the Northwest.—Balmoral Castle from the Southeast.
THE WOMAN'S KINGDOM: A LOVE STORY. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Doctor Stedman.—Edna waiting.
KID GLOVES.
LENT.
THE GREAT GRUFFHAM ROBBERY.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
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EDITOR'S DRAWER.

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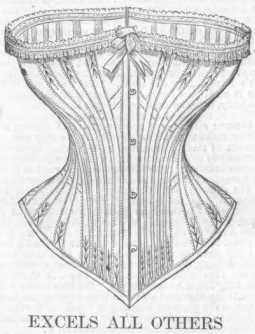

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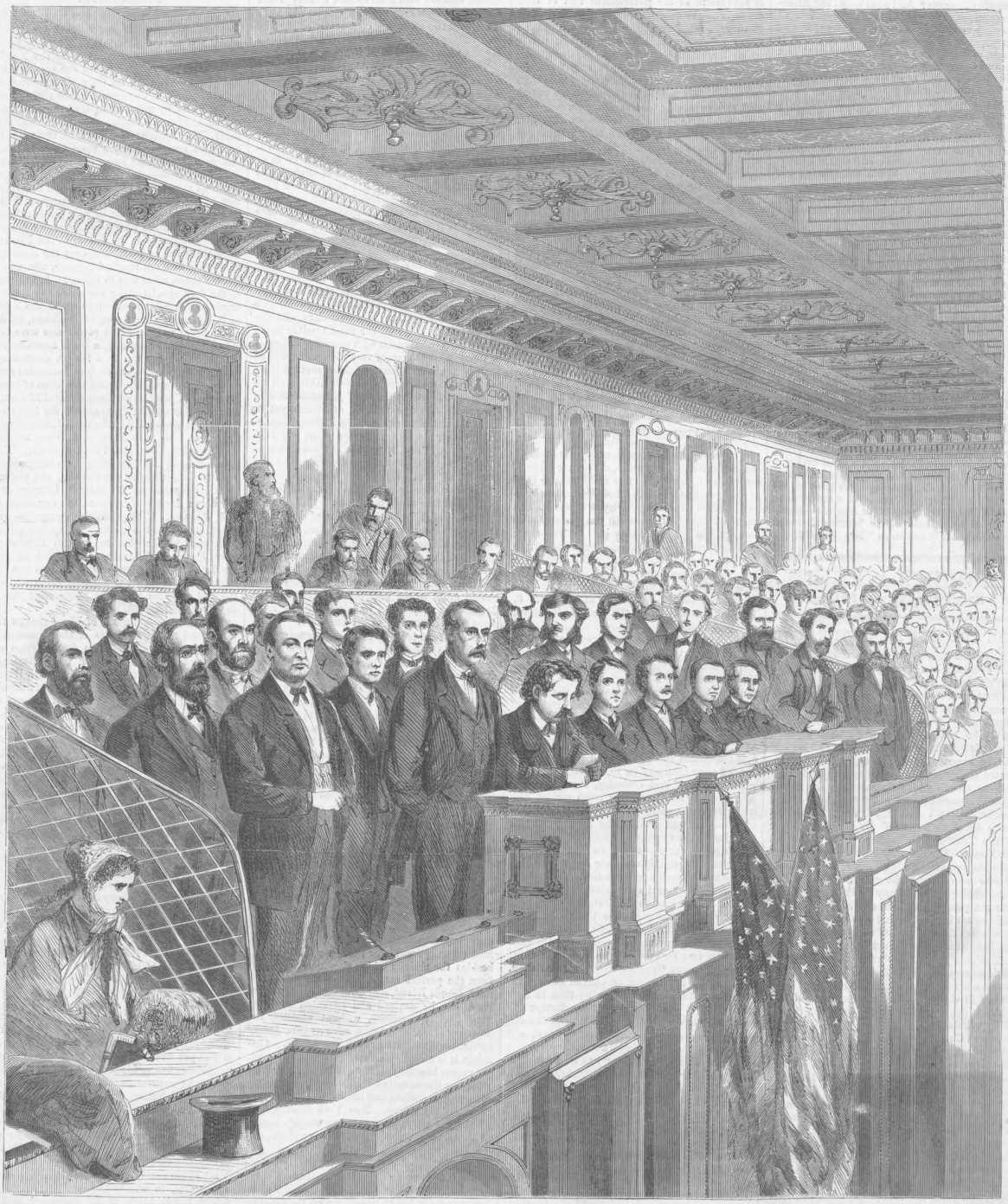

THE REPORTERS' GALLERY OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, WASHINGTON, D. C.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

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"OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT."

VERY few persons have any distinct idea of a reporter, and those several American variations of the genus, yclept "War Correspondent," "Special Correspondent," and "Our Washington Correspondent." His social status is too often lower in the scale than his intellectual attainments would warrant him in taking; but this is less his fault and that of society than it is that of his profession. The nature of his labor makes him unobtrusive, though prying; quiet, though busy; a listener rather than a talker; the observer rather than the observed; his identity is swallowed up in that of his journal; he is known less by his name than his title; and, finally, he is a night-hawk, sleeping when others wake, and working and *preying* when others sleep. And yet what would society do without these unobtrusive, meddling spies upon itself? It would come to an end, or nearly so; for what would an American newspaper be without its reports of Congressional proceedings, its White House scandal, its army bulletin, its police news, its political "pow-wows," its sensational sermons, its appalling accidents, its harrowing disasters? And what would any American community be without its newspaper? And as society can not do without its newspaper, and as newspapers are dependent on the reporters, it follows, as logically as ever Polonius argued, that the world is greatly beholden to the reporters, "those gentlemen," as JOHN BRIGHT lately put it, "to whom the cause of liberty and good government is so greatly indebted."

Our engraving on the preceding page is of the Reporters' Gallery, House of Representatives, Washington; and in it the Washington frequenter of the present day will recognize the features of several of the best known of "Our Washington Correspondents." There are now on the official list of the House the names of more than fifty recognized reporters, though there are desks for only forty-seven. In bygone days this gallery was occupied by such editors (then reporters) as Hons. HENRY J. RAYMOND, JAMES BROOKS, and W. E. ROBINSON, all of whom have since occupied desks on the floor of the House as honored Representatives; CARL SCHURZ, who subsequently became a Major-General in the army, and JAMES E. HARVEY, now United States Minister to Portugal. We believe that "the gallery" did not exist in its present shape in the early days of JAMES GORDON BENNETT, of the *Herald*, who was the great original "Washington Correspondent;" and in the many changes which have taken place only a few of the original occupants of the gallery are to be found in it at present. On the official register of the House the principal papers of the country are represented by old and experienced reporters.

Besides their places in "the gallery" of the House, the reporters of the principal papers of the country, particularly those of New York, have offices in the Capital. The great majority of these offices are located in Fourteenth Street, under the Ebbitt House—reporters have an intuitive knowledge of what good quarters are, whether for "taking notes" or lunches—and so numerous have these offices become that the block is familiarly known as "Newspaper Row."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1868.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE LAW.

BEFORE this paper is issued the question of impeachment will probably be decided. The offense of the President is plain. He assumes to put himself above the law, upon the ground that in his judgment the law is unconstitutional. A plea more preposterous can hardly be conceived, for if he be the judge of one law he is the judge of all, and no law will be executed until he approves it. Mr. JAMES BROOKS, in the very unwise and braggadocio speech which he made in the House upon the presentation of the resolution of impeachment, said that the President had as much right to judge of the constitutionality of the Tenure-of-Office Act as the Senate or the House. Undoubtedly he has; but the Constitution expressly declares that if the President objects to an act upon the ground of want of constitutionality, or upon any other ground, if he can not persuade Congress to agree with him, and the act is again passed by a two-thirds vote, it becomes the law of the land, notwithstanding the judgment of the President.

The New York *Times* echoes the remark of Mr. BROOKS in saying of the President: "But it can scarcely be unlawful for him to perform an act in violation of an unconstitutional law, which is simply no law at all; and until the validity of this law shall have been decided by the Supreme Court the question of the President's guilt or innocence can scarcely be entertained." That is to say, if the President vetoes a bill, and it becomes a law despite the veto, the President may set it aside until the Supreme Court declares it to be valid. Now if the President is not bound by the law, nobody else is; and the *Times* declares that no law is binding, even if passed by a two-thirds vote of Congress, until the Supreme Court has approved it. Such a theory reduces the function of the representatives of the people to the mere initiation of laws, and vests the real power of the Government exclusively in the Executive and Judiciary.

The Tenure-of-Office Act was passed by Congress, vetoed by the President, passed over his veto by the constitutional majority, and became the law. The President acknowledged it to be a law by conforming to its requirements, and explaining to the Senate why he had suspended the Secretary of War. The Senate did not approve the suspension, and there the matter should have ended. But by subsequently assuming to remove the Secretary the President deliberately and distinctly violates the law which forbids the removal of any civil officer appointed with the consent of the Senate without its concurrence if it be in session. There could not be a more flagrant defiance of law or usurpation of authority. If the President, as we have said, may do it in the case of one law, he may do it with all laws. The country could not be sure of the execution of any law, however constitutionally enacted, until the Supreme Court had passed upon it, and the consequent confusion and uncertainty would be intolerable. The assumption of Mr. BROOKS and of the New York *Times* that a law may be held unconstitutional until pronounced otherwise by the court is subversive of the government and of civil order; and the question ought, therefore, to be distinctly settled whether the President has the power of dispensing with the laws—a power which the English two hundred years ago dethroned King JAMES II. for claiming.

The debate in the House need not have been so bitter. It was useless to answer the taunts and threats of Mr. JAMES BROOKS. It was foolish in Mr. INGERSOLL to predict that Mr. WADE would be in the White House within ten days, and equally foolish in Mr. PRUYN to deny it. Mr. FARNSWORTH'S tirade against the Democratic party was elicited by Mr. BROOKS'S claim that the brute force was upon his side. The truth is, that Mr. JAMES BROOKS, who vainly aspires to some kind of leadership in the last party to which he has joined himself, very feebly imitated in the debate the part which DAVIS, BENJAMIN, and the other conspirators played in the session of 1860-'61. His speech required no answer, and the orators of the majority should have confined themselves to the simple point at issue. Moreover, there should have been no attempt to restrict debate. There is no occasion for excessive haste. The Constitution provides every method of proceeding. The President will not resist impeachment, and upon this simple point of deliberate violation of the law, the only point which should be raised, his trial, if ordered, need not last long.

RAILROADS ACROSS OUR STATE.

THE energy of Boston to reach the trade of the great West by railroads, extending through the State of New York, was never greater than at the present moment. Three lines have been projected on which work is being done: 1. The most northerly of these is the famous road through the Hoosic Mountain. 2. The next, southerly, consists of a line starting from Springfield, Massachusetts, and extending southwesterly into Connecticut, and thence, westerly, through the northern tier of counties in Connecticut to the Hudson River at Fishkill. 3. The third is known as the Boston, Hartford, and Erie Railroad.

1. The northern line of communication with the Hudson through the Hoosic Mountain will be accomplished by a union of Massachusetts and also of New York charters. These charters form the roads known as the Boston and Fitchburg, and the Troy and Greenfield lines, which roads together, when completed, will constitute a continuous line from Boston to the Hudson. The tunnel which the Troy and Greenfield Road is obliged to construct is much longer than any on this continent. The work is one of real difficulty, but the object, to procure a line free from steep grades, and make it unnecessary to lift to the top of a mountain all the productions that go east or west justify the expense. There are recent but very strong indications that the State of Massachusetts will certainly complete this tunnel with the view to a continuous and direct line to Lake Ontario. Such an improvement is deemed essential to the growth of Boston, and to that active competition with New York which Boston capitalists keep constantly in view. The policy which governs in adopting the most northerly line for crossing the Hudson is this: That passengers traveling from the West shall, at the point of crossing, be offered greater inducements to proceed to Boston than to New York, and it is supposed that the farther the distance to New York, and the greater the difficulty of reaching it, the more disposed will they be to select the Eastern route.

2. The line next southerly, as we have seen, is designed to extend from Springfield, Massachusetts, to Fishkill, on the Hudson, opposite to one of the *termini* of the Erie Railroad. The several towns in Litchfield and Hartford counties which are interested in this road have voted to raise the proportionate expense applicable to their section, and in Dutchess County, in New York, through the enterprise of a few capitalists, an equal amount of liberality has been shown. The object of this road, so far as Massachusetts is concerned, is a connection with the Hudson, in a manner to avoid the steep grades of the Western Railroad and easily reach the coal-mines of Pennsylvania and the productions of the Western Country. The Western road, constructed by Whistler, is, particularly on the eastern slope of the mountain, a grand monument of engineering skill. A stream, by which it finds its way to the plains, is crossed twenty-seven times, by means of arched masonry of considerable height and span; but the road is an expensive one to maintain and operate.

3. The third line, which is still farther south, and is designed to connect roads extending from Boston and Providence to Waterbury, by way of Hartford with Fishkill, or some point on the Hudson River which will also enable the interior towns of Connecticut, Rhode Island, and part of Massachusetts to reach in the most direct manner those coal-fields, and the productions which seek a market by way of the Erie Railroad. The Secretary of the Boston Board of Trade says of this road, in his report made in January of this year, that "the Company has recently put the whole line from Boston to the Erie Railway under contract; the new portion is to be graded for a double track, and it is agreed that the iron shall be laid by July, 1869. Upward of 1000 men are now employed on the route, and the Company confidently expect the road to be open for traffic at the time stipulated in the contracts."

The Danbury *Times* said of this road, in a recent Number, that the work is to be commenced early in the spring, that Messrs. DILLON & Co. are the contractors, and that in its western course it is located to run through Danbury. We have no means which enable us to decide whether or not the road is thus located; but it is very certain that its location must be in or near that place. A large force of engineers is now engaged (February 21) at and near Purdy's Station on the Harlem Railroad, in experimental surveys to test the feasibility of a route through that portion of Westchester. The object of this survey is doubtless to ascertain if a better and cheaper road can be obtained by running to Peekskill than by running to Fishkill. An extent of country of not less than twenty miles in width, lying between Pawling's Station on the Harlem Railroad and Purdy's on the same road, has been examined with the closest scrutiny to find the most feasible mode of reaching the Hudson with economy and ease. A topographical map of very high value will at least be the consequence of these surveys if no road shall be constructed; but as this road received aid from the State of Massachusetts to the extent of three millions of dollars, yet to be expended, and as the Erie Railroad immediately after the recent election voted to give it the necessary help, it may be supposed reasonably certain that it will be completed by the time mentioned. Before the State granted its aid in April last the Boston Board of Trade passed the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That in the opinion of this Board the speedy completion of the Boston, Hartford and Erie Railroad would be productive of vast benefit to the commerce of Boston, and would greatly promote the prosperity of New England; and they earnestly recommend that the State should grant to the enterprise such aid as the Legislature may deem judicious, by the loan, upon proper security, of the State aid."

As this road is likely to be soon constructed, we give the particulars of its lines acquired by purchase and union. One line starts at the foot of Sumner Street, Boston, and proceeds southwesterly and westerly, through Blackstone, Thompson, Putnam, Willimantic, Hartford, and Waterbury, thence it is to go to the Hudson. Another line runs from Providence to Willimantic. Another from Thompson to Southbridge, and then from Brookline through Woonsocket, Willimantic, and Middletown to New Haven. The total amounts to 425 miles, of which 235 miles are contracted and ironed.

The probability of the early completion of that portion of the road extending to the Hudson River, about sixty miles long, has stimulated the enterprise of New Haven into the incorporation of a road extending by way of Derby, the Titicus Valley, Purdy's Station, and Peekskill on the Hudson, and across the river by an elevated bridge, so as to connect with the Erie Railroad at Suffern's Station.

The feature of greatest interest about these four several routes by which the Eastern States seek a passage way over the State of New York, besides the activity which they develop, arises from the perfect confidence felt in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut that these roads can be devised and executed with the most perfect certainty, without exciting the jealousy of our own State, such as New Jersey exhibits with respect to such enterprises. Certainly it is a display on our part of a large but yet proper liberality. If we refused this accommodation the refusal would necessarily lead to the most bitter conflicts, and ultimately to the breaking up of the Union. New York must herself invoke the aid of States on her western border in her search for the coveted Western trade, and what she seeks she must grant to others. Besides, although Boston will be able by means of these new routes to reach the Hudson without ascending very high elevations, it will be impossible for her to interfere with the supremacy of New York, whether the river be crossed at or above Troy, or at Fishkill, or at Peekskill. Such supplies as reach those points from the West will float down the river to our great market, except for special reasons they are ordered to the Eastern States for local consumption. The quantity of supplies thus needed along all these lines will be immense, and doubtless support whatever roads may be laid down.

The Pacific Railroad has in great part excited this active competition, and as it will soon be running over the Rocky Mountains, freighted with the light articles of manufacture furnished from the great hive of Asiatic industry, it becomes us as well to see that New York is ready for the mighty contest that is to rouse the energy of nations. An additional track parallel with the Central line, and running through the Alleghany at the opening which the Central uses at Little Falls, will doubtless be required to carry the productions which the Pacific roads and some of these Eastern lines will so largely increase.

PROSPECTS.

THE Democratic leaders have lately been in council at Washington to determine when and where the next Convention of the party shall meet to nominate a candidate for the Presidency. The President seized the occasion to show his peculiar claims upon the nomination by a defiance of Congress, and to shelve one of his rivals by nominating General M'CLELLAN as Minister to England. The chiefs of the party, Mr. AUGUST BELMONT at their head, doubtless compared notes upon the situation, and we will now take sweet counsel with them.

The last Convention of the Democratic party, as we all remember, and do not mean to forget, met at Chicago at the end of August, 1864. The campaign of GRANT in Virginia had been long; the suspense was painful, and the general disappointment at the failure of the Petersburg mine had cast a gloom over the country. SHERMAN had not reached Atlanta, and when he was there, what was to follow? It was one of the dark epochs of the war; and the Democratic Convention resolved to make the most of it. HORATIO SEYMOUR, as President, made an anti-war speech. The resolutions were inspired by VALLANDIGHAM, a frank secessionist. They derided the war as a failure, denounced the acts of the Government, and demanded surrender to the rebellion under the name of compromise. Upon this platform General M'CLELLAN and GEORGE H. PENDLETON, the latter of whom had declared that the rebel States should be allowed to have their way, were nominated for President and Vice-President. The proceedings of the Convention were telegraphed with triumph through the country, and the organs and orators of the party in Chicago and elsewhere fiercely vituperated the Government and the war. The political campaign was short, sharp, and decisive. Every State that took part in the election, except Kentucky, New Jersey, and Delaware, declared against the Democratic policy of surrender to the rebellion and consequent national ruin; and of the 233 electoral votes the Democratic candidates received but 21.

Upon the inauguration of Mr. LINCOLN for his second term the organs of the Democratic party devoted themselves to denunciation of the melancholy spectacle of Vice-President JOHNSON'S drunkenness. The New York *World* described his speech as "the spewings of a drunken boor," and the Vice-President himself as "this insolent drunken brute, in comparison with whom even Caligula's horse was respectable." He was also this "clownish drunkard," "betrayed by his own beastly instincts and his boorish mind." Mr. LINCOLN was murdered, and Mr. JOHNSON became President. From that time to this he has endeavored in every way to defeat the will of the loyal people as expressed by Congress, to surrender the late rebel States to the exclusive political supremacy of the rebels, and to abandon the freedmen wholly to the mercies of the late master class. In pursuing this policy, which undoes as far as possible the work of the war, which, if successful, would engage the country in interminable struggles, and which is repugnant to honor, reason, and patriotism, the President has ceased to be, in the eyes of the Democratic party a clown, an insolent brute, a man of beastly instincts, and a drunken boor, and has become a great constitutional statesman, whose words are no longer "spewings" but precious drops of conservative wisdom.

Under the necessary leadership of a man "with whom even Caligula's horse was respectable," the party is beginning its campaign. He is not yet nominated, and he may not be the candidate; but as his policy is that of the party, and as he commands the patronage, he is in the position of leader, whether the other chiefs approve or not. But just here begin the difficulties. It is easy to name a place for the Convention to meet—but who shall be the candidate? The West pronounces loudly and in advance for PENDLETON—whose henchman is VALLANDIGHAM—and repudiation. The Eastern States, in which Democratic leaders are heavy bondholders, prefer SEYMOUR, and as they have succeeded in calling the Convention in the city of New York, the chances of SEY-

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MOUR'S nomination are increased. But the West will come full of hope and resolution for PENDLETON and repudiation.

The great Generals of the war furnish no candidate, for they naturally have no sympathy with the party which in the hour of their peril and heroism declared the war a failure and its soldiers "Lincoln's hirelings." There is no man upon whom the party unites. When the candidate is nominated the party machinery will of course be put under high-pressure to produce a factitious enthusiasm, but the bondholding Democrats will not all agree to the repudiating philosophy of PENDLETON as amiably as Mr. CURTIUS BELMONT, and while they shout against the iniquity of not taxing bonds, will do all they can to save their bonds from taxation. Indeed there is but one point upon which the great Democratic party is a unit, and that is, hostility to the equal suffrage of colored citizens. Upon this sublime principle it takes its stand, and who, upon the whole, so proper a representative of it as the Nashville Moses?

But while the chiefs consult the battle begins. In New Hampshire, where the election takes place early in March, the spirit which is to inspire the Democratic campaign in the country is already manifested. One of the orators denounces the "miserable battle-flags" in the State House at Concord, and especially hates the memory of soldiers. "I do not know," he considerately suggests, "as I would hang one-legged and one-armed soldiers, but I would pray to God to get them out of our way as soon as possible." Mr. HENRY CLAY DEAN, a representative Democratic patriot, seizes a cane in the midst of one of his speeches, and rushes at a dissenting auditor, threatening to beat out his brains. Mr. C. CHAUNCEY BURR, another of the same kind, contemptuously asks of the men who served in the New Hampshire regiments, or sustained them, "Who are conquered—you or the South? I say you are conquered. You can never conquer the South, and I pray God you never may." This Democratic Ajax begins the campaign of 1868 precisely where his party began it at Chicago in 1864, by declaring the war a failure, and advising us to sue for terms. Mr. FRANKLIN PIERCE also takes an active interest in the election, and his activity naturally recalls his cheerful letter to JEFFERSON DAVIS in January, 1860, in which he wrote: "The fighting will not be along MASON and DIXON'S line merely; it will be within our own borders, our own streets."

All this does not seem to be very promising for the Democratic party. To be sure Mr. VALLANDIGHAM is going to speak in Connecticut, and perhaps Mr. FERNANDO WOOD and Mr. BRICK POMEROY can be persuaded to come over and help. But we remark with concern that the mass meeting of the "Prisoners of State"—that is, of men who were caught endeavoring to betray the country to the rebellion after the high VALLANDIGHAM manner, was indefinitely postponed. And amidst all this distraction and perplexity of the great party of reaction, of negro hate, and of special privilege, how exasperating to see the great party of equal rights—the party that did *not* believe the war a failure, nor invite national ruin—the party of national justice and patriotism, warmly uniting upon the wise and magnanimous chief of the army of loyal citizens as their candidate for the Presidency, and calmly insisting upon maintaining the national honor, and upon the consent not of a disaffected class but of the whole people, as their policy of reconstruction.

BUSINESS REVIVING.

THERE is cause for general congratulation that the country has escaped that avalanche of evils which it was predicted would overtake it during the winter just past. Instead of the prevailing distress and business stagnation of the autumn having been greatly aggravated by the lapse of time, we are able to note a marked improvement in nearly every department of industry, despite the numerous obstacles, political, financial, and otherwise, which have been interposed. We know not how much assurance of future benefit to build upon present indications, but we are disposed to make the most of them, and to take fresh courage in renewed efforts to lift our business interests out of the slough in which they have long been mired.

It is true that Congress has not shown itself particularly astute in its management of financial questions, nor has it adopted any decisive measures of positive relief. Nevertheless, what has been done is of a character to inspire confidence and effect an improvement in the business aspect of the country generally. It is now settled that there will be no disturbance of the volume of the currency for the present, one way or the other, either in the direction of expansion or contraction; repudiation is scotched, and the preservation of the public faith assured; the National Banking system will be fostered and protected; while in all that concerns taxation and expenditure progress in the right direction is perceptible.

This improvement in trade is specially noteworthy in the Southern States—due chiefly to the recent rise in the price of cotton from 15½ to 24 @ 25 cents. Under its magical influence the fleecy staple is being exhumed from dusty places of long concealment, and there is promise that the crop will exceed by 300,000 bales the highest estimate of the Fall. The local press speaks in cheerful tones of future prospects. Country merchants are generally meeting their obligations, contrary to the expectation some time ago, when cotton fell to so low a price; planters are paying up their indebtedness of 1867, and help is promised them to carry on the farming operations of the current year; negroes are inclined to make contracts; and the once despondent and apathetic are preparing to go to work to raise cotton and corn with as much animation as though they were just commencing life. In the culture of rice, too, very few have failed to make remunerative crops, while the profits of those who have held on for an advance have been very large. Under an impetus such as this land is rising in value, and tracts that have been abandoned for several years are now being taken up for cultivation. The press is most urgent in pressing upon Northern men the advantages which the present holds out to them, and there is an increasing disposition among capitalists to avail themselves of them. Within a few days past planters have been able to negotiate numerous loans here in New York.

Of course this activity at the South has its effect upon trade here, the more especially as Southern merchants are buying a fair bill of dry-goods and general merchandise for the Spring consumption. Cotton goods have materially advanced, and mills which had stopped or were running on short time are employing more hands. In the foreign Dry-Goods trade there is also a perceptible improvement, and the same is true of business generally, not only here, but in New England and the West. Down East there are signs of a disposition among the ship-builders to resume business, and several contracts have already been made. In Massachusetts the shoe business is looking up; the iron mills of Troy have started anew; locomotive works are increasing their scale of operations; the building trades here and at the West promise an amount of work for the coming season fully equal to that of last year. The Albany Board of Trade reports the business of that city as largely on the increase, and in the main prosperous. This is the pleasing information that comes to us piecemeal from various quarters. Let us hope that the promise of returning prosperity will not fail of the fulfillment; for the interests involved are of incalculable benefit to the country.

The expansion of our trade and the return of former commercial activity are indispensable to our continued vitality as a nation. Without it all legislative contrivances for reducing our burdens can avail nothing. We have heard the question of resumption and the schemes for adjusting the currency discussed from every conceivable stand-point of financial ingenuity; but any measure adopted, however wise, can never be one-half so potent as that simple productive power which grows with our annual growth and expands with the development of our resources. If we take the history of the past fifteen years as a guide, we shall readily perceive that time alone may accomplish all that is required to remedy present evils. Following the like ratio of progress, the present redundant volume of the currency will all be absorbed by the business of the country at the end of fifteen years. A nation, like an individual, can only work his way out of debt by the slow process of developing the value of his property. Fifteen years hence our greatly expanded resources, our increased productive power, and the greater volume of our products seeking exchange, will bring the value of gold and paper-money to a close approximation. Besides, our present annual gold product of $100,000,000 would of itself nearly suffice to pay off the national debt in fifteen years. The volume of our currency will rest upon no doubtful basis then, and resumption must come naturally and necessarily, if not accomplished sooner by extraneous means; but so long as the currency continues disproportionate to the commercial necessities of the country, we must suffer financial disturbance. Any decided improvement in trade is therefore to be hailed as a substantial advance made toward the final accomplishment of the great national purpose.

SYRACUSE.

THE reactionary newspapers which have shouted loud and long over the result of some of the elections for supervisors in this State have not very vociferously called attention to the late city election in Syracuse. Last year the Democrats in that city elected their candidate for Mayor by some two hundred majority. This year they nominated, in eager accordance with the real tendency of the reaction, one of the most conspicuous Copperheads in the State, JOHN A. GREEN, Jun. The Republicans nominated CHARLES ANDREWS, one of the delegates at large to the Republican National Convention; one of the most sagacious, able, and influential delegates in the Constitutional Convention; and a man whose personal character fitly represents the purity and humanity of his political principles. The Republicans also nominated PATRICK CORBETT as Justice; also a member of the Constitutional Convention, and one of the most eloquent and accomplished of the young Irishmen of New York. The contest was very warm, and was regarded with great interest as of peculiar significance. The result was the election of Mr. ANDREWS and his ticket by more than a hundred majority, a gain of some three hundred and sixty-four over the last spring.

This election shows that the reaction is spending itself; and it reminds the Republicans that their candidates must be both in character and ability really representative of the party, or the full vote can not be polled. If we nominate the best men we nominate the strongest. That is a truth which we hope all our Conventions, for greater or smaller nominations, will steadily bear in mind. If doubtful men are nominated from any questionable consideration their very names invite defeat, and their reputations deserve it. And the attempt of party papers, when such men are nominated, to dragoon all dissenters into supporting them, is merely a systematic demoralization of which any party will surely pay the penalty.

RAILROAD COMFORT AND SAFETY.

WE have long since urged in these columns the construction of comfortable railroad cars. There seems to be no good reason why money should fail to buy that accommodation in the car which it can always secure in the hotel; and the experiment is now trying of a variety of cars. Upon the Hudson River and Central Roads there has been, during the last season, a carriage called the Palace car, which was attached to some of the through trains to Buffalo. Its movement was very steady and quiet. The car was divided into little rooms connecting by a passage along the side upon which the rooms opened. The wood was black-walnut, and the furnishing was luxurious. Mr. VANDERBILT is understood not to have smiled upon the Palace car; but we do not know for what reason. We do know, however, that many travelers found it exceedingly comfortable, and gladly paid the increase of fare which was demanded for the greater comfort.

The New Haven Road has recently placed some new cars upon the express trains to Boston, modeled upon the European car with improvements. Among these is the system of warming by hot pipes, which, upon trial on one of the coldest days of this cold season, was found to work well. Besides this convenience there is the usual bell-rope connecting with the locomotive; the closet in each apartment of the car, and the little space between the roof of the car and each partition, so that no part is absolutely separated from another. Somewhat similar carriages have been in use upon the Fall River and Boston Road for some time.

If now the same rigorous regard is shown for the safety as for the comfort of travelers, our roads should soon be the best in the world. But every body shudders in such frosty weather as we have lately seen in thinking of the horrible accidents from broken rails and wheels which the newspapers will surely unfold. Nor can public attention be too strenuously directed to the subject. There are hundreds of escapes and accidents with no fatal results which are never heard of. Even Mr. VANDERBILT discontinued some of the signal-men upon the Hudson River Road, but presently restored them. Yet there is no road in the country which is more exposed to danger, and upon every rod of which there should be such constant supervision. We hope that after the terrible experience of this winter, in which so many accidents have ended in the burning of the cars, that Mr. VANDERBILT will abolish all the stoves in his cars before another season. He has identified his name with several of the great roads that radiate from this city. If he will make them as safe as they will probably be profitable his fame will be enviable.

A correspondent who travels a great deal, and who has seen, he says, with pleasure the interest which *Harper's Weekly* takes in the welfare of travelers, writes us the following word upon "Wretched Railroads:"

"A correspondent in a late Number of your paper brings into favorable notice the management of a Vermont railroad; and justly, too, I think. But permit me to say a word of another road in the same State, but of a different nature, and that, too, upon which the sad disaster at Northfield bridge occurred only a few weeks since. But from no pecuniary interest in either of these roads, and such interest only as every traveler must have, willing or not; and that the demands of safety.

"A few weeks since, while riding over the Vermont Central, having become fatigued from the constant jolting of the cars, I arose from the seat and stood at the rear end of the car, which was also the rear of the train, and thought to vary the monotony of the long ride with views of the rugged mountain scenery exposed by the tortuous windings of the road. And here I discovered much of the cause for the severe jolting I had experienced. The tremendous freights which go thundering over this road have left their impression upon the rails in such a manner that if the officers of the Company ever pass over it, even with eyes shut, they must be reminded of neglected duty. A great part of the surface rail has become so crushed and splintered away as to certainly *suggest* accidents; and the ends fall so much of meeting in many instances that when the wheels sank and rebounded from those villainous spaces it required a firm grasp upon objects at either side to maintain a comparatively upright position. There are, perhaps, scores of roads in this country in equally bad condition, but is it wrong—or rather is it not *right*—to particularize roads even of this sort, when the safety of thousands of lives are daily at stake? If the short-sighted policy of railroad managers looks only to stock-dividends, have not the people, by whom, indirectly, corporate privileges are granted, also some interests which deserve consideration? There are thousands who think, with you, that they have, and among the number,

"RAILER No. 2."

WASHINGTON COLLEGE, VIRGINIA.

A MEETING called by Governor FENTON, the Rev. DRS. M'CLINTOCK, ADAMS, STORRS, HITCHCOCK, VINTON, PRIME, DIX, TYNG, Jun., CURRY, Bishop POTTER, HENRY WARD BEECHER, W. E. DODGE, PETER COOPER, A. A. LOW, with many other leading clergymen and citizens, will be held on the evening of the 2d of March, in behalf of Washington College, Virginia. These gentlemen regard the situation and associations of the College as a peculiarly desirable point for creating an educational fund whose benefits shall be shared by all the Southern States. There is no subject more important, there is nothing more absolutely essential to peaceful reconstruction, than general education in those States. Mr. BEECHER and other earnest and eloquent gentlemen are to address the meeting in aid of the College, of which General LEE is President. We trust that those who wish to do what they can to heal all national wounds will give the subject a candid and thoughtful attention.

THE JUNKER HOF OF KÖNIGSBERG.

IT would be singular if in two such portly volumes as those in which William Hepworth Dixon, author of "the New America," gives the world his rhapsodical theories about "spiritual wives," there should not be at least one or two good ideas, or facts, or descriptions. The good ideas are few, and the "facts" very dubious; but there is a very good description of the Junker Hof of Königsberg, which is a German lecture hall, something after the order of the English Guildhall, and a happy mixture of the lecture-room of our Cooper Institute and the Atlantic Garden. It is a picture of a lecture-hall in a Prussian city "where the churches are government offices, the preachers are police magistrates, and the services are governed by rules as stern as the articles of war."

"The Junker Hof is not, under ordinary circumstances, a desert place. Here the great merchants hold their balls; the great bankers spread their boards. Here the political battles of the town and province are fought out. Here the Rev. Dr. Julius Rupp delights a fashionable audience by his eloquence; and Dr. Jolowicz discourses to a body of reforming Jews. Any great singer who may wander into Ost Preussen is heard in the Junker Hof. The hall belongs to the city, and the use of it is only to be obtained from the town-council; but, in fact, the use of it is seldom refused when the applicants are of standing in the place. In the same room Johann Jacoby dilates to the democracy on the rights of man; and Karl Rosenkranz whispers to the higher classes on the charms of philosophy and art. I have been invited to an evening party, given in this hall, by the foreign Consuls, to the cream of the cream, where the young ladies dance and flirt, while the older people drink tea and play at whist. In a word, every thing that happens in Königsberg happens in the Junker Hof. The room is large and nobly planned, as becomes the birth-place of German liberalism, the cradle (as it boasts) of the new Fatherland. The walls are rough with gods and nymphs, with busts of heroes, kings, and poets. Two large candelabra hang from the roof. Apollo smiles from the ceiling, on which he is reclining, in bright-red paint, his lyre in hand, with Mercury and Aurora in attendance on his godship."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

IMPEACHMENT OF PRESIDENT JOHNSON.

ON Friday, February 21, President Johnson transmitted to both Houses of Congress a Message announcing that he had removed Secretary of War Stanton, and had appointed Adjutant-General Lorenzo Thomas in his place. Great excitement ensued in both Houses. The Senate at once went into executive session to consider the extraordinary action of the President, and after due deliberation passed a resolution declaring that under the Constitution and laws of the United States, by virtue of whose authority Mr. Johnson claimed to have acted, the President had no power to remove the Secretary of War and designate any other person to perform the duties of that officer *ad interim*.

In the House action was not less prompt. A resolution to the effect that Andrew Johnson be impeached for high crimes and misdemeanors was offered, and referred to the Committee on Reconstruction. This resolution was reported back by the Committee on February 22, and the debate was begun with great spirit on the same day. It ended on Monday, February 24, at five o'clock P.M., when a vote was taken, and the resolution (which reads thus: "Resolved, That Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, be impeached of high crimes and misdemeanors") was adopted by a vote of 126 yeas to 47 nays.

In the mean time Adjutant-General Thomas had repeatedly demanded possession of the War-office, and had as repeatedly been refused by Secretary Stanton, who also caused his arrest for exercising or attempting to exercise the duties of the Secretary of War.

CONGRESS.

Senator Wilson's very important bill reducing the army by abolishing several grades, discharging bands, etc., passed the Senate on February 17. The Army Appropriation Bill was passed by the House on February 20. It appropriates $33,092,093 for the expenditures for the coming year.

The House on February 17 appropriated $50,000 for the relief of destitute citizens imprisoned abroad.

NEWS ITEM.

The Florida Convention adopted a Constitution on February 24, and it is to be submitted to the people on the 6th, 7th, and 8th of April. It declares universal suffrage; abolishes all proscription and test oaths; foreigners are made voters on a declaration of their intention to become citizens; and an educational suffrage qualification is provided for after the year 1880.

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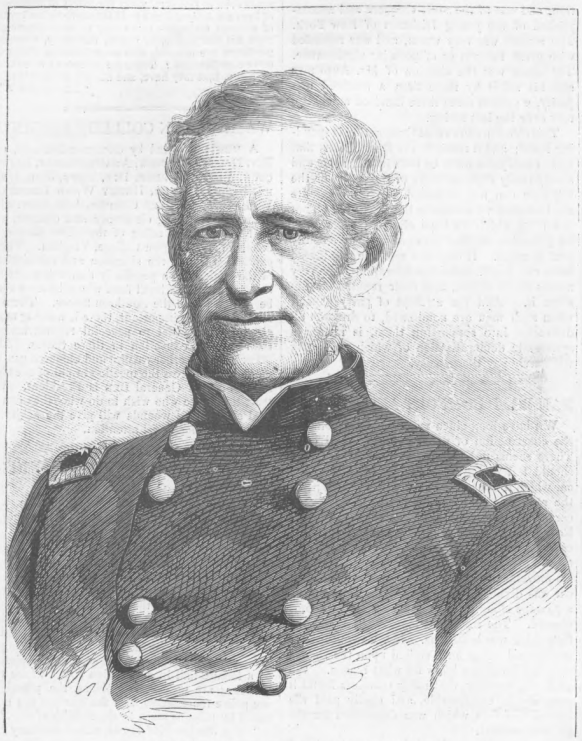

ADJUTANT GENERAL LORENZO THOMAS, U.S.A.

THE LOST ARM.—"I GAVE MY RIGHT ARM GLADLY."—[SEE POEM, PAGE 151.]

GENERAL LORENZO THOMAS.

ADJUTANT-GENERAL LORENZO THOMAS, lately appointed by President JOHNSON as acting Secretary of War, is not, as many supposed, the famous GEORGE H. THOMAS, who defeated ZOLLICOFFER at Mill Springs, Kentucky, saved ROSECRANS's army at Chickamauga, and who held Chattanooga and Nashville. Adjutant-General LORENZO THOMAS held no command in the field during the war, but was at first employed in the War-office at Washington; he was relieved of that duty by Secretary STANTON, and ordered to the inspection and organization of the colored troops of the Southwest. Subsequently he was given charge of the national cemeteries. He is an old man, sixty-three years of age; has been in the army for forty-five years, and Adjutant-General since March 7, 1861. Our portrait above is a faithful representation of his countenance.

DOLLY'S SLEIGH-RIDE—AN ILLUSTRATION FOR THE JUVENILES.—[SEE PAGE 151.]

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THE MOONSTONE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

Printed from the Author's Manuscript.

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.

CHAPTER XVI.

WE found my lady with no light in the room but the reading-lamp. The shade was screwed down so as to overshadow her face. Instead of looking up at us in her usual straightforward way, she sat close at the table, and kept her eyes fixed obstinately on an open book.

"Officer," she said, "is it important to the inquiry you are conducting to know beforehand if any person now in this house wishes to leave it?"

"Most important, my lady."

"I have to tell you, then, that Miss Verinder proposes going to stay with her aunt, Mrs. Ablewhite, of Frizinghall. She has arranged to leave us the first thing to-morrow morning."

Sergeant Cuff looked at me. I made a step forward to speak to my mistress—and, feeling my heart fail me (if I must own it), took a step back again, and said nothing.

"May I ask your ladyship *when* Miss Verinder first thought of going to her aunt's?" inquired the Sergeant.

"About an hour since," answered my mistress.

Sergeant Cuff looked at me once more. They say old people's hearts are not very easily moved. *My* heart couldn't have thumped much harder than it did now, if I had been five-and-twenty again!

"I have no claim, my lady," says the Sergeant, "to control Miss Verinder's actions. All I can ask you to do is to put off her departure, if possible, till later in the day. I must go to Frizinghall myself to-morrow morning—and I shall be back by two o'clock, if not before. If Miss Verinder can be kept here till that time, I should wish to say two words to her—unexpectedly—before she goes."

My lady directed me to give the coachman her orders that the carriage was not to come for Miss Rachel until two o'clock. "Have you more to say?" she asked of the Sergeant, when this had been done.

"Only one thing, your ladyship. If Miss Verinder is surprised at this change in the arrangements, please not to mention Me as being the cause of putting off her journey."

My mistress lifted her head suddenly from her book as if she was going to say something—checked herself by a great effort—and, looking back again at the open page, dismissed us with a sign of her hand.

"That's a wonderful woman," said Sergeant Cuff, when we were out in the hall again. "But for her self-control the mystery that puzzles you, Mr. Betteredge, would have been at an end to-night."

At those words the truth rushed at last into my stupid old head. For the moment I suppose I must have gone clean out of my senses. I seized the Sergeant by the collar of his coat and pinned him against the wall.

"Damn you!" I cried out, "there's something wrong about Miss Rachel—and you have been hiding it from me all this time!"

Sergeant Cuff looked up at me—flat against the wall—without stirring a hand or moving a muscle of his melancholy face.

"Ah," he said, "you've guessed it at last!"

My hand dropped from his collar, and my head sunk on my breast. Please to remember, as some excuse for my breaking out as I did, that I had served the family for fifty years. Miss Rachel had climbed upon my knees, and pulled my whiskers, many and many a time when she was a child. Miss Rachel with all her faults, had been, to my mind, the dearest and prettiest and best young mistress that ever an old servant waited on, and loved. I begged Sergeant Cuff's pardon, but I am afraid I did it with watery eyes, and not in a very becoming way.

"Don't distress yourself, Mr. Betteredge," says the Sergeant, with more kindness than I had any right to expect from him. "In my line of life, if we were quick at taking offense we shouldn't be worth salt to our porridge. If it's any comfort to you, collar me again. You don't in the least know how to do it; but I'll overlook your awkwardness in consideration of your feelings."

He curled up at the corners of his lips, and, in his own dreary way, seemed to think he had delivered himself of a very good joke.

I led him into my own little sitting-room and closed the door.

"Tell me the truth, Sergeant," I said. "What do you suspect? It's no kindness to hide it from me now."

"I don't suspect," said Sergeant Cuff. "I know."

My unlucky temper began to get the better of me again.

"Do you mean to tell me in plain English," I said, "that Miss Rachel has stolen her own Diamond?"

"Yes," says the Sergeant; "that is what I mean to tell you in so many words. Miss Verinder has been in secret possession of the Moonstone from first to last; and she has taken Rosanna Spearman into her confidence because she has calculated on our suspecting Rosanna Spearman of the theft. There is the whole case in a nut-shell. Collar me again, Mr. Betteredge. If it's any vent to your feelings, collar me again."

God help me! my feelings were not to be relieved in that way. "Give me your reasons!" That was all I could say to him.

"You shall hear my reasons to-morrow," said the Sergeant. "If Miss Verinder refuses to put off her visit to her aunt (which you will find Miss Verinder will do), I shall be obliged to lay the whole case before your mistress to-morrow. And as I don't know what may come of it, I shall request you to be present and to hear what passes on both sides. Let the matter rest for to-night. No, Mr. Betteredge, you don't get a word more on the subject of the Moonstone out of me. There is your table spread for supper. That's one of the many human infirmities which I always treat tenderly. If you will ring the bell, I'll say grace. 'For what we are going to receive—'"

"I wish you a good appetite to it, Sergeant," I said. "*My* appetite is gone. I'll wait and see you served, and then I'll ask you to excuse me if I go away and try to get the better of this by myself."

I saw him served with the best of every thing—and I shouldn't have been sorry if the best of every thing had choked him. The head gardener (Mr. Begbie) came in at the same time with his weekly account. The Sergeant got on the subject of roses and the merits of grass walks and gravel walks immediately. I left the two together, and went out with a heavy heart. This was the first trouble I remember for many a long year which wasn't to be blown off by a whiff of tobacco, and which was even beyond the reach of Robinson Crusoe.

"I SEIZED THE SERGEANT BY THE COLLAR OF HIS COAT AND PINNED HIM AGAINST THE WALL."

Being restless and miserable, and having no particular room to go to, I took a turn on the terrace, and thought it over in peace and quietness by myself. It doesn't much matter what my thoughts were. I felt wretchedly old, and worn out, and unfit for my place—and began to wonder, for the first time in my life, when it would please God to take me. With all this I held firm, notwithstanding, to my belief in Miss Rachel. If Sergeant Cuff had been Solomon in all his glory, and had told me that my young lady had mixed herself up in a mean and guilty plot, I should have had but one answer for Solomon, wise as he was: "You don't know her, and I do."

My meditations were interrupted by Samuel. He brought me a written message from my mistress.

Going into the house to get a light to read it by, Samuel remarked that there seemed a change coming in the weather. My troubled mind had prevented me from noticing it before. But, now my attention was roused, I heard the dogs uneasy, and the wind moaning low. Looking up at the sky, I saw the rack of clouds getting blacker and blacker, and hurrying faster and faster over a watery moon. Wild weather coming—Samuel was right, wild weather coming.

The message from my lady informed me that the magistrate at Frizinghall had written to remind her about the three Indians. Early in the coming week the rogues must needs be released, and left free to follow their own devices. If we had any more questions to ask them, there was no time to lose. Having forgotten to mention this when she had last seen Sergeant Cuff, my mistress now desired me to supply the omission. The Indians had gone clean out of my head (as they have, no doubt, gone clean out of yours). I didn't see much use in stirring that subject again. However, I obeyed my orders on the spot, as a matter of course.

I found Sergeant Cuff and the gardener, with a bottle of Scotch whisky between them, head over ears in an argument on the growing of roses. The Sergeant was so deeply interested that he held up his hand, and signed to me not to interrupt the discussion, when I came in. As far as I could understand it, the question between them was, whether the white moss-rose did, or did not, require to be budded on the dog-rose to make it grow well. Mr. Begbie said, Yes; and Sergeant Cuff said, No. They appealed to me as hotly as a couple of boys. Knowing nothing whatever about the growing of roses, I steered a middle course—just as her majesty's judges do, when the scales of justice bother them by hanging, even to a hair. "Gentlemen," I remarked, "there is much to be said on both sides." In the temporary lull produced by that impartial sentence I laid my lady's written message on the table under the eyes of Sergeant Cuff.

I had got by this time as nearly as might be to hate the Sergeant. But truth compels me to acknowledge that, in respect of readiness of mind, he was a wonderful man.

In half a minute after he had read the message he had looked back into his memory for Superintendent Seegrave's report; had picked out that part of it in which the Indians were concerned; and was ready with his answer. A certain great traveler, who understood the Indians and their language, had figured in Mr. Seegrave's

"'HE LOOKS AT THE BILLIARD-BALLS,' I HEARD HER SAY. 'ANY THING RATHER THAN LOOK AT *ME*!'"

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report, hadn't he? Very well. Did I know the gentleman's name and address? Very well again. Would I write them on the back of my lady's message? Much obliged to me. Sergeant Cuff would look that gentleman up when he went to Frizinghall in the morning.

"Do you expect any thing to come of it?" I asked. "Superintendent Seegrave found the Indians as innocent as the babe unborn."

"Superintendent Seegrave has been proved wrong, up to this time, in all his conclusions," answered the Sergeant. "It may be worth while to find out to-morrow whether Superintendent Seegrave was wrong about the Indians as well." With that he turned to Mr. Begbie, and took up the argument again exactly at the place where it had left off. "This question between us is a question of soils and seasons, and patience and pains, Mr. Gardener. Now let me put it to you from another point of view. You take your white moss-rose—"

By that time I had closed the door on them, and was out of hearing of the rest of the dispute.

In the passage I met Penelope hanging about, and asked what she was waiting for.

She was waiting for her young lady's bell, when her young lady chose to call her back to go on with the packing for the next day's journey. Further inquiry revealed to me that Miss Rachel had given it as a reason for wanting to go to her aunt at Frizinghall that the house was unendurable to her, and that she could bear the odious presence of a policeman under the same roof with herself no longer. On being informed, half an hour since, that her departure would be delayed till two in the afternoon she had flown into a violent passion. My lady, present at the time, had severely rebuked her, and then (having apparently something to say, which was reserved for her daughter's private ear) had sent Penelope out of the room. My girl was in wretchedly low spirits about the changed state of things in the house. "Nothing goes right, father; nothing is like what it used to be. I feel as if some dreadful misfortune was hanging over us all."

That was my feeling too. But I put a good face on it before my daughter. Miss Rachel's bell rang while we were talking. Penelope ran up the back stairs to go on with the packing. I went by the other way to the hall to see what the glass said about the change in the weather.

Just as I approached the swing-door leading into the hall from the servants' offices, it was violently opened from the other side; and Rosanna Spearman ran by me, with a miserable look of pain in her face, and one of her hands pressed hard over her heart, as if the pang was in that quarter. "What's the matter, my girl?" I asked, stopping her. "Are you ill?" "For God's sake don't speak to me," she answered, and twisted herself out of my hands, and ran on toward the servants' staircase. I called to the cook (who was within hearing) to look after the poor girl. Two other persons proved to be within hearing as well as the cook. Sergeant Cuff darted softly out of my room, and asked what was the matter. I answered, "Nothing." Mr. Franklin, on the other side, pulled open the swing-door, and beckoning me into the hall, inquired if I had seen any thing of Rosanna Spearman.

"She has just passed me, Sir, with a very disturbed face, and in a very odd manner."

"I am afraid I am innocently the cause of that disturbance, Betteredge."

"You, Sir!"

"I can't explain it," says Mr. Franklin; "but if the girl *is* concerned in the loss of the Diamond I do really believe she was on the point of confessing every thing—to me, of all the people in the world—not two minutes since."

Looking toward the swing-door, as he said those last words, I fancied I saw it opened a little way from the inner side.

Was there any body listening? The door fell to before I could get to it. Looking through, the moment after, I thought I saw the tails of Sergeant Cuff's respectable black coat disappearing round the corner of the passage. He knew as well as I did that he could expect no more help from me now that I had discovered the turn which his investigations were really taking. Under those circumstances it was quite in his character to help himself, and to do it by the underground way.

Not feeling sure that I had really seen the Sergeant—and not desiring to make needless mischief, where, Heaven knows, there was mischief enough going on already—I told Mr. Franklin that I thought one of the dogs had got into the house—and then begged him to describe what had happened between Rosanna and himself.

"Were you passing through the hall, Sir?" I asked. "Did you meet her accidentally, when she spoke to you?"

Mr. Franklin pointed to the billiard-table.

"I was knocking the balls about," he said, "and trying to get this miserable business of the Diamond out of my mind. I happened to look up—and there stood Rosanna Spearman at the side of me, like a ghost! Her stealing on me in that way was so strange that I hardly knew what to do at first. Seeing a very anxious expression in her face, I asked her if she wished to speak to me. She answered, 'Yes, if I dare.' Knowing what suspicion attached to her I could only put one construction to such language as that. I confess it made me uncomfortable. I had no wish to invite the girl's confidence. At the same time, in the difficulties that now beset us, I could hardly feel justified in refusing to listen to her, if she was really bent on speaking to me. It was an awkward position; and I dare say I got out of it awkwardly enough. I said to her, 'I don't quite understand you. Is there any thing you want me to do?' Mind, Betteredge, I didn't speak unkindly! The poor girl can't help being ugly—I felt that at the time. The cue was still in my hand, and I went on knocking the balls about, to take off the awkwardness of the thing. As it turned out I only made matters worse still. I'm afraid I mortified her without meaning it! She suddenly turned away. 'He looks at the billiard-balls,' I heard her say. 'Any thing rather than look at *me!*' Before I could stop her she had left the hall. I am not quite easy about it, Betteredge. Would you mind telling Rosanna that I meant no unkindness? I have been a little hard on her, perhaps, in my own thoughts—I have almost hoped that the loss of the Diamond might be traced to *her*. Not from any ill-will to the poor girl; but—" He stopped there, and, going back to the billiard-table, began to knock the balls about once more.

After what had passed between the Sergeant and me I knew what it was that he had left unspoken as well as he knew it himself.

Nothing but the tracing of the Moonstone to our second house-maid could now raise Miss Rachel above the infamous suspicion that rested on her in the mind of Sergeant Cuff. It was no longer a question of quieting my young lady's nervous excitement; it was a question of proving her innocence. If Rosanna had done nothing to compromise herself, the hope which Mr. Franklin confessed to having felt would have been hard enough on her in all conscience. But this was not the case. She had pretended to be ill, and had gone secretly to Frizinghall. She had been up all night, making something, or destroying something, in private. And she had been at the Shivering Sand that evening under circumstances which were highly suspicious, to say the least of them. For all these reasons (sorry as I was for Rosanna) I could not but think that Mr. Franklin's way of looking at the matter was neither unnatural nor unreasonable, in Mr. Franklin's position. I said a word to him to that effect.

"Yes, yes!" he said, in return. "But there is just a chance—a very poor one, certainly—that Rosanna's conduct may admit of some explanation which we don't see at present. I hate hurting a woman's feelings, Betteredge! Tell the poor creature what I told you to tell her. And if she wants to speak to me—I don't care whether I get into a scrape or not—send her to me in the library." With those kind words he laid down the cue and left me.

Inquiry at the servants' offices informed me that Rosanna had retired to her own room. She had declined all offers of assistance with thanks, and had only asked to be left to rest in quiet. Here, therefore, was an end of any confession on her part (supposing she really had a confession to make) for that night. I reported the result to Mr. Franklin, who, thereupon, left the library, and went up to bed.

I was putting the lights out, and making the windows fast, when Samuel came in with news of the two guests whom I had left in my room. The argument about the white moss-rose had apparently come to an end at last. The gardener had gone home, and Sergeant Cuff was nowhere to be found in the lower regions of the house.

I looked into my room. Quite true—nothing was to be discovered there but a couple of empty tumblers and a strong smell of hot grog. Had the Sergeant gone of his own accord to the bedchamber that was prepared for him? I went up stairs to see.

After reaching the second landing I thought I heard a sound of quiet and regular breathing on my left-hand side. My left-hand side led to the corridor which communicated with Miss Rachel's room. I looked in, and there, coiled up on three chairs placed right across the passage—there, with a red handkerchief tied round his grizzled head, and his respectable black coat rolled up for a pillow, lay and slept Sergeant Cuff!

He woke, instantly and quietly, like a dog, the moment I approached him.

"Good-night, Mr. Betteredge," he said. "And mind, if you ever take to growing roses, the white moss-rose is all the better for *not* being budded on the dog-rose, whatever the gardener may say to the contrary!"

"What are you doing here?" I asked. "Why are you not in your proper bed?"

"I am not in my proper bed," answered the Sergeant, "because I am one of the many people in this miserable world who can't earn their money honestly and easily at the same time. There was a coincidence, this evening, between the period of Rosanna Spearman's return from the Sands and the period when Miss Verinder took her resolution to leave the house. Whatever Rosanna may have hidden it's clear to my mind that your young lady couldn't go away until she knew that it *was* hidden. The two must have communicated privately once already to-night. If they try to communicate again, when the house is quiet, I want to be in the way, and stop it. Don't blame me for upsetting your sleeping arrangements, Mr. Betteredge—blame the Diamond."

"I wish to God the Diamond had never found its way into this house!" I broke out.

Sergeant Cuff looked with a rueful face at the three chairs on which he had condemned himself to pass the night.

"So do I," he said, gravely.

CHAPTER XVII.

NOTHING happened in the night; and (I am happy to add) no attempt at communication between Miss Rachel and Rosanna rewarded the vigilance of Sergeant Cuff.

I had expected the Sergeant to set off for Frizinghall the first thing in the morning. He waited about, however, as if he had something else to do first. I left him to his own devices; and going into the grounds shortly after met Mr. Franklin on his favorite walk by the shrubbery side.

Before we had exchanged two words the Sergeant unexpectedly joined us. He made up to Mr. Franklin, who received him, I must own, haughtily enough. "Have you any thing to say to me?" was all the return he got for politely wishing Mr. Franklin good-morning.

"I have something to say to you, Sir," answered the Sergeant, "on the subject of the inquiry I am conducting here. You detected the turn that inquiry was really taking yesterday. Naturally enough, in your position, you are shocked and distressed. Naturally enough, also, you visit your own angry sense of your own family scandal upon Me."

"What do you want?" Mr. Franklin broke in, sharply enough.

"I want to remind you, Sir, that I have at any rate, thus far, not been *proved* to be wrong. Bearing that in mind, be pleased to remember, at the same time, that I am an officer of the law acting here under the sanction of the mistress of the house. Under these circumstances, is it, or is it not, your duty as a good citizen to assist me with any special information which you may happen to possess?"

"I possess no special information," says Mr. Franklin.

Sergeant Cuff put that answer by him, as if no answer had been made.

"You may save my time, Sir, from being wasted on an inquiry at a distance," he went on, "if you choose to understand me and speak out."

"I don't understand you," answered Mr. Franklin; "and I have nothing to say."

"One of the female servants (I won't mention names) spoke to you privately, Sir, last night."

Once more Mr. Franklin cut him short; once more Mr. Franklin answered, "I have nothing to say."

Standing by in silence, I thought of the movement in the swing-door, on the previous evening, and of the coat-tails which I had seen disappearing down the passage. Sergeant Cuff had, no doubt, just heard enough before I interrupted him to make him suspect that Rosanna had relieved her mind by confessing something to Mr. Franklin Blake.

This notion had barely struck me—when who should appear at the end of the shrubbery walk but Rosanna Spearman in her own proper person! She was followed by Penelope, who was evidently trying to make her retrace her steps to the house. Seeing that Mr. Franklin was not alone Rosanna came to a stand-still, evidently in great perplexity what to do next. Penelope waited behind her. Mr. Franklin saw the girls as soon as I saw them. The Sergeant, with his devilish cunning, took on not to have noticed them at all. All this happened in an instant. Before either Mr. Franklin or I could say a word Sergeant Cuff struck in smoothly, with an appearance of continuing previous conversation.

"You needn't be afraid of harming the girl, Sir," he said, to Mr. Franklin, speaking in a loud voice, so that Rosanna might hear him. "On the contrary, I recommend you to honor me with your confidence, if you feel any interest in Rosanna Spearman."

Mr. Franklin instantly took on not to have noticed the girls either. He answered, speaking loudly on his side:

"I take no interest whatever in Rosanna Spearman."

I looked toward the end of the walk. All I saw at the distance was that Rosanna suddenly turned round the moment Mr. Franklin had spoken. Instead of resisting Penelope, as she had done the moment before, she now let my daughter take her by the arm and lead her back to the house.

The breakfast-bell rang as the two girls disappeared—and even Sergeant Cuff was now obliged to give it up as a bad job! He said to me quietly, "I shall go to Frizinghall, Mr. Betteredge; and I shall be back before two." He went his way without a word more—and for some few hours we were well rid of him.

"You must make it right with Rosanna," Mr. Franklin said to me when we were alone. "I seem to be fated to say or do something awkward before that unlucky girl. You must have seen yourself that Sergeant Cuff laid a trap for both of us. If he could confuse *me*, or irritate *her* into breaking out, either she or I might have said something which would answer his purpose. On the spur of the moment I saw no better way out of it than the way I took. It stopped the girl from saying any thing, and it showed the Sergeant that I saw through him. He was evidently listening, Betteredge, when I was speaking to you last night."

He had done worse than listen, as I privately thought to myself. He had remembered my telling him that the girl was in love with Mr. Franklin; and he had calculated on *that* when he appealed to Mr. Franklin's interest in Rosanna—in Rosanna's hearing.

"As to listening, Sir," I remarked (keeping the other point to myself), "we shall all be rowing in the same boat if this sort of thing goes on much longer. Prying and peeping and listening are the natural occupations of people situated as we are. In another day or two, Mr. Franklin, we shall all be struck dumb together—for this reason that we shall all be listening to surprise each other's secrets, and all know it. Excuse my breaking out, Sir. The horrid mystery hanging over us in this house gets into my head like liquor and makes me wild. I won't forget what you have told me. I'll take the first opportunity of making it right with Rosanna Spearman."

"You haven't said any thing to her yet about last night, have you?" Mr. Franklin asked.

"No, Sir."

"Then say nothing now. I had better not invite the girl's confidence, with the Sergeant on the look-out to surprise us together. My conduct is not very consistent, Betteredge—is it? I see no way out of this business which isn't dreadful to think of unless the Diamond is traced to Rosanna. And yet I can't and won't help Sergeant Cuff to find the girl out."

Unreasonable enough, no doubt. But it was my state of mind as well. I thoroughly understood him. If you will, for once in your life, remember that you are mortal perhaps you will thoroughly understand him too.

The state of things, indoors and out, while Sergeant Cuff was on his way to Frizinghall, was briefly this:

Miss Rachel waited for the time when the carriage was to take her to her aunt's, still obstinately shut up in her own room. My lady and Mr. Franklin breakfasted together. After breakfast Mr. Franklin took one of his sudden resolutions and went out precipitately to quiet his mind by a long walk. I was the only person who saw him go; and he told me he should be back before the Sergeant returned. The change in the weather, foreshadowed overnight, had come. Heavy rain had been followed, soon after dawn, by high wind. It was blowing fresh as the day got on. But though the clouds threatened more than once the rain still held off. It was not a bad day for a walk, if you were young and strong, and could breast the great gusts of wind which came sweeping in from the sea.

I attended my lady after breakfast, and assisted her in the settlement of our household accounts. She only once alluded to the matter of the Moonstone, and that was in the way of forbidding any present mention of it between us. "Wait till that man comes back," she said, meaning the Sergeant. "We *must* speak of it then: we are not obliged to speak of it now."

After leaving my mistress I found Penelope waiting for me in my room.

"I wish, father, you would come and speak to Rosanna," she said. "I am very uneasy about her."

I suspected what was the matter readily enough. But it is a maxim of mine that men (being superior creatures) are bound to improve women—if they can. When a woman wants me to do any thing (my daughter or not it doesn't matter), I always insist on knowing why. The oftener you make them rummage their own minds for a reason, the more manageable you will find them in all the relations of life. It isn't their fault (poor wretches!) that they act first, and think afterward; it's the fault of the fools who humor them.

Penelope's reason why, on this occasion, may be given in her own words. "I'm afraid, father," she said, "Mr. Franklin has hurt Rosanna cruelly without intending it."

"What took Rosanna into the shrubbery walk?" I asked.

"Her own madness," says Penelope; "I can call it nothing else. She was bent on speaking to Mr. Franklin this morning come what might of it. I did my best to stop her; you saw that. If I could only have got her away before she heard those dreadful words—"

"There! there!" I said, "don't lose your head. I can't call to mind that any thing happened to alarm Rosanna."

"Nothing to alarm her, father. But Mr. Franklin said he took no interest whatever in her—and, oh, he said it in such a cruel voice!"

"He said it to stop the Sergeant's mouth?" I answered.

"I told her that," says Penelope. "But you see, father (though Mr. Franklin isn't to blame), he's been mortifying and disappointing her for weeks and weeks past; and now this comes on the top of it all! She has no right, of course, to expect him to take any interest in her. It's quite monstrous that she should forget herself and her station in that way. But she seems to have lost pride and proper feeling and every thing. She frightened me, father, when Mr. Franklin said those words. They seemed to turn her into stone. A sudden quiet came over her, and she has gone about her work ever since like a woman in a dream."

I began to feel a little uneasy. There was something in the way Penelope put it which silenced my superior sense. I called to mind, now my thoughts were directed that way, what had passed between Mr. Franklin and Rosanna overnight. She looked cut to the heart on that occasion; and now, as ill-luck would have it, she had been unavoidably stung again, poor soul, on the tender place. Sad! sad!—all the more sad because the girl had no reason to justify her, and no right to feel it.

I had promised Mr. Franklin to speak to Rosanna, and this seemed the fittest time for keeping my word.

We found the girl sweeping the corridor outside the bedrooms, pale and composed, and neat as ever in her modest print dress. I noticed a curious dimness and dullness in her eyes—not as if she had been crying, but as if she had been looking at something too long. Possibly it was a misty something raised by her own thoughts. There was certainly no object about her to look at which she had not seen already hundreds on hundreds of times.

"Cheer up, Rosanna!" I said. "You mustn't fret over your own fancies. I have got something to say to you from Mr. Franklin."

I thereupon put the matter in the right view before her, in the friendliest and most comforting words I could find. My principles, in regard to the other sex, are, as you may have noticed, very severe. But somehow or other when I come face to face with the women my practice (I own) is not conformable.

"Mr. Franklin is very kind and considerate. Please to thank him." That was all the answer she made me.

My daughter had already noticed that Rosanna went about her work like a woman in a dream.

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I now added to this observation that she also listened and spoke like a woman in a dream. I doubted if her mind was in a fit condition to take in what I had said to her.

"Are you quite sure, Rosanna, that you understand me?" I asked.

"Quite sure."

She echoed me, not like a living woman, but like a creature moved by machinery. She went on sweeping all the time. I took away the broom as gently and as kindly as I could.

"Come, come, my girl!" I said, "this is not like yourself. You have got something on your mind. I'm your friend—and I'll stand your friend, even if you have done wrong. Make a clean breast of it, Rosanna—make a clean breast of it!"

The time had been, when my speaking to her in that way would have brought the tears into her eyes. I could see no change in them now.

"Yes," she said, "I'll make a clean breast of it."

"To my lady?" I asked.

"No."

"To Mr. Franklin?"

"Yes; to Mr. Franklin."

I hardly knew what to say to that. She was in no condition to understand the caution against speaking to him in private, which Mr. Franklin had directed me to give her. Feeling my way, little by little, I only told her Mr. Franklin had gone out for a walk.

"It doesn't matter," she answered. "I sha'n't trouble Mr. Franklin to-day."

"Why not speak to my lady?" I said. "The way to relieve your mind is to speak to the merciful and Christian mistress who has always been kind to you."

She looked at me for a moment with a grave and steady attention, as if she was fixing what I said in her mind. Then she took the broom out of my hands, and moved off with it slowly, a little way down the corridor.

"No," she said, going on with her sweeping, and speaking to herself; "I know a better way of relieving my mind than that."

"What is it?"

"Please to let me go on with my work."

Penelope followed her, and offered to help her.

She answered, "No. I want to do my work. Thank you, Penelope." She looked round at me. "Thank you, Mr. Betteredge."

There was no moving her—there was nothing more to be said. I signed to Penelope to come away with me. We left her, as we had found her, sweeping the corridor like a woman in a dream.

"This is a matter for the doctor to look into," I said. "It's beyond me."

My daughter reminded me of Mr. Candy's illness, owing (as you may remember) to the chill he had caught on the night of the dinner-party. His assistant—a certain Mr. Ezra Jennings—was at our disposal, to be sure. But nobody knew much about him in our parts. He had been engaged by Mr. Candy under rather peculiar circumstances; and, right or wrong, we none of us liked him or trusted him. There were other doctors at Frizinghall. But they were strangers to our house; and Penelope doubted, in Rosanna's present state, whether strangers might not do her more harm than good.

I thought of speaking to my lady. But, remembering the heavy weight of anxiety which she already had on her mind, I hesitated to add to all the other vexations this new trouble. Still, there was a necessity for doing something. The girl's state was, to my thinking, downright alarming—and my mistress ought to be informed of it. Unwillingly enough I went to her sitting-room. No one was there. My lady was shut up with Miss Rachel. It was impossible for me to see her till she came out again.

I waited in vain till the clock on the front staircase struck the quarter to two. Five minutes afterward I heard my name called from the drive outside the house. I knew the voice directly. Sergeant Cuff had returned from Frizinghall.

DOLLY'S SLEIGH-RIDE.

OUR young friends, whose coasting days for the present season are now about ended, will not fail to enjoy the pleasing picture which we give on page 148, and which will speak for itself to every intelligent child.

THE DENUNCIATING DOG.

FOR many people horrors have an irresistible charm, and the more horrible the horrors are the better they like them, especially if founded on a ground-work of fact. Among these, the sale and serving of human flesh in unsuspected forms has ever been a favorite topic with the lovers of the hideous and the terrible. From the time of the Arabian Nights to the present date, many a listening ear has been fascinated by accounts of how monsters in human shape (a race of criminals, it is believed, now quite extinct) beguiled honest and healthy-appetited men into acts of unconscious cannibalism. It is a pleasure analogous to hearing the rain beat and the tempest howl while you are snugly ensconced in your chimney-corner. It is so utterly unlikely, so impossible, now, that you should be made, under any conceivable circumstances, to commit true and real anthropophagy, that it merely gives you a pleasing shudder, a delightful fright, when you hear of such things occurring in by-gone times. They are legendary lore, you think, no more authentic than Bluebeard's biography; their actors are imaginary beings, as unsupported by fact as European ogres or Oriental ghouls. Such legendary tales have, nevertheless, been almost always taken from history. In such cases, to arrive at the historical fact, it suffices to strip it of the details superadded by popular credulity.

Thus, many a child has been frightened by nurses' tales about butchers and pastry-cooks selling human flesh in Paris. Those tales were doubtless greatly exaggerated; nay, we might utterly refuse to credit them, if such facts were not attested by authentic documents. In parchment records, several centuries old, it is stated that a butcher at Tournus, a small town in Burgundy, publicly sold human flesh, passing it off for veal. Another memorable instance occurred in the year of grace 1260, when Louis the Ninth, commonly called Saint Louis, was king of France.

At that time there dwelt at the corner of the Rue des Deux-Ermites, at the entrance of the Rue des Marmousets, a master-barber, whose name was Olivier Galipaud. With the usual obsequiousness and gossip of his brethren, he handled the razor with unusual dexterity. His reputation, consequently, stood high, and his customers were well-to-do and numerous.

Master Galipaud's next-door neighbor was a pastry-cook named Grimaldi, a native of Florence, who drove, in his way, as flourishing a business as his friend Galipaud. His shop was one of the best frequented in town. Certain little patties, made after a receipt of his own, were sought by epicures from every quarter. The patties, in fact, were prepared with considerable skill; they were better seasoned, and more delicately flavored, than any to be had of other pastry-cooks. He sold an enormous quantity every day. As a matter of course, he made a deal of money by them.

One Christmas-eve, as it was getting dark, a bell-ringer at the cathedral of Nôtre Dame named Lefèvre, as he was passing down the Rue des Marmousets, had the unlucky idea of getting shaved. He stepped into Galipaud's shop, accompanied by a little spaniel called Carpillon. At a sign from his master the dog lay down in a corner of the shop near the door, while he himself went into the back shop, where the barber awaited him, napkin in hand.

A few minutes afterward Carpillon suddenly heard a groan, immediately followed by a dull heavy sound, like that of a door shut firmly to. The dog pricked his ears, jumped on his feet, and rushed into the back shop, barking loudly. He searched for his master, but no master was to be found. The bell-ringer had disappeared. Something strange and horrible must have occurred, for the dog could not be made to cease from howling. Galipaud, in a rage, seized a thick stick, with the evident intention of knocking the dog on the head. Carpillon avoided the blow, and, becoming furious in turn, attacked the barber's legs, which he bit severely in several places. After wreaking this partial vengeance, he retreated under a heavy piece of furniture, where he recommenced his cries and yells.

While this was going on two of the bell-ringer's friends entered the barber's shop. Carpillon, recognizing them at once, crept out of his retreat, ran toward them, and renewed his plaintive lamentations.

"Why, it's Carpillon!" one of them exclaimed. "What is the matter, Carpillon? Where is your master?"

These words redoubled the dog's excitement. He rushed again upon the barber, and followed him to the further end of his back shop. The two men followed, thinking to calm him; but they stopped short, as if petrified, at beholding Galipaud hastily pick up a bloody night-cap. The barber's fearful pallor, his haggard eyes, his strange embarrassment, were a complete revelation for these two witnesses. They turned pale, and trembled with horror themselves. "Lefèvre has been murdered!" they involuntarily exclaimed.

The words struck Galipaud like a thunder-bolt. He saw that he was lost, and tried to escape. The bell-ringer's friends barred the passage, shouting for help. In a few minutes the shop was crowded. The legal authorities soon arrived. They then set about searching the premises, which speedily resulted in a frightful discovery.

Olivier Galipaud was a practiced assassin, and Grimaldi, the pastry-cook, was his accomplice.

In the barber's back shop they found a trap-door, swinging on a hinge, and opening into the cellar beneath. As soon as the wretch had cut a victim's throat, he threw him down backward upon the trap-door, and the body immediately disappeared. At night, after the commission of every murder, Galipaud went down into his cellar, and cut up the body into joints, exactly as a professional butcher would. The head and the bones were put into a sack, to be thrown into the Seine at the first opportunity. The flesh was sold to his gossip Grimaldi; and it was with this meat that the wretch made the famous patties which all Paris enjoyed with so keen a relish. A small door, excavated in the foundation of the building, established a communication between the adjoining cellars occupied by this couple of cannibal accomplices.

The number of persons murdered by Galipaud could never be precisely ascertained. When the officers of justice searched the cellar, they found, besides the Nôtre Dame bell-ringer's corpse, two heads separated from their bodies. They were still lying close to the butcher's block on which the horrid monster used to cut up human flesh. Probably he had not had time during the preceding night to go and throw them into the river. A few days after their arrest these atrocious villains received the chastisement due to their crimes by being burned alive in the Place de Grève. The house where such deeds had been committed was demolished. A large square stone marked the accursed spot; and on the stone was sculptured the likeness of the faithful dog, who had avenged his master by denouncing the criminals to justice.

THE LOST ARM.

[*See Illustration, page* 148.]

"YOU were at Cold Harbor, soldier?"
"Ay, lady, that I was,
Fighting for home and freedom,
The Union and the laws.
I got a ball in my thigh there,
But I limp'd on through the days
When death seem'd clutching the army
In the swamp's bewildering maze."

"You were at South Mountain, soldier?"
"Ay, lady, I mind that day,
For the fight was long and bloody
Ere the stubborn foe gave way.
When our Colonel fell I caught him;
He died in my arms that night,
And I buried him on the mountain
By the moon's sad, misty light."

"You fought under Sherman, soldier?"
"Ay, lady, that I did;
Through blood, and fire, and slaughter,
I followed where he led.
I went through Atlanta with him,
As proud as a man could be,
And I followed him without flinching
From the mountains to the sea."

"You have lost an arm, brave soldier?"
"Lady, my loss is gain;
For I gave my right arm gladly,
And smiled at the bitter pain.
I gave it for home and country,
For the Flag of the boy in blue;
And had they needed the other
I'd have given it gladly too."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

IN this age of inventions paper is made to serve the purpose of wood, and wood, in turn, to serve the purpose of paper. In addition to greenbacks and stamps, cuffs, collars, shirt-bosoms, buttons, hats and bonnets, and numerous other similar articles, pails, buckets, barrels, and spittoons are now made from paper; and even boats have been constructed from this substance. A Portland paper describes a paper boat which is thirty-one and a half feet long, and weighs only twenty-two pounds, yet is four times stronger than a similar one made of wood. The displacement of water by such a craft will be very much less than that of a wooden boat, and the same exertion will propel it proportionately faster. Years ago, before the fashion of thick shoes for ladies was adopted, it was a standing reproach to them, in the opinion of many, that they exposed their health by walking in so-called "paper-soled" shoes. But now paper has really and legitimately entered into the manufacture of boots and shoes. The Japanese make excellent water-proof clothing from paper; and it has been suggested that shirts, hosiery, and other kinds of under-clothing be produced from this substance. This is not unlikely to be done at some future time; and we may expect, also, that houses and ships can be constructed in part, at least, of paper.

But a new invention has been attracting public notice, which threatens to supersede the use of common house-paper for covering walls. A very delicate, simple, and beautiful machine has been constructed which will take a portion of a tree, after it has been cut the right length and width, and shave it up into thin ribbons as wide as a roll of house-paper, making one hundred or one hundred and fifty to the inch. These rolls of wood are placed on the walls by paper-hangers with paste and brush, precisely in the same manner with paper. The wood is wet when used, and really works easier than paper, because it is much more tough and pliable. Any kind of wood can be selected to suit the taste, and the ordinary kinds are very cheap as well as handsome. The wood can be oiled, varnished, or shellacked, and then washed at pleasure, and thus kept perfectly clean. It will not crack or split in using, and when on the walls stands like solid work. Ceilings may be finished to correspond with the walls, either in plain wood or in panels of any of the rare woods. The invention is likely to prove a valuable one.

A few days ago a peddler in this city wished to sell to a woman a patent "non-explosive" kerosene lamp, and called at her residence for the purpose. To convince her of its good qualities he filled it with kerosene oil and lighted it. In a moment after it exploded, burning the woman terribly about the face, body, and arms. The peddler, frightened at the consequences of his act, fled from the room, leaving his stock of lamps behind. The woman died soon afterward.

The rumor that Secretary Seward has bought Saturn's ring, Jupiter's moons, and half a dozen asteroids, is contradicted. But recently, in the House of Representatives, an amendment was offered to the Diplomatic and Consular Appropriation Bill, authorizing the Secretary of State to appoint an agent to enter into negotiations for the purchase of empires, kingdoms, rebellions, wars, volcanoes, icebergs, snow and rain storms, earthquakes, and submerged or undiscovered islands, instructing him to negotiate for the purchase of Great Britain; and in the event of that kingdom not being for sale to negotiate for war, provided it shall not cost more than $15,000,000 nor last over sixty days, the amount of any purchase to be liquidated as follows: Russian bears at $10 each, the purchaser to take them as they run; walruses $1 each, the purchaser to catch them at his own expense; Sitka Indians to be thrown in without cost; icebergs at twenty-five cents per ton, the purchaser to break his own ice; rain-storms at one cent per barrel, the purchaser to furnish his own barrel; volcanoes at $50 each, with a stipulation that they shall not shake the confidence of the State Department. The proposed amendment caused considerable merriment in the House, but was ruled out of order.

An exchange says there is no need of buying umbrellas. They can easily be procured without—thusly: Take your stand in a doorway on a rainy day. As soon as you see a man with a nice umbrella, step out and say to him: "Sir, I beg your pardon, but you have my umbrella!" Nine times in ten he will surrender it at once, for how does he know it was not you he stole it from?

The number of children in the Colored Orphan Asylum is now about two hundred and fifty. The total number admitted since the opening of the Institution is 1442. The managers find themselves unable to carry out their original design of erecting a new building, although they have land sufficient for the purpose, between Tenth and Eleventh avenues and One Hundred and Forty-third and One Hundred and Forty-fourth streets. The present high price of labor and material renders it impossible to complete the building with the existing funds.

The New York Infirmary for Women and Children during last year received 137 patients, visited 545 at their homes, and attended 6354 at the Dispensary. The Trustees propose, during the coming year, to provide instruction in anatomy, and in some other branches of medicine for ladies. During last spring eight ladies received the elementary medical instruction provided by the Institution. The Woman's Aid Society have received at their Home 151 destitute women since the opening of the Institution in April last. One hundred of these have been placed in suitable institutions. The object of the managers of this Institution is to take women sent to the Work-House on Blackwell's Island and reform them, if need there be, by giving them the advantages of a home while receiving religious instruction, and then enabling them to get a respectable livelihood. The Society also aims to take under its protection young women who desire a refuge from the dangers to which, from their destitution, they are exposed in this city.

Pennsylvania has one very considerate legislator. He recently began his speech with the remark that as debate cost the State one thousand dollars an hour he would be brief. If he kept his promise he showed that he was also very sensible.

What next? A man in Chicago recently attempted to swallow a common billiard-ball on a bet. By covering it with sweet-oil he succeeded in getting it in his mouth, but that was all. He couldn't swallow it, nor could he get it out of his mouth. Surgical aid was called, and after a long and painful operation the delicate morsel was removed. The ball was evidently in the wrong "pocket."

In July, 1861, the following dispatch was received at the Washington office, being dated at New York, and addressed to a member of one of the regiments then quartered at Arlington Heights: "Your wife wishes to know if you are dead, alive, or wounded. If dead, please send the body on."

The school-boys in England have taken to playing the game of Fenianism. It would seem to be a sport not unattended with danger. At the National School, at Newbury, for instance, the lads were amusing themselves with a mimic representation of the Fenian execution at Manchester. Three of them volunteered to take the disagreeable parts of the men who were hanged. The result was that one of the foolish fellows was nearly strangled. At another school several little boys were playing at a game which they called "Fenians," when two Irishmen came up, and not liking the sport, they seized a boy of seven, named Warrington, and while one held him the other put some gunpowder into his trowsers and set it on fire. The poor child was very much burned.

A visitor to one of the cheap eating-houses in Glasgow, Scotland, describes the rooms as well-lighted, and every thing scrupulously clean. For a penny a bowl of nice hot broth or a cup of coffee is given. For about ten cents barley broth, bread and butter, meat and potatoes, and a cup of tea is served, all of which is excellent in quality. The waiters receive no gratuity from guests, wear a neat and tidy costume, and seem to be very modest and well-behaved. In these eating-houses a part of each floor is especially arranged for ladies who desire a quiet, inexpensive meal.

The Mormons of Salt Lake City have an immense tabernacle, which will seat ten thousand people. One and a half million feet of lumber were used in the building. Inside of this immense structure is the grand organ, standing upon a base 23 feet wide by 70 deep. The front of this organ is octagonal in form, rising to the height of 45 feet. It contains 2200 pipes, 2 banks of keys, and 35 stops on the register. It contains 3500 feet of lumber, which was brought on wagons from Iron County, a distance of 300 miles. The longest piece of lumber used in the pipes of the organ is 25 feet in length. The lumber of which this organ is built has been three years in seasoning. It requires four men to blow the bellows.

The following joke is at the expense of the French Society for the Protection of Animals: A countryman, armed with an immense club, presents himself before the President of the Society and claims the first prize. He is asked to describe the act of humanity on which he founds his claim. "I saved the life of a wolf," replies the countryman. "I might easily have killed him with this bludgeon;" and he swings his weapon in the air, to the intense discomfort of the President. "But where was this wolf?" inquires the latter; "what had he done to you?" "He had just devoured my wife," is the reply. The President reflects an instant, and then says: "My friend, I am of the opinion that you have been sufficiently rewarded."

The largest organ in the world is credited to the little city of Freyburg, Switzerland. When in full play it pours forth a tempest of sounds through a forest of pipes seven thousand and eight hundred in number, shaking the walls and the foundations of the old St. Nicholas Church in which it stands.

POACHING.

GAME is a subject of legislation by almost every nation—certainly by all civilized countries—and poaching, in one shape or another, is made punishable as a crime. Originally, in England, to kill the game in the ancient forests of the kingdom was equivalent to murder, and punished as such. Only forty years ago a "property qualification" was necessary in order to have the privilege of shooting game in England, and this qualification was fixed as high as that which gave the citizen the right to vote. This was abolished in 1831, but at this time every hunter who wishes to enjoy a day's sport must carry with him a certificate which grants the privilege at an annual cost of about $20 as duty. Persons caught shooting hares without a certificate or within any inclosure are punished with three months' imprisonment; if the animal hunted happens to be a deer the punishment is transportation for seven years. In this country the game laws are intended to protect game from pursuit when not in season; and the term "poacher" is only applied to trespassers on forbidden ground.

In France the laws against poaching are as severe as were those of England in ancient days; and the surprised poacher, in our beautiful illustration on page 152, knows that his only safety is in successful resistance. He knows that the law has no mercy, and caught in the act of killing the Emperor's deer, he next raises his gun at the breast of the Emperor's game-guard. The poachers of France are a desperate class of men, and frequently do not hesitate to murder the guards as well as kill the game.

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THE FRENCH POACHER AT BAY.—[See Page 151.]

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Mr. Paddleford. He seized the first opportunity to see Emily alone. She, poor victim, was solacing herself with a book, and a cloud settled upon her bright face as she looked up and beheld the ubiquitous Mr. Paddleford.

"She is dejected," thought he, "and fancies no one perceives it. What greater humiliation can there be to a true woman than an unrequited love! Wretch that I am, I must implore her pardon, though at every word I speak—at the mere sound of my voice, indeed—I rivet her chains!"

Apollos cleared his throat and spoke of the weather. Emily answered courteously.

"Alas!" thought the swain. "there goes a piece of her heart!" for her voice was unusually sad.

"My dear young lady," said he, in tones which he regretted were so thrilling, "do not let it pain you that I have the key to your musings. 'Oh Love, unconquerable in the fight, thee shall neither any of the immortals escape, nor of men, the creatures of a day.' Do not blush, Miss Hunter, that *you* have not escaped."

Whereupon Emily blushed; what else could she do under the circumstances?

"Do not distress yourself," continued the remorseful Apollos; "never fear that I shall betray your secret to the cold world."

"Sir?"

Emily supposed reference was made to her engagement with Charles, a secret which would be divulged in a day or two, or as soon as Grandpa Hunter's consent could be relied on with absolute certainty.

"Poor martyr!" thought Apollos, watching her eloquent cheeks; "it would be well for that too warm heart if it could be packed in snow! Ah me! why was I made so irresistible? Heaven knows it is not my own fault."

He cleared his throat; Apollos was becoming almost embarrassed.

"Miss Hunter, dear Miss Hunter, you *do* think we men are pitiless, I know you do! You think we would as lief break hearts as not; but I do assure you it is not so. At any rate it is far otherwise with me!"

"Sir?" said the mystified Emily again.

"Well done!" soliloquized the conscientious youth; "that glance was as cold as a winter landscape." Then aloud: "Ah, Miss Emily, when I tell you that I have seen, that I could not fail to see, the desperate struggle going on in your heart, your maidenly heart, between pride and unconquerable love—yes, *love*—ah, do not turn away in such distress! Let me say this knowledge has not for one instant lowered you in my esteem! Not for one instant, dear Emily! Base, ungenerous, unworthy the name of man would he be who should triumph over such sweetness!"

Emily sat speechless, unable to comprehend one word of this harangue.

"No, my beautiful, too susceptible young friend, on the contrary I feel"—here Mr. Paddleford was so unpleasantly choked as to be obliged to loosen his neck-tie—"I feel that I alone am to blame."

"Sir?"

"Do not look at me so, Miss Hunter. In the words of an old poet—

> "'A mighty pain to love it is,
> And 'tis a pain that pain to miss;
> But of all pains, the greatest pain
> It is to love, but love in vain!'

Why did I not foresee this from the first?"

"Poor fellow! He is going to make a declaration. What can I do to stop him?" thought Emily, uneasily.

"Yes, Miss Hunter, remembering your peculiar agitation even at our first meeting, and your fitful, I may perhaps say capricious, conduct ever since, I ought to have heeded the warning and seen as little of you as possible. My power over your sex is truly involuntary; believe me, dear girl, I would not be guilty of trying to fascinate!"

Emily was still speechless, but her face was becoming what her guest was pleased to term "an interesting study."

"It was selfish in me, however, to come here so much, I confess. I have enjoyed your society at the same time that I have endeavored to cultivate your literary tastes. You are a simple, unsophisticated woman, my dear Emily, and (though I must say with pain I do not and can not return your love) you have made a deep impression upon me. I shall never, never forget you!"

"Mr. Apollos Paddleford," stammered Emily at last, "do I understand you to say—"

"Yes, Miss Emily, would it were otherwise; but I can not, can not return your love! Remember,

> "'Love is not in our power,
> Nay, what seems stranger, is not in our choice.'

I would gladly give you some encouragement for the future, my afflicted friend, did I not feel that such an assurance would be mistaken kindness. No, go forget me, Emily; and oh, I humbly entreat you, forgive me!"

"Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?" sobbed Emily, growing hysterical behind her handkerchief. "It's the most exquisite joke I ever heard of in my life. If Charles were *only* here!"

Her words, which seemed like the ravings of despair, smote the penitent Apollos afresh. In his perplexity he was nearly on the point of promising that he *would* love her, or at least try to do so, when she added, more calmly:

"My Lord Magnifico, I understand you at last. I appreciate your sentiments; they are worthy of you. But don't, oh don't be uneasy about me! I shall do very well. The impression you have made—oh dear—the impression you have made will—will—it will wear away in time!"

"I do trust so, Miss Emily. Only say you will try to forgive me!"

"Forgive you? Oh, freely! I forgive you for making the most outrageously foolish mistake that any 'silly moon-struck elf' ever made in his life. Why, Mr. Paddleford, they said you were the most conceited man living; but did any body, in all this world of foolishness, ever dream you would do such a thing as this?"

Apollos's face was a "study" of surprise. Was she going to deny she cared for him? Why, what did she mean?

"Mr. Paddleford, a gentleman may now and then ask a lady to love him, indeed I believe it is customary in certain cases; but did you ever hear before of his asking her *not* to love him? I consider it an original proceeding. I shall tell Mr. Harrington I have had an *anti-proposal*."

"But, Miss—Miss Hunter, you have certainly led me to suppose—"

"Then I am sorry, Mr. Paddleford. I certainly didn't mean to!"

"Oh, Miss Emily, if I could only believe you! But your capricious conduct—"

Emily had fallen to laughing again, and Apollos thoughtfully picked up his hat and walked away. He was not quite sure that his delicate intuitions had been at fault, but he tried to believe they had. Heaven be praised, he had done *his* duty any way! A narrow escape for a tender-hearted youth; but how exquisitely he had handled the subject! He was astonished at his own dexterity.

Emily remarked to Mr. Harrington that she thought the Magnifico showed some signs of mortification as he strode away from the house with lowered head. Charles said No, that was constitutionally impossible. Charles was probably right. At any rate on Emily's wedding-day the undaunted lord of creation was heard to say:

"Far be it from me to boast of my conquests; but *there* is a woman who married from pique. To one who understands law terms I should say Charles Harrington may be considered the 'residuary legatee' of her affections. That is to say, he receives all the blighted love she has left to bestow, after a—ahem!—to use plain English, after a serious disappointment!"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

LIGHT DIET.—The Feast of Lanterns.

LEAP-YEAR.

Eighteen sixty-eight is an important year.
It is leap-year.
Of which fact I wish to remind the ladies.
There is a division of opinions as to the right of a woman to vote, but there can be no question as to her right to a husband—if she can get one.
But I would advise young ladies not to be rash.
Although it is leap-year, you had better look before you leap.
Because if you get a husband, and he don't suit you, you can't change him for a better one—at least without going to Chicago.
I wouldn't advise any young woman to marry a man who would expect her pa to support them.
Young ladies need not inquire too particularly whether the man of their choice belongs to a lodge which meets four nights a week.
She will find that out after they are married.
Husbands, like other domestic animals, when caught young can sometimes be trained to do a good many useful things.
They have even been known to get up in the morning and light the fire when the girl had gone away.
There are some professions not advisable to marry into.
But as the great object is to get a husband, and as the supply is limited, it may not do to be too particular.

CURIOUS EPITAPHS.

On a Loquacious Lady.

"Here rests in silent clay
Miss Arabella Young,
Who, on the 21st of May,
Began to hold her tongue.'

On a Work-house Pauper.

"Thorps'
Corpse."

On an Infant.

"She never told her love."

On a Dyer.

"Beneath this turf a man doth lie,
Who dyed to live, and lived to die."

On an Old Man.

"Here lies John Hill,
A man of skill,
His age was five times ten;
He ne'er did good,
Nor ever would,
Had he lived as long again."

On an Old Bachelor.

"At threescore winters' end I died,
A cheerless being, lone and sad;
The nuptial knot I never tied,
And wished my father never had!"

On a Mr. Box.

"Here lies one Box within another,
The one of wood was very good,
We can not say so much for t'other."

On a Physician.

"Here lies the corpse of Dr. Chard,
Who died the half of this church-yard."

A WAY WITH MELANCHOLY.—Suicide.

A gentleman passing along Water Street the other evening, detected a boy picking his pocket, and, seizing him, had determined to have him committed, when the boy begged heartily for mercy. "For indeed, Sir," said he, "it is my *first* offense: here's your own handkerchief again, and *take any of these five you like best*."

WANTED.—An ear from the head of a river, a feather from the wing of a house, a toe from the foot of a mountain, a hair from the tale of the "Two Cities," a tooth from the mouth of a river, the buttons from a coat of paint, a bone from the arm of a sea, a shingle from the roof of a mouth.

"Electricity," said the scientific D., "travels faster than light." "Yes," said the reflective B., "it is easier to shock than to instruct."

A few weeks ago a cow dashed down the Mississippi on a piece of ice, and caught such a cold that she has yielded nothing but ice-cream since.

GENERAL SIGNS.

To take down the gridiron from the nail where it is hanging with the left hand is a sign that there will be a broil in the kitchen.

If a mirror is broken it is a sign that a good-looking glass will be missed in that house.

If you hear a rooster crow when you are in bed and the clock strike a few times at the same instant it is a sign of mo(n)rning.

To stroke a green-eyed cat with a white spot on her nose is lucky, and a heavy purs will be the consequence.

If you are in a house and hear a baby cry it is a sign of marriage, or if it isn't it ought to be.

To lose a pocket-book containing greenbacks is unlucky.

A clergyman was once sent for in the middle of the night by one of the ladies of his congregation. "Well, my poor woman," said he, "so you are very ill, and require the consolations of religion? What can I do for you?" "No," replied the old lady, "I am only nervous and can't sleep." "How can I help that?" asked the parson. "Oh, Sir, you always put me to sleep so nicely when I go to church, that I thought if you would only preach a little for me!" The parson made tracks.

> I dearly luv the singin' bird,
> And little buzzin' bee,
> But dearer far than all the world,
> Is thy sweet voice to me.
>
> Oh, very deep is daddy's well,
> And deeper is the sea,
> But deeper in my buzzum is
> The luv I bear for thee.
>
> Then smile on me, dear Angeline,
> And make my heart feel lite,
> Chain the big dog and I will cum
> A cortin' Sunday nite.

THE REAL PHANTOM SAIL.—A mock auction.

X, a French husband, discovered that Z, a French bachelor, was seeking to make himself too acceptable to Mrs. X, and that the lady, being French, was inclined to listen. Thereupon X goes away into Switzerland, and, after a short time, his wife learns by telegraph that he has fallen off a mountain, and that she is a widow. She loses no time in tenderly confiding to Z that, at a proper date, she may reward his love with her hand. That very night the lover bolts into England. The husband returns to find his wife cured of her folly, and they live happy ever afterward.

THE FRUITS OF GOOD LIVING.—The Pine, Olive, and Grape.

A POOR RELATION.—Telling an anecdote badly.

When is a fast young fellow like a feather?—When he's on a lark.

When was Nicholas Longworth a pork-packer?—When he barreled his (s)wine.

Why is the little end of nothing like the first navigator?—Because it's nowhere.

Why is an ill-digested idea like a sailors' chorus?—Because it's a crew-ditty.

SOLDIERS' MESSENGER COMPANY.

A MOST sensible, humane, and practical project for the aid and employment of our disabled soldiers has been lately started in New York city, and its purpose and plan of organization are well worthy of imitation in the other great cities of the country. The one which is now being established in this city promises not only to be successful in a benevolent, but in a financial point of view, and to result not only in giving employment to a worthy and needy class, but in establishing that great *desideratum* in every metropolis—a city dispatch and transit company.

A company with the title of the "Soldiers' Business Messenger and Dispatch Company" was chartered in April, 1867, and subsequently organized by the election of General ALEXANDER SHALER, President of the Board of Fire Commissioners, as its President. General HENRY A. BARNUM, General J. H. LIEBENAU, and others are associated with him, and will give character, responsibility, and vigor to the enterprise.

This new company proposes to place, at certain points in certain districts, into which they will divide this city and Brooklyn, booths, such as that which we illustrate on page 156, to the number of 300. Many have, indeed, already been erected. Each of these will be used as an advertising medium, and as a shop for the sale of newspapers, magazines, stationery, cutlery, and the like. In each will be placed a maimed soldier as custodian and salesman, with the rank of corporal, preference being given to those who are unable to do messenger duty. These booths will be dépôts for the reception of parcels, letters, or other messages. Between these the messengers will pass as they patrol their district, taking up the messages or packages *en route*, where their receipt has been duly recorded beforehand by the corporal in charge. When a patrolman who is on his way from booth to booth is stopped by a citizen, and receives a message to deliver on his route, he will report its nature at his first stopping-place, where the record will be made. If the delivery is not in his direction he will leave the packet there, to be given to its proper carrier, and so on. As messengers in this way will constantly patrol their district, they will always be in reach of citizens who require their services, and who may wish to save themselves walking to the nearest booth. This carrying of parcels and messages is not all. Special wagons are to be used upon the railroad tracks, to run hourly or semi-hourly, as it may be found desirable. These will carry heavy packages, grocers' supplies, and the like, to the extreme end of the island or to intermediate points, and telegraphic wires will be laid, so that messages may be sent in this way from certain points designated to any other within the district. Arrangements have been or are about being made with a telegraph company to use their poles throughout the city to this end. A message will be delivered 10 blocks distant for 10 cents; 15, 12 cents; 20, 15 cents; 25, 17 cents; 30, 20 cents; 35, 22 cents; 40, 24 cents; 45 to 140 blocks, 25 cents. Packages under 5 pounds 10 blocks distant for 12 cents; 140 blocks, 35 cents, and the intermediate distances at proportionate rates. So on with packages, bundles, or

HORSE-FLESH AND TRIMMINGS.

MASTER OF THE HOUSE. "'Pon my Life it's too bad! This is the Second Time Cook's forgotten to take the Shoes off. I'll discharge her this very night!" etc., etc.

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN (*affected*). "You haven't got such a thing as a Tumblerful of Pale Brandy in the Room, have you?"

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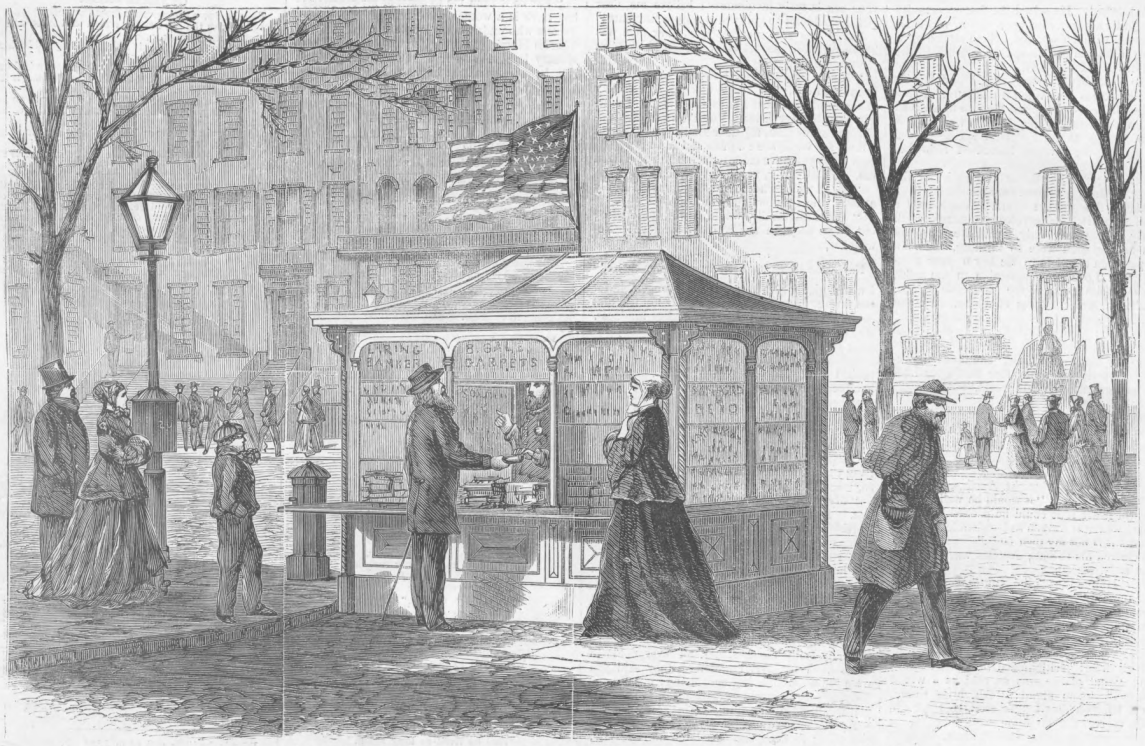

BOOTH OF THE NEW SOLDIERS' MESSENGER COMPANY.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

boxes, a gradual increase of tariff with weight until they reach 75 to 100 pounds; this will be carried 10 blocks for 30 cents, 140 blocks for 62 cents, and intermediate distances in proportion.

We shall watch with interest the development of the plans of this institution, and hope to see it realize its promise to the full in giving to New York a messenger and dispatch system rapid and punctual in its labors, an honest worker in all directions, and a field of respectable and fairly remunerative labor for the disabled soldiers of our city.

A STREET SCENE.

RACING is not confined to Jerome Park; sleighing is not an exclusively Fifth Avenue enjoyment; and the long-continued sleighing season has been appreciated and improved by all classes of high and low degree. Races between the truckmen and expressmen, butchers and milkmen, have been of daily occurrence, and for weeks past the New York streets have been lively with such scenes as that of "Pork *versus* Milk" which we illustrate on this page.

A NEW YORK STREET SCENE—"PORK *VERSUS* MILK."—[SKETCHED BY H. C. BISPHAM.]

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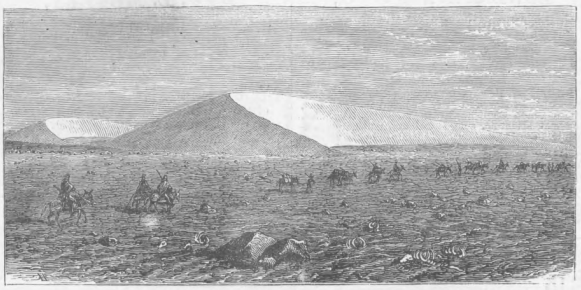
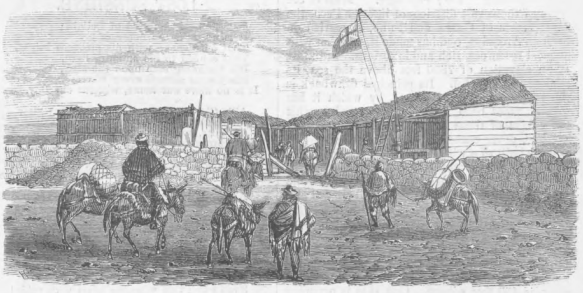


MEDANOS IN THE PAMPA OF ISLAY, PERU.



TAMBO OF LA JOYA, PAMPA OF ISLAY, PERU.

GENERAL CANSECO, ACTUAL PRESIDENT OF PERU.

it to say that about two years ago a native Arequipan, General CANSECO, second Vice-President, incited a revolution against General PEZET, who, as first Vice-President, had become President on the death of General SAN ROMAN. It was alleged that PEZET had betrayed his country to the Spaniards, and was acting in collusion with them. But CANSECO was unable to direct the revolution he had raised. He was deposed by a younger aspirant for place, Colonel PRADO, who made himself Dictator. He gained much popularity by beating off the Spaniards at Callao, and on the strength of that achievement he was elected President. He then attempted, in framing a new Constitution, to curtail the power of the Romish clergy, and thereby made an enemy of the Church. He lost popularity by this movement, and made many enemies.

It was now CANSECO's turn. He left the capital, Lima, and returned to Arequipa, where he incited a new revolution against the man who had profited by his previous one. PRADO endeavored to crush him in his strong-hold, but was defeated, as stated, on the 27th of December last, and compelled to leave the country, while CANSECO enjoys his triumph in Lima.

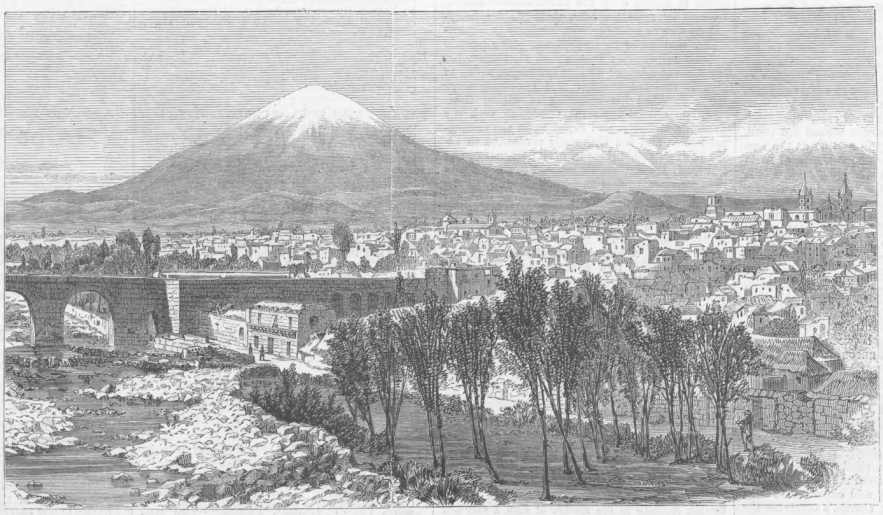
Arequipa, the scene of this struggle, is the second city of Peru in respect of population. It contains about 50,000 inhabitants, and, in many respects, is one of the most interesting towns in South America. It was founded by PIZARRO in 1540, at the base of the great volcano *Misti*, 20,300 feet in height. This symmetrical colossus is crowned with

PERUVIAN INFANTRY AND CAVALRY.

THE PERUVIAN REVOLUTION.

THE Republic of Peru enjoys annually about 30 earthquakes, which upset all houses over two stories in height; it also indulges, in the same space of time, in at least one political revolution, which overturns all existing forms of government. The last revolution in that unfortunate country culminated on December 27, 1867, at Arequipa, in the failure of President PRADO to capture that city, which he had for some time besieged. We illustrate on this page the scene of the struggle between PRADO and General CANSECO for the supremacy in the government; together with several engravings illustrating the peculiarities of the country in which the campaign was made, sketches of the troops, and a portrait of the victorious chieftain.

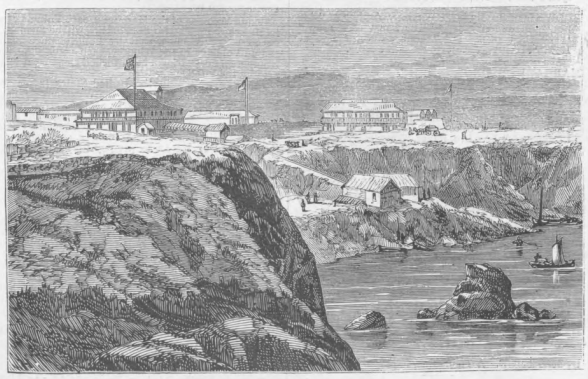
The detailed history of this last struggle would require more space than we can give to it. Suffice



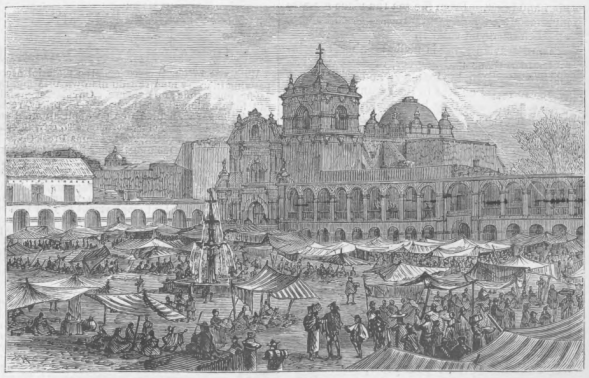
CITY OF AREQUIPA AND VOLCANO OF MISTI, PERU.

eternal snow, and forms, with the other *nevados* of the Cordillera, a magnificent back-ground to the city.

As every well-informed reader knows, the whole Pacific coast of Peru, between the Cordilleras and the sea, is a vast sandy desert, where rain never falls, and is only relieved by occasional transverse, ribbon-like strips of verdure, masking the courses of the streams or torrents that flow down from the mountains, where they are fed by the melting snows. Arequipa stands where one of these streams, the Rio Chile, debouches from the vast gorges of the Cordilleras, a hundred miles back from the sea, forming an oasis in the desert of considerable extent and of great beauty and fertility. The Incas had made an establishment here to facilitate communication between Cuzco, their capital, and the coast; and the name of the city comes from two Quichua words—*ari que-*



PORT OF ISLAY, PERU.



GRAND PLAZA AND MARKET-PLACE OF AREQUIPA, PERU.

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pai, signifying "*Yes; rest here.*" Most of the trade of those vast districts of interior Peru, the departments of Cuzco and Puno, is carried on through Arequipa, and has made it, together with its local resources, rich and luxurious. Standing at an elevation of 7850 feet above the sea, its climate is delightful. Its principal drawback is the frequency of earthquakes, by which it has several times been ruined. To guard against the effects of these shocks the dwelling-houses are low, never exceeding two stories in height, and are built of a white volcanic stone, with their roofs and ceilings voluted with the same material. The Rio Chile is spanned by a massive bridge, and the town is embellished with two well-shaded alamedas or public walks. The Cathedral is a large, modern edifice, and is believed by the inhabitants to be among the finest structures in the world. It has a bell, cast in the city, of greater size than that of St. Paul's, London. The principal square and market-place, of which we give a view, is 450 feet square. One side is occupied by the Cathedral, and the other sides by various municipal buildings resting on arcades.

The people of Arequipa claim to be the most active, enterprising, vivacious, and intelligent in Peru, and the claim is well founded. Most of the names in Peruvian history, whether in government, art, literature, or commerce, are of Arequipans, and the women of Arequipa are far from yielding the palm of beauty to their more famous sisters of Lima, while they proudly assert their intellectual supremacy. A strong jealousy of Lima exists in Arequipa, and the two cities are seldom in political accord; and as the Arequipans are most active, restless, and impetuous, they are almost always deep in political intrigue or in revolution. What Lyons is in France, so is Arequipa in Peru. As a consequence, it has suffered much from the civil wars it has so frequently provoked, but never probably so gravely as in the one just closed, when it was bombarded for three days by the forces of General PRADO.

From the description we have given of the sandy deserts of Peru it is easy to conceive that campaigning in that country is very difficult. These deserts are called *pampas*, and over one of them, known as the Pampa of Islay, General PRADO had to march to reach Arequipa from its port, Islay. This desert waste is ninety miles broad, and hardly a trace of vegetation or drop of water is to be found in it. The passage of this desert is usually accomplished, as sportsmen would say, in "a single heat," and is a severe trial of physical endurance. Yet there is hardly a lady in Arequipa who has not often accomplished it.

For the most part the sand is hard, swept smooth by the winds, and unrelieved by any thing except an occasional stone and the more frequent skeletons of mules and horses that have perished by the way. In places, however, the traveler comes upon great heaps formed by the drifting sands, called *medanos*. These are of varying size, from those which are only ten or twenty yards in length and six to eight feet high, to those which are half a mile long and sixty to ninety feet high. They are all crescent-shaped, with the bow of the crescent toward the wind, and as regular and sharp in outline as the new moon itself. Some, which have a core of rock, are permanent; but most are shifting, varying in shape and position with the varying winds. Instances are known in which not only individuals but parties of travelers and detachments of troops have been buried beneath them in their sudden changes. In the deserts, where little flakes of mica occur among the sands, these, being lightest, will drift over the crest of the *medano*, and falling on the inner side, make it appear, under certain lights, as if plated with burnished gold.

The only refuge or sign of life in the dreary *pampa* of Islay is the rude little *tambo*, or resting-place, of *La Joya*, midway between Arequipa and its port. It is rough and uncomfortable enough, but affords rest and water and a little food to the weary traveler and his weary horse. The water is brought from a distance of many leagues on the backs of mules, and is sold at a price per quart higher than that of good wine in the provinces of France.

The Port of Islay is simply a rough, rocky, dangerous landing-place, partly protected by a jutting, rocky headland from the heavy swell of the Pacific. A few dirty and extortionate *tambos*, the dwellings of the custom's officials—the *aduana*—and a storehouse or two, constitute all there is of a town. Water here, as at *La Joya*, is brought from a distance, as is also the food for man and beast. From the sea the place appears picturesque enough, but no illusions can be kept up when once you enter it.

The Peruvian army is made up almost exclusively of Indians and negroes, or *sambos*. The Indians constitute the infantry and being accustomed to travel on foot in the mountainous interior from infancy, they have wonderful rapidity and endurance on the march. The negroes are confined to the plains of the coast, and are accustomed to riding and the management of mules and horses. Hence the peculiar distribution.

The Peruvian soldiers are tractable, and if well led as brave as any in the world. The native Indian tenacity and stubbornness are excellent elements in the composition of the soldier. Almost every Peruvian foot-soldier is attended by his *rabona*, who may be, but is not generally, his wife. She marches with him, cooks and mends for him, often carries his knapsack, sometimes his musket, and always the little roll of matting which, when unfolded and supported on a couple of sticks, constitutes his tent. It is of little moment on which side the Indian fights. He knows nothing about the political squabbles of the country, and cares less. But the case has been different in past years, and will be again, when the rapidly-approaching struggle for supremacy between the Indians and the decadent descendants of the conquerors takes place.

LOST SUNSHINE.

Our House is emptied of Delight;
It is no more the house of joy
That once shone with his presence bright,
That echoed to his laughter light,
His bounding step upon the stair,
His joyous accents every where—
It is no more our home, without our Boy.

All's Gloom, although the sunbeams glow
On yonder church-yard Tomb and Cross
(So near, so far!); and Silence, though
His brothers' footsteps come and go,
And voices, that are dear to me
(As *living* voices e'er can be),
Too young to know the greatness of their loss.

Ah, Room wherein our dear one lay!
As sacred as the sacred Fane
Wherein he loved to kneel and pray—
The good seed ripened day by day,
I watched it in the ear, the blade;
And when upon his death-bed laid,
He reaped the harvest of God's golden grain!

Oh, manly Form that never more
Shall swell this yearning heart with pride!
Oh, kindly Face that always wore
Its best for me!—I watch the door,
Half-hopeful; through the window gaze;
My sorrow gives me such amaze,
At times I have to whisper: "No, he died."

The landscape now has lost its charm,
The home view he was wont to prize
(Ah, how he loved each field and farm!).
The very air now lacks its balm;
The pulse of oars upon the lake
Is silent; and his gun can wake
No echo; a mist ever hides our skies.

Yet dwells he in some heavenly home
Far fairer; and about him lie
The plains of heaven. Let us come
In Thy good time, where grief is dumb;
Not as with us, Lord, who lack speech
The depth of our distress to reach,
But where Thou wip'st the tears from every eye.

My boy, my Bayard without stain,
Whom the world loved, yet solilod not;
We would not have you know our pain,
Else you would feel it; but would fain
Still think (forgive us), though you be
In Jesus' breast, that you and we
Have yet some bond of sympathy,
That somehow, Sweet, we are not quite forgot.

EDUCATIONAL REFORM IN FRANCE.

A MOVEMENT has lately been made in France in connection with the education of young women and girls which considerably disturbs the Romish Church authorities. Hitherto, while the State has been educating boys, the Church more or less directly, through nunneries, schools, and similar establishments, has had the chief control of the education of girls. Latterly, however, it has become pretty common for young ladies to attend what are called *cours*—that is, lectures by male teachers, their parents fancying that more robustness and solidity is imparted by that mode of instruction. The present French Minister of Instruction, M. Duruy, being a great admirer of this system, resolved to give it national position and encouragement. He announced his intention of giving these *cours* an official basis in connection with the French University, and called upon the municipal bodies and the University professors to assist in their establishment. The Bishop of Orleans, M. Dupanloup, denounced the scheme in his fiercest style, and declared that nothing but ruin for young ladies would result from the glaring publicity of the education now designed for them. The true aversions of the Bishop appears in his closing words: "Our young ladies have hitherto been educated upon the knees of the Church; we are now going to pass them into the arms of the University." The immediate effect of this denunciation has been to flood the Paris *cours* with applicants, among whom, it is said, are the two nieces of the Empress, the Mlles. d'Albe. It is quite likely that the new system is a result of the effort now so general to separate education wholly from religious influences of every kind.

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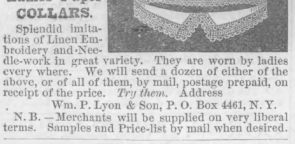

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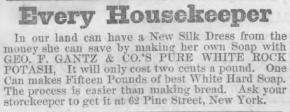

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XII.—No. 585.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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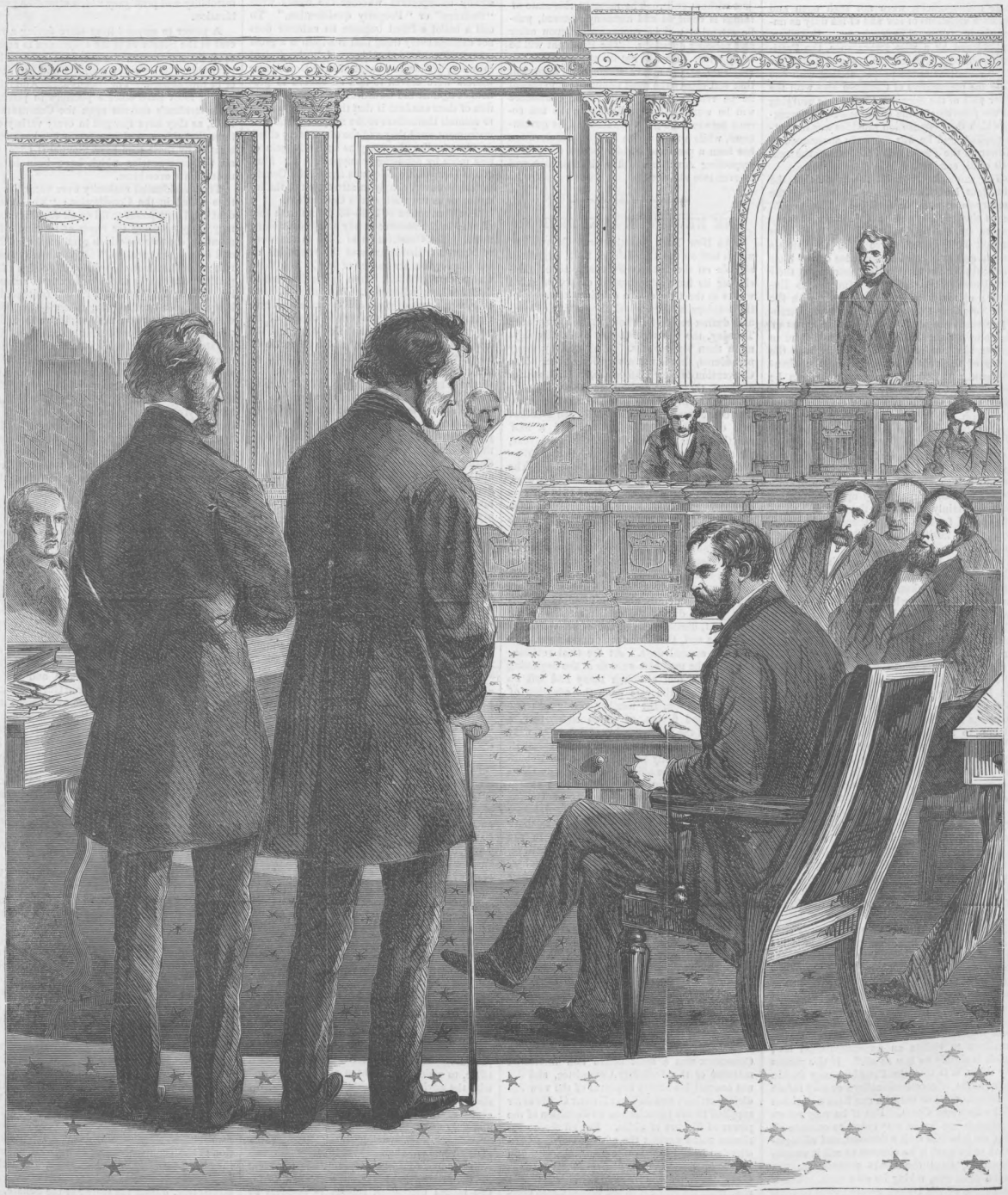

IMPEACHMENT—THADDEUS STEVENS AND JOHN A. BINGHAM BEFORE THE SENATE.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 163.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1868.

THE NATIONAL INQUEST.

THE President of the United States is impeached, and will be tried under the Constitution and by the laws; and Mayor HOFFMAN of New York made an exceedingly silly remark when he said that the assassins of ABRAHAM LINCOLN and the impeachers of ANDREW JOHNSON will be equally infamous in history. Whether Mr. HOFFMAN seriously thinks so, or merely said so under the pressure of party necessity, he is equally to be pitied. The immediate and remarkable change of opinion and of action upon the part of the House of Representatives was sufficient to show that impeachment was not a party measure. Indeed, however desirable it might have been thought in an exclusively party view, it was the almost unanimous conviction of the dominant party that the offenses of the President, however disastrous in their consequences, were not such open and absolute violations of law and of his duty as imperatively to demand impeachment. But when, emboldened by a wise forbearance, the President pointedly violated the law and defied the Representatives of the people, seizing with one hand the prerogative of Congress and with the other that of the Supreme Court, thus usurping all the functions of the Government, the remedy which the Constitution provides was instantly applied, and he was solemnly summoned to answer to the country and to declare the reasons of his conduct.

The summons revealed the truth that the President had no friends. No party in the country is responsible for him. The Republicans elected him, and he has striven in every way to defeat their policy. The Democrats thought him rather worse than CALIGULA'S horse; and although he nominates one of their advocates for the mission to Austria, and their late Presidential candidate Minister to England; although he consorts chiefly with the most notorious Copperheads, and hails Democratic successes at the polls as vindications of his policy; although he has struggled hard to deliver the late rebel States wholly into the power of the rebels, and to cause the abandonment and betrayal of those to whom he promised to be a MOSES; yet the Democratic party have seen his two chief Secretaryships filled with old Whigs and Republicans, while the faithful have been kept from a monopoly of the patronage. This is the mortal sin which "the natural governors of the country" never forgive, and the Democrats, who were glad enough to use him as a party weapon against the Republicans, turn quietly upon their heels when he plainly transcends the law, and without a word for him betake themselves to maligning and falsifying those who bring him to judgment.

But all the Democratic orators in Congress, all the newspapers which oppose the impeachment, all the speakers at the "Conservative" meeting of protest—whether the wise Mr. GERARD, the consistent Mr. BROOKS, or the foolish Mr. HOFFMAN—say but two things: first, that Mr. STANTON was not appointed by the President; and, second, that the President has a right to test the constitutionality of the law. The first point is a very small quibble. How did Mr. STANTON happen to be Secretary of War under the present Administration? Because the President, finding him in office, invited him to remain. It was the only way in which, under the circumstances, he could have been appointed; and it would be very hard to show that the request to remain was not a perfect appointment. As to the second point, the simple and sufficient reply is that if the President chooses to test a law he must do it as every other citizen does—at the risk of the consequences. The police do not release a sneak-thief until the constitutionality of the law against larceny, which he declares that he questions, can be determined. He is tried for violating the law. The position taken by the opponents of impeachment is really that when the President vetoes a proposed law for unconstitutionality, and it is passed over his veto by the constitutional two-thirds, he may still impose his veto, and refuse to obey the law until the Court holds it to be valid. If this be not a fundamental change in our system of government, we should like to know what would be? If this be not revolution, there is no such thing.

One of the most persistent defamers of Congress says that "it can not be unlawful for the President to violate an unconstitutional law, which is simply no law at all." If this means any thing, it is that the President may decide the question of constitutionality; or may refuse to execute the law until he can have a decision of the Supreme Court. But if he may refuse to execute one law he may refuse to execute all laws, until he has such a decision, and all legislation must wait, if he chooses to call it unconstitutional, until the Court pronounces; the Court, of course, taking its own time. When the people of the United States assent to such a doctrine as this they will assent to the overthrow of their own power, and will have intrusted the Government to one man elected for four years, and to nine men appointed for life.

Those who think impeachment an exciting disturbance are mainly the supporters of the reaction which would place the country as nearly as possible just where it was before the war. But the great national necessity is not the restoration of the old Southern policy in the Government—it is the completion of its destruction. What we want is peace, and what hinders it? The President. His obstinate refusal to co-operate with Congress, whether in the matter of the Freedman's Bureau, of the civil rights of all citizens, of the Constitutional Amendment, or of the final reconstruction policy, has produced all the turmoil of the last two years. With the Government a unit in its general political policy, it can have time to attend to the financial and other necessities of the time. But those who sneer at Congress for doing nothing but discuss reconstruction forget that not only is that of necessity the paramount question, but that with the Executive incessantly striving to baffle its policy, Congress could not desert its constant care of the subject without guilt. The moment this state of things is changed and harmony restored, public attention will be concentrated upon other and pressing questions. The President will be fairly tried. He will not be convicted, we are very sure, except upon testimony and argument that will satisfy the most doubting; and should he be removed from office public confidence will be wonderfully quickened by the full accord between the great branches of the government, while a man whose conspicuous elevation has been a profound humiliation to every self-respecting American will sink suddenly and forever into oblivion.

THE NEW YORK CONVENTION.

THE New York Constitutional Convention, which met on the 4th of June, 1867, adjourned *sine die* on the 28th of February, 1868. Excluding its long adjournment of six or seven weeks at the time of the election, its recess at the holidays, and its practical cessation of business during most of its term from Friday until Tuesday, the Convention has sat a few days more than six months. Measured by many precedents, this is not a very long time. The Convention of New Hampshire, in 1791, sat for a year; that of Vermont, in 1820, for nine months, and in 1841 for nine and a half months; that of Pennsylvania, in 1837, for ten months; that of Ohio, in 1850, for ten and a half months; that of Virginia, in the same year, for nine and a half months; and that of Massachusetts, in 1853, for nine months. The New York Convention of 1821 sat, however, for fifteen weeks only, and that of 1846 for seventeen weeks. But the chief interest in such an assembly is what it did, not how long it was doing it.

The Convention of 1867–68 was composed of one hundred and sixty members, of whom thirty-two, sixteen from each party, were appointed by mutual agreement. Of these members there were generally about a hundred and fifteen present during the earlier months of the term, but, during some of the winter weeks toward the end, there was sometimes not a quorum for several days. At the final revision, however, the members were as at the beginning of the term, and although many had left on Friday, before the vote upon the adoption of the Constitution, the number voting was one hundred and fifteen, of which eighty-four, a majority of the whole number of delegates, were for the Constitution, and thirty-one against it. This was a strictly party vote, all the Republicans voting in the affirmative and all the Democrats in the negative, with the single exception of Mr. SOLOMON TOWNSEND, of Queens County. There was no more candid delegate than Mr. TOWNSEND, and for none was more kindly feeling entertained. He was in the Convention of 1846, and his father, we believe, in that of 1821; and he was a model of fidelity, always present and always ready. Mr. TOWNSEND generally voted with his party, but upon the question of the adoption he differed with his friends, saying, and very truly, "their excuses are trivial, and the Constitution is an improvement upon that of '46." This is high praise from a friend and disciple of MICHAEL HOFFMAN.

Mr. TOWNSEND, we think, justly estimated the conduct of his party friends in voting against the adoption of the Constitution. Mr. SANFORD E. CHURCH, one of the Democratic chiefs of the State, is substantially the author of the Finance article in the new instrument; Judge COMSTOCK was a most active and interested member of the Judiciary Committee, and did not conceal his hearty approval of the new Judiciary article; and Senator HENRY C. MURPHY supplied to the Constitution its definition of the power of Mayors of cities. But all these gentlemen voted against the adoption of the Constitution by the Convention; and Mr. CHURCH dissented for himself, Mr. MURPHY, Judge COMSTOCK, Mr. CORNING, and Judge ROBERTSON, from the address to the people which commends the work of the Convention; an address prepared by a Committee of ten members of which they were half.

When the final voting began Mr. BERGEN stated that he voted No, because of a general provision for equality of taxation; Mr. DEVELIN for what he called a discrimination against foreigners, which he did not explain and would probably have found it difficult to explain; while Judge COMSTOCK and Judge A. J. PARKER made no objection to any provision of the instrument, but declared the method of its submission a fraud, and so voted against the Constitution itself.

What these gentlemen called a fraud is simply a ballot labeled "Property qualification," and which, upon the inside, contains the words "Property qualification for colored men." They call it a fraud because the words are not also printed upon the outside; although it is hardly a wild flight of imagination to suppose that voters usually look into their ballots to see what they are voting for. In this case we think the label might wisely have been simply "Suffrage," or else have repeated the words upon the inside; but inasmuch as a label is merely an indication of what is within, it was wholly unimportant whether the words were "Suffrage" or "Property qualification." To call a ballot a fraud because its exterior does not express every thing that is within is a gross misuse of words, and only served, in the present instance, to show to what straits the Democratic leaders were driven to find an excuse to pronounce against the Constitution. The explanation of their conduct is that they were unwilling to commit themselves to the support of the new instrument until they and the other party chiefs decide whether the party as such will gain or lose more by opposing or supporting it. Most of the Democratic delegates signed the Constitution, however, simply in attestation of the instrument as the work of the Convention.

The Convention of 1867–68 differs from that of 1846 in the absence of any single controlling mind. The Constitution of 1846 is the work of MICHAEL HOFFMAN, and the traditions of the Convention are stories of him. But there was no corresponding figure in the Convention that has just adjourned. It contained, however, many men of great ability and experience upon both sides; and the general dignity of the proceedings, the ability of the debates, and the agreeable personal relations of the delegates of all parties were remarkable. Very much of the uniform high *tone* of the assembly was due to the President, WILLIAM A. WHEELER, of Franklin County, in the northern part of the State; and there was never a more spontaneous and striking expression of real respect and regard than that which followed the resolution of thanks to the President, which was introduced during Mr. WHEELER'S absence by Mr. BROOKS, and warmly supported by him and by various gentlemen of all parties. Simple dignity of manner, an accurate knowledge of Parliamentary law, the utmost promptitude in ruling, an inflexible justice to all sides, and exhaustless patience and courtesy, were the characteristics of Mr. WHEELER as President. His impartiality was absolute, and during the entire term of the Convention there was no appeal from one of his decisions. Mr. WHEELER'S little speech of farewell was altogether manly and admirable; and at its close the delegates lingered, saying their last words to each other with a sincerity and warmth that were the highest evidence of the mutual respect with which they parted.

We shall hereafter speak of the changes proposed in the present Constitution, and we have little doubt that when the people learn what their delegates have done they will heartily approve the work.

IMPEACHMENT.

THE question whether the power to remove civil officers of the United States, appointed by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, is devolved by the Constitution on the President singly, or on him in conjunction with the Senate, has never received a judicial interpretation. HAMILTON, in the 77th No. of the *Federalist*, declared that "*the consent of that body would be necessary to displace as well as to appoint.*" But the First Congress, in 1789, after very able debate, in effect decided—Vice-President ADAMS giving the casting vote—that such consent was unnecessary. The words of the Act creating the War Department, "that whenever the Secretary shall be removed from office *by the President*," contemplated that such officer was thus removable. This is considered a legislative construction of the Constitution. The Tenure-of-Office Act, however, passed March 2, 1867, gave it a new and different construction, by providing "that every person holding any civil office, to which he has been appointed by and with the advice and consent of the Senate..... shall be entitled to hold such office until a successor shall have been *in like manner* appointed and duly qualified, except as herein otherwise provided. Provided that the Secretaries..... of War, and.....shall hold their offices respectively for and during the *term* of the President by whom they have been appointed, and for one month thereafter, subject to removal by and with the advice and consent of the Senate."

This Act was intended to assert the doctrine of HAMILTON, so far as concerns removal, though it provided for suspension, and in terms repeals all laws which are inconsistent with it. It consequently repeals so much of the Act of 1789 as amounts to a legislative recognition of such power of removal as residing in the President alone.

The President supposes that the language of the above proviso takes the case of the Secretary of War out of the reach of what precedes it; but it will appear that this is mere subterfuge. The *term* referred to in it is the *term* of four years from March 4, 1865, which has not yet expired. This was his construction of the Act when he suspended Mr. STANTON under its provisions.

Has the Congress power to pass this Act, or, in other words, is it the true interpretation of the Constitution? The question is of the highest importance, not alone as one upon which the trial will turn, but in its effect upon the welfare of the country. To the unbridled use of the power of removal, indulged in without the restraint of the Senate, is due much of the universal desire for office that prevails, and the instability and profligacy which attend its gratification.

A power to *suspend* from office during a recess of the Senate until the suspension is acted upon by the Senate, the circumstances to be reported, supplies every necessity and can never be thus abused. The friends of the Administration must have sincere pleasure in placing the President's defense upon the Constitution itself, as they have charged in every variety of form that this sacred instrument has been lost sight of by those who have thought it equal to all the emergencies which have been relied upon for its overthrow.

The Presidential authority over vacancies is thus stated in the Constitution: "The President shall have power to fill up all *vacancies* that may happen during *the recess of the Senate* by granting *commissions* which shall expire at the end of the next session." It is a well-known rule of construction that the specification of a particular authority excludes a general authority. If, as the President's friends contend, he is armed, as a necessary ingredient of the general executive power, with authority to make vacancies and fill them during the sitting of the Senate, or otherwise, at his pleasure, this clause expressing when and how he may fill particular vacancies is idle. Leaving out of view the Act of 1867, above quoted, it may be affirmed that there was no "vacancy" in the office of Secretary of War; and if there were, it did not occur during the "recess of the Senate." Mr. Stanton was in possession of his office during the sitting of the Senate, and his removal was attempted at that time. The case, therefore, has no connection with the sixth section of the Tenure-of-Office Act.

It is contended that the proviso in the Act of March 1867, supposes that the Secretary is thus removable. To this we have two answers—first, that the very opposite was intended, as the President well knew and so decided; and secondly, that it is not in the power of Congress to confer on him *alone* this authority. The Constitution in the section immediately preceding the one already quoted, § 2, art. 2, provides that "the Congress may by law vest the appointment of such *inferior officers* as they think proper in the *President alone*, in the Courts of law, or in the Heads of Departments." The War Department, being a known and recognized department in all important Governments, could not have been referred to under the head of "inferior officers;" and hence the appointment of Secretary of War—an office not mentioned in the Constitution—is not embraced in this provision, but belongs to that intended in the next preceding clause, as follows: "he (the President) shall nominate, and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate shall appoint embassadors, other public ministers and consuls, judges of the Supreme Court, and all other officers of the United States, *whose appointments are not herein otherwise provided for and which shall be established by law.*"

The clauses "the executive power shall be vested in a President," and that "he shall take care that the laws be faithfully executed," can not be deemed to override the effect direct and implied of these special and definite provisions. They limit the power of the President acting singly to make appointments, or rather "to grant commissions" (for such is the language) to cases of "vacancies that may happen during the recess of the Senate," and they also limit the power of Congress to "inferior officers," as those, the appointment of which may be vested in the President, etc.

It is clear, therefore, to us that HAMILTON was correct in saying that by the Constitution the consent of the Senate is "necessary to displace as well as to appoint." If such is the case this consent can not be dispensed with by act of Congress. It is unnecessary to consider whether or not the President had power to *suspend* the Secretary of War under the sixth section of the Tenure-of-Office Act, as this was not the character of the late proceeding. Was the President guilty of an impeachable offense in attempting, during the sitting of the Senate, to *remove* Mr. STANTON, and put Major-General

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THOMAS as Secretary *ad interim* in possession of the War Department? A Secretary *ad interim*, except in the contingency of a suspension of the chief officer, is unknown to our laws. The act creating the Department provided that, in case of vacancy, the chief clerk shall act till the vacancy is filled. It was an attempt, therefore, to place a wholly irresponsible person in a position of high trust, which of itself is an impeachable offense, even if the other is not. The removal also was in open and clear violation of what Congress intended by the Tenure-of-Office Act. To fix the tenure of office is a legislative power and duty, and as the Secretary of War is an officer created wholly by Congress, it is competent for Congress to prevent his removal, except in the manner *implied* in his appointment—that is to say, *by and with the advice and consent of the Senate*. Such is the act. It was passed in precise conformity with the Constitution, and declares that its violation shall be deemed a high misdemeanor. The President is brought, therefore, within its provisions, and, when the attending circumstances are considered, the violation should be treated as willful. At the time of General GRANT'S appointment as Secretary of War *ad interim*, Mr. STANTON had been *suspended* under the sixth section of the Tenure-of-Office Act, which provided for such suspension in case of misconduct in office, or for crime, or for incapability, or for legal disqualification. The suspension for any of these supposed causes was, as the country well knows, a fraud upon the Act, and he was restored by a vote of the Senate. On the 21st February the President, instead of proceeding to repeat the offense, notified Mr. STANTON that he was *removed*, and he so informed the Senate, and also that he had appointed Major-General THOMAS Secretary *ad interim*, an appointment under the circumstances wholly without precedent or authority. The correspondence at the time of several newspapers in the interests of the President proved, after Major-General THOMAS'S failure was known, that the latter had proceeded unskillfully and inefficiently, or he might, they suppose, have obtained possession and secured complete command of the Department. The frequency and uniformity of this criticism on the conduct of Major-General THOMAS suggest the inference that a *coup d'état* was meditated, and that its failure caused universal disappointment. If the movement had succeeded to place this irresponsible officer in possession and control of all the material of war, the whole power of the administration would doubtless have been employed to hold the place in defiance of Congress and of the loyal sentiment of the country. To what lengths the President would have gone, acting through an officer unknown to the laws, it is impossible to say. His aim is the succession to power. His means a violation of the Constitution. It is right, therefore, to suppose that if he could have wielded the War Department in all its infinite ramifications, he would have accomplished his objects, if necessary, by force.

In lieu of this it is more probable he will find that if justice is slow in her steps she is at least firm in her grasp and certain to inflict punishment for such a grave transgression. Even if the President had the power of *removal* he had not the power to appoint Major-General THOMAS as Secretary *ad interim*, as he could do that only in the contingency of the suspension of Mr. STANTON. His right to appoint another in the place of Mr. STANTON he could exercise only by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, and it would take effect only after such consent. Much sympathy for the President has been claimed, on the ground that the Secretary of War is a member of his Cabinet and should be in unison with him. The President's power over the Heads of Departments is thus defined in § 2 of art. 2: "He may require the opinion in *writing* of the principal officers in each of the Executive Departments upon any subject relating to the *duties of their respective offices*," showing that the construction of a cabinet, one member to give opinions as to the duties of the others, was not contemplated. The creation of a cabinet is the offspring of custom, and in no manner changes the Constitution.

The clause subjecting civil officers to impeachment for high crimes and misdemeanors has a signification in its relation to the Presidential office, varying from that which applies to inferior civil offices. The elevated character of the position gives to the President's violations of law, and to his assaults upon Congress, an influence too important to be overlooked. An attempt to bring that Department into disgrace, or to weaken its authority by representing it as hanging on the verge of the Government, and as not constituted according to the Constitution—uttered on the stump and to large assemblages—amounts to a prostitution of the Presidential office, and constitutes, along with the act in question, a clear impeachable offense under the Constitution.

It is by this instrument that the President will be condemned by the judgment of every loyal citizen, and by the more impartial judgment of History.

The question whether the Court shall be constituted with or without the Chief Justice depends on the fact whether or not Mr. JOHNSON is President; for it is on the trial of the President alone that he is to preside. The Fifth subdivision of § 1 of art. 2 provides that in case of the death of the President "the powers and duties of the said office shall devolve on the Vice-President," but it does not state that the office shall devolve upon him. He, however, was sworn in as President. This question has some bearing on the meaning of the proviso referred to, but no mere technicality should be allowed to interfere with the manifest intention of Congress.

"CONSERVATISM" IN ALABAMA.

THE circumstances of the Alabama election are daily revealed. The voters were kept from the polls by every kind of coercion. The Montgomery *Daily Mail*, the organ of Conservatism in that city, says, upon the 11th of February:

"Within the past few days a large number of negro employés have been discharged in this city, who, by voting for the negro Constitution, directly arrayed themselves against the whites and their business interests. Served them right. The negroes were warned of this in time, but many of them preferred to go with the scalawags and carpet-baggers, and against their true friends, and hence many of them are now out of employment. We are glad to see that this plan has been generally adopted in nearly all parts of the State."

The same excellent "Conservative" pride sees with pleasure that "the Mobile *Tribune* is publishing a list of the white scalawags and renegades who voted for the bogus Constitution. We print elsewhere *our* black *white* list." It exhorts the friends in the interior to send forward the names of the white voters for publication. If such judicious "Conservative" measures, assisted by the efforts of Northern Conservatism, which declares that the *Daily Mail* and its friends ought to have their own way, do not secure conciliatory reconstruction the failure must be charged to the rascally radicals.

A Union man in Alabama, and therefore a "white scalawag," sends us the following letter, which fully explains the method by which the great "Conservative" triumph was achieved. Our readers will not forget that the "Conservative" policy of the President and his Democratic friends is to give over the State of Alabama, and all the other unorganized States, to the exclusive control of the class which has thus thwarted an honest election:

"MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA, *Feb.*, 1868.

"*Editor Harper's Weekly:*

"Well, the election is over, and the Union men are defeated. Rebels rule still. Causes: First, the removal of the General officers by the President, which acted like a damper upon all Union men. Secondly, the appointment, at least in this State, of one who, in trying to be impartial, was partial to the so-called Conservatives. Then the appointment of a Superintendent of Registration who is what can be called a negative man in all the senses of the word, and who appointed men for Registrars who were opposed to the Constitution, they having, in many counties, but one poll opened, and the Conservatives, challenging every vote, delayed voters, who were compelled to stand in the cold and rain for hours. The lives of voters were threatened, and they were to be driven out of their houses, and no work given to them, if they voted. In Elmore County men were so intimidated—both white and black—that they took their votes out of the box after being once in. The first day they had but one place to vote at. Efforts were made to have more opened, and statements sent to the General commanding of the facts; but the other boxes were not opened till the third and fourth days. In the mean time the voters, after staying two days and nights in the rain, lost heart and left.

"In Lowndes they had a party, headed by the Sheriff of the county for protection, who were drunk, and by their abuse and threats deterred the negroes from voting. They did not have but one poll opened till the third day—too late; for the voters had got frightened, weary, and disheartened, and had gone home.

"In this city you will see by the papers what has been the course adopted by the Conservatives. They have kept many colored and many whites from voting. Could all have voted who were willing to do so, there were more than enough to give the Constitution a majority. It is not rejected by the majority, but those who would have voted could not get the chance; for, as the Conservatives saw how they were having things their own way, they grew bolder, and used more violent means.

"From all parts of the country letters are coming in from Union men telling of their troubles, and asking if they are to be left to the mercies of the rebels. They say they must leave this country unless they can be protected. The rebels have threatened our lives, and we know not what to do. Surely Congress will not leave us to their mercies. The old times of secession days are renewed. If we are abandoned we shall be compelled to leave the State in a body: for stay here it is impossible; and if we go from here what can we do, as our all is here? Respectfully."

THE PACIFIC MAIL COMPANY.

THE President of this Company has just published a very interesting report of its affairs and condition, and of its progress since 1861. At the date named the assets of the Company were $4,201,283. It owned and employed eleven steamers in the Pacific, and carried 22,806 passengers, 28,745 tons of freight, and $41,202,985 of treasure. For the year ending October 31, 1865, immediately preceding the establishment of the route between New York and Aspinwall, the number of passengers carried was 23,046; freight, 28,745 tons; treasure, $38,911,865. In 1867, the Company's business, exclusive of that of the China branch, was as follows: passengers, 31,897; freight, 60,134 tons; treasure, $40,754,175. The gross receipts during the three periods named were $13,956,851. On the 1st of February, 1868, the Company's assets, estimated in currency, were about $28,000,000, including twenty-six steamers and various properties in the United States, China, Panama, etc. The net earnings during seven years have been $14,935,988, out of which dividends have been paid amounting to $8,374,595. The difference has been invested in steamers and other property.

Several causes have combined of late to depreciate the market value of the Company's stock, which is now selling at about 110. Among these are the enormous increase of the capital stock; the rivalry of an opposition line recently established; the controversy in the Board of Directors; and the decrease in the percentage of dividends. It is believed that the surplus earnings of the Company for some time hence will be required to fight the opposition line, and therefore not available for dividends; consequently shares are not eagerly sought for investment.

SEATS AND STOVES IN CARS.

"AN Engineer" sends us a reply to the strictures of "A Civil Engineer," in which he says:

"I did not propose to box the seats in all around, thereby cramping the space needed for the feet of passengers. I simply suggested running a bulk-head or partition from the floor of the car to the under side of the seat, striking in the centre and dividing the under side of the seat into two equal surfaces, and running parallel with the length of the same. Such an arrangement would not encroach upon the space for the feet, nor would it unfit the cars to run either east or west, but it would most effectually stop the draught, or, more properly speaking, the cold feet creator.

"The bulk-head or partition could be made of either iron or wood, at the option of the Railroad Company: the means or method of accomplishing the desired object was the object aimed at, and not the material to be used in this particular case; and if the coaches are cleaned out with a hose, as he states, I must confess my inability to see wherein the bulk-heads or partitions can prove a valid objection."

In the matter of heating "An Engineer" says:

"It will be recollected that I did not propose securing the stove beyond the possibility of being displaced in the event of an accident, but simply to construct a stove for the purpose that would hold the fire a prisoner, regardless of the nature of the smash-up, and this I contend can be done every day. But I must confess that I can not see wherein a base-burner, placed under the car, would render the danger from fire any less than with the present style of stoves.

"But, Mr. Editor, since first writing you on this subject I have had my mind constantly at work on this important matter, and have finally arrived at the firm conclusion that for the present, and till the locomotives can be so improved as to enable them to spare steam enough for the purpose, that the best method of heating railroad coaches is to appropriate a portion of the forward baggage-car for the accommodation of a small tubular boiler, which should supply steam enough to heat the cars. The ordinary piping should be placed in each coach in the most judicious manner for the diffusion of the heat. Under each car should be placed a main steam-pipe for the general supply, connected from car to car by a piece of gum hose, with a like arrangement on the opposite side for returning the condensed steam or water to the boiler again, which would avoid the necessity of carrying a large supply of water for the purpose.

"With a boiler constructed so as to keep the fire within itself, in case of an accident, the future security of passengers from being roasted alive would be complete, and I am of the opinion that economy in expense to railroad companies would eventually ensue."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

THE progress of impeachment has been traced in a separate column. The bill amending the Reconstruction bills, and providing that a majority of votes cast shall decide elections in the South was passed by the Senate February 25, by a vote of 28 to 6. An amendment to this bill enacts that in the elections ratifying Constitutions the voters may also elect Representatives and other officers provided for by the Constitutions. On the same day the House passed the Naval Appropriation Bill.—In the House, February 27, a communication was received from the Postmaster General, submitting the report of the Commissioners, and the plans of the proposed new Post-office for New York. The plans are approved by the Commissioners, the Postmaster-General, and the Secretary of the Interior, and an appropriation of $3,542,930 asked to carry out the project.—In a Republican caucus held on the evening of the 29th, at which 75 members of the House were present, Messrs. Stevens, Butler, Bingham, Boutwell, Wilson, Williams, and Logan were chosen to conduct the impeachment trial. This choice was confirmed by a vote in the House, March 2.

FOREIGN NEWS.

LORD DERBY resigned the Premiership of Great Britain February 25, and is succeeded by Chancellor Disraeli.

A treaty has been arranged between North Germany and the United States, relative to the rights of naturalized American citizens of German birth, of whom military service has heretofore been claimed.

Louis II., King of Bavaria, died February 28, aged 25 years.

THE IMPEACHMENT.

OF this all-absorbing episode of the times we give in this issue of the *Weekly* a full account, with illustrations of the principal and most interesting events.

The offense for which the President has been impeached is the violation of the Tenure-of-Office Bill, which he believes and declares to be unconstitutional. This act was passed by Congress and vetoed by the President; subsequently (on March 2, 1867) the bill was passed over his veto, and thereby became a law. In *suspending* rather than *removing* Mr. STANTON on a previous occasion, the President seemed desirous of accomplishing his purpose in accordance with the provisions of the law; and with the same view he sent a message to the Senate giving his reasons for the suspension. The Senate, on hearing these reasons, disapproved of his action, and Mr. STANTON was restored to his office. Mr. JOHNSON seemingly acquiesced in this decision; matters became more quiet; it seemed as if the rest of his term was to be spent in comparative peace; and so disposed was Congress to remove all obstructions to the harmonious action of the various bodies composing the Government, and to cease all action having the slightest resemblance to personal persecution of the President, that on February 13 the Impeachment Committee of the House of Representatives refused to entertain a proposition for impeachment, holding that up to that time the President had done nothing for which he could properly be impeached.

But the President reopened upon Congress on the 21st of February. Finding it impossible to rid himself of the obnoxious Secretary by suspension, he issued an order *removing* him, and another order appointing Adjutant-General THOMAS Secretary of War *ad interim*. It may be that he misinterpreted the spirit which led the House to oppose impeachment in December last by a vote of 107 to 57; he may have attributed this action to fear and hesitancy. But he claims that from the first it was his purpose to maintain his right of removal; and in his late message to the Senate he, moreover, submits that to this case of Mr. STANTON the Tenure-of-Office Bill has no application, since the commission held by the Secretary was given by President LINCOLN. The attempted removal of Secretary STANTON, the appointment of General THOMAS, and the announcement of these acts to the Senate and House of Representatives was made on February 21, and, as already described in a previous issue, great excitement ensued throughout Washington, and indeed throughout the whole country. General THOMAS formally demanded possession of the War Department, was refused, arrested for interfering with the duties of the War-office, and finally discharged on bail. The House of Representatives resolved on February 24, by a vote of 126 yeas to 47 nays, to impeach the President; on February 25 the announcement of this action was made to the Senate, and the Committee at once began to prepare the indictment. All of these events are fully illustrated in this issue of the *Weekly*.

The articles of impeachment presented by the committee February 29 are ten in number. The substance of the charges against the President is: That he, unmindful of the high duties of his office, of his oath of office, and of the requirement of the Constitution that he should take care that the laws be faithfully executed, issued an order for the removal of Secretary STANTON, with an intent to violate the Tenure-of-Office Bill; issued another order appointing Adjutant-General THOMAS Secretary of War *ad interim*, without legal authority and in violation of the Tenure-of-Office Bill and of the Constitution; conspired with General THOMAS and others to hinder Secretary STANTON, by intimidation and threats, from holding the office of Secretary of War, to prevent the execution of the Tenure-of-Office Bill, and to seize the property of the United States in the War Department; intended in the appointment of THOMAS, to unlawfully disburse moneys appropriated for the military service and for the War Department; and in disregard of the Constitution and the laws of Congress duly enacted, as Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the United States, did bring before himself in Washington WILLIAM H. EMORY, a major-general by brevet in the army of the United States, actually in command of the Department of Washington and the military forces thereof, and did then and there, as such Commander-in-Chief, declare to and instruct said EMORY that part of a law of the United States, passed March 2, 1867, entitled "An act making appropriations for the support of the army for the year ending June 30, 1868, and for other purposes," especially the second section thereof, which provides among other things that "all orders and instructions relating to military operations issued by the President or Secretary of War shall be issued through the General of the Army, and in case of his inability, through the next in rank," was unconstitutional and in contravention of the commission of said EMORY, and therefore not binding on him as an officer in the army of the United States, which said provision of law had been theretofore duly and legally promulgated by general order for the government and direction of the army of the United States, as the said ANDREW JOHNSON then and there well knew, with intent thereby to induce said EMORY in his official capacity as Commander of the Department of Washington to violate the provisions of said act, and to take and receive, act upon and obey such orders as he, the said ANDREW JOHNSON, might make and give, and which should not be issued through the General of the Army of the United States, according to the provisions of the said act. Each of these acts of the President are in the indictment styled "a high misdemeanor in office," with the exception of the conspiracy to seize upon the property of the War Department, which is pronounced a "high crime."

The "Guard before the War-office," illustrated on page 164, is the usual guard of honor which has for years paced before the Seventeenth Street front of the Department, and is not, as many have supposed, a special guard detailed to protect Mr. STANTON at this juncture. Persons enter the Department freely and without challenge from the sentry.

The next sketch (in chronological order) represents General THOMAS demanding the War-office of Mr. STANTON. This scene took place on February 21. General THOMAS presented the order of the President appointing him Secretary of War *ad interim* to Mr. STANTON in the latter's room of the War-office. He was courteously received by the Secretary, who asked time to consider, and General THOMAS left with a notice that he would formally demand possession of the Department at nine o'clock on the following day. In the mean time he was arrested on complaint of Secretary STANTON, and, on examination before Judge CARTTER, was released on bail. He subsequently again demanded possession of the War-office and was again refused. His trial came off on Monday, February 24, but no one appearing against him, he was discharged. He subsequently sued Secretary STANTON for false imprisonment, laying his damages at $150,000. Our sketch of the Court-room represents the scene of February 22.

As of great interest in this connection we give on pages 168 and 169 a large and beautiful engraving of the House of Representatives, showing the principal features of the architecture, and

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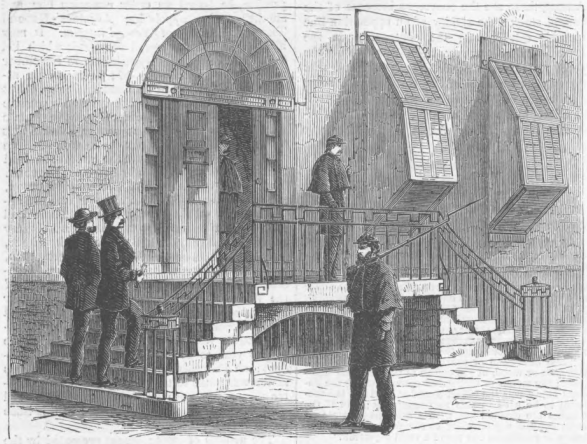
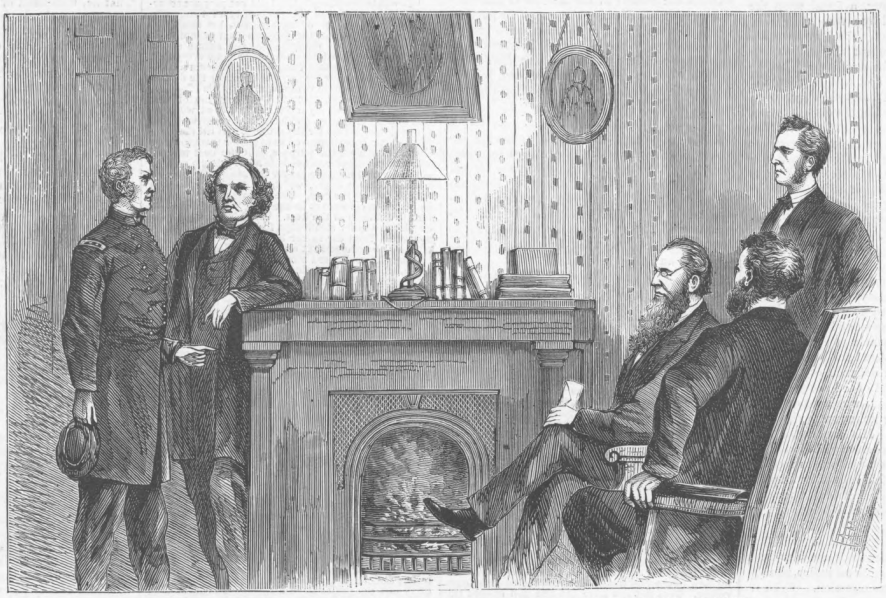


IMPEACHMENT—THE GUARD BEFORE THE WAR OFFICE.

IMPEACHMENT—EXAMINATION OF GENERAL THOMAS.

containing portraits of several of the most distinguished representatives of the present Congress. On the occasion of the adoption of the Impeachment resolution, February 24, the galleries of the House were crowded to overflowing, and the whole House presented the busy and interesting aspect delineated in our sketch.

Next in the order of their occurrence is the event illustrated in our engraving on the first page, representing Messrs. STEVENS and BINGHAM announcing the passage of the Impeachment resolution to the Senate. This proceeding occurred on February 25. Mr. STEVENS, too feeble to walk from his residence to the Senate chamber, was carried to its entrance in an arm-chair by two stout colored men, and, leaning on the arm of Mr. BINGHAM and supporting himself by a cane, he entered the Hall, followed by a large delegation from the House, which took position in various parts of the lobby. The Sergeant-at-arms announced a message from the House of Representatives, and Mr.



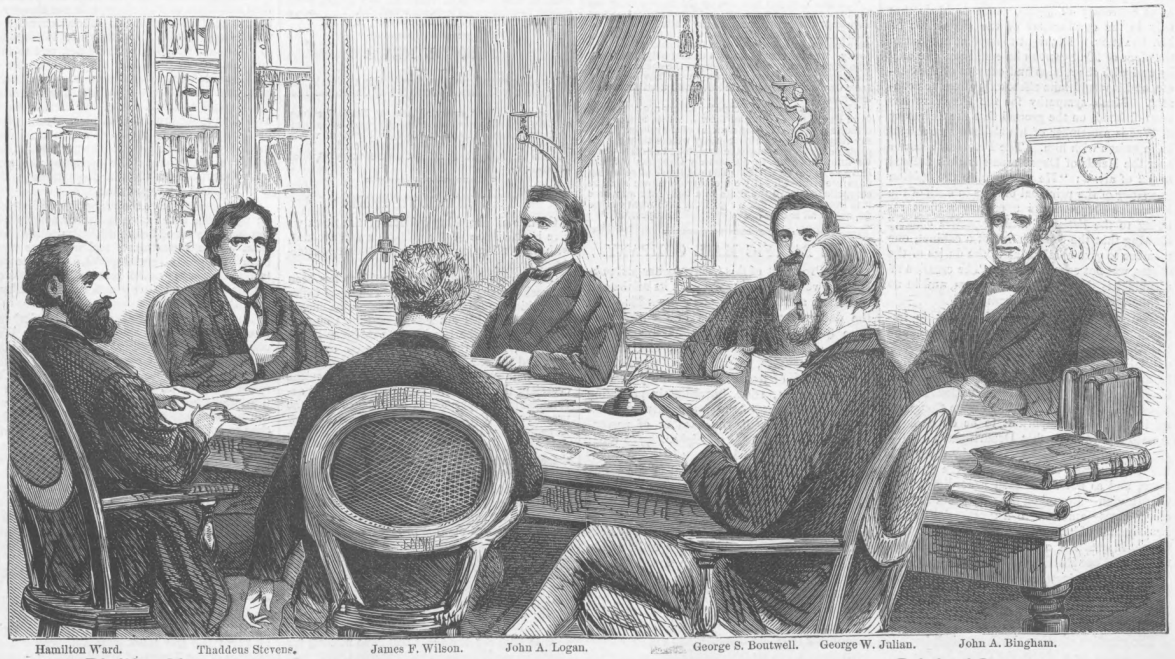
IMPEACHMENT—GENERAL THOMAS DEMANDING THE WAR OFFICE OF SECRETARY STANTON.

STEVENS, pale, emaciated, deathlike in appearance, but in a stern, vigorous voice, and in a bold, lofty manner, made this formal announcement to the Senate:

In obedience to the order of the House of Representatives, we appear before you in the name of the House of Representatives and of all the people of the United States. We do impeach ANDREW JOHNSON, President of the United States, of high crimes and misdemeanors in office; and we further inform the Senate that the House of Representatives will in due time exhibit articles against him, and make good the same, and in their name we demand that the Senate take order for the appearance of said ANDREW JOHNSON to answer said impeachment.

Mr. WADE, President of the Senate, announced that "the Senate would take order in the premises," the usual reference to a committee was made, and the Representatives withdrew.

Since the completion of these preliminary steps the Committee on Impeachment have been busily engaged in preparing the indictment. One of our engravings on this page represents the Committee in session in their room engaged in this important labor.



Hamilton Ward. Thaddeus Stevens. James F. Wilson. John A. Logan. George S. Boutwell. George W. Julian. John A. Bingham.

IMPEACHMENT—THE IMPEACHMENT COMMITTEE PREPARING THE INDICTMENT.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

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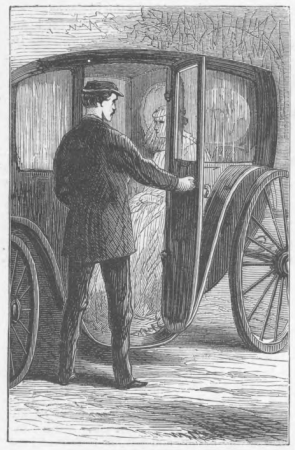
[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

THE MOONSTONE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

Printed from the Author's Manuscript.
RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.



CHAPTER XVIII.

GOING down to the front-door I met the Sergeant on the steps.

It went against the grain with me, after what had passed between us, to show him that I felt any sort of interest in his proceedings. In spite of myself, however, I felt an interest that there was no resisting. My sense of dignity sank from under me, and out came the words: "What news from Frizinghall?"

"I have seen the Indians," answered Sergeant Cuff. "And I have found out what Rosanna bought privately in the town on Thursday last. The Indians will be set free on Wednesday in next week. There isn't a doubt on my mind, and there isn't a doubt on Mr. Murthwaite's mind, that they came to this place to steal the Moonstone. Their calculations were all thrown out, of course, by what happened in the house on Wednesday night; and they have no more to do with the actual loss of the jewel than you have. But I can tell you one thing, Mr. Betteredge—if *we* don't find the Moonstone, *they* will. You have not heard the last of the three jugglers yet."

Mr. Franklin came back from his walk as the Sergeant said those startling words. Governing his curiosity better than I had governed mine, he passed us without a word, and went on into the house.

As for me, having already dropped my dignity, I determined to have the whole benefit of the sacrifice. "So much for the Indians," I said. "What about Rosanna, next?"

Sergeant Cuff shook his head.

"The mystery in that quarter is thicker than ever," he said. "I have traced her to a shop at Frizinghall, kept by a linen-draper named Maltby. She bought nothing whatever at any of the other drapers' shops, or at any milliners' or tailors' shops; and she bought nothing at Maltby's but a piece of long cloth. She was very particular in choosing a certain quality. As to quantity, she bought enough to make a night-gown."

"Whose night-gown?" I asked.

"Her own, to be sure. Between twelve and three, on the Thursday morning, she must have slipped down to your young lady's room, to settle the hiding of the Moonstone while all the rest of you were in bed. In going back to her own room her night-gown must have brushed the wet paint on the door. She couldn't wash out the stain; and she couldn't safely destroy the night-gown—without first providing another like it, to make the inventory of her linen complete."

"What proves that it was Rosanna's night-gown?" I objected.

"The material she bought for making the substitute dress," answered the Sergeant. "If it had been Miss Verinder's night-gown, she would have had to buy lace, and frilling, and Lord knows what besides; and she wouldn't have had time to make it in one night. Plain long cloth means a plain servant's night-gown. No, no, Mr. Betteredge—all that is clear enough. The pinch of the question is—why, after having provided the substitute dress, does she hide the smeared night-gown, instead of destroying it? If the girl won't speak out, there is only one way of settling the difficulty. The hiding-place at the Shivering Sand must be searched—and the true state of the case will be discovered there."

"How are you to find the place?" I inquired.

"I am sorry to disappoint you," said the Sergeant—"but that's a secret which I mean to keep to myself."

(Not to irritate your curiosity, as he irritated mine, I may here inform you that he had come back from Frizinghall, provided with a search-warrant. His experience in such matters told him that Rosanna was in all probability carrying about her a memorandum of the hiding-place, to guide her, in case she returned to it, under changed circumstances and after a lapse of time. Possessed of this memorandum, the Sergeant would be furnished with all that he could desire.)

"Now, Mr. Betteredge," he went on, "suppose we drop speculation, and get to business. I told Joyce to have an eye on Rosanna. Where is Joyce?"

Joyce was the Frizinghall policeman, who had been left by Superintendent Seegrave at Sergeant Cuff's disposal. The clock struck two as he put the question, and, punctual to the moment, the carriage came round to take Miss Rachel to her aunt's.

"One thing at a time," said the Sergeant, stopping me as I was about to send in search of Joyce. "I must attend to Miss Verinder first."

As the rain was still threatening, it was the close carriage that had been appointed to take Miss Rachel to Frizinghall. Sergeant Cuff beckoned Samuel to come down to him from the rumble behind.

"You will see a friend of mine waiting among the trees, on this side of the lodge gate," he said. "My friend, without stopping the carriage, will get up into the rumble with you. You have nothing to do but to hold your tongue, and shut your eyes. Otherwise, you will get into trouble."

With that advice he sent the footman back to his place. What Samuel thought I don't know. It was plain, to my mind, that Miss Rachel was to be privately kept in view from the time she left our house—if she did leave it. A watch set on my young lady! A spy behind her in the rumble of her mother's carriage! I could have cut my own tongue out for having forgotten myself so far as to speak to Sergeant Cuff.

"TRY TO FORGIVE ME, MAMMA."

The first person to come out of the house was my lady. She stood aside, on the top step, posting herself there to see what happened. Not a word did she say, either to the Sergeant or to me. With her lips closed, and her arms folded in the light garden-cloak which she had wrapped round her on coming into the air, there she stood, as still as a statue, waiting for her daughter to appear.

In a minute more Miss Rachel came down stairs, very nicely dressed in some soft yellow stuff that set off her dark complexion, and clipped her tight (in the form of a jacket) round the waist. She had a smart little straw-hat on her head, with a white veil twisted round it. She had primrose-colored gloves that fitted her hands like a second skin. Her beautiful black hair looked as smooth as satin under her hat. Her little ears were like rosy shells—they had a pearl dangling from each of them. She came swiftly out to us, as straight as a lily on its stem, and as lithe and supple in every movement she made as a young cat. Nothing that I could discover was altered in her pretty face but her eyes and her lips. Her eyes were brighter and fiercer than I liked to see; and her lips had so completely lost their color and their smile that I hardly knew them again. She kissed her mother in a hasty and sudden manner on the cheek. She said, "Try to forgive me, mamma"—and then pulled down her veil over her face so vehemently that she tore it. In another moment she had run down the steps, and had rushed into the carriage as if it was a hiding-place.

Sergeant Cuff was just as quick on his side. He put Samuel back, and stood before Miss Rachel, with the open carriage-door in his hand, at the instant when she settled herself in her place.

"What do you want?" says Miss Rachel, from behind her veil.

"I want to say one word to you, miss," answered the Sergeant, "before you go. I can't presume to stop your paying a visit to your aunt. I can only venture to say that your leaving us, as things are now, puts an obstacle in the way of my recovering your Diamond. Please to understand that; and now decide for yourself whether you go or stay."

Miss Rachel never even answered him. "Drive on, James!" she called out to the coachman.

Without another word the Sergeant shut the carriage-door. Just as he closed it Mr. Franklin came running down the steps. "Good-by, Rachel," he said, holding out his hand.

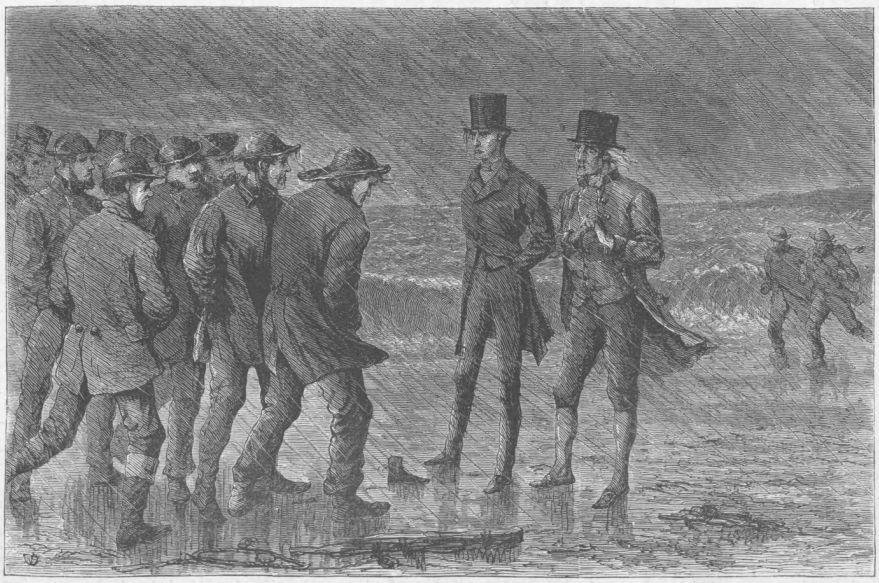
"Drive on!" cried Miss Rachel, louder than ever, and taking no more notice of Mr. Franklin than she had taken of Sergeant Cuff.

Mr. Franklin stepped back thunder-struck, as well he might be. The coachman, not knowing what to do, looked toward my lady, still standing immovable on the top step. My lady, with anger and sorrow and shame all struggling together in her face, made him a sign to start the horses, and then turned back hastily into the house. Mr. Franklin, recovering the use of his speech, called after her, as the carriage drove off, "Aunt! you were quite right. Accept my thanks for all your kindness—and let me go."

My lady turned as though to speak to him. Then, as if distrusting herself, waved her hand kindly. "Let me see you before you leave us, Franklin," she said, in a broken voice—and went on to her own room.

"Do me a last favor, Betteredge," says Mr. Franklin, turning to me, with the tears in his eyes. "Get me away to the train as soon as you can!"

He too went his way into the house. For the moment Miss Rachel had completely unmanned him. Judge from that how fond he must have been of her!



"IN THE FEWEST WORDS THE SERGEANT SHOWED THEM THE EVIDENCE OF THE FOOTMARKS."

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Sergeant Cuff and I were left face to face at the bottom of the steps. The Sergeant stood with his face set toward a gap in the trees, commanding a view of one of the windings of the drive which led from the house. He had his hands in his pockets, and he was softly whistling the Last Rose of Summer to himself.

"There's a time for every thing," I said, savagely enough. "This isn't a time for whistling."

At that moment the carriage appeared in the distance, through the gap, on its way to the lodge-gate. There was another man besides Samuel plainly visible in the rubble-behind.

"All right!" said the Sergeant to himself. He turned round to me. "It's no time for whistling, Mr. Betteredge, as you say. It's time to take this business in hand now without sparing any body. We'll begin with Rosanna Spearman. Where is Joyce?"

We both called for Joyce, and received no answer. I sent one of the stable-boys to look for him.

"You heard what I said to Miss Verinder?" remarked the Sergeant, while we were waiting. "And you saw how she received it? I tell her plainly that her leaving us will be an obstacle in the way of my recovering her Diamond—and she leaves, in the face of that statement! Your young lady has got a traveling companion in her mother's carriage, Mr. Betteredge—and the name of it is, The Moonstone."

I said nothing. I only held on like death to my belief in Miss Rachel.

The stable-boy came back, followed—very unwillingly, as it appeared to me—by Joyce.

"Where is Rosanna Spearman?" asked Sergeant Cuff.

"I can't account for it, Sir," Joyce began; "and I am very sorry. But somehow or other—"

"Before I went to Frizinghall," said the Sergeant, cutting him short, "I told you to keep your eye on Rosanna Spearman, without allowing her to discover that she was being watched. Do you mean to tell me that you have let her give you the slip?"

"I am afraid, Sir," says Joyce, beginning to tremble, "that I was perhaps a little *too* careful not to let her discover me. There are such a many passages in the lower parts of this house—"

"How long is it since you missed her?"

"Nigh on an hour since, Sir."

"You can go back to your regular business at Frizinghall," said the Sergeant, speaking just as composedly as ever, in his usual quiet and dreary way. "I don't think your talents are at all in our line, Mr. Joyce. Your present form of employment is a trifle beyond you. Good-morning."

The man slunk off. I find it very difficult to describe how I was affected by the discovery that Rosanna Spearman was missing. I seemed to be in fifty different minds about it, all at the same time. In that state I stood staring at Sergeant Cuff—and my powers of language quite failed me.

"No, Mr. Betteredge," said the Sergeant, as if he had discovered the uppermost thought in me, and was picking it out to be answered, before all the rest. "Your young friend, Rosanna, won't slip through my fingers so easily as you think. As long as I know where Miss Verinder is, I have the means at my disposal of tracing Miss Verinder's accomplice. I prevented them from communicating last night. Very good. They will get together at Frizinghall instead of getting together here. The present inquiry must be simply shifted (rather sooner than I had anticipated) from this house to the house at which Miss Verinder is visiting. In the mean time, I'm afraid I must trouble you to call the servants together again."

I went round with him to the servants' hall. It is very disgraceful, but it is none the less true, that I had another attack of the detective-fever when he said those last words. I forgot that I hated Sergeant Cuff. I seized him confidentially by the arm. I said, "For goodness sake, tell us what you are going to do with the servants now?"

The great Cuff stood stock-still, and addressed himself in a kind of melancholy rapture to the empty air.

"If this man," said the Sergeant (apparently meaning me), "only understood the growing of roses, he would be the most completely perfect character on the face of creation!" After that strong expression of feeling he sighed, and put his arm through mine. "This is how it stands," he said, dropping down again to business. "Rosanna has done one of two things. She has either gone direct to Frizinghall (before I can get there), or she has gone first to visit her hiding-place at the Shivering Sand. The first thing to find out is, which of the servants saw the last of her before she left the house."

On instituting this inquiry, it turned out that the last person who had set eyes on Rosanna was Nancy, the kitchen-maid.

Nancy had seen her slip out with a letter in her hand, and stop the butcher's man who had just been delivering some meat at the back-door. Nancy had heard her ask the man to post the letter when he got back to Frizinghall. The man had looked at the address, and had said it was a roundabout way of delivering a letter, directed to Cobb's Hole, to post it at Frizinghall—and that, moreover, on a Saturday, which would prevent the letter from getting to its destination until Monday morning. Rosanna had answered that the delivery of the letter being delayed till Monday was of no importance. The only thing she wished to be sure of was that the man would do what she told him. The man had promised to do it and had driven away. Nancy had been called back to her work in the kitchen. And no other person had seen any thing afterward of Rosanna Spearman.

"Well?" I asked, when we were alone again.

"Well," says the Sergeant, "I must go to Frizinghall."

"About the letter, Sir?"

"Yes. The memorandum of the hiding-place is in that letter. I must see the address at the post-office. If it is the address I suspect, I shall pay our friend Mrs. Yolland another visit on Monday next."

I went with the Sergeant to order the pony-chaise. In the stable-yard we got a new light thrown on the missing girl.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE news of Rosanna's disappearance had, as it appeared, spread among the out-of-door servants. They too had made their inquiries; and they had just laid hands on a quick little imp, nicknamed "Duffy"—who was occasionally employed in weeding the garden, and who had seen Rosanna Spearman as lately as half an hour since. Duffy was certain that the girl had passed him in the fir-plantation, not walking, but *running*, in the direction of the sea-shore.

"Does this boy know the coast hereabouts?" asked Sergeant Cuff.

"He has been born and bred on the coast," I answered.

"Duffy!" says the Sergeant, "do you want to earn a shilling? If you do, come along with me. Keep the pony-chaise ready, Mr. Betteredge, till I come back."

He started for the Shivering Sand at a rate that my legs (though well enough preserved for my time of life) had no hope of matching. Little Duffy, as the way is with the young savages in our parts when they are in high spirits, gave a howl, and trotted off at the Sergeant's heels.

Here, again, I find it impossible to give any thing like a clear account of the state of my mind in the interval after Sergeant Cuff had left us. A curious and stupefying restlessness got possession of me. I did a dozen different needless things in and out of the house, not one of which I can now remember. I don't even know how long it was after the Sergeant had gone to the sands when Duffy came running back with a message for me. Sergeant Cuff had given the boy a leaf torn out of his pocket-book, on which was written in pencil, "Send me one of Rosanna Spearman's boots, and be quick about it."

I dispatched the first woman-servant I could find to Rosanna's room; and I sent the boy back to say that I myself would follow him with the boot.

This, I am well aware, was not the quickest way to take of obeying the directions which I had received. But I was resolved to see for myself what new mystification was going on, before I trusted Rosanna's boot in the Sergeant's hands. My old notion of screening the girl if I could seemed to have come back on me again at the eleventh hour. This state of feeling (to say nothing of the detective-fever) hurried me off, as soon as the boot was put in my hands, at the nearest approach to a run which a man turned seventy can reasonably hope to make.

As I got near the shore the clouds gathered black and the rain came down, drifting in great white sheets of water before the wind. I heard the thunder of the sea on the sand-bank, at the mouth of the bay. A little further on I passed the boy crouching for shelter under the lee of the sand-hills. Then I saw the raging sea, and the rollers tumbling in on the sand-bank, and the driven rain sweeping over the waters like a flying garment, and the yellow wilderness of the beach with one solitary black figure standing on it—the figure of Sergeant Cuff.

He waved his hand toward the north when he first saw me. "Keep on that side!" he shouted. "And come on down here to me!"

I went down to him, choking for breath, with my heart leaping as if it was like to leap out of me. I was past speaking. I had a hundred questions to put to him; and not one of them would pass my lips. His face frightened me. I saw a look in his eyes which was a look of horror. He snatched the boot out of my hand, and set it in a footmark on the sand, bearing south from us as we stood, and pointing straight toward the rocky ledge called the South Spit. The mark was not yet blurred out by the rain—and the girl's boot fitted it to a hair.

The Sergeant pointed to the boot in the foot-mark, without saying a word.

I caught at his arm and tried to speak to him, and failed as I had failed when I tried before. He went on, following the footsteps down and down to where the rocks and the sand joined. The South Spit was just awash with the flowing tide; the waters heaved over the hidden face of the Shivering Sand. Now this way and now that, with an obstinate silence that fell on you like lead, with an obstinate patience that was dreadful to see, Sergeant Cuff tried the boot in the footsteps, and always found it pointing the same way—straight *to* the rocks. Hunt as he might, no sign could he find any where of the footsteps walking *from* them.

He gave it up at last. He looked again at me; and then he looked out at the waters before us, heaving in deeper and deeper over the hidden face of the Shivering Sand. I looked where he looked—and I saw his thought in his face. A dreadful dumb trembling crawled all over me on a sudden. I fell upon my knees on the sand.

"She has been back at the hiding-place," I heard the Sergeant say to himself. "Some fatal accident has happened to her on those rocks."

The girl's altered looks, and words, and actions—the numbed, deadened way in which she listened to me and spoke to me, when I had found her sweeping the corridor but a few hours since, rose up in my mind and warned me, even as the Sergeant spoke, that his guess was wide of the dreadful truth. I tried to tell him of the fear that had frozen me up. I tried to say, "The death she has died, Sergeant, was a death of her own seeking." No! the words wouldn't come. The dumb trembling held me in its grip. I couldn't feel the driving rain. I couldn't see the rising tide. As in the vision of a dream the poor lost creature came back before me. I saw her again as I had seen her in the past time—on the morning when I went to fetch her into the house. I heard her again, telling me that the Shivering Sand seemed to draw her to it against her will, and wondering whether her grave was waiting for her *there*. The horror of it struck at me, in some unfathomable way, through my own child. My girl was just her age. My girl, tried as Rosanna was tried, might have lived that miserable life, and died this dreadful death.

The Sergeant kindly lifted me up, and turned me away from the sight of the place where she had perished.

With that relief I began to fetch my breath again, and to see things about me as things really were. Looking toward the sand-hills, I saw the men-servants from out-of-doors, and the fisherman named Yolland, all running down to us together; and all having taken the alarm, calling out to know if the girl had been found. In the fewest words the Sergeant showed them the evidence of the footmarks, and told them that a fatal accident must have happened to her. He then picked out the fisherman from the rest, and put a question to him, turning about again toward the sea: "Tell me this," he said. "Could a boat have taken her off from that ledge of rock where her footmarks stop?"

The fisherman pointed to the rollers tumbling in on the sand-bank, and to the great waves leaping up in clouds of foam against the headlands on either side of us.

"No boat that ever was built," he answered, "could have got to her through *that*."

Sergeant Cuff looked for the last time at the footmarks on the sand, which the rain was now fast blurring out.

"There," he said, "is the evidence that she can't have left this place by land. And here," he went on, looking at the fisherman, "is the evidence that she can't have got away by sea." He stopped and considered for a minute. "She was seen running toward this place, half an hour before I got here from the house," he said to Yolland. "Some time has passed since then. Call it altogether an hour ago. How high would the water be at that time on this side of the rocks?" He pointed to the south side—otherwise, the side which was not filled up by the quicksand.

"As the tide makes to-day," said the fisherman, "there wouldn't have been water enough to drown a kitten on that side of the Spit an hour since."

Sergeant Cuff turned about northward toward the quicksand.

"How much on this side?" he asked.

"Less still," answered Yolland. "The Shivering Sand would have been just awash, and no more."

The Sergeant turned to me, and said that the accident must have happened on the side of the quicksand. My tongue was loosened at that. "No accident!" I told him. "When she came to this place she came, weary of her life, to end it here."

He started back from me. "How do you know?" he asked. The rest of them crowded round. The Sergeant recovered himself instantly. He put them back from me; he said I was an old man; he said the discovery had shaken me; he said, "Let him alone a little." Then he turned to Yolland and asked, "Is there any chance of finding her when the tide ebbs again?" And Yolland answered, "None. What the Sand gets the Sand keeps forever." Having said that, the fisherman came a step nearer and addressed himself to me.

"Mr. Betteredge," he said, "I have a word to say to you about the young woman's death. Four foot out, broadwise, along the side of the Spit, there's a shelf of rock about half fathom down under the sand. My question is—why didn't she strike that? If she slipped, by accident, from off the Spit, she fell in, where there's foothold at the bottom, at a depth that would barely cover her to the waist. She must have waded out, or jumped out, into the Deeps beyond—or she wouldn't be missing now. No accident, Sir! The Deeps of the Quicksand have got her. And they have got her by her own act."

After that testimony from a man whose knowledge was to be relied on the Sergeant was silent. The rest of us, like him, held our peace. With one accord we all turned back up the slope of the beach.

At the sand-hillocks we were met by Samuel, running to us from the house. The lad is a good lad, and has an honest respect for me. He handed me a little note, with a decent sorrow in his face. "Penelope found this, Mr. Betteredge," he said, "in Rosanna's room."

It was her last farewell word to the old man who had done his best—thank God, always done his best—to befriend her.

"You have often forgiven me, Mr. Betteredge, in past times. When you next see the Shivering Sand try to forgive me once more. I have found my grave where my grave was waiting for me. I have lived, and died, Sir, grateful for your kindness."

There was no more than that. Little as it was, I hadn't manhood enough to hold up against it. Your tears come easy, when you're young, and beginning the world. Your tears come easy, when you're old, and leaving it. I burst out crying.

Sergeant Cuff took a step nearer to me—meaning kindly, I don't doubt. I shrank back from him. "Don't touch me," I said. "It's the dread of you that has driven her to it."

"You are wrong, Mr. Betteredge," he answered, quietly. "But there will be time enough to speak of it when we are all indoors again."

I followed the rest of them with the help of Samuel's arm. Through the driving rain we went back—to meet the trouble and the terror that were waiting for us at the house.

CHAPTER XX.

THOSE in front had spread the news before us. We found the servants in a state of panic. As we passed my lady's door it was thrown open violently from the inner side. My mistress came out among us (with Mr. Franklin following and trying vainly to compose her), quite beside herself with the horror of the thing.

"You are answerable for this!" she cried out, threatening the Sergeant wildly with her hand. "Gabriel! give that wretch his money—and release me from the sight of him!"

The Sergeant was the only one among us who was fit to cope with her—being the only one among us who was in possession of himself.

"I am no more answerable for this distressing calamity, my lady, than you are," he said. "If, in half an hour from this, you still insist on my leaving the house, I will accept your ladyship's dismissal, but not your ladyship's money."

It was spoken very respectfully, but very firmly at the same time—and it had its effect on my mistress as well as on me. She suffered Mr. Franklin to lead her back into the room. As the door closed on the two the Sergeant, looking about among the women-servants in his observant way, noticed that, while all the rest were merely frightened, Penelope was in tears. "When your father has changed his wet clothes," he said to her, "come and speak to us in your father's room."

Before the half hour was out I had got my dry clothes on, and had lent Sergeant Cuff such change of dress as he required. Penelope came in to us to hear what the Sergeant wanted with her. I don't think I ever felt what a good dutiful daughter I had so strongly as I felt it at that moment. I took her and sat her on my knee—and I prayed God bless her. She hid her head on my bosom, and put her arms round my neck—and we waited a little while in silence. The poor dead girl must have been at the bottom of it, I think, with my daughter and with me. The Sergeant went to the window and stood there looking out. I thought it right to thank him for considering us both in this way—and I did.

People in high life have all the luxuries to themselves—among others the luxury of indulging their feelings. People in low life have no such privilege. Necessity, which spares our betters, has no pity on *us*. We learn to put our feelings back into ourselves, and to jog on with our duties as patiently as may be. I don't complain of this—I only notice it. Penelope and I were ready for the Sergeant as soon as the Sergeant was ready on his side. Asked if she knew what had led her fellow-servant to destroy herself, my daughter answered (as you will foresee) that it was for love of Mr. Franklin Blake. Asked next if she had mentioned this notion of hers to any other person, Penelope answered, "I have not mentioned it, for Rosanna's sake." I felt it necessary to add a word to this. I said, "And for Mr. Franklin's sake, my dear, as well. If Rosanna *has* died for love of him, it is not with his knowledge or by his fault. Let him leave the house to-day, if he does leave it, without the useless pain of knowing the truth." Sergeant Cuff said, "Quite right," and fell silent again; comparing Penelope's notion (as it seemed to me) with some other notion of his own which he kept to himself.

At the end of the half hour my mistress's bell rang.

On my way to answer it I met Mr. Franklin coming out of his aunt's sitting-room. He mentioned that her ladyship was ready to see Sergeant Cuff—in my presence as before—and he added that he himself wanted to say two words to the Sergeant first. On our way back to my room he stopped and looked at the railway time-table in the hall.

"Are you really going to leave us, Sir?" I asked. "Miss Rachel will surely come right again, if you only give her time."

"She will come right again," answered Mr. Franklin, "when she hears that I have gone away, and that she will see me no more."

I thought he spoke in resentment of my young lady's treatment of him. But it was not so. My mistress had noticed, from the time when the police first came into the house, that the bare mention of him was enough to set Miss Rachel's temper in a flame. He had been too fond of his cousin to like to confess this to himself, until the truth had been forced on him when she drove off to her aunt's. His eyes once opened in that cruel way which you know of, Mr. Franklin had taken his resolution—the one resolution which a man of any spirit *could* take—to leave the house.

What he had to say to the Sergeant was spoken in my presence. He described her ladyship as willing to acknowledge that she had spoken over-hastily. And he asked if Sergeant Cuff would consent—in that case—to accept his fee, and to leave the matter of the Diamond where the matter stood now. The Sergeant answered, "No, Sir. My fee is paid me for doing my duty. I decline to take it until my duty is done."

"I don't understand you," says Mr. Franklin.

"I'll explain myself, Sir," says the Sergeant. "When I came here I undertook to throw the necessary light on the matter of the missing Diamond. I am now ready, and waiting, to redeem my pledge. When I have stated the case to Lady Verinder as the case now stands, and when I have told her plainly what course of action to take for the recovery of the Moonstone, the responsibility will be off my shoulders. Let her ladyship decide, after that, whether she does, or does not, allow me to go on. I shall then have done what I undertook to do—and I'll take my fee."

In those words Sergeant Cuff reminded us that,

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even in the Detective Police, a man may have a reputation to lose.

The view he took was so plainly the right one that there was no more to be said. As I rose to conduct him to my lady's room he asked if Mr. Franklin wished to be present. Mr. Franklin answered, "Not unless Lady Verinder desires it." He added, in a whisper to me, as I was following the Sergeant out, "I know what that man is going to say about Rachel; and I am too fond of her to hear it and keep my temper. Leave me by myself."

I left him, miserable enough, leaning on the sill of my window, with his face hidden in his hands—and Penelope peeping through the door, longing to comfort him. In Mr. Franklin's place, I should have called her in. When you are ill-used by one woman there is great comfort in telling it to another—because, nine times out of ten, the other always takes your side. Perhaps, when my back was turned, he did call her in? In that case it is only doing my daughter justice to declare that she would stick at nothing in the way of comforting Mr. Franklin Blake.

In the mean time Sergeant Cuff and I proceeded to my lady's room.

At the last conference we had held with her we had found her not overwilling to lift her eyes from the book which she had on the table. On this occasion there was a change for the better. She met the Sergeant's eye with an eye that was as steady as his own. The family spirit showed itself in every line of her face; and I knew that Sergeant Cuff would meet his match when a woman like my mistress was strung up to hear the worst he could say to her.

INIGO AT THE CHARITY BALL.

"BUT the greatest of all these is Charity," may liberally be interpreted to mean that the greatest of all balls is the Charity Ball.

It comes off regularly once a year, generally at the end of winter, which is an excellent arrangement for the poor, inasmuch as it gives them time to look around and see where they can buy wood and coal cheapest before cold weather again sets in.

Of course the Charity Ball is under feminine management. Was there ever a good work contemplated or executed that woman was not in the van, arranging the march after her peculiar ideas of fitness, or else bringing up the rear in delightful confusion, shaking up pillows for the wounded, and generally propping their heads a little too high? As Pope—or is it Pagan?—beautifully expresses it:

"Oh woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please.
But seen too oft, familiar with thy face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

I like woman. We like our opposites, it is said—by which is meant, I suppose, the opposite sex. Certainly I do not always like the young man who sits opposite me at table, nor the children across the way, who make faces at me through the railings, and call me names which are neither pet nor pat.

I attended the Charity Ball at the Academy of Music last evening—Monday, February 24, 1868—usually I don't care a fig about dates, but occasionally it is well to be particular. To say that all the lady managers were there is to say that the attendance was large, for the list is made to comprise about all the worthy ladies that the city affords, or could afford, were it much larger than it is. I would say that their name is Legion, but that name having a savor of masculinity—being scarcely a proper name under the circumstances we will set it down as Lejenny. None will claim, I trust, that the change can not be effected legally.

Apropos of Lee—it is said that the Confederate General of that name was present last evening. That accounts, perhaps, for the attention that I attracted. People thought I was he—that is to say, Lee—there is one of the penalties of looking like distinguished men. I've got a way like his, too, a sort of lee-way, so to speak, about me, which encourages very many to range up and take the weather-gage. Sometimes I endeavor to hold my own, and assume a virtue if I have it not; but they generally contrive to get my gage, weather or no.

It is bruited about that there were a great many distinguished persons present on the occasion. Very possibly; but how they could be distinguished in such a crowd passes my comprehension. Early in the evening I started from the roof to find a lady of my acquaintance who stood on the floor. I wished to ask her a question. Arrived at the place where she was, she wasn't there. By standing on an old gentleman's toes, I at last discovered her chignon bobbing up and down at a distant part of the hall. Arrived there, she wasn't there, but a portion of her dress was. So from point to point I followed her, recognizing the path she had taken by small pieces of familiar muslin, but not finding her until late at night and at the supper-table. As it was the privilege of handing her in to the table that I wished to ask, I might as well not have found her at all. To have asked her then would simply have been a work of supererrorgation. 'Twas ever thus. I never made up my mind to pay for any young woman's supper that some one else did not step in and manage to forestall me. It is the principle of the dear gazelle with variations. Making up one's mind to do a thing, let me remark, is what costs; it is in the preliminary business that the mental effort and anguish comes in—doing it is but a trifle in comparison.

To accommodate the dancers the Academy was floored. A number of the dancers were floored also during the evening. But this was not the work of the Committee. It was rather the work of a moment. When rapidly revolving bodies come suddenly in collision one or the other *must* go under—this is a law of gravitation which governs the whirled.

The Committee were not in fault for any thing—not even for having "waltz" printed "valse" on the programme. Any one who knows any thing should know that that's French. The French have to spell waltz with a v, inasmuch as they have no w in their language. How they manage to spell wagon I don't know; but you can find out by looking in the dictionary. Probably they spell that with a v too.

The Committee wore badges to distinguish them from the other persons present, somewhat as Daniel in the Den of Lions, in the picture, was painted with a green cotton umbrella under his arm, to distinguish him from the lions. There was little necessity for conferring the badges in advance, seems to me—all in authority were tolerably certain to be badgered before the evening was through.

Of the dresses worn it is scarcely worth while to attempt a description. I could be censorious if I chose; but this was a Charity Ball. Were the contrary the case I should proclaim that Mrs. Sm-th (I use dashes to disguise the names and spare the ladies' feelings) wore a dress which, to my certain knowledge, had been worn before; that Miss Br-wn's lace was imitation (no one saw the point, at least); and that Mrs. Jo-es's white satin was cut with too extended a train. It persisted in getting on the wrong side and encumbering all her movements. "Get thou behind me, Satin!" was her necessary ejaculation when she attempted to walk.

After a considerable study of the matter I have determined that corn-color is the appropriate color for those who dress with an eye to the maizy. The "Frog" does very well for hops; watered silks are not inappropriate for ladies who desire to float gracefully through the dance; but for those who have an ambition to stalk it, believe me there's nothing like corn!

Haste is said to make waste—and beyond doubt a great many waists are made in haste—but it has always seemed to me excessively absurd that ladies should be swift to put on magnificent dresses to wear in crowds where the chances are against their being seen and entirely in favor of their being torn to pieces. As a case in point, the floor on this evening was covered with fragments of dresses, of all materials, from green barege up to the most gossamer of all gauzy substances. I picked up enough pieces to make several complete dresses, had they been properly reconstructed. They might have been but pieces of patch-work, after all, but patch-work peaces seem to be quite in favor nowadays. As well be out of the world—or out of the *Times*, *Herald*, and *Tribune*, for that matter—as out of the fashion.

Very many of the ladies had their heads powdered. I expected to hear, indeed, that some had theirs pulverized in the crush. As a general thing I don't like powder. A lady's head should be a magazine of useful knowledge, undoubtedly, but that is a different thing from being a powder magazine. Think of the danger if the lady happens to be bullet-headed and inclined to shoot off at a tangent! Dust can be thrown in masculine eyes in various ways without shaking it from the hair. No; I am opposed to powder on several heads, and on one head particularly—whose head I will not specify, as I do not wish to be blown up by the wearer.

When I thus raise my voice against a pernicious fashion, take my word for it, 'tis indeed a charity bawl!

The seats of the Academy are numbered, but the receipts of the evening have not yet been counted. They are variously estimated, but by none, probably, will they be higher esteemed than by the recipients. The names of the managers are sufficient guarantee that the money will be properly applied, but there is nothing like having it in safe hands in the mean while. Would it not be well to put it into mine? I simply throw out the suggestion for what it is worth. I'm not a National Bank, it is true, but that circumstance tends to establish my soundness rather than otherwise. I have neither President, Cashier, Teller, nor clerks about me, which is another point in my favor, since it is evident that one man can not steal as much as many could. By all means make me a place of deposit!

In any event, I hope and trust that the money will be well bestowed—which is to hope and trust that it will not be stowed away so as not to be forthcoming when wanted.

Is there not a proverb something as follows? "Charity covers a multitude of shins." The proceeds of this ball should cover a multitude of bodies, else have the labors of Theodorus been in vain. By Theodorus I do not mean the king of Abyssinia, but him surnamed Moss, who is the first called upon to supervise all such entertainments, and who is always ready to throw himself into the abyss for conscience sake. He who for this eventful evening had the titles of K.C.B. (Night Commander of the Charity Ball) conferred on him. In conclusion may we not well sigh,

Alas, for the rarity
Of Christian Charity—balls!

INIGO.

LONDON AND PARIS CONTRASTED.

IT would scarcely be possible to find two cities more different in almost every characteristic than the two capitals which approximate most closely in population. London has nearly three and a quarter million inhabitants, Paris nearly two million. No other European capital has so many as half a million. Nevertheless, between Paris and Vienna, between Paris and Florence, between Paris and St. Petersburg, there is far more akin than there is between Paris and London. M. Taine has described in graphic language his first impressions on drawing near the British capital; how he saw the faint blue sky that had gleamed overhead since he left the coast becoming ever more faintly blue as he journeyed inland, until the blue gave place to gray, and the gray was changed to black by the smoke of five hundred thousand houses; how the river-bank, which in Paris is a promenade, in London is a warehouse and wharf; how the street passengers, who in Paris saunter as though they had the whole day before them to take holiday, in London press forward with anxious haste as though life depended upon their speed of foot. Englishmen who visit Paris are no less than M. Taine impressed by this contrast. Mr. Gladstone lately told M. Chevalier and his brother economists that in Paris there was too little smoke. The Englishman saw in the city on the Seine a charming pleasure-garden, but he missed the signs of that energy and industry which to the statesman, and especially to the financier, are more pleasing than the handsomest of monuments, the broadest of streets. In fact, the two cities not only differ, they are opposed to each other. In London men get money: in Paris they spend it. The Londoner who has made a fortune retires to the country to enjoy it. The French provincial scarcely believes in the possibility of true enjoyment outside of Paris. If he has but income enough to take a flat not too far from the Champs Elysées, he will not long resist the influence of that centripetal force which is so strong in France. London has but one lounge, and it is only for some three hours of the day that the class who frequent it is to be seen there. Paris seems to be a lounge from end to end—from Montmartre to Montrouge—from the Bois de Vincennes to the Bois de Boulogne; and it is full of loungers the whole day long. The busiest boulevard has its café every few yards—its array of round marble tables and green-colored chairs rarely empty from dawn to midnight. It is impossible to imagine a Londoner sitting at the door of a pastry-cook's in Holborn or even in Berkeley Square. He does not drink *eau sucré* at all, and his substitute for *absinthe* he takes inside those glass doors through which shines the glare of gas. He does not play at dominos at all, and at *écarté* only now and then of evenings, in his own house. He is not to be found at home laughing over the smart dialogue of his favorite *feuilletoniste*. He has read his money article and his leader as he was borne by 'bus or train to his office or counting-house, and he will glance at the debates and the police reports while he is bolting his dinner of one course in a reeking chop-house. The inhabitants are different because the cities are; the cities are different because the inhabitants are. Whatever difference there was originally between the Parisian and the Londoner, between Paris and London, has been developed and intensified until it seems impossible to believe that ten hours will suffice to take us from the one to the other, from the city of play to the city of toil.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

BY A FASHIONABLE YOUNG MARRIED WOMAN.—The latest thing out—My husband.

A MISS-SPENT LIFE—Squandering all your salary on a girl who does not care for you.

"You ought to lay up something for a rainy day," said an anxious father to a profligate son. "And so I have," replied the youth. "What?"—"An umbrella."

Why are boarders settling with their landlady like birds in April?—Because they pay her.

When is the Hudson River shockingly profane?—When it dams its ice.

Dr. Brown, having long admired a very beautiful young lady, made a point of always giving her for his toast. Being once told it was time to change, he replied: "I believe it is; for, though I have been toasting her for these twenty years I have not been able to make her Brown yet."

A MODERN GLOSSARY.

Angel—The name of a woman, commonly a very bad one.
Author—A laughing stock. It means likewise a poor fellow, and in general an object of contempt.
Bear—A country gentleman: or indeed any animal on two legs.
Brute—A word implying plain dealing and sincerity in general: but more especially applied to a philosopher.
Dress—The principal accomplishment of men and women.
Dullness—A word applied by all writers to the wit and humor of others.
Fool—A complex idea compounded of poverty, honesty, piety, and simplicity.
Knave—The name of four cards in every pack.
Love—A word properly applied to our delight in particular kinds of food, sometimes metaphorically spoken of the favorite objects of our appetites.
Mischief—Fun, sport, or pastime.
Modesty—Awkwardness.
Nonsense—Philosophy, especially the philosophical writings of the ancients.
Patriot—A candidate for public office.
Politics—The art of getting such an office.
Rogue—Rascal—A man of different opinion from yourself.
Sermon—A sleepy dose.
Taste—The present whim of the town, whatever it be.
Temperance—Want of *spirit*.
Wit—Abuse of all good men and good things.

What dissection of a marine animal will terminate the world's career, according to Revelations?—The opening of the last seal.

"What a beautiful place heaven is!" said a little boy not four years old.
"Why do you think so?" said his mother.
"Because," said he, pointing to the stars, "the *nails of the floor* are so beautiful."

"John," said a stingy old curmudgeon to his hired man as he was taking dinner, "do you know how many pancakes you've eaten?" "No." "Well, you've eaten fourteen." "Well," said John, "you count and I'll eat."

Saturday, at the opera ball in Paris: "What! you here, and alone, Adele? I thought you were devoted to your husband." "Yes, so I am; but—he has the typhoid fever, and so I thought I would have a little fun."

GENERAL THOMAS BEGS TO BE EXCUSED.

When is a gardener like a sow?—When he has young suckers and roots in the ground.

THINGS I LIKE TO SEE.

I like to see a whole neighborhood get into a quarrel about nothing; it shows that there are independent spirits in the world.

I like to hear the character of my friend slandered; it gives me an opportunity to defend him.

I like to see fifteen or twenty young men parade themselves in front of the church on the Sabbath, and stare at the ladies as they pass; it shows they have read Chesterfield's advice to his son.

I like to be surrounded by a lot of idlers when I am in a hurry; it learns me to be patient.

I like to have one ask me the news, and, before I have time to speak, answer himself; it shows he knows more than I do.

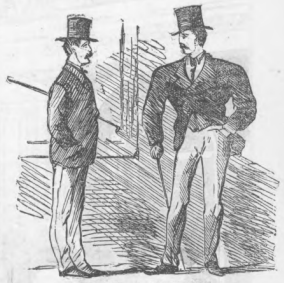
I like to see people ride for pleasure, go a-fishing or hunting on Sunday; "the better day, the better deed."

I like to have a man prying into my business; it shows he has an inquiring mind.

I like to see a man in company engross the whole conversation; it shows he thinks himself a smart fellow.

I like to see ladies place themselves at a window or door to make witty remarks upon people as they pass; it shows they want to say something they can't think.

If a burglar got into Brigham Young's house what would be the result?—A harem scare 'em scene.



MUSCLE *vs.* PADDING.

FIRST SWELL. "Been cultivating your muscle a Wood's, Bill?"

SECOND SWELL. "Ah, no! Yer see I came to the conclusion that my shoulders were not broad enough to bear the burdens of this life, so I went to my tailor's and got my shoulders and credit both extended."

The Great Trunk Railroad to the Pacific.

Fine Ribs and Joints.

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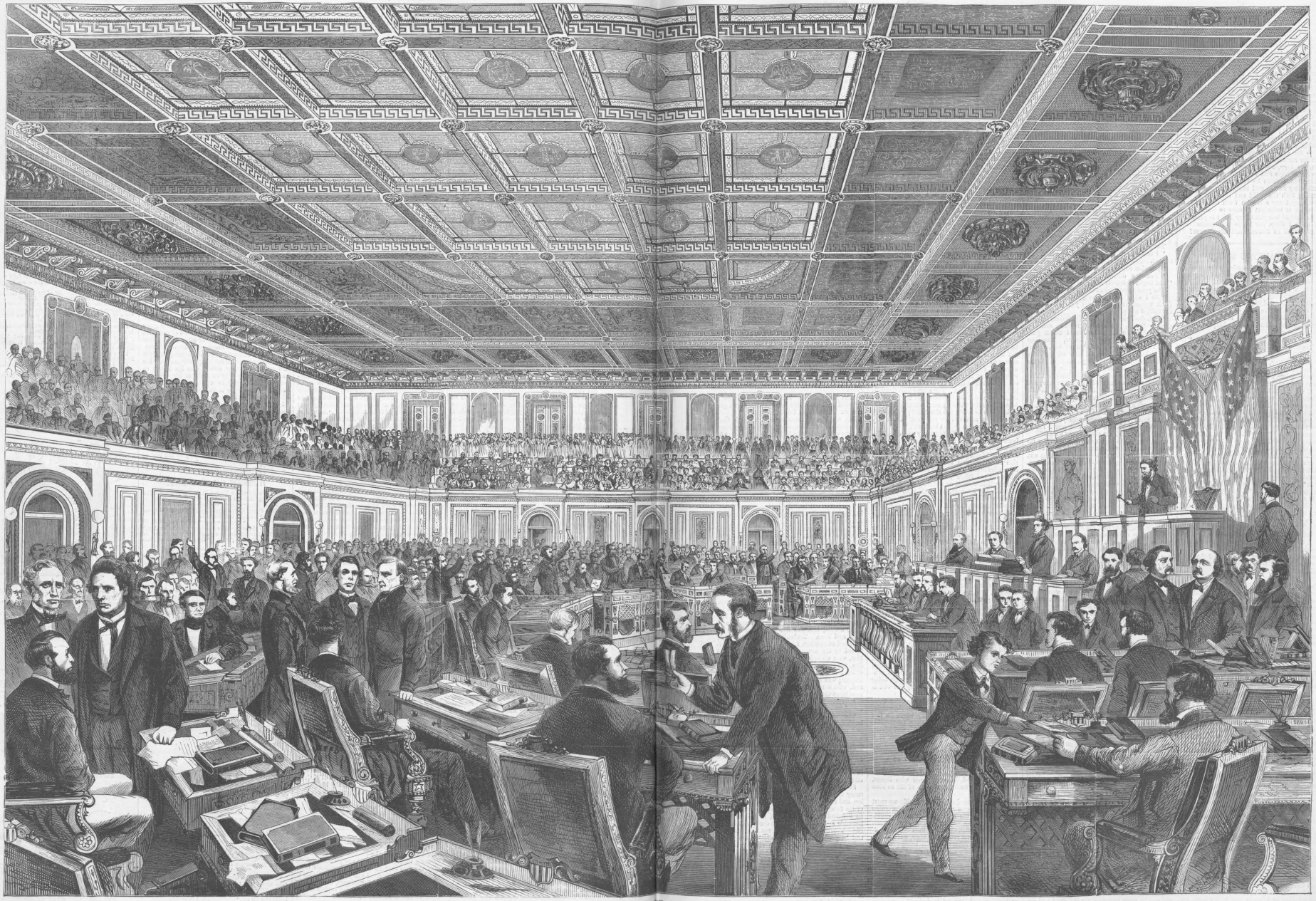

INTERIOR OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AT WASHINGTON—THE HOUSE IN SESSION.—Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 163.]

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THE POET'S BOUQUET.

By day I steal from her with secret guile
Each slightest word, each little passing smile,
The quiver of a curl, soft courtesies,
The gleams, the shades, that flit across her eyes;
The transient rose that dawns upon her cheek,
The veil that playful breezes love to seek;
The echo of her steps, the perfumed air
That floats about her lips and dusky hair;
The very rustle of her trailing gown,
And make of these sweet nothings, thus mine own,
A poet's bouquet—Then at eventide
I seat me with my flowers the sea beside,
And on this fragile group, arranged by me,
Let dew and moonlight gather silently.
Glad as a child, with gesture and with speech,
I converse hold with all, with all and each;
Spell out her name within their cups of light,
Tremble, complain, shed tears of fond delight;
Say to the air: "Our voiceless language be,
Take her my heart, and bring back hers to me!"
Then, ere I go, my bouquet I undo—
Bouquet of hope and melancholy too!
Full-hearted, breathe its scent ethereal,
Touch every flower, and meanings give to all;
Caressing both the faded and the bright,
I count my booty still with fresh delight!
And when at midnight I retire to rest,
That cherished bouquet to my heart is pressed;
And while I sleep, her image ever seems
To scatter all its flowers amid my dreams!

TREVANION'S SHOT.

"THIS, Sir," said the housekeeper, somewhat in the tone of Mrs. Jarley when exhibiting her wax-work; "this, Sir, is Miss Esther Garfield. She died a raving maniac because her lover was killed by her father."

Miss Esther proved to be a mild looking young lady, with her hair in puffs and her eyes somewhat impaired by time, and, altogether, unattractive, so I signed to the housekeeper to proceed.

"This stern gentleman," she observed, "is Mr. Trevanion Garfield, of whom a strange story is related."

"Strange story, indeed!" I said, with my head in the air regarding a face peering out of the darkness into which age had thrown the background of the picture.

"If you would like to hear it—?" suggested the housekeeper, with a gentle cough.

"Let me see," I said, consulting my watch. "The train don't return until 6.40, and it is now 4.15. Yes, I think I might hear it. Let us, however, finish our inspection of the pictures."

There were only a few more—grim and uninteresting ladies and gentlemen belonging to the house which was to be sold, and which I, as Mr. Daryll's man of business, had come down to Virginia to report upon—and after glancing at them we left the chilly, lonely gallery, and went to the housekeeper's cozy room.

"Is it not lonely for you in this big house without any companion?" I asked, settling myself in an arm-chair before the fire.

"I have been here many years," said the old lady, half solemnly, half mournfully; "and though all the family now lie in the churchyard, they seem to linger about the house, and this belief fills me with a sort of consolation. No, I am not lonely. They were a good old Virginia family, and I like to think of them."

Seating herself on the other side of the fire, she was silent for a few minutes, as if seeking to recall the dim past, and then began:

You must know that this old house was built about fifty years ago by Trevanion Garfield, a proud, imperious, self-willed man, who had never married, and who, being wealthy, ran riot with his large fortune, spending it with prodigal liberality. His steps were the first that trod these rooms; he was the first to ascend the tower that overlooks the river, and from that tower he shot a bird high in the air, for Trevanion prided himself upon being the best shot on the Eastern Shore. He was an uncouth, unlettered man, and boasted of his ignorance. There were few, except the higher classes, who could write in those days. To be able to sign his name was all he cared for, and he spent his days in the open air, hunting or practicing with his pistol at a mark. He hated the world, and, although his relations lived not far from him, refused to have any thing to do with them.

"Don't come near me," he said, "or I'll set my dogs on ye!" So they took him at his word, and, as no love was lost between them, let him alone. This was pretty much the same with every one, for he had posted at his gates a sign which read: "No priests or ministers admitted on these grounds." When he went forth the little children got out of his way, and their parents would close the doors until he had passed. Trevanion, therefore, was not troubled by acquaintances, and within these old stone-walls he would retire at nightfall, and drink deeply until midnight, when he would be carried, cursing and howling, to bed. Thus his days were passed in the field, and his nights at the punch-bowl. Drinking alone is the worst sort of dissipation—a truth which Trevanion must have felt, for sometimes he would send for his hostler, or some of the servants, to keep the orgie with him, and then, with a sudden turn of humor, kick them out and break every thing that came in his course. His ungovernable temper and bad ways would have deprived him of every (so-called) friend, but his moods varied, and sometimes he was kind—even tender-hearted. While in these humors he would lavish all sorts of presents and favors upon his slaves; but when he fell to thinking he turned like a weather-cock, which, suddenly whirls around on a clear day and wickedly points for a storm, and then, in his most brutal way, he would drive them out, and seek his favorite punch-bowl, cursing like a drab.

This state of things would probably have continued until the day of his death but for a certain incident. Trevanion was out hunting one day, and, in one of his vile humors, tormented his horse (a spirited animal) to such a degree that at last it ran away with him. On they went like a flash of lightning, and God knows where Trevanion would have been laid, but suddenly a young man was seen standing in the infuriated creature's path. With reckless daring he sprang at the horse and caught him by the bridle. He was dragged some distance, but the animal was checked, and a moment after stood trembling and quiet as a lamb. Trevanion, who, with his ruddy face quite pale, had remained stupefied during this pretty *escapade*, now recovered breath, and commenced his usual tirade of curses and blows upon the poor horse.

"Don't beat him," said the young man.

"Who asked you to interfere?" screamed Trevanion.

"My feelings of humanity," replied the young man.

"Blast your feelings of humanity," growled the wicked man; the cursed beast tried to break my neck."

"Because you ill-treated him."

Trevanion, who had opened his mouth for another curse, paused and fixed his bold, handsome eyes upon the speaker.

"Who are you?" he asked.

The young man smiled.

"I don't think you would care to know," he replied.

Trevanion restrained an oath.

"You're a decent looking man," he said, "and ought to answer a decent question."

The young man smiled again.

"So I can," he answered, "though I don't think my answer will please you. Trevanion Garfield, I am your nephew."

"The devil you are!" said Trevanion, smiling grimly; "well, you've saved my life, and you were a fool for doing so; but I thank you. Come with me to Garfield House. The dogs sha'n't be set on you, and you're not a minister, I know, or you would have let the horse break my neck and the devil get his own. Come with me to the House."

The young man would have declined, but Trevanion would not take Nay for an answer, and forthwith they came to this house, and, in this very room, sat them down by the fire.

"So you are my nephew?" said Trevanion—"one of the tribe that lives five miles off? Well, I like you; but the deuce take your family. Give me your hand. Now, whatever I am to others, remember I am always your friend."

And, strange to say, from that time the ill-assorted couple became attached to each other, and Trevanion rode with George—for that was the name of the nephew—taught him to shoot, and would doubtless have taught him to drink and swear, only his pupil declined to receive lessons in these accomplishments.

"You are right, Georgie," Trevanion once said, when his weather-cock pointed to clear weather; "be a good man, my dear. God knows we can not be too good." But a short time after his weather-cock would turn, and he would be staggering over the floor with his spurs clanking, his ruffles nicely stained with liquor. However, if he did pursue pretty much his bad course, he was good and gentle to George, who was nearly always by his side; and in his rough way Trevanion strove to make the young man like him. As a proof of his affection he resolved to make George the best shot in the country.

"My dear," he would say, "the deuce take your pot-hooks and writings; they were made for women folks. I'll teach you how to shoot. Come out; I'll give you a lesson."

And off they would go to the target. Trevanion shot wonderfully well, not only with his right but with his left hand, and was proud of his skill.

"I can pop off any thing," he would say, triumphantly. "That stupid ass of a doctor will have it that I shall be some day stricken with paralysis because of my drinking! Bah! Look at my nerves—see how steady they are! Deuce take the doctor! he's a quack. Now, Georgie, try that shot again."

And pop! pop! pop! they would go; while the people in the neighborhood, hearing the noise, shook their heads and said: "Trevanion Garfield is at some of his wicked tricks again."

You may be sure there was much scandal when it was discovered how intimate George had become with "the ungodly man," as Trevanion was universally called; but George was a young fellow of spirit, and the scandal-mongers got nothing for their interference. George's family knew Trevanion was wealthy; and thinking (although they did not speak to George about it) that he might be induced to leave the young fellow his fortune, they were not averse to the friendliness their boy had inspired in the old scape-grace. So George continued to keep company with his uncle, and told him frankly what he had replied to the neighbors, upon which Trevanion laughed long and loud, and on the strength of the news summoned the punch-bowl and drank until his red face became purple, when he was, as usual, dragged to bed.

George had conceived a strange attachment for his blasphemous uncle. The young man pitied him sincerely, and strove to reform him; but when gray hairs are steeped in sin they can not be unraveled; and when eyes are dim with drink as well as age no one can restore their brightness. When sin goes hand in hand with old age let none interfere, for the devil will not be deprived of his own.

So George did not succeed in doing much in the reformation of his uncle, but Trevanion was touched by the true regard his nephew felt for him, and one day, when his weather-cock had come around to clear weather, he said,

"Georgie, I like you, my dear, and I think you like me. I'll make you my heir."

And no sooner said than done. This tie bound them closer than ever. George, affected at this proof of Trevanion's love for him, could not leave when he saw how pleased the old man was with his society. And so the two jogged on together month after month.

One day, however, another young man arrived—a fine, likely young fellow, with dark hair, a handsome, wicked face, and manners soft and winning. He told Trevanion he was an orphan, and a nephew of his, and delivered a letter written by his dying mother in Illinois, bequeathing him to Trevanion's care.

Trevanion's red face grew redder and more apoplectic (for he could read but little, and his writing went no further than to scrawl his name), and passed the document to George, who read it in his sweet, pleasant voice, while the dark stranger (whose name was Edward) looked on with a sneer.

"What!" says Trevanion, "a big loppus like you bequeathed to me."

The young stranger laughed.

"Good uncle," said he, "give me a trial, and if I prove *non compos* then foot me to the door."

Trevanion fumed and cursed him up hill and down, but finally yielded, and his weather-cock happening to point to pleasant weather, he welcomed the stranger to his fireside, when the everlasting bowl of punch made its appearance, and the two had a night of it. Poor George never joined Trevanion in his drinking bouts, so, with a sad heart, he left the revelers, feeling that no good would come of the stranger's introduction to Garfield House. And he was right. The more he saw of Edward the more he disliked him—and in return the new-comer detested George. It was not long before George discovered that Edward was doing his best to supplant him in Trevanion's affections. The bold young fellow's bright eyes and dashing manner had certainly made the old man like him; but he still stuck to "his dear Georgie," and would not hear a word against him. Edward, however, was not discouraged—he continued to drink with him, swear with him, ride with him, shoot with him, and, in fine, succeeded in flattering the old fool, while at the same time he instilled suspicions about George. For a long time Trevanion was incredulous. "Georgie's my favorite," he said, bluntly, when Edward was trying to cozen him into believing lies about him; "Georgie's my favorite, and will be my heir. Curse any one who bites him behind his back!"

Of course Edward's flummery smoothed the breach over, but he remembered the words, and muttered, "So, so; we shall see." And, as the constant dripping of water will make an impression on the hardest stone, so Edward's subtle calumnies touched Trevanion at last. One night when the old fellow was gloriously drunk, the young villain worked so skillfully on his feelings that, blinded by rage, and half-mad with the punch, which Edward had made unusually strong, he brought forth the will bequeathing his fortune to George, and cursing and raving like a madman, showed it to Edward.

"See there," he said; "that's what I've done for him, and the hound hates me for it. He wants me to die, does he? His family have sent him to capture my money? Look how I serve him." And he threw the parchment into the fire. "Now, Ned," he added, "I'll make you my heir."

He was too drunk and stubborn to execute his promise that night, or Edward would have endeavored to make him do so, but the next day, between grief and prostration, he kept his bed and refused to see George. Edward carried the message to the poor fellow, and added a clause not ordered by Trevanion, to the effect that George must instantly quit the house, and never return. Outraged at such conduct from his uncle, and not suspecting it was a trap, George departed instantly, so that when Trevanion began to collect his scattered senses, and wished to see him, Edward read a forged letter from George, full of abuse and falsehood, which seemed confirmed by his flight, and Trevanion's rage being at its height, he made without delay the will in favor of Edward.

After this hasty act Trevanion became more morose and bitter than ever. He would wander up and down the picture-gallery where he had placed the portraits of his ancestors, shaking his fist at the dainty ladies in their satins and jewels, and the bewigged aristocratic-looking men, each bravely holding his sword. He had a contempt for all except one ancestor. No one remembers who it was, but before this picture he would stand, glass in hand, and with a strange chuckle drink its health. Edward of course was very attentive, and plied Trevanion well with liquor, with an evident desire to rid him of life as soon as possible.

We can not stand still in this world; we must either go backward or forward; so Trevanion galloped on to the devil as fast as he could. He quarreled with Edward, and once even struck him; but, although the young man turned deadly pale, he did not return the blow, but endeavored to mollify Trevanion, who being generally in a half-maudlin state was easily managed. Trevanion had an iron constitution, and would not die, although he was, with Edward's assistance, doing his best to get into his grave.

In the midst of this dreadful life the unhappy man seemed sometimes to realize his degradation, and would pause with the glass half-raised to his lips, and then set it down like one in a dream, and remain motionless for some time, with his eyes fixed on vacancy and his breath coming convulsively. In these moments his thoughts would revert to George; and one day he said to Edward, in a voice he could not keep from trembling with suppressed emotion,

"Write to Georgie, and tell him to come back. Do ye hear? Tell him to come back! He may have treated me ill, but I forgive the lad. I must see him once more."

The letter was written, and Trevanion put his scrawl to it; but Edward took care that it never reached George. Trevanion waited and waited. Day after day he looked for his Georgie, but the familiar step was not heard in the hall, nor the sweet voice in Trevanion's room. And the master of Garfield House would sit in the twilight of the evening without speaking until the punch-bowl appeared, when he would gulp the liquor down savagely, seeming to say to it, "Why don't you kill me?" He became more and more low-spirited, and quarreled more and more with Edward, who bore it like a saint, but who would curse him heartily behind his back. Trevanion hunted more than usual, and practiced at his mark; and, alas, his red face became purple as a plum, and his figure became bloated, from his trips to the punch-bowl. He appeared to grow weary of Edward's company, and when the young fellow was, as usual, ready to shoot with him, he turned on him.

"Stay where you be," he said, pettishly; "I won't have you dogging me, Ned. I'm going to shoot alone hereafter!"

And he put his flask to his lips, and after a long draught strode off. Edward ran after him to remonstrate, but got a blow for his pains; and Trevanion departed alone, and did not return for so long a time that Edward began to hope he had broken his neck. But toward midnight he came back in a ferocious humor, and smashing every thing in his way, staggered into the picture-gallery, locking the door after him. He remained there a long time, and when he came forth he shook his fist under Edward's nose with a stentorian laugh, at which Edward had to get out of his presence that he might relieve himself by swearing in a manner that even Trevanion could not equal.

But confusion must come some time to the wrong-doer, and swiftly came it to Edward. One of the servants was taken ill, and when the doctor informed him his malady was mortal he sent for Trevanion, and informed him of Edward's schemes—how he had lied about George, never sent the letter, bribed the servants, etc., etc.

Trevanion sent up a howl like that of a doomed spirit.

"My poor Georgie!" he cried, "my poor dear; my good boy! But that young villain hasn't got me yet. Thank God I've done right!"

His words were mysterious. "Thank God I've done right!" sounded strangely coming from the lips of the man who had wronged the only relation who ever loved him.

"Come!" he said to the servants who had entered, thinking their master had gone mad, "come all of you!" And, bursting with rage, he caught Edward by the throat, and, followed by every body, hastened to the picture-gallery. On the threshold Trevanion suddenly paused, relaxed his hold, and, without a word, fell insensible.

The doctor was sent for, and announced, in a half-triumphant tone, a repetition of his previous warning to Trevanion:

"'The stupid ass,' as Mr. Garfield was pleased to call me," he said, "begs to state that the gentleman has been stricken with paralysis."

Thereupon there was a great uproar.

"Silence!" said Edward, "take your master to bed."

This was done, and the next day the doctor pronounced that Trevanion could not recover. The stroke had paralyzed the whole right side and deprived him of speech. It was a fearful visitation from God upon the wretched man. The tongue which had year after year taken its Maker's name in vain now hung speechless forever; the arm which had been so merciless to those around him was now a helpless mass of flesh and bone. Trevanion was not, however, deprived of hearing, for the left side was not affected by the paralysis, and when Edward told him, with wicked exultation, that he could not live, the livid lips of the sufferer writhed themselves into a ghastly smile of mocking contempt. Edward was alone with Trevanion at the time, and, with a muttered oath, he struck the fallen man upon the cheek, hissing into his ear:

"Remember the blows you gave me, old dotard."

Trevanion's eyes cursed him for the deed, and he shrank back appalled. But he soon recovered, and at once assumed control of things, and in ransacking among his uncle's papers to his joy found the will which made him heir to the Garfield estates. He flaunted it before Trevanion's face.

"Now I am safe," he cried; "you will never live to make another. You may see George as often as you please."

So George, who had been refused admittance many times, was now permitted to see Trevanion, and as his tears fell upon the convulsed face of his former benefactor, the dying man uttered an inarticulate moan, so wild, so full of inexpressible anguish, that George drew back in terror. Trevanion's eyes moved not from his face, and he passed his left arm around the young man's neck, and drawing him close in a passionate embrace, kissed him with lips which were never again to utter his name, to ask his forgiveness, or tell him how he had always loved him. Weeping bitterly, George said:

"Oh, Trevanion! oh, my uncle! fully and freely do I pardon you for the wrong you did me!"

The hand of the sufferer clasped George's tightly, and could scarcely relinquish it. Then, breathing with difficulty, he closed his eyes, and lay so quiet that George thought he had fainted; but suddenly he seemed to awake from a perplexing

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reverie, and his eyes began to talk to George. The young man dimly understood that he wanted to be raised in bed. He was right. But this was not all. Trevanion pointed to an arm-chair. It was evident he wished to be placed in it. George turned to the doctor, who had just entered.

"May I do as he wishes?" he asked, explaining Trevanion's desire.

"Certainly not," said Edward, who had followed the physician; "my uncle is dying, and it would be cruelty to move him."

Trevanion waved him aside with a gesture of contempt, and turned his imploring eyes to George and the servants, who had gathered around the bed. The mute entreaty could not be disregarded by George.

"He shall at least have his whim gratified," he said; "it may afford him some satisfaction."

An eager grasp of Trevanion's hand thanked George, and the sufferer was placed in the chair. He was so exhausted that for a few moments he became almost insensible with pain and weakness. However, he soon rallied, and made fearful efforts to speak. His powerless tongue refused its office, and his breath came thick and fast. George, trembling with agitation, could scarcely regard the scene, but Edward looked on with a sneer.

"He had better be put back in bed," observed the doctor; "this excitement will only hasten his death."

Trevanion motioned him away, and pointed to the door which led to the picture-gallery. There was a movement of surprise. What could he want? George asked him, "Did he wish to go to the picture-gallery?" Trevanion's eyes answered "Yes."

"This is folly," said Edward, impatiently; but he could not meet Trevanion's terrible eyes, and turned away without further objection, and George, who could not resist his uncle's mute appeals, finally wheeled him into the gallery, followed by the rest. He motioned George to stop before a certain picture, and eagerly pointed to it, looking from George to the picture. It was a large, full-length portrait of his favorite ancestor, the one he used to drink to and talk to. At first George thought Trevanion simply desired to see the painting before he died; but the look of anguish which came over the stricken man's face when he saw he was not understood, convinced George that there was some mystery which his uncle desired to reveal.

"He has something on his mind connected with that picture which he wishes to communicate," said George. "Does any one know anything about it?"

Of course no one knew, and Edward laughed contemptuously. "The old drunkard is mad," he said.

"Be merciful," cried George; "remember he is dying."

"Stop!" said the doctor, "he still has the use of his left hand; give him paper and pencil, and let him write."

Alas, Trevanion could not write! His signature was the only mark he could make, and George shook his head.

"It is useless," he said, sadly, and Trevanion's clenched hand showed how his being unable to reveal his secret in writing affected him. The servants whispered among themselves:

"Master's lost his senses, and don't know what he wants."

George was the only one who watched his uncle's convulsed face closely. It bore a look of stony despair which would have moved a fiend to tears. For a few moments there was no movement in the room. Trevanion seemed to be thinking deeply. Suddenly he raised his arm and made a movement toward the picture. No one could understand him. He repeated it. George could make nothing of it. Trevanion's hard eyes, which for years had been dry and bright as those of a serpent, were now filled with great tears, and the cold sweat of mortal agony stood upon his brow. He fainted.

"Take him back!" ordered Edward.

The chair was slowly rolled toward the door; but as it crossed the threshold a violent convulsion seized Trevanion, his eyes flared open, he writhed out of the chair, and with superhuman strength dragged himself back to the picture, uttering inarticulate moans of dreadful anguish. When he reached the picture, he pointed wildly to it, in a confused sort of way which showed his strength was fast failing.

"He is dying," said the doctor. "Raise him, and put him in the chair."

This was done. Trevanion grasped George's hand like a vice. Again he made the motion. George wrung his hands in despair.

"Oh, if I could only understand him!" he said.

He knelt by the chair and strove to calm him, but it was useless. Trevanion still repeated the mysterious movement with his left arm.

Suddenly George uttered a cry.

"I know what he wishes!" he exclaimed.

"What is it?" asked every one.

"A pistol!"

"A pistol?"

"Yes."

"To blow his brains out," screamed the servants.

"No, no—it can not be," replied George.

"This mummery shall go no further," interrupted Edward, angrily; "take him back to the room."

Trevanion clung to George, and shook his head slowly at first, then more slowly. He was going fast; his livid face was becoming bloodless, his hand was damp and felt like that of a corpse.

"Stop!" said George, "touch him at your peril."

"I warn you not to give him a pistol," said Edward.

"By Heaven, he *shall* have one," shouted George, glaring at the trembling people around him like a young lion, and drawing a pistol from his breast, he cocked it, and placed it in Trevanion's left hand.

A look of superhuman joy passed over the dying man's face. Edward shrank behind the servants, fearing Trevanion wished to kill him. Every one was breathless with excitement. The room was silent as the grave. Trevanion slowly raised his arm, and pointed it at the picture of his ancestor.

There was a dreadful pause of suspense.

Trevanion fired!

Merciful Heavens! What did they see? The picture slid aside, revealing a closet. Trevanion's shot had struck the secret spring, and the mystery was revealed.

George sprang forward, and discovered the closet contained nothing but a small box, in which was a piece of parchment. He would have learned its contents, when a whisper of horror attracted his attention. He turned—Trevanion lay dead in his chair, and the light of the dying sun, streaming in the window, seemed to shine on his face with a kiss of heavenly forgiveness.

"Now that this farce is over," said Edward, "I will thank you to leave the house. This will," he added, taking a parchment from his pocket, "bearing the date of two months since, makes me master of the Garfield estates."

George glanced hastily at the document he had taken from the secret closet, and a change like lightning came over his face.

"This is a subsequent will," he said, calmly, "bearing the date of a week ago. Depart! In the name of my uncle, I forgive you—but let me see you no more."

A DOG STORY.

THE dog of Montargis undoubtedly stands the very foremost on the list of canine accusers; but the story is too well known, too legendary, and too long, to allow of repetition here.

Another Denunciating Dog, bearing the singular name of "Bristol," is recorded in the judicial annals of the south of France. It dates from the year 1718.

A Marseilles paper-merchant went to make purchases at Toulon. That done, he left Toulon to return to Marseilles. His wife and son, apprised of his departure, awaited his coming. For four long days they waited in vain in a state of fearful and ever-increasing anxiety. On the morning of the fifth day their dog, who had accompanied his master in his journey, arrived alone. The poor creature was in a pitiable state. Every sound of his voice, every movement he made, announced the deepest grief. He licked his mistress's hands, lay down at her feet, and began to howl.

"Misfortune has come to the house," she said. "A presentiment of evil chokes my breath. If your father should be dead! The Lord have pity on us!"

"If you wish, mother, I am ready to go in search of him."

"Go, my boy; go by all means. Take Bristol with you. He will be sure to lead you to his master, alive or dead."

Bristol, hearing what was said, rose to his feet and walked slowly toward the door. The young man saddled a good horse, and set off at once upon his mission. He did not return until the following day. During the whole time of his absence his mother had prayed and wept.

"You are alone," she said; "I understand what that means. Your father is no more, and I am left a widow."

He knelt by her side, and Bristol licked their hands while they wept together.

"What information have you obtained?" she asked.

"My father has been murdered in the forest of Cognion."

For a whole month the authorities on the one hand, and the widow and her son on the other, made every effort to discover the murderer; but all in vain: they could not even find out any individual on whom they could fix a reasonable suspicion. Six months elapsed. The attention of the officers of justice being directed to more recent crimes, they thought no more of the paper-merchant. But those he had left still mourned his loss. Bristol had lost all his gayety. He spent whole hours sorrowfully stretched on a little straw in the court-yard of the house.

One evening, while following his young master about the town, he entered with him into a café in which several strangers were assembled. The young man took his seat at a table beside a couple of acquaintances, and Bristol, having nothing better to do, beguiled the time by walking up and down the room. Suddenly, after uttering a low growl, he furiously flew at a tall thin man who was amusing himself with a game of draughts.

The man, in alarm, called out for help. The guests rose from their seats and crowded round him. They tried to keep the dog back; they beat him severely about the head and loins; but all to no purpose. It only redoubled Bristol's fury. He paid no attention to the persons who maltreated him; all his rage was directed against the man who was playing draughts. As soon as he was driven off he attacked him again. He tore his clothes and bit his legs.

"This is insufferable, abominable!" shouted the by-standers, addressing Bristol's owner. "Call off your dog, and take him out of the room."

With some difficulty the young man succeeded in making the enraged animal loose his hold, and could find no other means of calming him except by carrying him quite out of the café. But before they had gone a hundred steps Bristol left his master, returned to the café, and again attacked the tall thin stranger. Once more the young man was obliged to employ force to separate the dog from his enemy.

Among the witnesses of this terrible scene there happened to be a commercial gentleman who had formerly been intimately acquainted with the paper-merchant. Pale and trembling with emotion, he approached the young man, and inquired in a whisper, "When your father took his unfortunate journey to Toulon had he this dog with him?"

"Yes," replied the paper-merchant's son. "Bristol even reached our house before the disaster which has ruined us was known."

During this secret conversation Bristol, whom his master held in check by means of a rope tied round his neck, made extraordinary efforts to get loose.

"I may be mistaken," the other continued, "but it is just possible this man may be your father's murderer. Remain here while all these people are talking among themselves about what has happened; I will run to the Commissaire de Police for a force sufficient to arrest the man."

In a quarter of an hour he came back with a posse of men, who surrounded and filled the public house. The suspected individual was at once arrested and conducted forthwith to prison. On searching him they found upon him the paper-merchant's watch and several other trinkets which were identified as having been his property. The possession of these articles was a strong presumption of the prisoner's guilt; but it was also proved that, on the day of the murder, he had been met by a little girl as he came out of the forest of Cognion. Other corroborative evidence turned up. He was found guilty and condemned to death. After strong and reiterated protestations of innocence, he avowed the crime to his confessor at the last moment as he was mounting the very steps of the scaffold.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

WE always have felt a warm sympathy with the courageous individual who, after having tried in vain to open a window in the car in which he was traveling, at length summarily dashed his elbow through the one adjacent to his own seat. Of course the outraged conductor was on hand instantly, with indignant reproaches. "What's to pay?" coolly inquired the offender. "One dollar," was the stern reply. A *two*-dollar bill was immediately proffered. "No matter about the change," said the imperturbable man with lungs, "I'll take another pane instead;" and, without further ceremony, he made a second breathing-hole.

If the unhappy mortals who are confined in the passenger-cars on some of our most frequented railroad routes should yield to their impulses many a window would be smashed. Even in a short trip, as from New York to Philadelphia, one fortunate—or *unfortunate*—enough to be the possessor of a pair of lungs, requiring a certain amount of oxygen, suffers not a little discomfort, and really is obliged to make his own private arrangements to obtain enough fresh air to sustain life. You enter a car at Jersey City. *Whew!* A blast of hot air greets you, calling to mind the story of the burning fiery furnace, heated "one seven times more than it was wont to be heated." A red-hot stove stands at either end of the car. Windows all closed; those minute apertures called ventillators all closed. You find a seat—a nauseating faintness steals over you—you tug madly at your window—it sticks fast—you try to open a ventillator with your umbrella—but there is some secret fastening; again you try your window, and at length force it up. Of course, you will take cold with that draught pouring in, and you in a violent perspiration. But what else is to be done? The heat is fearful, the close air insupportable, and suffocation is a hard death when it approaches in such a way. And so you keep the window alternately open and closed through the journey. Perhaps the conductor is compassionate enough by-and-by to let a breath in by the tiny doors in the roof of the car; but at every station a relentless creature crams the wood into the stoves, without the slightest regard to the existing temperature. Is there no blissful future, which with spirit vision we can discern, when railroad cars will be constructed and regulated on physiological principles?

A startling phenomenon recently occurred at La Crosse, Wisconsin. An Artesian well had been sunk to the depth of 280 feet, and the boring was still going on, when suddenly the machinery stopped, and a deafening explosion ensued, followed by a stream of boiling water, gushing with terrible force through the tube from the depths below. One of the workmen received a jet of scalding water in his neck and breast, and others were badly burned. This unexpected discovery of a subterranean lake of boiling water occasioned much excitement in the vicinity, and has given rise to many strange theories. The singular spectacle of a great column of steam rising from the midst of the vast snow-clad plain in mid-winter is indeed wonderful, and bids fair to furnish a prolific theme for scientific investigation.

Do not give imagination *too* much freedom. A Pennsylvania farmer had violent symptoms of hydrophobia, on the supposition that he had been bitten by a dog. It was demonstrated, however, that he was not bitten at all, and he is now perfectly cured.

A new style of skate has been patented, with which a person can walk as readily on a frozen or any other surface, as with ordinary boots or shoes. This is good news, but it will keep until next winter. We have had an abundant supply of cold weather, snow, and ice for this season.

From all parts of Europe the intelligence of the sufferings of the poor is most distressing. In Paris 50,000 rations are issued daily from the soup-kitchens of the Prince Imperial, and the other large cities of France are full of misery and want. In Algiers the victims of famine are so numerous that the dead are buried in great trenches, like the dead after a battle. In Tunis 8000 have died in two months.

"Reconstruction" seems to be going on in a somewhat novel form, although too slowly perhaps to suit the most progressive ideas. Several cases are recorded in a Virginia newspaper of negroes who are gradually turning white. In one instance the first indication of a change in complexion was given by the appearance of a white spot behind the ear; in another the phenomenon was heralded by a white patch on the chin. It is a remarkable fact that in most cases of this kind the subjects bear on their physiognomies all the features of the full-blooded African.

A Boston paper claims for that city "pre-eminence" in one branch of the art of stealing, and that is the stealing of newspapers. "It is not," remarks the journal referred to, "the abstraction of newspapers from the steps and doorways of private houses, by street boys, that merits particular reprobation; the boys know no better, and the law can deal with their misdeeds. But the habit indulged in by grown men, who occupy stores and offices, and do business in the markets, of slyly snapping up their neighbors' papers, left in entries and on stairways, and thus getting good reading *gratis*, seems to be the latest and most notable development of what is mildly called kleptomania. The extent to which this practice is carried in Boston entitles our city to rank among the first stealists of the age, in one department of the business at least."

Two interesting discoveries have been made in North Stonington, Connecticut. Some time ago a lime-kiln was built with a dark reddish stone which abounds there, and on heating it to the temperature required the whole fabric melted as though it were lead. It has recently been discovered to be glass in a natural state. There have been specimens of it sent to a glass manufactory, and fine goblets have been made from them. More recently a stratum of fine white sand has been found, which is ascertained to be disintegrated quartz, and of great value in the manufacture of flint glass.

Those who dislike cheese should not travel in Switzerland, for there cheese is every where thrust under the traveler's nose. Seventeen thousand tons of cheese are annually manufactured in Switzerland, of which ten thousand are exported; and Swiss cheese is celebrated all over the Continent. For the preparation of cheese the freshest milk, or that from which the cream has already been removed, is employed, according to the quantity to be manufactured. The cheese having been separated from the whey by means of rennet, is placed in the magazine, where it is turned daily, and moistened with cloths saturated with salt-water.

It seems to be inevitable—*we* shall have to come to it at last! London has given a great "Horse Dinner," with a most astonishing "bill of fare." The guests were many; they went uncertain, cynical, jocose—a few, perhaps, in the spirit of honest investigation. But they ate, and were satisfied with their repast; and the conclusion arrived at was "that horse-flesh is palatable, nutritious, and easily obtained."

A curious invention has been patented—according to report—to prevent a hat being carried off by any other person than the owner, "by applying to it an obstruction which shall impede or prevent its wear excepting at the will of the person to whom said head-cover belongs;" and the invention is described as consisting of a "suitable locking obstruction so applied to the hat as to restrain the latter from being worn till such obstruction is removed or sufficiently displaced by unlocking it." This will be approved by the hat-wearing portion of humanity. Can not the patent be modified to suit *umbrellas*?

Some years ago a certain professor somewhere got up a hair restorative that was largely advertised as being almost miraculous in restoring the hair to heads that had been bare for years. Among the testimonials was one signed by one hundred clergymen. In a certain city, as it happens, there is a druggist of the same name as the above-named professor, and he also happens to keep the "restorative" for sale. One day an elderly lady entered his store and inquired of the clerk if the professor was in. The clerk referred her to the proprietor sitting at the desk. The old lady approached him and said: "I have called to ask about thy hair restorative." The proprietor took a large three-dollar bottle enveloped in labels and testimonials, calling the lady's attention particularly to the one signed by one hundred clergymen.

This decided the sale; but while the lady was getting her purse out to pay, she ventured one more question: "Professor, does thee think it will bring the hair out?"

This was too much for the druggist. Raising his hat from his head, that is entirely bald, he replied: "Madam, you can see what it has done for me."

A burst of laughter involuntarily came from the clerks at the tableau of the professor standing with the hat in one hand and a three-dollar bottle of hair restorative in the other, and the old lady nowhere to be seen.

There must be an opening for Mr. Bergh in Philadelphia, while such notices as the following are admitted into "first-class," or indeed into *any*, newspapers:

THERE WILL BE SLAUGHTERED AT THE TAVERN OF Mr. ——, on the Philadelphia and Wilmington Railroad, on Wednesday morning next, a Steer, weighing, when dressed, 2000 lbs. The Baltimore Train runs by the house.

SPORTS, LOOK OUT!—TWO LIVING BEARS WILL BE SHOT on Tuesday afternoon at No. 100 —— Street. All hunters, butchers, and tavern-keepers wishing to secure a piece of these Bears are invited. Come, and see how Grizzly will end.

How will the political and social views and deeds of the present impress those who look back upon them twenty years hence? In 1851—only about sixteen years ago—a woman was tried in Virginia for teaching a slave to read, and sentenced to two years in the Penitentiary. The indictment read that she, "not having the fear of God before her eyes, but moved and instigated thereto by the Devil, did teach a certain negro woman to read the Bible, to the great displeasure of Almighty God."

Among the strangest of the strange accidents which are constantly occurring is one which nearly cost a man his life, in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. A fireman employed on a tow-boat went inside of a boiler, for the purpose of cleaning it. He was a portly man, and the aperture was none too large for him. Scarcely had he been at work for more than four or five minutes when he was suddenly seized by a cramp, and commenced to swell. He soon crawled to the aperture, and attempted to get out; but so much had he gained by the swelling that to force himself through the hole was out of the question. He bawled lustily for help, and his cries brought some of the hands to his assistance. They, however, were unable to relieve him from his plight: and the cramps rapidly becoming worse, messengers were instantly dispatched for doctors, police, and blacksmiths. Things looked very blue for some time, and it was proposed to cut away a strip of the boiler as a last recourse. This being objected to, eight or nine stalwart fellows seized the unfortunate man, and, by a "long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together," brought him through by main force. His clothes were torn in tatters, and his body badly bruised and scratched in various places.

THE STREETS OF NEW YORK.

THE breaking up of winter each year leaves the streets of New York in the most horrible of conditions. The accumulated snows of the past winter, in many of the streets piled like miniature glaciers four or five feet high, began to melt under the warm rays of a bright sun which appeared on the morning of February 20, and very soon the streets were well-nigh impassable. Our illustration on page 172 represents the difficulties and dangers and disasters of travel in the crowded and muddy thoroughfares of the city; and is a not exaggerated picture of a scene to be daily witnessed in almost any part of the city at the present time.

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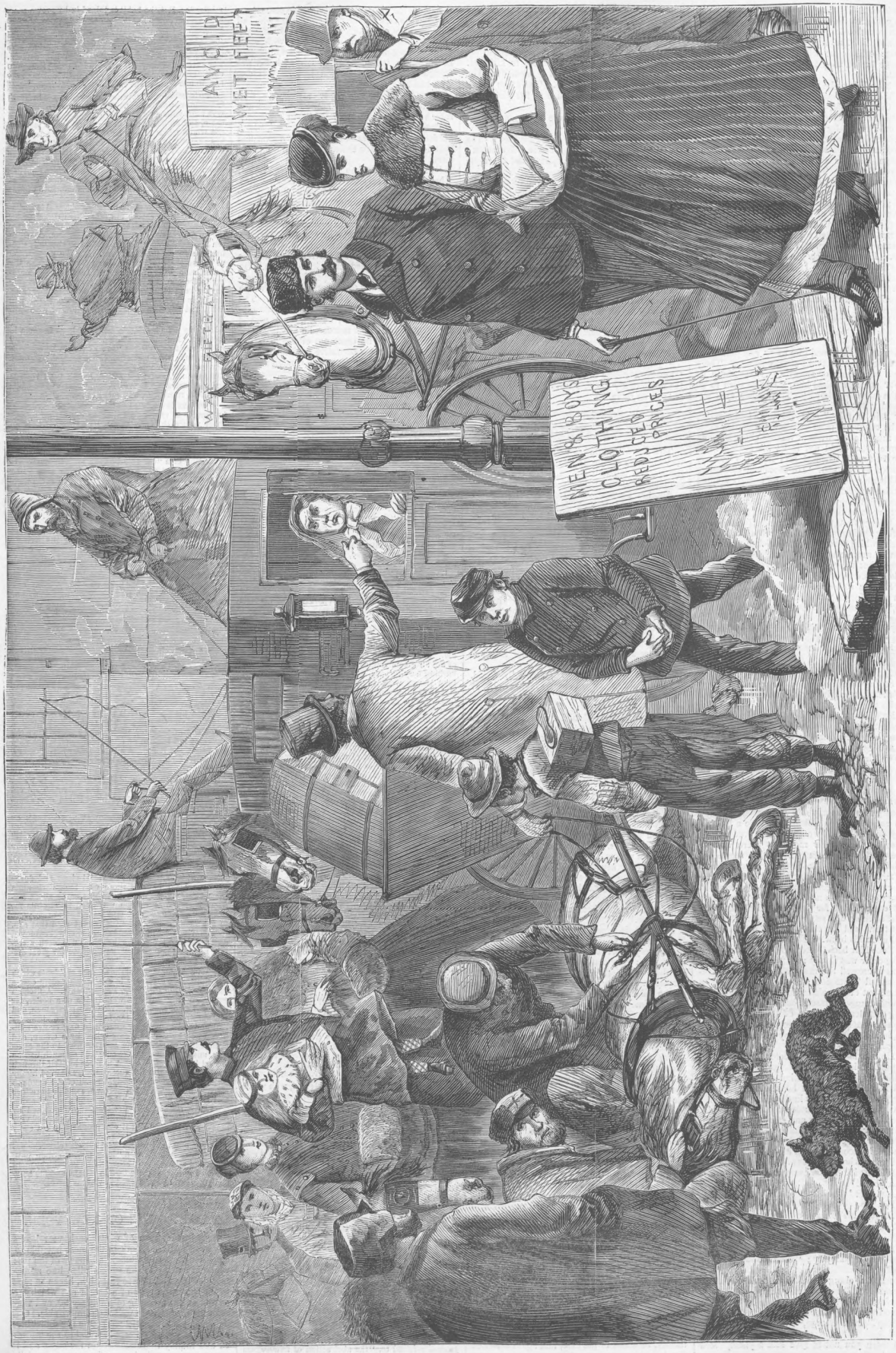

THE STREETS OF NEW YORK.—Drawn by Charles G. Bush.—[See Page 171.]

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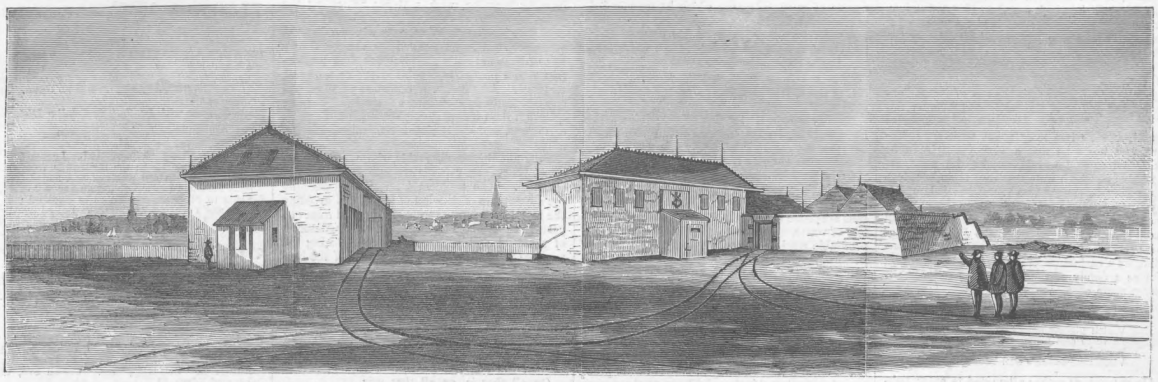

ELLIS'S ISLAND, NEW YORK HARBOR—THE UNITED STATES NAVY POWDER MAGAZINES.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

ELLIS'S ISLAND POWDER MAGAZINES.

THE New York *Sun* lately called attention to the startling fact that New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, and the numerous villages on Staten Island, are now, and have been for a long time, in imminent peril of being at once destroyed by the explosions of the magazines on Ellis's Island, which lies in New York Harbor, about half-way between the Battery and the New Jersey shore. We have had a sketch made of the Island, and after some inquiries into the facts in the case, find that the fears of the *Sun* are well-founded; the million and a half of people residing in the vicinity of the City Hall of New York are daily and hourly in imminent danger of being blown into atoms!

For more than forty years Ellis's Island has been a fortified post and magazine of the Government. Fort Gibson, which is situated on it, is one of the last of the chain of defenses of the harbor, and mounts twelve 42-pounder guns. The Magazine buildings, six in number, are built of solid masonry with slate roofs. The capacity of the buildings admits of the storage of 5000 barrels or at least 1000 tons of powder. There are at this time stored on the Island about 3000 barrels and a very large number of shells; while in the vicinity, and even nearer to Jersey City (in fact within a few rods of the Dépôt of the Jersey Central Railroad), are the powder-boats of Messrs. SMITH & RAND, DUPONT, and HAZZARD, usually containing at least 5000 barrels, or more than 1000 tons. Thus, on the Island and in its immediate vicinity are stored at least 1500 tons of powder!

It has been clearly demonstrated by a simple arithmetical calculation, based on actual experiments, that the gas generated by the sudden combustion of 1500 tons of powder would exert, at a distance of eight miles, a pressure of 200 pounds to the square yard. Within eight miles of Ellis's Island lies all of Jersey City, all of Brooklyn, and all of the populous part of New York below Central Park. Every building in either of these cities has a frontage of at least 150 square yards, and would, therefore, in case of an explosion, receive a sudden shock of 30,000 pounds, before which the stoutest wall would instantly give way.

A great deal of precaution is taken to prevent any accidents on the Island; as will be seen by a glance at our engraving, the magazines are plentifully supplied with lightning-rods; great care is taken in handling the powder; the workmen wear canvas shoes, and are not allowed to carry pocket-knives or other steel or iron implements; and the metal-work used in the magazines is all of brass or copper. But still the greatest of precautions are sometimes in vain. There is not the slightest necessity for accumulating this amount of powder in such close proximity to the most populous city in the country; and safety imperatively demands that Mr. GIDEON WELLES, of the Navy Department, familiarly called "Father WELLES," by whose authority the powder is there, shall awake to the danger, and at once remove the combustible article from our doors. It is a subject which we should imagine might be of interest enough to the municipality of New York to prompt an emphatic protest.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI, THE NEW ENGLISH PREMIER.

THE NEW ENGLISH PREMIER.

IT is not often that a man without wealth or influence, reared to literature rather than politics, ridiculed and caricatured for his first book, defeated in his first political aspirations, and laughed down in his maiden oration, scorned as a fop and despised as an adventurer, has risen by the force of his own genius to the highest office of the most powerful kingdom of Europe as has BENJAMIN DISRAELI, the new Premier of England. There is no more remarkable romance in history or biography than the story of the man who, on the 25th of February, 1868, was "sent for" by Queen VICTORIA, and requested to form a new Cabinet for the Government

COLORED PEOPLE GATHERING FIRE-WOOD—A WINTER SCENE IN VIRGINIA.—[SKETCHED BY W. L. SHEPPARD.]

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of Great Britain. It is not the pleasantest of romances; it is a story in which virtue does not fully triumph, in which cunning, if not fraud, is for the time successful; yet it is the story of a remarkable man who has passed into history not less positively and prominently than more honest and less politic statesmen, and, therefore, it must be told.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI is the son of ISAAC DISRAELI, the author of the celebrated "Curiosities of Literature," and was born in London, December 21, 1805. His early tastes were for literature, and while he was a very young man he published several novels, among the most remarkable of which were "Vivian Grey," "Henrietta Temple," and "The Wondrous Tale of Alroy." The latter of these works attracted much attention, and brought upon the author's head much ridicule. Many years ago *Frazer's Magazine* published among the portraits of its contributors a caricature of DISRAELI, representing him as a dandy of the first water, following it with a poem commencing:

"The wondrous boy
Who wrote Alroy,
Which plainly shows,
In verse and prose,
How, long ago,
Victorious Judah's lion banner rose."

He entered, or rather attempted to enter, public life in 1831, but was defeated in a contest for Parliament, and remained in private life until 1837, when he entered the House of Commons from Maidstone. He went in as an adherent of the PEEL party, and with a reputation as a master of satire and a finished orator, though he had as yet displayed no such qualities. "On the evening when he was to make his *début*," writes one who heard him, "there was a tremendous muster of Conservatives, and the agitation of the Whigs was extreme, the impression being general that it was a Saladin who was about to appear, whose sword could part the falling veil, while that of Sir ROBERT PEEL was cleaving iron bars. What was the joyful surprise on one side, and the rigid horror on the other, at the famous result of DISRAELI'S first speech! Sir ROBERT PEEL fairly shouted out his cheers as the speaker began, but in vain. The orator began by assuming the most ludicrously affected attitude, and the flourishes and flowers of his language were in such contrast with the paucity of his ideas that the members began to titter, and as he went on there arose such shouts of uncontainable laughter all over the House that DISRAELI began to stammer, and presently broke down completely. As he took his seat he said, in words which show the confusion and embarrassment under which he labored, but also the power that was in him: 'I have begun many things several times, and have often succeeded at last. I shall sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me.' Thenceforth for over two years DISRAELI sat in the House with no more sign of life in him than was exhibited by one of its carved griffins."

When he was heard again it was in opposition to the man and the party with whom he had originally acted, and it was DISRAELI who, in the most memorable invectives known to Parliamentary annals, drove the great Tory chief, PEEL, from power, and destroyed forever the influence of Lord JOHN RUSSELL.

Mr. EWING RITCHIE, an old *habitué* of the Strangers' Gallery of the English House of Commons, wrote of DISRAELI: "We do not read that he was eloquent, argumentative, pathetic, or patriotic. You speak of him as you would of TOM SAYERS. His admirers tell you that he was 'in good condition'—that he 'showed fight'—that he was 'plucky as usual'—that he 'hit right and left'—that he was 'up to the mark,'" etc. But now for years—certainly ever since his Reform Bill of 1859—the metaphors of the street concerning him have been histrionic. He does the "country gentleman trick"—he "takes his benefit"—he "came out in the third act"—he "did the indignation well," etc., etc. In his whole career he has been recognized only as a practiced actor, a consummate, finished politician, whom few trusted and all feared.

Mr. DISRAELI has thrice been Chancellor of the Exchequer—first in 1852, then in 1858–59, and lastly in 1866—each time serving under Lord DERBY. On the late resignation of Lord DERBY Queen VICTORIA, as already stated, appointed him to the vacant Premiership.

ECONOMY OF MATERIAL.

IN almost every productive business a part of the material used fails to appear in the result. It is lost in the process. The cost of this part of the material is, in fact, a diminution of the profits. In almost any process this wastage may be largely reduced by care. In some cases the difference between an establishment that prospers and one that is not sufficiently profitable is due to the fact that one reduces the wastage to the lowest possible degree, while the other disregards it.

The photographer's sensitive paper is prepared with a solution of silver. A certain amount of this paper is necessarily thrown out of the result, in the form of rejected pictures printed too dark or too light, and in the clippings made in mounting the perfect copies. These wasted pieces lie on the floor of the finishing-room, but if they were thrown away it would reduce the balance-sheet by a considerable sum. They are carefully gathered up every day, and are burned to extract the silver they contain. Thus a part of the waste is saved.

The desire to turn out only first-class work inclines the photographer to allow liberal margins for trimming, and to reject freely all pictures that do not come up to a high standard of excellence. The desire to reduce the waste inclines him to pass those that are not quite perfect, and to be a little close in never allowing a customer to keep a proof or have an extra picture in the dozen. The degree of good judgment which he uses in balancing such conflicting considerations as these will tell very materially upon his profits. It is plain that it is better to reduce the wastage by care in the printing so as to avoid producing imperfect copies than by merely endeavoring to rescue the silver from those that are unskillfully spoiled.

This is but an illustration of principles which apply to every business. One striking difference between the methods of artisans in Europe and those in this country is the superior economy of the former. In other respects the comparison is much to the advantage of our operatives; but it is probably true in general that American artisans are prone to be liberal with material and careless of waste. The employer often forgets that a profitable workman must not only know how to perform his direct function, but must also be able and willing to do it with a proper economy of material and a due regard to the wastage.

In some processes the waste is very great. In the imperial carpet factory of the Emperor of France, where immense velvet carpets nearly half an inch in thickness are made by hand for the palaces of Paris, about one-half of the yarn used is cut off and thrown away in shreds in the process of trimming the threads down to the proper surface of the fabric. In some processes, on the other hand, almost every atom can be utilized. Thus, in the great cutlery establishments of Sheffield, where ivory-handled table-knives are the chief article of manufacture, the ivory is cut in a clean room set apart for the purpose. Pieces too small for handles are shaped for pocket-knives; those too small for pocket-knives are shaped for little penknives; bits too small for penknives are made marketable as tooth-picks and key labels, and even the chips and the white dust from the saws and lathes are sold at a good price, for making gelatine of the finest kind. Literally nothing is lost. In this way, after the waste has been reduced to the lowest point, the residuum may sometimes be turned to account.

One of the most curious windows to be seen in the streets of Paris is that of the glove-maker. The benches of the cutters stand one behind another, in a row running back from the window, each with its journeyman at work facing the light. The foremost has his bench on the window-sill, so that one passing by may stop and watch all his motions. Before him lies a slab of black marble or oak, on which he spreads a skin that he stretches and shaves with a broad, flat instrument which is neither a knife nor a chisel nor a scraper, but a little of each. Under his hands the skin shows a wonderful elasticity. Whatever form a piece is cut in is soon lost. A long piece becomes square, or a square piece becomes long and narrow. Exhausting the extensibility in one direction renews it in the other. The "fit" of the glove depends upon the disposition made of this elasticity. The pieces must be so cut out that the glove shall give in breadth, but shall not grow longer by wearing.

The hands are first cut out from a number of skins of the same hue; and every piece and shred that is left in this process the workman puts into a jar that stands before him. The pieces thus saved are afterward taken in hand and stretched and shaped anew, and from the longer slips the sides of fingers are cut out. Pieces too short for this purpose afford the gores that are put in between the fingers or at the thumb. Scraps that are not appropriate for these purposes are laid aside, and in the other window where goods are displayed even these may be seen utilized in the form of tiny kid gloves for dolls.

The feasibility of making use of refuse fragments depends often upon the existence of a demand for such little articles as these. The immense demand for expensive dolls in Paris enables many trades to use up, in making miniature articles for them, what would otherwise be lost. Almost every article that is used by human beings is made also for dolls. The shoemaker turns his scraps of colored kid into boots, gaiters, and slippers an inch long, which are sold at from half a franc to three francs a pair. The modiste or milliner catches together her tags and shreds of lace, velvet, and ribbons to make dolls' hats. The umbrella-maker displays tiny umbrellas. Small fragments of sheet-tin and other metals are worked up into miniature utensils of every sort, some of which are for dolls and some for children, but more for various little uses of real life; for French people like to use little things for little purposes, and to have every vessel fit its function as snugly as a glove fits the hand.

Every line of trade thus seeks its own channels of economizing the surplus of material. The harness-maker and saddler produce little shawl-straps, only large enough to enable a lady to carry her water-proof or shawl, and little leather luggage labels, to be buckled to the handles of trunks, into which the owner's card may be slipped, to be changed from time to time without removing the label. The shreds from the currier's and the saddler's floor are compressed in round, flat cakes and sold with fuel, for the purpose of deadening and prolonging the fire in ranges and stoves. Some part of the refuse of the kitchen is used in France for the same purpose.

The Parisian joiner's shop affords a good illustration of ingenuity in this respect. It exhibits a display of boxes and other wood-work in which it would seem as if every chip must have been used up. There are packing-boxes of every size, from large dry-good cases down, and the series is continued in nests of little square boxes with lids hinged on with wire. Boxes for foot-warmers, jointed brackets for shelves or bird-cages, foot-stools, change-tills for shop drawers, trunks for dolls, and mouse-traps are piled in the open window. And in a glass case are protected the more ornamental little pieces; tiny boxes for postage stamps, toy and puzzle boxes, and other little articles of wood; while in the door, perhaps, may be seen a tall basket of splinters and shavings for kindling, with a ticket indicating the price.

It is to be observed that, even where a demand exists for such incidental articles, there will be a loss of time in turning the hand to their production which may counterbalance the economy of material. And many, if not most persons, will succeed better in producing a few articles in large quantity, than if they divide the attention among a number, some of which are of minor importance.

But, notwithstanding this, there can be no doubt that a vast value is annually lost in wasted material. The problem is, while maintaining the advantages of division of labor, and avoiding the loss consequent on transferring skill from one process to another, to introduce such economies of material and such methods of utilizing the wastage as shall enhance the profits of the business.

ROUNDELAY.

THE dew is pearl'd upon the grass,
The bending ferns are tipp'd with it,
And heaven has made a looking-glass
Of the gemm'd earth, and God is writ
On all that is, on all that was.

Rathe flowers hang upon the hedge—
The tapestry of Nature's looms,
And on the narrow foot-path edge
The violet lives, the primrose blooms,
The lily rises from the sedge.

A white moon sails athwart the sky,
Across the cloudy crests of foam,
And lovers' vows there seem to lie,
Like shallops on their restless home,
And seem to smile on you and me.

Queen Night has never deck'd her brow
With softer coronal of light,
Nor oped so wide to us below
The purple mantle of her might,
That we may see sweet heaven through.

Join hands, while through the finger-tips
Our hearts are met in faith and love,
And in the eyes and on the lips
Hosannas rise: look, sweet, above,
See night, and night's Apocalypse.

Come, lay thy beauty's length upon
The couch of moss, and hear the words
The stream, loved of the silent moon,
Is singing to the vesper birds;
Come, sweet, the dawn will catch us soon.

THE POPE'S PARADISE.

POPE PIUS IX. has made the Papal States of Italy truly the "paradise of fools." He has succeeded in effecting in that beautiful land such a miracle as has never before been accomplished by a human—he has there abolished the primeval curse—made labor therein to cease. The blessed dwellers in the papal paradise no longer endure the uncomfortable sweat in which it was foretold that man should eat, but this blessed privilege is accompanied by one little inconvenience, there is no bread to eat. Summer and winter, all the year round, there reigns unbroken idleness in the dominions of Pope Pio Nono. The subjects of his happy sceptre may sing and play the live-long day, for the labors of the loom and the plow never tax their strength nor occupy their hours. Free as the lilies of the field, they toil not, neither do they spin; and, like the birds of the air, they neither sow nor gather into barns.

We started out to tell something of the agriculture of the Papal States, but there is a difficulty in handling the subject; and it is precisely this—that there is no subject to handle. A soil that is never plowed; fields that never bear; a country in which seed-time and harvest have ceased, furnish but slender materials—and one should think but slender temptation—for an article on agriculture. We are shut up to descant, not on plows, and oxen, and carts pressed down under a load of golden sheaves, but on marshy pools, bituminous heaps, swine, foxes, and bare earth. The husbandry of the Papal States is truly deplorable. The methods of cultivation are antiquated; capital is lacking, skill is lacking, and the very tools of labor are lacking; and soils which, in the time of the old Romans, were richly dressed, and waved with golden grain, have now fallen out of cultivation, and reverted into a desert.

For this scene of neglect and desolation the Papal Government is directly responsible. It gives no encouragement to industry. On the contrary, by oppressive tariffs, and by absurd and preposterous legislation, it does all in its power to crush it. The very implements of labor it denies to its people. The price of iron in the Papal States is usually four times that in England; and is so because the Government has placed upon its importation a duty that is prohibitive. Thus iron is beyond the reach of the cultivator: and even were it abundant, there are no mechanics in the Roman States to make the instruments he needs for tilling the soil. What, in that case, does the Government do? Why, it completes the ruin of agriculture by forbidding the introduction of machines. Such cultivation as wooden implements can give it the land receives; but that is of the poorest and most slovenly kind; and the most part of the country is left to nature, which, more kindly than the Government, covers it at certain seasons with a mild herbage. The Roman farmer gives his land neither seed nor culture nor compost. The true foster-parent of the idleness and vagabondism which abound in the Papal States is the Papal Government; and yet it is to preserve this Government that Louis Napoleon moves all France and Europe to go to war!

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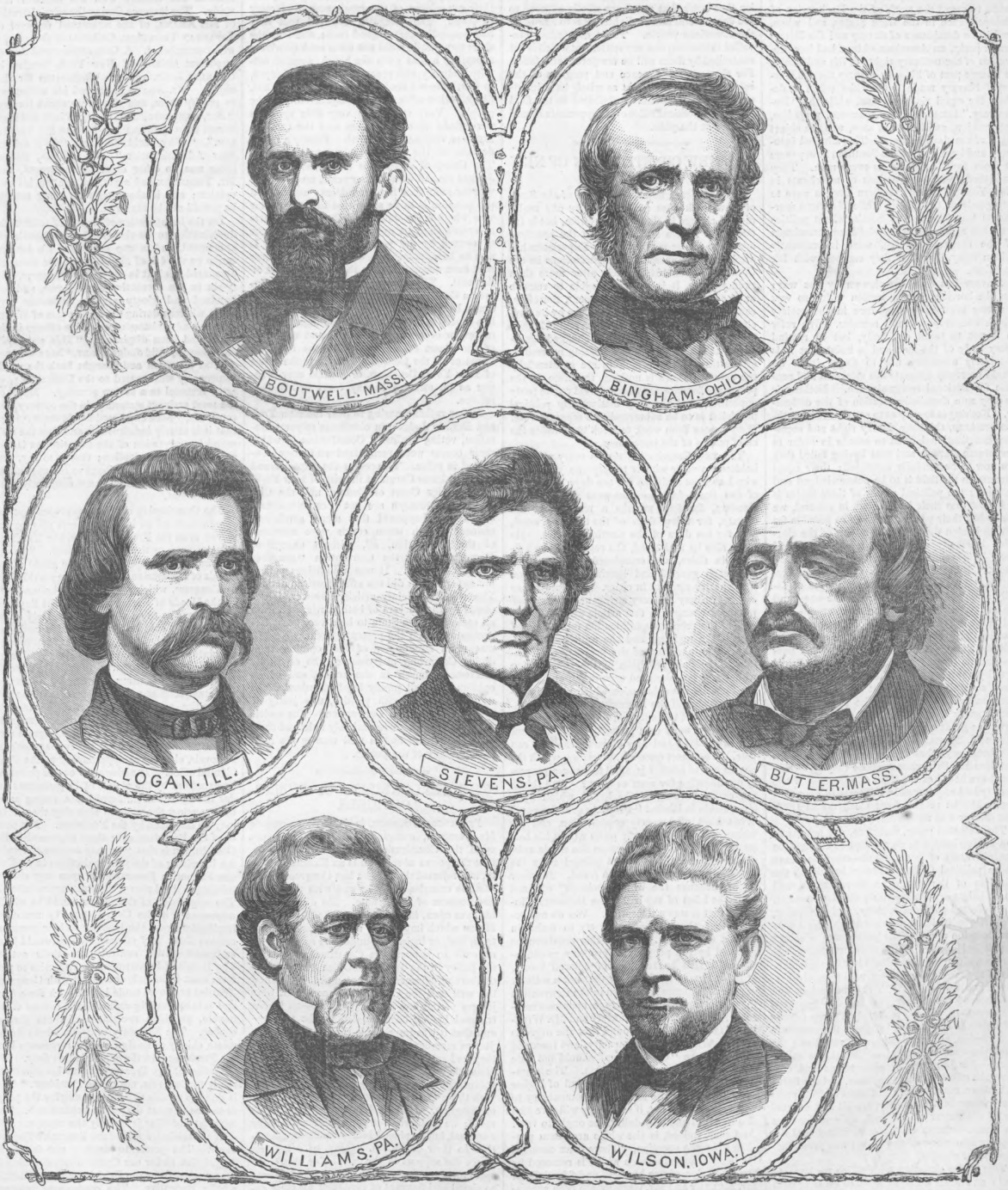

PORTRAITS OF THE MANAGERS TO CONDUCT THE IMPEACHMENT OF PRESIDENT JOHNSON.—PHOT. BY BRADY & CO., WASHINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 179.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1868.

A LOOK ABOUT US.

NO one who is in the habit of reading the newspapers printed in the Southern States can fail to perceive how incalculable is the mischief wrought by the treachery of the President, and the hopes which he has aroused of a universal reaction under the auspices of the Democratic party, that will virtually give the victory in the long struggle to the enemies of the Union and of popular government. The fierceness, passion, extravagance, and folly of much of the Southern press ought to be made more fully known to the people of the rest of the country, not to excite animosity but to enable us to act intelligently. The spirit and tone of the papers of which we speak, and they are not exceptional, are not in the least changed since the darkest days of the old slavery despotism when it was a crime to assert the truth of the Declaration of Independence in the slave States, and when, under the dominance of slavery and the Democratic party, an American citizen had less protection of the ordinary rights of life and liberty in a large part of his own country than in Turkey. Slavery made it the chief crime to declare the equal rights of men, while the "Democracy," intrenched in ignorance, prejudice, superstition, and hatred of race, was the abject slave of the slave-masters. The mingled insolence and ignorance of the Southern newspapers in those days is familiar to every man. They published, for instance, lists of merchants in New York of whom Southern traders were to buy goods at their peril, while Northern merchants traveling in the South, whose politics were not agreeable to the vigilance committees of the corner groceries, were incontinently driven away, happy if they escaped with life and limb.

Slavery has been overthrown by the war; but the horrible demoralization which so vast a wrong must always produce in the society which encourages it still remains. We refer to it not to taunt any body, but to remind every body of the fact, and to insist that it is absolutely necessary not to forget it, if we would correctly estimate the situation and provide for national reorganization. Nothing is so easy as a *doctrinaire* solution of the difficulty. Nothing is so easy as to say that the Southern brethren, thinking slavery right and secession constitutional, tried to secede in order to perpetuate slavery, and that having failed they are now to be tenderly entreated; their equal heroism in the field is to be acknowledged and extolled; the political power of their States is to be put into their hands, and, in general, we are to beg their pardon as much as possible for having beaten them. Such a view of the situation is simply stupid, and a policy founded upon it is criminal. What slavery was we know. What the war was we have not forgotten. It was a tremendous struggle of fatally antagonistic principles: on the one hand that of privilege, caste, and aristocracy — the old spirit of Feudalism and of European civilization, represented by slavery, of which the political organization was the Democratic party—and on the other, that of civil and political equality represented by the Republican party. State sovereignty, the right of secession, all questions of the nature of the national bond, were merely dogmas, excuses, and theories to serve the great and real purpose. Mr. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, in the prospectus to his new book, says that this is not the true view. But does Mr. STEPHENS suppose that we should ever have heard of the right of secession if the country had acquiesced in the truth of his assertion, when he retired from Congress in 1858, that slavery was nationalized?

The defeated party, therefore, are not merely a faction baffled in an attempt to change the administrators of government — they are men whose political faith is bitterly hostile to the principle of the American Government, and whose habits are incompatible with its customs. The defeated party, as a party, and excepting, of course, individuals, does not accept the American doctrine of the whole people as the source of political power; and it does not hesitate to pursue with all the hateful and intolerable methods of the most unscrupulous and tyrannical aristocracy all who differ. The conventions and speeches of those who are called "Southern Conservatives," which is simply a name for the old chiefs of the slavery interest, the preachers of secession, and the leaders of rebellion; the resolutions and speeches of their allies at the North—the Democratic conventions and orators; the efforts of the President, and the fierce and bitter tone of the "Conservative" press every where in the country, are all in the interest of the power which took up arms against the Union because of the evident fact that the popular sentiment of the Union was pronouncing against slavery.

This is the situation with which we have to deal; and what we need most of all is to deal with it frankly and firmly. There need not be the least ungenerous or revengeful feeling. We may be as charitable as our means will allow to every worthy project in the disturbed States. We may warmly recognize the sympathy and aid of every man who was conspicuous in the rebellion, and who now co-operates with loyal men to restore the Union upon the impregnable foundation of equal rights. But we must not expect a sudden Millennium, nor think that blarney is statesmanship. We talk of peace and conciliation; but we must understand that there is no peace possible upon the "Conservative" theory of political inequality, and that justice is the only conciliation. If the reaction could restore every State to Democratic control; repudiate the debt; subject the freedmen entirely to the will of the late masters, and send JEFFERSON DAVIS, JAMES M. MASON, LOUIS WIGFALL, and JUDAH BENJAMIN back to their old seats in the Senate, the country would be no nearer peace than it was when the compromises of 1850 were adopted; the real difficulty would be no more settled than it was in England when CHARLES II. came back again and the bones of OLIVER CROMWELL were dishonored. The "Conservative" view of the situation and the policy that bears that name are wholly opposed to the deepest and most enlightened convictions of the American people. Those convictions prevailed in the war, and any settlement which is not controlled by them will be temporary and futile. For the permanent peace and progress of the country the people might as wisely have insisted that GRANT should be defeated in the field as that the political allies of his opponents should succeed at the polls.

THE NEW CONSTITUTION OF NEW YORK.

THE proposed new Constitution of the State of New York does not provide for any really radical change in the present system, but is intended to secure less friction in the practical operation of the government. Experience has disclosed weaknesses and imperfections in the Constitution of 1846, which, after more than twenty years, it is plainly possible to remove or to correct. The new instrument, therefore, contains nothing which should alarm by its novelty. It is really the Constitution of 1846 made more practical, adapted to the changed condition of the State and to the differing necessities of the time. The principles are substantially the same. There is nothing, therefore, in the proposed Constitution which should excite party opposition, and the only distinctively political provision is to be submitted to a separate vote. We propose from week to week to consider the chief points of the instrument.

The new Constitution makes every male inhabitant a voter who is twenty-one years old, who has been a citizen for ten days, a resident of the State for one year next preceding an election, for four months a resident of the county, for thirty days of the town or ward, and for ten days of the election district. He must also be registered, the registry to be uniform in cities, and completed four days before each general and special State election and charter election in cities. The provisions against bribery are very stringent. The chief proposed changes in this article are the abolition of the property qualification for a class of voters, the registry, and the anti-bribery section. The abolition of the property qualification is the only provision of the Constitution which is to be submitted separately, and it was the form of the submission which was stigmatized by some of the Democrats as a fraud.

The present Constitution requires that a colored citizen must own property to the amount of two hundred and fifty dollars before he can vote. The exact question, therefore, which the people are to answer is, shall there be a property qualification for men of color? And this is the exact wording of the ballot, which upon the outside is labeled "Property qualification." What kind of property qualification, and for whom, the voter naturally looks within his ballot to ascertain. But because the whole substance of the ballot was not printed upon the outside it was denounced as a fraud. In other words, because the word "colored" was not upon the label of the ballot the Democrats insisted that it was a deception. We do not believe that they will seriously try to maintain such a declaration. Should this provision be rejected by the people, the property qualification will still be required of colored voters. It is the simple truth to say that not a solitary reason or pretense was urged in the Convention for the retention of this outrage upon commonsense. Mr. HENRY C. MURPHY and Mr. WILLIAM CASSIDY took the ground that the negro is of an inferior race and capacity, and reasoned that therefore "colored men" should not vote without a property qualification. The argument was this: the negro is a kind of higher ape; he has not the intellectual competency to vote intelligibly; *but*, if somebody will give him two hundred and fifty dollars he ought to vote. And that, indeed, is the whole argument possible upon the question. There is an essential intellectual incompetence which is removed by the possession of two hundred and fifty dollars. Mr. MURPHY and Mr. CASSIDY are both accomplished scholars, but the necessities of party are tyrannical.

This clause is submitted separately, because there seemed to be no good reason why any one popular and desirable change should depend upon the unpopularity of another. No sensible and practical man is blind to the hostility to the colored population which is carefully fostered by the Democratic party, and which is more general than its cruel folly should allow it to be. But no good result could be gained by insisting that the State should not have a better Judiciary system, or relief in the Legislature, unless the people would overcome this degrading prejudice. Such a course would have exposed every improvement to the force of the prejudice; and the Convention would have been justly reproached with a want of the first element of true statesmanship, common-sense.

It was hoped by many that the election of Judges might be changed to appointment, and that the tenure of a short term of years might be altered to a tenure of life or of good behavior. But this was a desire which was strongest among intelligent men in the city. The feeling of the rural districts was strongly in favor of popular elections to the bench, and their experience of the result was satisfactory to them. The delegates declared that they had generally elected good men; and that the short term, while it did not deter such men from accepting a seat upon the bench, secured activity, industry, and promptitude. The Judges, in fact, were not made a separate class, but felt, like all other officers, their responsibility to the people. Very warm and very able speeches were made upon both sides, and the Convention was very nearly divided. Finally a modification of the present system was adopted. The Court of Appeals is to consist of seven Judges elected for fourteen years, no elector to vote for more than five candidates; and in 1873 the question is to be submitted to the popular vote whether the Judges of the higher courts of record shall be appointed by the Governor or elected by the people. A commission is also to be appointed to dispose of the causes that have accumulated in the present Court of Appeals. The term of the Judges of the Supreme Court is to be fourteen years, and there are to be fewer general terms in order to secure less diversity of decision. No Judge is to sit in review of his own decision; and no Judge of the Court of Appeals or of the Supreme Court or of the Courts of Record in the cities of New York, Brooklyn, or Buffalo may practice as an attorney in any court or act as a referee.

It was rather amusing to hear the New York and Buffalo Judges, in obedience to party dictation, voting against a Constitution in which their courts were recognized and they continued in office. At present the Superior and Common Pleas Courts of the city of New York, the Superior Court of Buffalo, and the City Court of Brooklyn are not "constitutional" courts. It happened that many gentlemen connected with those courts were members of the Convention, all, without exception, Democrats, and the Convention "constitutionalized" them. It was a judicious policy, but apparently it did not affect partisan action. The whole Judiciary article, however, is declared by the lawyers of both parties and from all sections of the State to be a very great improvement upon the present system. No one was more strenuously of this opinion than Judge COMSTOCK of Syracuse, who especially interested himself in the article, and whose opinion upon all purely legal questions, when not complicated with politics, was justly of great weight in the Convention. The article was adopted after a remarkably able and thorough discussion, and is well worthy the most careful study of the people.

THE REMOVABILITY OF PUBLIC OFFICERS.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON, in deciding to remove Mr. STANTON, accepted the construction put upon the Constitution by the first Congress, that the power of removal is an Executive power, and rejected that of the last Congress that it shall be exercised only by and with the advice and consent of the Senate. He did this with his eyes open, in clear view of the fact that the House which impeaches, and the Senate which tries, had, as legislators under the solemnity of an oath to support the Constitution, asserted the policy in the Tenure-of-Office Act which he deliberately spurned and contemned. He knew full well that the Court of Impeachment were judges of the law and of the fact—no higher tribunal having been created by the people—and that it was improbable that they would reject as members of the Court what as Senators they had solemnly avowed. He can not complain, therefore, of the situation, as he chose it voluntarily and defiantly—acting in conjunction with those who seek to defeat the general policy of Congress. He was the head of the Government; he had sworn to see the laws faithfully executed, but he placed himself in direct opposition to their execution. Congress could not retain the support of the people, or secure respect for the laws in any quarter, if an instance so signal and flagrant of contempt for their authority, involving a threat of repetition, were overlooked.

The First Congress was undoubtedly influenced in its decision by the exalted character of the President, and the probability that the succession for a long course of years would devolve on the revolutionary patriots who constituted the supports of WASHINGTON. Mr. MADISON said, in the debate on the motion to strike out the words "to be removable by the President" in the act creating the Secretary of Foreign Affairs, that "If the Constitution is silent, and it is a power the Legislature have a right to confer, it will appear to the world, if we strike out the clause, as if *we doubted the propriety of vesting it in the President of the United States*." Mr. SMITH, member from South Carolina, observed, "Perhaps gentlemen are so much dazzled with the splendor of the virtues of the President as not to be able to see into futurity. The framers of the Constitution did not confine their views to the first person who was looked up to, to fill the Presidential chair."

The prudence of the several incumbents of the Presidency to, and including, JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, in exercising the power of removal, satisfied the country with the decision thus made. The instance during the administration of Mr. ADAMS, of the attempted removal of JONATHAN THOMPSON, Collector of this port, is well remembered. A Committee consisting of important citizens of New York, headed by CHARLES KING, went to Washington for that object. Mr. ADAMS expressed his willingness to gratify them, and they were about leaving. "But, gentlemen," said he, "you have not mentioned the objections you have to Mr. THOMPSON." "Why," said Mr. KING, "he is against your Administration." Mr. ADAMS, finding there was no other objection, answered, that Mr. THOMPSON had a perfect right to his own opinion; and if there were no other reasons he should not be removed.

On the inauguration of General JACKSON the doctrine that to the victors belong the spoils was announced, and in one year from his inauguration on the 4th of March, 1829, the removals amounted to eight in the diplomatic corps, thirty-six in the Executive departments, and one hundred and ninety-nine in important civil posts, whereas during the eight years of WASHINGTON'S administration only nine officers in the whole had been displaced. "This extraordinary change," said Judge STORY, "has awakened general attention and brought back the whole controversy with regard to the Executive power of removal to a severe scrutiny. Many of the most eminent statesmen in the country," he continues, "have expressed a deliberate opinion that it is utterly indefensible, and that the only sound interpretation of the Constitution is that avowed upon its adoption; that is to say, that the power of removal belongs to the appointing power"—meaning the Senate conjointly with the President.

The Constitution expressly provides that the appointment of all inferior officers may be devolved upon the President alone, the Heads of Departments, or the Supreme Court. The appointment of all officers below the grade of the Heads of Departments may thus be provided for by Congress, which might confer the authority on the Heads of Departments and the Supreme Court alone as to all officers respectively under them. This constitutional provision could not be satisfied if the President might remove such appointees at his pleasure. As to all such appointments, the power of removal would follow the appointing power, for otherwise perpetual conflict might exist between the two authorities, one insisting upon appointing, the other upon removing. Here, then, it must be admitted, is an exception which Congress may make to the universality of the rule authorizing removals, claimed as appertaining to the Presidential office. The character of this power, to be exercised by the Heads of Departments under the Constitution, furnishes a strong argument against the position that they themselves may be displaced by the President. The power of the President over them expressed in the Constitution is that "he may require the opinion in writing of the principal officer in each of the Executive Departments upon any subject relating to the duties of their respective offices." The expression of this power would be wholly unnecessary if the Constitution, by necessary implication, gave the President alone power to remove these very officers, for this would have embraced entire control over their action. The Heads of Departments have duties to perform most intimately connected with Congress. Treaties are to be made by and with the *advice*, and subsequently by and with the *consent* of the Senate, provided two-thirds of those present concur. The Secretary of State, whose duties relate chiefly to foreign affairs, represents both the President and the Senate in this duty. The Secretary of the Treasury makes his report directly to Congress, not to the President. This is done to enable Congress to employ the proper means to meet the public expenditure. The Secretary of War is equally the representative of the Legislative and of the Executive Department. The power to declare war is wholly Legislative under our Constitution, differing in that respect from the British, under which it is wholly Executive. The controversy between Congress and the President with respect to the mode of tying up the ends of the war, in which

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he seeks to defeat their will constitutionally expressed—for in a civil war the terms of peace are fixed by Congress in its discretion—proves the necessity of exempting the Secretary of War from the President's power of removal, except with the advice and consent of the Senate. If Congress may fix the tenure of any of these executive offices in a way to prevent the exercise by the President of the power of removal, it puts an end to the implication claimed in his behalf.

The power claimed for the President would enable him to defeat the action of the Senate in the matter of appointments, and thus in effect destroy the constitutional provision by which it is required. On the adjournment of the Senate the President, by removing the person appointed on their advice and consent, might substitute another and an unsuitable person—one to whose appointment such advice and consent had been refused. If to this it is answered, that the President would subject himself to impeachment, then we say that the offense committed more certainly deserves this remedy.

The theory that removal follows the appointing power, or if it do not, that Congress which creates may fix the precise tenure of office when not otherwise specified in the Constitution, reconciles provisions which on the opposite doctrine must be deemed utterly inconsistent. The power conferred on the President in terms to issue *commissions* in case of *vacancy* happening during the *recess of the Senate*, is not in harmony with the power claimed as implied that he may make and fill a vacancy at any time. The power conferred on Congress to devolve the appointment of inferior officers on the President alone, or the Supreme Court, or the Heads of Departments, can not be exercised consistently with the broad ground claimed for the President, that *he*, independently of Congress, may remove all executive officers even if their appointment and removal be devolved by Congress on the Heads of Departments alone.

The removability of executive officers by the Chief Executive derives its origin from the peculiarities of the British Constitution. It has been transplanted here not by express grant but by *implication* against the popular branch of our Government, and in favor of one against which our jealousies were aroused. In England the Queen has an inheritable estate in her office, which she needs to support by extraordinary power. But this power is allowed to her only on the condition that the great offices in the realm shall be filled in complete subserviency to the principles of the Parliamentary majority. When in a minority, the ministry resign. The President expects to have the benefit of the Queen's prerogative, without submitting to the obligation which the Queen is obliged to concede of a ministry harmonious with Parliament. The denial of this obligation in England would produce a revolution. It can scarcely be expected that a bold defiance of the clearly and legally expressed will of Congress can go unredressed under our Government.

RIBALDRY AS AN IMPEACHABLE OFFENSE.

THE House of Representatives did not strengthen in public opinion the indictment against the President by adopting the article offered by General BUTLER, and reciting the indecencies of speech of which the President was guilty during his disgraceful tour to the grave of DOUGLAS. It is unspeakably shameful and humiliating that a President of the United States should be so far lost to all sense of common propriety as to denounce Senators and Representatives by name, to declare that Congress was an unconstitutional body hanging upon the verge of the Government, and to ask whether if he were Judas Iscariot Mr. SUMNER were his Christ. These are indecencies so revolting that they seem incredible. They are a disgrace deeper than has ever befallen the Presidential office; and it is common charity to suppose them to have been the result of mingled intoxication and rage. Indeed, could habitual intoxication be proved against the President, it would be ample reason for his impeachment and removal.

But this is not proposed. These remarks are charged as a high misdemeanor, but are they of a kind for which a President should be impeached? We think not. Ribaldry, if the result of ill-temper, is shameful; and if the consequence of habitual drunkenness, as we said, the offender should be removed for the drunkenness. Congress has hitherto acted with great good-sense in the matter. While Mr. JOHNSON as a stump-orator denounced it as an illegal body, but continued as President to recognize its authority, it merely shared the profound humiliation of all good citizens. But when he proceeded not only to denounce it, but to treat it as an illegal body, by defiantly violating the law, Congress instantly impeached him. It does not strengthen the charge against him of violating the law to urge that he said that Congress had no right to pass laws.

The managers have the right of dropping any article, and we hope that they will see the propriety of dropping the slightest not substantial, and which may tend seriously to prolong the trial. If a deliberate, intentional violation of the law is proved, when no public emergency exists and no immediate essential purpose can be pleaded which would not brook delay, it is not necessary to show such violation to be part of a conspiracy to defeat the law. An executive officer who violates his oath to see that the laws are faithfully administered, even if his excuse be plausible, is not an officer who can be wisely trusted with the execution of laws. But if every significant action of a long career reveals bad faith, the important point to prove, in the simplest and speediest manner, is the violation of law. It was the universal expectation and wish that this should be the method with the President, and we trust it will yet be adopted.

THE CHIEF JUSTICE AND THE SENATE.

THE conduct of the Chief Justice of the United States in regard to the proceedings for impeachment has excited a great deal of comment upon the part of his friends, and it has been generally unfavorable to him. This was the natural consequence of the delay, and difference with the Senate, which the letter of the Chief Justice seemed to suggest. But it was surely not extraordinary that so dignified an officer, made by the Constitution the president of the Senate when acting as a Court of Impeachment, should be unwilling to be set aside as a mere decorative cipher, not to be consulted or considered in the organization of the Court, and to have no voice in its judgment. The case is unprecedented. There is no letter to guide to a conclusion. The presumption is, at least, not intolerable that the Senate can not organize as a court until it *is* a court, and that it is not a court until, according to the Constitution, the Chief Justice is seated as its presiding officer. The precedent is now making, and the Chief Justice properly desires that it shall be carefully and firmly made, and he therefore interposes a suggestion, but in the most respectful manner. "I am informed," he says, "that the Senate has proceeded upon other views, and it is not my purpose to contest what its superior wisdom may have directed." But as the Chief Justice is made an important part of the Court of Impeachment, it seemed to him "fitting and obligatory, when he is unable to concur in the views of the Senate concerning matters essential to the trial, that his respectful dissent should appear."

There is certainly nothing unreasonable in this. For why is the Chief Justice made the President of the Court? Doubtless for two reasons: first, that the Vice-President, who is to be promoted by the removal should the trial end in conviction, should not preside over the trial; and secondly, that in so grave a matter as the summary change of the Chief Executive without a vote of the people, the two other branches of the Government should unite, the Judiciary Department being present in the person of its chief. Is he, then, to be a merely ceremonial or substantive part of the Court? Judge CHASE evidently thinks that he is not wholly a ceremony; but Senator CONKLING quoted various English authorities which he thought proved the immemorial understanding to be that the President of such a Court has no vote or decision; he is only to keep order and dispatch business. If that be so, there would seem to be no reason for uniting the Supreme Court with the Senate in the manner indicated, and with the view which is plainly expressed by MADISON in the Number of the *Federalist* from which the Chief Justice quotes. The Constitution could have empowered the Senate to elect a President from their own number. It can hardly be supposed that it would have taken the Chief Justice of the United States to make him a dummy in the highest tribunal for a specific purpose known to the law.

But whatever the correct view, the motives of Judge CHASE, it seems to us, should be quite above harsh suspicion. We certainly do not see the force of the Chief Justice's opinion that the Senate should be organized as a Court of Impeachment before the announcement of impeachment is made from the House. For until the impeachment is announced how can the Senate be formally notified? But that when the Senate proceeds to organize as a court it should adopt its rules under the presidency of its constitutional chief does not seem a very rash or disorganizing proposition.

DIPLOMATIC DISCIPLINE.

ANOTHER M'CRACKEN has appeared. Mr. RICHARD ROTHWELL writes to the Secretary of State that the United States Consul at Rome, Mr. CUSHMAN, has been dragging the good name of America in the mire by fighting with the Papal troops against GARIBALDI. Mr. SEWARD sends a copy of the letter to Consul CUSHMAN, who replies that ROTHWELL is an English artist of very eccentric habits and of very little reputation, and adds that he went out with the Papal troops, not to fight with them, but to be upon the ground and ascertain the truth for himself. We know nothing of Consul CUSHMAN. He may be as much of a *reactionaire* as his official superior in the State Department; but there is nothing essentially improbable in his story. We have known other Americans who went upon the staffs of French Generals in their African campaigns, but who are not therefore to be supposed in favor of the French policy in Algiers. They were not consuls, however, and Mr. CUSHMAN may have forgotten his official character—although if any such functionary may be pardoned for such forgetfulness it is the United States Consul in Rome.

But the extraordinary part of the correspondence is not the letter of Mr. ROTHWELL nor of Consul CUSHMAN, but of Mr. SEWARD. With the air of a schoolmaster threatening a small pupil, or of a Prussian drill-sergeant shaking his cane at a raw recruit, Mr. SEWARD, as Secretary of State, writes to an agent of this Government as follows: "Your conduct is for these reasons entirely disapproved. *It will depend in part upon your own better conduct hereafter*, and in some part on circumstances not yet fully understood, whether the Department can be content to leave the case with a reprimand." The discipline of an American agent or minister exposed to the letters of M'CRACKEN, ROTHWELL, and SEWARD is certainly severe.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

THE transactions in Congress outside of impeachment have been of little importance. The progress of the impeachment measures are fully reported elsewhere.

Mr. John A. Logan, in the House, on March 9, astonished the members by announcing that three officials had certified to the destruction of $18,640,000 of canceled bonds, when in fact no such bonds had been destroyed. The Committee on Retrenchment at once began inquiries into the charge.

NEWS ITEMS.

In the Louisiana Reconstruction Convention, on March 6, a resolution was offered by a colored delegate declaring that the presence of Jefferson Davis in the State was detrimental to peace and good order, and that he be notified to leave the State within twenty-four hours; but after debate the resolution was ordered to be returned to the delegate from whom it emanated.

General George R. Vickers, of Kent County, Maryland, was elected United States Senator on March 6, *vice* Thomas, who was declared ineligible.

The national debt was decreased over $7,000,000 in February last.

The Louisiana Constitutional Convention concluded its labors on March 7, and signed the new constitution.

The great snows of the past winter threaten to flood the rivers of the whole country. In the West several of the streams are overflowing, and numerous railroad bridges have been swept away.

California lately enjoyed a regular Alpine avalanche five or six miles in extent, by which a town was destroyed and several Chinamen killed.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE subject of *Alabama* claims lately agitated the British House of Commons for several days. The champion of America in the debate was Mr. Shaw Lefevre. Mr. Gladstone argued that both parties had done wrong, and thought arbitration was needed.

Disraeli, the new Premier of England, has already planned a reform bill for Ireland, in which the abuses of the landlord system and of the churches are to be remedied—on paper.

Prussia has obliterated the last vestige of the late kingdom of Hanover by confiscating the estates of the late king.

They are on the eve of a revolution in Portugal. Lately the queen's effigy was burned at Lisbon by a mob.

Reverend Jonas King, D.D., American missionary at Athens, Greece, has been cited for the sixth time to appear before the "Holy Synod" of Greece, to answer a charge of having "reviled the Christian religion, blasphemed against the holy Mother of God and ever-virgin Mary, the worship of the holy Images, the Inspiration of the Sacred Councils, the divine Mystery of Confession, the prayers of the faithful for the dead, and the divine Transubstantiation." The offense (?) was committed by the publication of a book which Mr. King had written and published in Greek, entitled, "Answer of Jonas King to a pamphlet entitled 'The Two Clergymen,' by the Bishop of Carystia Macarios Kalliarchon."

Cholera is raging at St. Thomas (our new West Indian possessions), and at Tangier, Morocco.

The New Dominion of Canada is not prospering. The tax-oppressed blue-noses are already emigrating to the United States, and eager inquiries are made as to the best of the Western States to fly to. Nova Scotia has resolved to reconsider her vote joining the Confederation; and it now appears that the expenditures of the Dominion for February were nearly $200,000 more than the revenue for the same time.

INCIDENTS OF THE IMPEACHMENT.

AFTER the anger and indignation which were first kindled at the usurpation of the President in removing Mr. STANTON without the consent of the Senate had subsided, Congress appears to have been inspired by a firm but quiet determination to resist and punish him. After resolving to impeach him, the House has, without passion, and with little evidence and no expressions of malice, proceeded calmly with the preliminary steps to impeachment, and the Senate, with cool deliberation and imposing, though simple, ceremonies, has already begun the trial.

APATHY OF CONGRESS.

Our correspondents and artists at Washington unite in describing the serious and earnest composure of both Houses in acting upon the subject of impeachment, and the notable absence, whenever impeachment is discussed, of all the apathy and levity which is usual on other occasions. On almost all other questions, even that of Reconstruction, the House displays its want of interest; the halls become deserted or grow noisy; but when Impeachment is talked of—*pro* or *con*—it is only the lobbies which are empty. An amusing scene which illustrates the apathy of members on other and minor questions is given by our artist on page 180. It occurred on February 26, while the House of Representatives was discussing the Indian Appropriation Bill. Mr. JOHN W. CHANLER, of New York, had the floor, and, standing at one of the desks in the front row, spoke for half an hour as interestingly as one can speak on such a dry subject. Mr. A. G. BURR, of Illinois, sat, or rather reclined, in the adjacent seat, and so near that the sweep of Mr. CHANLER'S hand, in gesticulating, passed very close to Mr. BURR'S nose. One would naturally suppose that a loud, shrill voice, such as Mr. CHANLER possesses, would at least have kept Mr. BURR awake. But the very reverse was the case. Mr. CHANLER had been speaking and gesticulating very earnestly for less than five minutes, when Mr. BURR stretched both legs upon his desk, slid down in his chair until his head rested on the cushions of the back, and calmly slept until Impeachment came up as the unexpired business, when he instantly awoke, as the Reporters' Gallery has it, with "Mr. Chairman" on his lips!

THE RACE FOR THE WIRES.

The excitement in regard to Impeachment in Washington appears, indeed, to be confined almost entirely to the newspaper men; and they display it only when something very important is on the tapis. On the morning on which the public printer was to deliver the impeachment articles to the House the whole force of newspaper correspondents, to the number of fifteen or twenty, assembled in the lobby to await his arrival. As soon as he entered the floor sacred to the "third house" the crowd of correspondents rushed at him, regardless alike of the warnings of the doorkeepers and policemen and the entreaties of the public printer. They pushed him and his bundles violently through an open door into a committee-room, where a House committee was discussing some weighty subject; violently dissolved the committee for the time without the slightest regard for its dignity; grasped the bundles from the hands of the printer, cut them open, and rifled them of their contents, before he could resist or the officers could interfere. The precious documents having been secured by the rival reporters, a race was made for the nearest telegraph office. The whole force rushed through the lobbies regardless of the persons whom they there encountered, and whom they rudely jostled aside, past LEUTZE'S "Course of Empire" without stopping to point out its beauties or absurdities, and into the telegraph office in the reporters' gallery of the House. Our artist has given this scene as illustrative of the energy of the reporters, and it certainly is as characteristic of that industrious class as the scene on the floor is of most of the occupants of the House.

MR. STEVENS'S LAST SPEECH ON IMPEACHMENT.

Since our previous issue the most interesting events which have transpired have been the "Last Speech on Impeachment," and the "Last Levee of the President." Both of these occurred on March 2; and are illustrated by our artist on pages 180 and 184. March 2 was set aside for the consideration of impeachment; it had been duly announced that THADDEUS STEVENS would close the debate at three o'clock, and that a vote would be taken promptly on its conclusion. Our illustration of the "Last Speech on Impeachment" shows this scene, which was one of the most interesting ever witnessed in the House. Mr. STEVENS sat, as he frequently does, near the clerk's desk and on the left of the Speaker. When he rose from his seat and pronounced, in a clear and emphatic voice, "Never was a great malefactor so gently treated as ANDREW JOHNSON," even the noisy galleries became quiet, and a deathlike stillness reigned throughout the House. It was broken a moment afterward, but for a moment only, by the movement of persons in the rear seats of the gallery rising to lean forward that they might see as well as hear the speaker, and by the general movement on the floor of the House of the members, who, walking on tip-toe, approached the speaker and gazed up in his face while he spoke. Even the pages ceased their noiseless movements about the room, and gathered near the old man, perhaps more to gaze upon than to hear him. The Chairman, too, left his chair and stood before the clerk's desk to hear and watch the old "leader of the House." This speech, the last on impeachment in the House, will probably also be the last great effort of Mr. STEVENS, as he is very weak and aged, and has been warned by his friends of an early end to his earthly career.

THE PRESIDENT'S LAST LEVEE.

The levee of Mr. JOHNSON, held on the same evening as that on which this speech was made and the impeachment articles were adopted, was officially announced as "the last levee of the President." Of course the last one of the season was meant, but it may prove to be his last in reality. It was not numerously attended, nor were the persons present particularly noted, or the dresses worn particularly brilliant.

THE IMPEACHMENT MANAGERS.

We give on the front page of this issue the portraits of the seven "Managers of the Impeachment," as the members who were elected by the House of Representatives to conduct the trial on the part of the people are called. JOHN A. BINGHAM, of Ohio, the chairman, is noted for his prominence in various great criminal trials, including that of the assassins of President LINCOLN, and he was also the Chairman of the House Managers who prosecuted WEST H. HUMPHREYS,

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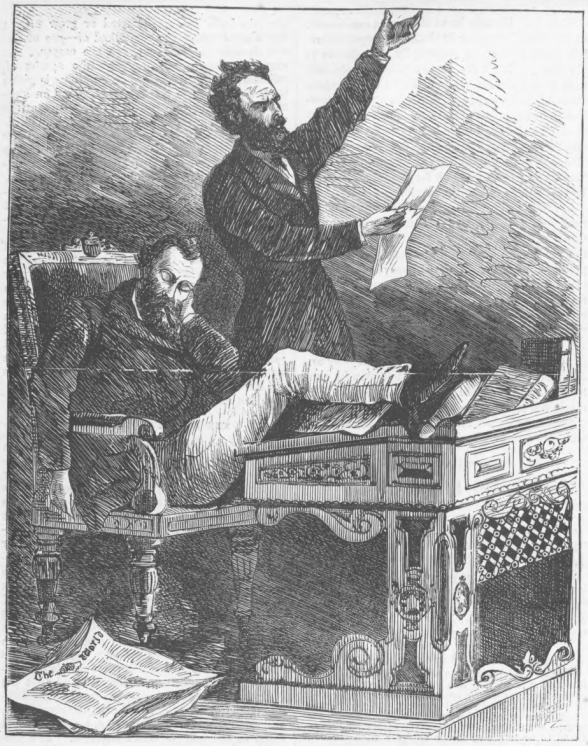
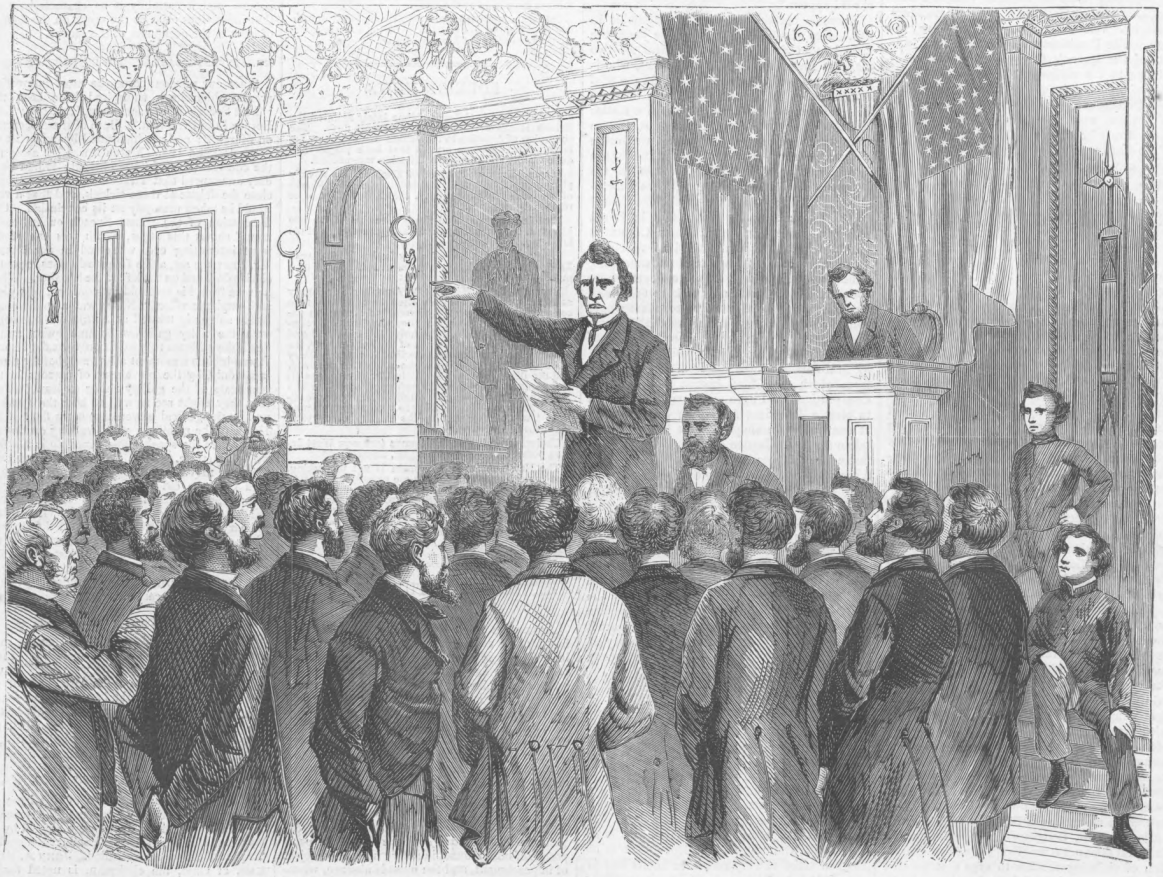


SCENE IN THE HOUSE—APATHY OF THE MEMBERS.

A RACE FOR THE WIRES—ENERGY OF THE REPORTERS.

impeached a few years since on charges of uttering secession sentiments, preferred by ANDREW JOHNSON, then Military Governor of Tennessee. He is a native of Pennsylvania, and is now fifty-three years of age. GEORGE S. BOUTWELL, of Massachusetts, is among the most positive and unflinching as well as one of the ablest of the impeachers, and was originally elected chairman of the managers, but resigned in favor of Mr. BINGHAM. With Generals JOHN A. LOGAN and BENJAMIN BUTLER the whole country is familiar, their military and legal abilities having in times past been made clearly manifest. JAMES F. WILSON, of Iowa, is now but forty years of age, but as a leading senator of his State, and as its representative in three several Congresses, he has displayed marked abilities, which entitle him to take high rank as a lawyer even among those with whom he is associated in the great trial of the age. THOMAS WILLIAMS, of Pennsylvania, is a native of Pennsylvania, and sixty-two years of age. His legal career has been a very successful one, and he has served as a legislator in the three last Congresses with great credit.



THE LAST SPEECH ON IMPEACHMENT—THADDEUS STEVENS CLOSING THE DEBATE IN THE HOUSE, MARCH 2.—[SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.]

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THE MOONSTONE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

Printed from the Author's Manuscript.

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.

CHAPTER XX.—(*Continued.*)

THE first words, when we had taken our seats, were spoken by my lady.

"Sergeant Cuff," she said, "there was perhaps some excuse for the inconsiderate manner in which I spoke to you half an hour since. I have no wish, however, to claim that excuse. I say, with perfect sincerity, that I regret it, if I wronged you."

The grace of voice and manner with which she made him that atonement had its due effect on the Sergeant. He requested permission to justify himself—putting his justification as an act of respect to my mistress. It was impossible, he said, that he could be in any way responsible for the calamity which had shocked us all, for this sufficient reason, that his success in bringing his inquiry to its proper end depended on his neither saying nor doing any thing that could alarm Rosanna Spearman. He appealed to me to testify whether he had, or had not, carried that object out. I could, and did, bear witness that he had. And there, as I thought, the matter might have been judiciously left to come to an end.

Sergeant Cuff, however, took it a step further, evidently (as you shall now judge) with the purpose of forcing the most painful of all possible explanations to take place between her ladyship and himself.

"I have heard a motive assigned for the young woman's suicide," said the Sergeant, "which may possibly be the right one. It is a motive quite unconnected with the case which I am conducting here. I am bound to add, however, that my own opinion points the other way. Some unbearable anxiety, in connection with the missing Diamond, has, as I believe, driven the poor creature to her own destruction. I don't pretend to know what that unbearable anxiety may have been. But I think (with your ladyship's permission) I can lay my hand on a person who is capable of deciding whether I am right or wrong."

"Is the person now in the house?" my mistress asked, after waiting a little.

"The person has left the house, my lady."

That answer pointed as straight to Miss Rachel as straight could be. A silence dropped on us which I thought would never come to an end. Lord! how the wind howled, and how the rain drove at the window, as I sat there waiting for one or other of them to speak again!

"Be so good as to express yourself plainly," said my lady. "Do you refer to my daughter?"

"I do," said Sergeant Cuff, in so many words.

My mistress had her check-book on the table when we entered the room—no doubt to pay the Sergeant his fee. She now put it back in the drawer. It went to my heart to see how her poor hand trembled—the hand that had loaded her old servant with benefits; the hand that, I pray God, may take mine, when my time comes, and I leave my place forever!

"I had hoped," said my lady, very slowly and quietly, "to have recompensed your services, and to have parted with you without Miss Verinder's name having been openly mentioned between us as it has been mentioned now. My nephew has probably said something of this before you came into my room?"

"Mr. Blake gave his message, my lady. And I gave Mr. Blake a reason—"

"It is needless to tell me your reason. After what you have just said you know as well as I do that you have gone too far to go back. I owe it to myself, and I owe it to my child, to insist on your remaining here, and to insist on your speaking out."

The Sergeant looked at his watch.

"If there had been time, my lady," he answered, "I should have preferred writing my report, instead of communicating it by word of mouth. But, if this inquiry is to go on, time is of too much importance to be wasted in writing. I am ready to go into the matter at once. It is a very painful matter for me to speak of, and for you to hear—"

There my mistress stopped him once more.

"I may possibly make it less painful to you, and to my good servant and friend here," she said, "if I set the example of speaking boldly on my side. You suspect Miss Verinder of deceiving us all by secreting the Diamond for some purpose of her own? Is that true?"

"Quite true, my lady."

"Very well. Now, before you begin, I have to tell you, as Miss Verinder's mother, that she is *absolutely incapable* of doing what you suppose her to have done. Your knowledge of her character dates from a day or two since. My knowledge of her character dates from the beginning of her life. State your suspicion of her as strongly as you please—it is impossible that you can offend me by doing so. I am sure, beforehand, that (with all your experience) the circumstances have fatally misled you in this case. Mind! I am in possession of no private information. I am as absolutely shut out of my daughter's confidence as you are. My one reason for speaking positively is the reason you have heard already. I know my child."

She turned to me, and gave me her hand. I kissed it in silence. "You may go on," she said, facing the Sergeant again as steadily as ever.

Sergeant Cuff bowed. My mistress had produced but one effect on him. His hatchet-face softened for a moment, as if he was sorry for her. As to shaking him in his own conviction, it was plain to see that she had not moved him by a single inch. He settled himself in his chair, and he began his vile attack on Miss Rachel's character in these words:

"I must ask your ladyship," he said, "to look this matter in the face, from my point of view as well as from yours. Will you please to suppose yourself coming down here, in my place, and with my experience? and will you allow me to mention very briefly what that experience has been?"

My mistress signed to him that she would do this. The Sergeant went on:

"For the last twenty years," he said, "I have been largely employed in cases of family scandal, acting in the capacity of confidential man. The one result of my domestic practice which has any bearing on the matter now in hand is a result which I may state in two words. It is well within my experience that young ladies of rank and position do occasionally have private debts which they dare not acknowledge to their nearest relatives and friends. Sometimes the milliner and jeweler are at the bottom of it. Sometimes the money is wanted for purposes which I don't suspect in this case, and which I won't shock you by mentioning. Bear in mind what I have said, my lady—and now let us see how events in this house have forced me back on my own experience, whether I liked it or not!"

He considered with himself for a moment, and went on—with a horrid clearness that forced you to understand him; with an abominable justice that favored nobody.

"My first information relating to the loss of the Moonstone," said the Sergeant, "came to me from Superintendent Seegrave. He proved to my complete satisfaction that he was perfectly incapable of managing the case. The one thing he said which struck me as worth listening to was this—that Miss Verinder had declined to be questioned by him, and had spoken to him with a perfectly incomprehensible rudeness and contempt. I thought this curious—but I attributed it mainly to some clumsiness on the Superintendent's part which might have offended the young lady. After that I put it by in my mind, and applied myself, single-handed, to the case. It ended, as you are aware, in the discovery of the smear on the door, and in Mr. Franklin Blake's evidence satisfying me that this same smear, and the loss of the Diamond, were pieces of the same puzzle. So far, if I suspected any thing, I suspected that the Moonstone had been stolen, and that one of the servants might prove to be the thief. Very good. In this state of things, what happens? Miss Verinder suddenly comes out of her room, and speaks to me. I observe three suspicious appearances in that young lady. She is still violently agitated, though more than four-and-twenty hours have passed since the Diamond was lost. She treats me as she has already treated Superintendent Seegrave. And she is mortally offended with Mr. Franklin Blake. Very good again. Here (I say to myself) is a young lady who has lost a valuable jewel—a young lady, also, as my own eyes and ears inform me, who is of an impetuous temperament. Under these circumstances, and with that character, what does she do? She betrays an incomprehensible resentment against Mr. Blake, Mr. Superintendent, and myself—otherwise, the very three people who have all, in their different ways, been trying to help her to recover her lost jewel. Having brought my inquiry to that point—*then*, my lady, and not till then, I begin to look back into my own mind for my own experience. My own experience explains Miss Verinder's otherwise incomprehensible conduct. It associates her with those other young ladies that I know of. It tells me she has debts she daren't acknowledge, that must be paid. And it sets me asking myself, whether the loss of the Diamond may not mean—that the Diamond must be secretly pledged to pay them. That is the conclusion which my experience draws from plain facts. What does your ladyship's experience say against it?"

"What I have said already," answered my mistress. "The circumstances have misled you."

I said nothing on my side. Robinson Crusoe—God knows how—had got into my muddled old head. If Sergeant Cuff had found himself, at that moment, transported to a desert Island, without a man Friday to keep him company, or a ship to take him off, he would have found himself exactly where I wished him to be! (*Nota bene*:—I am an average good Christian, when you don't push my Christianity too far. And all the rest of you—which is a great comfort—are, in this respect, much the same as I am.)

Sergeant Cuff went on:

"Right or wrong, my lady," he said, "having drawn my conclusion, the next thing to do was to put it to the test. I suggested to your ladyship the examination of all the wardrobes in the house. It was a means of finding the article of dress which had, in all probability, made the smear; and it was a means of putting my conclusion to the test. How did it turn out? Your ladyship consented; Mr. Blake consented; Mr. Ablewhite consented. Miss Verinder alone stopped the whole proceeding by refusing point-blank. That result satisfied me that my view was the right one. If your ladyship and Mr. Betteredge persist in not agreeing with me, you must be blind to what happened before you this very day. In your hearing, I told the young lady that her leaving the house (as things were then) would put an obstacle in the way of my recovering her jewel. You saw yourselves that she drove off in the face of that statement. You saw yourselves that, so far from forgiving Mr. Blake for having done more than all the rest of you to put the clew into my hands, she publicly insulted Mr. Blake, on the steps of her mother's house. What do these things mean? If Miss Verinder is not privy to the suppression of the Diamond, what do these things mean?"

This time he looked my way. It was downright frightful to hear him piling up proof after proof against Miss Rachel, and to know, while one was longing to defend her, that there was no disputing the truth of what he said. I am (thank God!) constitutionally superior to reason. This enabled me to hold firm to my lady's view, which was my view also. This roused my spirit, and made me put a bold face on it before Sergeant Cuff. Profit, good friends, I beseech you, by my example. It will save you from many troubles of the vexing sort. Cultivate a superiority to reason, and see how you pare the claws of all the sensible people when they try to scratch you for your own good!

Finding that I made no remark, and that my mistress made no remark, Sergeant Cuff proceeded. Lord! how it did enrage me to notice that he was not in the least put out by our silence!

"There is the case, my lady, as it stands against Miss Verinder alone," he said. "The next thing is to put the case as it stands against Miss Verinder and the deceased Rosanna Spearman, taken together. We will go back for a moment, if you please, to your daughter's refusal to let her wardrobe be examined. My mind being made up, after that circumstance, I had two questions to consider next. First, as to the right method of conducting my inquiry. Second, as to whether Miss Verinder had an accomplice among the female servants in the house. After carefully thinking it over I determined to conduct the inquiry in, what we should call at our office, a highly irregular manner. For this reason: I had a family scandal to deal with, which it was my business to keep within the family limits. The less noise made, and the fewer strangers employed to help me, the better. As to the usual course of taking people in custody on suspicion, going before the magistrate, and all the rest of it—nothing of the sort was to be thought of, when your ladyship's daughter was (as I believed) at the bottom of the whole business. In this case, I felt that a person of Mr. Betteredge's character and position in the house—knowing the servants as he did, and having the honor of the family at heart—would be safer to take as an assistant than any other person whom I could lay my hand on. I should have tried Mr. Blake as well—but for one obstacle in the way. *He* saw the drift of my proceedings at a very early date; and, with his interest in Miss Verinder, any mutual understanding was impossible between him and me. I trouble your ladyship with these particulars to show you that I have kept the family secret within the family circle. I am the only outsider who knows it—and my professional existence depends on holding my tongue."

Here I felt that *my* professional existence depended on not holding *my* tongue. To be held up before my mistress, in my old age, as a sort of deputy-policeman was, once again, more than my Christianity was strong enough to bear.

"I beg to inform your ladyship," I said, "that I never, to my knowledge, helped this abominable detective business, in any way, from first to last; and I summon Sergeant Cuff to contradict me, if he dares!"

Having giving vent in those words, I felt greatly relieved. Her ladyship honored me by a little friendly pat on the shoulder. I looked with righteous indignation at the Sergeant to see what he thought of such a testimony as *that!* The Sergeant looked back like a lamb, and seemed to like me better than ever.

My lady informed him that he might continue his statement. "I understand," she said, "that you have honestly done your best, in what you believed to be my interest. I am ready to hear what you have to say next."

"What I have to say next," answered Sergeant Cuff, "relates to Rosanna Spearman. I recognized the young woman, as your ladyship may remember, when she brought the washing-book into this room. Up to that time I was inclined to doubt whether Miss Verinder had trusted her secret to any one. When I saw Rosanna I altered my mind. I suspected her at once of being privy to the suppression of the Diamond. The poor creature has met her death by a dreadful end, and I don't want your ladyship to think,

"FOR ONCE IN HIS LIFE THE GREAT CUFF STOOD SPEECHLESS WITH AMAZEMENT, LIKE AN ORDINARY MAN."

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now she's gone, that I was unduly hard on her. If this had been a common case of thieving, I should have given Rosanna the benefit of the doubt just as freely as I should have given it to any of the other servants in the house. Our experience of the reformatory women is, that when tried in service—and when kindly and judiciously treated—they prove themselves in the majority of cases to be honestly penitent, and honestly worthy of the pains taken with them. But this was not a common case of thieving. It was a case—in my mind—of a deeply planned fraud, with the owner of the Diamond at the bottom of it. Holding this view, the first consideration which naturally presented itself to me, in connection with Rosanna, was this. Would Miss Verinder be satisfied (begging your ladyship's pardon) with leading us all to think that the Moonstone was merely lost? Or would she go a step further, and delude us into believing that the Moonstone was stolen? In the latter event, there was Rosanna Spearman—with the character of a thief—ready to her hand; the person of all others to lead your ladyship off, and to lead me off, on a false scent."

Was it possible (I asked myself) that he could put his case against Miss Rachel and Rosanna in a more horrid point of view than this? It *was* possible, as you shall now see.

"I had another reason for suspecting the deceased woman," he said, "which appears to me to have been stronger still. Who would be the very person to help Miss Verinder in raising money privately on the Diamond? Rosanna Spearman. No young lady in Miss Verinder's position could manage such a risky matter as that by herself. A go-between she must have, and who so fit, I ask again, as Rosanna Spearman? Your ladyship's deceased house-maid was at the top of her profession when she was a thief. She had relations, to my certain knowledge, with one of the few men in London (in the money-lending line) who would advance a large sum on such a notable jewel as the Moonstone, without asking awkward questions, or insisting on awkward conditions. Bear this in mind, my lady; and now let me show you how my suspicions have been justified by Rosanna's own acts, and by the plain inferences to be drawn from them."

He thereupon passed the whole of Rosanna's proceedings under review. You are already as well acquainted with those proceedings as I am; and you will understand how unanswerably this part of his report fixed the guilt of being concerned in the disappearance of the Moonstone on the memory of the poor dead girl. Even my mistress was daunted by what he said now. She made him no answer when he had done. It didn't seem to matter to the Sergeant whether he was answered or not. On he went (devil take him!), just as steady as ever.

"Having stated the whole case as I understand it," he said, "I have only to tell your ladyship, now, what I propose to do next. I see two ways of bringing this inquiry successfully to an end. One of those ways I look upon as a certainty. The other, I admit, is a bold experiment, and nothing more. Your ladyship shall decide. Shall we take the certainty first?"

My mistress made him a sign to take his own way, and choose for himself.

"Thank you," said the Sergeant. "We'll begin with the certainty, as your ladyship is so good as to leave it to me. Whether Miss Verinder remains at Frizinghall, or whether she returns here, I propose, in either case, to keep a careful watch on all her proceedings—on the people she sees, on the rides or walks she may take, and on the letters she may write or receive."

"What next?" asked my mistress.

"I shall next," answered the Sergeant, "request your ladyship's leave to introduce into the house, as a servant in the place of Rosanna Spearman, a woman accustomed to private inquiries of this sort, for whose discretion I can answer."

"What next?" repeated my mistress.

"Next," proceeded the Sergeant, "and last, I propose to send one of my brother-officers to make an arrangement with that money-lender in London, whom I mentioned just now as formerly acquainted with Rosanna Spearman—and whose name and address, your ladyship may rely on it, have been communicated by Rosanna to Miss Verinder. I don't deny that the course of action I am now suggesting will cost money and consume time. But the result is certain. We run a line round the Moonstone, and we draw that line closer and closer till we find it in Miss Verinder's possession, supposing she decides to keep it. If her debts press, and she decides on sending it away, then we have our man ready, and we meet the Moonstone on its arrival in London."

To hear her own daughter made the subject of such a proposal as this stung my mistress into speaking angrily for the first time.

"Consider your proposal declined, in every particular," she said. "And go on to your other way of bringing the inquiry to an end."

"My other way," said the Sergeant, going on as easy as ever, "is to try that bold experiment to which I have alluded. I think I have formed a pretty correct estimate of Miss Verinder's temperament. She is quite capable (according to my belief) of committing a daring fraud. But she is too hot and impetuous in temper, and too little accustomed to deceit as a habit, to act the hypocrite in small things, and to restrain herself under all provocations. Her feelings, in this case, have repeatedly got beyond her control, at the very time when it was plainly her interest to conceal them. It is on this peculiarity in her character that I now propose to act. I want to give her a great shock suddenly, under circumstances which will touch her to the quick. In plain English, I want to tell Miss Verinder, without a word of warning, of Rosanna's death, on the chance that her own better feelings will hurry her into making a clean breast of it. Does your ladyship accept *that* alternative?"

My mistress astonished me beyond all power of expression. She answered him on the instant:

"Yes; I do."

"The pony-chaise is ready," said the Sergeant. "I wish your ladyship good-morning."

My lady held up her hand, and stopped him at the door.

"My daughter's better feelings shall be appealed to, as you propose," she said. "But I claim the right, as her mother, of putting her to the test myself. You will remain here if you please; and I will go to Frizinghall."

For once in his life the great Cuff stood speechless with amazement, like an ordinary man.

My mistress rang the bell and ordered her water-proof things. It was still pouring with rain; and the close carriage had gone, as you know, with Miss Rachel to Frizinghall. I tried to dissuade her ladyship from facing the severity of the weather. Quite useless! I asked leave to go with her, and hold the umbrella. She wouldn't hear of it. The pony-chaise came round, with the groom in charge. "You may rely on two things," she said to Sergeant Cuff, in the hall. "I will try the experiment on Miss Verinder as boldly as you could try it yourself. And I will inform you of the result, either personally or by letter, before the last train leaves for London-to-night."

With that she stepped into the chaise, and, taking the reins herself, drove off to Frizinghall.

CHAPTER XXI.

My mistress having left us I had leisure to think of Sergeant Cuff. I found him sitting in a snug corner of the hall consulting his memorandum book, and curling up viciously at the corners of the lips.

"Making notes of the case?" I asked.

"No," said the Sergeant. "Looking to see what my next professional engagement is."

"Oh!" I said. "You think it's all over, then, here?"

"I think," answered Sergeant Cuff, "that Lady Verinder is one of the cleverest women in England. I also think a rose much better worth looking at than a diamond. Where is the gardener, Mr. Betteredge?"

There was no getting a word more out of him on the matter of the Moonstone. He had lost all interest in his own inquiry; and he would persist in looking for the gardener. An hour afterward I heard them at high words in the conservatory, with the dog-rose once more at the bottom of the dispute.

In the mean time it was my business to find out whether Mr. Franklin persisted in his resolution to leave us by the afternoon train. After having been informed of the conference in my lady's room, and of how it had ended, he immediately decided on waiting to hear the news from Frizinghall. This very natural alteration in his plans—which, with ordinary people, would have led to nothing in particular—proved, in Mr. Franklin's case, to have one objectionable result. It left him unsettled, with a legacy of idle time on his hands, and in so doing it let out all the foreign sides of his character, one on the top of another, like rats out of a bag.

Now as an Italian-Englishman, now as a German-Englishman, and now as a French-Englishman, he drifted in and out of all the sitting-rooms in the house, with nothing to talk of but Miss Rachel's treatment of him; and with nobody to address himself to but me. I found him (for example) in the library, sitting under the map of Modern Italy, and quite unaware of any other method of meeting his troubles except the method of talking about them. "I have several worthy aspirations, Betteredge; but what am I to do with them now? I am full of dormant good qualities, if Rachel would only have helped me to bring them out!" He was so eloquent in drawing the picture of his own neglected merits, and so pathetic in lamenting over it when it was done, that I felt quite at my wit's end how to console him, when it suddenly occurred to me that here was a case for the wholesome application of a bit of Robinson Crusoe. I hobbled out to my own room and hobbled back with that immortal book. Nobody in the library! The map of Modern Italy stared at *me;* and *I* stared at the map of Modern Italy.

I tried the drawing-room. There was his handkerchief on the floor, to prove that he had drifted in. And there was the empty room, to prove that he had drifted out again.

I tried the dining-room, and discovered Samuel with a biscuit and a glass of sherry, silently investigating the empty air. A minute since Mr. Franklin had rung furiously for a little light refreshment. On its production, in a violent hurry, by Samuel, Mr. Franklin had vanished before the bell down stairs had quite done ringing with the pull he had given to it.

I tried the morning-room and found him at last. There he was at the window, drawing hieroglyphics with his finger in the damp on the glass.

"Your sherry is waiting for you, Sir," I said to him. I might as well have addressed myself to one of the four walls of the room; he was down in the bottomless deep of his own meditations, past all pulling up. "How do *you* explain Rachel's conduct, Betteredge?" was the only answer I received. Not being ready with the needful reply I produced Robinson Crusoe, in which I am firmly persuaded some explanation might have been found, if we had only searched long enough for it. Mr. Franklin shut up Robinson Crusoe and floundered into his German-English gibberish on the spot. "Why not look into it?" he said, as if I had personally objected to looking into it. "Why the devil lose your patience, Betteredge, when patience is all that's wanted to arrive at the truth? Don't interrupt me. Rachel's conduct is perfectly intelligible, if you will only do her the common justice to take the Objective view first, and the Subjective view next, and the Objective-Subjective view to wind up with. What do we know? We know that the loss of the Moonstone, on Thursday morning last, threw her into a state of nervous excitement from which she has not recovered yet. Do you mean to deny the Objective view, so far? Very well, then—don't interrupt me. Now, being in a state of nervous excitement, how are we to expect that she should behave as she might otherwise have behaved to any of the people about her? Arguing in this way, from within-outward, what do we reach? We reach the Subjective view. I defy you to controvert the Subjective view. Very well, then—what follows? Good Heavens! the Objective-Subjective explanation follows, of course! Rachel, properly speaking, is *not* Rachel, but Somebody Else. Do I mind being cruelly treated by Somebody Else? You are unreasonable enough, Betteredge; but you can hardly accuse me of that. Then how does it end? It ends, in spite of your confounded English narrowness and prejudice, in my being perfectly happy and comfortable. Where's the sherry?"

My head was by this time in such a condition that I was not quite sure whether it was my own head or Mr. Franklin's. In this deplorable state I contrived to do, what I take to have been, three Objective things. I got Mr. Franklin his sherry; I retired to my own room; and I solaced myself with the most composing pipe of tobacco I ever remember to have smoked in my life.

Don't suppose, however, that I was quit of Mr. Franklin on such easy terms as these. Drifting again out of the morning-room into the hall he found his way to the offices next, smelt my pipe, and was instantly reminded that he had been simple enough to give up smoking for Miss Rachel's sake. In the twinkling of an eye he burst in on me with his cigar-case, and came out strong on the one everlasting subject in his neat, witty, unbelieving, French way. "Give me a light, Betteredge. Is it conceivable that a man can have smoked as long as I have, without discovering that there is a complete system for the treatment of women at the bottom of his cigar-case? Follow me carefully, and I'll prove it in two words. You choose a cigar, you try it, and it disappoints you. What do you do upon that? You throw it away and try another. Now observe the application! You choose a woman, you try her, and she breaks your heart. Fool! take a lesson from your cigar-case. Throw her away and try another!"

I shook my head at that. Wonderfully clever, I dare say, but my own experience was dead against it. "In the time of the late Mrs. Betteredge," I said, "I felt pretty often inclined to try your philosophy, Mr. Franklin. But the law insists on your smoking your cigar, Sir, when you have once chosen it." I pointed that observation with a wink. Mr. Franklin burst out laughing—and we were as merry as crickets, until the next new side of his character turned up in due course. So things went on with my young master and me; and so (while the Sergeant and the gardener were wrangling over the roses) we two spent the interval before the news came back from Frizinghall.

The pony-chaise returned a good half hour before I had ventured to expect it. My lady had decided to remain, for the present, at her sister's house. The groom brought two letters from his mistress; one addressed to Mr. Franklin, and the other to me.

Mr. Franklin's letter I sent to him in the library—into which refuge his driftings had now taken him for the second time. My own letter I read in my own room. A check, which dropped out when I opened it, informed me (before I had mastered the contents) that Sergeant Cuff's dismissal from the inquiry after the Moonstone was now a settled thing.

I sent to the conservatory to say that I wished to speak to the Sergeant directly. He appeared, with his mind full of the gardener and the dog-rose, declaring that the equal of Mr. Begbie for obstinacy never had existed yet, and never would exist again. I requested him to dismiss such wretched trifling as this from our conversation, and to give his best attention to a really serious matter. Upon that he exerted himself sufficiently to notice the letter in my hand. "Ah!" he said in a weary way, "you have heard from her ladyship. Have I any thing to do with it, Mr. Betteredge?"

"You shall judge for yourself, Sergeant." I thereupon read him the letter (with my best emphasis and discretion), in the following words:

"MY GOOD GABRIEL,—I request you will inform Sergeant Cuff that I have performed the promise I made to him; with this result, so far as Rosanna Spearman is concerned. Miss Verinder solemnly declares that she has never spoken a word in private to Rosanna, since that unhappy woman first entered my house. They never met, even accidentally, on the night when the Diamond was lost; and no communication of any sort whatever took place between them, from the Thursday morning when the alarm was first raised in the house, to this present Saturday afternoon, when Miss Verinder left us. After telling my daughter, suddenly and in so many words, of Rosanna Spearman's suicide—this is what come of it."

Having reached that point I looked up and asked Sergeant Cuff what he thought of the letter, so far?

"I should only offend you if I expressed *my* opinion," answered the Sergeant. "Go on, Mr. Betteredge," he said, with the most exasperating resignation; "go on."

When I remembered that this man had had the audacity to complain of our gardener's obstinacy my tongue itched to "go on" in other words than my mistress's. This time, however, my Christianity held firm. I proceeded steadily with her ladyship's letter:

"Having appealed to Miss Verinder in the manner which the officer thought most desirable, I spoke to her next in the manner which I myself thought most likely to impress her. On two different occasions, before my daughter left my roof, I privately warned her that she was exposing herself to suspicion of the most unendurable and most degrading kind. I have now told her, in the plainest terms, that my apprehensions have been realized.

"Her answer to this, on her own solemn affirmation, is as plain as words can be. In the first place, she owes no money privately to any living creature. In the second place, the Diamond is not now, and never has been, in her possession, since she put it into her cabinet on Wednesday night.

"The confidence which my daughter has placed in me goes no farther than this. She maintains an obstinate silence when I ask her if she can explain the disappearance of the Diamond. She refuses, with tears, when I appeal to her to speak out for my sake. 'The day will come when you will know why I am careless about being suspected, and why I am silent even to *you*. I have done much to make my mother pity me—nothing to make my mother blush for me.' Those are my daughter's own words.

"After what has passed between the officer and me, I think—stranger as he is—that he should be made acquainted with what Miss Verinder has said as well as you. Read my letter to him, and then place in his hands the check which I inclose. In resigning all further claim on his services, I have only to say that I am convinced of his honesty and his intelligence; but I am more firmly persuaded than ever that the circumstances, in this case, have fatally misled him."

There the letter ended. Before presenting the check, I asked Sergeant Cuff if he had any remark to make.

"It's no part of my duty, Mr. Betteredge," he answered, "to make remarks on a case when I have done with it."

I tossed the check across the table to him. "Do you believe in *that* part of her ladyship's letter?" I said, indignantly.

The Sergeant looked at the check, and lifted his dismal eyebrows in acknowledgment of her ladyship's liberality.

"This is such a generous estimate of the value of my time," he said, "that I feel bound to make some return for it. I'll bear in mind the amount in this check, Mr. Betteredge, when the time comes round for remembering it."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Her ladyship has smoothed matters over for the present very cleverly," said the Sergeant. "But *this* family scandal is of the sort that bursts up again when you least expect it. We shall have more detective business on our hands, Sir, before the Moonstone is many months older."

If those words meant any thing, and if the manner in which he spoke them meant any thing—it came to this. My mistress's letter had proved, to his mind, that Miss Rachel was hardened enough to resist the strongest appeal that could be addressed to her, and that she had deceived her own mother (good God, under what circumstances!) by a series of abominable lies. How other people, in my place, might have replied to the Sergeant I don't know. I answered what he had said in these plain terms:

"Sergeant Cuff, I consider your last observation as an insult to my lady and her daughter!"

"Mr. Betteredge, consider it as a warning to yourself, and you will be nearer the mark."

Hot and angry as I was, the infernal confidence with which he gave me that answer closed my lips.

THE DOCTOR'S NEW SETTLEMENT.

WHEN old Doctor Smith died he left his young partner, Doctor Stryker, with twice as much on his hands as one man could well attend to—not that he would have ever acknowledged as much—and so nobody at the village was surprised when one morning we were told that a new medical practitioner had settled among us. He had taken a very neat little office in a good location; and there was his sign, as clear as black and gold could make it, "Dr. Alfred Lowry."

Where he came from or who he was nobody seemed to know. He seemed, however, to make acquaintances easily, and certainly his appearance was in his favor. He was a tall, fine-looking elderly gentleman, as straight as a post, with a tremendous gray beard, and a bushy head of iron-gray hair. His face was not wrinkled much, what you could see of it; and when his spectacles were off he exhibited a fine pair of piercing black eyes. He seemed a very nice sort of a man, only he had a great faculty for parrying questions, and we couldn't pump him at all. He attended church regularly, and was so liberal and appeared to care so little about practice that we soon made our minds up that he was not poor.

Plenty of business came to him whether he wanted it or not—a man like the Doctor can always do well in the country.

He made great friends with the young folks, for he was a very accomplished man. He wrote verses, and he was quite a musician; but he did all that sort of thing in such a fatherly sort of way that it did not look at all out of place.

"Any thing to amuse the children!" was a phrase he was never tired of repeating.

I took to him from the first; but our next

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neighbors, Deacon Senter's people, stuck to Dr. Stryker. I told them that they did so because Dr. Stryker stuck so close to Fanny. Not that Fanny disliked our new friend—indeed, if Dr. Lowry had been a younger man he would have had all the girls by the ears about him.

It was not long before we thought that nothing we got up was complete, from a picnic to a mite society, unless Dr. Lowry would give us his pleasant, grave face, and his quiet and gentlemanly but most skillful assistance.

After a while he came to board at our house, and then I liked him better than ever. In fact, I almost caught myself once or twice wishing that he was not so old.

So things went on until last summer, and then he had been there a year; but we knew no more about him than at first, except that we had a vague idea that he had lived South and been driven away by the war. It was along in June that Fanny Senter told me they were to have a lady-boarder for the summer. They had put an advertisement in a city paper and received an answer from—oh *such* a nice lady! Her name was Mrs. Loring, a widow lady from the city; and in a few days she came with a great deal of baggage, but all alone.

She was a handsome little woman, not over twenty-five years old, I thought; a blonde with dark eyes, but her face had a very sad expression, though her widow's cap was explanation enough for that.

When she came it happened that Dr. Lowry was absent for a few days. He had a way of making visits now and then, no one knew where, unless it was to the city after books.

I was always running in to see Fanny in those days, and I soon got well acquainted with Mrs. Loring. She was not in good health, but hoped that the country air would do her good. We were making our arrangements for a picnic a day or two after her arrival, but we were neither of us good at planning.

"Oh, dear me!" said Fanny at last, "how provoking it is that Dr. Lowry is not here! I can't get along without him!"

Mrs. Loring looked up from her book, and asked,

"And who is Dr. Lowry?"

"Oh, he is just the dearest old gentleman in the world, and we want him just now."

"I declare, Fanny," said I, "I do believe you are in love with Dr. Lowry."

"And so I am," said she; "he is worth all the idle young men in the village."

"Dr. Stryker included?"

"Yes, Dr. Stryker included."

But Fanny blushed a little as she said this, for we were always teasing her about the young physician. He was not a very handsome fellow, but he certainly had pursued Fanny Senter long enough to have made some impression on almost any woman.

She rattled on, however: "I don't care if he is a trifle old; he sings, and plays the piano, and he writes the most beautiful verses."

"Quite a wonderful old Doctor," said Mrs. Loring; "won't you let me see some of his verses? Of course he has dedicated some to you."

"Of course he has," said Fanny, "and I am proud of them."

I could not tell whether she said this in bravado or not, but off she ran after the verses, and when she came back she read them aloud herself. They were not very wonderful, one way or the other, but Fanny evidently thought they were. What on earth Mrs. Loring could admire in them I could not imagine, but she asked,

"Let me see them, please;" and Fanny handed them to her. The widow was quite unwell that day, and while she was reading the verses she turned so pale that Fanny and I were almost scared. She read them through slowly, as if she was trying to get them by heart, and then she said, "I think I must go and lie down a while, I am a little unwell. Which is the best physician, Dr. Stryker or Dr. Lowry?"

"Oh, they are both good," said I.

"Well, I shall not want them both, I hope, and if I send for any it will be the young one. I hate old fogies."

"Dr. Lowry is *not* an old fogy," said Fanny, indignantly.

"Oh, I forgot what a favorite he was!" said Mrs. Loring, and there was something strange in her voice as she said it; but she was just leaving the room then, and Fanny only said,

"Well, Dr. Stryker is coming here this afternoon, and if you want to see him I will tell him so."

"Please do," said Mrs. Loring.

That very afternoon Dr. Lowry got home, and when I told him about the picnic he volunteered to go right in to Deacon Senter's with me. He carried along some music he had bought for Fanny. Mrs. Loring was still in her room, and after a wild sort of laughing talk the old doctor sat down at the piano. He had a very good voice for a man of his age, and he fairly astonished us this time, for he struck up in German instead of English. It was a student song, and after he had sung it he told us that he had learned it when he was studying medicine in Europe. It was a loud and spirited thing, and his voice seemed to fill the whole house while he was singing.

We were talking about music and the picnic, and all sorts of things, when Dr. Stryker came in. We had expected him, and Fanny jumped up at once, saying,

"Dr. Stryker, I believe Mrs. Loring wants to see you; I will run in and ask her."

She was only gone a couple of minutes when she came back in an excited sort of way.

"Oh, Doctor," said she, "you must come in right away, Mrs. Loring is very ill indeed. I am really scared, and it is quite sudden."

Dr. Lowry bowed himself out very quietly, and the rest of us went into Mrs. Loring's room. She had evidently been trying to write some letters, for her writing-desk stood by the bed, but she lay there now in a high fever, and quite delirious.

Dr. Stryker asked a great many questions, but we could not tell him much, and he seemed more than a little put out and puzzled. It was an unusual case, he said, and he hardly knew what to do.

When he went out I felt pretty sure that he was going to consult with old Dr. Lowry, for they were good friends in spite of their professional rivalry; but we girls went to work and undressed Mrs. Loring and put her to bed. Fanny then said she would stay with her, and I went home after some work, intending to come back again. I found that Dr. Stryker had not been there, but he soon came in, and interrupted me while I was telling my old friend about the sick lady.

"Dr. Lowry," said he, "I must ask you to go over this evening and take a look at my new patient. I think likely you can aid me in understanding the case."

"Well," said the Doctor, "I'll come over now, if you say so."

"I wish you would, at once, for I fear that it is a dangerous case."

No sooner said than done, and we all went over together.

We found Fanny sitting by the bedside, and it seemed to me that Mrs. Loring was getting worse. She did not recognize any of us. Dr. Lowry felt of her pulse, and looked graver than I had ever seen him. The expression of his face was indeed almost painfully anxious, and he muttered something about "brain" and "nerves" that I did not half hear. Then he turned to Fanny Senter, and asked her,

"Has she been here long?"

"Only a few days."

"Where are her friends? They ought to be notified at once."

"I'm sure I don't know. She was just writing a letter, I think, when she was taken sick. Here it is on the desk."

I must say it looked like an odd thing to do, but then he was a physician, for he took it up and looked it slowly over, saying,

"It may give us some information, and we must not stand upon ceremony in a case like this."

He stood by the window as he read it, and he did not turn around for over a minute.

"There is no address here," he said; "but there is enough in this letter to show that she is suffering from some mental shock, and we can guide our treatment accordingly."

Then the two doctors went out for a consultation, and Fanny and I sat down by the bed. The sufferer seemed to be talking to somebody, and now and then we could understand what she said.

"It was all false! Oh, how cruel! It was a slander!"

And she kept repeating this with a sort of low, moaning voice.

Pretty soon Dr. Stryker came back again alone.

"We have concluded," said he, "that one of us had better stay here and watch the indications. I will remain until evening, and then Dr. Lowry will come. He is very kind, for I have some other cases that I must attend to."

I went home to look after supper, and when that was over Dr. Lowry bade us good-evening and returned to Deacon Senter's, telling me I might look in, if I wanted to, before I went to bed.

I was impatient to do so, but I did not want to intrude, and so I waited until about nine o'clock. Then I stole in as still as a ghost. The room was dimly lighted, and Fanny and the Doctor were conversing in whispers by the window.

"I don't think Dr. Stryker would fancy that," I thought, for to my eyes the young doctor was not half so good-looking as the old one. There was something confidential in what they were saying, for Fanny started suddenly as she saw me coming in, and the Doctor kept looking out of the window. Fanny said,

"Mrs. Loring has been quite delirious, but she seems to be better now. You must take a good long sleep to-night, for we may want you to watch to-morrow night."

This was hint enough, and I did not stay long; but it took me a long time to get to sleep after I got home. There was something so odd about the whole affair, and I was so sorry for poor Mrs. Loring.

The next day, however, Dr. Lowry informed me that the patient was much better; in fact, quite in her right mind, and he had resigned her to the care of Dr. Stryker. And so I found matters when I went over. Poor Mrs. Loring was dreadfully pale and weak, and the least noise seemed to disturb her painfully. She would not or could not talk, but lay there looking sadly about her whenever her eyes were unclosed.

There was a strange expression on Fanny's face, I thought, but then she had been up all night.

We sat there a good while together, but of course we had no chance for conversation. Nothing particular happened for several days, only that Mrs. Loring slowly got better, and talked of going home the moment she was strong enough, though she refused to send for any body or allow us to. Dr. Lowry seemed quite interested in the case, and one morning I saw him and Fanny walking up toward the house, through the shrubbery, in the most confidential manner in the world. They were so busy with each other that they did not see me, and I had time to draw back into the house. I did not mean to do any eavesdropping, but I heard him say, "God bless you, my dear! You will be my good angel!" and then I do believe he kissed her. He turned off toward his office then, and Fanny came running into the house. She looked a little flushed and excited, no wonder, and I could not help saying:

"Well, Fanny, and so it is all arranged between you and Dr. Lowry?"

"Of course it is," said she, with a queer little laugh; "we have made up our minds about it."

"But what will Dr. Stryker say?"

"Oh, I think he will be satisfied; and if he isn't we don't care."

"How cruel you are! But then Dr. Lowry is handsome if he *is* old," said I, a little pettishly.

"Oh, I've made him promise to shave off that great white beard of his, and cut his hair, the very first thing. You have no idea what a difference that will make," said Fanny.

And no more I had, for when Dr. Lowry came back, in an hour or so, I hardly knew him. His hair was cut in a good shape, his beard shaven close, and he wore no spectacles. He was a different looking man altogether, and almost looked young, but for the deep lines on his face.

Fanny was still with me, and she jumped up and ran to meet him. I declare she actually kissed him right before me, and she took his arm as she said:

"Come now, Alfred, we will go right over to the house." And then she insisted on my coming with them; though I hardly knew what for, I went.

I learned afterward that matters had been planned differently; but, as we came into the parlor, whom should we meet but Mrs. Loring, leaning on the arm of Dr. Stryker. It was the first time she had ventured so far since her attack, and she was very pale indeed. We came upon them quite suddenly, and Mrs. Loring gave a little scream.

"Oh, Alfred! Alfred!" and then she fainted clean away.

Dr. Stryker seemed wonderfully puzzled, and Fanny looked scared; but Dr. Lowry picked her up in his arms and carried her into her own room.

Perhaps we should have followed, but Fanny held us back.

"Not now—not now!" she said. "Leave them alone for a while."

"But, Fanny," said I, "what does it all mean? Does Mrs. Loring know Dr. Lowry?"

"It isn't Dr. Lowry at all—or rather, it *is* Dr. Alfred Lowry Loring, and she is his wife."

"His wife!" exclaimed we both.

"Yes; I found it out the night he and I watched with her, and I've been at work ever since to bring them together. He was a surgeon in the army, and in his absence they slandered her to him. He thought she had run away, when she was only hunting for him. So he came here under the name of Lowry, to get away from the sight of every one who had ever known him before. She did not know he was here until she saw the verses, and they made her jealous, and then she heard him sing. That was what put her into the fever."

"But she is so young, and he is old enough for her father."

"No he isn't; he was gray at twenty, and he told me he gave fifty dollars for that great beard. He is not more than ten years older than she is," said Fanny.

"You don't say! But Fanny, I thought—"

"Oh yes, I know what you thought, and *I* thought I would tease you nicely, you was so smart and sure about it."

"But how did you manage?"

"Oh! the letter she was writing when she was taken sick was for him, and explained a good many things. He was terribly to blame, but she forgave him at last; and if the meeting don't kill her it's all right."

And the meeting didn't kill her.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE WIND TO PLEASE THE PIGS—Sow-sow-west.

Ladies are like watches—pretty enough to look at—sweet faces and delicate hands, but somewhat difficult to "regulate" after they are set a-going.

DRINK FOR HORSE-EATERS—Hippo-cras.

PRECOCIOUS PUPIL. "Please, Miss Jones, what is the meaning of suburbs?"

GOVERNESS (*who is extensively crinolined*). "The outskirts of a place."

PUPIL (*seizing Miss J. by the dress*). "Then, Miss Jones, are these your suburbs?"

The young lady who called at a book-store for "Drake on Attachments," was disappointed to find it a mere law-book.

An "old wharf-rat" would like to know if the city of New York would like to be judged by her *piers*? We should think not. If she were she would remain a prisoner in the dock.

A chaplain in Arkansas says that a man buying furs was conversing with a woman at whose house he called, and asked if there were any Presbyterians around there. She hesitated for a moment, and said she guessed not, "her husband hadn't killed any since they lived there."

A BAD DEBT—The owing of a grudge.

THE ANSWER.

You wrote that you wanted to wed,
And proved that you were not a man, Sir;
Only half of the letter I read,
And gave you "No" for an answer;
Why hide from the question you ask
Behind the fool's screen of a letter?
Why is facing a woman a task
If you wanted so truly to get her?

A woman is worthy her price,
At least while her chances are plenty,
And you know she has many a choice
Before she arrives at sweet twenty.
True lovers are tender to woo,
And 'tis seldom they fail in their wooing;
But a bachelor's shame be on you
To shrink from the deed you are doing!
If I was so dear in your sight
You should have come up like a man, Sir,
With a few honest words, and I might
Have given you a different answer.

THE PAROQUET OF THE WH—E HO—E.

"A pair of pretty eyes is the best mirror to shave by." Swincher says he has known many a man to be shaved by them. We have known many a man to be saved by them.

In a case of a little over three dollars' worth of mutilated currency the government recently deducted two cents for dilapidation! This, the sufferer says, is like squeezing a quarter till the eagle screams.

"Look here, Jim, there's a hole knocked out of this bottle you gave me." "Why, not at all; there's the hole in it now. If it was knocked out, how could it be there?"

A French wit says that the gibbet is a species of flattery to the human race. Three or four persons are hung from time to time for the purpose of making the rest believe that they are virtuous.

A certain colored deacon, on occasion of missionary collections, was wont to shut his eyes and sing, "Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel," with such earnestness and unction that he would quite forget to see the plate as it came around. "Oh yes!" said the plate-bearer, "but just you give something to make it fly."

A certain cockney, overcome by his sensibilities, fainted at the grave of his fourth spouse. "What shall we do with him?" asked a perplexed friend of his. "Let him alone," said a waggish by-stander, "he'll soon re-wive."

A man, on being told by a generous farmer that he would give him a barrel of cider, asked him if he would bring it to his house. "Certainly," replied the farmer, "with pleasure." "Well," said the grateful recipient, "what will you pay me for the barrel when the cider is gone?"

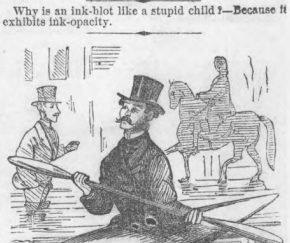
A Dutchman and his wife were traveling; they sat down by the road, exceedingly fatigued. The wife sighed, "I wish I was in heaven!" The husband replied, "I wish I was at the tavern!" "Oh, you rogue," says she, "you always want to get to the best place."

"If horse-flesh won't suffice to feed the masses,
The next resource will certainly be asses;
And Heaven only knows where that will end!
Some people won't have left a single friend."

"You say, Mrs. Smith, that you have lived with the defendant for eight years. Does the court understand you that you were married to him?" "In course it does!" "Haven't you a certificate?" "Yes, your Honor, three of 'em—two gals and a boy!"

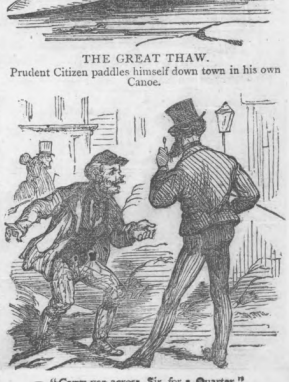
A gentleman at a musical party asked a friend, in a whisper, "How shall I stir the fire without interrupting the music?" "Between the bars," replied the friend.

Why is an ink-blot like a stupid child?—Because it exhibits ink-opacity.



THE GREAT THAW.

Prudent Citizen paddles himself down town in his own Canoe.



"Carry you across, Sir, for a Quarter."

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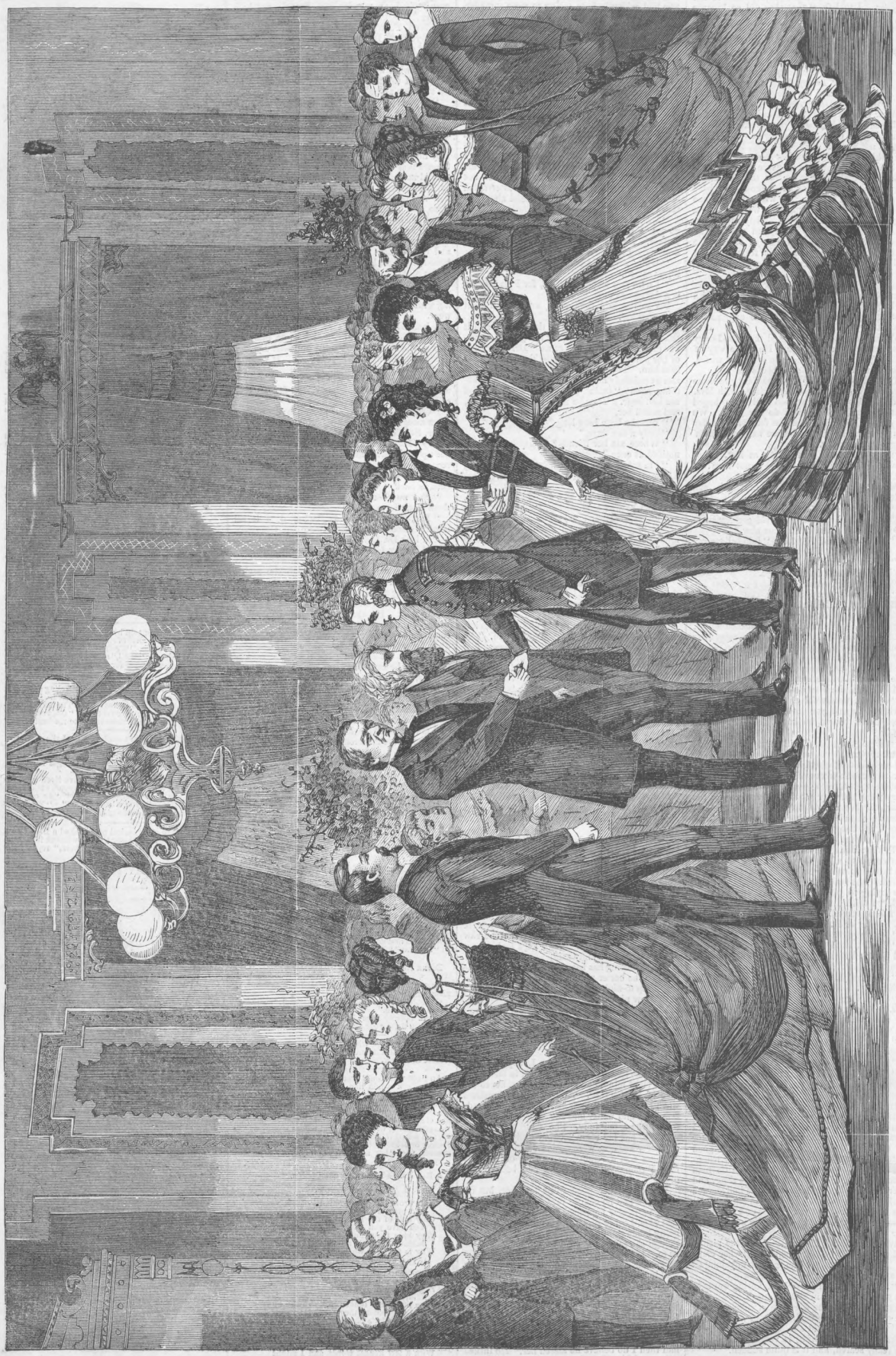

PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S LAST LEVEE AT THE WHITE HOUSE, MARCH 2.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 179.]

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BURNING OF BARNUM'S MUSEUM—THE ANIMALS DURING THE FIRE.—[See Page 188.]

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WHAT IS GENIUS?

Talent, lying in the understanding, is often inherited; genius, being the union of reason and imagination, rarely or never.—COLERIDGE.

WHAT is Genius? 'Tis a gem
In a favored few enshrined;
By its brightness, showing them
Things beyond the common mind.

'Tis a planet, grand, but strange,
With a motion unexplained,
And an elevated range,
Only by itself attained.

'Tis a clear, perceptive tact,
With a power which patience earns,
To elaborate into act
What the intellect discerns.

'Tis a flash that comes unsought;
Vivid, self-revealed, intense;
'Tis the ethereal glance of thought—
A divine intelligence.

'Tis an intellectual dower,
Which the mind for years may hold,
Ere the genial quickening hour
Bid its energies unfold.

But, while all the gift admire,
To the breast wherein it glows,
'Tis a fierce volcanic fire,
That allows of rare repose.

Feelings keenly sensitive,
Oft to very anguish stung,
Still a sad distinction give
To the soul by Genius strung.

KITTY'S HEART.

SAY what you will of human independence, we are all to a great extent flies in the cobweb of circumstance. Names and places have a large influence over character and destinies. Perhaps, if I had been brought up by the pious Pagan parents of Hafiz, or scratched my grammar exercises on the same wax tablets with Saadi and Ferdousi, a rose would have smelled as sweet to me as it does now; but as I am and have been how can I be expected even to associate any fragrance with a "Gul?" The fact that I am a Knickerbocker of the Knickerbockers has always been to me a solace and a strength. That last volume of poems, in its eleventh thousand and every young lady's boudoir, sweetly pretty as it is, would never have been struggled up to through long days of labor and nights devoid of ease but for the thought that if Allibone ever got me at all, I should appear as a native of the Western World's metropolis. It was the pride of being a New Yorker which carried me through youth's severest episode without imparting more than a gentle tone of melancholy to my future life and lyre. I can hope, but not be sure, that with the weight of a nativity in Potsdam I might have failed to be left a Blighted Being; in Painted Post or Pen Yan I should certainly never have risen superior to mortification and Mary Jane.

I am never introduced to a person named Gunn, Spiffles, Snodgrass, or the like without a devout cheerfulness (out of pity for the unfortunate wholly repressed, I trust, in my outward manner) at the thought that I am Lionel Clifton. A good and graceful, but not grandiloquent name; a piece of property like that which Agur prayed for, equally removed from poverty and riches; its possessor is in no danger of "getting full" and "denying" his Maker, like highfalutin St. Elmo, nor "stealing," as I should think a man named "Muggins" would be likely to do, wherever he found a Classical Dictionary. Oh, what is to be thought of the man who calls his son Jehoiakim or Epaminondas? How terrible in after-years must be the retribution of her who looks back to the day when she tagged on to the unconscious, unresisting babe that smiled on her maternal breast the inseparable label of a Semantha Roumelia—a Pecunia Financia—or a Betsy Ann! Wretched parents! Hapless children! For the blameless victims I have often indulged so deep, so tender a compassion that there was nothing I would not have done for them save to change places with them, and go staggering through life under a George Washington which the wildest agonies of patriotism could never illustrate by my own example, even as a Father of New Jersey; or sink the frenzied struggles of my blighted genius in an early tomb, perishing with all my unrealized poems and sculptures in me, after a few delirious years of effort to rise to glory with the name of M'Cracken Vanderboggs.

Standing in the secure serenity of Lionel Clifton, and casting grateful wreaths upon my ancestral graves, I have mused out a Plan of Salvation for these hapless ones, and here I throw out the hint; there may be some to heed it: our Legislature is in session, so is our Constitutional Convention—the twenty years which will assemble another one not having quite elapsed. Perhaps I am not arrogant in hoping that the latter dignified body may take hold of it—even incorporate it in their second article, when that is reached in regular order. It is this: Let every new-born babe be named *provisionally!* Call the irresponsive, irresponsible nursling any thing *pro tem.* Be it enacted that till his first pantaloons with pockets—nay, even till a jury of twelve of his female fellow-citizens pronounce a verdict establishing his mustache (in detail the matter may be left as extensible as suffrage), the boy be relegated to the entitular mercy of his parents and guardians, coming and going as they list to the call of Jack, Jehoshaphat, or Michael Angelo; but after that be Lemprière and the back part of Webster all before him where to choose; and let the harmless, necessary girl, whenever she occurs, under equivalent conditions, have the power to decide by what prænomen she shall be wafted down to posterity.

I have said I am a poet—but what poet could ever have existed in New Pugham? It is one of the smallest and newest of small new manufacturing villages. Here dwelt my Kitty—*the* Kitty of whose heart is my story. In New Pugham she was fair as a star when only one is shining in the sky, but a violet under a mossy stone my Kitty could not be in New Pugham—a place where they had no mossy stones, or where if any of the new selectmen of that new village had by searching found one out he would straightway at the expense of the corporation have had it scraped, scrubbed, and whitewashed. Pugham, "situated," says the newest of the new geographies, "on the east bank of that romantic Indian stream the Lumbago River," gets all the water-power out of that river that Nature put there—and hangs the romance. Pugham cares as little for the Indian—except the kind which goes to the recipe for making Boston brown bread—and of that a sufficient grist is ground the whole year long by the two rival flouring mills of Jinks and Dummitt. Between these, towering above them to ten stories, with a great stupid granite face full of expressionless windows, M'Cubb's cotton-factory stands holding them apart, as it were, by the scruff of their eaves, like a phlegmatic big policeman keeping two jerky, hoppy boys from pitching into each other. Above Dummit, whom Jinks can never forgive for being newer than he is, and having got several rods nearer the dam than he foresaw any need of building, stretches an irregular quadrangle of print works, whose waste water in a dirty blur along the once innocent Lumbago looks like the blood of all the calicoes which are forever being sacrificed on city counters returning on the head of the guilty stream which haled them to the altar.

These are the works of Grubble & Potts, who might well have gone into partnership if only to keep each other in countenance, so sternly are they regarded, both by Dummitt and Jinks, as the only subject on which they both agree—a subject suspected, whether rightly or wrongfully, of imparting premature gingerbread hues to their flour through the waste aforesaid; by M'Cubb, for anticipating the conversion of his unbleached in the same way, and by all but one of the Lumbago magnates for being still newer and nearer the dam than they. That one is the superlatively new and near Crabb, who, with a soul undeniably not above buttons, but eighteen moons ere my Kitty beamed upon me, established himself in the manufacture of those useful and remunerative disks as near the dam as any one could get without becoming a maker of watered silks and sitting down on it. Being newest he is mentioned last, as in Latin the rear is always "novissimum agmen." Squatting there in that flaring brick box, red as the flat which, with verdigris door and gamboge knocker, stands eternal symbol for the despotic guardian's house in all the minor theatres, making, as he squats, some ten thousand per annum more than if he stood up straight to ten stories like M'Cubb, he is the focus of commercial rancor for all the positive and comparative degrees of newness further down the water-privilege. To be sure there is something expansive in the mere facts of making ten thousand per annum more than other people, of being nearer the dam, and newer in New Pugham (the world regarding those good things to be); but to do Crabb justice, let me hasten my testimony that they were not sufficient to account for the entire lack of reciprocity with which he met his neighbors' bile. Whatever position he had occupied with relation to the dam (and, metaphorically speaking, he had known what it was to go quite over it during the crisis of '57), he would have been just the same good-natured, mellow-hearted old fellow, forever minding his own business, never ashamed to be on a level with it, even were it only buttons; easy going, but weightily going too, like the City Hall clock or the *Great Eastern*. I'm not even sure that he knew how Jinks had to gulp his conscience like a hasty brandy-ball when he prayed in the next pew on Sunday mornings about envy, hatred, malice, and the cognate commercial virtues; that M'Cubb, like the man in Æsop, would gladly have had Jupiter punch the few dozen superfluous lights out of his own two top stories to see his squat little factory knocked out of time by the destruction of an equal number; or that he was the object of an evil eye to any person in New Pugham whomsoever. It is not an age of the world in which we kick every body we dislike—and in New Pugham relations must indeed become terribly embittered before we go even to the heroic length of manfully not asking each other to tea. The only way of resenting an impudent fellow's squatting close by the dam and swooping into his newest of new nets that odd ten thousand per annum was one on which I rejoice to feel we New Pughamites had a patent—the original and peculiar way of making faces behind his back, which with Mr. Crabb's eccentric habit of always keeping his back behind him, and his business, buttons and all, straight in front, tended to preserve his sleep untroubled by any suspicions of neighborly ill-will.

I have already betrayed myself as at least a whilom New Pughamite by my employment of the first person plural. My acquisition of a right to *use* it in New Pugham came about after the following fashion: I had become tired of doing all the hard work of a city evening journal for fifteen dollars a week under pretense, on the proprietor's part, that my training and my connection with such an influential sheet were worth an annual bagatelle of some odd thousands more. Unexpectedly, about the same time, a maternal relative had got tired of his own earthly speculation and ceased to issue the *Weekly Uncle's Life*, leaving me sole heir to assets summing about twenty-five hundred dollars in cash. Concluding, after mature reflection, that I would not buy the *Sun*, I cast around for some other paying investment, and discovered that a new newspaper was the newest want of that newest of new towns, New Pugham. It struck me instantly that if any where on earth independent journalism was possible, there that passionate idea of my youth might be realized. Upon consultation with the editor (who sold out only on account of his doctor's ascribing to the newspaper business a certain periodical goneness which he experienced in his chest) I became convinced that the New Pugham *Planet* might have been moved to San Juan Fernandez, Memphis *Avalanche* fashion, and been edited by Robinson Crusoe, prior to the arrival of Friday, without overstraining his constitution or compelling him to neglect his goats.

I asked to see the editor's foreman. In a sepulchral voice which showed how well taken was the advice to sell out in time, Mr. Lobman said, "He stands before you." Furthermore, he proved to be night and day compositors and general job journeymen, concluding his exhibition of the *Planet* pay-roll with the frank avowal that he, too, was the devil himself. I told him I thought he must be—but bought him out; and after going to the reckless extravagance, excusable only in newness and enthusiasm, of appointing a small boy to the presidency of the paste-pot, and a brother three sizes larger to the revolutionary bureau of the press-crank on publication-days, at a total salary of fourteen shillings per week, I entered upon the light and entertaining work for which I had palpitated through a lifetime. By reading up all my predecessor's files I got as nearly as I could to an intelligence of the stripe which he had advocated for the largest number of weeks at a time, and immediately changed our politics to a diametrically opposite one, issuing a prospectus in red ink which promised the citizens of New Pugham that I should appear twice as often as had ever previously been attempted, to say nothing binding about a series of regular extras which would be constantly coming out when they least expected them. To show my devotion to the manufacturing interests I adopted as my motto "Lumbago aut Nihil"—most happy thought! by the majority of my new fellow-citizens received as a highly complimentary parallelism between their sacred river and that of the Egyptians. Last, with my already mentioned conviction of the importance of calling names, I changed ours from Pugham *Planet* to *Monday Morning Manufacturing Meteor*. Then, thanks to an early apprenticeship in a San Francisco composing-room, I cheerfully rolled up my sleeves and put my thunderers in type. Ink would fail me to tell of the sensation with which my first issue shook the banks of the Lumbago. Three hundred papers were sold in the first ten hours. By noon of the next day the pressure for another edition became so great that I was compelled to discharge my Revolutionary-sized boy and hire him over again at a two shillings raise of wages, he having taken advantage of my prosperity to become a necessity of existence, and threatening to run away and carry his brother with him. Before the week was over I had in my back-yard enough cord-wood, representative of new subscribers, to have stoked three Pacific railroad locomotives from here to Washoe and back again. When the edge of the furor was sufficiently taken off to leave me alone with my first quiet cigar in the inside office I counted thirty-five dollars net cash, and patted myself on the back in congratulation over an unequivocal success. It is much easier to become a popular favorite than to keep one, especially in this country, where a man is belauded to death before he gets his position, and forever after sits in a pillory for the mob to pelt at. I have often wished that we might adopt a custom from the Mpongwe tribe—a set of unreconstructed Africans, whom Du Chaillu describes as doing all their kicking and mud-flinging upon a new king before he is crowned, and treating him with immense respect for the rest of his period.

Still we can not alter existing institutions, and I cast about me for means to sustain that immense enthusiasm with which I had inaugurated the *Meteor*.

To be new was the great thing in New Pugham. I had already introduced several revolutionary changes which entitled me to consideration, and their success having been abundant, I came to the conclusion that it was essential in my career that nobody should ever know what I was going to do next. My hotel and my washer-woman were the only elements in that career which I preserved as constants, and those only because a change might indicate that I was unable to pay my bills. Especially did I repair on successive Sundays to different churches, so that the singular spectacle might be seen upon one Monday morning of the new favorite being approached to join an association for the relief of the poor, in charge of the Episcopal organization; on the next, to become a trustee of the Second Seceding Anabaptists; and on the third, to deliver a lecture for the benefit of the Independent Sandemanians. On the plea of that extreme modesty common to all editors, I refused elevation in all directions. *Nolui Episcopari*. I kept to myself the inestimable privilege of traveling about every where, and leaving the various societies (so far as they thought of my humble self at all) in a perpetual titter as to where I should finally anchor.

At last, however, I was nailed before I knew it. I had always possessed a great taste for music, and the music was better at the Second Seceding Anabaptists than it was any where else in New Pugham. I had sat in the pews of that denomination but two Sundays, a month apart, when I became sufficiently fascinated to break my rule. I went to the S. S. A. two Sundays in succession. There was a lovely contralto voice in their choir. Since my early experience with Mary Jane (it has been pain enough to refer to it already) I had abjured the society of that which in irony is sometimes called the gentler sex. Nevertheless, I always love that sweetest thing in a woman, a low, soft voice, and would never, if I could, have freed myself from its attraction. In the choir of the S. S. A. there existed one of the best uncultivated contralto voices I ever heard. I own that I myself love to join in the worship of the sanctuary—think that singing is a large part of it—am not satisfied at having it done for me by the very best quartette of operatic performers—and have a tolerably good baritone of my own. Accordingly, when the first deacon, into whose pew I had got by chance, had heard me join in the hymns, and on the Monday after my second attendance asked me if I would not enter the S. S. A. choir, I weakly yielded. From that moment liberty of locomotion was denied me. Naturally in a choir the baritone stands next to the contralto, and reading, when "Solemn Psalmodists" were short, off the same music-book with Miss Kitty Crabb, I got nailed. Nailed—naturally nailed.

My paper fell off a little, but not discouragingly, when the New Pughamites discovered that I was a Seceding Anabaptist, though they discovered wrong; for I was not that, but a Kitty Crabb-ist if I was any thing. The next week, however, I restored my circulation by altering the local complexion of the *Meteor* to Second Dam-ite, coming over from the vigorous opposition of the Monday before to advocate, as one of the most brilliant and beneficent enterprises of an enlightened century, an additional improvement of the Lumbago water-power by a structure across Flepinaguilder Falls, two miles below New Pugham, in whose erection numerous citizens, including Mr. Crabb, were largely interested.

During the entire winter Sunday and our meetings for choir practice necessarily brought me into contact with Miss Kitty Crabb as often, on the average, as thrice a week. For the first two months our intercourse was limited to flats and sharps, almost as strictly as if we had been reading alternate paragraphs aloud out of the elementary treatise, to which, in common with all ecclesiastical tune-books, the "Solemn Psalmodist" devoted its first forty or fifty pages. This reticence arose not merely from my own past experience of Miss Crabb's sisterhood, but from a degree of modesty on her part surpassing any thing it has ever been my fortune to observe in a young lady—modesty which, in a girl not yet out of long dresses, angular, or lacking in any womanly grace of figure, face, and spirit, would have been bashfulness of the most painful kind. Only when she sang did every trace of restraint vanish from her manner. With the first note of her glorious contralto she seemed lifted like a lark upon his free, unconscious wings into the serene glad atmosphere which was his birth-right. Melody poured from her throat without an effort; she gave no more token of feeling an admiring, a critical, or even a listening presence, than if she had been the bird she seemed, palpitating with "some embodied joy whose race was just begun" all alone between the sun and a cloud island. The instant her music ceased and she dropped down into the coarser world again she was another being. If her eye caught another's, and saw in it the involuntary admiration won by her lovely flight—if her ear heard even a whisper of praise, her lashes drooped at once; her cheeks were suffused as with the inner flush of some delicate sea-shell, and she bent over her music-book as if she would fain shrink out of notice behind some corpulent clef, or lose herself from human sight in a wilderness of quavers.

On such occasions both the experience of a misogynist and the sympathy of a gentleman kept me quite silent and undemonstrative. Often I would not increase her embarrassment by even so much as a glance at her, and I never uttered a syllable to set her fluttering at my appreciation of her delicious gift; but when my eyes did stray from the music and the little, trembling, rosy fingers which helped my own hand hold the book, I was fain to make a silent confidant of my own bosom, and confess that of all lovely little creatures to whom nomenclature had been most criminally abusive, that little Crabb was the very loveliest. Her complexion was that spotless, translucent olive over which the shelly suffusion I have mentioned throws its tenderest dawn; her eyes were black to the world, at whose bold stare she veiled them too quickly for the sweet, deep violet truth of them to be fathomed; but sitting close beside her, as I did, I learned their actual color, and their incomparable, liquid tenderness, before I had advanced into her acquaintance beyond the outposts of the Solemn Psalmodist. Her beautifully-shaped and finely-poised head was adorned with a clustering wealth of raven curls, through which her little, delicate, pink ears and her lovely white neck scarce disclosed themselves in furtive gleams of coral and alabaster. When Mr. Crabb came one night to fetch her home from choir meeting, I heard him say, as he passed his great, broad palm over that precious head, "All through, my little Astracan?" But the Shah might have hunted in vain through the uttermost corners of Persia before he could have found a lamb to match against the glossy, silky, jetty spirals which made Mr. Crabb so justly proud. When I say that Kitty's features were such a satisfying harmony of pleasant, delicate lines that the sight of them might gladden the most critical eyes for months before one ever dreamed of questioning whether they were quite classically regular; that, although her retiring manner gave the impression of a little woman, she was slightly above her sex's middle height; and that life had just opened for her into the perfect blossom of five-and-twenty—I have given you the benefit of many months' observation, and a description to which nobody who at this time knew her in New Pugham would have been ade-

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quate, though she had revealed enough of herself to secure that town's unanimous male verdict, in the general statement that she was by far its prettiest girl.

I may damage my credibility by asserting that, in spite of all which has gone before, Kitty Crabb occupied the position of a girl without beaux. Not only without *a* beau—which would indicate a mere absence of monopoly and prospective marital appropriation—but without the plural—without that miscellaneous attendance of retainers which denotes rivalry, obsequious service, and admiration. She was no queen of sleigh-rides; no goddess of picnics; no aim of magnificent country tailoring; no source of expense in kid gloves a couple of sizes too small; of throbbing hearts a number of sizes too large for their unfortunate wearers. She was not the girl for whom Fubsy, the newest of the New Pugham stationers, was compelled to keep up to the mark in the newest thing by way of valentines, and send twice in February to New York for a fresh supply. For her no swain pined in the Spartan seclusion of tight boots; she got no anonymous bouquets; the moon was bothered with no subpœnas to testify against her cruelty on the side of any youthful New Pughamite in a case of unreturned fire. The Argand-lamp that cheered Mr. Crabb's hospitable parlor never needed extra filling in the morning by reason of any impassioned young man holding vigil with it and Kitty, in a distraught frame of mind and his best clothes. No, literally as a Scotchman, I asseverate that Kitty had no beaux.

The reason may seem as incredible as the assertion meant to be explained by it. All the young men in New Pugham were afraid of Kitty Crabb. She might have been as pretty as she was, and still some youth not have feared his fate too much, or had deserts too small, to dare and put it to the touch to win or lose it all. Her beauty was the farthest possible from that Junonesque kind which I know often does deter men from wooing it, like a statue, and keeps its possessor a maid to the end of her days. Her bashfulness was, indeed, an obstacle to any attainment of intimacy through the free-and-easy approaches in which the "Killing Fellow" of a small manufacturing town finds his strategy most formidable; the bravest of that class turned away discouraged from the mysterious front of her modest masked battery, owning that they could make nothing out of her. But more impregnable than any defenses of beauty or reserve was the reputation which, every month since the Lumbago began turning the crank of the button-factory, wove itself into a more impenetrable stockade around her—the reputation of "knowing a tremendous lot." Yes, Kitty Crabb—little, shrinking, blushing, timorous Kitty—had the name of being a literary woman. She felt herself above them all, the New Pughamites said. She was too splendidly educated to associate with common folk. She not only had all the classical composers at her fingers' ends and on those ruby lips of hers—but she read and spoke, Mezzofanti only knew how many languages, and young Fubsy told me, with an expression such as one would expect from the fellow-townsman of the Bearded Woman or a neighbor to the farm where originated the calf with two heads, that she wrote Greek. Moreover, she was constantly supposed to be preparing a novel for immediate publication, and when Rutledge or Adam Bede came out anonymously there were a dozen people in New Pugham ready to convict her of the authorship on circumstantial evidence which would have hung her if the offense had been piracy.

No wonder, then, that Kitty had no beaux! The boldest youth, in the habit of airing odd scraps of French as part of his artillery of female fascination, would have turned pale to the line of his pomatum at the thought that behind that blushing little face lurked a brain which was laughing at his wrong emphasis and provincial accent. Who, too, that had sprawled himself by the furlong in rhythmical nothings over every other young lady's album in New Pugham could have felt other than an icy perspiration bedewing every square foot of his own surface at the merely imagined hardihood of subjecting to a literary woman's knife the kind of stanza which lay in sweetly-pretty languor palpitating on the altars of so many an Arabella Ann? So the young men of New Pugham stood afar off and wondered—or only visited Kitty in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Crabb—retreating precipitately if papa and mamma showed signs of retiring for the night after nuts and cider, as you or I would if a pair of elderly and influential Van Amburghs talked of going to bed and leaving us to sit up with a first-class animal of the royal Bengal persuasion.

Perhaps because ignorance is always fearless and I did not know my danger, I was not *afraid* of Kitty Crabb from the beginning. In ladies' society nowadays I was almost as retiring as Kitty herself—painfully bashful, even—but knew no terror on the New Pughamite grounds. To an editor whose business it had been for years to receive and give audience to all the poetesses who wanted reviewing, or room for their last little piece of fifty stanzas in a New York evening paper, the Literary Woman had necessarily, to a large extent, been robbed of her terrors; for his resigned and fortified spirit the Female Novelist had no sting, the Lady Lecturer no victory. I accordingly permitted myself, after repeated interviews with all the Crabbs in a musical and Second Seceding Anabaptist capacity, to become a visitor at their house. Still further, I was about to add that at the same time I permitted myself to fall over head and ears in love with Kitty Crabb herself, and refrain only because that statement would misrepresent the fact. After my experience with Mary Jane, so frenzied a state of mind must have occurred not only without my permission, but even without my knowledge; and, instead of falling in love, I entered that maelstrom by such subtly-unconscious gyrations that I found myself in the hopeless vortex before I could sell out of New Pugham for my life, and swim on the last plank of my dismantled *Monday Meteor* to the serene though solitary shore of a confirmed celibacy.

I must do myself the justice to say that when I discovered my plight I fought to remedy it bravely. I was determined that never again should any woman give me the mortification of a refusal, and resolved that, even though I might love Kitty Crabb to the limits of heart-break, I would never betray that fact until I knew that she loved me. To arrive at such knowledge daily seemed more impossible. Of late days Kitty had become more reticent than ever, returning from the degree of freedom with which we talked of our agreeing, likes and dislikes, to the flats and sharps which had bounded our intimacy during my first few months in New Pugham. Her bearing had sometimes such an extra chill of distance in it, that I questioned whether I was not absolutely repellent to her, and pitched into my professional work on the *Meteor*, after the manner of men, with a single-mindedness intended to hide from myself the pain I must have derived from such a conclusion. I had plenty to do, if merely in the matter of reading the communications. All parts of the county addressed me upon various subjects, from lumber to lyrics, and had I enjoyed the income of the *Tribune* it would have paid me to employ a special assistant to edit my "Letters from the People." When I read in the *Nation* disquisitions upon the possibility of a genuine American poet, I wish that I could show the writer of those essays certain MSS. which I am sure that the effete feudal countries have never paralleled. On the last Thursday in June an avalanche of such seemed to come upon me. Most of them I cast into my Balaam-basket (with a note to answer their senders kindly); but there was one which I kept for future reading, half because its first few lines arrested me, and half because its handwriting was more delicately, grammatically legible than the rest. This was entitled "The Panting Hart."

I had scarcely time to examine whether this production was a paraphrase of the psalm in which the hart pants after the water brooks, or an imitation of the White Doe of Rylestone, when I was met in the street by Mr. Crabb, who invited my attendance at his house. There was to be a little company there that evening, and the ladies would be pleased to see me.

Mr. Crabb's house was always a pleasant one to go to—at least for any man who had not in it an element of uncertainty concerning his whole future life, and I was not surprised to find, when I arrived there, a sufficiently large party to make me glad that I had interpreted his informal invitation *de rigueur*, and bought a pair of white kid gloves.

After receiving the last-comer at the head of the parlors, Mrs. Crabb took an early opportunity to draw me aside into a small room at the side of the hall (in deference to a Family Bible and "Pollock's Course of Time" lying on the centre-table called "the library"), where Mr. Crabb presently joined us.

"Perhaps you've noticed," Mrs. Crabb began, "how abstracted Kitty looks to-night?"

"She certainly looks the prettiest young lady in the room," I answered.

"Well, well," said Mr. Crabb, rubbing his hands with only partially-concealed pleasure, "we've always taught her looks was nothing—behavior was all. And we've tried to give her (what there wasn't in our day) a good education."

"I think," resumed Mrs. Crabb, "that she's deeply interested in a subject she never talks about. Mr. Clifton, in a sense, the destiny of that child is in your hands!"

"Bless my soul!" said I, deeply affected, "do you think so? This is, indeed, a solemn responsibility!"

I was about to add that I would do my best to prove adequate to it, when, in a garnet silk and a wreath of natural lilies of the valley, Kitty made her perfectly lovely apparition at the door.

Mrs. Crabb laughed airily, to make-believe that she had been talking of nothing in particular, and whispered, "Speak to her yourself!" Both she and Mr. Crabb wrung my hand warmly in the folds of her moire antique, and excusing themselves, retired hastily.

When I found myself alone in the library with Kitty I asked her if the warmth was not rather oppressive, and what she thought of a little breath of fresh air under the front maples. Her exquisite color came in an instant; but she tucked a garnet fold under her dimpled elbow, and with her little pink fingers trembling on my coat-sleeve, went out with me under the starlight, where I could spare her blushes and speak plainly.

"Kitty," said I, pausing at the gate to take her hand in mine, "I have to-night learned for the first time that I might openly say to you all that was in my mind."

"Yes," murmured Kitty, with drooping head; "Mamma told me that you might soon speak to me—to-night, perhaps; she was my first confidante; but it was long before I dared hope."

"And oh tell me—tell me, Kitty—dare *I* hope! Am I—am I really so happy, then?"

"*Does* it make you happy? Oh, how glad I am! Oh, Mr. Clifton, have you read my Hart?"

"*Read* it? Through and through, sweetest one! It has been my passionate study since first I dreamed it might be mine. And *is* it—oh, is it mine?"

"Yours? You know it's yours—freely yours; do you accept it? Is there any tenderness, any poetic fire in it? Oh, is there, Mr. Clifton?"

"All fire! All tenderness! Accept it? With what rapture! How shall I be worthy of it?"

"I never thought of giving it to any body but you. And to think you take it *so* kindly, with all its imperfections!"

"Darling!" I murmured, too overcome for further words, and drawing her close to my bosom.

"What!" exclaimed I, as with a timid little cry she half shrunk away from me. "What! Has this bliss been a dream? Do you not *love* me?"

"I meant," whispered Kitty, hiding her face in my lapel, "I meant—the—little poem I sent to you to have published—I meant—to be—an authoress. I—did not—suppose any body could love—*me*."

But she did not take away her face again.

I published the "Panting Hart," and a very pretty poem it was too, but not half so pretty as a much shorter one in another column of the *Meteor*, relating in a single stanza how the Editor was married to Miss Kitty Crabb, and turned a very ugly name into that of Mrs. Clifton.

WHAT IS STEEL?

MANY people may deem the question easy of answer, but it is really not so. It was long accepted as a truism in the art or science of metallurgy that steel is simply a carbide of iron, that is, a compound of carbon and iron, the former element being present in the compound to the extent of from one to one and a half per cent. This chemical definition is now quite superseded. Steel has become a generic term, and of the genus steel there are various species. Ordinary steel is carbon steel; but steely compounds of iron have been produced which have the same general properties as ordinary steel, the carbon of which is replaced, either in whole or in part, by other chemical elements. Thus, we now have tungsten steel, in which the metal tungsten is combined with the iron; manganese steel containing the metal manganese; and other steels containing chromium and titanium. In the cases just mentioned the steel is invariably a compound of iron with another metal; it is, in short, an alloy. Other species or varieties, however, contain non-metallic bodies as the steel-generating materials. Carbon is one of these elements; and, therefore, it is but natural to suppose that such elements as closely resemble it in their chemical properties will be the most likely to serve in its stead. Silicon, or, as some modern chemists call it, silicium, the basis of silica or flint, is one of the nearest chemical relatives of carbon. The French chemist, Caron, has made silicon steel. Then there is the element boron, full cousin, as it were, to carbon and silicon, the basis of ordinary borax. Steel has recently been made in Glasgow of most extraordinary hardness and cutting power, when used for tools in turning operations. In one instance, the tool did thirteen times the amount of cutting work of an ordinary tool of carbon steel. The process of making this new steel is at present kept secret; but there is reason to believe that it is boron steel. Other varieties of steel besides exist. The material of which the celebrated Berlin castings are made is phosphorus steel, and many Swedish cannons are made of sulphur steel.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

SPRING this year came with snow, and frost, and biting cold; the Ice King with frozen breath and piercing gales lingered, reluctant to resign his rigorous sway; Nature put on fresh, cheerless robes of white, and the keen northwest wind whistled through the streets, when we were fondly expecting the "smiling verdure," the "grateful warmth," and "gentle breezes," which are supposed—is it only by "*poetic license*?"—to be the harbingers of spring-time. One may well feel a fresh inspiration to write a stinging parody on

"Come, *gentle* Spring! ethereal *mildness* come!"

and declare, with new emphasis,

"There's no such season!"

when March brings days more severe than winter gave us, with heavy drifting snow-storms, ice-blockades, frozen hydrants, and a second edition of all the discomforts of an uncommonly frigid winter. We were the more impatient under the infliction because there have been so many cold snaps, and we have fancied every one would be the *last*. Somebody reckoned that we had been blessed with *thirty* snow-storms before winter—*nominally*—ended. March opened very prosperously with two or three more—to be accurate in the counting—and doubtless there are others in store.

In the midst of this fearfully "cold snap," at midnight of March 2, when Broadway was blockaded by snow, when hydrants were frozen, and the howling blasts swept through the silent streets, occurred the terrible conflagration of Barnum's Museum, with the greater part of its numerous and world-renowned curiosities. While no human life was lost, many valuable animals met a terrible death. The helpless terror of some of the mighty brutes, as when first smelling the fire, they roared in fury, and then shrunk back into the corners of their cages, cowering and shuddering, with smothered howls and groans, was fearful. The great Asiatic lion is said to have broken two iron bars of his cage, and thrust his head through the opening just before the flames closed round him. A Bengal tiger burst his bars and sprang into the street. He was badly burned, and was soon put out of suffering by the pistol of a policeman. Toward night of the day succeeding the fire a black bear made his appearance at a second-story window, and signaled his distress. A fireman mounted a ladder, and attempted to cast a noose over the animal's head to guide him to a place of safety. But he resisted all friendly attempts, and presently disappeared among the ruins. Early the next morning, however, Bruin came out from some temporary den he had found amidst the débris, and sauntered along Broadway as if to seek more comfortable quarters. Finding himself the object of some interest, and thinking it would not pay to exhibit himself for nothing, he turned into sundry side-streets for greater privacy. But being still pursued he dashed into a provision store, where, like other offenders, he was arrested and taken to the station-house. A giraffe of great size and beauty, valued at over twenty thousand dollars, was, with infinite difficulty, rescued from the building, only to die a day or two afterward from his injuries. A young elephant, who suffered seriously, though more from the cold than the heat, will probably recover. Quite a number of animals and birds were saved, but those burned were among the most rare and costly of the collection. The fire is supposed to have originated in a defective flue.

It is in contemplation to erect a bridge over the Hudson River in the vicinity of Buttermilk Falls, to enable the Western Railway trains to reach New York with more facility.

Earthquakes are of everyday occurrence. One was recently experienced in Maine, and another in Vancouver's Island. It has been predicted that many strange things were to happen this year.

A new style of bonnet may soon be expected to be in vogue. The manufacture of them has already commenced. They are made from Manilla pulp, moulded on a block, then spread with dissolved shells, and covered with woolen flock or clothier's waste, and pressed till it has a velvet appearance. There is only one objection to them, and that will be fatal to their popularity unless dealers are cunning enough to devise ways and means of removing it. They don't cost enough! The expense of manufacture does not exceed ten cents each.

The entire amount of gold in the world at the present time is estimated at about $5,050,000,000 in value. That part of the "world" which is underground is probably not included in the estimate.

Before the recent snow-storm we saw, one day, a rare sight in Broadway. *Six stalwart men*, armed with axes, were attacking the snow and ice blocking up the street, evidently with intent to remove a portion! Courage! we said to ourself. *Patientia et perseverantia vincunt omnes!* We paused in our downward—we mean *down town*—career to watch the interesting process. Note the slow, but sure—gradual—uniform—upward movement of the axes, securely clasped by twelve huge hands! *Up—up—up!* Now they have reached the highest limit, and pause to rest. The downward motion begins—*d-o-w-n—d-o-w-n*—with an unflinching moderation and resolute steadiness worthy of remark—still lower, lower—*ugh!* Six blows in the gutter which absolutely make the chips fly. Long pause for rest after the effort. Then a second upward movement commences. The *modus operandi* was very interesting and instructive, but we had only ten minutes to spare for the show, and reluctantly departed, leaving the laborers we had been watching, with arms and axes in mid air, taking their *third* upward rest! The entire scene was encouraging and inspiring. Two or three days after we noticed that the entire length of Broadway had been *Whitened*, and looked very clean. The same was true of the avenues, so also of all the cross-streets. Surprising, very!

About seven miles from Lexington, Kentucky, there is a remarkable crow-roost, where, according to a recent visitor, not less than a million of crows nightly sleep. About four o'clock in the afternoon they begin to arrive from all directions, entering the woods in long lines. Each flock has its leader, who flies over the tree-tops until he finds his roost, when the head of the column alights, the rest circling round and round and winding themselves about their chief. Only a few crows light on the same tree with the leader, which indicates that he is a sort of aristocratic personage who does not associate with the common herd, and that the persons who sleep on his tree are his royal family and crows high in authority in the flock. Hundreds roost on the ground for want of a limb; so they do not seem likely to abandon their ancient home, for this roost is so old that the oldest inhabitant remembers not its establishment. The crows do not appear to fear human visitors, but the explosion of a gun produces the greatest confusion and distress. If startled out of their sleep they fly from tree to tree, and seem quite helpless, losing in the night-time all that cunning which characterizes them in daylight. When the firing continues for any time they fly into the open fields and there sleep until daylight. As soon as the day begins to break they quit their roost and go no one knows where. It has been estimated that a crow will fly a hundred miles for his breakfast, and return after supper; and doubtless many of the crows who sleep in Kentucky are citizens of Ohio and Illinois. About the last of March they will leave their roost, and scatter over the Northern States to spend the summer.

A Vermont editor announces that he is "not at home" in the following style: "The man who left his name as M'Ginnis O'Flatherty, was about seven feet in length, and drunk accordingly, and who called at our office on Friday, accompanied by a hoe-handle, to ask if the editor was in, is respectfully informed that the editor is not in town, and is not expected to return."

A man at Auburn, Maine, has put his 200 hens into a hot-house, and the unsuspecting fowls have been deluded into the belief that it was warm weather and the season for business.

A patent fuel of good quality is said to be obtained by mixing small coal with an equal quantity of soft clay, river mud, or any similar material. The finer the coal and the more thorough the mixing, the better the quality of the fuel. Water may be used with clay to make it of a good consistency for working; and when well mixed it should be made into lumps and dried in the air. In some parts of Belgium this kind of fuel is largely made and used, and is thought to give more heat than ordinary coal.

A very remarkable case of preservation from death occurred in Wisconsin. A German farmer had been for some time engaged in digging a well upon his premises. By some unfortunate loosening or misplacing of certain planks the farmer, in the midst of his work, was suddenly buried 75 feet underground. The workman at work at the top of the shaft was horror-stricken and paralyzed. The idea of rescue does not seem to have entered his mind, and during all that day not a spade was driven into the ground, not an effort made to exhume the buried man. But some energetic neighbors at length undertook to recover the body. On the third day the diggers discovered that the man was alive, and could speak. But it was not thought possible to release him alive. So, between the crevices of planks he sent his last messages to his family, and some refreshment was forced down to him. At length, after being entombed seventy-six hours, he was rescued. He was found partly sitting, with one foot nearly under him, the knee bent outward, and the whole leg pinioned by a stout plank resting on it with both ends imbedded in the sides of the well. He had heard every thing that transpired above him, and had passed the first twenty-four hours of his horrid imprisonment in alternate wonder, anxiety, and despair, that no effort was made to release him. Yet, strange to say, he was not seriously injured.

The peculiar effects of conversing upon matters and things beyond one's comprehension is illustrated by the Berkshire country gentleman who went the other evening to visit the lady of his affections. Wishing to be agreeable and social, he observed: "The thermomokron is twenty degrees below zelon this evenin'." "Yes," innocently replied the maiden, "such kind of birds do fly higher some seasons of the year than others."

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ARREST OF PLACARD-BEARERS.

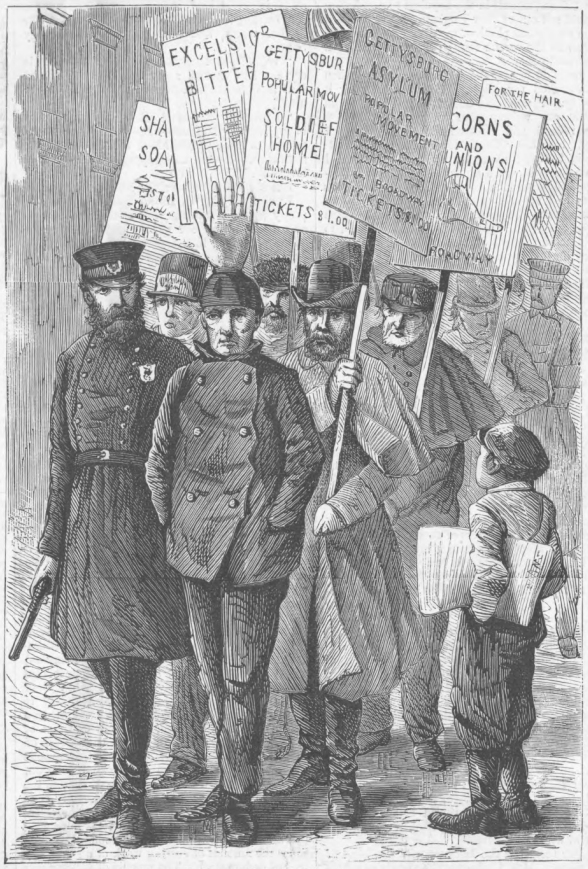
ONE of the greatest nuisances of New York has been, it is hoped, permanently suppressed by the arrest lately of several of the numerous individuals who are employed by a certain class of advertisers to carry their placards about the streets. These men, dressed in fantastic robes, on which appeared the announcement of the wares and the place of business of the advertiser, perambulated Broadway from morn to night, carrying banners, umbrellas, etc., on which the announcement was repeated. The men not only obstructed the sidewalk by their slow-moving persons, but also the vision, by the large placards they carried, and were a decidedly offensive set of street characters.

THE BARNUM'S MUSEUM FIRE.

THE destruction by fire of Barnum's American Museum, an event which we illustrate here and on page 185, occurred on the night of March 2, fortunately at an hour when the crowd of visitors had left the building. The conflagration began in the third story, and before being discovered had attained such headway that all efforts of the firemen to extinguish it proved in vain. Several persons who lived in the building, including several monstrosities of the show, were rescued, as were also a few of the wild animals belonging to the menagerie; but the most of these, and all the minor curiosities of the Museum were lost.

Several of the persons who slept in the building were roused from their slumbers and awakened to their danger by the roaring of the frightened animals of the menagerie, which appear to have been the first to detect the fire. The terror of these animals has been described by several eye-witnesses as of the most piteous and frightful character, and has been well illustrated on page 185. During the progress of the flames the roaring of the pent-up lions, leopards, and bears was distinctly heard above the shouts of the populace and the fierce crackling of the flames. After the fire had been in progress for an hour or more a large tiger made its appearance from the flaming building, but was so burned and weakened that it fell to the pavement and was soon shot by the policemen to save it from further misery. Subsequently a bear, after living for two days in the burnt building, escaped to the streets, and was taken to the Spring Street Station-house until claimed by his keeper.

Our illustration on this page shows the ruins of the Museum, and is a representation of a truly beautiful Arctic scene. The only portion left standing is the front wall, which, from its base to its summit, was flecked, and hung, and festooned with ice, moulded into the most fantastic forms. At night, when the moon shone down upon the ruins, the scene from Broadway was one of exquisite beauty. Great icicles depended from every projection of the wall, and reflected the light of the moon with a weird ghastliness. The two large lamps which once illumined the pathway of those who entered in at the broad portal were completely covered, each with an immense mass of ice, that shone in the light like a gigantic Koh-i-noor under a cloud.



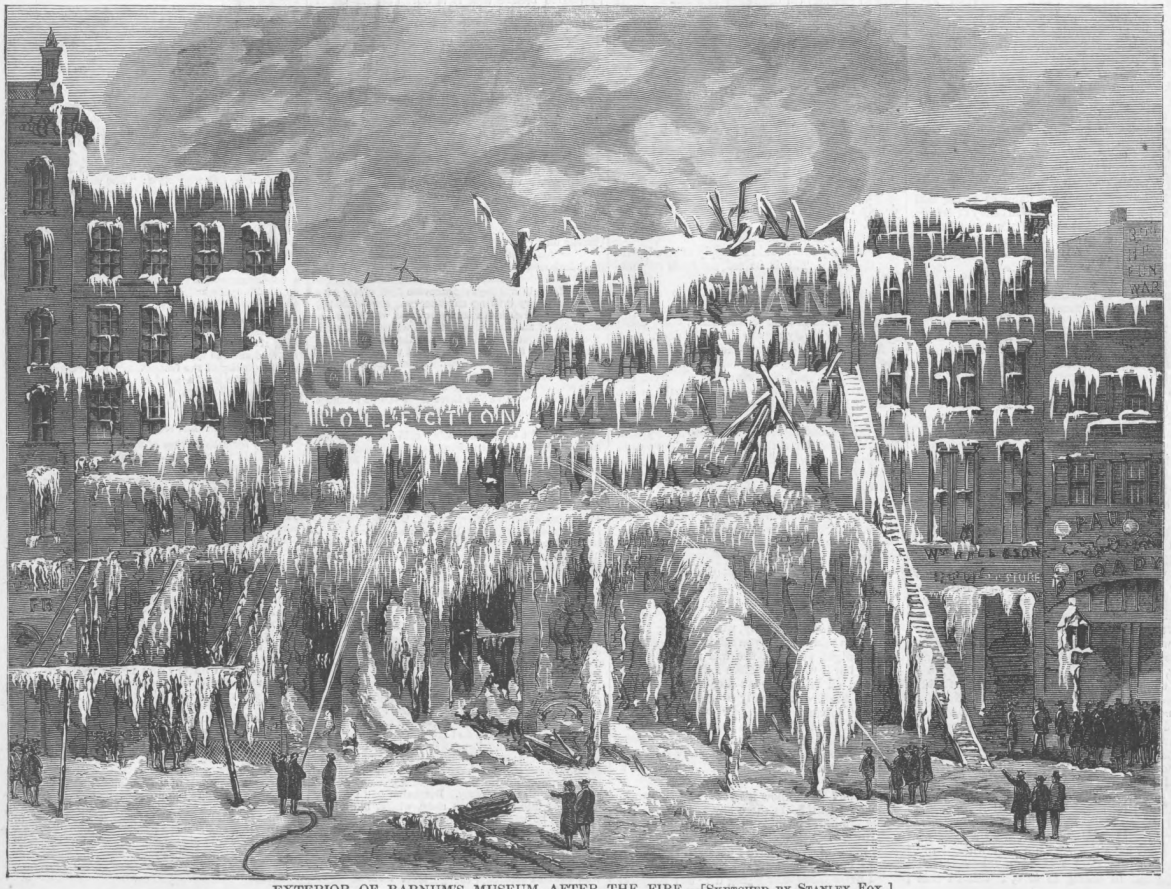
ARREST OF PLACARD-BEARERS.—[SKETCHED BY R. WEIR.]

STUDENTS' FEUDS.

THE student at college seems to be, universally, the enemy of all good and peaceable citizens. William Hepworth Dixon, writing in his "Spiritual Wives" of a riot of students in the city of Königsberg, uses this language:

"In the Amber City, as in every other University, from Oxford to Moscow, there is a latent feud between town and gown; less hot here, perhaps, than in most places; still warm enough: hatred on one side, scorn on the other; just that sort of feeling which opens out most freely into tiff and strife. In Königsberg this feud is not merely a war of youth against years, of class against class, as in Oxford and Cambridge, but of science against commerce, of liberalism against conservatism. The students of Königsberg represent the new German ideas, while the citizens represent, more or less closely, the old Prussian spirit. The students laugh at the town-folk as a boor, stupid, slavish people, who know nothing about art and philosophy, who care for little beyond toiling for their daily mess, and fighting for their king. What is seen among ourselves in Oxford is here found existing in reverse. With us learning is mostly feudal, commerce mostly liberal; in Königsberg learning is mostly radical, while commerce is very often feudal. Here the University is far more democratic than the city.

"Each section of this society has a tale of scorn which it tells against the other. Here, under his portico in the Altstadt, you will hear from some Herr Professor, in the midst of gibes and sneers, that when Graf von Bismarck, in the summer of last year, made his great appeal to the country, giving every lout in the province a vote, the rabble of Ost Preussen refused to accept his gift, on the ground that they had never had votes under their good old kings. On being told by the Prefect that their lord desired them to make use of these votes and send some one, possessing their confidence, to speak for them in the Parliament at Berlin, they wrote the King's name on their balloting-papers, and then tossed them into the box. On being further told by the Prefect that they could not vote for the King, since his Majesty was not a candidate for election in their city, they asked for fresh papers and wrote on them the Crown Prince's name. Nobody, you will be assured under the portico, could induce these loyal people to put their trust in a common man. Under the smoky roof of Wolff's Wine-stube in the Lang Gasse—the high street of traffic—you will see how quickly the tables can be turned against these jesters. There you would hear of Jewish students who, in the bad old days, were ready to give up Moses and the synagogue for a Professor's chair; to change their names, and to deny their circumcision; for three hundred thalers a year. The need for these acts of sacrifice has been done away; but the old sentiment remains in part. When a burgher is vexed, you may still hear him describe a Jew—most of all a reformed Jew—as a rascal, only a little less vile than a Pole. Pious people in Germany usually speak of students as sons of Belial; as young men who mock at loyalty and disparage valor, and whose Satanic creed may be summed up in their own scandalous motto: No King and no God."



EXTERIOR OF BARNUM'S MUSEUM AFTER THE FIRE.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

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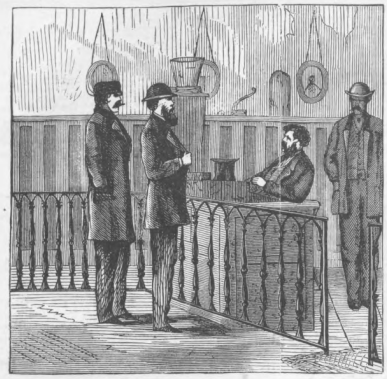
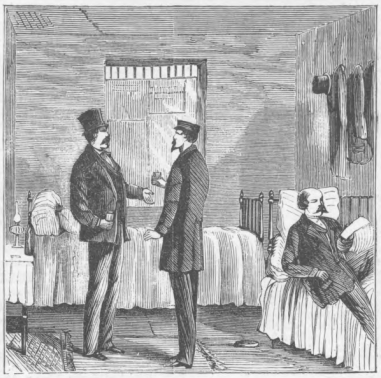
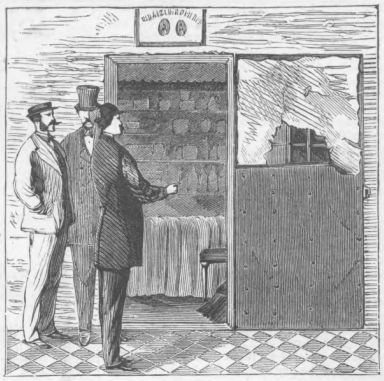


LUDLOW STREET JAIL—THE OFFICE.



INTERIOR OF CELL.



GROCERY STORE.

LUDLOW STREET JAIL.

THERE is an idea existing in the minds of all those persons who have never been in prison that a jail is a very horrible place to be confined in; that the exterior is repulsive and dismal in appearance, while the interior is dark and dirty beyond imagination; that the fare is small in quantity and bad in quality; and that, in accordance with Scripture, the way of the transgressor who gets put into prison for his crimes is decidedly hard. But this idea it appears is altogether a mistaken one. Mr. STANLEY FOX, one of our artists, was lately sent to the Ludlow Street Jail (entirely in a professional capacity, be it remembered), and has given us on this page a series of drawings which will at once explode the false notion we have of jails, and give the public an idea of the character and style of a modern prison-house for "respectable" criminals—that is, those who do not condescend to "prig" trifles, but who "steal largely."

The last of our sketches ought to be considered first in describing the prison. Ludlow Street Jail is situated at the corner of Ludlow Street and Essex Market Place, New York city, and was finished in June, 1862. It is built of Philadelphia brick ornamented with New Jersey free-stone trimmings. It is 90 feet square, and about 60 feet high, and is lighted by means of two horizontal rows of ten windows each. The upper windows are probably 30 feet in height, of proportionate width, and were it not for the presence of formidable iron bars before the sashes the stranger, in passing by, would be apt to conclude that the structure was a Friends' meeting-house, or an old-fashioned Methodist church. The engraving illustrating the exterior of the jail will give the reader an idea of its appearance.

Crossing the threshold the visitor is conducted through a diminutive hallway, and into a spacious apartment divided by a low iron railing into a business-office on one hand and a reception-room for visitors on the other. This room is illustrated in the first cut of our series. Extending from this room to the rear wall of the building is a narrow hallway, leading to the laundry and kitchen on the same floor, and by means of a small stairway to the cellar below, where a portable engine is made to supply steam throughout the establishment for heating, culinary, and other purposes.

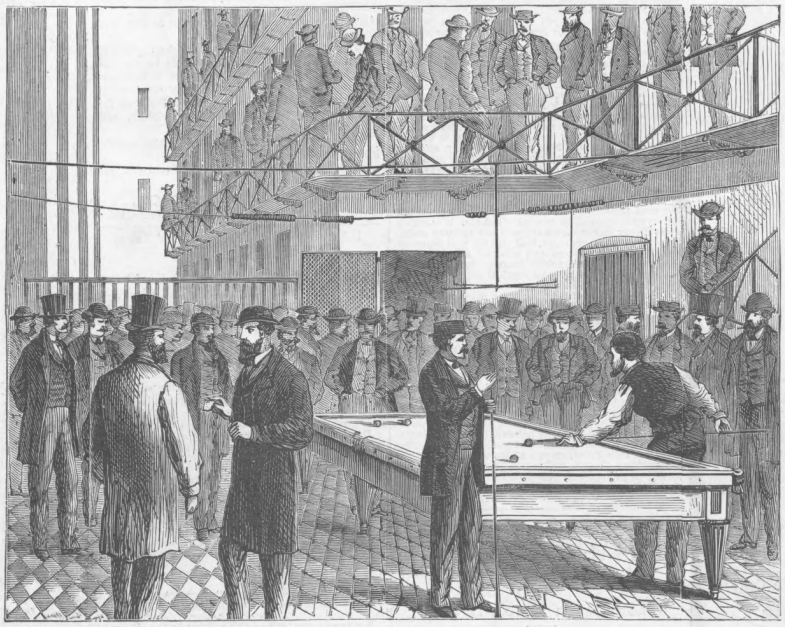
The jail contains 87 cells of the character of that which we illustrate in the second drawing. The floors of the cells are ten feet square, and the walls are 12 feet high. Each cell bears a cleanly appearance, and is comparatively free from the musty odor so common to prison apartments. This is due to frequent whitewashing, scrubbing, and free ventilation. Stoves are not used at all, the heating of the building being accomplished by means of steam. Each cell is furnished with two iron bedsteads and spring mattresses, with comfortable pillows and an abundance of bed-clothing. A table, looking-glass, and chairs are also found in each apartment, and in some instances other articles of comfort furnished by the occupant. For the sake of companionship two persons generally occupy a cell.

The fare of the prisoners of Ludlow Street Jail is not less wholesome and pleasant than their rooms are healthy and comfortable. The "official fare," according to the prison regulations, consists of bread and tea and coffee for breakfast, meats for dinner, except on Friday, when fish is served, and bread and milk for supper. Vegetables are also occasionally allowed. But many of the prisoners who are not without friends or ready money avail themselves of the privilege of receiving their meals from their own or their friends' homes, or from the neighboring restaurants. One of the more enterprising of the prisoners has established a grocery store in the prison, where the prisoners can purchase a great many necessaries, and even some delicacies. Another feature of the jail, strongly resembling a custom of our best boarding-houses, is the serving of "private tables," the meals being served to the occupants in the cells.

The prisoners are not without several sources of amusement. They have the privilege of playing cards, checkers, dominoes, and billiards, and the reading-room is always open to them during the day. The principal amusement, however, is that found in "handling the cue," and the billiard-table is continually in demand, a charge being made for its use. At almost every hour of the day numerous elegant-looking burglars, counterfeiters, forgers, and other "speculators" can be found looking on while some noble bond thief plays with some embezzling bank clerk.

The hour for shutting the prisoners in their cells is 6 o'clock P.M.; they are released at 7.30 A.M., when the feasting and playing and pleasure of the day begin again.

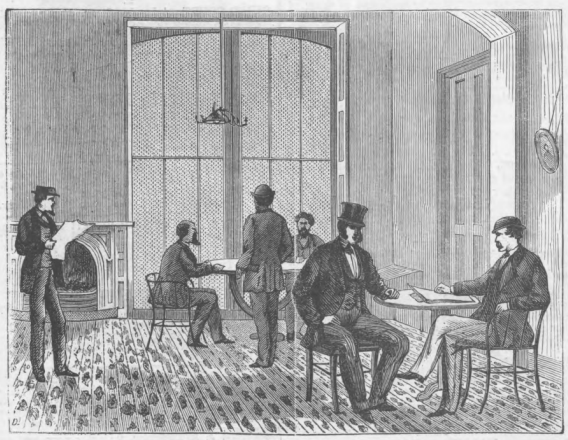
Most of the prisoners usually confined in this prison are those of the Sheriff of New York County, detained under charges of intended or consummated acts of fraud upon their creditors, and the jail is really the county jail for New York County.



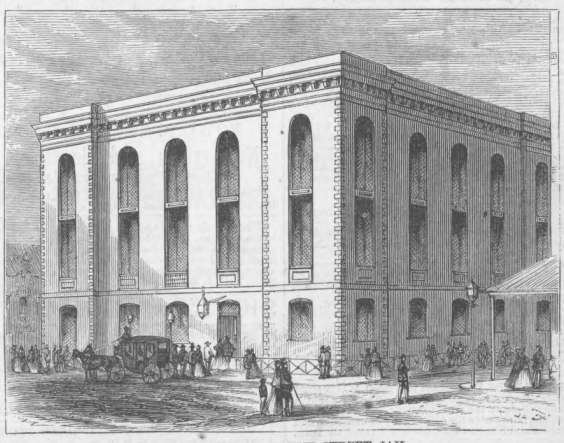
BILLIARD-ROOM IN LUDLOW STREET JAIL.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

THE EARLY GIPSIES.

AN air of romance has always hung about the gipsies from the beginning of the fifteenth century, when, starting from Hungary, and provided with documents in their favor by some of the potentates of that country, they made their way to Constance at the time when the celebrated council was sitting. Finding the Emperor Sigismund, of supra-grammarian memory, amusing himself at Lindau, they addressed themselves to him, and told him such a pitiful tale about their captivity among the Turks that he received them kindly, and gave them letters of imperial recommendation. Armed with these they betook themselves to the free cities of the Baltic, favoring Luneburg and Hamburg especially with their presence. At that time they numbered five



READING-ROOM IN LUDLOW STREET JAIL.



EXTERIOR OF LUDLOW STREET JAIL.

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hundred, including women and children, and must have presented a very picturesque appearance. The chiefs, say the old chroniclers, were superbly dressed and rode on horseback with hounds by their side. Some of the men walked, the others rode, their families being conveyed in carts resembling those of the ancient Scythians. But they did not create an agreeable impression on the Teutonic mind. They were terribly dirty, we are told, hideously ugly, and as black as night. At that time they gave themselves out as a Christian people who had relapsed into heathenism among the Turks, and had been ordered by their bishops to do penance by wandering about without settling down any where during the space of seven years. Giving this account of themselves, they rambled through Germany into Switzerland, and in their capacity of penitents a party of them arrived, in 1422, at Bologna, on their way to Rome. The Bolognese, however, objecting to their "conveying" tendencies, complained so much of them that the magistrates gave the inhabitants leave to retaliate by stealing from the strangers as much as would cover their own losses. Disgusted at this evidently inequitable proceeding, the gipsies soon left the inhospitable city and pursued their journey to Rome, where it seems they succeeded in seeing the Pope and in obtaining credentials from him. Meanwhile, in 1419, some of their number appeared at Sisteron, in Provence, and in 1427, at a period when the fortunes of France were at their lowest ebb, a small band reached Paris, where they created a genuine sensation. By this time they had somewhat changed their account of their origin, some of them claiming to be the descendants of those churlish Egyptians who refused hospitality to Mary and Joseph on the occasion of the flight into Egypt. A general impression has always prevailed that these strange wanderers originally came from that country, and one of their own stories is that their ancestors were obliged to flee thence, pursued by the hostile inhabitants, from whom they escaped only by means of a bridge of rushes, in memory of which some of them are said to wear a piece of rush as an amulet to this day. Up to the time of their appearance in Paris their number did not exceed fourteen hundred at most, but soon afterward fresh immigrations took place, and their ranks increased rapidly. Whence they sprang and how they traveled has always been a mystery. How and when, for instance, they crossed into England has always remained an unanswered problem. Strangely enough, some twenty years ago the Spanish papers contained an account of the sudden apparition of a band of gipsies at one of the sea-ports of Spain, nobody knowing from what part of the world they had suddenly sprung into sight, or where they had obtained the horses they offered for sale. And again in the autumn of 1866 a band of about a hundred individuals, with thirty horses, suddenly appeared in Switzerland, traveling in quaint, rude carriages, which wiry, little, swift-footed horses drew. Only a few of the immigrants could speak German, for they came from the plains of Hungary, and they were as wild, and dark, and savage-looking as if they had been the inhabitants of some utterly uncivilized island in the eastern seas. Thus, from time to time, in the midst of Europe's western civilization, there suddenly appears a living representative of the wandering tribes which, hundreds of years ago, led a wild life in the distant East.

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DIRECTIONS: Pour the Paint in a dish, and with a large soft brush or sponge, or hand, or a piece of cotton cloth, apply the Paint freely over the part or place where pain exists; soak and sop the part affected with Paint until pain is removed. In obstinate cases, continue to soak the affected part constantly for twenty minutes or an hour. In cases of high fever, the head, and sometimes the stomach, too, should be persistently soaked and kept wet until the fever is broken up. Pain Paint will do it most effectually, and the large bottles are absolutely necessary for the occasion. Ulcers or sores should be well soaked, at least twice a day, and several folds of cotton cloth dipped in Paint kept wet over the part affected. Sometimes it may be necessary to dilute the Paint with water and warm it, but cold applications are generally the best, except for very young children or weakly infants. WOLCOTT'S PAIN PAINT leaves no smart, will not color or stain. Price 25 cents, 50 cents, $1, half pint $3, pint $5, quart $8. Pain Paint reduces and subdues inflammation, heat, and fever, one hundred times faster than ice. It is absolutely harmless. All physical pain arises from inflammation; put out the fire, and pain can not exist. It is not only a certain remedy for mankind, but for all the animal creation. It is perfectly adapted, not only for all pain, but it does permanently cure the worst ulcers, piles, most malignant cancers, burns, fresh wounds, salt rheum, or breaking out on any part of the body; removes pain in stomach, liver, lungs, kidneys, and all internal complaints, by a thorough outward application of Pain Paint over the part affected. Chronic ailments, rheumatism, headache, neuralgia, stiff and enlarged joints, fever sores, fits, &c., require the largest bottles, and the daily, and sometimes hourly, application of this Paint. Nature heals the most inveterate ulcers, if fever and heat are constantly kept down. A little perseverance and patience accomplish the most wonderful results. If you suffer pain, use Pain Paint, or call at DR. WOLCOTT'S office, 170 Chatham Square, and it will be removed without money or price. One gallon of Paint is worth more than $1000 spent in drugging the system. For sale by all Druggists.

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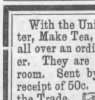

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XII.—No. 587.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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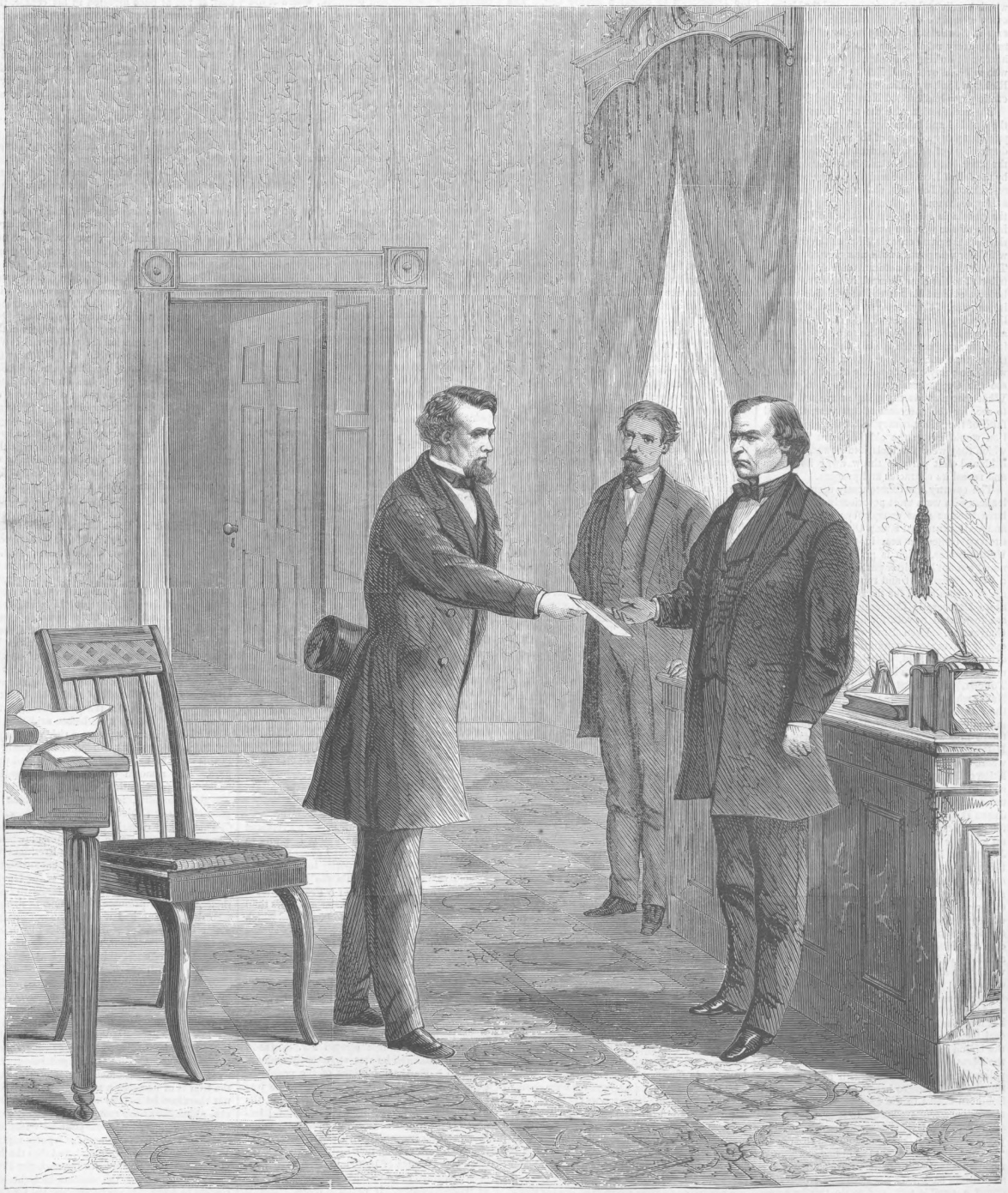

GEORGE T. BROWN, SERGEANT-AT-ARMS OF THE SENATE, SERVING THE SUMMONS ON PRESIDENT JOHNSON.—SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 195.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1868.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

THE New Hampshire election shows at least that there is not a universal and irresistible reaction. It shows that the people will not allow their dissatisfaction with some measures of public policy, and with certain aspects of the situation of the country, to betray them into a surrender of power into the hands of the political allies of the rebellion. It would have been a subject of very serious apprehension if the Democratic party, under the championship of such persons as HENRY CLAY DEAN, MONTGOMERY BLAIR, CHAUNCEY C. BURR, and D. W. VOORHEES, had succeeded in New Hampshire. For certainly it should be enough for every man who sincerely loves liberty, and who believes in intelligence and a high sense of national honor as its foundations, that every man who is hostile to the Government and the Union; every worshiper of "the lost cause;" every enemy of free schools; every inciter of hatred of race; every rebel leader who is unchanged in heart and lurking in foreign lands; every man who rejoiced over Bull Run and scowled when Richmond fell, would have rejoiced if the Democratic party had carried New Hampshire.

The satisfaction with the actual result, with the decided and triumphant success of the Republican party after one of the most earnest and determined of political contests, is precisely of the same kind with the satisfaction occasioned by the fall of Donelson and Vicksburg, with the re-election of LINCOLN, and with the surrender at Appomattox. It shows that the purpose of the people is inflexible; that while the great issues of the war are unsettled they will work through the party organizations of the war, and will defer new parties until new questions arise. The defeats of the autumn undoubtedly contributed to the New Hampshire victory. It has become evident that if the people give way to impatience, if they refuse to sustain the Republican party because of dislike of certain men and measures, if they choose to make the party in power responsible for all the disagreeable things that necessarily follow a civil war and which no party could possibly avoid, they must see the Copperhead party come into power. What that party is the people have not failed to see, for the successes of last year, the fond faith of the "Democracy" that the great reaction would sweep the old Southern policy of which they were the tools into power, has emboldened that party to throw away its masks and reveal its character and purpose.

The country has consequently seen that the leaders who were most notoriously Copperhead have become most conspicuous. PENDLETON and VALLANDIGHAM stump Ohio, and VALLANDIGHAM contests a seat in the Senate of the United States, which is given to another less noted but not less bitter partisan. PENDLETON, a frank secessionist and repudiator, is enthusiastically nominated for the Presidency by many State Democratic Conventions, and delegates are instructed to vote for him at the National Convention. Even SEYMOUR, who has not openly advocated repudiation, formally withdrew from the field, with how much sincerity may be inferred from his previous career. ISAAC TOUCEY, Mr. BUCHANAN'S Secretary of the Navy, who scattered the navy in order to help the rebellion, cheered by the apparent reaction, makes himself heard from the national contempt into which he has fallen, to prophesy a Democratic victory in New Hampshire and elsewhere which "will undo all the damnable legislation of Congress," and place the South "where she can govern herself without the tyrannical interposition of a miserable rump of a Congress." JESSE D. BRIGHT, who was expelled from the Senate at the beginning of the war for sending an inventor of fire-arms to "His Excellency, JEFFERSON DAVIS, President of the Confederation of States," and who now declares that he was opposed to the war from the beginning to the end, and never intends "to vote for paying a dollar of the principal of the debt," is made President of the Democratic Convention of Kentucky, and is nominated as a Democratic Presidential elector. Meanwhile the Democratic papers and speakers deride more bitterly than ever the word "loyal," which is simply the description of a man wholly true to the Union during the war; and, sure of the reaction, the party sends into New Hampshire speakers who talk but too plainly, and who do not even try to conceal their fierce hatred of the freedmen and of the Union soldiers. The country has seen that the Democratic party proposes to enter upon the political campaign of 1868 with a platform of repudiation, of negro hate, of restoration of the Southern States to the exclusive political control of those who are hostile to the Government, and with all the cruel injustice and increasing perilous agitation that are implied in the cry of "white man's government;" in one word, with the determination to plunge the country as far as possible back into the condition which produced a terrible war, and to do this by every kind of appeal to the meanest of human passions and motives.

To this intention of the Democratic party, now plainly perceived, the result of the New Hampshire election is the first emphatic response. The victory has been greatly helped by the association of the name of General GRANT with the successful party. That name is the assurance of firmness, moderation, and sagacity. The victory was achieved under the leadership of one of GRANT'S soldiers, General HARRIMAN, and was contested upon national, and not upon local issues. The result of the elections in some of the Eastern cities, as for instance in Portland, have been claimed as Democratic triumphs. They were, however, decided upon local questions; that in Portland, for example, was a temperance division. The great multitude of temperance men in Maine and in the country agree, politically, with the Republican party. But the Republican candidate for mayor of Portland was very warmly opposed to prohibitory legislation, and upon that ground many of the Republicans, who were decided temperance men, voted against him. So in the Massachusetts Legislature the Prohibitionists unite with the Democrats to defeat a license law. The city elections in the State of New York also are necessarily affected by local considerations, and can not safely be regarded as political indications. But in New Hampshire the question was really national. General HARRIMAN was the representative of General GRANT and the Republican policy, and Mr. SINCLAIR was the representative of the Copperhead reaction. We are devoutly grateful that the head of that old snake has been again bruised, and sincerely trust that in November it will be ground under the heel of an intelligent and liberty-loving people.

THE PRESIDENT'S POWER OVER THE CABINET.

THE Impeachment of the President is earnestly resisted on the ground that he is entitled to a Cabinet in unison with him. We have already shown in previous articles that the Constitution did not contemplate the creation of a Cabinet, but that one has grown up from the custom of successive administrations. We repeat, however, the whole of the clause conferring on the President power over the Heads of Departments: "*He may require the opinion, in writing, of the principal officer in each of the Executive Departments upon any subject relating to the duties of their respective offices.*"

This power clearly negatives the idea that a much higher power over them was intended to be conferred, and negatives that also that it was the intention of the framers of the Constitution to create a Cabinet. The duties of the officers indicated by the description of "the principal officer in each of the Executive Departments" are not specified in the Constitution; but Congress, under the power "to make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution".....the "powers vested by this Constitution.....in any department or officer thereof," have, from time to time, created various departments and changed those duties at pleasure. Did the Constitution intend that the President, at all times and under all circumstances, shall have in those departments such officers as he shall think proper? The power conferred on him in the selection of the Heads of Departments is that he shall "*nominate* and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate appoint" them. It was intended that he should take the *advice* of the Senate on that head, and after obtaining their *consent* appoint. General WASHINGTON construed the Executive power "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate to make treaties," as intending that he should in advance take such advice. In the proceedings, in 1789, of the First Congress, will be found a note from General WASHINGTON, addressed to the Senate, informing them that he would meet them at their chamber, to take their advice on the formation of an Indian treaty, for which purpose the Senate passed a resolution to receive him at the time mentioned. They met and consulted together; and such was no doubt the intention of the Constitution. The language of the power with respect to officers is somewhat different; but that the Senate was to advise with the President on that subject is very clear. The practice has doubtless been abandoned from the multiplicity of nominations and appointments. The language contemplated intimate relations between the Senate and the President on that subject. It will be recollected that Mr. STANTON, under the Tenure-of-Office Act, was suspended by President JOHNSON, and that General GRANT was appointed Secretary *ad interim* under the authority of that act. The suspension of Mr. STANTON was reported to the Senate as having been made for some of the causes of objection which the act enumerates, but they were deemed insufficient, and Mr. STANTON was restored. This action amounted to the Senate's *advice* on that subject, and was equivalent to the refusal of the Senate to consent to Mr. STANTON'S removal. In defiance of such *advice* and of the plain intent of the Tenure-of-Office Act, the President removed Mr. STANTON. This, as we have seen, constitutes one of the grounds of impeachment.

Mr. STANTON'S removal was proof not only of a want of cordiality between the President and the Senate, but of a wide difference between them, and it is scarcely to be expected that the Senate, which is invested with the power "to advise and consent" to appointments, would use the power in order to arm the President with an officer in hostility—in the gravest matters of public concern—not only to the Senate, but also to the House of Representatives. Such an officer, if appointed, would add to the power of the President to obstruct the action of Congress. Indeed, with the complete command of the War Department and of the army and all the material of war, the President might defy the popular branch of the Government. The President's course furnished just grounds of suspicion that his motives in appointing General THOMAS to the control of that Department were such as could not be tolerated. All laws conflicting with the Tenure-of-Office Act having been in terms repealed by it, there was no such office as the "Secretary of War *ad interim*," except in the contingency of *suspension*. *Removal*, not *suspension*, was resorted to, and hence the chief clerk was to act as custodian of the books and papers if a *vacancy* had occurred, which it did not; but the President chose to assume that there was a *vacancy* against the fact, and to order General THOMAS to fill it. The order was in the nature of a military order from the Commander-in-Chief to a subordinate, who was directed in a wholly illegal manner to take possession of the Department. These extraordinary proceedings show that Congress was right in withdrawing from the President the power of removal which the act of 1789 assumed that he possessed, and in declaring that it should be exercised only by and with the advice and consent of the Senate.

The Secretary of War is, in ordinary times, when there is perfect accord between all the branches of the Government, as important to Congress as to the President. It is in the power of Congress at any time to abolish the office, and to create it again at their pleasure. If they can destroy and create at pleasure, may not Congress say that this officer shall not be removed except by the same ceremonies that were required before appointment?—that is to say, the Senate's advice and consent.

Mr. MADISON undoubtedly argued in Congress in favor of the President's power; but, as he was one of the recognized authors of the *Federalist*, he was clearly committed to the doctrine advanced in the 77th No. of that work, that "the consent of that body (the Senate) would be necessary to displace as well as to appoint." The names of the several authors were not at the time of their publication announced, and hence it may be said (although Mr. HAMILTON was the author of that article) that Mr. MADISON abandoned, when supporting WASHINGTON'S administration, a position which he advanced to secure the adoption of the Constitution.

"Where a man" (said Mr. HAMILTON) "in any station had given satisfactory evidence of his fitness for it, a new President would be restrained from attempting a change in favor of a person more agreeable to him, by the apprehension that a discountenance of the Senate might frustrate the attempt, and bring some degree of discredit upon himself."

These are the words of one of the authors of the Constitution, of its most distinguished commentator, and of a Cabinet officer afterward of the highest authority. They do not sustain the haughty claims made in the President's behalf, as if he were "the sole disposer of offices." The President has *encroached upon this distribution of power* in face of the advice of the Senate deliberately given, in face of the solemn decision of Congress, and, it now appears, in face of the true meaning of the Constitution.

THE PRECEDENT OF IMPEACHMENT.

"IT is a pity to show how easily a President can be removed," say some. "It is a pity to make a precedent that will lead every Congressional opposition in the majority to remove the Executive," say others. To the first remark we reply that the removal of a President for a clear violation of law is no easier a process than the Constitution intended it to be. And which is the greater pity—that the Executive should continue to impose his veto after its constitutional expiration, until he can procure the judgment of the Supreme Court, or that an Executive which refuses to obey the law should be legally removed? And if the President should be removed, is it "easily" done? Let us see:

When the proposition was originally made, more than a year ago, the universal feeling among those who had elected Mr. JOHNSON was that, although he was strenuously endeavoring to baffle the intentions of the people as expressed by their representatives, yet he was ingeniously keeping within the letter of the law; while, to make sure of a successful impeachment, technical guilt was necessary. His conduct in connection with the New Orleans massacre; his reeling tour and maudlin speeches in the summer of 1866, might, of themselves—as it seemed to many—have justified a charge of "misdemeanor," if nothing more. But it was remarked that while he coarsely insulted Congress he yet recognized its authority; and the good-sense of the country concluded that it was expedient to await the ordinary method of an election to remove an obstacle to its will. This conclusion was more emphatically declared by the enormous majority against impeachment at the opening of the present session, when the laws that had been passed over the veto of the President had made his efforts to paralyze the equitable reconstruction of the Union still more abortive. His malevolence was evident; but although a great misfortune to every national interest by perplexing and prolonging national pacification, it was better to endure it to the end than to impeach without palpable and technical guilt which should satisfy every one who was not skeptical of every thing that Congress could do.

Under plea of testing the constitutionality of a law by making a case for the Supreme Court, the President violated the law. He had now supplied the technical offense. His whole career, and the immediate circumstances of the case, tended to show that his act was tentative merely. There could be no reasonable doubt that, if not at once arrested in his course, the President would not hesitate to take steps still more daring; and the same House that a little more than two months before had so decidedly opposed impeachment now by the whole Republican vote impeached. We ask those who think the impeachment will show how easily a President may be removed, what else could Congress have done? If it be said that it might have awaited the opinion of the Court, we reply that it could only have done so, if at all, when it had reason to believe in the honest purpose of the President; and even if it had been sure of that purpose, it might properly have said that the precedent was too dangerous. For if the Executive may continue to impose his veto when it has been constitutionally overruled, in one case, he may do so in every case.

If, indeed, President LINCOLN had vetoed any law passed by the Thirty-ninth Congress, upon the ground of unconstitutionality, and it had been passed over his veto, we can very well understand that he might have arranged with Congress that it should be judicially determined by a case mutually agreed upon; but only because of the extraordinary circumstances of the time and of the remarkable confidence that was reposed in him personally. But if BRECKINRIDGE, or PENDLETON, or SEYMOUR had been President at the time, and had directly violated the law under plea of awaiting a judgment of the Court, we can not imagine that Congress would have delayed impeachment for a single week. The declared opinions and antecedents of those three persons would have furnished a conclusive presumption against the loyalty of their intentions. Congress could not safely have trusted them. If an Executive were ever to be removed by impeachment, the case would have arisen.

It is so with the President. The only thing consistently clear in his brief story is the intention to thwart the policy of Congress. Hostility to Congress is his monomania, and when having opposed its will by his veto he continues to defy the two-thirds vote, Congress is brought to the alternative of impeaching him, or of suffering its vote of two-thirds to be wholly disregarded by the Executive until the Supreme Court has decided whether the law passed by that vote is constitutional. In case of conviction we can not think that the President is "easily" removed because he is guilty of such an offense. If the law is of such a kind that it can not be tested unless the Executive violates it, we repeat what we have before said that he must violate it at his risk; a risk which may not indeed be perilous to him, except when, as in this case, he has revealed his spirit and purpose. The removal of the President by impeachment for violating a law upon plea of its unconstitutionality, is a precedent which no good citizen can object to seeing made.

That a party majority in the House will hereafter naturally resort to impeachment when a mere difference arises with the President we have no fear. This is not a difference with the President; it is, in the judgment of the House, a violation of law. As for party majorities and their action we presume that there is nobody who doubts that had a Democratic Congress under its slaveholding leaders found itself opposed by the President, and at the same time in command of a two-thirds vote, it would have promptly impeached him if he had refused to obey a law passed over his veto until the Supreme Court could move in the matter. The present impeachment is a party measure, undoubtedly, but no more than the opposition to it; and it is necessarily a party measure, because the law which the Executive violated was passed by a party majority. Impeachment contemplates a political offense, among others, and the trial is of necessity a political trial. It need not therefore be strictly and offensively partisan, although, as the members of a great party naturally sympathize upon political questions, it will almost inevitably assume a party aspect. Yet it must be always remembered that the Republican majority refused to impeach the President for betraying the cause which he was elected to serve. He is impeached not for treason to his party, but for violating the law which he had sworn to execute. If he be removed it

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can not be said that a Republican Congress punished a President because he differed in opinion, but because, against the Constitution, he endeavored to make his opinion law.

THE WEST AND REPUDIATION.

IT is pleasant to know that it is a mistake, although a very general one, to suppose that the West as a section unanimously demand repudiation. There are weighty official voices of the business interests of that part of the country which pronounce against it most earnestly, and which declare with the power and simplicity of truth the soundest principles, exposing with equal insight the fallacy of the common argument of the repudiators. There is, indeed, at St. Louis a quarto weekly newspaper just established which is devoted to the great cause of national dishonor. It is not surprising to find that it is the project of a man who during the war was one of the most faithful allies of the rebels. Its introductory article speaks of President LINCOLN as "one of those grotesque moral monsters who, secretly conscious of his own meanness, was always trying to appear honorable without the intellectual and moral ability to be so." The paper is a fair illustration of the real significance of repudiation. It is the attempt of the defeated rebellion to make the country pay for victory by a loss of honor.

That Senator SHERMAN mildly implies repudiation under the guise of an elaborate system of exchange of bonds, and that General BUTLER advocates merely paying "according to the letter of the law," and that the patriotic fidelity of both of those gentlemen is unquestionable, does not alter the case. For if the country can not pay the debt which it contracted for the support of the war, exactly as it has hitherto paid all other debts, it is undeniably dishonored; and that is what the spirit of rebellion would most gladly see. If Senator SHERMAN and General BUTLER take the ground they occupy because they are afraid that the Republican party can not maintain itself upon any other, they admit that that party stoops to dishonor in order to continue to lead a demoralized country. It is a mistake. For if the country means to repudiate, under whatever fine name, it will follow an original and sincere repudiator like PENDLETON, and not the reluctant and doubting proselytes.

It is painful to reflect that the reaction from the elevation of feeling during the war has gone so far that we are now gravely considering whether we will pay our debts. Mr. Petroleum Nasby states the case with his usual point. Bigler owed Bascom at the Corners a little amount covered by a note which was bearing interest. But after pondering the wisdom of Pendleton and Butler for some time, Bigler demanded the note of Bascom, and insisted that he should accept in payment a note that bore no interest. He had suffered the intolerable pressure too long. He could not pay interest to Bascom any more than to the Government. Nothing was so convenient to Bigler as to pay his debts with his neat note-of-hand; and the astute Bigler appropriated this happy idea from that accomplished financier Mr. Wilkins Micawber. The paper at St. Louis, of which we have spoken, maintains the financial principles of Messrs. Micawber and Bigler, but without their entertaining ability. On the other hand, we observe that the committee on finance and the currency of the late Commercial Convention in Boston—a committee composed of twenty-one Western and ten Eastern members—reported a resolution emphatically against any kind of repudiation. The Convention passed it unanimously, and when the President, Mr. FOX of St. Louis, announced the result, the whole Convention rose and cheered. The debt undoubtedly, as an extremely sagacious critic suggests, will not be paid by cheers for the national honor. But it will certainly not be paid by sneers at the national honor.

The Committee of Finance also of the Chicago Common Council have recently made an admirable report to that body upon certain resolutions demanding that the contraction of the currency be stopped, and that the present volume of currency be increased to the amount already withdrawn by the Secretary of the Treasury. As, however, the contraction has been stopped, the Committee devote their Report entirely to the second resolution proposing inflation. In a very clear and conclusive manner the Report refutes some of the popular fallacies in regard to the financial question. Thus to attribute the stagnation of commerce, as is so frequently done, to a scarcity of the currency, is a great mistake. It is the decrease of consumption or demand which occasions depreciation of commodities. Trade is more prostrated in the Eastern cities than at the West, while money has gone begging in New York at four and five per cent. per annum. This truth, to which the Chicago Committee refers, is still more remarkable in Europe. Mr. GÖSCHEN, member of Parliament for London, and one of the ablest of its financiers, has lately called attention in the Edinburgh *Review* to the fact that money in England is at two per cent. per annum, and but little higher upon the Continent. Sixty millions sterling are stored in the banks of England and France, yet commercial enterprise stagnates, there are vast failures, trade is from hand to mouth, and there is no credit. Why, then, should we assume as the cause of stagnation in our business that which does not exist where the stagnation is greater?

Moreover, contraction having been stopped, the volume of the currency is fixed at seven hundred millions of dollars. This is twice what it was before the war. During the war, of course, the necessity of mobilizing a part of the capital of the country required an extraordinary volume of currency. But with trade upon a legitimate peace-level, does it require in 1868 more than double the amount of currency that was sufficient in 1860? The friends of an increase of the currency forget that greenbacks are not money—they are only certificates of indebtedness, at least so long as it is intended to redeem them at some time. Hence to demand an increase of the currency is really to demand an increase of the national debt. Besides, every issue of "legal tender" paper is a forced loan, which is justified by the dire extremity of a nation fighting for its life. But to issue millions of them now when no extreme necessity can be pleaded, is to announce that the nation does not know or care whether it can ever redeem its promises.

The proposition that the Five-Twenties ought to be "redeemed" in paper as fast as paper may be required for a circulating medium is characterized by the Chicago Committee as a proposition forcibly to convert an interest-bearing loan, secured by the public faith, into a compulsory non-interest-bearing loan, with very little promise of its redemption. The common understanding of all civilized nations, of hundreds of thousands of our own farmers, tradesmen, laborers, widows, and orphans who invested in these bonds, made the Five-Twenties payable in coin. The borrower may wriggle out of this understanding, and escape the law if there be no court before which to arraign him, but he can not escape the public judgment of dishonesty. If the Western States should be supposed to be more favorable to repudiation because they are more in need than the Eastern States of foreign capital to develop their resources, and are, therefore, debtor States rather than creditor States, it should, on the other hand, be remembered that they can not expect to be trusted with that capital if they show a disposition to pettifog and dispute and sophisticate upon the simple and honest payment of the national debt. And Chicago as the chief Western city should be especially careful of its own honor, nor hesitate to escape the fatal fallacies and dangers that are involved in the scheme of repudiation.

In the bold and vigorous statement of these cardinal truths the Chicago Committee have done the whole country a service, and have certainly helped to remove the stigma from the West of favoring repudiation. The effect of so terrible a mistake would not be local or sectional—it would be national. It would be the disaster in which we should all fall down.

THE PRESIDENT'S TRIAL.

THE impeachment trial opened with great dignity and tranquillity. The President, by his counsel, asked for forty days to prepare his answer; which request, after due deliberation, was declined, and the 23d of March was appointed as the day upon which he must answer. To this answer the Managers of the House make a replication, and the Senate resolved that unless otherwise ordered, for cause shown, the trial should at once proceed. There certainly can be no reason for such delay as the President requested. Mr. NELSON, one of the President's counsel, urged that the great claim of judicial proceedings upon public respect and confidence is that they hasten slowly. But Mr. NELSON surely does not forget that the law's delay is one of the most ancient and intolerable of grievances. The circumstances of this trial demand as much promptness as is consistent with deliberate justice, and there is no variety of charges which fairly compels postponement.

The spectacle of the trial, in itself so simple, is imposing from the considerations which attend it. That the official chief of one of the great nations can be removed by legal process, absolutely and peremptorily from his position, is a truth which seems to us a matter of course, because, until the rebellion, our traditions and our training had not prepared us for any thing but the peaceful rule of law. But to other nations so great a change would seem to be the necessary signal of vast civil commotions. One great reason, indeed, for the calmness of the public mind is undoubtedly that the President has no political party behind him. He is impeached and tried by the party that elected him, and the Democratic party merely attacks the Impeachment as it would any other grave measure upon any grave public question which the Republican party might adopt. There is no partisan sympathy for the President. The Democrats who denounce the Republicans are very careful to say that they are no friends of the President; and many of them, indeed, must feel that if a man who so disgraces the highest office in the land can be properly and justly removed, it is not a misfortune.

If, however, the President had been elected by the Democratic party, it is impossible to say whether the same tranquillity would have prevailed. A party which, in half the country, conducted its campaign of 1860 by a threat of civil commotion if it were defeated, and in the other half tolerated the threat without protest and palliated and half justified it; whose chief leaders actually rose in rebellion because they were outvoted; a party whose orators are very fond of speaking of "the physical force" upon their side, and whose fierce and constant cry is of hostility to the poorest and most friendless class of the population, is not a party of which tranquil submission to the law is to be expected as of course. If the perpetuity of a peaceful acquiescence in the Constitutional methods of relief from political difficulties were intrusted to the Democratic party, we should not feel quite as sure of it as we do of the regular recurrence of seed-time and harvest.

It is fair to presume, however, under the circumstances, that the removal of the President, should such be the judgment, will be accomplished without trouble. If the Managers shall decide to press the article offered by General BUTLER the trial must take a wide range, and must last for a long time. If, however, they confine themselves to the immediate occasion of impeachment the proceedings need not occupy many days. Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS says, indeed, that that occasion is not sufficient, but the country seldom agrees with Mr. STEVENS's opinions however it honors his indomitable persistence in the course he sincerely adopts. The trial of the President will undoubtedly furnish another illustration of the practical value of our political system.

AT THE FRONT.

THE extracts which we lately published from the Montgomery *Daily Mail* and other papers show the spirit now prevailing among the late rebels at the South. The denunciation and persecution of Union men are as bitter as those of anti-slavery men before the war, and nothing but the presence of the military authority prevents the personal maltreatment of those who are guilty of devotion to the Union and fidelity to the principles of the Government. The Tuscaloosa *Monitor* of the 12th of February publishes "A list of those who have plunged headlong down into the loathsome abyss of INFAMY!!!" After printing the names, it adds:

"The above so-called white men, we are assured, swallowed the 'whole hog, bristles and all!' Old man Boyd, it will be remembered, attended the grand Constitutional Union meeting in this place on the 11th Jan. ult., and made a long, loud Conservative speech—so long, that he had to be requested to stop, to enable the Committee to report. It is understood he had been prior to that time the head-centre of one of the Loyal Leagues in this county. He was received by the Conservatives in good faith, supposing that he was a returned prodigal or converted Saul. Like the miserable viper which stung the bosom that nestled it, he has proven himself to be a traitor and a hypocrite! Of course we speak of him as of having voted for the vile Constitution. If he has any denial to make, our columns are open for the publication of said denial; and if he can *prove* that he did not vote for said Constitution we will gladly retract the foregoing unmeasured condemnation.

"Some of the others we know, some we do not know, and *all* we never wish to know save to shun their filthy touch. Let every honest man cut them off from trade, from recognition, from humanity! Vice must be thus crushed in its incipiency, or we will never be able to separate it from Virtue. Let every man prove himself by his acts. 'Touch not, taste not, handle not.' Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit should be cut down. 'By their fruits ye shall know them.'

"There are not enough *mean* men in Tuscaloosa to support them; and if all the *good* men will avoid them, socially and financially, they will have to seek more congenial latitudes, till they finally reach a latitudinal h—ll!"

Subsequently the same paper contained the following communication from a "Conservative," directed against a peaceful Union citizen of the town, a man seventy years old:

"HERE'S YOUR GYASTICUTIS.

"MR. EDITOR,—You have for some time been blowing about your 'Great unwashed,' and now I desire to present to the clean public my 'Great washed Radical.' This animal takes its name from the fact of its perigrinating daily to the University Bath-House, and there wallowing in the water. He has washed off every principle of decency and honor, and nothing is left except his hide, dirt, and three feet—I say three feet, for each foot is eighteen inches long. His feet are 'tremenjuus,' which may be a blessing to him, as their weight will break his neck so soon when he is hung. He is supposed to be of a literary turn of mind (by the ignorant) from the fact of his keeping a book-store. He is proverbial, principally, for not paying store-rent and for having very large feet. I think it your duty to advise all decent men to cease buying books from him, and let him keep a nigger book-store, as the African scent seems so odorous to his proboscis.

"Yours, anti-Radically, BOOMERANG."

These extracts show the state of feeling not among a few persons, but, as every one familiar with the facts knows, among the mass of those who are called "Conservatives" by themselves, and "the people of the South" by Democratic newspapers and orators at the North. Contrast with this ribaldry the calm and manly reply of the person assailed, who, after alluding to his age, says:

"I voted for the adoption of the Constitution, believing that the best interests of the country would be promoted thereby, and would do it again a thousand times over.

"The cry about negro supremacy and social equality is all fudge. Social equality regulates itself; and as for negro supremacy, thirty millions of white people (and there will soon be fifty millions in the U. S.) can never be controlled by four millions of negroes.

"I do assure my Democratic fellow-citizens that the course they are pursuing, and I doubt not honestly, will bring confiscation upon the property of this country. The Republican party will control the Government during this generation. They will carry every State in the approaching Presidential election except Kentucky, Maryland, and Delaware.

"In 1860 I warned our people, as hundreds can testify who heard me, that the dissolution of this Union and the abolition of slavery were synonymous terms; that it was only a question of time. I was sneered at then, as I am now. I hope my fellow-citizens will award to me the same privileges, as a freeman, that they claim for themselves."

It is satisfactory to know that so long as the United States keep the peace in Tuscaloosa the man who writes in this strain to the newspapers will not be hung at his own shop-door by an "anti-Radical" Vigilance Committee. But should the "Conservative" policy be adopted, and the power in the State of Alabama be committed exclusively to the hands of "Boomerang," and the sympathizers with the Tuscaloosa *Monitor*, and the Montgomery *Mail*, and the Mobile *Tribune*, how long would such letters be written to the papers, and how long would their authors and the loyal voters be tolerated? If the people of the United States abandon their faithful fellow-citizens in Alabama and elsewhere, who are now "at the front" of the great political contest, by refusing to sustain the general policy of Congress, those fellow-citizens may well ask whether it had not been better for them to secure protection by helping the rebellion.

"AMERICA AND THE EAST."

GENERAL JAMES L. KIERNAN, United States Consul to China, will lecture on "America and the East, particularly China and Japan—our present and future relations," at Irving Hall, on Friday evening, March 27. General KIERNAN has traveled extensively in the East, is an accurate and practical observer, and will give his hearers valuable and interesting information on a question of growing importance to the commerce of America.

THE IMPEACHMENT TRIAL.

THE Senate on March 6 finished the long discussion on the right of the President *pro tem.* to act as a member of the Court by the withdrawal of the objections of Mr. HENDRICKS, and that officer was duly sworn in. On the same day the Sergeant-at-Arms was ordered to serve the summons of the Court on the President, it being made returnable on March 13, to which time the Senate as a Court adjourned.

The Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate, Mr. GEORGE T. BROWN, waited on President JOHNSON at the White House on the afternoon of March 7, and was at once admitted to the room of that official. Mr. JOHNSON received him standing at his table, attended only by his private Secretary, Colonel W. G. MOORE. The ceremony was very brief. Mr. BROWN announced his business in a few words, and handed the President the writ, which he read, and returning it said he "would attend to the matter." Our engraving on the front page is an accurate representation of this interesting scene.

On March 13 the Court reassembled, and the Managers on the part of the House and the Counsel of the President, consisting of Messrs. HENRY STANBERY, who resigned his position as Attorney-General of the United States to defend Mr. JOHNSON, BENJAMIN R. CURTIS, J. L. BLACK, WILLIAM M. EVARTS, and THOMAS A. R. NELSON, at once took their places for the trial. The President through his counsel entered a plea asking for forty days to prepare his defense; and the counsel united in asking the same time. It was, however, denied; ten days were deemed sufficient for preparation, and the trial was set to begin on March 23.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE New Hampshire gubernatorial election took place on March 10, and resulted in the triumph of the Republican ticket by a majority of 3000.

The Democratic Convention of New York assembled at Albany on March 11, and adopted a declaration of principles, but made no recommendations for President and Vice-President.

The Georgia Reconstruction Convention adjourned on March 11, having finished its labors by adopting a constitution.

Governor Baker, of Louisiana, an appointee of General Hancock, has been arrested and held to bail on a charge of perjury in taking the oath of office.

The Republican Convention of Pennsylvania met at Philadelphia on March 11, and decided unanimously for General Grant as the choice of the party for next President.

The Massachusetts Republican State Convention met on March 12, and recommended General Grant and Senator Wilson as its candidates for President and Vice-President.

The South Carolina Republican State Convention met in Charleston on March 12, and nominated a colored man named Cordoza for Secretary of State. Half the delegates elected to attend the National Convention at Chicago are negroes.

Major-General Thomas, commanding in Tennessee, telegraphed General Grant on March 13 that the rebels of that State were organizing for the purpose of resisting the execution of State law. General Grant telegraphed a reply directing General Thomas to take such measures as he may think proper, and call for all the troops he may want.

FOREIGN NEWS.

PRUSSIA has offered to arbitrate the *Alabama* claims, and Lord Stanley is said to be willing to submit the question of indemnity, but not other points.

Sandwich Island advices to February 26 state that at the recent elections some of the plantation hands marched to the polls with the American flag at their head and the Hawaiian flag at the rear of the procession.

The English army in Abyssinia has thus far cost $20,000,000 gold without having really entered on the campaign, or having fought even a skirmish with the enemy.

A tornado visited Toronto on March 16, destroying $50,000 worth of property.

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DEATH OF DANIEL LORD.

DANIEL LORD, one of the most distinguished members of the New York bar, died on March 4, aged seventy-three years. He had been for half a century a member of the legal profession, and for forty years of that time among the most prominent of American advocates. He was more particularly acquainted with commercial and insurance law, and numbers of the great suits of this character in which he was engaged are now famous as our precedents, and the arguments advanced in them by Mr. LORD and others are considered by the legal authorities as sound, indisputable law. For many years Mr. LORD was the attorney of JOHN JACOB ASTOR and the ASTOR family generally. The former made him one of the executors of his vast estate, and also one of the trustees of the Astor Library. Mr. LORD was held in the highest regard by the profession generally, and in the various courts of the city proper action of respect for his memory was taken, and eulogies of the deceased were made.

THE LATE DANIEL LORD.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY, NEW YORK.]

RUNNING THE FIRE-GUARD.

WE illustrate on this page a peculiarity of Western farming which will be new to most of our readers. To fully comprehend the sketch it must be remembered, first, that wood is very scarce and valuable on the prairies, and also that the fires which sweep for miles across the plains are very destructive. As a general thing, the dry season of the West is in the fall and early winter—another peculiarity of that peculiar country—and the fires naturally prevail mostly about that time. To guard the fences on his farm from these fires the farmer plows up several furrows parallel to each fence on the uncultivated or prairie side, from which the fire which consumes the prairie-grass is to be expected. This breaks the "continuity of the fire-current," as one old farmer expressed it to our artist, and the fire is brought to a stop in that direction. After harvest the farmer is often busy for days in running these guards in anticipation of fires, and when one by accident or procrastination loses his fences he considers himself most unfortunate indeed.

It is when the fire comes unexpectedly, before the crops are in and the fences guarded, or, as sometimes happens, when the fire-fiend comes from the wrong direction, against which no preparation has been made, that the scene depicted in the sketch occurs. It is not true—as has been sometimes stated, and as was generally believed years ago, when we supposed the great West was a great sandy desert—that prairie-fires move with lightning rapidity. They move fast enough, it is true, but often the farmer who sees the fires in the distance is enabled to hastily run a fire-guard on the unguarded side of his fences in time to save his property; but it is a work requiring a quick and steady hand, and is not unattended with danger.

THE MEXICAN RAILROAD.

WE have heretofore given considerable space to accounts and illustrations of the Mount Cenis, Union Pacific, Central Pacific, and other remarkable railroad enterprises which have served to display the engineering skill of the age. Another road only less remarkable in this respect is that which is now building between Vera Cruz and Mexico City, and which crosses the Sierra Madre Mountains through the gorge or Pass of the Mule (*Paso de la Mula*), near the peak Las Cumbres. This mountain peak is 2500 feet high, and is described by our artist as one solid wall of granite. The work of grading through the pass in order to form a secure and substantial road-bed required great skill, and was found to be very expensive. The mountain-sides are very steep, and numerous small brooks rush down them into the gorge. In order to protect the road-bed from these torrents it was found necessary to construct works of solid masonry which bind the grade to the sides of the granite rock. The ascent of the gorge is made by very heavy gradients and numerous sharp curves; and altogether this road is one of the most difficult now building, and will be quoted as among the greatest triumphs of engineering skill.

THE WESTERN PRAIRIE FARMER RUNNING THE "FIRE-GUARD."—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

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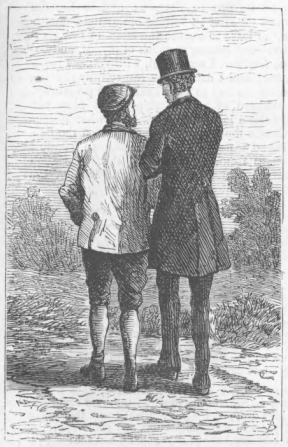
THE MOONSTONE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

Printed from the Author's Manuscript.

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.



CHAPTER XXI.—(*Continued.*)

I WALKED to the window to compose myself. The rain had given over; and, who should I see in the court-yard but Mr. Begbie, the gardener, waiting outside to continue the dog-rose controversy with Sergeant Cuff.

"My compliments to the Sairgent," said Mr. Begbie, the moment he set eyes on me. "If he's minded to walk to the station I'm agreeable to go with him."

"What!" cries the Sergeant, behind me, "are you not convinced yet?"

"The deil a bit I'm convinced!" answered Mr. Begbie.

"Then I'll walk to the station!" says the Sergeant.

"Then I'll meet you at the gate!" says Mr. Begbie.

I was angry enough, as you know—but how was any man's anger to hold out against such an interruption as this? Sergeant Cuff noticed the change in me, and encouraged it by a word in season. "Come! come!" he said, "why not treat my view of the case as her ladyship treats it? Why not say, the circumstances have fatally misled me?"

To take any thing as her ladyship took it was a privilege worth enjoying—even with the disadvantage of it's having been offered to me by Sergeant Cuff. I cooled slowly down to my customary level. I regarded any other opinion of Miss Rachel than my lady's opinion or mine with a lofty contempt. The only thing I could *not* do was to keep off the subject of the Moonstone! My own good sense ought to have warned me, I know, to let the matter rest—but, there! the virtues which distinguish the present generation were not invented in my time. Sergeant Cuff had hit me on the raw, and, though I did look down upon him with contempt, the tender place still tingled for all that. The end of it was that I perversely led him back to the subject of her ladyship's letter. "I am quite satisfied myself," I said. "But never mind that! Go on as if I was still open to conviction. You think Miss Rachel is not to be believed on her word; and you say we shall hear of the Moonstone again. Back your opinion, Sergeant," I concluded, in an airy way. "Back your opinion."

Instead of taking offense Sergeant Cuff seized my hand and shook it till my fingers ached again.

"I declare to Heaven," says this strange officer, solemnly, "I would take to domestic service to-morrow, Mr. Betteredge, if I had a chance of being employed along with You! To say you are as transparent as a child, Sir, is to pay the children a compliment which nine out of ten of them don't deserve. There! there! we won't begin to dispute again. You shall have it out of me on easier terms than that. I won't say a word more about her ladyship or about Miss Verinder—I'll only turn prophet, for once in a way, and for your sake. I have warned you already that you haven't done with the Moonstone yet. Very well. Now I'll tell you, at parting, of three things which will happen in the future, and which, I believe, will force themselves on your attention, whether you like it or not."

"Go on!" I said, quite unabashed, and just as airy as ever.

"First," said the Sergeant, "you will hear something from the Yollands—when the postman delivers Rosanna's letter at Cobb's Hole on Monday next."

If he had thrown a bucket of cold water over me, I doubt if I could have felt it much more unpleasantly than I felt those words. Miss Rachel's assertion of her innocence had left Rosanna's conduct—the making the new night-gown, the hiding the smeared night-gown, and all the rest of it—entirely without explanation. And this had never occurred to me till Sergeant Cuff forced it on my mind all in a moment!

"In the second place," proceeded the Sergeant, "you will hear of the three Indians again. You will hear of them in the neighborhood, if Miss Rachel remains in the neighborhood. You will hear of them in London, if Miss Rachel goes to London."

Having lost all interest in the three jugglers, and having thoroughly convinced myself of my young lady's innocence, I took this second prophecy easily enough. "So much for two of the three things that are going to happen," I said. "Now for the third!"

"Third, and last," said Sergeant Cuff, "you will, sooner or later, hear something of that money-lender in London, whom I have twice taken the liberty of mentioning already. Give me your pocket-book, and I'll make a note for you of his name and address—so that there may be no mistake about it if the thing really happens."

He wrote accordingly on a blank leaf: "Mr. Septimus Luker, Middlesex Place, Lambeth, London."

"There," he said, pointing to the address, "are the last words, on the subject of the Moonstone, which I shall trouble you with for the present. Time will show whether I am right or wrong. In the mean while, Sir, I carry away with me a sincere personal liking for you, which I think does honor to both of us. If we don't meet again before my professional retirement takes place, I hope you will come and see me in a little house near London, which I have got my eye on. There will be grass walks, Mr. Betteredge, I promise you, in *my* garden. And as for the white moss-rose—"

"The deil a bit ye'll get the white moss-rose to grow, unless ye bud him on the dogue-rose first," cried a voice at the window.

We both turned round. There was the everlasting Mr. Begbie, too eager for the controversy to wait any longer at the gate. The Sergeant wrung my hand, and darted out into the court-yard, hotter still on his side. "Ask him about the moss-rose, when he comes back, and see if I have left him a leg to stand on!" cried the great Cuff, hailing me through the window in his turn. "Gentlemen both," I answered, moderating them again as I had moderated them once already, "in the matter of the moss-rose there is a great deal to be said on both sides." I might as well (as the Irish say) have whistled jigs to a mile-stone. Away they went together, fighting the battle of the roses without asking or giving quarter on either side. The last I saw of them Mr. Begbie was shaking his obstinate head, and Sergeant Cuff had got him by the arm like a prisoner in charge. Ah, well! well! I own I couldn't help liking the Sergeant—though I hated him all the time.

Explain that state of mind if you can. You will soon be rid now of me and my contradictions. When I have reported Mr. Franklin's departure, the history of the Saturday's events will be finished at last. And when I have next described certain strange things that happened in the course of the new week, I shall have done my part of the Story, and shall hand over the pen to the person who is appointed to follow my lead. If you are as tired of reading this narrative as I am of writing it—Lord, how we shall enjoy ourselves on both sides a few pages further on!

CHAPTER XXII.

I HAD kept the pony-chaise ready, in case Mr. Franklin persisted in leaving us by the train that night. The appearance of the luggage, followed down stairs by Mr. Franklin himself, informed me plainly enough that he had held firm to a resolution, for once in his life.

"So you have really made up your mind, Sir?" I said, as we met in the hall. "Why not wait a day or two longer, and give Miss Rachel another chance?"

The foreign varnish appeared to have all worn off Mr. Franklin, now that the time had come for saying good-by. Instead of replying to me in words, he put the letter which her ladyship had addressed to him into my hand. The greater part of it said over again what had been said already in the other communication received by me. But there was a bit about Miss Rachel added at the end which will account for the steadiness of Mr. Franklin's determination, if it accounts for nothing else.

"You will wonder, I dare say" (her ladyship wrote), "at my allowing my own daughter to keep me perfectly in the dark. A Diamond worth twenty thousand pounds has been lost—and I am left to infer that the mystery of its disappearance is no mystery to Rachel, and that some incomprehensible obligation of silence has been laid on her, by some person or persons utterly unknown to me, with some object in view at which I can not even guess. Is it conceivable that I should allow myself to be trifled with in this way? It is quite conceivable, in Rachel's present state. She is in a condition of nervous agitation pitiable to see. I dare not approach the subject of the Moonstone again until time has done something to quiet her. To help this end I have not hesitated to dismiss the police-officer. The mystery which baffles us baffles him too. This is not a matter in which any stranger can help us. He adds to what I have to suffer; and he maddens Rachel if she only hears his name.

"My plans for the future are as well settled as they can be. My present idea is to take Rachel to London—partly to relieve her mind by a complete change, partly to try what may be done by consulting the best medical advice. Can I ask you to meet us in town? My dear Franklin, you, in your way, must imitate my patience, and wait, as I do, for a fitter time. The valuable assistance which you rendered to the inquiry after the lost jewel is still an unpardoned offense, in the present dreadful state of Rachel's mind. Moving blindfold in this matter you have added to the burden of anxiety which she has had to bear, by innocently threatening her secret with discovery, through your exertions. It is impossible for me to excuse the perversity which holds you responsible for consequences which neither you nor I could imagine or foresee. She is not to be reasoned with—she can only be pitied. I am grieved to have to say it, but, for the present, you and Rachel are better apart. The only advice I can offer you is, to give her time."

I handed the letter back, sincerely sorry for Mr. Franklin, for I knew how fond he was of my young lady; and I saw that her mother's account of her had cut him to the heart. "You know the proverb, Sir," was all I said to him. "When things are at the worst, they're sure to mend. Things can't be much worse, Mr. Franklin than they are now."

Mr. Franklin folded up his aunt's letter, without appearing to be much comforted by the remark which I had ventured on addressing to him.

"When I came here from London with that horrible Diamond," he said, "I don't believe there was a happier household in England than this. Look at the household now! Scattered, disunited—the very air of the place poisoned with mystery and suspicion! Do you remember that morning at the Shivering Sand, when we talked about my uncle Herncastle, and his birthday gift? The Moonstone has served the Colonel's vengeance, Betteredge, by means which the Colonel himself never dreamed of!"

With that he shook me by the hand, and went out to the pony-chaise.

I followed him down the steps. It was very miserable to see him leaving the old place, where he had spent the happiest years of his life in this way. Penelope (sadly upset by all that had happened in the house) came round crying, to bid him good-by. Mr. Franklin kissed her. I waved my hand as much as to say, "You're heartily welcome, Sir." Some of the other female servants appeared, peeping after him round the corner. He was one of those men whom the women all like. At the last moment I stopped the pony-chaise and begged as a favor that he would let us hear from him by letter. He didn't seem to heed what I said—he was looking round from one thing to another, taking a sort of farewell of the old house and grounds. "Tell us where you are going to, Sir!" I said, holding on by the chaise, and trying to get at his future plans in that way. Mr. Franklin pulled his hat down suddenly over his eyes. "Going?" says he, echoing the word after me. "I am going to the devil!" The pony started at the word as if he felt a Christian horror of it. "God bless you, Sir, go where you may!" was all I had time to say before he was out of sight and hearing. A sweet and pleasant gentleman! With all his faults and follies, a sweet and pleasant gentleman! He left a sad gap behind him when he left my lady's house.

It was dull and dreary enough when the long summer evening closed in on that Saturday night.

I kept my spirits from sinking by sticking fast to my pipe and my Robinson Crusoe. The women (excepting Penelope) beguiled the time by talking of Rosanna's suicide. They were all obstinately of opinion that the poor girl had stolen the Moonstone, and that she had destroyed herself in terror of being found out. My daughter, of course, privately held fast to what she had said all along. Her notion of the motive which was really at the bottom of the suicide failed, oddly enough, just where my young lady's assertion of her innocence failed also. It left Rosanna's secret journey to Frizinghall, and Rosanna's proceedings in the matter of the night-gown, entirely unaccounted for. There was no use in pointing this out to Penelope; the objection made about as much impression on her as a shower of rain on a water-proof coat. The truth is, my daughter inherits my superiority to reason—and, in respect to that accomplishment, has got a long way ahead of her own father.

On the next day (Sunday), the close carriage, which had been kept at Mr. Ablewhite's, came back to us empty. The coachman brought a message for me, and written instructions for my lady's own maid and for Penelope.

The message informed me that my mistress had determined to take Miss Rachel to her house in London on the Monday. The written instructions informed the two maids of the clothing that was wanted, and directed them to meet their mistresses in town at a given hour. Most of the other servants were to follow. My lady had found Miss Rachel so unwilling to return to the house, after what had happened in it, that she had decided on going to London direct from Frizinghall. I was to remain in the country, until further orders, to look after things indoors and out. The servants left with me were to be put on board wages.

Being reminded by all this of what Mr. Franklin had said about our being a scattered and disunited household, my mind was led naturally to Mr. Franklin himself. The more I thought of him the more uneasy I felt about his future proceedings. It ended in my writing, by the Sunday's post, to his father's valet, Mr. Jeffco (whom I had known in former years), to beg he would let me know what Mr. Franklin had settled to do on arriving in London.

The Sunday evening was, if possible, duller even than the Saturday evening. We ended

"SHE LIMPED A STEP NEARER TO ME, AND LOOKED AS IF SHE COULD HAVE EATEN ME ALIVE."

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the day of rest as hundreds of thousands of people end it regularly, once a week, in these islands—that is to say, we all anticipated bed-time, and fell asleep in our chairs.

How the Monday affected the rest of the household I don't know. The Monday gave *me* a good shake up. The first of Sergeant Cuff's prophecies of what was to happen—namely, that I should hear from the Yollands—came true on that day.

I had seen Penelope and my lady's maid off in the railway with the luggage for London, and was pottering about the grounds when I heard my name called. Turning round I found myself face to face with the fisherman's daughter, Limping Lucy. Bating her lame foot and her leanness (this last a horrid drawback to a woman, in my opinion), the girl had some pleasing qualities in the eye of a man. A dark, keen, clever face, and a nice clear voice, and a beautiful brown head of hair counted among her merits. A crutch appeared in the list of her misfortunes. And a temper reckoned high in the sum total of her defects.

"Well, my dear," I said, "what do you want with me?"

"Where's the man you call Franklin Blake?" says the girl, fixing me with a fierce look as she rested herself on her crutch.

"That's not a respectful way to speak of any gentleman," I answered. "If you wish to inquire for my lady's nephew, you will please mention him as Mr. Franklin Blake."

She limped a step nearer to me, and looked as if she could have eaten me alive. "*Mr.* Franklin Blake?" she repeated after me. "Murderer Franklin Blake would be a fitter name for him."

My practice with the late Mrs. Betteredge came in handy here. Whenever a woman tries to put *you* out of temper turn the tables, and put *her* out of temper instead. They are generally prepared for every effort you can make in your own defense but that. One word does as well as a hundred; and one word did it with Limping Lucy. I looked her pleasantly in the face; and I said—"Pooh!"

The girl's temper flamed out directly. She poised herself on her sound foot, and she took her crutch and beat it furiously three times on the ground. "He's a murderer! he's a murderer! he's a murderer! He has been the death of Rosanna Spearman!" She screamed that answer out at the top of her voice. One or two of the people at work in the grounds near us looked up—saw it was Limping Lucy—knew what to expect from that quarter—and looked away again.

"He has been the death of Rosanna Spearman?" I repeated. "What makes you say that, Lucy?"

"What do you care? What does any man care? Oh! if she had only thought of the men as I think she might have been living now!"

"She always thought kindly of *me*, poor soul," I said; "and, to the best of my ability, I always tried to act kindly by *her*."

I spoke those words in as comforting a manner as I could. The truth is, I hadn't the heart to irritate the girl by another of my smart replies. I had only noticed her temper at first. I noticed her wretchedness now—and wretchedness is not uncommonly insolent, you will find, in humble life. My answer melted Limping Lucy. She bent her head down, and laid it on the top of her crutch.

"I loved her," the girl said softly. "She had lived a miserable life, Mr. Betteredge—vile people had ill-treated her and led her wrong—and it hadn't spoiled her sweet temper. She was an angel. She might have been happy with me. I had a plan for our going to London together like sisters, and living by our needles. That man came here, and spoiled it all. He bewitched her. Don't tell me he didn't mean it, and didn't know it. He ought to have known it. He ought to have taken pity on her. 'I can't live without him—and, oh Lucy, he never even looks at me.' That's what she said. Cruel, cruel, cruel! I said, 'No man is worth fretting for in that way.' And she said, 'There are men worth dying for, Lucy, and he is one of them.' I had saved up a little money. I had settled things with father and mother. I meant to take her away from the mortification she was suffering here. We should have had a little lodging in London, and lived together like sisters. She had a good education, Sir, as you know, and she wrote a good hand. She was quick at her needle. I have a good education, and I write a good hand. I am not as quick at my needle as she was—but I could have done. We might have got our living nicely. And, oh! what happens this morning? what happens this morning? Her letter comes, and tells me she has done with the burden of her life. Her letter comes, and bids me good-by forever. Where is he?" cries the girl, lifting her head from the crutch, and flaming out again through her tears. "Where's this gentleman that I mustn't speak of, except with respect? Ha, Mr. Betteredge, the day is not far off when the poor will rise against the rich. I pray Heaven they may begin with *him*. I pray Heaven they may begin with *him*."

Here was another of your average good Christians, and here was the usual break-down, consequent on that same average Christianity being pushed too far! The parson himself (though I own this is saying a great deal) could hardly have lectured the girl in the state she was in now. All I ventured to do was to keep her to the point—in the hope of something turning up which might be worth hearing.

"What do you want with Mr. Franklin Blake?" I asked.

"I want to see him."

"For any thing particular?"

"I have got a letter to give him."

"From Rosanna Spearman?"

"Yes."

"Sent to you in your own letter?"

"Yes."

Was the darkness going to lift? Were all the discoveries that I was dying to make, coming and offering themselves to me of their own accord? I was obliged to wait a moment. Sergeant Cuff had left his infection behind him. Certain signs and tokens, personal to myself, warned me that the detective-fever was beginning to set in again.

"You can't see Mr. Franklin," I said.

"I must, and will, see him."

"He went to London last night."

Limping Lucy looked me hard in the face, and saw that I was speaking the truth. Without a word more she turned about again instantly toward Cobb's Hole.

"Stop!" I said. "I expect news of Mr. Franklin Blake to-morrow. Give me your letter and I'll send it on to him by the post."

Limping Lucy steadied herself on her crutch and looked back at me over her shoulder.

"I am to give it from my hands into his hands," she said. "And I am to give it to him in no other way."

"Shall I write and tell him what you have said?"

"Tell him I hate him. And you will tell him the truth."

"Yes, yes. But about the letter—?"

"If he wants the letter, he must come back here and get it from Me."

With those words she limped off on the way to Cobb's Hole. The detective-fever burned up all my dignity on the spot. I followed her and tried to make her talk. All in vain. It was my misfortune to be a man—and Limping Lucy enjoyed disappointing me. Later in the day I tried my luck with her mother. Good Mrs. Yolland could only cry and recommend a drop of comfort out of the Dutch bottle. I found the fisherman on the beach. He said it was "a bad job," and went on mending his net. Neither father nor mother knew more than I knew. The one chance left to try was the chance, which might come with the morning, of writing to Mr. Franklin Blake.

I leave you to imagine how I watched for the postman on Tuesday morning. He brought me two letters. One, from Penelope (which I had hardly patience enough to read), announced that my lady and Miss Rachel were safely established in London. The other, from Mr. Jeffco, informed me that his master's son had left England already.

On reaching the metropolis Mr. Franklin had, it appeared, gone straight to his father's residence. He arrived at an awkward time. Mr. Blake, the elder, was up to his eyes in the business of the House of Commons, and was amusing himself at home that night with the favorite parliamentary plaything which they call "a private bill." Mr. Jeffco himself showed Mr. Franklin into his father's study. "My dear Franklin! why do you surprise me in this way? Any thing wrong?" "Yes; something wrong with Rachel; I am dreadfully distressed about it." "Grieved to hear it. But I can't listen to you now." "When *can* you listen?" "My dear boy! I won't deceive you. I can listen at the end of the session, not a moment before. Good-night." "Thank you, Sir. Good-night."

Such was the conversation inside the study, as reported to me by Mr. Jeffco. The conversation outside the study was shorter still. "Jeffco, see what time the tidal train starts to-morrow morning." "At six-forty, Mr. Franklin." "Have me called at five." "Going abroad, Sir?" "Going, Jeffco, wherever the railway chooses to take me." "Shall I tell your father, Sir?" "Yes; tell him at the end of the session."

The next morning Mr. Franklin had started for foreign parts. To what particular place he was bound nobody (himself included) could presume to guess. We might hear of him next in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America. The chances were as equally divided as possible, in Mr. Jeffco's opinion, among the four quarters of the globe.

This news—by closing up all prospect of my bringing Limping Lucy and Mr. Franklin together—at once stopped any further progress of mine on the way to discovery. Penelope's belief that her fellow-servant had destroyed herself through unrequited love for Mr. Franklin Blake was confirmed—and that was all. Whether the letter which Rosanna had left to be given to him after her death did, or did not, contain the confession which Mr. Franklin had suspected her of trying to make to him in her lifetime, it was impossible to say. It might be only a farewell word, telling nothing but the secret of her unhappy fancy for a person beyond her reach. Or it might own the whole truth about the strange proceedings in which Sergeant Cuff had detected her, from the time when the Moonstone was lost to the time when she rushed to her own destruction at the Shivering Sand. A sealed letter it had been placed in Limping Lucy's hands, and a sealed letter it remained to me and to every one about the girl, her own parents included. We all suspected her of having been in the dead woman's confidence; we all tried to make her speak; we all failed. Now one, and now another, of the servants—still holding to the belief that Rosanna had stolen the Diamond and had hidden it—peered and poked about the rocks to which she had been traced, and peered and poked in vain. The tide ebbed, and the tide flowed; the summer went on, and the autumn came. And the Quicksand, which hid her body, hid her secret too.

The news of Mr. Franklin's departure from England on the Sunday morning, and the news of my lady's arrival in London with Miss Rachel on the Monday afternoon, had reached me, as you are aware, by the Tuesday's post. The Wednesday came, and brought nothing. The Thursday produced a second budget of news from Penelope.

My girl's letter informed me that some great London doctor had been consulted about her young lady, and had earned a guinea by remarking that she had better be amused. Flower-shows, operas, balls—there was a whole round of gayeties in prospect; and Miss Rachel, to her mother's astonishment, eagerly took to it all. Mr. Godfrey had called; evidently as sweet as ever on his cousin, in spite of the reception he had met with, when he tried his luck on the occasion of the birthday. To Penelope's great regret, he had been most graciously received, and had added Miss Rachel's name to one of his Ladies' Charities on the spot. My mistress was reported to be out of spirits, and to have held two long interviews with her lawyer. Certain speculations followed, referring to a poor relation of the family—one Miss Clack, whom I have mentioned in my account of the birthday dinner, as sitting next to Mr. Godfrey, and having a pretty taste in Champagne. Penelope was astonished that Miss Clack had not called yet. Surely she would not be long before she fastened herself on my lady as usual!—and so on, and so on, in the way women have of girding at each other, on, and off, paper. This would not have been worth mentioning but for one reason. I hear you are likely to meet with Miss Clack. In that case, don't believe what she says of me.

On Friday nothing happened—except that one of the dogs showed signs of a breaking-out behind the ears. I gave him a dose of sirup of buckthorn, and put him on a diet of pot-liquor and vegetables till further orders. Excuse my mentioning this. It has slipped in somehow. Pass it over please. I am fast coming to the end of my offenses against your cultivated modern taste. Besides, the dog was a good creature, and deserved a good physicking; he did indeed.

Saturday, the last day of the week, is also the last day in my narrative.

The morning's post brought me a surprise in the shape of a London newspaper. The handwriting on the direction puzzled me. I compared it with the money-lender's name and address as recorded in my pocket-book, and identified it at once as the writing of Sergeant Cuff.

Looking through the paper eagerly enough, after this discovery, I found an ink-mark drawn round one of the police reports. Here it is at your service. Read it as I read it, and you will set the right value on the Sergeant's polite attention in sending me the news of the day:

"LAMBETH.—Shortly before the closing of the court, Mr. Septimus Luker, the well-known dealer in ancient gems, carvings, intagli, etc., etc., applied to the sitting magistrate for advice. The applicant stated that he had been annoyed, at intervals throughout the day, by the proceedings of some of those strolling Indians who infest the streets. The persons complained of were three in number. After having been sent away by the police, they had returned again and again, and had attempted to enter the house on pretense of asking for charity. Warned off in the front, they had been discovered again at the back of the premises. Besides the annoyance complained of, Mr. Luker expressed himself as being under some apprehension that robbery might be contemplated. His collection contained many unique gems, both classical and Oriental, of the highest value. He had only the day before been compelled to dismiss a skilled workman in ivory carving from his employment (a native of India, as we understood) on suspicion of attempted theft; and he felt by no means sure that this man and the street-jugglers of whom he complained, might not be acting in concert. It might be their object to collect a crowd, and create a disturbance in the street, and, in the confusion thus caused, to obtain access to the house. In reply to the magistrate, Mr. Luker admitted that he had no evidence to produce of any attempt at robbery being in contemplation. He could speak positively to the annoyance and interruption caused by the Indians, but not to any thing else. The magistrate remarked that, if the annoyance were repeated, the applicant could summon the Indians to that court, where they might easily be dealt with under the Act. As to the valuables in Mr. Luker's possession, Mr. Luker himself must take the best measures for their safe custody. He would do well perhaps to communicate with the police, and to adopt such additional precautions as their experience might suggest. The applicant thanked his worship and withdrew."

One of the wise ancients is reported (I forget on what occasion) as having recommended his fellow-creatures to "look to the end." Looking to the end of these pages of mine, and wondering for some days past how I should manage to write it, I find my plain statement of facts coming to a conclusion, most appropriately, of its own self. We have gone on, in this matter of the Moonstone, from one marvel to another; and here we end with the greatest marvel of all—namely, the accomplishment of Sergeant Cuff's three predictions in less than a week from the time when he had made them.

After hearing from the Yollands on the Monday, I had now heard of the Indians, and heard of the money-lender, in the news from London—Miss Rachel herself, remember, being also in London at the time. You see, I put things at their worst, even when they tell dead against my own view. If you desert me, and side with the Sergeant, on the evidence before you—if the only rational explanation you can see is, that Miss Rachel and Mr. Luker must have got together, and that the Moonstone must be now in pledge in the money-lender's house—I own I can't blame you for arriving at that conclusion. In the dark I have brought you thus far. In the dark I am compelled to leave you with my best respects.

Why compelled? it may be asked. Why not take the persons who have gone along with me so far up into those regions of superior enlightment in which I sit myself?

In answer to this I can only state that I am acting under orders, and that those orders have been given to me (as I understand) in the interests of truth. I am forbidden to tell more in this narrative than I knew myself at the time. Or, to put it plainer, I am to keep strictly within the limits of my own experience, and am not to inform you of what other persons told me—for the very sufficient reason that you are to have the information from those other persons themselves at first hand. In this matter of the Moonstone the plan is, not to present reports, but to produce witnesses. I picture to myself a member of the family reading these pages fifty years hence. Lord! what a compliment he will feel it, to be asked to take nothing on hearsay, and to be treated in all respects like a Judge on the Bench.

At this place, then, we part for the present, at least—after long journeying together, with a companionable feeling, I hope, on both sides. The devil's dance of the Indian Diamond has threaded its way to London; and to London you must go after it, leaving me at the country-house. Please to excuse the faults of this composition—my talking so much of myself, and being too familiar, I am afraid, with you. I mean no harm; and I drink most respectfully (having just done dinner) to your health and prosperity, in a tankard of her ladyship's ale. May you find in these leaves of my writing what Robinson Crusoe found in his Experience on the desert island—namely, "something to comfort yourselves from, and to set in the Description of Good and Evil, on the Credit Side of the Account."—Farewell.

THE END OF THE FIRST PERIOD.

THREE MEETINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

One the happy meeting from over the sea;
When I love my friend and my friend loves me:
And we stand face to face, and for letters read
There are endless words to be heard and said,
With a glance between, shy, anxious, half strange,
As if asking, "Say now, is there aught of change?"
Till we both settle down as we used to be—
Since I love my friend and my friend loves me.

Oh the blissful meeting of lovers true,
Against whom fate has done all that fate could do;
And then dropped, conquered: while over those slain
Dead years of anguish, parting, and pain
Hope lifts her banner, gay, gallant, and fair,
Untainted, untorn, in the balmy air:
And the heaven of the future, golden and bright,
Arches above them—God guards the right!

But oh for the meeting to come one day,
When the spirit slips out of its house of clay;
When the standers-by, with a pitying sign,
Shall softly cover this face of mine,
And I leap—whither, ah! who can know?
But outward, onward, as spirits must go:
Until eye to eye, without fear, I see
God, and my lost, as they see me.

DAVID'S DOOR.

IF young Burtis and his mother had considered the subject from more than one point of view they would have seen that they were preparing trouble for themselves. The relationship existing between them was daily ignored under circumstances which promised that at any time it might be denied. The woman was employed to keep the rooms of the Treasury Building in order, and her son was a clerk in one of the offices. She found employment there on application to Mr. Abeel, who knew her husband when he was a bank-note engraver, that is, in the days of his prosperity. For Burtis lost his eyesight early in life, when there was a prospect of long years before him.

In her extremity the wife consulted with the chief officer in the Treasury Department, and he could suggest nothing better than a housekeeper's oversight of the offices—a menial occupation, but offering certain advantages. Nobody about the building knew her or her history, the work was not laborious, and it would be liberally paid. And the circumstances were desperate. David was too young to be of any assistance in the support of the family, and the engraver had not been able, though never a spendthrift, to lay up any thing before his day of darkness came. She considered the subject one afternoon, and the next appeared on the upper floor of the building, and swept and dusted her way down to the lowest. She took the dollar home which she had earned, and continued to do this day after day, and year after year, until she was considered in her degree as essential to the welfare of the building as Mr. Abeel was to that of the Department. When the time came that David exhibited something of his father's skill in the handling of tools his mother put a pen in his hand and taught him to write. He was not twelve years old when Mr. Abeel gave him a desk in one of the offices, and paid him wages as he did other clerks.

Mrs. Burtis was a thoughtful mother, and she had considered all that was involved in this step. David, among the clerks a clerk, was a gentleman among gentlemen. She made him see and feel this, and also that inside that building their relationship did not exist. With the exception of Mr. Abeel there was not a man inside the Treasury Building who understood that David Burtis was the son of the woman who kept the house in order. And so it naturally followed that when Mr. Abeel died, one of the foremost thoughts in the mind of the mother and of the son was this, that there was no one about who could make the fact of their relationship a matter of comment. The thought occasioned a sense of relief, and that the son felt it was because he had been made capable of feeling it by his mother.

Not long after the death of Mr. Abeel David was transferred to another room, where the more responsible business of the Department was transacted. His salary was raised, and it now became his reasonable hope that he should soon be able to insist upon his mother's retiring from service. No prospect of labor could have disturbed him as did the shadow which he saw moving through the halls and about the rooms of the great gloomy building; his conscience was never void of of-

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fense as he developed into manhood. There was something to be hid, there was something to be owned; his pride was perpetually humiliated, his dignity constantly impugned, his aspiration rebuked, his honor brought into the dust by the lie which he seemed to himself to be living. True, he had not really disowned his mother, but this tacit agreement between them was, to his expanding sense of manhood, equivalent to living in a lie. Now, there is with every temptation a way of escape offered.

One hot afternoon in July the clerks in the room where David was employed were at work later than usual. Reports were to be made, items must be in readiness. By three o'clock the floor was generally cleared, and the room in the hands of the sub-janitress. But at half past three the work of the clerks was still going on. At four Mrs. Burtis knocked at the door and then gently pushed it open—there she stood with her brush and pail.

The young man who sat directly facing the door—it chanced to be David—looked up and shook his head; but she did not need the hint, for she saw what was going on, and immediately retired.

The clerk occupying the desk next to David had nearly completed his task, and feeling a little elated, perhaps, that he had outstripped his neighbors, broke out, "You ain't good-looking, and you can't come in!" and there was a general laugh; whereupon he used his blotter with a flourish, shut his book, cleared his desk, and took his departure. One by one the fellows went away. David had a longer task than others, and was always more painstaking, for he had an artist's eye to satisfy.

Young Stopp, his friend, lingered about till Burtis was ready to go, and then, arm in arm, they strolled out upon the pavement and down to the ferry-boat, Stopp proposing that they should hunt up a sea-breeze.

The breeze they found; and on shore intelligence not less stirring. A telegram awaited Stopp which informed him that his father was suddenly and dangerously ill. The summons took him away at midnight; riding every moment he would arrive at his parent's bedside in twenty-four hours. The excitement into which he was thrown by the telegram, the grief which rolled as a flood out of his young heart, furnished Burtis with matter for reflection as he walked away from the dépôt after the train had left.

Though Stopp had apparently forgotten that he was about to leave his place in the office vacant at a time when a clerk could with difficulty be spared, David did not forget in parting with him to say, "Smith and I will divide your work between us—so don't give that a thought," for he knew that such an assurance would be needed before his friend had accomplished half his journey.

The next morning David was up at an earlier hour than usual and off to the office. Earlier, too, came young Harkness. He entered the room hastily. He was a strong, pugnacious-looking fellow, who never considered more than one thing in his life, and that was himself. Of himself, that is of what concerned him, he was now thinking.

"Oh, Burtis, you here!" he said. "I don't believe if I started at daybreak for the office I could get here in advance of every body. Have you seen any thing of my sleeve-buttons? I took them off and laid them on my desk yesterday afternoon and must have left them. I noticed it when I got home, and came back, hot as it was. But the old woman had locked up by that time. Do you know where she keeps herself?"

"I don't know where she is just now," said Burtis, and his countenance bore witness to the amazement and displeasure he felt as he left his seat and went over to Harkness. "Have you looked in your desk?"

"There's nothing there, you see. I wouldn't have lost those buttons for fifty dollars. They cost that nearly, I reckon. They were given to me. Did you ever notice them?"

"No." But Harkness almost thought that David answered as if he were confused by the question.

"They had a diamond in the centre," said he. "I hadn't any business to take them off here, but I got so worked up by the heat I couldn't stand it."

"You may have put them somewhere about you. Have you looked in all your pockets?"

"Of course I have. First thing. Though I knew I laid them on the desk. No—somebody else can tell better than I can what's become of them."

"Ask every body. They'll turn up, I've no doubt," said Burtis; and then, recollecting what a day's work was before him, he went back to his seat.

"Of course, I shall ask every body," answered Harkness; "but I'd like to begin with the old woman first. They must be somewhere. She couldn't have brushed them up without seeing them; for they were too big for that."

"I never heard of any thing missing in this room before. You'll find them, no doubt."

The almost indifference with which Burtis said this, and the degree to which he was absorbed in his work the next moment, displeased the great, overgrown, selfish boy, who would never arrive at man's estate though he lived through the allotted term of a man's life; and he continued his investigations, as the clerks came in, in a manner that would have provoked a quarrel in some quarter, had not the young men all been so preoccupied with the fact that a "tremendous day's work" was before them, and that there was no time for talk.

Smith arrived, and sat down before his desk to perform his task, and at the same time endure a raging headache. When Burtis looked at him he saw that no assistance was to be asked of him, and resolved that he would himself make Stopp's place good. Mr. Wood, the head clerk, accepted his offer, and allowed David to do the work of two without a word of encouragement. Mr. Abeel never would have done this; but the contrast between the two merely suggested itself to David; he was too much preoccupied to dwell upon it. And it was not the work he had to do that so much absorbed him. He was thinking of the sub-janitress.

At half past three o'clock she came, as on the day before. And again, when she opened the door, her son looked up and shook his head; but at the same instant he looked at Harkness, whose eyes were upon him. As the woman was about to close the door Harkness sprang up.

"See here!" he shouted. "What's your name! Did you see any thing of a pair of sleeve-buttons yesterday, when you cleaned up?"

At this Mrs. Burtis stepped within the room.

"I did not," she answered, as distinctly and emphatically as ever a question was answered.

"That's odd. I should think you must have," said Harkness. "I left them on my desk, and nobody here knows any thing about them. It's deuced strange, to say the least."

The woman stood still a moment. She seemed not to understand quite the meaning of the words the young man had last spoken. She glanced involuntarily toward her son. He sat twisting his pen and looking down, not at his desk, but on the floor—the next moment without lifting his eyes he went on with his work. He had mastered his indignation. This was none of his business.

"I wish you would just look over your rubbish-heap and see if you haven't brushed them in by mistake," said Harkness. The words sounded more like a warning that the buttons must be forthcoming than a civil request.

"It's the first time, isn't it, gentlemen, that any thing was lost out of this room since I began to take care of it ten years ago? Can't somebody answer?"

"I can, mother," said a voice from the corner; but it was not David's voice. The assurance came from the oldest clerk in the room—and he spoke in his modest, quiet way—he was a poor young man, a good soul, doomed to be a clerk to his life's end—ah! there's many a more ignoble fate than that. "I'll answer for it. Nothing was ever lost here before that I've heard of."

"Thank you, Mr. White," said she. "I can look in the rubbish-box, Sir," turning to Harkness; "but it isn't likely, in a room kept as clean as this is, that I could brush up things like them and not know it."

Harkness nodded twice and looked around the room before he sat down. They all felt that he might as well have said, "I think so myself."

David was in the office working till dark. After all the other clerks had left his mother came up and saw him sitting there. "You can come in," said he; for she hesitated when she looked in, though she saw he was alone. Crossing the room she sat down on the chair before Stopp's desk and leaned on her hand, looking at David. "This is a bad job for me," she said.

"I'm sorry it happened to be Harkness," he answered. "There isn't another one of the clerks that would make such a row as he about a thing like that."

"But they are valuable—diamonds—he said."

"They couldn't have got into your dust-pan any way without your seeing them," said David, looking down.

"They couldn't—no, they couldn't possibly. I've looked the heap over, though. But I should have seen them at first. Why there wasn't rubbish enough to half fill my pail off this whole floor."

"He has such a tongue he will be likely to talk all over the building. It may make it uncomfortable for you."

David's eyes were still bent toward the floor.

"If I am going to have two or three hundred young men looking at me as if I was a thief, I might better leave the place and let somebody else take it."

David considered; then he looked at his mother. "I have been wishing you would give it up this long while," said he; "but I didn't like to say much till I was in the way of doing more for you than I can on my salary. If you should go now, fellows like Harkness would be likely to say that you left to get clear of trouble."

"You couldn't stand that, David, could you? Then I must stay."

There was a great deal more than resignation in these words and the voice that spoke them. Something in her son's face had moved her to speak them—something she was glad and proud to see. For it had come to pass that in her secret heart this mother mourned with bitterness over the thought that she inhabited another world from that of her son. The evenings at home did not balance the days abroad. The hour was at hand, she felt, when this long-dishonored tie of parentage would be proved a really broken link—a fact void of significance. And therefore the humiliation, the anger, and the grief of David, were in fact as balm to her.

"Why, yes," he said, "you must stay, mother. Don't fret. Something will happen for us."

When he began to think of her as a being to be defended, a woman to be respected, other thoughts followed which must have audience; and feelings were stirred which claimed honorable consideration.

A week passed, and the lost property was not recovered. Harkness made himself a nuisance with his searchings and his questionings. One afternoon he was coming out of a jeweler's shop as David passed by.

"If you'll step in here a minute," said he, "I'll show you a pair of buttons *like* mine, so if you see them any where you'll know them."

It was not strange that Harkness should address Burtis in this manner, for David was the friend of every body; and from the questions he had asked almost daily, Harkness was already thinking that probably no one in the office would have his eye more intent on search and discovery than he.

"There it is," he said. "You would be apt to know the pattern if you saw it again. So should I."

"True," said David, "and I'll be on the look-out."

The very next morning it was known throughout the office that Harkness had found his lost treasures. They were in his desk when he opened it. Great was his surprise, and not a little his embarrassment, when he made this discovery. But from the embarrassment he recovered speedily, for on a closer inspection of the buttons he said: "These are not mine. My initial is not on them." Then that fact circulated, and it was fortunate that the pressure of work was still upon all the clerks. But in the silence of the apartment a great deal of thinking was done. For the most part it was interrogatory. Every young man was questioning concerning his neighbors. Some of the clerks went so far as to take inventories of the characters of their companions, but it is safe to say that the drift of suspicion did not turn in young Burtis's direction.

But he sat in his place as if every eye were upon him. Suddenly a fire seemed kindled in his brain, and his heart grew cold. He wrote on at a rate that would have warranted the office in the dismissal of half a dozen hands had it been possible for mortal to continue at that pace. But by-and-by his heart began to warm and his brain to cool. His pen ceased to fly along the pages. "What am I?" he asked himself again and again; and the only answer that would come, and it seemed not to proceed from himself, was, "her son." "Say so, then," urged the voice. And then the fact began to make itself perceived that suspicion no longer rested on the sub-janitress, but was fastening on he knew not which one of his fellows. He laid down his pen, and looked around him. The clerks were intent on their business. He took up his pen again, that weapon which in his hands had been a weapon of offense, and dipped it in the ink once more. He might as well let things take their course. But no! at the same time that this temptation assailed him he said,

"Harkness."

His voice was not lifted to a high key, but there must have been something uncommon, even startling, in the tone, for every man in the room lifted his eyes, and the attention so far arrested was held.

"I put those buttons in your desk," David continued.

"What for?" asked Harkness, displeased in advance.

"To stop your talk. I don't know what has become of the ones you lost, but my mother was worrying the life out of her on account of your suspicions. I hope you will keep the buttons."

It would be pleasant to add that right on this speech, which electrified as well as amazed the hearers, and there was not a soul in the room that did not hear it, Stopp walked in. He did not. If he had—but he did not!

Harkness looked at David, and was more than a minute in taking his meaning, then his face became very red, and he looked angry and foolish.

"Is the janitress your mother?" he asked, and that was the very question that might have been expected of him. He saw that David had acknowledged her in a sort of desperation, as if compelled to do it; and he sought to hide his own confusion in another's. But David was now perfectly master of himself.

"Yes," he said. "And I'm ashamed to think that you didn't know it before, all of you," he added, looking around.

Harkness said no more, and the clerks all returned to their work. At noon there was of course not a little talk among them. David did not leave the room as he had felt tempted to do. He went to Harkness, and they discussed the business over again, and he actually compelled Harkness to keep the buttons. "Keep them on deposit," he said. "I have more confidence than I had before that the others will get back to you, somehow."

It was the next afternoon, just as the clerks were getting through work, that Stopp came back. The moment he saw Harkness he laughed. His face was bright and smiling before he saw him, for his return was a joyful one. He came not from a bed of death, but from a house whose head was lifted again to bless the Lord of life; and so he walked smiling into the room, but when he saw Harkness he laughed outright.

"I wonder if I should have thought of it if I had left my old clothes behind me," he said; and he laid on the palm of his right hand the sleeve-buttons, gold and diamond, which he took from his vest pocket. "There they've been since I picked them up just as I was going out that afternoon. I thought I should see you in the evening. Did you miss them?"

If Harkness had looked confused when David compelled him to comply with his wish, how did he look now? David came to his relief.

"You got us into a pretty scrape," he said to Stopp. "But no matter. We're all alive; and *I'm* glad you took them! Mother!" He had seen through the opening in the green baize door the janitress passing by, pail and brush in hand.

And thus she came in. At her son's call why should she not come in? But when she saw the group of men in the middle of the room, for they had all gathered around Stopp and Harkness and David, she stood embarrassed, doubting, anxious to make her escape.

When *they* saw *her* so troubled, looking at her son, and from him to Harkness, the young fellows seemed fairly to encircle her by their sympathy, so that she could not escape, and they raised a cheer, and then one of them, in a low voice, said to David,

"Behold thy mother and—*thy brethren*."

This use of sacred words seemed to have been made by an inspiration—a good many of the fellows began to talk at the same moment, as if to give the rest opportunity to recover self-possession, but nothing that they all said was afterward remembered, except these words which neither the mother nor the son would be likely ever to forget:

"Behold *thy mother, and thy brethren*."

Yes, to every one with temptation is offered also the way of escape. It is not pleasant to think of what might have befallen David and his mother had they not been permitted to crucify themselves.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A MECHANICAL AGE.—Science certainly advances with gigantic strides. There is scarcely any thing to which the mechanical arts are not applied. From the steam-engine to "the wheel of life," machinery may be said to rule the operations of the world. Every day adds some fresh marvel to the list. We have long enjoyed the comfort of spring mattresses and spring guns, but our readers will scarcely be prepared for the announcement that during the last few days we have actually been enjoying "spring weather!"

SCENE IN AN EATING-HOUSE.—"John, the gentleman wants turtle-soup; order it up quick." "All out, Sir—gone long ago." Astonished proprietor says, "Impossible, never knew that dish to be out;" goes into the cooking-room, mixes fish, beef, tomato, and half a dozen other soups, and sends out first-class turtle. Customer swallows the same, with faith as fixed as the granite on the hills.

"Are you not alarmed at the approach of the King of Terrors?" said a minister to a sick man.

"Oh, no! I have been living six-and-thirty years with the queen of terrors; the king can't be much worse."

PHIL O'LOGICAL.—A student of Trinity, Dublin, who has been recently taking a tour in France, is engaged on a treatise intended to prove that the French provinces are colonies of Dublin. One of the proofs of their Irish extraction is to be found, he alleges, in the fact that they call a brogue a *Pat-ois*.

A young lady at a fashionable dinner-party pestered Dr. Johnson with a conundrum—a thing which the bluff old philosopher utterly detested. "Why is the letter J like the end of spring, doctor?" was the question, and of course the doctor couldn't tell. "Because it's the beginning of June," was the solution. "Now, Miss, will you tell me why the letter K is like a pig's tail?" sternly asked the doctor. The young lady had to give it up.—"Because it's the end of pork, Miss." The doctor was bothered with no more conundrums.

ACROBAT'S TIPPLE—Champagne in Tumblers.

POPULAR FALLACIES.

That you can receive one dollar a day, spend two, and get rich.

That the man who can't pay for his breakfast can raise the money to go into a circus.

That to do a man one favor, and then refuse him another, won't make him twice as mad as if you had refused him the first.

That when a friend presents you a hound it will cost you nothing.

That next year's taxes will be lighter.

That every other man is to die except you.

That if you have a good cause in love, war, or law, pitch in, you are bound to win.

That when you buy a horse, he will be certain to turn out as represented.

That if you always say what you think you will win the regard of the entire community.

A DUTCHMAN'S TOAST.—"Here ish to ter heroes who fite, pleed, and tite mit the pattles of Punker Hill, of whom I am one." Drunk standing.

A little girl of three years, when she first saw an apple-tree in full bloom, exclaimed, "See God's big bouquet!"

SPIRITUAL FACTS.

Whiskey is the key by which many gain an entrance into prisons and alms-houses.

Brandy brands the noses of those who can not govern their appetites.

Wine causes many to take a winding way home.

Punch is the cause of many unfriendly punches.

Ale causes ailings, and beer stretches many upon their bier.

Champagne is the cause of many real pains.

Gin slings have slain more than the slings of old.

A lisping boy of some six summers, son of a gentleman in the Massachusetts Legislature, recently made a visit to the Insane Asylum. On his return the following colloquy ensued:

"Where have you been this afternoon, sonny?"

"Over to the Insane Hospital."

"What were they doing there?"

"Making speeches, just like the Legislature."

ARTISTIC.—There is no truth in the report that Rosa Bonheur has been engaged to paint a picture in commemoration of the dinner lately given at the Langham Hotel, under the title of the "Horse *Fare*."

A "BURNING SHAME"—ARSON.

Springfield (Massachusetts) school-children, being called upon for impromptu compositions on the employment of their respective parents, a doctor's hope and joy produced this:

"There was a little girl,
And she was very sick,
She sent for my father,
And died very quick."

A ROUND OF PLEASURE FOR THE YOUNG—A plum-pudding.

DESIRES TO BE INFORMED.

If the person that "carried" his point had no money to pay a carman.

What weapon was used to "conquer pride?"

If the person that was thrown into an excitement was severely hurt.

If the person that "arrived at a conclusion" remained over-night.

If the person that "broke the silence" ever repaired it.

If the young lady that "bent her step" ever straightened it.

If the person that was "lost in thought" found his way out.

The width of the "fathomless abyss."

If the person that "sold his life dearly" received more than a thousand dollars.

If the person that read another's countenance could recite it the next day.

The exact spot on earth where "night fell."

If the person that "bit the dust" didn't have the toothache.

The name of the tune that was played upon the feelings.

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LAS CUMBRES RAILROAD, MEXICO—SCENE IN THE PASS DE LA MULA.—SKETCHED BY PAUL FRENCZENY.—[SEE PAGE 196.]

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and lighted it with a little malicious mirth. She would stay there by the door until they came out.

It was growing dark. Pretty soon the music ceased; then followed the sound of a long gossiping conversation, and they came toward the outer door. Then Jimmie Northrop, the round-faced youngster who sang tenor, tried to open the door.

"Locked, as true as preaching! Here, Wood, where is the key to this sanctuary?"

"What"—shaking the door so hard that the key jingled outside—"why, I left it in, and somebody has locked it!"

"That can't be possible," said Dr. Hale, quickly, trying the door.

"I tell you it is locked, but maybe the bolt was not turned, so that it slipped back when the door shut. I've known it to do so."

"That must be it, of course," said Dr. Hale.

Carrie had thought of a little revenge that they would all laugh over, but she began to be ashamed of it. Dr. Hale was so unwilling to believe that it was done intentionally; of course he knew who would be suspected in that case. If she opened it now, they would know she had been waiting there in the cold, after all her complaints. She had not thought of that before. She must find some other way of letting them out. She waited until they had decided to light the lamps, and continue their singing, hoping to attract somebody in that way, then she walked toward home. Albert would be sure to go there if he saw the light; otherwise, her aunt would be uneasy about Julia, and send somebody. Luckily she met Albert on the bridge. "No, he was not going to the church, but a mile or more beyond; but should stop when he came back, he guessed, if the singing was not over."

How nicely it had all happened! That would not keep them there too long, and no danger of betraying her now. But eight o'clock came, it began to rain, and they had not come yet; then nine—ten—and no Julia; and it rained torrents. Her aunt, who had never before failed to fret and worry if a member of her household failed to report in season, seemed satisfied with Carrie's first suggestion, that Julia had gone home with Mary Wood.

Just as Carrie's remorse and uneasiness had driven her out into the rain to go and release them they came, dripping and cold, up the walk. Albert had been detained, but came along just as they were trying to force open the door.

"In the morning when Julia has got over her terrible headache I will confess it all to her," thought Carrie. But morning found Julia prostrated by a fever, and the next day, and the next she was talking wildly, confusing incidents of yesterday with the half-forgotten ones of childhood; and calling the friends around her by the names of those she had not seen for years.

But through all these long sad days, that she alternately remembered and forgot the others, she always recognized Albert; clinging to him when the other faces grew strange and terrible to her. In him she seemed to have a trusting confidence that, more than Dr. Hale's skillful treatment, or her friends' tireless care, restrained her delirious excitement.

Poor Carrie bitterly accused herself as the cause of her cousin's illness. She confessed it humbly to Dr. Hale in the first of those anxious days. His congratulation that she had escaped from a cold and tedious imprisonment seemed sincere; but she could not be hypocritical enough to accept it. She told him unsparingly of her agency in detaining them. First of her weary impatience, then of her pique at his cool dismissal, and her revenge that had proved so humiliating to her. And Dr. Hale, without seeming so much surprised as she expected, kindly assured her that her cousin's sickness was not the result of her detention or exposure, and that she blamed herself a great deal more than any body could blame her.

She made a much longer confession to Julia after her recovery. Of the first insinuating remarks that aroused her jealousy; then of all the little circumstances that had fretted her; most of all, the light estimation in which Julia held Albert's gift—the magic chain that had been for weeks forgotten. And Julia quite as frankly admitted that her own selfish devotion to her music was quite as unreasonable. "But," she said, looking at Carrie with a curious smile, "a suspicion has just occurred to me."

That evening Dr. Hale, in one of his unprofessional calls, met Albert Tailor at Mr. Moore's. It was their first social evening together since that one weeks before, when they had contested for the chain.

"I am afraid it was not fairly bought; at least it brought you misfortune and sickness," said Dr. Hale.

"Indeed it was," Julia replied; "but since it has proved so disastrous I have decided to let you have it."

"In consideration of what?" he asked, in surprise.

"In consideration of life and health, for which she is greatly indebted to you," said Albert, warmly.

"And, as that is more than I gave for it, it is fairly yours," added Julia.

"But how do we know, if you do not tell us what you gave?" persisted Carrie.

"Oh!" said Julia, her pale cheek coloring a little, "I did not get it for a song, but for a kiss."

"I have not the courage to keep this," said Dr. Hale, taking it from the table where Julia had left it when she bade them good-night. "I am afraid of its baneful influence. I shall try to sell it."

"For more than you gave for it?" asked Carrie. "You can not."

"I can. But whoever buys it of me can never sell it. Do you dare?"

The hair chain is an old one now. Mrs. Hale has worn it for years, and since she can not sell it she intends to wear it out, she says. It has been a talisman to her, always preventing suspicion and jealousy.

PARISIAN GIPSIES.

VERY few Parisians are aware of the existence in their city of a band of these gipsy "Bohemians." As a general rule it is only in the artist's studio that they are to be found and recognized. They flit from place to place, sometimes in France, sometimes in Germany, for they come for the most part from Alsace, at other times making an excursion into even more distant lands, but every now and then the wanderers return to Paris, and there they have certain quarters where they meet and talk among themselves in that strange tongue of theirs, which still keeps alive a dialect of India in the heart of Europe. One of the most interesting of the band is the Père Lagrène, a noble-looking old man of sixty-eight, with finely-cut features of the eagle type, and a picturesque mass of tangled hair and beard. Many of the artists of Paris know him well, for he gains a scanty living by sitting to them as a model, and those who are well acquainted with the modern French school of painting have doubtless seen him figuring on canvas from time to time as Lear letting his hoary locks stream on the wind, or as Isaac stretching forth trembling hands of benediction, turning up to heaven the sightless eyes of Belisarius, or leaning on the arm of Antigone amidst the sacred groves of Colonos. A true nomad, he has no fixed dwelling-place, but has solved the difficult question of obtaining a cheap lodging in Paris by inhabiting a little carriage which belongs to him, and which he stables on any waste piece of ground which offers him an undisturbed footing.

The girls of this gipsy band are all of striking appearance, and their manners are very natural and pleasant. Their brows are lightly puckered by a frown which is cousin-german to a smile; a sort of timid independence gives a peculiar ring to their voice. They are most charming from about three to twelve or fourteen years of age. Their hands and feet are almost always delicate and finely-made, signs of their belonging to a thorough-bred race. And, indeed, there must be something very exceptional in the race to which they belong to have enabled it to preserve its individuality as it has done, among so many changes and during so long a period. Even when the children are the offspring of a mixed marriage, the Oriental cast of features generally prevails. One of the young women, Madeleine Landauer, is well known in Paris as an artist's model, being specially employed in the Princess Mathilde's studio.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE artists of Dodworth's Studio Building gave their fourth and last reception for the season on Saturday afternoon, March 7. A large number of ladies and gentlemen indicated by their presence their appreciation of art in general, and their interest in these artists in particular. They circulated freely through the rooms thrown open for inspection, and were received most courteously. It is impossible in a single paragraph to attempt any detailed description of the artists, their works, or even their *studios*, which latter are often interesting subjects of observation to the casual visitor. Nor will one find it the best way to spend the time to visit *all* the rooms open in one afternoon. To study a few pictures carefully is more satisfactory than to give a hasty glance at hundreds.

Among many beautiful paintings worthy of admiration, Mr. Hart's "Peaceful Homes" attracted our special attention. It is a large picture—just completed—ideal, in so far as that it represents no *particular* "homes;" but the materials for its conception and grouping were gathered in studies among the beautiful scenery of Connecticut. It is emphatically a *restful* picture. Mr. Fairman's works are of the brilliant kind. A little girl stood admiring them by our side, and counted, as she said, "five suns." He certainly is remarkably successful in representations of sunrise and sunset scenes. In Mr. Augero's studio "The Landing of Columbus" stood on the easel, labeled "Sketch for a Drop Curtain at Pike's Opera House." Miss Greatorex's room was a *study* in itself, adorned as it was with all manner of pretty, tasteful ornaments—in addition to the oil-paintings and pen-and-ink sketches—which latter are very beautiful, and attracted much attention. Mr. Lazarus's portraits are very fine; Messrs. Colman, Brevoort, Smillie, and others, exhibited recently completed works of much beauty. Among Rogers's groups we lingered long. A new group has been recently finished called "The Council of War," representing President Lincoln, General Grant, and Mr. Stanton consulting over a map. Mr. Lincoln, sitting in an arm-chair, holding the map, forms the centre of the group; Stanton, with spectacles in one hand, stands on the right; and Grant, pointing to the map, on the left. Mr. Rogers has in hand another group, which promises to be a gem of its kind—subject, "Courtship in Sleepy Hollow; Ichabod Crane and Katrina Van Tassel." Although but roughly modeled as yet, the expression on the faces is exquisite. Mr. Rogers himself is a very genial man, and cordially gave his visitors much information about his modes of work.

It is not worth while to be *too* economical. Even if you happen to live in the vicinity of a navy-yard, or an old battle-field, it don't always pay to use bomb-shells for andirons, or old guns for pokers. But a lady in Mississippi, not long ago, wishing to build a fire, and having no andirons used a pair of bomb-shells, relics of the war, for the purpose. The shells were loaded, and of course exploded. The lady was considerably injured, but declared the disaster occurred because it was *Friday*. She has resolved never to use bomb-shells for andirons on *Friday* again.

A novel and laborious enterprise is now in progress on what is known as the "Colt Estate," in Hartford, Connecticut. An Artesian well is being sunk, with the intention of conveying it down until it penetrates the bowels of the earth, and strikes the region of hot water! The hot water is wanted for the purpose of warming the extensive green-houses on the premises. This is the second attempt which has been made. The first boring was abandoned at a depth of 270 feet. This one has already been drilled out to the depth of about 710 feet, and is making slow progress at the rate of half a foot a day through the hardest rock ever encountered by the contractor. So hard is the rock that it dulls the drills at the first blow, and they have to be drawn up and sharpened every time after they have been allowed to fall upon the rock, which is a kind of iron-stone. The hole is five inches in diameter. Wooden shafts, thirty-two feet long, are coupled together and the drill attached, the whole moving by a walking-beam and steam-engine. The hard rock, several feet thick, is now believed to be bored very nearly through.

A Massachusetts paper complains thus:

"DON'T.—*People* who send us 'communications' for *publication* ARE 'requested' not to 'quote' and *underscore* SO MUCH. THIS is *about* the way A good deal of 'matter' would LOOK if we '*printed*' it as WRITTEN."

And a contemporary in affliction adds:

"To which '*request*' TEN THOUSAND *compositors* 'most earnestly' ADVANCE their '*request*' that Names and Places be PLAINLY WRITTEN, and the *stroke* of the J always carried BELOW the line."

It is stated that Bethel, Conn., has neither rum-shops, paupers, poor-house, nor town-debt—the entire deficiency resulting from the want of the first-named. If this statement is true Bethel ought to be put into a museum as a natural curiosity.

The "Aerotator," a machine for navigating the air, invented by a Mr. Hutchings of St. Louis, is said to have been pronounced a success by the best aeronauts of America. A huge machine is now in course of construction, which promises to turn in any direction, at any height, at the will of the navigator. The first trial will take place near St. Louis, with the wonderful feat of jumping out of a balloon at the height of two thousand feet from the earth; and, as the inventor proposes to accomplish this himself, he has great confidence in his own invention.

Western papers say they find it necessary to announce marriages in advance because the married life is so short afterward that friends do not get fairly notified of an engagement before they see that an application for divorce has been filed.

"Truth is stranger than fiction." Such barbarous cruelties as have been inflicted on a young child in Brighton, England, could scarcely be imagined. According to the London papers the hapless little boy, only six years old, has been living with his aunt for some months past, his mother being poor and a widow. When first seen by a magistrate, the child had more than fifty wounds and scars upon his body. He stated that a poker was heated red hot, and he was burnt with it every night. The inside of the child's ears were masses of sores, from which the matter was discharged. The bridge of the nose and one finger were broken. The child was very emaciated, its bones coming nearly through the skin. The aunt, of course, denied the charge—but *somebody* is fearfully guilty.

There have been numerous "*last men*" of the Revolutionary War. The *very* last one reported hails from Ohio. He is one hundred and four years of age, having been born in Virginia, a few miles from Mount Vernon, February 6, 1764. He was at the siege of Yorktown when in his eighteenth year, but never obtained a pension until a year or two since, when it was granted to him by a special act of Congress. He is now nearly helpless, his hearing bad and his eyesight nearly gone, yet he can walk on crutches. He has been a great tobacco-chewer all his life, to which his premature decay is probably attributable!

In "old times," somewhere about 1735, a "Beef-steak Club" was organized in England. The rules for treating a beef-steak were thus set forth:

Pound well your meat until the fibres break;
Be sure the next you have, to broil the steak,
Good coals in plenty; nor a moment leave,
But turn it over this way, and then that.
The lean should be quite rare—not so the fat;
The platter, now and then, the juice receive,
Put on the butter—place it on your meat—
Salt, pepper, turn it over, serve, and eat.

Not a bad recipe for nowadays.

The city of St. Paul, Minnesota, having sent to Europe recently 80,000 rat-skins in one lot, the people are patiently awaiting a fall in the price of imported European kid gloves.

Iowa must be a dangerous State to live in—at least, some parts of it. A short time ago a young man living in the town of Jasper was engaged in reading the Bible, when his mother, seventy years of age, asked him a question. Seized by a sudden frenzy, he sprang upon the old woman and choked her to death. He then told his wife to send for a neighbor to tie him, and exhorted her and the children to get out of the way as soon as possible. They took his advice, and the crazy matricide was arrested soon afterward.

Woodville, Mississippi, has been thus described: "It is the most quiet place I know; there's no quarreling, or rowdyism, nor fighting in the streets. If a gentleman insults another he's quietly shot down, and that's the last of it." Never having visited Woodville, we can not vouch for the truth of the description.

The ordeals which Fashion imposes upon its most devoted followers are severe in some instances. A fashionable full-dress dinner-party, recently given in this city, lasted five hours. There were thirty guests present; eight courses, and a dozen different kinds of wine were served. The silver on the table was valued at ten thousand dollars.

It is said that the most costly dresses for ladies which are made in Paris go to Russia, but that nowhere is elegant clothing so soon ruined. An English exchange remarks that a young Muscovite belle will think nothing of getting into a narrow, open drotsky and rushing about, with her train spread over the wheels, through the winter sludge till it is spoiled. Perhaps it is only by similar reckless expenditures that the European nobility hope to secure themselves against "vulgar imitation." For just now they are exercised upon that subject. Recently, at a ball in Nice, a Russian princess wore diamonds valued at one hundred thousand dollars. But so did the wife of M. Hartman, who made his fortune by inventing the Magenta dye; her diamonds were as rich and as valuable as the Princess's; and the high and noble are quite disgusted.

The Pope of Rome has issued a decree against profane language and extravagant dress. He complains that much evil is wrought by the Roman ladies dressing for church as if they were going to the theatre or to a ball; and announces that "women with extravagant head-dresses shall in future not be admitted to the communion-table." Very good; but what is to be done about the gorgeous Pontifical robes, the gay clothing of Cardinals, and all their costly decorations?

The nicknames given to some of the most prominent cities of the United States are familiar to many; but others are not so well known, and a list of certain ones may be amusing. New York is called Gotham; Boston, the Modern Athens and the Hub; Philadelphia, the Quaker City; Baltimore, the Monumental City; Cincinnati, the Queen City; New Orleans, the Crescent City; Washington, the City of Magnificent Distances; Chicago, the Garden City; Detroit, the City of the Straits; Cleveland, the Forest City; Pittsburg, the Smoky City; New Haven, the City of Elms; Indianapolis, the Railroad City; St. Louis, the Mound City; Keokuk, the Gate City; Louisville, the Falls City; Nashville, the City of Rocks; Hannibal, the Bluff City; Quincy, the Model City; Alexandria, the Delta City.

DEATH OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

THE engraving of the DEATH OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, which we give on page 204, is from a painting by ROBERT FLEURY, now director of the French Academy at Rome, and among the greatest of living painters. He has been adjudged, on account of his mastery and knowledge of all the technical part of painting, as in all respects the best man to fill the important position he now holds. He is celebrated for his power of throwing into one great picture, such as his "Charles V.," the spirit and character of a whole historic period. He has been compared with DE LA ROCHE; but both in color, and infinitely more in sentiment, he falls into a lower rank than that great painter.

The incident which has been selected by the artist is one of the famous death scenes of history. After COLUMBUS had fallen a victim to the intrigues of the jealous Spanish courtiers he was carried in chains to Spain, and after lying for some time in prison was released, but neglected. The indignation which was expressed throughout Spain at the treatment of the great discoverer forced King FERDINAND to give COLUMBUS command of four small vessels and a commission to search for a passage through the Sea (now Gulf) of Mexico. On his return from this voyage to San Lucar he was allowed to remain in seclusion and disgrace. At the age of seventy years, broken in body, although in full possession of his mental faculties, having, in his own words, "no place to repair to except an inn, and often with nothing to pay for his sustenance," the discoverer of the New World died repeating the words, in Latin, "Lord, into thy hands I commit my spirit."

1865.—1866.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

See Illustration on next Page.

I STOOD on a tower in the wet,
And New Year and Old Year met,
And winds were roaring and blowing;
And I said, "O years, that meet in tears,
Have ye aught that is worth the knowing?
Science enough and exploring,
Wanderers coming and going,
Matter enough for deploring,
But aught that is worth the knowing?"
Seas at my feet were flowing,
Waves on the shingle pourring,
Old Year roaring and blowing,
And New Year blowing and roaring.

THE OLD SEAT.

See Illustration on next Page.

DEAR Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
How strange with you once more to meet,
To hold your hand, to hear your voice,
To sit beside you on this seat!
You mind the time we sat here last?—
Two little children-lovers we,
Each loving each with simple faith,
I all to you—you all to me.

Ah! Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
We sit together now as then;
I press your hand, you meet my glance,
We seem as if we loved again.
But in my heart I feel the truth,
The dear old times have passed away;
The love that once possessed our souls
We do but simulate to-day.

Since last we met, my Lady Vere,
You've grown in years and culture too,
And, putting childish things away,
Have ceased to be sincere and true.
Naught caring for a single soul,
You spare no trouble, reck no pain,
To add another name unto
The bead-roll of the hearts you've slain.

To you, my Lady Vere de Vere,
What is it that a heart may break?
You had no hazard in the game—
He should have played with equal stake.
You did but seek to while away
The slow hours of an idle night;
The fault lay with the fool who failed
To read your character aright.

But, Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
You make your wares by far too cheap;
Your net claims all as fish that comes
Within the limit of its sweep.
You sit beside me here to-day,
You try to make me love again;
But I am safe the while I think
You've sat thus with a score of men.

Still, Lady Clara, Clara, dear,
Beneath your finished mask I see
The gentle heart, the honest mind,
That made you once so dear to me.
Your voice is still as sweet as then,
Your face is still as pure and good:
I see the graces of my love
All ripened in her womanhood.

If some day, Clara Vere de Vere,
You weary of the counterfeit,
And look with yearning back upon
The old times linked with this seat—
If you would change your fleeting loves
For one true love for evermore,
Then we will come and see this place,
And sit together, as of yore.

But meanwhile, Lady Vere de Vere,
Of me win all renown you may;
A plaything fresh my heart for you,
A new world for your sovereign sway.
Bring all your practiced charms in play,
Shoot all your darts, they can not hurt;
For when we meet I clothe me in
The proved chain-armor of a flirt.

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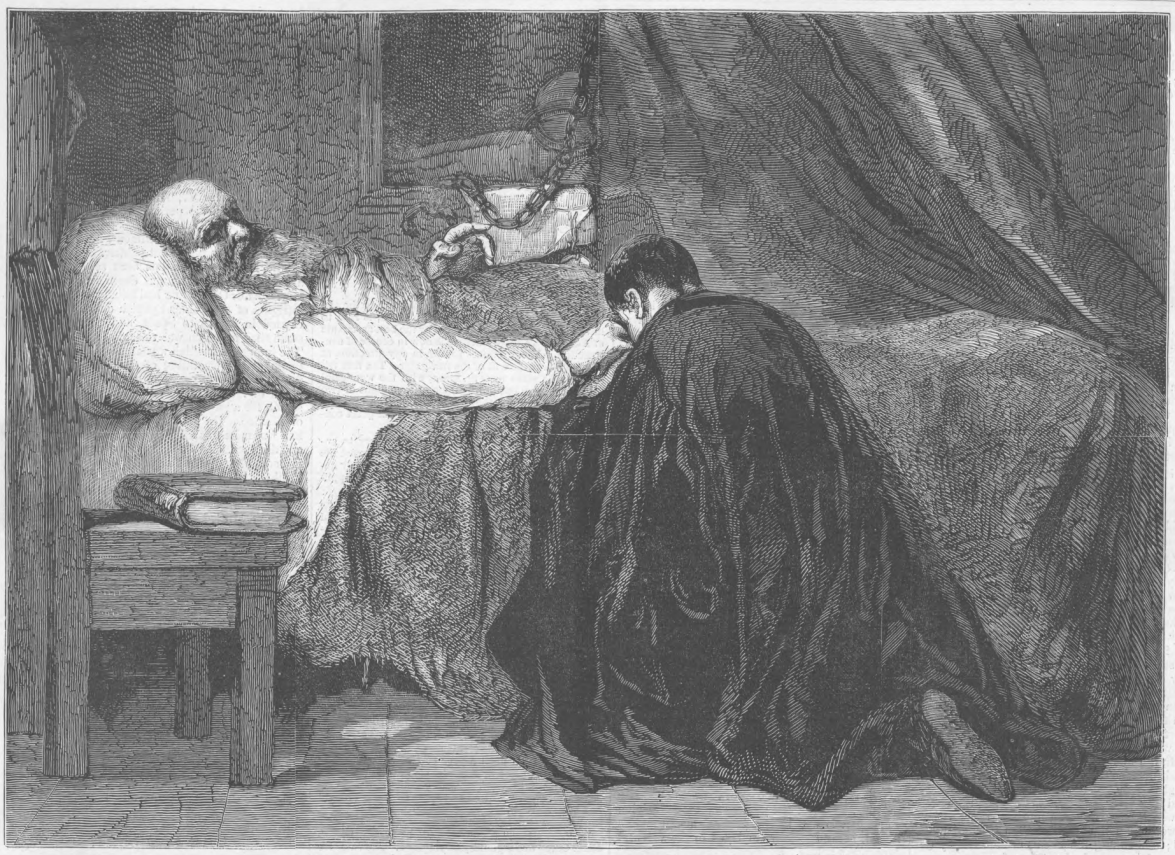
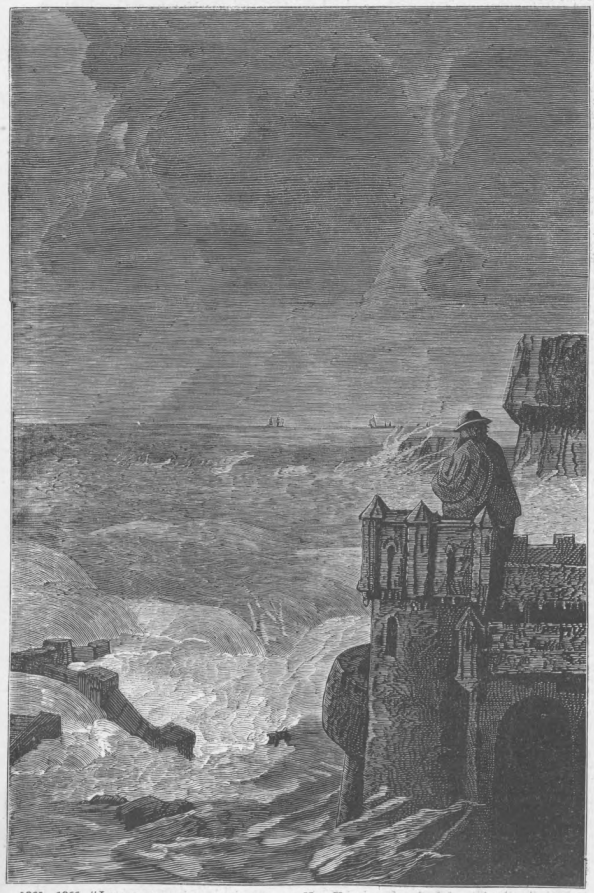


THE DEATH OF COLUMBUS.—FROM THE PAINTING BY ROBERT FLEURY.—[SEE PAGE 203.]



1865.—1866.—"I STOOD ON A TOWER IN THE WET, AND NEW YEAR AND OLD YEAR MET."—[SEE PAGE 203.]

THE OLD SEAT.—"AH! LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE, WE SIT TOGETHER NOW AS THEN."—[SEE PAGE 203.]

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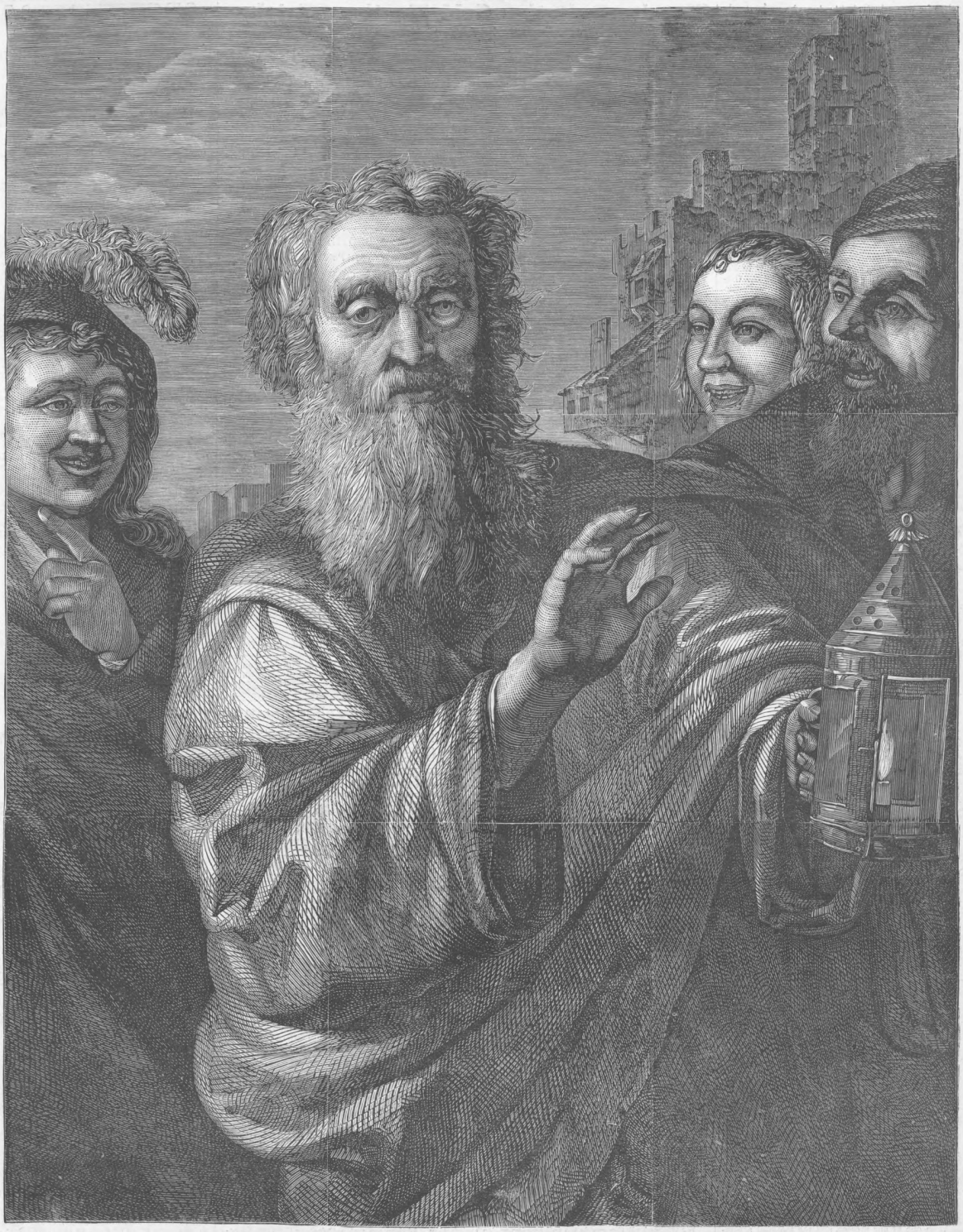

"DIOGENES SEEKING AN HONEST MAN."—[FROM THE PAINTING BY SALVATOR ROSA.]

THE CHIEF OF CYNICS.

SALVATOR ROSA, in painting his famous picture illustrating the classical story of DIOGENES, which we reproduce on this page, has accepted the modern version which represents the old cynic as searching for an honest man. Cynical as he was, it is hardly probable that DIOGENES harped much about honesty, as among the earliest of his youthful transactions was a swindling operation by which he debased the coinage of his native land. To escape the punishment for this crime he fled to Athens, where he at once set up as a philosopher. In the original of the legend of his search LAERTIUS says nothing about an honest man, but represents DIOGENES as perambulating the streets of Athens, carrying a lamp, and exclaiming, "I seek a man." He meant undoubtedly by the term a person morally and physically perfect. It was a safe philosophy to profess and a useless search to enter upon. The present-day followers of the old cynic are no wiser in their aspersions or more successful in their search than their old original. The "school of Diogenes" forms a very numerous class in the present day; there are to be found in every society numbers of cynical men who go about doubting virtue, laughing at wisdom, and decrying manhood; but, as a general rule, they have not attained to high character as philosophers, and do not materially retard the advancement of the world. People have come to regard them as a sort of inoffensive evil to be endured, and when one offends with expressions of his doubts he is smiled at and pitied as a dyspeptic.

The chief circumstance which the general public recollects of DIOGENES, besides the incident which we illustrate, is the account of his ordering ALEXANDER THE GREAT to get from between him and the sun. The incident has done very great service in a moral way in illustrating to youthful minds the impotency of the great ones of the earth, but it has also served to give a great many a false notion of the character of the "philosopher of the tub." In the first place, he was a notoriously dissolute youth and a dishonest young scamp. He had to fly from Sinope, where he was born, for complicity with his father in what we would nowadays call counterfeiting. In Athens he found himself very poor, and, making a virtue of necessity, he proclaimed himself a follower of ANTISTHENES, who had established a school which preached the "magnificence of poverty," and the members of which practiced living little better and no cleaner than beasts. LEWIS has summed up DIOGENES's character in the "History of Philosophy," in the following words: "Poor, he was ready to advocate the philosophy of poverty; an outcast, he was ready to separate himself from society; branded with disgrace, he was ready to shelter himself under a philosophy which branded society."

He ridiculed and despised all intellectual pursuits which did not directly and obviously tend to some immediate practical good. He abused literary men for reading about the evils of ULYSSES, and neglecting their own; musicians for stringing the lyre harmoniously while they left their minds discordant; men of science for troubling themselves about the moon and stars, while they neglected what lay immediately before them; orators for learning to say what was right, but not to practice it. On a voyage to Ægina he was taken prisoner by pirates, and carried to Crete to be sold as a slave. Here,

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when he was asked what business he understood, he answered, "How to command men." He was purchased by XENIADES of Corinth, over whom he acquired such influence that he soon received from him his freedom, was intrusted with the care of his children, and passed his old age in his house. He died at Corinth at the age of nearly ninety years.

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APRIL, 1868.

CONTENTS:

AMONG THE ANDES OF PERU AND BOLIVIA. By E. G. SQUIER.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Equipped for the Cordillera.—The Port and Morro of Arica.—The Alameda of Tacna.—Chulpa or Burial Tower.—Aymara Skull from Totora.—The Nevados of Tacora and Chipicani from the Pass of Guayllilos.—Nevado and Tambo of Tacora.—The Casitas of Uchusuma.—Our Dormitory at Uchusuma.—Style of Houses in Santiago de Machaca.—Aymara Female Head-Dress.—Balsa Bridge over the Rio Desaguadero.—View of Lake Titicaca and Illampu, the Crown of the Andes.

YOUNG AGAIN.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WAR.—(*Eleventh Paper.*)
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Indulging in Luxuries.—"I want my Bucket."—Women of Martinsburg repairing Bridge for the Union Cavalry.—Tent Improvement.—Brown's Cottage.—Confederate Stragglers.—The Spring House.—Head-Quarters Train.—Reconnoissance from Ashby's Gap.—A Fire in Camp.

DU CHAILLU, GORILLAS, AND CANNIBALS.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Paul du Chaillu in Africa.—Fight with a Buffalo.—Killing the Snake.—Slave Barracoons. Burial-Ground.—Aboko kills a Rogue Elephant.—African Ball. King Olenga-Yombi Dancing.—Marabouts, Storks, and Pelicans.—Gorilla Hunting.—A Young Nshiego Mbouve with a White Face.

SHEFFIELD—A BATTLE-FIELD OF ENGLISH LABOR.—(*Concluded.*)

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COTTON FOR DRESSES.

SWEET SALOME.

MISS SUE AND MR. WILLIAM.

THE SPIRIT OF THE WATERFALL.

THE WOMAN'S KINGDOM: A LOVE STORY. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Before the Mirror.—The Stedman Brothers.

THE GOLDEN FLEECE.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Yanko and the Ram.—Stoian's Grapes.—The Vila and Stoian.—Decapitation.

ENGLISH PHOTOGRAPHS BY AN AMERICAN.

CONGRESS AND THE SUPREME COURT.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

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NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

In the year 1846 the writer of this article embarked in the drug business in the city of Philadelphia; and, while thus engaged, made several experiments in regard to the most desirable mode of preparing fluid extracts. His efforts being successful—the articles being approved and used by the medical faculty—he was desirous of placing them before the public; but hesitated for some time before concluding to resort to newspaper advertising, knowing of the prejudices existing against using advertised medicines. But, through the advice of friends and those who had used the preparations, this objection was overcome.

Commencing in a small way, after eighteen years' exertions the popularity of my articles has extended to all parts of the United States, and widely through foreign countries, and this in the face of much opposition. Every means has been resorted to by unprincipled dealers since their merit and success have been known—such as advertising larger bottles at less price, censuring all other preparations, and even copying my advertisements; but I am happy to state that, out of the many who have resorted to this, none have been successful.

Knowing that many may read this article who are unacquainted with me, I append remarks from those of my native city whose names are known in all parts of the world.

For further information, see remarks from largest manufacturing chemists in the world, Journal Pharmacy, Dr. Keyser's letter, Dispensatory, United States, &c.; Professor Dewees' valuable works on the Practice of Physic; Remarks made by the late celebrated Dr. Physic, Philadelphia; Remarks made by Dr. Ephraim McDowal, a celebrated physician, and member of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland, and published in the Transactions of the King and Queen's Journal; Medico-Chirurgical Review, published by Benjamin Travers, Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons; and most of the Standard Works of Medicine.

A QUESTION TO THE READER.

If you were about to embark in the medicine business, would the merit of our article or your confidence in advertising inspire you so to do, and would you devote years of application without a thorough investigation? I will take upon myself the responsibility of answering this question, although I have heard thousands remark that "all that is necessary is to advertise." I have never yet seen any but would hesitate.

Many intelligent and persevering men have been induced to embark in the business, believing they had this essential element, have expended thousands of dollars in bringing it before the community, to find in a short time that their article was not successful in a majority of cases, and failure was the inevitable consequence.

Advertising does not make merit—it does not make money; however, it makes merit known, and merit makes a reputation and money.

I full well know that there are thousands who are envious of the success of others, and who seldom speak in a complimentary manner of the merits of our article or of the enterprise of any; but I will remark that I do not believe that there is a druggist or physician in the United States, or the world, who, if he had as good a remedy as mine, would hesitate to pursue the same course adopted by me.

My Buchu is not a patent medicine, and I withhold no knowledge of ingredients. The remedy is perfectly safe. My laboratory and the mode of preparation have been inspected by thousands of physicians and druggists who expressed themselves gratified.

The science of medicine, like the Doric column, stands simple, pure, and majestic, having fact for its basis, induction for its pillar, and truth alone for its capital.

I contend there is no business where these qualifications are more requisite, as medicines are brought in contact with the intelligent druggists every where. It is often remarked that that which may benefit one may be of no advantage to another. How mistaken the idea.

A blood-purifier for one is a blood-purifier for all.
A diuretic for one, a diuretic for all.
A narcotic for one, a narcotic for all.
A purgative for one, a purgative for all.

Just as much so as wholesome food for one is wholesome food for all, with no more difference than that some constitutions require more than others, and that persons in disease are given to despondency—expecting in a few days or weeks, and perhaps with a single bottle of medicine, to be restored to health, if not to youth and beauty. These persons seldom recover, lacking patience. They give nothing a fair trial, considering a few dollars expended for the benefit of their health a waste of money. The same individuals may have been years in breaking down their constitutions, and have probably expended thousands of dollars in dress and dissipation, and thought nothing of it. Such forget that good health is true wealth.

With upward of 30,000 recommendatory letters and unsolicited certificates, I have never resorted to their publication. In this case I shall, however, append a few remarks, trusting they may be appreciated.

I am, to afflicted and suffering humanity,
Their humble servant, H. T. HELMBOLD,
Manufacturer of Helmbold's Genuine Preparations.

FROM THE LARGEST MANUFACTURING CHEMIST IN THE WORLD.

I am acquainted with Mr. H. T. Helmbold. He occupied the drug store opposite my residence, and was successful in conducting the business where others had not been equally so before him. I have been favorably impressed with his character and enterprise.

WILLIAM WEIGHTMAN,
Firm of Powers & Weightman,
Manufacturing Chemists, 9th and Brown Sts., Phila.

A CASE OF TWENTY YEARS' STANDING.

Philadelphia, Pa., June 25, 1857.

H. T. HELMBOLD, DRUGGIST:

Dear Sir,—I have been a sufferer for upward of twenty years with gravel and bladder and kidney affections, during which time I have used various medicinal preparations, been under the treatment of the most eminent physicians, experiencing but little relief.

Having seen your preparations extensively advertised, I consulted with my family physician in regard to using your Extract Buchu. I did this because I had used all kinds of advertised remedies, and had found them worthless, and some quite injurious. In fact, I despaired of ever getting well, and determined to use no remedies hereafter unless I knew of the ingredients. It was this that prompted me to to use your remedy. As you advertised that it was composed of buchu, cubebs, and juniper-berries, it occurred to me and my physician as an excellent combination; and with his advice, after an examination of the article, and consulting again with the druggist, I concluded to try it. I commenced to use it about eight months ago, at which time I was confined to my room.

From the first bottle I was astonished and gratified at the beneficial effect; and after using it three weeks was able to walk out. I felt much like writing you a full statement of my case at the time, but thought my improvement might only be temporary, and therefore concluded to defer, and see if it would effect a perfect cure, knowing that then it would be of greater value to you, and more satisfactory to me.

I am now able to report that a cure is effected after using the remedy for five months.

I have not used any now for three months, and feel as well in all respects as I ever did.

Your Buchu being devoid of any unpleasant taste and odor, a nice tonic and invigorator of the system, I do not mean to be without it whenever occasion may require its use in such affections. M. MCCORMICK.

Should any doubt Mr. McCormick's statement, he refers to the following gentlemen:

Hon. Wm. Bigler, Ex-Governor of Pennsylvania.
Hon. Thos. B. Florence, Philadelphia.
Hon. J. C. Knox, Judge, Philadelphia.
Hon. J. S. Black, Judge, Philadelphia.
Hon. D. R. Porter, Ex-Governor of Pennsylvania.
Hon. Ellis Lewis, Judge, Philadelphia.
Hon. R. C. Grier, Judge United States Court.
Hon. G. W. Woodward, Judge, Philadelphia.
Hon. W. A. Porter, City Solicitor, Philadelphia.
Hon. John Bigler, Ex-Governor of California.
Hon. E. Banks, Auditor-General, Washington, D. C.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

DR. KEYSER is a physician of over thirty years' experience, and a graduate of the Jefferson Medical College, and of the University of Medicine and Surgery of Philadelphia.

Pittsburg, Pa., August 11, 1865.

MR. H. T. HELMBOLD:

Dear Sir,—In regard to the question asked me as to my opinion about Buchu, I would say that I have used and sold the article in various forms for the past thirty years. I do not think there is any form or preparation of it I have not used, or known to be used, in the various diseases where such medicate agent would be indicated. You are aware, as well as myself, that it has been extensively employed in the various diseases of the bladder and kidneys; and the reputation it has acquired, in my judgment, is warranted by the facts. I have seen and used, as before stated, every form of Buchu—the powdered leaves, the simple decoction, tincture, fluid extracts—and I am not cognizant of any preparation of that plant at all equal to yours. Twelve years' experience ought, I think, to give me the right to judge of its merits; and, without prejudice or partiality, I give yours precedence over all others. I value your Buchu for its effect on patients. I have cured with it, and seen cured with it, more diseases of the bladder and kidneys than I have ever seen cured with any other Buchu, or any other proprietary compound of whatever name.

Respectfully yours, &c.,
GEO. H. KEYSER, M.D., No. 140 Wood Street.

A CASE OF INFLAMMATION OF KIDNEYS AND GRAVEL.

Glasgow, Mo., February 5, 1868.

MR. H. T. HELMBOLD:

Dear Sir,—About two years ago I was troubled with both inflammation of the kidneys and gravel, when I resorted to several remedies without deriving any benefit whatever; and, seeing your EXTRACT BUCHU advertised, I procured a few bottles and used them. The result was a *complete cure* in a short time. I regard your EXTRACT BUCHU as decidedly the best remedy extant for any and all diseases of the kidneys, and I am quite confident that it will do all you claim for it. You may publish this if you desire to do so.

Yours respectfully,
EDWIN M. FEAZEL (Morgan, Feazel & Co.).

EXTRACT OF BUCHU.—It is no patent medicine, but simply an extraction of the vital principle of an herb which grows spontaneously at Cape Good Hope, Africa, and of whose medical qualities there is no material difference of opinion as to its virtue in those cases for which it is recommended. Helmbold, the great chemist of New York, only claims for his article a superior mode of extracting the value of the plant and not impair its vital principle. Every one who has visited his mammoth laboratory pronounces it one of the most extensive and complete establishments in the world, and justly regard it a great addition to the science of medicine. He makes no secret of his process, but cordially invites the public to visit his store and see for themselves. If you want a pure and strong extract, buy Helmbold's Buchu and Sarsaparilla.—*Editorial from Daily Advertiser, Boston, Mass.*

N. Y. S. VOL. INSTITUTE,
Cor. 5th Ave. and 76th St., Central Park,
June 16, 1866.

(A home and school for the sons of deceased soldiers.)

MR. H. T. HELMBOLD:

Two bottles only of the package of your valuable Buchu presented to the Institute have been used by the children, and with perfect success. In the case of our little Lieutenant A. J., his pride is no longer mortified, and he is free from the daily morning anathemas of the chambermaid who has charge of his bedding. I feel that a knowledge of the result of our use of your Buchu with the children under our charge may save many a Superintendent and Matron of Boarding-schools and Asylums a great amount of annoyance; and many a poor child suffering more from *weakness* than habit may be spared punishment that is (not knowing it is a weakness instead of a bad habit) most unjustly inflicted upon them. Thanking you on behalf of the children, and hoping others may be alike benefited, I am respectfully yours,

Col. YOUNG, Genl. Supt. and Director.

UNITED STATES POST HOSPITAL,
Salisbury, N. C., March 16, 1866.

H. T. HELMBOLD, Esq., *Philadelphia, Pa.*:

Dear Sir,—I wish you to send me one dozen of your Sarsaparilla Extract, and half a dozen of your Rose-wash. Allow me to say that your preparations are very satisfactory not only to the practitioner, but also to the patient, and I shall endeavor to bring them to universal use in this part of the country. Please forward these medicines again as before, C.O.D., per express. I am, Sir, very respectfully yours, &c.,

M. F. A. HOFFMAN, Surgeon in charge of Hospital.

CERTIFICATE FROM A DISTINGUISHED MIDWIFE.

MR. HELMBOLD: *Philadelphia, Aug.* 18, 1865.

Sir,—I have used your Extract Buchu with many of my patients, and can speak of it in the highest terms in every case, and consider it a valuable remedy, and one that should be in the hands of every midwife.

Very truly yours, REBECCA STANTON, M.D.

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TO PHYSICIANS.

New York, Aug. 15, 1865.

Allow me to call your attention to my PREPARATION OF COMPOUND EXTRACT BUCHU. The component parts are BUCHU, LONG LEAF, CUBEBS, JUNIPER BERRIES.

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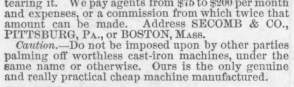

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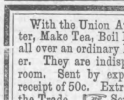
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The unfunded debt has been reduced to about $716,000,000, the whole of which, with the exception of the greenbacks, fractional currency, and gold certificates, are so arranged as to be readily funded; and it is believed that in scarcely any possible contingency can any part of this unfunded debt cause embarrassment to the Treasury. This encouraging result has been obtained by arduous labor and great ingenuity. In the face of this remarkable display of recuperative force, and in view of the present political agitation, the moment is singularly chosen for instituting attacks on the public credit. The effect of these Western wild-cat schemes can not be otherwise than extremely mischievous in their mere suggestion and discussion, and if enacted by law, must result in national bankruptcy.

THE LEGISLATURE AND THE NEW STATE CONSTITUTION.

AMONG the important reforms in the proposed new Constitution of New York is the reorganization of the Legislature. At present the Senate is composed of thirty-two members, who are elected every two years, and who retire together. But in nothing more than in practical legislation are experience and stability essential. The members who come to the capital, new to legislative life and unfamiliar not only with the method of managing details but even with the general subjects to be managed, are at a disadvantage which perplexes all public business and peculiarly exposes the members themselves to unscrupulous influences. This difficulty is obviated by providing that the terms of office of all the Senators shall not expire at the same time. The provision finally adopted by the Convention, and which is now to be submitted to the people, divides the State into thirty-two Senate districts, each of which is to choose one Senator, and the term of office is to be four years. Half of the members first elected are to retire at the end of two years; the others at the end of four. This secures a permanent element, as in the Senate of the United States. Half of the members are necessarily experienced; and the improvement upon the present system is incontestable.

A still more searching reform, however, was sought by a large part of the Convention, and at one time it seemed probable that it would be adopted. This was an increase in the size of the district and a reduction in the number of Senators. The theory of a Senate in our Legislature is that it is a Conservative body by which the possibly rash and hasty action of the other House may be restrained and corrected. It was with this view, doubtless, that a noted clergyman in Albany, when praying at the opening of a morning session of the Senate, at a time when the House was especially tumultuous and discordant, fervently besought the Almighty that he would enable the tranquil wisdom of a few "to baffle the dispersive counsels of a multitude." But nothing can be more clumsy and futile than a second body elected by the same constituency. The Senate, which does not represent like the House of Lords in England a separate estate of the realm, should be constituted solely with a view to its purpose. It is to pass in review the action of the other House, and therefore, as far as practicable, it should be different in its origin and duration, in order to secure that independence and deliberation which are indispensable to the proper discharge of its functions. If it be elected by the same constituency and for the same term as the other House, it is but a repetition of it, subject to precisely the same local and personal influences. Its especial intention is defeated.

The Senate in the Congress of the United States is distinguished from the House of Representatives by its small number, two from every State; by the extent and character of the constituency, which is the whole State; by the manner of election, which is by the State Legislature; and by the duration of the term, which is three times as long as that of a Representative. There seems to be no good reason why the general constitution of the United States Senate should not serve as a model for that of this State; and it was proposed that the State should be divided into eleven or twelve districts, each to elect a Senator for a long term, with a provision that a third of the number only should retire together. This plan would secure all the objects sought in a Senate as wisely as any arrangement, but it was defeated apparently because of an opinion that it was not truly democratic, and evinced a doubt of the wisdom and ability of the people to select their representatives. If this argument were of any weight, it was sufficient to abolish the Senate altogether. The discussion was animated and the vote very close. The result was the compromise we have mentioned, which, as an advance upon the present regulation, we hope will be adopted by the people.

The new Constitution proposes also to return to the old election of members of the Assembly by counties instead of by districts, as now; it increases the number of Representatives to one hundred and thirty-nine instead of the present one hundred and twenty-eight; and provides for the payment to each member of an annual salary of a thousand dollars instead of the present *per diem*. The election by counties will, of course, prevent for some time the return of any but Democratic representatives from the county of New York. It is possible now to send at least one or two of the other party. The division of the State into thirty-two districts also makes the districts of the Senators in the counties of New York and Kings smaller than those of the Assemblymen. The county of New York, for instance, will furnish five senatorial districts. This is an anomaly which it was difficult to avoid.

There seemed to be no very strong wish in the Convention to increase the number of members of the Assembly. Indeed, a multitude is not so prompt or efficient a working body as a comparatively small number; and the argument for a large Assembly, drawn from the consideration that it takes much more money to bribe six hundred men than a hundred and thirty, is so startling as to suggest the rejoinder that reasonable men will immediately perceive that no corporation can afford to pay individually eight hundred as liberally as it might a hundred and thirty, and to graduate their expectations and demands accordingly. In other words, if the community is corrupt, and the number of the Legislature is determined, not by considerations of executing a public duty with ability, rapidity, and fidelity, but by reference to corruptibility, it makes very little difference whether the Assembly be larger or smaller. Nevertheless, there is a very profound and universal impression in the State that the Legislature is not impeccable. But this was stoutly denounced as a false impression by Senator HENRY C. MURPHY and Senator FOLGER, who are generally regarded as the leaders of their respective parties in the Senate. Indeed, Senator FOLGER, upon one occasion, declared that it was unfair to repeat so slanderous an allegation as if there could be no doubt of its truth, and most vehemently denied the wholesale charge of venality against the Legislature, rather to the amused consternation of Mr. ERASTUS BROOKS, who had yielded the floor for a moment, but who, upon resuming, did not seem to be in the least convinced.

Nor, indeed, was the Convention. For, upon Mr. ODYKE'S proposition, it placed in the new Constitution a very stringent provision against official corruption; making it incumbent upon District Attorneys to prosecute under pain of removal for negligence. All public officers are also required to take an oath as a guard against bribery at election: so that in entering upon his office the Governor and the Judges of Appeals, as well as every minor servant of the State, must swear that he has not paid nor offered to pay any thing valuable, nor made any promise to influence or reward a vote. This is a solemn testimony to the extent of public corruption which is melancholy enough. But the Convention had to deal with what it believes to be facts, and with the very positive conviction of the public mind upon the subject; and the provision it has made can not fail to be salutary. Upon the whole the public judgment will undoubtedly be that the changes in the Legislative article, although not radical, are improvements upon the present system.

THE PRESS AND LIBELS.

THE Press is naturally interested in the two recent trials of suits against newspapers for libel. It is very important that the limits of editorial discretion, in regard to comments upon persons and their actions, should be exactly defined; and we have come nearer to such precision by the verdict in each of these cases. In the one, the New York *Sun* reprinted from another paper a gross slander upon a married woman. Her husband promptly sued. The responsible editor apologized and corrected the statement, but the husband persevered and lost his case. There was no question of the falsity of the story and of its injurious character, but it was held that there was no malicious intention; that it was printed from a responsible source as a matter of public news; that ample apology and reparation in kind, so far as possible, had been made; and, technically, that the editor in charge was an agent, and his conduct could not impute malice to the proprietor, who was the defendant in the suit.

In this case it seems clear that the husband should have sued the original author of the slander; and the story being as false as it was injurious, we certainly should not have been sorry if the result had been to impress upon our fraternity the truth that we must be very careful before we publish stories, however "spicy," which are clearly most damaging, and may be totally false. It is not the fair office of the Press to gratify an inane and insatiable personal curiosity and fondness for prurient gossip. It is the duty of an editor to discriminate. All facts are not lawful news. In the very case of the persons concerned in the story which the *Sun* reprinted, of what possible interest to the public is the conduct of the lady, who is in no sense a public character, and who was very unfairly made a subject of gossip at the time of her marriage? We think this consideration might properly have restrained the reproduction of the paragraph in question; although that is, perhaps, a question of editorial taste and discretion with which the law should not interfere. The verdict was entirely just under the circumstances, and it is the original libeler who should be punished.

The other case was that of a conductor upon the New Jersey Railroad against the *Nation*, for its comments upon the careless management of the train at the time of the killing of Professor DWIGHT. The defense was, that there was no malicious intention in the comments; that they were not in themselves libelous; and that they were not personally applied to the conductor. The facts were, that there was undoubtedly culpable carelessness in the management of the train; that Mr. DWIGHT lost his life in consequence; and that the *Nation*, in strict pursuance of its duty as a public journal, exposed the conduct of public agents to whom the lives of hundreds are daily intrusted. If this is not the duty of a journal, what is? If it had charged the conductor personally with the negligence that led to the catastrophe, it must, of course, have proved its allegation. But it did not: it spoke in general of the management; the conductor said it meant him; and the Judge charged that the Jury had only to decide whether the conductor were the person intended by the article, and, if so, to determine the amount of damages to be awarded!

But suppose we should say that last week there was another accident upon Mr. OLIVER CHARLICK'S Long Island Railroad—the Hunter's Point station of which was last year, but we hope no longer, a manure-yard; that by this accident one man lost his life, which is true, and that others are hopelessly maimed; that we are told the cause of the accident was the rottenness of the sleepers, and that in our judgment it is an extremely disagreeable and dangerous road—suppose we should say all this, would the Judge charge that we had libeled Mr. CHARLICK? The daughter of Mr. DWIGHT published a statement of the circumstances of her father's death, in which gross negligence upon the part of the management of the road was very evident. The conductor of that particular train was the immediate agent of the management, although he may have been, as he declares has been proved, personally innocent of the catastrophe. Comments upon culpable carelessness in management might seem, therefore, in a general way, to be libels upon him. But so they might seem to libel the President and Directors of the Road; and if the jury had so decided, the whole corrective and restraining power of the Press over the management of railroads would be lost. As a rule, railroad companies and officers have very little respect either for the safety or comfort of passengers; and if comments like those of the *Nation* should be judged libelous, the public would suffer very much more than it does now.

We hope it is not libelous to publish an extract from a letter that we have received from one of the passengers in the train that was so fearfully destroyed at Angola: "The Press and the Pulpit may talk about broken rails, wheels, and bent axles, and charge the balance to God Almighty.....In my opinion there is but one cause for this horrible murder, and that is the wild and reckless manner the train was run. Had the train passed over this bridge at the rate of speed usually run over bridges on this road this awful accident would never have happened. To run trains through stations, over switches, bridges seventy-five feet high at the rate of forty miles an hour, and killing by the car-load may be innocent amusement, but I had rather not dare death in such a way." The train that was thrown from the bridge was three hours behind time. Nothing but the Press and the Courts will bring railroad management to reason.

CONNECTICUT.

THE political campaign in Connecticut has opened under the best auspices. The steady stand of New Hampshire shows our friends over the border that the reaction is stayed, and that it is the height of folly to abandon a party whose principles and policy are wholly approved because of discontent with an occasional personal extravagance of opinion or expression. The people of New Hampshire knew that they must support either the policy of Congress, which is restoration of the Union upon the basis of equal rights of all the people, or the policy of the President and the Democratic party, which is the surrender of the late rebel States to that part of their people which is least friendly to the Union.

Moreover, the people of Connecticut know, as those of New Hampshire did, that the favorite candidate of the Democratic party for the Presidency is Mr. PENDLETON, who, during the war, was a secessionist, urging that the rebel States should be allowed to depart, and who now advocates repudiation of the debt which was incurred in the successful effort to prevent their departure; a debt which is held by millions of persons of moderate means all over the country, as well as in Europe; while the deliberate repudiation of it, under whatever fine name, would justly make the United States a by-word of scorn throughout the world.

The people of Connecticut also know that the first want of the country is repose, and that there can be no repose so long as the President withstands the will of the people, as expressed by their lawful representatives, and constantly stimulates the hopes of the most reckless and desperate classes in the Southern States. The necessary financial and general legislation is incessantly perplexed by the necessity of watching the President and baffling his intrigues. He declares his interpretation of the Constitution to be the only possibly correct one, and deliberately defies Congress, pressing his veto after Congress by the constitutional vote of two-thirds has passed the law. Do the people of Connecticut approve this course? Do they think that the way to peace is the Executive refusal to enforce the laws until he has at his leisure consulted the leisurely judgment of the Supreme Court? These were questions which the people of New Hampshire asked themselves, and although every kind of cajolery and coercion was brought to bear upon them, they answered that they preferred a government founded upon equal rights to the rule of a disaffected oligarchy; the national honor to swindling poor men who trusted the Government; and the national welfare, which springs from harmony in the government and intelligent loyalty among the citizens.

The Republicans of Connecticut have nominated men whose characters are worthy exponents of their principles. Mr. JEWELL, the candidate for Governor, whose portrait we give elsewhere in this paper, is a sturdy, sagacious, honorable business man, whose interests are identified with the prosperity of his State. Mr. WAYLAND, candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, is the eldest son of the late Rev. Dr. WAYLAND, heir of his father's remarkable ability and stainless character. With such leaders success would be cause of general congratulation, and defeat no dishonor.

The men of Connecticut will not forget that New Hampshire was thoroughly organized and knew every voter; and that on election-day every body took care that every body else voted. The same resolution and unflinching care of details will insure the same happy result. To recover the State from the reaction, and to place it in the great line of States which is already marshaling for the general advance and jubilant triumph of next November, would be a victory which would cheer the heart of every lover of peace and justice in the land.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

THE bill providing for the continuance of the Freedmen's Bureau for one year longer was passed by the House on March 19.

The Senate, on March 20, passed a bill appropriating $150,000 to carry out a treaty with the Navajo Indians and remove them from their present location.

The various appropriation bills, embracing those for the benefit of the Post-office, Army, and Indians, were passed by the Senate on March 21.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Constitutional Conventions of North and South Carolina adjourned on March 17. Several of the Conservative members of the former refused to sign the new Constitution.

The New Jersey Republican Convention has directed its delegates to vote for General Grant as the candidate for the Presidency. The Michigan Convention favors Grant and Schuyler Colfax as the candidates for President and Vice-President.

A colored Alderman in New Orleans has brought suit against an educational convent, in $10,000, for refusing a member of his family admission to it as a scholar.

The Oregon Democratic State Convention met on March 20, nominated a candidate for Congress, and recommended Pendleton for the Presidency.

The freedmen of South Carolina are rapidly educating themselves at their own expense. There are now in the State fifty-six colored schools, twenty of which are of the higher class. There are 138 teachers—101 white and 37 colored—with an enrolled attendance of 4769 pupils, and an average actual attendance of 3854. Of the pupils, 941 are over 16 years of age, and are in different stages of advancement, a large proportion being able to read and write. The sexes are nearly equally divided, there being 3599 males, and 4170 females. Forty-one Sunday-schools have been established in connection with the day-schools, and are attended by 3271 pupils. These schools embrace only those that come under the immediate control of the Bureau. There are others, not reported, that will swell the list of pupils to nearly double the number given, or say 15,000 in round numbers. In 1860, before the war, only 26,716 children of all colors and sexes attended the public schools of South Carolina. During the past year the expense to the Bureau for educational purposes in South Carolina was $1800; but of this amount $600 has been refunded by the tuition fees paid.

FOREIGN NEWS.

IN the debate in the English House of Commons on March 17 it was stated that Fenian organizations had created alarming disaffection in a large portion of the British army serving at home. This is the most important result of Fenian operations developed thus far. Among the unfavorable results of the same agitation is the postponement of the consideration of the Irish Relief bill to the next Parliament.

The British army had come up with that of the Abyssinians under their King at Magdala, and both parties were ready for battle on March 8.

The Czar of Russia has promulgated from St. Petersburg an imperial ukase which removes the few remaining distinctions between Poland and the other provinces of the empire, obliterates all traces of Polish nationality in the political government at Warsaw, and completes the absorption of Poland into Russia as an integral portion of the empire.

Louis Napoleon has again been "snubbed:" this time by the Pope, who has rejected his proposed terms of peace between Italy and the Papal States.

The Grand Vizier of Turkey reports that Candia would be pacified were it not for the support given now and then by the Russians to small bands of insurgents.

News from Hayti to February 22, report the defeat and flight of Salnave who, only six months ago, was hailed as the saviour of Hayti, and whose reign was to be one of peace.

General Olarte, President of Panama, died suddenly at Panama on March 3, and it was supposed that he had been poisoned.

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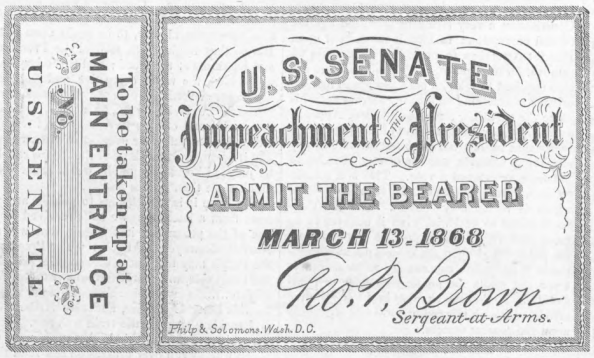
LOBBY OF THE WHITE HOUSE AT WASHINGTON.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

THE IMPEACHMENT TRIAL.

IN our last issue we gave an account of the summoning of President JOHNSON to attend his trial, and his plea before the Senate, which was made through his counsel on March 13. At that time the trial was postponed for ten days in order to give the President and his counsel time to prepare for his defense. During the intermission little of interest occurred, and the Senate reassembling as a court on March 23 the trial was at once begun. The next issue of the *Weekly* will contain full and elaborate illustrations of every important scene of this great trial. The present Number contains on this page scenes in the lobby of the White House, a fac-simile of the tickets of admission to the Senate, and an illustration of the President and his counsel making their preparations for the trial.

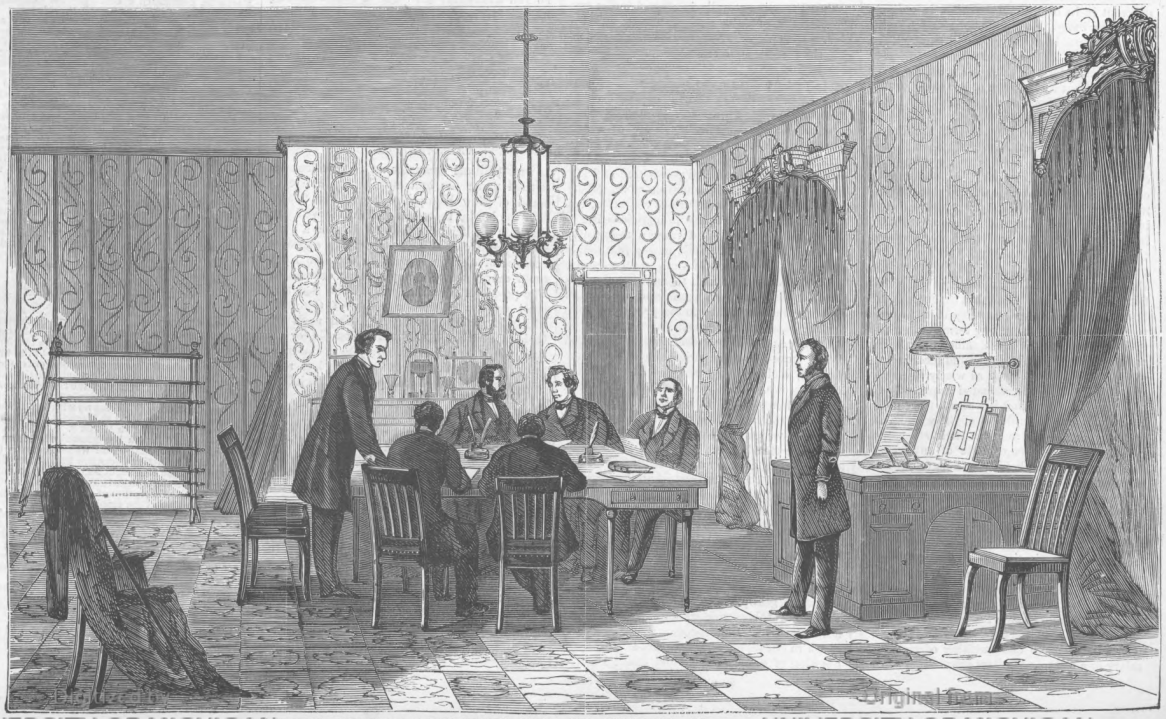
The lobby of the White House is always a place of interest, as it is seldom that some man of note or notoriety is not to be found dancing attendance there. Of late these halls have been less frequently attended than formerly, and one of the results of Mr. JOHNSON's attempted *coup-d'état* has been to show him how faithless his Southern and Democratic friends are. Most of those who are to be found lounging in the lobby awaiting admission to his presence are either individuals who have "axes to grind," or inquisitive people who wish to study the great man's looks in time of trouble.



FAC-SIMILE OF TICKET OF ADMISSION TO THE IMPEACHMENT TRIAL.

A ticket of admission to the Senate was found absolutely necessary to the preservation of order during the trial. The Senate galleries will seat only about 900 persons, and at least 5000 persons in Washington would gladly attend daily. The rules for the trial authorized the use of the card, which we illustrate.

The counsel of the President, so far as has been decided upon, consists of Messrs. HENRY STANBERY, BENJAMIN R. CURTIS, J. L. BLACK, WILLIAM M. EVARTS, and THOMAS A. R. NELSON. Mr. STANBERY is most famous for the peculiar arguments which he advanced to sustain one or two of the President's vetoes, and to justify his refusal to enforce the Reconstruction laws. Mr. EVARTS is the only Republican employed by the President. Judge BLACK is called by Republican politicians at Washington the "brains of the Opposition," and his influence is recognized at the White House and the Democratic side of the House of Representatives. Mr. NELSON is from Mr. JOHNSON's home district.



PRESIDENT JOHNSON CONSULTING WITH HIS COUNSEL.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

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THE MOONSTONE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

Printed from the Author's Manuscript.
RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.

SECOND PERIOD. THE DISCOVERY OF THE TRUTH. (1848–1849.)

The Events related in several Narratives.

FIRST NARRATIVE.

Contributed by Miss Clack, Niece of the late Sir John Verinder.

CHAPTER I.

I AM indebted to my dear parents (both now in heaven) for having had habits of order and regularity instilled into me at a very early age.

In that happy by-gone time I was taught to keep my hair tidy at all hours of the day and night, and to fold up every article of my clothing carefully, in the same order, on the same chair, in the same place at the foot of the bed, before retiring to rest. An entry of the day's events in my little diary invariably preceded the folding up. The Evening Hymn (repeated in bed) invariably followed the folding up. And the sweet sleep of childhood invariably followed the Evening Hymn.

In later life (alas!) the Hymn has been succeeded by sad and bitter meditations; and the sweet sleep has been but ill exchanged for the broken slumbers which haunt the uneasy pillow of care. On the other hand, I have continued to fold my clothes, and to keep my little diary. The former habit links me to my happy childhood—before papa was ruined. The latter habit—hitherto mainly useful in helping me to discipline the fallen nature which we all inherit from Adam—has unexpectedly proved important to my humble interests in quite another way. It has enabled poor Me to serve the caprice of a wealthy member of our family. I am fortunate enough to be useful (in the worldly sense of the word) to Mr. Franklin Blake.

I have been cut off from all news of the prosperous branch of the family for some time past. When we are isolated and poor we are not infrequently forgotten. I am now living, for economy's sake, in a little town in Brittany, inhabited by a select circle of serious English friends, and possessed of the advantages of a Protestant clergyman and a cheap market.

In this retirement—a Patmos amidst the howling ocean of popery that surrounds us—a letter from England has reached me at last. I find my insignificant existence suddenly remembered by Mr. Franklin Blake. My wealthy relative—would that I could add my spiritually-wealthy relative!—writes without even an attempt at disguising that he wants something of me. The whim has seized him to stir up the deplorable scandal of the Moonstone; and I am to help him by writing the account of what I myself witnessed during my sojourn at Aunt Verinder's house in London. Pecuniary remuneration is offered to me—with the want of feeling peculiar to the rich. I am to reopen wounds that Time has barely closed; I am to recall the most intensely painful remembrances—and this done, I am to feel myself compensated by a new laceration, in the shape of Mr. Blake's check. My nature is weak. It cost me a hard struggle, before Christian humility conquered sinful pride, and self-denial accepted the check.

Without my diary, I doubt—pray let me express it in the grossest terms!—if I could have honestly earned my money. With my diary, the poor laborer (who forgives Mr. Blake for insulting her) is worthy of her hire. Nothing escaped me at the time when I was staying with dear Aunt Verinder. Every thing was entered (thanks to my early training) day by day as it happened; and every thing, down to the smallest particular, shall be told here. My sacred regard for truth is (thank God) far above my respect for persons. It will be easy for Mr. Blake to suppress what may not prove to be sufficiently flattering in these pages to the person chiefly concerned in them. He has purchased my time; but not even *his* wealth can purchase my conscience too.*

My diary informs me that I was accidentally passing Aunt Verinder's house in Montagu Square, on Monday, 3d July, 1848.

Seeing the shutters opened, and the blinds drawn up, I felt that it would be an act of polite attention to knock and make inquiries. The person who answered the door informed me that my aunt and her daughter (I really can not call her my cousin!) had arrived from the country a week since, and meditated making some stay in London. I sent up a message at once, declining to disturb them, and only begging to know whether I could be of any use.

The person who answered the door took my message in insolent silence and left me standing in the hall. She is the daughter of a heathen old man named Betteredge—long, too long, tolerated in my aunt's family. I sat down in the hall to wait for my answer—and having always a few tracts in my bag I selected one which proved to be quite providentially applicable to the person who answered the door. The hall was dirty and the chair was hard; but the blessed consciousness of returning good for evil raised me quite above any trifling considerations of that kind. The tract was one of a series addressed to young women on the sinfulness of dress. In style it was devoutly familiar. Its title was, "A Word With You On Your Cap-Ribbons."

"My lady is much obliged, and begs you will come and lunch to-morrow at two."

I passed over the manner in which she gave her message, and the dreadful boldness of her look. I thanked this young castaway; and I said, in a tone of Christian interest, "Will you favor me by accepting a tract?"

She looked at the title. "Is it written by a man or a woman, Miss? If it's written by a woman, I had rather not read it on that account. If it's written by a man, I beg to inform him that he knows nothing about it." She handed me back the tract and opened the door. We must sow the good seed somehow. I waited till the door was shut on me, and slipped the tract into the letter-box. When I had dropped another tract through the area railings I felt relieved, in some small degree, of a heavy responsibility toward others.

We had a meeting that evening of the Select Committee of the Mothers'-Small-Clothes-Conversion-Society. The object of this excellent Charity is—as all serious people know—to rescue unredeemed fathers' trowsers from the pawnbroker, and to prevent their resumption, on the part of the irreclaimable parent, by abridging them immediately to suit the proportions of the innocent son. I was a member, at that time, of the select committee; and I mention the Society here, because my precious and admirable friend, Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite, was associated with our work of moral and material usefulness. I had expected to see him in the board-room on the Monday evening of which I am now writing, and had purposed to tell him when we met of dear Aunt Verinder's arrival in London. To my great disappointment he never appeared. On my expressing a feeling of surprise at his absence my sisters of the Committee all looked up together from their trowsers (we had a great pressure of business that night) and asked in amazement if I had not heard the news. I acknowledged my ignorance, and was then told for the first time of an event which forms, so to speak, the starting-point of this narrative. On the previous Friday two gentlemen—occupying widely different positions in society—had been the victims of an outrage which had startled all London. One of the gentlemen was Mr. Septimus Luker, of Lambeth. The other was Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite.

Living in my present isolation, I have no means of introducing the newspaper-account of the outrage into my narrative. I was also deprived, at the time, of the inestimable advantage of hearing the events related by the fervid eloquence of Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite. All I can do is to state the facts as they were stated, on that Monday evening, to me; proceeding on the plan which I have been taught from infancy to adopt in folding up my clothes. Every thing shall be put neatly, and every thing shall be put in its place. These lines are written by a poor weak woman. From a poor weak woman who will be cruel enough to expect more?

The date—thanks to my dear parents, no dictionary that ever was written can be more particular than I am about dates—was Friday, June 30, 1848.

Early on that memorable day our gifted Mr. Godfrey happened to be cashing a check at a banking-house in Lombard Street. The name of the firm is accidentally blotted in my diary, and my sacred regard for truth forbids me to hazard a guess in a matter of this kind. Fortunately, the name of the firm doesn't matter. What does matter is a circumstance that occurred when Mr. Godfrey had transacted his business. On gaining the door he encountered a gentleman—a perfect stranger to him—who was accidentally leaving the office exactly at the same time as himself. A momentary contest of politeness ensued between them as to who should be the first to pass through the door of the bank. The stranger insisted on making Mr. Godfrey precede him; Mr. Godfrey said a few civil words; they bowed, and parted in the street.

Thoughtless and superficial people may say, Here is surely a very trumpery little incident related in an absurdly circumstantial manner. Oh, my young friends and fellow-sinners! beware of presuming to exercise your poor carnal reason. Oh, be morally tidy! Let your faith be as your stockings, and your stockings as your faith. Both ever spotless, and both ready to put on at a moment's notice!

I beg a thousand pardons. I have fallen insensibly into my Sunday-school style. Most inappropriate in such a record as this. Let me try to be worldly—let me say that trifles, in this case as in many others, led to terrible results. Merely premising that the polite stranger was Mr. Luker, of Lambeth, we will now follow Mr. Godfrey home to his residence at Kilburn.

He found waiting for him, in the hall, a poorly clad but delicate and interesting-looking little boy. The boy handed him a letter, merely mentioning that he had been intrusted with it by an old lady whom he did not know, and who had given him no instructions to wait for an answer. Such incidents as these were not uncommon in Mr. Godfrey's large experience as a promoter of public charities. He let the boy go, and opened the letter.

The handwriting was entirely unfamiliar to him. It requested his attendance, within an hour's time, at a house in Northumberland Street, Strand, which he had never had occasion to enter before. The object sought was to obtain from the worthy manager certain details on the subject of the Mothers'-Small-Clothes-Conversion-Society, and the information was wanted by an elderly lady who proposed adding largely to the resources of the charity, if her questions were met by satisfactory replies. She mentioned her name, and she added that the shortness of her stay in London prevented her from giving any longer notice to the eminent philanthropist whom she addressed.

Ordinary people might have hesitated before setting aside their own engagements to suit the convenience of a stranger. The Christian Hero never hesitates where good is to be done. Mr. Godfrey instantly turned back, and proceeded to the house in Northumberland Street. A most respectable though somewhat corpulent man answered the door, and, on hearing Mr. Godfrey's name, immediately conducted him into an empty apartment at the back, on the drawing-room floor. He noticed two unusual things on entering the room. One of them was a faint odor of musk and camphor. The other was an ancient Oriental manuscript, richly illuminated with Indian figures and devices, that lay open to inspection on a table.

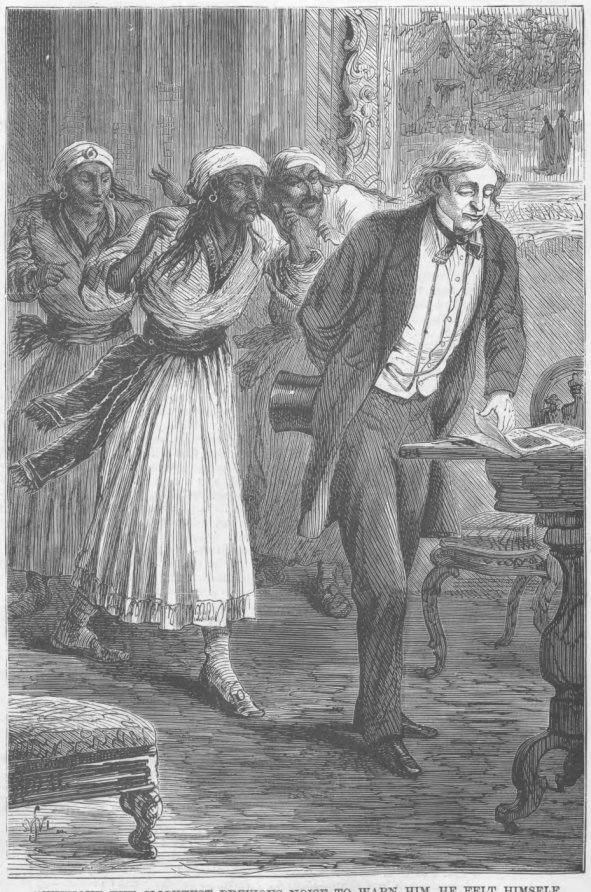
He was looking at the book, the position of which caused him to stand with his back turned toward the closed folding-doors communicating with the front-room, when, without the slightest previous noise to warn him, he felt himself suddenly seized round the neck from behind. He had just time to notice that the arm round his neck was naked and of a tawny-brown color, before his eyes were bandaged, his mouth was gagged, and he was thrown helpless on the floor by (as he judged) two men. A third rifled his pockets, and—if, as a lady, I may venture to use such an expression—searched him, without ceremony, through and through in his skin.

Here I should greatly enjoy saying a few cheering words on the devout confidence which could alone have sustained Mr. Godfrey in an emergency so terrible as this. Perhaps, however, the position and appearance of my admirable friend at the culminating period of the outrage (as above described) are hardly within the proper limits of female discussion. Let me pass over the next few moments, and return to Mr. Godfrey at the time when the odious search of his person had been completed. The outrage had been perpetrated throughout in dead silence. At the end of it some words were exchanged, among the invisible wretches, in a language which he did not understand, but in terms which were plainly expressive (to his cultivated ear) of disappointment and rage. He was suddenly lifted from the ground, placed in a chair, and bound there hand and foot. The next moment he felt the air flowing in from the open door, listened and felt persuaded that he was alone again in the room.

An interval elapsed, and he heard a sound below like the rustling sound of a woman's dress. It advanced up the stairs, and stopped. A female scream rent the atmosphere of guilt. A man's voice below exclaimed, "Hullo!" A man's feet ascended the stairs. Mr. Godfrey felt Christian fingers unfastening his bandage, and extracting his gag. He looked in amazement at two respectable strangers, and faintly articulated, "What does it mean?" The two respectable strangers looked back, and said, "Exactly the question we were going to ask *you*."

The inevitable explanation followed. No! Let me be scrupulously particular. Sal volatile and water followed, to compose dear Mr. Godfrey's nerves. The explanation came next.

It appeared, from the statement of the landlord and landlady of the house (persons of good repute in the neighborhood), that their first and second floor apartments had been engaged, on the previous day, for a week certain, by a most respectable-looking gentleman—the same who has



"WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST PREVIOUS NOISE TO WARN HIM, HE FELT HIMSELF SUDDENLY SEIZED ROUND THE NECK FROM BEHIND."

* NOTE. *Added by Franklin Blake.*—Miss Clack may make her mind quite easy on this point. Nothing will be added, altered, or removed, in her manuscript, or in any of the other manuscripts which pass through my hands. Whatever opinions any of the writers may express, whatever peculiarities of treatment may mark, and perhaps, in a literary sense, disfigure the narratives which I am now collecting, not a line will be tampered with any where, from first to last. As genuine documents they are sent to me—and as genuine documents I shall preserve them, indorsed by the attestations of witnesses who can speak to the facts. It only remains to be added, that "the person chiefly concerned" in Miss Clack's narrative is happy enough at the present moment not only to brave the smartest exercise of Miss Clack's pen, but even to recognize its unquestionable value as an instrument for the exhibition of Miss Clack's character.

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been already described as answering the door to Mr. Godfrey's knock. The gentleman had paid the week's rent and all the week's extras in advance, stating that the apartments were wanted for three Oriental noblemen, friends of his, who were visiting England for the first time. Early on the morning of the outrage two of the Oriental strangers, accompanied by their respectable English friend, took possession of the apartments. The third was expected to join them shortly; and the luggage (reported as very bulky) was announced to follow when it had passed through the Custom-house, late in the afternoon. Not more than ten minutes previous to Mr. Godfrey's visit the third foreigner had arrived. Nothing out of the common had happened, to the knowledge of the landlord and landlady down stairs, until within the last five minutes—when they had seen the three foreigners, accompanied by their respectable English friend, all leave the house together, walking quietly in the direction of the Strand. Remembering that a visitor had called, and not having seen the visitor also leave the house, the landlady had thought it rather strange that the gentleman should be left by himself up stairs. After a short discussion with her husband she had considered it advisable to ascertain whether any thing was wrong. The result had followed, as I have already attempted to describe it; and there the explanation of the landlord and the landlady came to an end.

An investigation was next made in the room. Dear Mr. Godfrey's property was found scattered in all directions. When the articles were collected, however, nothing was missing; his watch, chain, purse, keys, pocket-handkerchief, notebook, and all his loose papers had been closely examined, and had then been left unharmed to be resumed by the owner. In the same way, not the smallest morsel of property belonging to the proprietors of the house had been abstracted. The Oriental noblemen had removed their own illuminated manuscript, and had removed nothing else.

What did it mean? Taking the worldly point of view, it appeared to mean that Mr. Godfrey had been the victim of some incomprehensible error, committed by certain unknown men. A dark conspiracy was on foot in the midst of us; and our beloved and innocent friend had been entangled in its meshes. When the Christian hero of a hundred charitable victories plunges into a pitfall that has been dug for him by mistake, oh, what a warning it is to the rest of us to be unceasingly on our guard! How soon may our own evil passions prove to be Oriental noblemen who pounce on us unawares!

I could write pages of affectionate warning on this one theme, but (alas!) I am not permitted to improve—I am condemned to narrate. My wealthy relative's check—henceforth the incubus of my existence—warns me that I have not done with this record of violence yet. We must leave Mr. Godfrey to recover in Northumberland Street, and must follow the proceedings of Mr. Luker, at a later period of the day.

After leaving the bank, Mr. Luker had visited various parts of London on business errands. Returning to his own residence he found a letter waiting for him, which was described as having been left a short time previously by a boy. In this case, as in Mr. Godfrey's case, the handwriting was strange; but the name mentioned was the name of one of Mr. Luker's customers. His correspondent announced (writing in the third person—apparently by the hand of a deputy) that he had been unexpectedly summoned to London. He had just established himself in lodgings in Alfred Place, Tottenham Court Road; and he desired to see Mr. Luker immediately, on the subject of a purchase which he contemplated making. The gentleman was an enthusiastic collector of Oriental antiquities, and had been for many years a liberal patron of the establishment in Lambeth. Oh, when shall we wean ourselves from the worship of Mammon! Mr. Luker called a cab, and drove off instantly to his liberal patron.

Exactly what had happened to Mr. Godfrey in Northumberland Street now happened to Mr. Luker in Alfred Place. Once more the respectable man answered the door, and showed the visitor up stairs into the back drawing-room. There, again, lay the illuminated manuscript on a table. Mr. Luker's attention was absorbed, as Mr. Godfrey's attention had been absorbed, by this beautiful work of Indian art. He too was aroused from his studies by a tawny naked arm round his throat, by a bandage over his eyes, and by a gag in his mouth. He too was thrown prostrate, and searched to the skin. A longer interval had then elapsed than had passed in the experience of Mr. Godfrey; but it had ended as before, in the persons of the house suspecting something wrong, and going up stairs to see what had happened. Precisely the same explanation which the landlord in Northumberland Street had given to Mr. Godfrey the landlord in Alfred Place now gave to Mr. Luker. Both had been imposed on in the same way by the plausible address and the well-filled purse of the respectable stranger, who introduced himself as acting for his foreign friends. The one point of difference between the two cases occurred when the scattered contents of Mr. Luker's pockets were being collected from the floor. His watch and purse were safe, but (less fortunate than Mr. Godfrey) one of the loose papers that he carried about him had been taken away. The paper in question acknowledged the receipt of a valuable of great price which Mr. Luker had that day left in the care of his bankers. This document would be useless for purposes of fraud, inasmuch as it provided that the valuable should only be given up on the personal application of the owner. As soon as he recovered himself, Mr. Luker hurried to the bank, on the chance that the thieves who had robbed him might ignorantly present themselves with the receipt. Nothing had been seen of them when he arrived at the establishment, and nothing was seen of them afterward. Their respectable English friend had (in the opinion of the bankers) looked the receipt over before they attempted to make use of it, and had given them the necessary warning in good time.

Information of both outrages was communicated to the police, and the needful investigations were pursued, I believe, with great energy. The authorities held that a robbery had been planned, on insufficient information received by the thieves. They had been plainly not sure whether Mr. Luker had, or had not, trusted the transmission of his precious gem to another person, and poor polite Mr. Godfrey had paid the penalty of having been seen accidentally speaking to him. Add to this, that Mr. Godfrey's absence from our Monday evening meeting had been occasioned by a consultation of the authorities, at which he was requested to assist—and all the explanations required being now given, I may proceed with the simpler story of my own little personal experiences in Montagu Square.

I was punctual to the luncheon-hour on Tuesday. Reference to my diary shows this to have been a checkered day—much in it to be devoutly regretted, much in it to be devoutly thankful for.

Dear Aunt Verinder received me with her usual grace and kindness. But I noticed after a little while that something was wrong. Certain anxious looks escaped my aunt, all of which took the direction of her daughter. I never see Rachel myself without wondering how it can be that so insignificant-looking a person should be the child of such distinguished parents as Sir John and Lady Verinder. On this occasion, however, she not only disappointed—she really shocked me. There was an absence of all ladylike restraint in her language and manner most painful to see. She was possessed by some feverish excitement which made her distressingly loud when she laughed, and sinfully wasteful and capricious in what she ate and drank at lunch. I felt deeply for her poor mother, even before the true state of the case had been confidentially made known to me.

Luncheon over, my aunt said: "Remember what the doctor told you, Rachel, about quieting yourself with a book after taking your meals."

"I'll go into the library, mamma," she answered. "But if Godfrey calls, mind I am told of it. I am dying for more news of him, after his adventure in Northumberland Street." She kissed her mother on the forehead, and looked my way. "Good-by, Clack!" she said, carelessly. Her insolence roused no angry feeling in me. I only made a private memorandum to pray for her.

When we were left by ourselves my aunt told me the whole horrible story of the Indian Diamond, which, I am happy to know, it is not necessary to repeat here. She did not conceal from me that she would have preferred keeping silence on the subject. But when her own servants all knew of the loss of the Moonstone, and when some of the circumstances had actually found their way into the newspapers—when strangers were speculating whether there was any connection between what had happened at Lady Verinder's country house, and what had happened in Northumberland Street and Alfred Place—concealment was not to be thought of; and perfect frankness became a necessity as well as a virtue.

Some persons, hearing what I now heard, would have been probably overwhelmed with astonishment. For my own part, knowing Rachel's spirit to have been essentially unregenerate from her childhood upward, I was prepared for whatever my aunt could tell me on the subject of her daughter. It might have gone on from bad to worse till it ended in Murder; and I should still have said to myself, The natural result! oh, dear, dear, the natural result! The one thing that *did* shock me was the course my aunt had taken under the circumstances. Here surely was a case for a clergyman, if ever there was one yet! Lady Verinder had thought it a case for a physician. All my poor aunt's early life had been passed in her father's godless household. The natural result again! Oh, dear, dear, the natural result again!

"The doctor recommends plenty of exercise and amusement for Rachel, and strongly urges me to keep her mind as much as possible from dwelling on the past," said Lady Verinder.

"Oh, what heathen advice!" I thought to myself. "In this Christian country, what heathen advice!"

My aunt went on: "I do my best to carry out the doctor's instructions. But this strange adventure of Godfrey's happens at a most unfortunate time. Rachel has been incessantly restless and excited since she first heard of it. She left me no peace till I had written and asked my nephew Ablewhite to come here. She even feels an interest in the other person who was roughly used—Mr. Luker, or some such name—though the man is, of course, a total stranger to her."

"Your knowledge of the world, dear aunt, is superior to mine," I suggested, diffidently. "But there must be a reason surely for this extraordinary conduct on Rachel's part. She is keeping a sinful secret from you and from everybody. May there not be something in these recent events which threatens her secret with discovery?"

"Discovery?" repeated my aunt. "What can you possibly mean? Discovery through Mr. Luker? Discovery through my nephew?"

As the word passed her lips a special providence occurred. The servant opened the door, and announced Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite.

THE SQUIRE'S TEMPER-TRAP.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

THAT Taffey was a Welshman no one who had ever made an attempt to spell the locality in which he had been born and bred would venture to deny. But we can accompany the lyrist no further. Taffey was not a "thief." The piece of beef which formed his Sunday's dinner was not pilfered from *my* house nor any body else's. Taffey stole nothing but the hearty good-will and liking of every body that knew him. He was a swarthy fellow, on working-days, as you would desire to see; but when he came out on the Sabbath, close-shaven, and in a shirt as white as his own conscience, looking a Michaelmas daisy (his wife never permitted any thing of a more exciting nature until after morning service), there are, I am warranted in saying, dukes—I repeat the expression, *dukes*—who have appeared to less advantage.

Taffey was, in fact, a blacksmith. The science of farriage (if there is no such word, there ought to be) was held to have attained its climax in the school of Taffey. Until nature should remodel hoofs, art could do no more to supply her deficiencies. His plates might be worn till nothing remained between the wearer's hoofs and the hard Welsh roads but a wafer bright as silver, bendable into a double ring for your wife's little finger, yet they were never lost nor loosened. It was an often-quoted saying of the squire's (uttered, if you please, in a moment of enthusiasm, but never formally recanted), that if he, Theophilus Hurbandine, of Llbwyddcoed, in the shire of Flint, resided habitually in Grosvenor Square, he would, nevertheless, send down every horse in his stable to be shod, as usual, by Edward Taffey.

Taffey loved his business. Business returned his affection. That shed of his was never vacant for half an hour together.

"Bless the brutes! Wheer they comes from *I* do' know—nather why they comes to *me* so thick," would Taffey remark, sweeping the moisture from his brow with the dingy turban formed by his tucked-up sleeve. And still the stamping of impatient hoofs and switching of uneasy tails went on from morning till night; the fire never ceasing its roar, the little crowd of idlers round the half-door of the forge never diminishing, until boys stood in their fathers' places with their fingers, like those fathers', in their mouths—their eyes carrying on the wink at the sparkling fount of fire into another generation.

It will be readily believed that Taffey was a man well-to-do. Blacksmiths, when not given to drink, are almost always thriving men. So, I have observed, are millers. And whereas, nine times in ten, according to statistics about to be taken, your miller has a lovely child with blue eyes and a skin white as her father's meal-sacks, so, in this instance, our blacksmith had a blooming daughter, with a cheek as brown as, though considerably smoother than, that of her sire.

Katy was the prettiest girl known of from Llbwyddcoed to Aberthery. Her hair was of the color of the horse-chestnut fresh from his rough green over-coat; and, with regard to the blush with which, among many other pretty things, she returned from market excursions, on something that resembled a bale of bearskins on castors, but was popularly believed to be a pony within—as touching, I say, that blush, I can only aver that, were I a woman, I would rather wear that natural rose for six months certain than be turned out, beautiful forever from the hands of the most accomplished dispenser of loveliness that ever compounded a Bond Street wash.

Next to her Hebe face, and when you had sufficiently admired her lithe supple figure, you would probably find yourself attracted by Katy's foot—not so much on account of the fascination of a pair of bright steel buckles once the property of her grandmother, which it was her whim to wear, as of the symmetry of the member they adorned, and the light decisive tread, displaying a grace no dancing-mistress could have taught. Katy was graceful from her very cradle. The folks about her admired before they knew why.

As she grew up, this peculiar grace—it was almost dignity—of manner and movement procured her the title of "my lady," invented, it was believed, by her father himself; and by this she was generally known, it being considered merely anticipative of what was to follow. Fairy godmothers have still adherents in Wales, and it was an article of faith with a large portion of Katy's friends that the benignant influence which had conferred such attractive gifts upon "my lady" in infancy, would in due course bring forward the expectant prince or other eminent person destined to claim Katy for his bride.

The pew tenanted by the family of Mr. Taffey being situated just within the porch of the little village church, its occupants were usually among the first who issued forth. But they were too well held and popular to be suffered to escape thus easily. Overtaken and surrounded, pleasant were the conversations that ensued around a certain stile at which Mr. Taffey's Sunday route diverged from the general way, and led across the meadows toward a little farm he rented from the squire, Mr. Hurbandine aforesaid.

Many were the greetings from the passers-by, and none more cordial than from the squire himself, who, walking between his handsome haughty-looking sons, suspended a rather animated conversation in which he was engaged with the elder, in order to exchange a word of kindness with his humble friend.

"Trot up to the place to-morrow, Taffey, if you have half an hour to spare," he turned to add, "and speak to me about Ten-Tree Meadow. Never mind Hardham; you and I will settle the matter between us."

Taffey bowed, but, though he was pleased with the squire's affability, his countenance was somehow overcast, as he gazed after them.

The sons of Mr. Hurbandine, of Llbwyddcoed, were thought to have inherited, with their mother's patrician blood, something of her patrician pride. She was a Vere-Vavasour. To have been at once a Vere *and* a Vavasour might well have turned an ordinary brain. Something had affected the poor lady's; and, as one of her fancies was that her veins were filled with the brightest Prussian blue, it might be fairly concluded that pride of ancestry was not devoid of blame.

Lady Geraldine was now at rest with a select and polished circle of her exalted line, who enjoyed a mausoleum all to themselves, in a picturesque corner of the ancestral domain, where a rank of stately yews and cypresses, representing the stalwart lackeys who had once kept aloof the tide of common humanity, shut carefully out the vulgar little ivy-covered church, to which were merely intrusted the marble virtues and granite honors of the departed V.V.'s.

The squire was a good squire; and, shunning none of those mysterious responsibilities wealth is supposed to bring, lived much among his tenantry, and made his forty thousand a year as serviceable to the interests of the land and its cultivators as his lights permitted. Of course he was in Parliament—a back-bone conservative, and—need it be added?—voted with his diminishing party like a man. Reports are silent as to any oratorical display. Why? He had a weakness so great as to be little short of calamity—that of giving way to gusts of sudden passion, terrible in their intensity, and rendered more grievous to witness by the disproportion to them of the exciting cause. These paroxysms were fortunately very rare, and the poor squire's subsequent remorse, not to mention the profuse liberality with which he strove to atone in some measure for the wrongs his passion had inflicted, went far toward reconciling those about him to the occasional interruption of harmony.

Lady Geraldine was the only magician who could control these paroxysms. This was not by reason of her exalted rank. The squire had no particular aversion to Vere-Vavasours, and made many of the race welcome to his halls; but he saw no more in them than ordinary (sometimes *very* ordinary) gentlemen, and treated Jack Hornidge, whose genius resided exclusively in a profound judgment of "beasts," with the same distinction that was paid to the most illustrious of Lady Geraldine's lineage.

In the very height of the squire's fury his lady had been seen to raise her thin, white hand without a word. As if stunned with the dint of some fell weapon, her husband would reel back, his hands unclenched, the fire dying out of his eyes, the fierce invective faltering into silence. None understood the spell, for even Prussian blue has its virtues, and Lady Geraldine suffered none to see that when, in lifting her hand, the bracelet slid back, it revealed a white scar. In the first passionate outburst after their marriage Hurbandine had seized his wife's arm with such inconsiderate violence that her bracelet, unclasping, cut into the delicate flesh, causing a painful wound and an indelible scar. *This* was the remembrance that, in moments of the most unreasoning fury, could strike down the manly squire, shocked, shamed, discomfited.

Hence was it that the Lady Geraldine, with all her pride, was a favorite with those who saw how promptly this soothing influence was exercised at need; and when it was the poor lady's fate to become, as we have said, insane, the loss of her benign interposition was felt by not a few. For tempers are quick in Wales, and not even the respect due to a landlord could always overcome the resentment excited by that landlord's bearing in his hurricanous rages.

When the squire and his sons passed them, as described, the younger, Rochford, had joined in his sire's greeting, with the addition of a rather saucy smile and a glance, a trifle more prolonged than was absolutely necessary, at the blushing Katy. As to his brother, he had neither bowed nor looked, but strode haughtily forward, hardly checked by his father's momentary pause.

"Something wrong with the squire again," remarked Mr. Taffey, moodily, as he turned away. "Wants a nail somewheer. 'Tis Mr. Rochford, I'm afeerd."

"Well, now, I don't think there's so much harm in *him*," said Mrs. Taffey, on whose frank, pleasant face an expression of reproach or suspicion looked so little at home that it was instantly detected. "I declare to goodness, no. A nicer-mannered, freer-spoken, merrier-laughed—"

"Hallo! here's a bust of elokence!" ejaculated Mr. Taffey, stopping short, the more conveniently to admire the speaker. "Why, Maggie, you've been a-borrerin of David Apreece! You're a good creeter, and never censors any body. Consekently, when you *has* to find fault, you does it by praising thissen too much, and saying nuthen, or less, o' *that'n*. That's how *I* reads you," added Mr. Taffey, triumphantly, for his one vanity was a (supposed) gift of divining character. "And who is *that'n*? Why who could it be but Mr. Gerald? And what's *he* done for to offend you? That's how *I* reads it," concluded the worthy smith, with, it must be owned, less point than usual, his interrogative look proving that he did not read it all.

"I never said he done any thing," replied his wife; "I only said, Ed'ard, that a nicer-mannered, freer-spoken, merrier-l—"

"I knows wot you *said*," retorted Mr. Taffey. "Question is, wot you *didn't* say! Freer-spoken! He's a—trot on, a little, Katy, my pet—deuced deal *too* free with some of us, specially such as weers caps and ribbings. Merry! Course he is. 'Tis a joke to *him*; that's how *I* reads it. He'd better take to another line o' business, and not be hanging s' much about the village, turning

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the heads— Did you see your nice-mannered gent making eyes at—at *that'n*?" (Mr. Taffey gulped something, and shot out his brawny fist in the direction of Katy's twinkling heels) "making the lass turn as red's a peony!"

"I saw it, but I'm not afeerd," said the mother. "She don't like it. That's all."

"When I was young," observed Mr. Taffey, "when a young 'oman turned as red's a rose, she *did* like it."

"It's not him—Mr. Rochford. There!" said his wife, "I outs with it. Why, you blessed old babby! can't you see? It's Mr. Gerald!"

"Whe-ee-ew!" whistled the student of character; "here's a kittle full! And very hockard fishes they be. Coom, how is it all, old 'oman? Queer that I, as reads things quicker than most, shouldn't have put my finger on what *you* sees! The girl's took by that haughty, stuck-up fellow, wot despises his own father 'cos he wan't born a lord? Is *that* it?"

"Well, that's a little of it," replied his wife. "I don't think but 'tis all on his side. Why, when they passed, just now, the young squire didn't give her so much as a look!"

"*I* see. Do you think, old 'oman, nobody has eyes in their heads but *you*? He doon't care a rusty nail for her. That's how I reads it," said Mr. Taffey.

"You reads it upside down, then," replied his helpmate; "or p'raps you doon't read far enough. That means, he *do* like the girl; that he's afeerd of's father; that Mr. Rochford knows it, and likes to let the child *see* he does. Then, they do say that Mr. Rochford an't best friends with his brother. Now, *he's* the squire's favorite, and if there come any terrible to-do between the father and t'other, which's temper's as bad, one as t'other," explained Mrs. Taffey, "Mr. Rochford might come for to be squire; and if Katy—"

"That's like readin' to the end of the vollum, and a little furder," replied Mr. Taffey. "Well, well, the long and short of it's this: I 'ont have these town swells—no, narrer one of 'em, squire or lord—a-dancing 'bout our Katy. I'm going up to squire's to-morrow—you heerd'n ask me—about Ten-tree Meadow, and if I don't tell'n—"

"Never be such a noggerhead!" exclaimed his wife, in great alarm. "Squire have been very bad lately, that's certain. Something have gone wrong, making his furies worse than they was ever know'd to be. Nobody's sure of him, poor gentleman. One moment as smooth as butter, the next like a mad thing. Don't think of speaking to him—now don't ye, Edward."

"Take the admonition, oh vicine (that is, oh my neighbor, whence 'vicinity')," piped a small voice at Mr. Taffey's elbow. It was that of Mr. David Morgan Apreece, the village schoolmaster. "Isn't she your 'placens uxor?'"

"Well, she's summot in that line o' business," replied Mr. Taffey, guardedly; "'specially when the wind's nor'east. We was just talking of the squire. My missis have heerd he's been in his tempers, horrid."

"Let him get another wife," said Mr. Apreece.

"A wife!"

"While my lady lived," continued the schoolmaster, "the squire's tantrums were few, and over directly. They never got beyond *her*. She caught 'em, like rats, or such vermin, and turned 'em out where they couldn't hurt any body. My wife called her the squire's temper-trap."

"I've *seen* her shut him up," said Mr. Taffey, "in less than half a jiffy! She only up with her hand. Curiousest thing I ever see! I wanted to try it on my missis, but she doon't give a man a chance."

"Get the squire married, and all's right again," said Mr. Apreece.

"Well, I'm a-goin' up to hall to-morrow," said Mr. Taffey, "and, if squire asks my opinion on the pint o' marriage I'll give't him hot and strong. I can't begin the subject, 'cos it doon't belong to Ten-tree Meadow!"

"Do your best, then," said Mr. Apreece, laughing. "Here I must leave you, neighbors."

CHAPTER II.

As they neared the little farm-house, a figure that had been dimly noticed flitting—let us rather say lurking—among the trees came to light, in the stalwart person of young Thomas Fullafield. Even in his well-brushed velveteen coat, and waistcoat of a pattern so rich and varied that it might have passed for an attempt to epitomize the flora of South Wales, Thomas looked every cubic inch the lout he was. That he was in love with Katy, and had as much hope of winning her as of allying himself with the reigning house of Britain, was written legibly upon his broad face.

Sharp-sighted Mrs. Taffey probably knew *that*, and, if she did not warn off the unlucky Thomas, her reasons were threefold. The matter had not been presented to her official notice. The attempt by a person of Mr. Fullafield's mental calibre and general style to win such a fay as Katy deserved all the punishment disappointment could entail. Finally, the rumor that sturdy Thomas Fullafield, whose fistic prowess was county-wide, was keeping company (or persuading himself that he did so) with Katy Taffey, was serviceable in warning off many troublesome youths inclined to venture too near that pretty Catherine-wheel.

Thomas, however, was human. He was also practical. Unlike those troubadours who preferred obdurate mistresses—else what would become of their melodious despair?—Mr. Fullafield saw no fun in unrequited passion. He had now been for nearly two years dancing—or, to speak more accurately, prowling—about Miss Taffey. Jokes, he had reason to apprehend, were being cut at his expense. Thomas had resolved to bring matters to a crisis of some sort; and, accordingly, throwing an extra amount of splendor into his attire, and of sullenness (meant for determination) into his broad visage, he marched, as we have seen, upon the foe.

At the first sight of the van-guard—Katy—Thomas was thrown into such disorder that he fell back upon the plantation, but, rallying, was the first to commence the action.

"Mornin', Miss."

"Good-morning, Mr. Thomas," said Katy, showing her pearly teeth in such wise that Thomas's teeth danced in his head. "You'll dine with us? Father's just behind." And she vanished into the house.

Thomas encountered the main body with his usual duck and salutation.

"Mornin', Mrs. Taffey. Mornin', Mr. Taffey."

Greetings exchanged, Mrs. Taffey remarked (as though his coming were a matter of course), "You'll take a snap with us, Mr. Thomas?" And, without waiting for an answer, followed her daughter.

A dreadful feeling that this one, of many "snaps," might be his final one in that house kept Mr. Fullafield silent for a moment, when the smith said:

"The women woon't be ready yet a while. Coom and look at the cow-'us I've run up t'other side the slush."

Thomas glanced at his own apparel, and thought that this agreeable excursion might have been more happily timed. There's a season for every thing. Slush and a cow-house are excellent things in their way, but do not harmonize well with an exalted condition of mind; nor is their aroma, though healthy, suggestive of tender and poetic sentiment. But the opportunity was too good to be lost. The two gentlemen walked away.

Thomas's great pale blue eyes would have opened wider still had he known that the cow-'us was a myth, and the smith no more intent than himself on soiling his Sunday boots in the locality he had described. Mr. Fullafield had been the last subject of conversation between Mr. and Mrs. Taffey, as they concluded their walk; and the former, like Thomas, had taken a resolution. Mr. Fullafield had been enough "about the place," and the worthy smith, who knew his daughter's feeling, and drew a wide distinction between an honest, though misplaced, affection, and a fine-gentleman caprice for a rustic beauty, resolved to warn off Thomas, for his own good, as he would have done the squire's sons, in Katy's interests.

Both strode on for a moment in silence. Then Thomas, fearing that the slush, to which they were undoubtedly approaching, might interfere with the dialogue, commenced it.

It was a peculiarity, well-known to his friends, that though Thomas might have been in conversation with one of them for an hour, he always commenced any new and interesting topic with a repetition of the morning greeting; consequently,

"Mornin', feother," said Thomas.

"Mornin', Thomas," responded Mr. Taffey; then making, so to speak, a butt at the subject, added, "but I'm not thy feother, nor an't like to be."

"Now, don't ye say that," said Thomas, in a choky voice.

"I say't, and I mean't; and 'tis for your sake I doos say't," returned his companion. "Come now, my lad, here's good two year you've been tryin' to put the shoe upon the wrong horse, and she won't have it at no price."

"That ben't fair, I do say," said Thomas, warmly. "I've called you feother 'fore her face, and she never—"

"If you'd called me your grandmother 'twould ha' been all the same," replied the plain-spoken smith. "Katy wean't ha' none o' thee."

"If Mrs. Taffey and yourself was to—"

"Stop a moment," said Mr. Taffey, halting suddenly. "Putt the twitch on Katy to make her marry the man she don't want? Not if I knows it. Now, lad, I doon't want to quar'l wi' thee. 'Twas natteral thou liked'st our lass—equal natteral she didn't take to *thee*; for though there be a kist o' good in thee, when one gets at it, thou'rt a bit thick in the rind. When Katy marries, 'twill be somethin' different from thee. Coom, now, you says to yourself, 'Taffey's right,' you says. 'I'll go wheer I'll be cared about, and be looked up to, and be made much of, and have trouble took concernin',"' concluded Mr. Taffey, argumentatively. "That's how *I* reads you."

Mr. Fullafield did not answer. His chin had sunk upon his breast, and his eyes were fixed upon his gorgeous waistcoat. It seemed to him that even the unconscious garment had been affected by the shock, and that the roses and sunflowers shot up a lurid, angry glow, as if they said, "Thomas, Thomas, was it for *this* that such as we were wrought and worn?"

What other thoughts passed through his brain we (who have been singularly successful in attachments) can not say. But when Thomas did look up, his face was such that the stout smith involuntarily recoiled, and asked him what was the matter.

"Matter! nothing," said Thomas, with a grin. "Nothin' don't turn a man the color of a biled turnip!" remarked Mr. Taffey. "Coom, my lad, take't like a man. No need, 'cause you can't marry our Katy, that we shouldn't be good neighbors," said the worthy smith. "Coom, let's trot home. I think we needn't go to the cow-'ouse?"

"I think not," said Mr. Fullafield.

"Then coom to dinner."

"I've had dinner enow for one day," replied Thomas. And the expression that had shocked the smith came back into his face. Mr. Taffey did not press his invitation.

At the turn up to the farm-house they parted.

"You'll coom up to forge to-morrow, lad, with a smile on your face, 'stead of a glower like bottled thunder; and you'll say, 'All right, Taffey, *you* know'd best.' That's how I reads *you*," said the smith. "But don't coom early. I'm going up to squire's."

The other turned round suddenly.

"Going up to squire's! What for?"

"That's tellin'," replied Mr. Taffey, jocosely, and without any real desire to make a mystery of it. "P'raps about a meadow, or—or marriage," he added, smiling, as the suggestion of the little schoolmaster occurred to him.

Young Fullafield looked at him fixedly for an instant, then, without speaking, turned and walked away.

"Going to squire's? To talk o' marriage?" he muttered. "Whose marriage? *Her'n?* They call her 'my lady,' and they 'spect to make her one. I'll spoil *that* game." And Thomas shot back at the farm where his lost love was innocently boiling leeks for the Sunday dinner a glance so fiery that it might have ignited the thatch above her.

CHAPTER III.

MR. TAFFEY, on presenting himself next morning at the hall, was shown into the study. The squire had been walking up and down for some minutes. Now and then he would pause to scowl upward at one or other of the Vere-Vavasours that adorned the wall, whose self-complacent but rather vacant faces returned the look with delightful indifference. There was another picture, a gay, gallant wooing, or affecting to woo, a peasant girl, and this appeared to be a favorite of Mr. Hurbandine's; for, as he gazed, the hard expression faded from his countenance, and gave way to an approving smile.

"Ten-tree Meadow is yours from Lady-day," he called out the moment Mr. Taffey's nose was visible within the door. "That's settled. Now come and look at *this*."

Mr. Taffey looked, and expressed his decided opinion that the young lady was a nice, modest-mannered young woman, sure enough, while the gentleman showed a good fall in the back, and blood (he thought) about the pasterns.

"Right, Taffey," said the squire. "He *had* blood, and, booby as he looks, was a gentleman, which is more," he muttered, "than I would say of all his kin. He lost, to Miss Sukey Bubbs, the cotter's daughter, his heart, which was supposed to be about the size of a marrow-fat pea. But it proved bigger; he married her."

"Good luck to 'em!" cried the honest smith, as cordially as if the pair had been just starting on their wedding-tour. "They was happy, I hope, Sir?"

"Merry as grasshoppers their livelong days," said the squire. "They've been dead these fifty years; but all the fun of the family died out of it with Sukey Bubbs, that is, Lady Vavasour, the cotter's daughter. They've been a dull lot since, proud as peacocks, and as worthless," he added, sinking his voice as before. "Our blood is *too* good, Taffey; there's the secret of it."

"Well, I don't think but *that* perpetiwal breeding in-and-in an't no good in the end," remarked the smith. "A cross that do give substance—"

"That's a nice-browed lassie of yours, Taffey," said the squire, suddenly changing his topic.

"So I've heerd 'm say," returned the smith, trying to look as if he hadn't quite made up his own mind on the subject.

"Blue eyes and cherry lips are rather abundant in our neighborhood, I think," continued Mr. Hurbandine. "My wife used to tell me the Llbwyddcoed girls were as good and modest as they were pretty."

"They 'as good mothers," said Mr. Taffey, significantly. "That's how I reads it."

"Right. They can not be too careful. Danger's every where," remarked the squire. "These young fellows, boy-guardsmen and the like, who do me the honor to come down, with my sons, to recruit their exhausted frames with wholesome food and twelve o'clock bed, won't disdain to chuck a country chin."

"It's werry kind of 'em, I'm sure, squire!" said Mr. Taffey, his eyes glistening with his own warm speech.

"Kind!"

"Seeing 'tis a game we don't play at in these parts," explained the smith; and guardsmen's heads an't quite so hard as our fists, if they come to disagree."

"You speak warmly. Have you any thing to complain of in that way?" demanded the squire.

"Yes, Sir, I have," was the frank reply. But then he hesitated.

"Out with it, man!" said Mr. Hurbandine, his face assuming the expression recognized as indicative of an approaching "squall."

While Mr. Taffey still stood, silently debating whether he would speak what was in his mind or no, the squire pointed to a writing-table.

"Look at those scrawls. Do you know the hand? No," he continued, hastily; and, striding across the room, he crumpled up the letters, and flung them in a heap on the fire. "Look you, Taffey, sundry nameless individuals, whose pothooks it has cost me an hour's labor to decipher, accuse me of sanctioning (I presume, by my non-interference) acts of impertinence and intrusion on the part of my London guests—my sons, I take it, included—which, if persisted in, may lead to painful consequences, and, at the least, engender feelings the very reverse of those which have hitherto happily subsisted between the tenantry and the hall. This, in plain English, and with a certain regard to grammar and significance, is the purport of the letters I have destroyed. Tell me all about it."

"Tan't such as I *can* tell, squire," replied Mr. Taffey. "Howsoever, what I doos know I'll say. First place, I can't make out who's been and written them letters. There's not many of us as doos much in that way, 'cept my wissiney."

"Your what?"

"My neighbor," translated Mr. Taffey, "David Apreece. It wan't him. He an't the man for to write any thing he 'oodn't put his name to; and in very big letters, too, specially his capital A's. It's a great thing, squire, is hedication."

Mr. Hurbandine admitted that it had its advantageous side; but, at present, willed Mr. Taffey to keep to the point. Had he, or not, reason to believe that the villagers had taken offense at some indiscretion on the part of the visitors at the hall? And what did he, Taffey, mean by saying that he himself had cause to complain?

Thus urged, the smith blurted out the truth.

It so happened that the valley and hamlet of Llbwyddcoed were, as the squire had hinted, rather celebrated for the beauty of the rustic damseldom. Many, down to the lowest cottage class, boasted respectable descent; and all, as is noticeable in parts of the principality, showed tokens of a haughty and independent spirit, especially toward those who used them with what they regarded as undue familiarity. The manly squire approved and fostered this feeling; and nothing was more calculated to evoke his anger than any complaint like those addressed to him by his anonymous correspondents. We can not be surprised that Mr. Taffey, aware of this, confessed, with a reluctance and embarrassment unusual with him, that there *was* something in the alleged grievance that needed to be put to rights. Gentlemen of polished aspect, with whiskers of paly gold, shooting-coats of fashionable design, and highly condescending manners, had discovered picturesque beauties in the little hamlet, which had escaped less observant visitors. A lounge and a smoke in the immediate purlieus of Llbwyddcoed had grown to be an apparent necessity with the squire's male guests. Familiarity with danger leads to contempt of it. Despite their habitual reserve and self-respect, the rustic belles soon began to notice, without alarm, the Honorable Tom Castleton's singular predilection for hollyhocks, and receive, without resentment, my young Lord Leatherhead's humble request for information respecting the manufacture of goats'-milk cheese. What harm could there possibly be in youths who, even in depraved London, could maintain a pure and healthy affection for hollyhocks and cheese? We need not follow up the story pace by pace. The curly whisker and the flattering tongue carried the day—until, on the part of fathers, brothers, and sweet-hearts, jealousy and distrust succeeded to gratified pride. There had been one or two serious disturbances; and it was understood, in the village, that, among other individuals "cautioned," my Lord Leatherhead had been openly requested to complete his dairy education elsewhere; while the Honorable Tom Castleton was in the receipt of almost daily invitations of a pugilistic character, which it had become exceedingly difficult to decline.

Such was the substance of Mr. Taffey's representations, which could scarcely have been given in his own words, without retarding the narrative. As he spoke, the gloom deepened on his hearer's face, and a lurid gleam, as the squire raised his eyes for an instant and dropped them again, showed that a storm-burst was at hand. He was striving against his own rising passion.

"You—you spoke of yourself, Taffey," he said, in a stifled voice. "Let me understand that none of these lisping jack-puddings have insulted *her*—your pretty Katy, I mean?"

The smith's forehead flushed. He hesitated.

"Speak out, man!" said the squire. (An idea seemed to flash upon him.) "My sons! Do they—does either of them—dare—? I see it *is* so. *Which?*" he thundered, starting up.

His imperious tone roused the spirit of the sturdy smith.

"Mr. Rochford, then," he shouted, in a voice as loud as the squire's, "since you *must* have it. He's dawdling and dodging about our place more than I and my missis like—or the girl, either, for that matter. I was thinking of speaking to one or t'other of you; and now you've heerd it, why, take notice on it."

And Mr. Taffey caught up his hat.

Nothing checks a man's passion more effectually than the unexpectedly finding his interlocutor in a greater passion still.

The squire grew pale and quiet, and re-seated himself in his chair.

"Leave me now, my man. Go, my old friend," he continued, quickly. "I will see to this matter. There shall be no more cause of complaint. I have known your pretty Katy as the best-behaved, as she is the prettiest, girl in all the county. She and I have been friends from her cradle. Sukey Bubbs—Lady Vavasour, I mean—must have been Katy herself at fifteen. No fopling that bears my name, and is ashamed of it, shall turn *her* pretty head, and torment her innocent heart, for the amusement of an idle hour! Leave it to me."

"'Twas as precious near a blow up between us as ever I see," thought Mr. Taffey, as he walked home; "but I've shod'n nicely all round, and he'll do for a while. Squire's not so wicious, and tenderer in the mouth than he was—leastwise, with a good hand upon him. Hallo! School up already, wissiney?" he added, as the little schoolmaster skipped across the road and joined him.

"We begin betimes, you see," said Mr. Apreece. "'Diluculo surgere,' you know."

"No great luck in going to a surgery; I should think," remarked Mr. Taffey.

"You've arranged that matter with the squire?" inquired the schoolmaster, with a smile.

"What matter, wissiney?"

"About his marrying again, you know."

"We was talkin' of summot else," replied Mr. Taffey, "but, now you speak of it—"

He stood still suddenly, and looked in the other's face with a curious expression.

"Now I speak of it—" prompted Mr. Apreece.

"I've seen onlikelier things come to pass," said the smith. And they parted.

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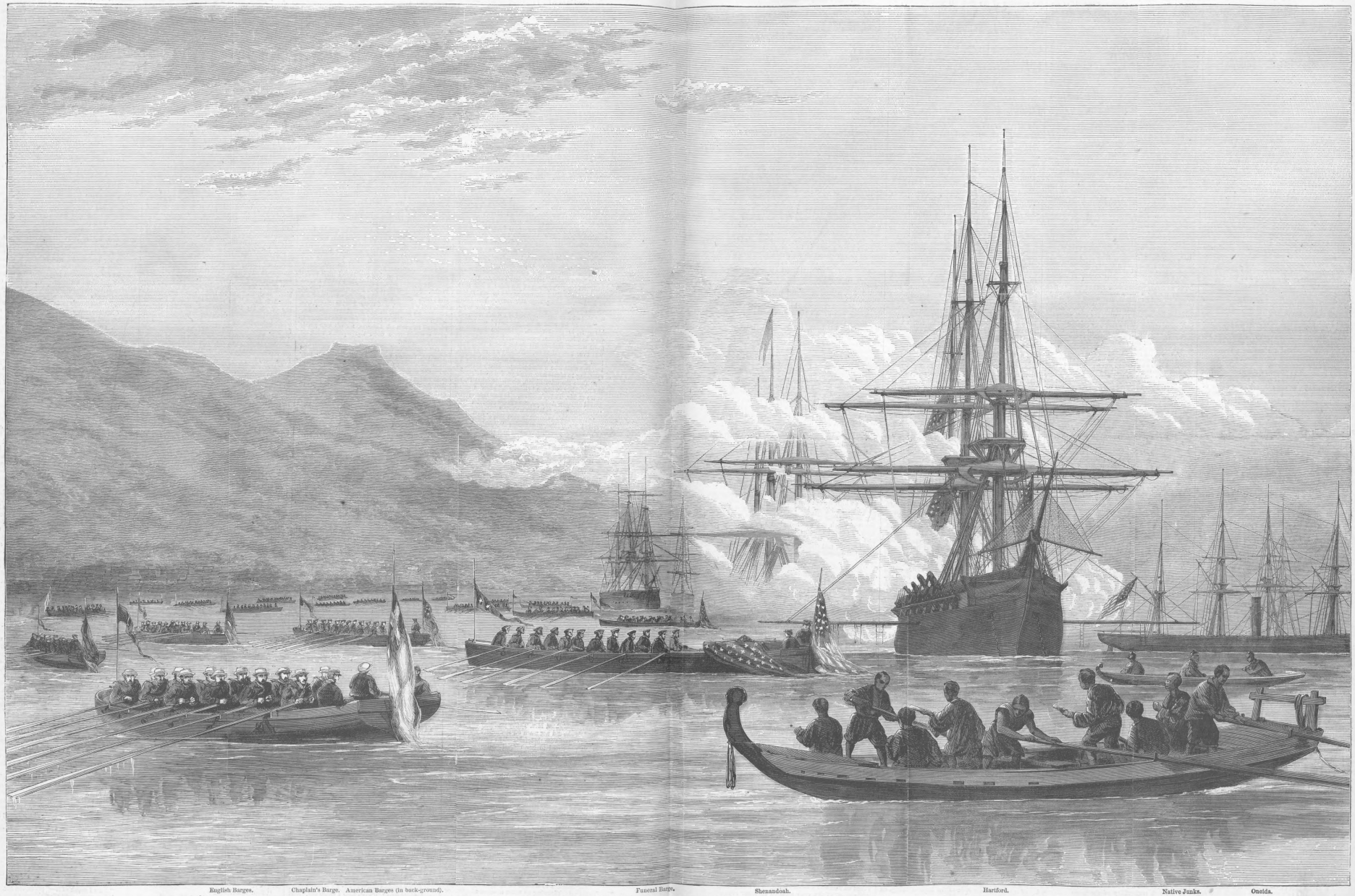

FUNERAL OF THE LATE ADMIRAL HENRY H. BELL, OF THE ASIATIC SQUADRON OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY, AT HIOGO, JAPAN, JANUARY 14, 1868.—SKETCHED BY FREDERICK G. S. MELBYE.—[SEE PAGE 218.]

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THE JAPANESE REVOLUTION.

THE latest news from Japan indicates that the revolution organized to oppose the liberal and civilizing policy of STOTS BASHI, the late Tycoon, in regard to foreign intercourse, and which was inaugurated simultaneously with the opening of the new treaty ports of Hiogo and Osaca, is of the most serious character, and one which is to affect in greater or lesser degree the commercial interests of every country trading with the East. And in view of their geographical situation and present commercial and maritime adventures in that direction, it particularly interests the people of the United States. The loss of Admiral BELL by drowning on the bar of Osaca also serves to direct the attention of our public to the facts of the Japanese revolution.

The agitation of the question of foreign commercial intercourse was begun in Japan many years since by the merchants, and it was opposed by the large land-owners. In fact, it is a struggle between commercial and agricultural interests. The late Tycoon, STOTS BASHI, recognized as one of the ablest of Japan statesmen, although the head of one of the principal families of Japan, and a prince of the realm before his accession to the throne, was inclined to the policy of the merchants, and made a treaty with several European powers, by which he agreed to throw open the ports of Hiogo and Osaca to foreign commerce on January 1 (our January 25), 1863. But the disturbed condition of the Empire at this time prevented, and the opening of the ports was deferred until January 1, 1868.

In the mean time the revolutionists were silently preparing to prevent this happy consummation, and as the day approached for the carrying out the chief feature of the treaty, the agricultural or Damios party, under the lead of the Princes SATSEMA, CHOSIU, and TOSO, became so threatening in their demonstrations that STOTS BASHI was compelled to resort to a startling *coup d'état*. This was no less than the abdication of the throne, and the restoration to it of a dynasty which had been virtually deposed three hundred years ago. This, if successful, changes materially the form of the Japanese Government. Heretofore the Tycoon has been chosen from one of four houses which have controlled the country; henceforth the throne hereditary successors enjoy actual control of the government.

The accession to power of the new, or rather the old Emperor, who is called, not the Tycoon, but the Mikado, at once changed the status of affairs; and the rival powers began to employ their influences upon him, to win him to their cause. But those of the commercial party appear to have been the strongest. Instead of changing the former Tycoon's policy, the Mikado approved of and advocated it, and not only appointed STOTS BASHI commander-in-chief of the Imperial army (which, by-the-way, that sagacious individual reorganized in 1866, augmenting it to 80,000 infantry, cavalry, artillery, and engineers, and employing a number of French officers to instruct the commanders), but made him his Secretary of Foreign Affairs as well, and specially instructed him to enforce the terms of the treaty.

Then it was that the Damios rushed to arms and mustered their army, which nominally consists of 370,000 infantry and 40,000 cavalry, but which will not in reality aggregate nearly so much. SATSUMA and his adherents made a sudden inroad upon the city of Miaco, where the court of the Mikado is held, and captured the person of the Emperor, who is a child of only nine years of age. The late Tycoon was forced to fly for safety, and at once took refuge in Osaca, where he gathered his army about him, and where he at once began the operations already stated in previous issues of this paper. The clearest indication of the success thus far of the commercial party is, that the ports have been opened and so remain in spite of the reported successes of the rebellious Damios, and the defeat and flight to Jeddo of the Tycoon. The last news brings information of a written assurance of the Mikado that the terms of the treaty shall be enforced.

A brief account of the two ports about which the two parties are contending will be interesting. Osaca is the third city of the Empire, has a population of between 300,000 and 400,000, and a large proportion of the manufactures and commerce of the five cities now open to foreign trade. It is laid out with great regularity, and may justly boast of the cleanliness of its broad, straight streets. Numerous canals, crossed by 200 bridges, penetrate to all parts of the city. The houses, generally, are small and mean and decayed-looking, but the temples devoted to the worship of Buddha are large and handsome. The most remarkable structure at Osaca, and indeed in Japan, is the Tycoon's Castle. It is an immense fortification 300 years old, and is said to have been built by a contribution of hewn stones from every prince of the Empire. Most of these stones are of colossal proportions, and our artist in that country, MR. FREDERICK G. S. MELBYE, says he noticed many which could not have been less than 30 feet long by 20 feet wide and 15 feet thick. The merchants of Osaca are the first in Japan, and control the capital of the country, which flows for investment to Osaca from all parts of the Empire, just as the same element of power in this country gravitates toward New York. It has been well known for years that the business capital of Yeddo, Yokohama, and Nagasaki came from Osaca, and it was this fact which has made the foreign merchants so anxious to get admission to Osaca.

Osaca has a very bad anchorage, and in consequence thereof Hiogo has been named in the treaty as the port of Osaca. It is a small place, with no claims to notice other than in this connection. It has a good anchorage, where vessels can lie in safety in all weathers.

The opening of these ports was accompanied by a deplorable event—the death of Admiral BELL, Lieutenant REED, and several of their boat's crew. MR. MELBYE, who furnishes the splendid illustration on pages 216 and 217 of the funeral of the Admiral, also sends the following account of the circumstances of his death:

In order to inaugurate with appropriate ceremonies the new era in the intercourse of Japan with foreign countries, Rear-Admiral HENRY H. BELL, commanding the Asiatic squadron of the United States Navy, assembled off these ports as many of the vessels of his command as could be spared from the rest of the station. The Admiral himself, with the flag-ship *Hartford*, sloops *Iroquois* and *Oneida*, and gun-boats *Monocacy* and *Aroostook*, remained at Hiogo on the 1st of January, and celebrated the day by dressing ship and a salute of 21 guns from each vessel; while the like honors were paid at Osaca by the sloop *Shenandoah*, the booming of whose heavy guns was distinctly heard at Hiogo, twelve miles off.

A few days later the Admiral moved the greater part of his squadron to Osaca, with the double view of impressing the natives by a display of power, and of holding personal intercourse with our minister, General VAN VALKENBURGH, then residing at that capital. The wind for several days after our arrival blew in heavy gales from the eastward and sent in a tremendous sea upon the bar, which it was necessary to cross in going up to the city. By the 11th the gale had somewhat abated; but although a heavy sea was still running the Admiral determined to cross the bar. Accordingly, at a quarter past nine A.M., he left the ship in his barge accompanied by Lieutenant Commander J. H. REED; and, as I relate, in just twenty minutes from that time, the boat swamped on the bar, and of fifteen persons that were in her all perished but three seamen. The whole terrible catastrophe took place under our very eyes—in fact, the officer of the deck had his glass fixed on the boat when she went over. Not a moment was lost in dispatching boats to the rescue, although so heavy a sea was running that the first boat lowered was swamped alongside. With equal promptness the other ships sent their boats to the scene of disaster, and in less time than would have been deemed possible, seven or eight of the latter were executing their errand of mercy in the dangerous waters of the bar.

The same afternoon the body of the Admiral was recovered and brought on board. His watch was found to have stopped at 25 minutes to 10, showing that the catastrophe took place exactly 20 minutes from the time he left the ship.

The surviving seamen state that as soon as they reached the bar a heavy sea caused the barge to broach to, and an instant after a still heavier one came on board and turned her completely over, throwing all hands into the water. The Admiral, Lieutenant REED, and several of the crew succeeded in getting on the bottom of the boat and clung to the keel, until, chilled by the cold and stunned by the surf, they were forced to let go their hold. In less than five minutes from the swamping of the boat all were washed off but one man, who had strength enough to maintain his grasp and was eventually rescued. One of the men washed off was saved by seizing an oar, but when picked up was nearly exhausted. The third man who escaped was washed quite out of the boat when she capsized, but contrived to get hold of three oars which he tied together with a muffler from around his neck, and was thus kept afloat until one of the boats relieved him from his perilous situation.

All the bodies were ultimately recovered, and on the 12th we returned with heavy hearts to Hiogo. The funeral took place on the 14th. A sadder or more solemn sight of the kind was never witnessed. Thirty-three boats formed in three lines abreast left the side of the *Hartford* at a given signal, and with drooping colors moved slowly toward the beach. The English boats were on the left, the American on the right, while in the middle were those containing the mortal remains of our former shipmates and friends. On reaching the shore a procession was formed and proceeded to the cemetery in the following order: First marched the marines of the squadron with reversed arms, followed by the fine band of H. B. M.'s steamer *Ocean;* next came the coffins, each covered with the Jack and borne on the shoulders of six sturdy seamen; and last of all a long train consisting of British and American officers, sailors, and citizens of all nationalities. Four English and as many American captains officiated as pall-bearers to the Admiral. Minute-guns were fired from the *Hartford*, *Shenandoah*, *Iroquois*, and *Oneida*, during the movement of the procession from the ship to the shore, and thence to the place of interment. The beautiful service of the Episcopal Church was read at the grave in a most impressive manner by the chaplain of the *Hartford*, assisted by the chaplain of the *Ocean*, and after three volleys had been fired by the marines as a last tribute of respect to the memory of our departed friends the sad assemblage slowly dispersed to their respective ships.

The following are the names of the men who constituted the barge's crew at the time of the accident: Henry Ernest, Charles Baldwin, Thomas Davis, Olaff Holmburg, Moses Redmond, John Peterson, Patrick Deveney, John Churo, Samuel C. Van Vliet, William Riggett, Edward Nichols, John U. Small, Bernard Reddy. Of these Deveney, Churo, and Van Vliet were saved.

JACK OSBORNE'S WOOING.

A TALE OF THE SEA-COAST.

A LOVELY afternoon! The sun was shining brightly forth from an uncloudy sky upon the deep blue waters of the ocean, which leaped and frolicked in very joyousness of spirit; it seemed stirred up by the cool salt breeze blowing in upon the land. The exact locality matters not. It was somewhere on the southern part of the cliff-bound coast of England. The scenery was perfect of its kind. On one side, inland, were waving woods, green fields, and sparkling rivulets, with lowing herds chewing the cud beside them. The lofty turf-covered downs were dotted over with numerous flocks of white fleecy sheep, while on the other side the high cliffs and dark rocks projected out into the sea, forming a succession of small bays and inlets, in which so much consists the picturesque beauty of that part of the coast.

On the summit of the sunny downs walked a young man in the dress of a naval officer, and by his side, resting on his arm, was a girl worthy to be the presiding goddess of a scene so lovely. She was delicately fair, with light hair, just tinged with an auburn hue, and eyes of azure pure as the sea she gazed on, and her costume simple in the extreme. The couple had proceeded up along a valley from a pretty little cottage which lay ensconced snugly amidst a grove of trees, and protected by the high ground between it and the sea from the wintry gales which blow from it. They had walked on for some distance without speaking, when the young lady turned her blue eyes toward the youth, apparently to inquire the cause of his silence. Whether the soft tranquillity of the scene influenced him, or the gentle gaze of those bright eyes, it is difficult to say; but he immediately opened his mouth and commenced a series of expressions so incoherent that the maiden herself did not appear to comprehend them, till he concluded by one sufficiently explicit to leave no doubt as to the meaning of the rest. It was, "Fanny, I love you. Will you marry me?"

The words, however, did not, it seemed, give the fair girl the satisfaction it might have been expected they would have done, for instantly and unconsciously withdrawing her arm from that of her companion, she answered: "I am sorry, Jack, very sorry, to hear you say this. I thought you knew that my regard for you was as a sister for a brother, as I fancied yours was for me—such as would never allow thoughts of marriage to enter your head. You know that I am romantic, as it is called, and you ought to know that I am never likely to give my heart to any man, except I can look up to him and respect him as a being superior to myself—except he has done some gallant deed to win my admiration as well as that of the world. No, Jack, utter not those words again; forget that you have pronounced them, as I soon shall, and we shall be as happy in each other's society as we have hitherto been, without thinking of such folly." She ceased, and turned away her head.

"Then are you never likely to return my devoted, my unwavering affection?" exclaimed the young seaman in a tone of anguish. "Or—oh pardon me for the question!—do you, Fanny, love another?"

"No, indeed, Jack, I do not," she answered with a light laugh—perhaps it was a little forced. "I will answer your rather impertinent question with the candor you deserve. My heart is as free as the breeze which plays upon the ocean. That must satisfy you. You must be conscious that you have done nothing to enchain it. You are a very good seaman, and a very respectable officer, I have always heard. You can haul ropes, go aloft, hand, reef, and steer, and possess all other sorts of nautical accomplishments, I dare say; but you have never boarded an enemy's ship, stormed a fort, nor even seen a shot fired in anger, that I know of; you never jumped overboard to save a man, or even a drowning monkey, that I am aware of; in fact, Jack, you have done nothing to win a young lady's heart like mine, at all events; and if my sex would but exert their prerogative, you would receive the same answer to a like question from all. I am sorry to give you pain, cousin, but I speak what I feel and think. If woman never gave her heart except to him who had won it by some noble deed of valor, generosity, charity, or self-sacrifice, there would be fewer useless characters in the world, and we should hear no more complaints of the degeneracy of the age. And now, Mister Jack, I must return home."

They spoke not another word till they reached the garden-gate of the little cottage in the valley. The young lady then put out her hand, saying, quietly:

"Good-by, Cousin Jack. We part friends, as we have always been: so go home, and forget all about it."

Before the young sailor could answer Fanny Ashford had disappeared in a turn of the shrubbery.

Poor Jack Osborne did not, however, follow her advice, for instead of returning to his home, which was some miles along the shore, he lingered long in the neighborhood of the cottage, whence he could obtain a sight even of the light in her window. He had not determination to tear himself from the spot. He thought over all that had occurred, and he felt that he could not live without her. So completely occupied was he with his reflections that he did not observe the entire change which had taken place in the weather since the sun had set. He was aroused from his reverie by finding his hat blown off his head by a violent gust which came in from the sea, and had it not caught in a blackberry-bush close under his lee, he would probably have been compelled to return without it. The dark clouds were chasing each other rapidly through the sky, the wind whistled loud and mournfully; indeed, he soon discovered that a furious gale was blowing, though he still continued wandering around the same spot, the weather in consonance with his feelings, till some heavy drops of rain warned him of the folly of his behavior. Slowly and unwillingly he commenced his homeward way. He had not, however, proceeded far when his ears were startled by the dull reports of guns fired at intervals. They seemed like signals of distress fired from a ship at sea. He listened attentively, then hurried to the edge of the nearest cliff. There he stood for some time straining his eye to pierce the darkness, till he was certain he could distinguish the flashes, while the reports appeared to come nearer and nearer. Suddenly several guns were discharged in quick succession.

"Good Heavens!" he exclaimed, "she must be on the Black Reef, and every soul will perish. No. Let me see—what's the hour? Ah, it is nearly dead low-water just now, and it will be almost smooth inside the reef. If the people on board her know that they may launch their boats or a raft, or even swim on shore; but they probably do not. If they wait for the morning, except the gale should abate as suddenly as it has commenced, which there is no prospect of, every soul must be lost."

Thus soliloquizing, Jack Osborne wound his way down the steep sides of the cliffs by a well-known path to the beach. He there found several fishermen, whose cottages were at hand, and who had, like himself, been attracted to the spot by the report of the guns, though it is to be feared that some of them, at all events, had resorted thither more in expectation of the waifs which the sea might cast on shore than for the purpose of rendering assistance to the hapless beings on the wreck.

"Hillo, Tom Hansard, is that you, my man?" exclaimed the young sailor as he reached the shore, addressing a stout fisherman who was looking earnestly seaward; "whereabouts is the vessel that was firing just now?"

"On the Black Reef, no doubt, Sir," was the answer.

"And if the people on board her remain there without assistance they will be lost," cried Jack Osborne, in an eager tone.

"It's very true, Sir," answered the fisherman; "but it can not be helped."

"But I say it can be helped," exclaimed the young man with animation. "Now, if you and three other active hands will launch one of your boats and accompany me, we will carry a hawser out to the vessel, and get all the people on shore over the reef before the tide rises. Here are eight sovereigns in my purse, which shall be yours whether we succeed or not; and as for the danger, there's none, if we are quick about the work. Remember, it's now neap-tide and dead low-water, so there'll be no sea of any consequence to hurt us."

"We'd go without the money, Mister Osborne," said another fisherman, who had been attracted to the spot; "but our wives and little ones, and—"

"Well, here's the money—leave that with them, but be quick about it," cried the young officer, impatiently. "There's no danger, I tell you; and you can not be such arrant cowards as to allow a whole ship's company to perish for fear of wetting your jackets. If you are, I shall go alone, though I fear I shall do little good without help. I suppose some of you will lend a hand to launch a boat through the surf. It matters little to any one if I never come back."

"No, no, Mister Osborne, we are not afraid; nor are we the men to let you go alone," answered one of the older fishermen. "But we did not think of the tide being as low as you say. You are right, though, Sir, and I'll answer we get safe up to the rocks. I'll go with you, for one."

"And I," "and I," "and I," cried several others.

Jack selected those who had first spoken, and launching one of the boats by the aid of all hands, steered her boldly through the surf, with a lantern in her bows, toward the dark rocks which they knew were now above water, towing at the same time a line made fast to some posts on the shore. A fierce wind was in their teeth, covering them with the thick spray, and the night was otherwise so dark that it was with difficulty Jack could see how to steer; indeed, he seemed guided rather by a seaman's instinct than assisted by his powers of vision. The thought, too, of Fanny, and of her approbation should he succeed in his enterprise, nerved his heart and determined him to risk every peril. Notwithstanding his assertions that there would be no danger, several heavy seas which swept round the end of the reef broke on board the boat; but, encouraged by their young commander, the fishermen, having once engaged in the undertaking, were not to be deterred from proceeding while any hope of success existed. As they neared the reef the water became smoother; and at length they made out, by the vivid flashes of lightning which every now and then darted from the clouds, the hull of a large vessel driven completely upon the rocks, and over the afterpart of which the sea was breaking wildly. The masts were all gone, her bowsprit only remaining, and projecting, fortunately, over a ledge of the reef which the water did not wash. The light of several lanterns twinkling in the forepart of the ship showed that some of her crew, at all events, still remained alive, and at length Jack had reason to suppose that his boat was seen.

"Now, my men," he exclaimed, "let us hail them together. It will cheer their spirits, and show them that help is at hand."

And forthwith a cheer ascended from the fishing-boat. The cheer was directly answered from the ship. The boat was now so close to the reef that great caution was necessary to prevent her being staved against it. As the fishermen lay on their oars, consulting as to the best way to carry the rope to the ship, Jack determined to undertake the task himself. Throwing off his jacket, he made a rope fast round his middle, and getting the boat as close as was safe to the rocks, he plunged overboard. The next instant all was darkness, and the fishermen anxiously watched for another flash of lightning to see the success of his enterprise. A moment afterward a human form was seen clambering over the slippery weed-covered rocks; but it again disappeared, and again they were compelled to wait in suspense till a dark object was seen moving toward the end of the bowsprit. While still anxiously looking out a voice from some one in the water hailed them, and in a second Jack Osborne was hauled safely on board. The rope he had carried, having been hauled on board the ship by means of a thick hawser, was quickly carried to the shore.

In the mean time Jack Osborne had returned to the ship for the purpose of hurrying the departure of the people, for the tide was now again rising, and every moment was of consequence. It was, indeed, fortunate for the strangers that he did so, for some of them were even talking of remaining by the ship till daylight before they ventured on shore. She proved to be a large ship, homeward-bound from the West Indies, and carrying a valuable cargo, with ten guns, a numerous crew, and several passengers. The scene was one of the greatest confusion, for the masts had gone by the board, and the decks were covered with the wreck of the spars and rigging, from the falling of which many of the people were hurt. These latter and the passengers were conveyed on shore in a basket slung on to a hawser, while most of the crew escaped by other ropes which had in the mean time been carried there. So long a time was thus occupied that several, among whom was Jack Osborne, still remained

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on the wreck, over which the sea had begun to make fearful breaches. At last a more terrific breaker than any came rolling toward them. "Hasten, hasten for your lives!" exclaimed the gallant young officer. The sea struck the ship with an awful crash. Quivering in every timber, she parted in twenty places, and in another instant her broken fragments were dashed upon the beach. Some few unhappy beings, struck by the floating timbers, sank beneath the waves, and their mangled corpses were cast on the shore. Others, though senseless, were thrown upon the beach alive, and among them the gallant young officer who had been the means of preserving the lives of the rest. He was conveyed to the nearest gentleman's house, which happened to be Mr. Ashford's, Fanny's father. Thither also some of the passengers and officers were conducted, when Mr. Ashford gladly gave them shelter and entertainment. All were loud in their praise of their brave preserver, who had been conveyed to their host's own room, and attended by a surgeon, who, to the satisfaction of all, pronounced his hurts not to be dangerous. This was proved when, after a night's rest, he appeared next morning at breakfast, rather paler than usual, but otherwise uninjured. His color, however, quickly returned, and his eyes sparkled with joy when Fanny Ashford entered the room, and placing her hand in his, forgot to withdraw it.

"Is it to be mine?" he whispered.

"Yes," she answered, "if you value it as a reward of gallantry."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

WE are often warned against trusting to appearances—said appearances being understood to be bright, pleasing, and attractive ones. Poets have made this a fruitful theme of song. We are cautioned to

"Trust not the treason of those smiling looks;"

assured that

"All that glitters is not gold;"

that

"A man may smile and smile, and be a villain;"

and that

"Who does a kindness is not therefore kind;
Who combats bravely is not therefore brave."

These injunctions, written long time ago, it may be well to remember, bearing in mind, however, that nowadays people do not take so much trouble about the matter as in ancient days, and that appearances are not *every where* deceitful. For example, the last relics of chivalry have departed—from our cars and omnibuses—and men desiring this to be distinctly understood, do not pretend to assume "smiling looks," or extend the courtesies of social life in public. Women comprehend the crisis, and do not expect any of those old-fashioned attentions, which long time ago were gallantly offered and gratefully received. Indeed, there is so much marked rudeness shown them that they must need to search deeply to find any thing attractive in man in general, as he exhibits himself in—for example—the city cars. But woman is said to have a forgiving spirit, and very likely, as she stands, solitary, clinging to the strap (if she can reach it) of a car in which every *man* has a seat, she may be quoting mentally:

"Within the oyster's shell uncouth
The purest pearl may bide:
Trust me, you'll find a heart of truth
Within that rough outside."

And when a sudden lurch of the car sends her staggering almost into the lap of the unconscious gentleman opposite, she probably continues her musings:

"The gloomy outside, like a rusty chest,
Contains the shining treasure of a soul,
Resolved and brave."

Thus swaying to and fro, uncomfortably conspicuous, she casts a glance along the lines of newspapers, shielded faces, and softly murmurs:

"The general voice
Sounds him for courtesy, behavior, language,
And every fair demeanor, an example."
"Though modest, on his unembarrassed brow
Nature has written 'Gentleman.'"

And, at length, having reached her destination still standing, she closes her poetic meditations with:

"'Tis man's pride,
His highest, worthiest, noblest boast,
The privilege he prizes most,
To *stand* by helpless woman's side!"

Surely, the question may modestly be put: Can a poet be found who will venture to exhibit the poetic side of man, dated 1868? The race called man in former times must be nearly extinct, and poetry suited to the times is wanted. Genuine courtesy, not merely toward woman, but toward *any one*, is rarely seen in public places.

A newly-married couple recently stopped at a hotel in Cincinnati while on their wedding-trip. The husband was a jovial, gentlemanly young man, but on one occasion indulged himself in something stronger than water to such an extent that he became quite confused, to say the least. The next day after his frolic he could not account for the mysterious disappearance of about $1000 that he had with him the night before. He told the landlord of the loss, and the landlord sent for the police, who immediately interrogated the gentleman as to where he had been the night before. He frankly stated that the whisky had knocked his memory, and that he could not inform them. While they were talking, the young wife, thinking her little joke had gone far enough, and the desired warning had proved sufficient, came forward and stated that she had the money—had taken it from her husband's pocket, simply to show him how easily the same thing could be done by any body else.

A singular event transpired in Tennessee a short time ago. A well-known gentleman, about eighty-six years old, performed his usual day's work, ate a hearty meal, and retired to rest apparently perfectly well. About midnight he rose from his bed, crossed a wide hall, woke up the members of the family, and told them that *he was dying*, at the same time shaking hands with each one of the inmates, and bidding them a final farewell. He then went back to his room, seated himself in a chair, when his features quickly underwent a change, his limbs relaxed, while a thick film gathered over his eyes. He was taken from the chair and placed upon a bed near by, but the spirit of the old man had fled.

The curious district surrounding Yellowstone Lake, in Montana, contains a natural curiosity, reported more wonderful than even Niagara. Just below the lake, the Yellowstone River, which is its outlet, falls over the face of a peak of the Rocky Mountains thousands of feet, the spray rising several hundred. A pebble was timed by a watch in dropping from an overhanging crag of one perpendicular fall, and is said to have required eleven and a half seconds to strike the surface of the river below. The great lake, like all others in the mountains, is thick with salmon-trout, of from five to forty pounds' weight, and where the milky, boiling mineral waters from the geysers intermingle with the pure, clear water from the running streams, these elegant fish can be "forked" up by the boat-load.

"Carleton," the foreign correspondent of the Boston *Journal*, thinks that there is scarcely another place in the world where the boys and girls of the United States would throw up their hands in such wonder as upon the top of the Great Pyramid of Egypt. In giving an account of a visit there he remarks: "We ascend a steep sand-bank, one hundred feet high, and dismount from our donkeys beneath the shadow of the great Pyramid of Cheops. I almost despair of giving you an idea of its size, and height, or how it looks. It stands on solid rock. It is only when you walk around it, and when you climb to the top, that you can get an idea of its magnitude and height. A great many of the outer stones have been taken away by the Caliphs of Egypt to build their palaces, so that the pyramid is not so large as it was at the first. Formerly it was 764 feet square and 480 feet high; now it is 746 feet on each side and 450 in height. Its area now is a little more than one-fourth the size of Boston Common, or almost 12 acres. Just imagine a pile of masonry—great stones nine or ten feet long, three or four high, and four or five wide, filling up a good-sized field, piled up three or four times higher than the tallest trees you know of, 450 feet—as high as the steeple of Park Street Church would be if it stood atop of Bunker Hill Monument; or as high as three of the tallest pine-trees to be found in the woods of Maine or New Hampshire. With two Arabs—to pull us up—to keep us from falling in case we should become light-headed, we go up, walking along the stones, picking out the easiest places, stopping once in a while for breath, reaching the top in about twenty minutes."

A recent survey has shown that the Missouri River, near the point of confluence with the Mississippi, has eaten away some 2600 feet of the Illinois shore. This corrosion extends four miles. The process by which the channel was shifting to the Illinois side was supposed to be so slow as to be almost imperceptible. This survey shows, however, that if the Missouri gnaws away at the Illinois shore with as hearty an appetite as it has shown since 1861, in less than a dozen years it will be impossible for any steamboat or vessel of the least tonnage to approach the St. Louis levee. The people of St. Louis are awake to the danger, and the city engineer has already built 3234 feet of dyke between the Missouri shore and Cabaret island.

A Philadelphia paper states that a woman living in Amesbury, Massachusetts, recently killed a Brahma rooster which had thirteen nickel cents in his crop, two two-cent pieces, and other indigestible articles. One would naturally suppose that the rooster might have died without any extra assistance. But quite as surprising is the fact that the Vermont State geologist not long since skinned and stuffed a large bald eagle, in whose crop he found a piece of halter chain 24½ inches long.

A practical chemist of Chicago claims to have made an important discovery by which eggs may be kept perfectly fresh and sweet for years. His mode is founded upon a new theory, the electrolizing of the organic constituents of the egg, with a peculiar combination of chemical agents, thereby suspending the embryotic principle and relieving the germinating heat, thus preventing organic dissolution without imparting any unpleasant flavor, or in the least changing the natural taste of the egg.

The maple sugar "season" has come. More than a million and a half gallons of delicious maple sirup, and over forty million pounds of maple sugar are produced in our country in a single year. In the Eastern and Middle States enterprising farmers understand the value of maple groves, and not only make their own "sweetening," but considerable money by tapping their trees, boiling down the sap, and "sugaring off." Besides, every body loves maple sugar, and the young folks especially rejoice when the "season" arrives.

The French, as a people, seem to have very few serious thoughts, and the nearness of death scarcely sobers them. A story is told of a dancing-party at a Paris hotel which was interrupted by the landlady, who entered the ball-room and said: "My friends, do not dance now; there is a man dying in the room above." But presently she returned with a cheerful face, saying: "You can resume your pleasure; the man is dead." The French papers relate a story, also, of a merry pyrotechnist, who, finding he was about to die, caused his workmen to make a number of candles which would burn a short way, as usual, and then burst in brilliant corruscations. Those candles were given to the priests, who at the funeral were to chant around the corpse; and while engaged in this solemn act the fire-works went off, to the great consternation of the clergymen.

A very "Peculiar People" exist in England. They call themselves "Peculiar," and one of their peculiarities consists in following literally the text in the New Testament which says, "Is any sick among you, let him call for the elders of the Church; let them pray over him and anoint him with oil in the name of the Lord." Consequently, they do not think it necessary to call in medical assistance when ill. Recently a little child was taken sick. They anointed it with oil, and prayed over it. The child grew worse. They gave it a little nourishment, and continued to pray, but used no remedies and called no medical assistance. The child died. The matter was brought into court. The parents appeared to feel they had done all they could for their child. The jury returned a verdict of *Not Guilty*, but at the same time said they severely censured the prisoners for not calling in medical advice.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A GENTLEMAN standing at his door, was asked by a huckster whether he was the man of the house? In a subdued tone he replied, "No, my wife is."

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—The French correspondent of a "Daily Paper," in a recent letter, tells us that "there are in France no less than thirty thousand deaf and dumb."

These figures are, without a doubt—
Excuse us, Sir—"all hum."
'Tis full well known by ev'ry "lou"
That *millions* there are *dumb!*

The following letter is a perfect model in its way: "DEAR BROTHER,—I've got one of the handsomest farms in the State, and have it nearly paid for. Crops are good, prices never were better. We have had a glorious revival of religion in our church, and both our children (the Lord be praised!) are converted. Father got to be rather an incumbrance, and last week I took him to the poor-house. Your affectionate brother."

The young lady who fell dead—in love with a young gentleman, immediately revived on being asked to name the day.

A chap says he cured palpitation of the heart by the application of another palpitating heart to the part affected.

THE HUSBAND'S SOLILOQUY.

Lovely woman, sweet and human!
How her witching ways disarm us!
Bright and witty—what a pity
That her bills should so alarm us!

Charming creature! how each feature
Lights up with ecstatic pleasures!
(Harmless passion) when Dame Fashion
Brings to view her latest treasures!

Silks and laces! how her face is
Radiant as the sunlight dawning;
Eyes are glancing, curls are dancing,
And her brow is like the morning!

Daily shopping—money dropping
Fast from white and dainty fingers,
Wants explicit—taste exquisite;
How the happy shopper lingers!

Ah! 'tis cruel, when a jewel
Might light up sweet home affection,
Thus to splutter, scold, and flutter,
When wife hints in that direction!

Woman tender, who can render
Too much joy to match her beauty?
How can dresses or caresses
Half repay her love and duty?

Then, Dame Fashion, put the lash on,
Urge your steeds of daring mettle;
Lovely woman, sweet and human,
Must have dress, and we must settle!

"That is probably the oldest piece of furniture in America!" said a collector of antique curiosities to a friend, pointing to a venerable-looking table as he spoke. "How old is it?" asked the friend. "Nearly four hundred years old." "Pshaw, that is nothing. I have an Arabic table over two thousand years old." "*Indeed!*" "Yes, the *multiplication table*."

"Didn't you tell me you could hold the plow?" said a farmer to an Irishman he had taken on trial. "Be aisy, now," said Mike. "How could I hould it, and two horses pullin' it away? Just stop the craytures and I'll hould it for you."

"Cuffee, what do you think de most useful ob de plannets—de sun or de moon?"
"Well, Sambo, I tink de moon orter take de fus rank in dat ar' ticular."
"Why you think so, Cuffee?"
"Well, I tell you: kase she shines by night when we want light, and sun shines by day when we do not."

"My dear, what makes you always yawn?
The wife exclaimed, her temper gone,
"Is home so dull and dreary?"
"Not so," he said, "my love, not so;
But man and wife are *one* you know;
And when *alone*, I'm weary."

"I shall die happy," said the expiring husband to his wife, who was weeping most dutifully by the bedside, "if you will only promise not to marry that object of my unceasing jealousy, your cousin John." "Make yourself quite easy, love," said the expectant widow, "I am engaged to his brother."

An old bachelor (we don't know where he lives, ladies) thus advertises for a wife. Of course he will find one to suit him:

"I want a wife, a first-rate wife,
A girl that's all my own,
To cook my meals and cheer my life,
With smiling word and tone.

"A girl that ne'er will pledge a vow
To any chap but me;
That's been brought up to milk a cow,
And have warm cakes for tea.

"She must be graceful as the bell
Upon the lily found;
And make such butter as will sell
For forty cents a pound."

A certain clerk in a Western village recently made the following comment on Pocahontas. Said he: "Pocahontas was a great man—Pocahontas was a noble, kind-hearted, and true man." "Hold on," cried his companion, "Pocahontas was a *woman*." "She was, eh?" said he; "well, that's just my luck: how am I expected to know? I never read the Bible:"

WANTED.

A blanket from an oyster-bed.
A key to fit a lock of hair.
A bellows to blow a man's nose.
A skiff to cross the river of life.
A mule to ride through the valley of death.
A feather from the wing of time.
Some tobacco for the pipe of a steamboat.
Some splinters from the polls of an election.
Some gravel from the road to ruin.
Some buttons from the mantle of night.
A dog whose bark is like that of a tree.
A scarf for a neck of land.
A hook on which to hang the close of a lecture.
A blacksmith to mend a broken heart.
A hair for the head of a sheet.
Some hay and oats for a nightmare.
A small air-castle to accommodate a large family of invisible beings.
A portrait of the man in the moon.

CURIOSITIES.

The rule of our conduct, in two joints.
An eye of the wind.
Horn of a buck-et.
A gun used in the war of the elements.
A link of chain lightning.
Snow gathered in "the winter of discontent."
Tears from the mind's eye.
A corn from the foot of time.
A mosquito's bill receipted.
A spoke from a wheel of the chariot of the sun.
Hair from the head of navigation.
Fruit from an axle-tree.
A pair of bellows from an ox.
A frame of mind.

Little four-year-old Carrie went with her aunt to church. The preacher was very earnest in his delivery, and she was much interested. "Mother," said she, when she came home, "I have heard such a smart minister. He stamped, and pounded, and made such a noise; and then he got so mad he shook his fist at the folks, and there wasn't any body dared to go up and fight him."

A VERY RAPID THAW.

SUDDEN MELTING OF THE DEMOCRATIC SNOW MAN.

ADVICE NOT EASILY FOLLOWED.

GENERAL T——s. "Please, Sir, here's a boy friend of mine from Delaware, who says I've got to kick Mr. Stanton out; so you'll please let me go in and do it, won't you?"

SINCERITY.

NIECE. "I'm writing to Clara Smith, Aunt. Shall I say any thing from you?"
AUNT. "You may give her my love, dear. How I do dislike that Girl, to be sure!!"

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REV. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, M.A.

YORKSHIRE, which has produced, in almost every department in which Englishmen can attain to eminence, more great and celebrated men than any other county of Great Britain, has long been regarded as the peculiar home of Methodism. It was in Yorkshire that some of the most remarkable successes of the WESLEYS were achieved. More than a century ago the founder of the Methodist societies had already drawn from Yorkshire some of his greatest preachers in the persons of JOHN NELSON and others; and from that time to the present the great northern county has been a soil where his doctrines have been received and made fruitful in the salvation of souls beyond most other parts of the United Kingdom. The able orator and preacher, WILLIAM MORLEY PUNSHON, whose portrait adorns our present issue, is a native of Doncaster, where he was born in the year 1824. His father was a draper in that town, engaged in a large and prosperous business, and at the same time a prominent and active supporter of the Wesleyan cause. He received his second name after his uncle, Sir ISAAC MORLEY, a gentleman well known for many years in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and who lived to witness the eminence to which his nephew and namesake attained. His education was commenced in his native town; but when about eleven years of age he was placed under the care of a gentleman, the son of a Congregational minister, at Heanor, in Derbyshire, where he discovered a singular aptitude for learning. At this time he was a stiff, chubby lad, with fresh, curly hair, a full proportion of the love of sport, and above all, a most extraordinary memory. He would commit to memory, for the mere pleasure of the effort, long passages from the "Speaker," and recite them to his school-fellows; and it is said that he could repeat the names of all the British constituencies, with the names of all the members representing them, without a mistake. Notwithstanding these and other indications of remarkable ability, he was not designed by his father for public or professional life, nor does it appear that at this period his mind was drawn out to the vast concerns of the future. At fifteen years of age he was placed at Hull as a clerk in the shipping business, from which port he subsequently removed to Sunderland. When about twenty years of age, in the order of Providence, he was removed to Woolwich, and his residence was with his uncle, the Rev. BENJAMIN CLOUGH. Here he was brought into a congenial atmosphere. Mr. CLOUGH was a man of rare, though not showy endowments. A distinguished Oriental scholar, he had compiled a dictionary of the Singalese, one of the Eastern languages, which, after forty years, still remains the basis of all similar works in that language. He was also a zealous and self-denying missionary, having been one of the first company of young men sent out by the Wesleyans to the East under the superintendence of Dr. COKE, who died on the voyage, and was buried in the ocean. Mr. PUNSHON has composed a suitable and beautiful memoir of this excellent man, to whom he owed so much. It was under his advice that he made his early attempts at preaching, and in May, 1845, he presented himself for examination in London, as a candidate for the Wesleyan ministry. The writer of this sketch was present at that examination, to which one or two other young men also came up who have since attained to eminence, and well remembers the impression then produced by the appearance and answers of the future orator. At the Conference of 1843 he received his first appointment, which was to Whitehaven, where he spent two years, followed by two years in Carlisle, and three years in Newcastle. This residence of seven years won for him an extraordinary popularity in the far north, his faithful devotion to every department of his work being not less remarkable than his eloquence. Previous to his entrance into the ministry he had published a small volume of poems; and when at Carlisle he made his first literary effort of a religious kind, entitled "Tabor, or the Class-Meeting." This little publication was an indication of that ardent attachment to the peculiar views and discipline of Methodism which has all along been characteristic of Mr. PUNSHON, though in combination with such a breadth of view and catholicity of spirit that he has been claimed again and again by other churches as almost their own. Soon after coming to reside in Newcastle Mr. PUNSHON married the daughter of Mr. VICKERS, of Gateshead. This lady died in 1858, leaving several children. After leaving Newcastle, the next six years of the subject of this sketch were spent in Yorkshire, three years in Sheffield, and three in Leeds. While in Leeds his popularity was approaching its height. It was in January, 1854, that Mr. PUNSHON made his first appearance in Exeter Hall as a lecturer in connection with the Young Men's Christian Association. The subject was "The Prophet of Horeb," and the lecture, although inferior to several which he afterward prepared, was yet highly characteristic, and produced a marked impression. He did not appear again in this capacity till the beginning of 1857, when he delivered what was probably, for rhetorical effect, his master-piece—his lecture on JOHN BUNYAN. This oration was delivered with electrical effect in various places. In 1858 Mr. PUNSHON received an appointment to Bayswater, where the task was assigned to him of endeavoring to raise a new Wesleyan cause and congregation. This, by the blessing of God, which rested upon his labors, he accomplished beyond expectation; and in 1861 he was removed to Islington. During this period several other lectures were delivered by him, which excited remarkable interest, large sums of money being frequently offered and refused for tickets, after as many as could possibly be issued had been sold. One of these, "The Huguenots," was published at a shilling, and from the proceeds of its delivery, Mr. PUNSHON gave a donation of a thousand pounds toward the Wesleyan chapel in Spitalfields. Large sums were also raised for various local charities by means of his lectures. In the mean time he was growing in the esteem and love of the brethren of his own church, was honored with many tokens of their regard, and, had it not been for the failure of his health, would probably have reached by this time the highest dignity at their disposal—that of President of the Wesleyan Conference. It is impossible to speak too warmly of Mr. PUNSHON's unselfishness and generosity. In 1862, seeing the poor accommodation provided by Wesleyans in several popular watering-places, he undertook to raise within five years, by lecturing and personal solicitation, the sum of ten thousand pounds in aid of a fund for the erection of chapels in those places. Every thing seemed against the project. The cotton famine and the financial panic occurred, his own health failed; and, besides this, nearly £200,000 were raised in the period for the Missionary Jubilee. Yet the promise was fulfilled; and last August, the term of five years being completed, Mr. PUNSHON had the gratification to announce that the pledge had been accomplished! Such manifold labors, however, nearly broke down his health, and for the last three years Mr. PUNSHON has, to a considerable extent, retired from public life beyond the sphere of his own circuit labors.

A new sphere, however, awaits him. He has recently been appointed to visit the United States and Canada as representative of the Wesleyans of Britain, and to preside at the conferences in the important and rapidly increasing provinces of Canada.

REV. WILLIAM MORLEY PUNSHON, M.A.

During his visit both to Canada and the United States, Mr. PUNSHON will find much in some of the Christian Churches from which, as an Englishman, he may learn, and which on his return he may turn to good account. In Sunday-schools, Day-school State Education, and especially in the cause of Temperance, he will find England is not a little behindhand.

As an illustration of the popular and striking character of Mr. PUNSHON's rhetoric, we quote a passage from a speech delivered in Exeter Hall last year, and which must have been exceedingly effective in the delivery:

"I am disposed for a moment to tell you of a dream I have had. We are not responsible for dreams; and if the fantasies of sleep are wild, the dreamer may be forgiven; but this dream of mine had a startling realness about it, and it haunts me yet. I dreamed of a beautiful island, or perhaps a group of islands, which I thought had arisen from the sea. Tradition said that some three hundred years ago they were all overflowed with water. Indeed, one of them was very largely under water still, and the others bore traces of the flood. The sea roared angrily in the distance, and there was danger, I thought, that it might encroach again; and the inhabitants of the island seemed to think so, for as the land was on a low level they built dykes, as in Holland, and appointed warders, and gave them charge to watch the approach of the waves. For a while all went well. Harvests grew and were gathered upon the reclaimed ground, and there was the hum of industry and the hymn of praise. By-and-by a rumor arose that the sea was getting nearer and higher; and here and there a warder called attention to it; but he was laughed at by his fellows for his pains, and the people took no heed of his words; but I saw with the dreamer's insight, which sees the end from the beginning, the steady onward creeping of the water. At last there could be no doubt about it, the sea was higher and nearer than the oldest islanders had ever known; but still it was the summer-time, and skies were blue and winds were calm, and men talked a little about the progress of the ocean, but that was all; and certain churches, which the old men remembered to have been many miles inland, were now standing by the very verge of the cliff, and were almost undermined; still men felt no fear. Were not the warders there, and were they not doing their duty? Were not the dykes up, and were not they all secure? By-and-by years rolled away—for dreams, you know, take no note of time—and presently there were tidings that some of the warders had been caught slumbering at their posts; still, men felt no fear. Then there was one part of the embankment which was known to be confessedly insecure, but that part was mainly inhabited by ladies, who did not like the warders to intrude upon their privacy, and it was deemed ungallant to go there. But I saw in my dream, oozing through that part of the embankment, the treacherous water. And then by-and-by, from that island, which was almost submerged, it was thought necessary to bring skilled mariners in to teach the people the habits of the sea, and they were paid by the authorities, I thought—I must have been mistaken—with that intent; but I thought in my dream that these men were stealthily opening the flood-gates, and letting in the water. Then, there were many rough and violent kinsmen of these skilled mariners, who by breaking the law had been confined in prison; and the mariners claimed that, although they were shut up there, their education must not be stopped; and as nobody could teach them but themselves, they got admittance there, and by-and-by outside the walls of the prison there were the splashing waves, and through the chinks of the masonry the damp, cold, cruel water. And so the sea rose and swelled, until the islanders got accustomed to it, and talked about taking the warders from their posts, and throwing down the dykes altogether. Then there came a change upon my dream, and in place of northern latitudes, and in the place of people living a long way from the sea, fenced from it by a rock-bound coast and strong defenses, the sea was all round; for the island, like another Venice, had married the sea, and the sea had hidden the ring, and was a jealous and cruel bride. Still it was summer-time, and people felt no fear. There was one part of the sea where the waters had a strange hue, and moved with sluggish course, and men spake under their breath, and said it was because it was stained with blood and choked with corpses; but it was deemed bad manners to refer to that in company; and it was forbidden for the fishermen to cast their nets in there. Then there were gay bridges here and there, and palaces rose up, and men ate and drank and smiled, and went about their business, careless as the old world while the ark was preparing; and all round and all about, at the doors of the palaces, on the steps of the churches, worming into every by-way, creeping, in many coils, about the city's heart, there was the same silent, black, deceitful, treacherous water. And it grieved me in my dream to see how foolish men were to let it get so near them, and to compass them so thoroughly round. For I saw that the winter was coming, and that it needed only the summons of the storm to swell the turbid waters, until the devoted country was engulfed as in another deluge. Now, I should like to know if there is any interpreter here who can read me the moral of my dream. I have wondered whether it were possible that it had any reference to England. I have wondered whether there is any thing in the midst of us at this moment like that stealthy, snake-like, rising, creeping water. I have wondered whether you know, any of you, any thing like it; whether there is a system in the midst of us, which for years has always been clamoring, and which has always obtained what it clamored for, which has secured its own close houses from inspection, while it has wormed itself into yours; which has got into your work-houses, into your prisons; which has granted an indulgence for twelve months to people who will only pray for you, pray that you may be converted to what they consider to be the true faith; and which yet is a system which has been a curse and a mildew to every country where it has prevailed. And so wondering, when I was privileged once more to stand on this Missionary platform, one of whose duties, I humbly think, is to bear testimony to the truth, I have wondered whether it was not my duty to tell this dream to you. And waking out of it, as men do from unsightly visions, with a sense of shuddering and of fear, I have wondered whether I ought not to summon you—though my words be of the feeblest—to arouse yourselves as the heart of one man, and to let your manifesto ring out upon the world. Away with gags, and jails, and proscriptions, and penalties—our sufferings have taught us charity, and we will not steal the sword of persecution from her to whom it of right belongs; but to us has been committed a stewardship of truth and freedom, and we will not be faithless to our trust. In sight of the rising tide and of the fatuous warders we will do our duty; and speaking with a voice too stern for trifling, and too sad for passion, we announce our resolve to-day. In the name of our martyred forefathers, and in the name of the country that we love, and in the name of the sanctities which are habitually violated, and of the liberties which are put in peril, and in the name of the slaves who are enthralled, in the name of the souls that are deluded, and in the name of the Gospel of Jesus which is hindered, and in the holy name of God—'A barred door to Popery, and no peace with Rome!'"

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH MERCHANT LIFE IN CHINA.

THE mode of life of the English and American residents in Amoy, China, is a curious mixture of hard work and amusement. They live with a splendor in their daily life of which we have but a slight conception here. In the most elaborate dinner-parties in America one seldom sees so much to tempt the palate and charm every sense as is constantly to be seen at the everyday tables of these men.

Yet they work very hard. They rise at six, and after a cup of coffee, a bit of toast, and perhaps some fruit, they work in their offices—which, by-the-way, are generally in the lower story of their houses—until about nine or half past. A plunge into cold water and an entire change of clothing from head to foot, and they are ready for breakfast. This meal is a very substantial one, being a *déjeuner à la fourchette*.

After this meal the merchants resume their work until about one, when "*tiffin*" is served. This meal is the most peculiar one of the day. It is eaten wherever one happens to be. To partake of it needs no invitation, as one is expected, as a matter of course, to remain if a visit or business carries one into another house than his own at tiffin time. It is almost always cold, and answers to our lunch.

After tiffin to work again until about four, when the amusement of the day begins. They ride and drive and row and sail. In Amoy, just below the town, is a hard white sand beach, nearly seven miles long, and here the gentlemen ride and run races and breathe in the invigorating wind that blows in an almost unbroken line from the coast of California. Then to return to the "*hongs*," as the English houses are called, to dress for dinner at seven. If there is no steamer going out they have their evenings to themselves, and read, play cards, talk, etc., until bedtime.

The houses of the foreign residents in Amoy are very spacious and generally in three stories. The lower story, or basement, is used as a sort of store-house or "godown," the next story is used for offices, and the third is the dwelling-house. All the rooms open on broad verandas with windows that are like doors. The rooms are very large, some dining-rooms being forty feet square and forty feet high in the centre. This immense space is very conducive to the comfort of the indwellers during some months of the year when the weather is very warm. In winter the climate is delightful, clear for months together without a cloud, cold enough to make exercise delightful, and yet warm enough to make being in the open air a pleasure.

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HON. MARSHALL JEWELL, OF CONNECTICUT.

THE Hon. MARSHALL JEWELL, Republican candidate for Governor of Connecticut, was born in Winchester, New Hampshire, October 20, 1825, and is therefore at the present time forty-three years old. He was brought up in a tan-yard, and worked as a day-laborer till he was eighteen years of age, when he went to Boston to learn the currier's trade. At this time the telegraphic art came into public notice, and Mr. JEWELL gave up his trade temporarily and applied himself to the study of the science of electricity. He was subsequently engaged in constructing and superintending lines between Louisville, Kentucky, and New Orleans.

About the year 1850 Mr. JEWELL went to Hartford, Connecticut, and started the manufacture of leather belting, from which small beginning a very large establishment has grown up—the largest of its kind in the world. He is interested, and has been for fifteen years, in large tanneries in Detroit, Michigan, which supply the home-factory with stock.

In 1859 he made the tour of Europe, and has since been abroad three times on business and pleasure. Last year he spent considerable time at the Paris Exposition. His travels have been extensive, covering all places of interest, and from them he has derived valuable information. His love of art has led him to purchase largely of paintings and statuary; and his private gallery of art is creditable to his good taste and discrimination.

As a business-man, Mr. JEWELL'S undoubted talents have been recognized for years, and he has been, and is now officially, connected with the oldest and most respectable moneyed institutions of Connecticut.

Politically Mr. JEWELL has never sought prominence. His first advent into public life was last year, when the Republicans of his district nominated him unanimously as a candidate for the State Senate. Though not prominent in political life he has always taken a deep interest in public affairs, and during the war was first and foremost as an earnest supporter of the Government. He was a devoted friend of the soldiers, and contributed largely to their support.

While nominated as a party man he is emphatically the candidate of the laboring men and of the soldiers, and it is not surprising that under his lead the Republicans of Connecticut are conducting an active and enthusiastic canvass.

HON. MARSHALL JEWELL, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF CONNECTICUT.

THE "MAGNOLIA" DISASTER.

THE reopening of navigation on the Ohio River, which has been closed by ice during the winter, has been inaugurated by a terrible disaster. The boiler of the steamer *Magnolia*, a large vessel plying between Cincinnati and Maysville, exploded on March 18 when twelve miles above Cincinnati, and about eighty of the one hundred and forty passengers were lost. The greater portion of the cabin was carried away by the explosion; and the boat subsequently caught on fire. After the upper works were destroyed, some powder in the magazine of the boat exploded and destroyed all that remained except the hull, which was so badly shattered that it sunk.

The scene at the time of the explosion was terrible. Some persons were blown high into the air; others were thrown into the river, where they struggled to keep from drowning. Many persons were scattered over the wreck, horribly mangled, scalded, burning, or already dead.

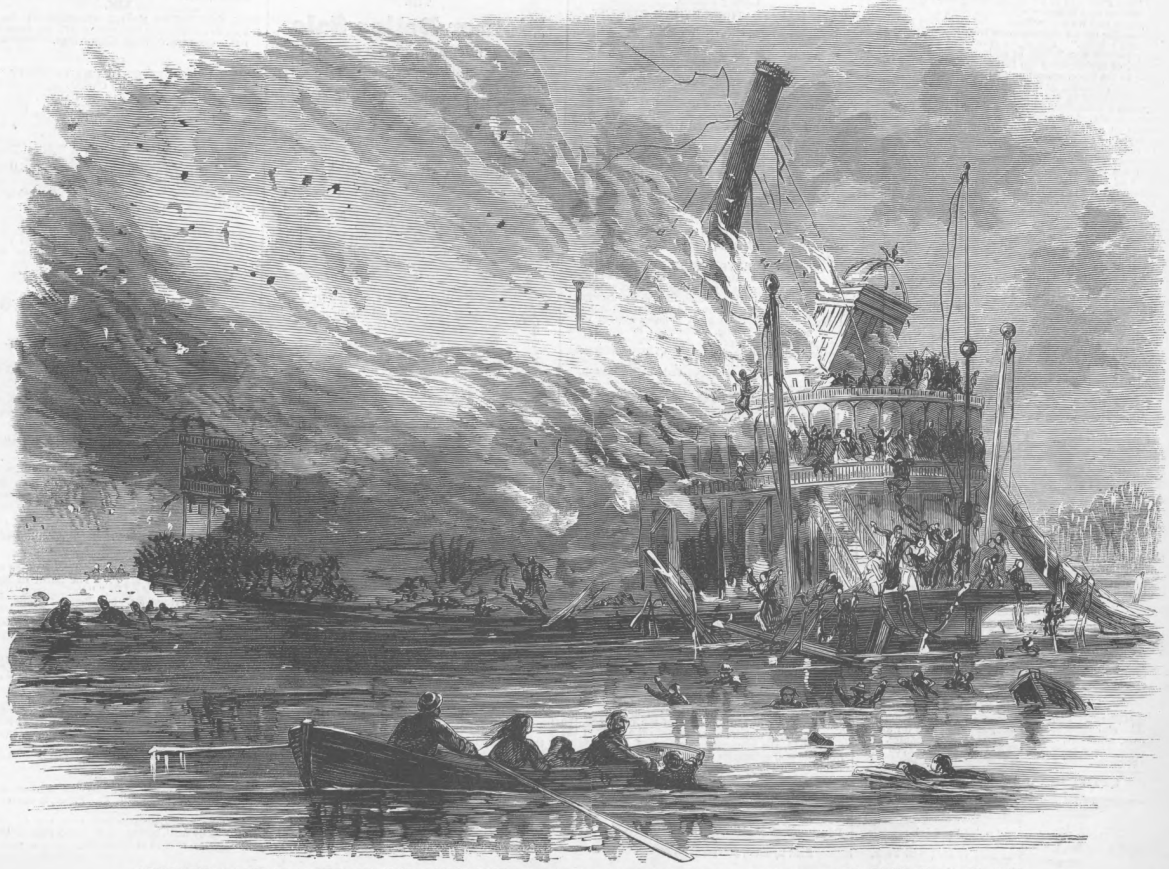
The *Magnolia's* yawl-boat, making trips between the wreck and the shore, picked up as many persons as she could carry; and several skiffs sent out from the town of California assisted in rescuing persons from drowning. Several persons jumped into the river from fright and were drowned. Those persons on the after-part of the boat, who were not rescued by the skiffs, were either drowned by jumping overboard or were burned to death.

NATURAL CAUSES OF DEATH.

FROM the commencement of life to the moment of death there are mechanical and chemical changes constantly and uninterruptedly going on in our bodies. For example, we eat and drink for the express purpose of providing materials for repairing the waste of matter resulting from the working of the machinery. A soft, oily fluid is poured into the joints to prevent friction, just as oil is poured into an axle-box of a car-wheel to prevent it from wearing away the metal. Our bones are all frequently renewed as well as our flesh, from infancy to age; but not in a day or an hour. Nature acts persistently, but accomplishes nothing by spasmodic efforts.

As soon as a particle of lime which was held in solution in food is placed in the stomach, it is carried to the heart by appropriate vessels, and from thence conveyed into an artery to be distributed to a point where most needed in some bone. There the little particle is deposited, and becomes incorporated with the substance of the hard structure where it was left. It becomes vitalized in its new connection. An old particle, or, as it were, an old brick is detached from the wall to give place to a new one. It is carried out of the body as useless matter, as its vitality has been expended. So particles are perpetually changing places. The new go in and the old go out. This is vigorous life and health so long as this vital process is regularly performed.

In the lapse of time the vital artisans, such as the liver, spleen, kidneys, heart, stomach, etc., are weary by years of incessant toil, and fail to act with that systematic activity characteristic of younger days. By this relaxing new particles are not sent forward often enough, nor are the effete ones removed quickly, and consequently there is a mechanical irregularity and a chemical one also. Thus, we wear away, and finally die of old age. When disease sets in it is a sudden clog of the wheels, as it were. The vital action by which life and consciousness is maintained can not be suspended, but a moment at farthest, without the hazard of death. When a man is drowned the machine stops. If, however, certain



EXPLOSION AND BURNING OF THE OHIO RIVER STEAMER "MAGNOLIA," NEAR CINCINNATI, OHIO, MARCH 18, 1868.

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measures are quickly adopted, provided respiration has been suspended but a few minutes, life may possibly be recalled. That is, the heart may be urged into contraction and the lungs once more commence filling and collapsing.

Where there are no violations of the vital laws great longevity is attainable. Few, however, are so careful and discreet as not to trespass upon themselves in some form, the penalty of which is sickness, suffering, and a premature death.

Whales, sharks, and some few of the land animals whose food is invariably easy of digestion, and whose habits, regulated by instinct, are as unchangeable as Nature herself, live to immensely long periods. It is the opinion of some naturalists that the *balæna* or right whale of the Arctic regions may reach the patriarchal age of a thousand years. Sharks, whose skeletons are not hard bone but flexible cartillaginous levers, are also supposed to continue several centuries if not destroyed by enemies.

Notwithstanding the universal desire for life, which is instinctive, we thoughtlessly hasten the approach of the very calamity we so much dread. With all the light of modern science, in an age, too, remarkable for intelligence, we pursue practices daily which we know are destructive to life. Each thinks himself removed from the dangers which threaten others; and acting upon the idea that all others are mortal but ourselves, we at last fall, as generations have before us, to be remembered no more forever.

Youth may reach threescore and ten by simply conforming to those natural laws which give health and happiness. A deviation is perilous; hence it behooves those who love life to shun every influence which might interfere with the enjoyment of the most valuable of all blessings—a sound body and a clear mind.

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From the London Review.

It was once said of a very charming and high-minded woman that to know her was in itself a liberal education; and we are inclined to set an almost equally high value on an acquaintance with the writings of "George Eliot." For those who read them aright they possess the faculty of educating in its highest sense, of invigorating the intellect, giving a healthy tone to the taste, appealing to the nobler feelings of the heart, training its impulses aright, and awakening or developing in every mind the consciousness of a craving for something higher than the pleasures and rewards of that life which only the senses realize, the belief in a destiny of a nobler nature than can be grasped by experience or demonstrated by argument. In reading them we seem to be raised above the low grounds where the atmosphere is heavy and tainted, and the sunlight has to struggle through blinding veils of mist, and to be set upon the higher ranges where the air is fresh and bracing, where the sky is bright and clear, and where earth seems of less account than before, and heaven more near at home. And as, by those who really feel the grandeur of mountain solitudes, a voice is heard speaking to the heart, which hushes the whispers in which vanity, and meanness, and self-interest are wont to make their petty suggestions; and as for them the paltry purposes of a brief and fitful life lose their significance in the presence of the mighty types of steadfastness and eternity by which they are surrounded; so, on those readers who are able to appreciate a lofty independence of thought, a rare nobility of feeling, and an exquisite sympathy with the joys and sorrows of human nature, George Eliot's writings can not fail to exert an invigorating and purifying influence, the good effects of which leave behind it a lasting impression.

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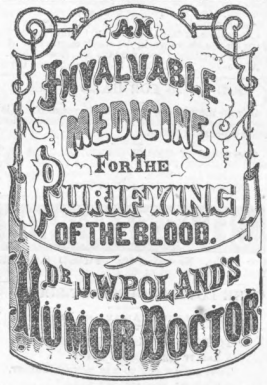

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XII.—No. 589.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1868, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

THE IMPEACHMENT TRIAL.

AT one o'clock on Monday, March 23, as already briefly announced in this journal, the Senate resolved itself into a Court for the continuance of the trial of the President. The Impeachment Managers on the part of the House appeared, as did the counsel of the President, and the proceedings of the Court were about commencing in due form, when Mr. GARRETT DAVIS, a Senator from Kentucky, somewhat surprised the Senate and the lawyers present by offering a motion which in effect denied the jurisdiction of the Senate in the case. Chief Justice CHASE at once decided the question by ordering the motion to a vote without debate, and it was rejected by a vote of 49 nays to 2 yeas, only the two Senators from Kentucky voting in favor of it.

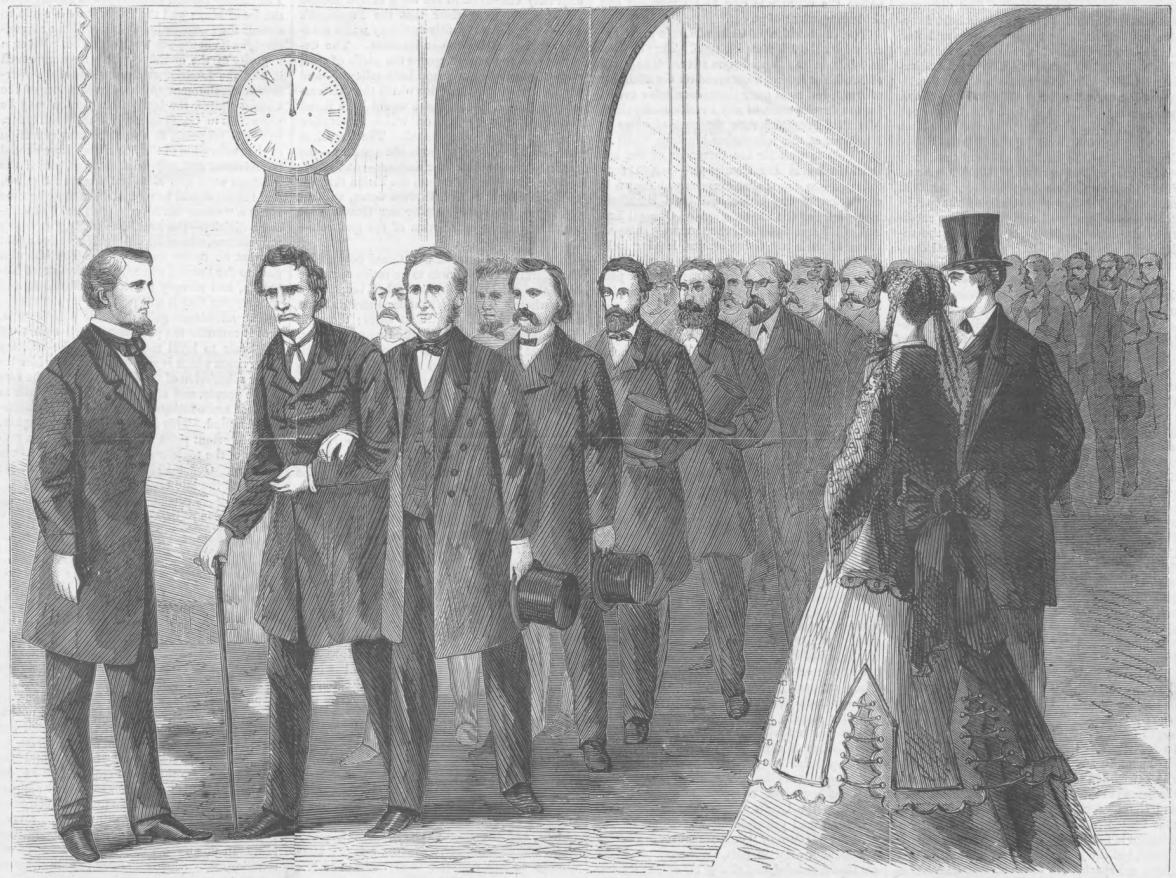
The counsel of the President then read his plea and answer to the articles of impeachment. This document is very long, filling over four columns of the daily newspapers. Briefly, it is an explicit, emphatic, and detailed denial of every allegation and charge contained in the articles of the House. It denies any intention of violating the Tenure-of-Office or any other law; denies the correctness of the alleged speeches of the President; affirms his right to express his opinion the same as any other citizen; and, in closing, generally denies in *toto* the entire list of charges.

On the following day, March 24, the replication of the House was filed by the Managers of Impeachment. The House simply reasserted the charges, and announced that it stood ready to prove them true.

J. I. CHRISTIE, MESSENGER OF THE SENATE, RECEIVING TICKETS AT THE ENTRANCE.
[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

The counsel of the President had asked on March 23 for thirty days to prepare for the defense, but this was denied them, and it was ordered that the trial should begin on Monday, March 30. On that day the trial really began in earnest, and has been continued to the present writing in a quiet, but intensely interesting manner.

Our engravings in this issue of the *Weekly* which bear upon this highly important event are of the most interesting character. On pages 232 and 233 will be found one of the most valuable engravings which has ever appeared in this journal. It is an elaborate and correct view of the interior of the United States Senate Chamber, showing the details of the architecture and fresco-work, the various departments of the gallery, the arrangement of the desks on the floor of the Senate (thus giving at a glance the positions of the Senators, each of whom is portrayed in his designated seat), and the temporary arrangement made for the accommodation of the members of the House of Representatives, and the managers, and the counsel of the President. In the *Weekly* for March 14 we gave a large engraving of the House of Representatives, in which the same features were accurately portrayed. This companion picture of the Senate is on the same scale and plan, and the two together represent the two principal chambers of the national capitol more accurately than any similar drawings yet made. The details of the architecture, etc., are made from photographs of the architect's plans; the numerous portraits of the more prominent members of each House are from photographs fur-



THE IMPEACHMENT TRIAL—THE MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES PROCEEDING TO THE SENATE CHAMBER.
[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

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nished by Messrs. BRADY & Co., Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington; and the beautiful design and accurate drawing are by Mr. THEODORE R. DAVIS, our artist at Washington.

On our first page will be found two engravings which explain themselves. Mr. J. I. CHRISTIE, the Messenger of the Senate, has been detailed by the Sergeant-at-Arms to receive the tickets of those admitted to the trial, and our engraving illustrates him in the discharge of this duty. When it is known that crowds of old ladies, negroes, etc., etc., indignant at being refused admission to the Capitol of the nation, are continually asking questions, making appeals, and muttering threats, it is apparent that the position is not a sinecure. Four or five policemen are necessary to keep back the crowd which is always waiting here during the session of the Senate for the trial.

The House of Representatives have resolved to attend the trial in Committee of the Whole, and our illustration represents them approaching the door of the Senate, at which they are met by the Sergeant-at-Arms, Mr. GEORGE T. BROWN, whose duty it is to receive them and announce their presence to the Senate.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1868.

NATIONAL HONOR.

THE favorite plan of argument of the Repudiators is to represent the bondholders as an aristocracy. The repudiating orators hope to excite a sullen class hatred, which will not stop to reason, but will seek its gratification in the ruin of the exclusive class. It is, in fact, the old cry of the poor against the rich. But the truth is, and we hope it will be as steadily and widely proclaimed as the falsehood—the truth is, that the great mass of the bondholders are mechanics and working men and women of every kind. Mr. JAY COOKE remarks in his recent letter upon this subject, which should be universally diffused—for no man in the country knows more of the facts than he: "With the exception of Banks and Saving Institutions there are not many large holders of Government bonds, the great bulk being held by the people, not by the capitalists."

Mr. COOKE here speaks of the Savings Banks as if they were independent individual holders; but every such institution represents hundreds of the smallest holders—domestics, seamstresses, day-laborers, gardeners, clerks, porters, artists, and others. The *Evening Post* discovers that the Savings Banks in this State hold forty-nine millions of United States bonds, and that the depositors of the classes we have mentioned are 488,501 in number. The same institutions in Massachusetts own twenty-five millions of bonds, and there are 316,000 depositors. In Rhode Island these banks hold thirteen millions of the bonds. In the city of New York alone the surplus funds of the Life Insurance Companies, to the amount of twenty millions, are invested in this manner. The Marine and Fire Insurance Companies hold about forty-six millions. Probably two-thirds of the public stocks, not held abroad nor deposited as security by the National Banks, are held by the various guarantee companies; and the real owners are the classes which we have mentioned.

Thus it appears that the bondholders, as a class, are mechanics, laborers, salaried officers, and tradesmen, rather than rich men and capitalists. But the orators and writers who endeavor to deny or to conceal this fact, and to irritate those who have no bonds against those who hold them, push their policy further and attempt also to set section against section. The West, we are told, demands some form of repudiation. Senator SHERMAN'S speech and the Indiana resolutions, it is urged, indicate that it is a demand not confined to Mr. PENDLETON and his party. But we showed a fortnight since that this was not true of the West as a section. One of the clearest, most forcible, and conclusive arguments against the impolicy as well as disgrace of repudiation comes from the Finance Committee of the Chicago Common Council. Moreover, as Mr. COOKE informs us, the West took $320,000,000 of the $830,000,000 of the Seven-Thirty loans; Ohio more than $90,000,000, and Illinois more than $70,000,000. The Five-Twenty and other loans were also largely taken in the West.

There are some three or four hundred millions of the bonds of the United States held abroad, and mainly in Germany. They are in the hands of those who trusted the national faith in the darkest hour of our fortunes: of those who were derided as fools by the capitalists who hoped for our destruction, or who believed it to be inevitable. Shall we justify the words of our enemies, and prove that those who trusted and befriended us were fools? Shall we make the name of republic synonymous with dishonor, and shame every generous heart in the world that looked to us to show that a popular government is not only the most powerful and prosperous, but the justest and most upright of all? There are speculative men and true *doctrinaires* who say, why not? who insist that they had no part in making the debt, and are not bound to help pay it; and if you ask, waiving every other question, what would be the result of apprising the world that we would not pay our debts, even those incurred in maintaining the national existence, they reply that governments could then make no more loans, and wars would be at an end. Such a proposition, possible only to a purely *doctrinaire* mind, which views human life as a mere problem in mathematics, closes discussion. "War is an ugly thing," says JOHN STUART MILL, "but not the ugliest of things: the decayed and degraded state of moral and patriotic feeling which thinks nothing *worth* a war, is worse."

In considering the general question, the London *Saturday Review*, which during the rebellion was one of the most unscrupulous enemies of this country, and a most contemptuous infidel of our success, says—and with truth: "It is easy to prove that if all questions of honor and morality were set aside, a wealthy nation gains more than it loses by the costliest observance of good faith; but the better class of American politicians deserve credit for opposing direct or indirect repudiation on the ground, not that it is inexpedient, but that it would be a public disgrace.....If there was no probability that loans would be required hereafter, the transfer of some hundreds of millions sterling from the rightful owners to the tax-payer would be a profitable transaction; but the opponents of the scheme hold that calculation has nothing to do with keeping or breaking a promise."

This is the simple and conclusive consideration. It is dishonorable. The tone of the repudiating argument betrays consciousness of this truth. It proceeds at once to show that its proposition is *not* dishonorable. It is, in fact, addressed to the better instincts of the repudiator himself. Even Senator SHERMAN, who treats the whole subject with suspicious delicacy and reluctance, while he honestly thinks the law, strictly interpreted, gives the Government the *right* to pay the bonds in greenbacks at the maturity of the five-year option, yet candidly admits that he should like "to avoid deciding a question that in the minds of just men, *whichever way decided*, would affect the public credit." And why? Because when a man gravely debates whether he shall be a swindler, he has ceased to be wholly honest.

THE PRESIDENT'S USURPATIONS.

THE pretense that President JOHNSON is a martyr to his defense of the Constitution is intended only for the inexperienced. We maintain, on the contrary, that his present position before the country is due to his manifest and bold usurpations of power.

The capitulation of General LEE'S army occurred on the 9th of April, 1865. That of General JOHNSTON followed soon after. The death of President LINCOLN occurred on the 15th day of April, too soon after these conclusive events for the development of any Presidential policy. The Vice-President took the oath of office as President at this interesting juncture, when he had only to wait for the surrender of the last rebel forces in the Southwest—which soon followed—to know that every sword drawn in opposition to the Union had been sheathed. The terms of the capitulation of General LEE and of his associates embraced merely the *personnel* of their respective armies, leaving to be adjusted with the Union the relations which the revolted States and the great mass of their people should thenceforward occupy. The question embraced that large class which, lately slaves and chattels, had "emerged into the human character."

Two policies were presented for the consideration of President JOHNSON. One of them, and obviously the correct one, was the convocation of Congress, as the duty of complete adjustment was wholly *legislative*—following, in that respect, the war power which is bestowed on Congress. The other policy was to adopt the English precedents, which devolve the duty of such adjustments on the Executive—the war power in England being wholly Executive to and including the settlement of the terms of peace. President JOHNSON chose the latter, and thus commenced his usurpations of authority.

In defense of his measures—in which, affecting to represent the Sovereignty of the United States, he gave Governors and governments to States lately in revolt—it is claimed that they were only temporary in their character, and that President LINCOLN had set the example. But the action of President LINCOLN with respect to Tennessee occurred in the midst of hostilities, when unusual powers appertain to the Commander-in-chief, embracing every thing necessary for success or safety; and the Southern States did not view the action of President JOHNSON as of a temporary character; on the contrary, it had the appearance of being, and it was treated as being, of a permanent character.

What were the relations of the Southern States to the Union at this juncture? "It is an established principle of international law," said Mr. CALHOUN, "that whenever a country is subdued, even in part, *its sovereignty is for the time suspended, and that of the conquering substituted in its place.*" This was asserted in behalf of the United States with respect to Mexico, but on the question where the power to exercise the substituted sovereignty resided, he observed: "I readily concede to the President, as Commander-in-chief, many and great powers, but they are such as arise out of exigencies immediately connected with the operations of the army, and its success or safety.....but when he undertakes to exercise power, on his own authority, over subdued territories unconnected with the operations of the army, he exercises, in my opinion, a power not belonging to him. *Congress may by law* authorize him to levy contributions or *to establish temporary governments* in such territory; but it is one thing to exercise it on his own authority, and another to exercise it under the authority of law. The one places him under the control of law, while the other places him *above its control.*"

That this doctrine applies to the States which undertook to secede from the Union, and for this purpose to take upon themselves a new and different character from that they previously had, is obvious from a single test. Were the rebel States during hostilities, when their whole energies were concentrated into a public force and arrayed against the United States, entitled to be represented on the floor of Congress? No one will allege that they were. If they could not take part in Congress in determining how we should conduct the war against them, it follows that they can not take the same part in adjusting the terms of peace. These terms still remain to be arranged. This arrangement must be made upon the rule of international law, that, as one of the results of victory, the sovereignty of the United States immediately prevails over a conquered people. Any other idea would enable the Southern States, through means of representation in Congress or in local Legislatures, to obstruct such arrangements as are necessary to the safety of the Union. No other alternative would in that case remain but the further and interminable prosecution of the war.

The error of the President in assuming a wholly different state of things—such, for instance, as that the revolted States were still as States in the Union, their rights unimpaired by the war they waged with terrible energy, and in further assuming that *his* was the authority which could adjust the difficulties—is still operating greatly to the embarrassment of the whole country, which doubtless would have been in as harmonious relations as the circumstances allowed had Congress been convened. The power to assemble "both Houses or either of them.....on extraordinary occasions" is expressly conferred in the 3d § of the second Article, and it is clear that the President's omission to act under this authority was a manifest neglect of the public interests. The desire on the one side to escape the perils of treason—for the army only had been relieved—and the feeling of magnanimity which then extensively prevailed in the North would have found some common ground on which restoration might have been safely based. The President undertook, however, to settle the question—the gravest ever presented for decision—and to admit the Southern States into the Union through the bars which he had thrown down, without consulting that power under our Government which alone has jurisdiction of the question—the legislative power.

The war had created a national debt and a confederate debt, one was to be made operative over the whole Union, the other inoperative everywhere. It had left maimed and disabled soldiers and families on both sides; those of the nation were to be rewarded with pensions, and those of the rebels left unprotected by such rewards; it had changed the relations of master and slave so as to require new regulations; and it is perfectly idle to suppose that these and other important questions, and the one which underlies them all, *upon whom the suffrage shall hereafter devolve*, could be arranged without the intervention of Congress.

It was a grave failure of duty to omit the convocation of Congress, inasmuch as the regular session was not to commence until nearly eight months after General LEE'S capitulation, during which time the ship of state could go on only under very great disadvantages. Was the idea then entertained that Congress was a body "hanging on the verge of the Government," or was the motive for not convening them founded on objects of personal ambition? The same fundamental error of policy which assumed to act independently of Congress and in defiance of Congress, has been persistently followed by the President as each successive step has been taken by that body in prescribing the terms of peace. The country has been kept apart and in difficulty through this obstruction, until at last a direct assault has been made by the Executive upon the Tenure-of-Office Act, and consequently upon the power of Congress.

This Act undertook to protect the Secretary of War against removal. Such was one of its manifest objects, as the President well knew when he *suspended* Mr. STANTON under its provisions, and the Senate; also, under its provisions, had restored Mr. STANTON. It is a mere quibble to say that the immovability of Mr. STANTON was not only not intended but was excepted from the operation of the law. The President himself having settled this point by first *suspending* Mr. STANTON—as this mode of proceeding had no other authority than the Tenure-of-Office Act—is estopped from now claiming that the same Act gave him the power of removal.

We have undertaken to meet the President's additional ground, that this Act is unconstitutional, by arguments founded on the specific powers conferred on Congress, wholly at variance with the *implied* power of removal claimed for the President. Subsequent investigation enables us to present the highest authority for the opinions we have thus advanced. Mr. CLAY, Mr. WEBSTER (the latter, Vol. 4 of his works, p. 179), Mr. CALHOUN, and Mr. CLAYTON, in the debates in 1835 and 1846, agreed in opinion that it is competent for Congress to require, as to all officers, excepting judicial, appointed "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate,' that the power of removal shall be exercised only in like manner.

It was not alone in debate that Mr. CALHOUN thus committed himself, but in his work on the Constitution of the United States, regarded in the light of a testamentary contribution from his mind, at pages 220, 344, and 369, the doctrine is solemnly asserted that it is wholly in the power of Congress thus to fix the tenure of offices except of the judicial; that the concession made to the President by the Congress of 1789 is unconstitutional; and that it is necessary to the safety of the Union to prevent the exercise of the power of removal by him, without "the advice and consent of the Senate."

That he alone is not the safe depositary of this power appears from the fact that he persists in retaining in office all those persons connected with the Internal Revenue Department whose frequent abuses and gross neglect of the public service are the subject of just complaint by those who are immediately responsible to the Secretary of the Treasury.

The country demands to know why these offenders are retained? But one answer can be given. They are the professed friends of the President, and he does not hesitate to consider allegiance to *himself* as a higher recommendation than would arise from fidelity to their trust or from allegiance to the Government.

THE ALABAMA BILL.

THE Alabama bill that passed the House by a vote of 102 Republicans to 29 Democrats, one Republican, Mr. WILLIAMS, of Pennsylvania, not voting, makes the Constitution lately submitted in that State a provisional organic law. The officers elected under it are to qualify upon the 1st of May; and the Legislature is again to submit the Constitution with or without amendment, as it chooses, to a popular vote. When a majority of the qualified voters have approved it, and the Legislature have adopted the fourteenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States, the State Constitution may be presented to Congress for its approval. Mr. STEVENS proposed as a fundamental condition of the restoration of the State that there should be universal and impartial suffrage, and if the privilege were ever abridged, except for crime, that the act should be void, and the State become again a "waste territory." This was lost without a division—the usual fate of Mr. STEVENS'S propositions, who at least never leaves any doubt of what he thinks and means. The bill now goes to the Senate, where Mr. STEWART, of Nebraska, had already previously offered it, and we presume that it will pass.

The advantage gained by the substitute is, that it commits the provisional civil control of the State to loyal men; retains the military supervision which is still essential; provides for a fair submission of the Constitution to the vote of the people, and authorizes the Legislature to propose amendments which are to be separately submitted. This is a very satisfactory plan. The important point is to know whether a majority of the registered voters approve the Constitution. General MEADE, in his report of the results of the late election, says:

"I am of the opinion that a revised Constitution, more liberal in its terms, and confined to the requirements of the Reconstruction laws, would, in Alabama—as I have reason to expect it will in Georgia and Florida—meet with the approval of the majority of the registered voters; and I beg leave to call your attention to the difficulty of carrying on a government in a State where so small a population of those qualified to take part in the government are in favor of the organic law; and to insure a larger proportion of what must be the governing class, a more acceptable Constitution should be presented to them for adoption."

The General proposes that the Convention be reassembled to revise its own work; but the revision may be as wisely done by the Legislature. General MEADE will doubtless take care that the terrorism of the last election is not repeated; and if a majority of the qualified voters approve the Constitution, and Congress approves it, it will stand as the fundamental law.

Of course, however, General MEADE knows, as we all know, that Congress will not approve any Constitution which is not founded upon equal rights. Any political disability, based merely upon color or race, would vitiate the organic law. In this respect the principle of the Constitution lately submitted must remain, whatever changes of detail may be advisable. If to propitiate what General MEADE calls "a larger proportion of what must be the governing class," it be necessary to deliver Union men of any

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kind to the domination of rebels, Alabama will not at present return to the Union. Mr. KERR, a Democrat from Indiana, declared in the House that the proposed Constitution is despised and loathed by the people of Alabama. General MEADE says that he interprets the result as an indication that the registered voters do not desire to be restored under that Constitution. That is possible; but all that we know is, that a majority have refused to speak, or have been prevented from speaking. What we desire, and what the present bill provides, is, that they shall have an opportunity of saying what they do wish. If a majority of the registered voters of Alabama refuse to return to the Union upon a Constitution guaranteeing equal rights, we think their decision should be respected, and that the United States should retain its present immediate government of the State. The one thing that can not be permitted, unless we wholly misconceive the intention of those who sustained the war, and are now paying for it, is, that the political power in the late rebel States shall be intrusted to their disaffected citizens.

We invite the attention of General MEADE, and of all good citizens, to the following letter, which we have from a responsible and official source, as an illustration of the methods by which a "Conservative" result was achieved in Alabama:

"MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA, *March* 25, 1868.

"*Editor Harper's Weekly:*

"Much has been said of the various means resorted to by the 'Chivalry' to keep voters away from the polls at the late election in this State. It has been charged that planters had inserted clauses in contracts prohibiting the employés from voting. A friend has lately shown me one of these documents, which has an indorsement in substance as follows: 'Approved January 16, 1868,' and signed by the Probate Judge of Henry County, Alabama. I make the following literal extracts:

"'*Sec.* 4. That said laborers shall not attach themselves, belong to, or in any wise perform any of the obligations required of what is known as the "Loyal League Society," or attend elections or political meetings without the consent of the employer.

"'*Sec.* 5. Any deception used or performed in violation of the provisions of the fourth section subjects the laborers to be discharged at any time without compensation.'

"Investigation has been ordered by the Assistant Commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau in Alabama as to the character of contracts entered into in that sub-district, and report will probably be made of the result. I only send this now as a small item of evidence of the fairness with which the opposition conducted matters in this region at the late election."

VANDERBILT *versus* DREW.

THE Erie War, in the magnitude of interests involved, the wealth and power of the rival combinations, the extent and variety of means used to compass certain ends, and the character of the respective leaders, is certainly unparalleled in the history of similar contests. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT on the one side, and DANIEL DREW on the other—those twin Colossi of modern Roads—are both men of great forecast, iron will, giant energy, with resources commensurate to their vast undertakings. Around their standards rally an army of shrewd and wealthy capitalists, who acknowledge their leadership.

The VANDERBILT party, having secured, in succession, the control of the Hudson River, Harlem, and New York Central Railways, and virtually of the Cleveland and Toledo Railway, now aim to control the only remaining great trunk line through New York, viz., the Erie Railway. Should they attain this object, they will dominate lines representing $150,000,000 capital, through which the fertility of the unbounded West, and ultimately (on the completion of the Pacific Railroad) the "wealth of Ormus and of Ind," will be poured into the lap of New York.

The DREW party, on the other hand, having *actual* possession of the Erie line, whose broad-gauge main stem reaches, through the Atlantic and Great Western, to Cincinnati, and thence, through the Ohio and Mississippi line, to St. Louis and the Mississippi River on the Southwest, now purpose to extend their broad-gauge from Akron, in Ohio, to Toledo, and thence, over the Michigan Southern line, to Chicago. Such an arrangement, by enabling the Erie Company to send freight through without breaking bulk, would not only add greatly to its stock value, but bring the line into still more direct and powerful competition with its rival, the New York Central, for the trade of the Northwest.

Upon its face the war is an obstinate struggle for ascendency, and both parties have invoked the aid of the Legislatures of New York and New Jersey, the Courts, and the Press—to say nothing of the potential "greenback." The DREW party, having possession of the field, have been able to load down their opponents with $10,000,000 of fresh stock, which they claim is necessary in order to raise money for their proposed improvements. If the VANDERBILT interest can prevent their raising this money they will cripple the present management by just that amount. They charge that this new issue of stock is illegal and void; and so far as the New York Legislature is concerned, it has decided, by a vote of 83 to 33, in favor of VANDERBILT. The immediate effect of this decision was to cause a rise of six per cent. in the market-price of the stock. How even this inconsiderable advantage has been reached, through all the tangled maze of litigation, of orders, attachments, and injunctions, would puzzle one to explain. Columns upon columns of newspaper type have been used in tracing the progress of the suit.

But there is another aspect of the case quite as serious to the litigants. The war is not only a struggle for railroad monopoly, but for speculative gains; and in reality we see the highest legal tribunals of the State operating in the interest of princely stock-gamblers. As the case stands, the DREW party have imposed their new stock upon their opponents at prices ranging from 73 to 83. Should the final decision be in favor of the legality of this issue, then the common stock of the Erie Railway will be intrinsically worth less than forty cents on the dollar, and the VANDERBILT party will find themselves in possession of the Fatal Elephant. IF that case, what will they do with it? They will not dare to elevate the market value of the stock, and if they allow it to fall, their losses will be immense. If, however, it shall be decided that the new stock must be canceled, this will be a substantial victory for the VANDERBILT party, as the vast sums which they have paid out for the stock will return again to their pockets. In any event, the matter can only be decided after a long litigation; meanwhile (unless a compromise be effected) those who hold this stock must possess their soûls with patience and be prepared for the worst.

Mr. VANDERBILT has proved himself a wonderful alchemist, since he has transmuted those "worthless fancies," Harlem and Hudson, into sound dividend-paying securities; but can he do the same for Erie? Some of the knowing ones think this doubtful, and affirm that the Napoleonic Commodore, after a hundred financial victories, will find his Moscow in Erie; for during an experience of thirty years in Wall Street DANIEL DREW has fought many a hard fight, and his immense fortune testifies with what success.

As the fight goes on the rival combinations gain or lose ground alternately. Already the rates of freights and fares on the Erie line have been reduced 33 per cent. This obliges the New York Central, Hudson, and Harlem to reduce their rates to a corresponding degree, involving losses of millions of dollars to the gross earnings of these competing roads, which is all play to the forwarding and traveling public, but financial ruin to the individual stockholders.

Unless a compromise be effected (which is perhaps more than likely), no one can predict the result. One thing is above all apparent, viz., that, while certain persons are benefited by those combinations of capital styled monopolies, the general public are not gainers but losers by them. The common sentiment and interest, the spirit of our institutions, and the tenor of decisions in our highest courts, unite to condemn monopolies.

PROBABLY.

IN the midst of every kind of wild and foolish report it is delightful to hear of any thing so peculiarly probable as the nomination of the Chief Justice for the Presidency by the Democratic party. As Mr. CHASE officially stated that the Five-Twenties were to be paid principal and interest in gold, the Democracy of the West will probably shout for joy at his nomination, and Mr. PENDLETON and his trusty squire VALLANDIGHAM would stump their State for their illustrious Democratic fellow-citizen. As Mr. CHASE was also one of the earliest and most strenuous advocates of suffrage without regard to color, the Democratic journals which have been alternately humorous and horrified at the suggestion that a man is a man even if not born in Ireland, will probably at once break into loud hosannas. And as no American statesman has more steadily and ably maintained the fundamental doctrine of equality of rights as the only secure foundation of government than Mr. CHASE, the great and noble party, whose inspiring watchword is "Niggers have no rights," will probably rally as one man to the support of the successor of Judge TANEY.

Probably the Democratic party managers will also nominate Mr. WADE for Vice-President, and will take care that Mr. SUMNER, Mr. KELLY, and Mr. COLFAX are called into the Democratic Mr. CHASE'S Democratic cabinet. Under this régime also we shall probably see that eminent Democrat WENDELL PHILLIPS induced to enter official life as Attorney-General; while, of course, we should probably find Mr. JOHN T. HOFFMAN, Mr. WILLIAM M. TWEED, Mr. PETER B. SWEENY, and the rest of the Democratic dictators of the city of New York urgently insisting upon Mr. CHARLES S. SPENCER as United States Attorney for this District, while Mr. SANFORD E. CHURCH would probably hear of nothing but the election of the stanch Democrat Mr. FENTON to the Senate, if the New York Convention, after naming Mr. CHASE by acclamation, should fail to nominate the Governor for the second office. As for General HANCOCK, he would probably inform us that it was evident by his treatment of the freedmen that he had nothing in his eye during his administration in Louisiana but the designation of the Freedmen's friend, Mr. CHASE, as the Democratic candidate; while General MCCLELLAN would probably send by a Dutch schooner a message that he was preparing to change his base from the rocking-chair to the sofa, and hoped, when it was safely accomplished, to forward his congratulations to his more fortunate successor upon the remains of the Chicago platform.

Probably, however, we are mistaken. Probably Mr. CHASE'S career since he entered public life offers the strongest evidence of his being an available Democratic candidate. Probably he has never been upon any side of any question. Probably in the Senate debates upon the extension of slavery, upon the organization of Kansas, upon all questions involving the overpowering ascendency of the slave interest, it was always impossible to ascertain where Mr. CHASE stood. Probably, while some pronounced boldly for slavery, and others as boldly exposed its encroaching tyranny and its inevitable peril, Mr. CHASE sat upon the fence and was unknown to the friends of freedom, and not counted among the champions of liberty. All these probabilities make it highly probable that Mr. CHASE will be the candidate of a party that is closely chained to the corpse of slavery.

Probably, also, his career as a party leader contrasts unfavorably with that of Mr. SEWARD. Probably Mr. SEWARD stands now where he stood in 1852, the hope of the party of free and peaceful and intelligent progress, while Mr. CHASE has forfeited the love and respect of a whole generation of earnest young men, has telegraphed that the President's mad and maudlin speeches have saved the country, and has stood at the Presidential elbow applauding, while the representatives of the people were denounced and ridiculed. Probably Mr. CHASE has asked a shouting mob whether they would have ANDREW JOHNSON for President or King—and has supported his efforts to force Union men of every kind in the Southern States into the power of the late rebels.

Indeed the most probable of all probabilities is, that Mr. CHASE will be nominated by the Democrats on the same day that the Republicans nominate Mr. SEWARD. And we advise all quidnuncs to keep a sharp look out, for they will certainly catch lots of larks when the sky falls.

GENERAL HOWARD AND THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU.

"CONSERVATISM," or the Democratic party, instinctively sneers at every thing and every body honorably associated with the war in which the party Dagon was demolished. The Freedmen's Bureau is one of the most beneficent and necessary departments of the Government. Its operations, amidst all difficulties and discouragements, are generally efficient and admirable. It is, of course, an exceptional and temporary, but absolutely essential agency of the people, unless we would see the most frightful suffering of every kind. It distributes aid among the destitute of every color and race. It helps to establish, maintain, and protect common schools. It superintends the transportation of the freedmen, and is their visible, present friend in their otherwise friendless exposure to the most cruel chances. When we reflect that emancipation found them ignorant, with no money, no land, nothing but their labor, in a region where labor has been almost paralyzed, with the long habit of servile dependence, and surrounded by those whom circumstances made their enemies, we can easily imagine what must have been their fate had the Government refused to befriend them especially.

General HOWARD, in his late annual Report, supposed that the Bureau would be allowed to expire in February next, under the law; but to this he gave his consent only upon the consideration that each of the States in which it exists would then be fully restored to the Union, and the freedmen, having all the rights of citizenship, would be able, with the advantages they had already received from the Bureau, and with the aid of the United States soldiers, to protect themselves, provided the educational division of the Bureau were still maintained under the care of the National Department of Education. The restoration of the States, however, being still uncertain, and the Department of Education being virtually abolished, Mr. T. D. ELIOT, the early and constant friend of the Bureau in Congress, has introduced a bill, which promptly passed the House, continuing the Bureau for another year.

Of course as the Freedmen's Bureau is an absolutely necessary protection of the emancipated class, it has been bitterly opposed by the party that longs to deliver the freedmen to their late masters. The party opposition to Mr. ELIOT'S bill in the House was fitly led by FERNANDO WOOD, who, in strict sympathy with the honorable tactics of his party, offered a statement — which he would not guarantee, and merely to excite prejudice—that General HOWARD held revolting views upon the subject of amalgamation. Mr. ELIOT promptly read a letter from General HOWARD, unequivocally denying that he held or had ever expressed such views. It was a work of supererogation, but it served to expose the falsehood of the assertion. It is not easy to see why Mr. WOOD and his conservative party-friends denounce amalgamation as revolting, inasmuch as their political allies in the late rebel States have always been, practically, amalgamationists.

Mr. WOOD, also, in his rôle of Democratic leader against the character of one of the bravest and purest soldiers of the war, and with the same honorable intention of striking at the Freedmen through one of their best and most efficient friends, accused General HOWARD of having become rich by speculating upon the necessities of the Freedmen. This slander, also, Mr. ELIOT directly repelled; and when he alluded to the General's loss of an arm in battle, Mr. BLAINE justly remarked: "An offense which can not be forgiven on the other side of the House." Indeed, General HOWARD is secure in the admiration of the nation for which he fought, and the endless gratitude of the race to whose welfare he has devoted himself. And when FERNANDO WOOD appears as the assailant of such a man, it is a spectacle profoundly symbolic and suggestive. It is the spirit of mean servility to an aristocratic class, of contempt of the oppressed, of pandering to ignorance and passion, contrasted with that intelligent and patriotic heroism which means to establish this Government upon the impregnable and eternal foundation of fair play for all men.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

THE Army Appropriation Bill recently passed was reconsidered by the Senate on March 25, and referred to the Military Committee.

The bill amending the Judiciary Act of 1789 was vetoed by the President on March 25. The Senate and House passed it over his veto by the usual two-thirds vote, and it is now a law.

A substitute for Mr. Stevens's bill admitting Alabama to representation was adopted in the House on March 28. It declares the lately-framed Constitution to be the law for a provisional government for the people of Alabama, authorizes the Governor and members of the Legislature to perform the duties of their offices, provides for the ratification of the Constitution and its presentation to Congress, and enjoins the army officers to furnish aid to the duly elected officers.

NEWS ITEMS.

San Francisco experienced a shock of earthquake on March 24.

The Kansas Republicans favor General Grant and Senator Pomeroy.

The Arkansas Constitution has been defeated by a decided majority.

General Hancock was assigned by the President to the command of the new Department of the Atlantic, with his head-quarters at Washington, on March 28.

The Pacific Railroad is completed to within four miles of the highest summit on the entire route.

The New England Methodist Conference, lately in session in Boston, have adopted resolutions unanimously favoring impeachment and Congress.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE enforcement of the new French army bill, which provides, among other warlike measures, for the reorganization and increase to 500,000 men of the famous *Garde Mobile*, has caused several emeutes in various parts of France; and the people do not show a great disposition to submit to the conscriptions of the nephew as they did to those of the uncle.

They are having the Johnson-Congress quarrel in Venezuela on a small scale. The Executive is protesting against some action of Congress, and the members of that body are in turn protesting against the war which the Executive is carrying on against some rebels.

The British House of Commons has voted to abolish church-rates.

Canada is excited over another Fenian scare. The garrison at Montreal is under arms, and the volunteers all over the country have received orders to be ready. A quantity of Greek fire or phosphorus has been discovered in the Irish part of Montreal, and the Government claims to have news of Fenian preparation at Buffalo and St. Albans. The whole move, however, is said to be for the purpose of pressing a conscription bill through Parliament.

The English army in Abyssinia was, March 6, at Antalo, immediately in front of the strongly-fortified position of King Theodorus before Magdala. The latter's army consists of 15,000 men.

Nicaragua has ratified the treaty with the United States. San Francisco capitalists have been granted the privilege of establishing a bank in the republic, with the exclusive privilege of issuing paper-money.

Advices from Crete report that another victory had been gained over the Turks, two hundred of them being killed. The Cretans have called upon the European sovereigns and the President for aid. The Pope and the King of Greece have already responded. A statistical list of outrages perpetrated by the Turks has been published by the provisional government, showing that 290 women have been outraged, and 664 persons massacred during the last six months of 1867.

"FARRAGUT IN THE FUTTOCK SHROUDS."

WE give on the succeeding page an admirable engraving representing Admiral FARRAGUT lashed to the futtock shrouds of his flag-ship during the great naval engagement in Mobile Bay on August 5, 1864. The circumstances of this memorable action do not require repetition; the incident is one of those which is now and will always be clearly remembered, being, as it was, one of the most striking as well as most daring feats of the late war.

The engraving is from the celebrated picture by WILLIAM PAGE, which most of our metropolitan readers have doubtless seen. It is probably one of the most accurate paintings of the kind ever produced. Admiral FARRAGUT aided the artist in his enterprise, giving him several sittings for the portrait and figure. Numerous studies of the *Hartford* were made, as well as of the scene of the engagement in Mobile Bay; and Mr. PAGE'S fidelity and success in reproducing the scene on his canvas has been acknowledged by all the many officers and sailors who beheld it.

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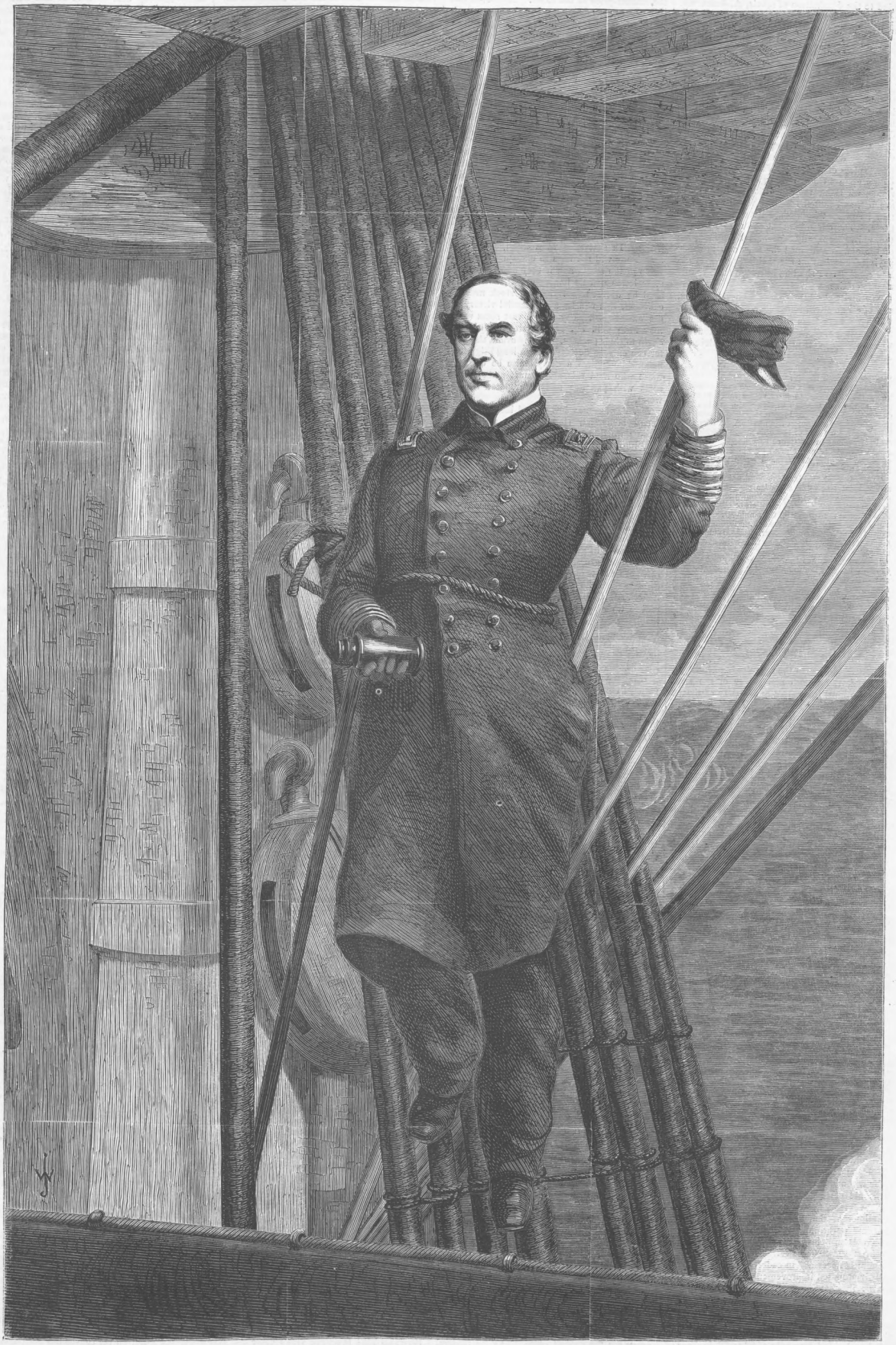

"ADMIRAL FARRAGUT IN THE FUTTOCK SHROUDS OF THE 'HARTFORD.'"—FROM THE PICTURE BY MR. WILLIAM PAGE.—[SEE PAGE 227.]

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THE MOONSTONE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

Printed from the Author's Manuscript.
RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.

CHAPTER II.

MR. GODFREY followed the announcement of his name—as Mr. Godfrey does every thing else—exactly at the right time. He was not so close on the servant's heels as to startle us. He was not so far behind as to cause us the double inconvenience of a pause and an open door. It is in the completeness of his daily life that the true Christian appears. This dear man was very complete.

"Go to Miss Verinder," said my aunt, addressing the servant, "and tell her Mr. Ablewhite is here."

We both inquired after his health. We both asked him together whether he felt like himself again, after his terrible adventure of the past week. With perfect tact he contrived to answer us at the same moment. Lady Verinder had his reply in words. I had his charming smile.

"What," he cried, with infinite tenderness, "have I done to deserve all this sympathy? My dear aunt! my dear Miss Clack! I have merely been mistaken for somebody else. I have only been blindfolded; I have only been strangled; I have only been thrown flat on my back, on a very thin carpet covering a particularly hard floor. Just think how much worse it might have been! I might have been murdered; I might have been robbed. What have I lost? Nothing but Nervous Force—which the law doesn't recognize as property; so that, strictly speaking, I have lost nothing at all. If I could have had my own way I would have kept my adventure to myself—I shrink from all this fuss and publicity. But Mr. Luker made *his* injuries public, and *my* injuries, as the necessary consequence, have been proclaimed in their turn. I have become the property of the newspapers until the gentle reader gets sick of the subject. I am very sick indeed of it myself. May the gentle reader soon be like me! And how is dear Rachel? Still enjoying the gayeties of London? So glad to hear it! Miss Clack, I need all your indulgence. I am sadly behindhand with my Committee Work and my dear Ladies. But I really do hope to look in at the Mothers'-Small-Clothes next week. Did you make cheering progress at Monday's Committee? Was the Board hopeful about future prospects? And are we nicely off for Trowsers?"

The heavenly gentleness of his smile made his apologies irresistible. The richness of his deep voice added its own indescribable charm to the interesting business question which he had just addressed to me. In truth, we were almost *too* nicely off for Trowsers; we were quite overwhelmed by them. I was just about to say so, when the door opened again, and an element of worldly disturbance entered the room in the person of Miss Verinder.

She approached dear Mr. Godfrey at a most unladylike rate of speed, with her hair shockingly untidy, and her face, what *I* should call, unbecomingly flushed.

"I am charmed to see you, Godfrey," she said, addressing him, I grieve to add, in the offhand manner of one young man talking to another. "I wish you had brought Mr. Luker with you. You and he (as long as our present excitement lasts) are the two most interesting men in all London. It's morbid to say this; it's unhealthy; it's all that a well-regulated mind like Miss Clack's most instinctively shudders at. Never mind that. Tell me the whole of the Northumberland Street story directly. I know the newspapers have left some of it out."

Even dear Mr. Godfrey partakes of the fallen nature which we all inherit from Adam—it is a very small share of our human legacy, but, alas! he has it. I confess it grieved me to see him take Rachel's hand in both of his own hands, and lay it softly on the left side of his waistcoat. It was a direct encouragement to her reckless way of talking, and her insolent reference to me.

"Dearest Rachel," he said, in the same voice which had thrilled me when he spoke of our prospects and our trowsers, "the newspapers have told you every thing—and they have told it much better than I can."

"Godfrey thinks we all make too much of the matter," my aunt remarked. "He has just been saying that he doesn't care to speak of it."

"Why?"

She put the question with a sudden flash in her eyes, and a sudden look up into Mr. Godfrey's face. On his side, he looked down at her with an indulgence so injudicious and so ill-deserved that I really felt called on to interfere.

"Rachel, darling!" I remonstrated, gently, "true greatness and true courage are ever modest."

"You are a very good fellow in your way, Godfrey," she said—not taking the smallest notice, observe, of me, and still speaking to her cousin as if she was one young man addressing another. "But I am quite sure you are not great; I don't believe you possess any extraordinary courage; and I am firmly persuaded—if you ever had any modesty—that your ladyworshipers relieved you of that virtue a good many years since. You have some private reason for not talking of your adventure in Northumberland Street; and I mean to know it."

"My reason is the simplest imaginable and the most easily acknowledged," he answered, still bearing with her. "I am tired of the subject."

"You are tired of the subject? My dear Godfrey, I am going to make a remark."

"What is it?"

"You live a great deal too much in the society of women. And you have contracted two very bad habits in consequence. You have learned to talk nonsense seriously, and you have got into a way of telling fibs for the pleasure of telling them. You can't go straight with your lady-worshipers. I mean to make you go straight with *me*. Come, and sit down. I am brimful of downright questions; and I expect you to be brimful of downright answers."

She actually dragged him across the room to a chair by the window, where the light would fall on his face. I deeply feel being obliged to report such language and to describe such conduct. But, hemmed in as I am, between Mr. Franklin Blake's check on one side and my own sacred regard for truth on the other, what am I to do? I looked at my aunt. She sat unmoved; apparently in no way disposed to interfere. I had never noticed this kind of torpor in her before. It was, perhaps, the reaction after the trying time she had had in the country. Not a pleasant symptom to remark, be it what it might, at dear Lady Verinder's age, and with dear Lady Verinder's autumnal exuberance of figure.

"SHE STOPPED—RAN ACROSS THE ROOM—AND FELL ON HER KNEES AT HER MOTHER'S FEET."

In the mean time Rachel had settled herself at the window with our amiable and forbearing—our too forbearing—Mr. Godfrey. She began the string of questions with which she had threatened him, taking no more notice of her mother or of myself than if we had not been in the room.

"Have the police done any thing, Godfrey?"

"Nothing whatever."

"It is certain, I suppose, that the three men who laid the trap for you were the same three men who afterward laid the trap for Mr. Luker?"

"Humanly speaking, my dear Rachel, there can be no doubt of it."

"And not a trace of them has been discovered?"

"Not a trace."

"It is thought—is it not?—that these three men are the three Indians who came to our house in the country."

"Some people think so."

"Do you think so?"

"My dear Rachel, they blindfolded me before I could see their faces. I know nothing whatever of the matter. How can I offer any opinion on it?"

Even the angelic gentleness of Mr. Godfrey was, you see, beginning to give way at last under the persecution inflicted on him. Whether unbridled curiosity, or ungovernable dread, dictated Miss Verinder's questions I do not presume to inquire. I only report that, on Mr. Godfrey's attempting to rise, after giving her the answer just described, she actually took him by the two shoulders, and pushed him back into his chair.—Oh, don't say this was immodest! don't even hint that the recklessness of guilty terror could alone account for such conduct as I have described! We must not judge others. My Christian friends, indeed, indeed, indeed, we must not judge others!

She went on with her questions, unabashed. Earnest Biblical students will perhaps be reminded—as I was reminded—of the blinded children of the devil, who went on with their orgies, unabashed, in the time before the Flood.

"I want to know something about Mr. Luker, Godfrey."

"I am again unfortunate, Rachel. No man knows less of Mr. Luker than I do."

"You never saw him before you and he met accidentally at the bank?"

"Never."

"You have seen him since?"

"Yes. We have been examined together, as well as separately, to assist the police."

"Mr. Luker was robbed of a receipt which he had got from his banker's—was he not? What was the receipt for?"

"For a valuable gem which he had placed in the safe-keeping of the bank."

"That's what the newspapers say. It may be enough for the general reader; but it is not enough for me. The banker's receipt must have mentioned what the gem was?"

"The banker's receipt, Rachel—as I have heard it described—mentioned nothing of the kind. A valuable gem, belonging to Mr. Luker; deposited by Mr. Luker; sealed with Mr. Luker's seal; and only to be given up on Mr. Luker's personal application. That was the form, and that is all I know about it."

She waited a moment after he had said that. She looked at her mother and sighed. She looked back again at Mr. Godfrey, and went on.

"Some of our private affairs, at home," she said, "seem to have got into the newspapers?"

"I grieve to say, it is so."

"And some idle people, perfect strangers to us, are trying to trace a connection between what happened at our house in Yorkshire and what has happened since here in London?"

"The public curiosity, in certain quarters, is, I fear, taking that turn."

"The people who say that the three unknown men who ill-used you and Mr. Luker are the three Indians, also say that the valuable gem—?"

There she stopped. She had become gradually, within the last few moments, whiter and whiter in the face. The extraordinary blackness of her hair made this paleness, by contrast, so ghastly to look at that we all thought she would faint at that moment when she checked herself in the middle of her question. Dear Mr. Godfrey made a second attempt to leave his chair. My aunt entreated her to say no more. I followed my aunt with a modest medicinal peace-offering in the shape of a bottle of salts. We none of us produced the slightest effect on her. "Godfrey, stay where you are. Mamma, there is not the least reason to be alarmed about me. Clack, you're dying to hear the end of it—I won't faint, expressly to oblige *you*."

Those were the exact words she used—taken down in my diary the moment I got home. But oh, don't let us judge! My Christian friends, don't let us judge!

She turned once more to Mr. Godfrey. With an obstinacy dreadful to see she went back again to the place where she had checked herself, and completed her question in these words:

"I spoke to you a minute since about what people were saying in certain quarters. Tell me plainly, Godfrey, do they any of them say that Mr. Luker's valuable gem is—The Moonstone?"

As the name of the Indian Diamond passed her lips I saw a change come over my admirable friend. His complexion deepened. He lost the genial suavity of manner which is one of his greatest charms. A noble indignation inspired his reply.

"They *do* say it," he answered. "There are people who don't hesitate to accuse Mr. Luker of telling a falsehood to serve some private interests of his own. He has over and over again solemnly declared that, until this scandal assailed him, he had never even heard of The Moonstone. And these vile people reply, without a shadow of proof to justify them, He has his reasons for concealment; we decline to believe him on his oath. Shameful! shameful!"

Rachel looked at him very strangely—I can't well describe how—while he was speaking. When he had done, she said:

"Considering that Mr. Luker is only a chance acquaintance of yours, you take up his cause, Godfrey, rather warmly."

My gifted friend made her one of the most truly evangelical answers I ever heard in my life.

"I hope, Rachel, I take up the cause of all oppressed people rather warmly," he said.

The tone in which those words were spoken might have melted a stone. But, oh dear, what is the hardness of stone? Nothing compared to the hardness of the unregenerate human heart! She sneered. I blush to record it—she sneered at him to his face.

"Keep your beautiful language for your Ladies' Committees, Godfrey. I am certain that the scandal which has assailed Mr. Luker has not spared You."

Even my aunt's torpor was roused by those words.

"My dear Rachel," she remonstrated, "you have really no right to say that!"

"I mean no harm, mamma—I mean good. Have a moment's patience with me, and you will see."

She looked back at Mr. Godfrey with what appeared to be a sudden pity for him. She went the length—the very unladylike length—of taking him by the hand.

"I am certain," she said, "that I have found out the true reason of your unwillingness to speak of this matter before my mother and before me. An unlucky accident has associated you in people's minds with Mr. Luker. You have told me what scandal says of *him*. What does scandal say of *you*?"

Even at the eleventh hour, dear Mr. Godfrey—always ready to return good for evil—tried to spare her.

"Don't ask me!" he said. "It's better forgotten, Rachel—it is indeed."

"I *will* hear it!" she cried out, fiercely, at the top of her voice.

"Tell her, Godfrey!" entreated my aunt. "Nothing can do her such harm as your silence is doing now!"

Mr. Godfrey's fine eyes filled with tears. He cast one last appealing look at her—and then he spoke the fatal words:

"If you will have it, Rachel—scandal says that the Moonstone is in pledge to Mr. Luker, and that I am the man who has pawned it."

She started to her feet with a scream. She looked backward and forward from Mr. Godfrey to my aunt, and from my aunt to Mr. Godfrey, in such a frantic manner that I really thought she had gone mad.

"Don't speak to me! Don't touch me!" she exclaimed, shrinking back from all of us (I declare like some hunted animal!) into a corner of the room. "This is my fault! I must set it right. I have sacrificed myself—I had a right to do that if I liked. But to let an innocent man be ruined; to keep a secret which destroys his character for life—Oh, good God, it's too horrible! I can't bear it!"

My aunt half rose from her chair, then suddenly sat down again. She called to me faintly, and pointed to a little vial in her work-box.

"Quick!" she whispered. "Six drops, in water. Don't let Rachel see."

Under other circumstances I should have thought this strange. There was no time now to think—there was only time to give the medicine. Dear Mr. Godfrey unconsciously assisted me in concealing what I was about from Rachel by speaking composing words to her at the other end of the room.

"Indeed—indeed you exaggerate," I heard him say. "My reputation stands too high to be destroyed by a miserable passing scandal like this. It will be all forgotten in another week. Let us never speak of it again."

She was perfectly inaccessible even to such

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generosity as this. She went on from bad to worse.

"I must and will stop it," she said. "Mamma hear what I say. Miss Clack! hear what I say. I know the hand that took the Moonstone. I know"—she laid a strong emphasis on the words; she stamped her foot in the rage that possessed her—"*I know that Godfrey Ablewhite is innocent!* Take me to the magistrate, Godfrey! Take me to the magistrate, and I will swear it!"

My aunt caught me by the hand and whispered, "Stand between us for a minute or two. Don't let Rachel see me." I noticed a bluish tinge in her face which alarmed me. She saw I was startled. "The drops will put me right in a minute or two," she said, and so closed her eyes and waited a little.

While this was going on I heard dear Mr. Godfrey still gently remonstrating.

"You must not appear publicly in such a thing as this," he said. "*Your* reputation, dearest Rachel, is something too pure and too sacred to be trifled with."

"*My* reputation!" She burst out laughing. "Why, I am accused, Godfrey, as well as you. The best detective officer in England declares that I have stolen my own Diamond. Ask him what he thinks, and he will tell you that I have pledged the Moonstone to pay my private debts!" She stopped—ran across the room—and fell on her knees at her mother's feet. "Oh, mamma! mamma! mamma! I must be mad—mustn't I?—not to own the truth *now!*" She was too vehement to notice her mother's condition—she was on her feet again and back with Mr. Godfrey in an instant. "I won't let you—I won't let any innocent man—be accused and disgraced through my fault. If you won't take me before the magistrate, draw out a declaration of your innocence on paper, and I will sign it. Do as I tell you, Godfrey, or I'll write it to the newspapers—I'll go out and cry it in the streets!"

We will not say this was the language of remorse—we will say it was the language of hysterics. Indulgent Mr. Godfrey pacified her by taking a sheet of paper and drawing out the declaration. She signed it in a feverish hurry. "Show it every where—don't think of *me*," she said, as she gave it to him. "I am afraid, Godfrey, I have not done you justice hitherto in my thoughts. You are more unselfish—you are a better man than I believed you to be. Come here when you can, and I will try and repair the wrong I have done you."

She gave him her hand. Alas for our fallen nature! Alas for Mr. Godfrey! He not only forgot himself so far as to kiss her hand—he adopted a gentleness of tone in answering her which, in such a case, was little better than a compromise with sin. "I will come, dearest," he said, "on condition that we don't speak of this hateful subject again." Never had I seen and heard our Christian Hero to less advantage than on this occasion.

Before another word could be said by any body a thundering knock at the street-door startled us all. I looked through the window and saw the World, the Flesh, and the Devil waiting before the house—as typified in a carriage and horses, a powdered footman, and three of the most audaciously-dressed women I ever beheld in my life.

Rachel started and composed herself. She crossed the room to her mother.

"They have come to take me to the flower-show," she said. "One word, mamma, before I go. I have not distressed you, have I?"

(Is the bluntness of moral feeling which could ask such a question as that, after what had just happened, to be pitied or condemned? I like to lean toward mercy. Let us pity it.)

The drops had produced their effect. My poor aunt's complexion was like itself again. "No, no, my dear," she said. "Go with our friends and enjoy yourself."

Her daughter stooped and kissed her. I had left the window and was near the door when Rachel approached it to go out. Another change had come over her—she was in tears. I looked with interest at the momentary softening of that obdurate heart. I felt inclined to say a few earnest words. Alas! my well-meant sympathy only gave offense. "What do you mean by pitying me?" she asked, in a bitter whisper, as she passed to the door. "Don't you see how happy I am? I'm going to the flower-show, Clack; and I've got the prettiest bonnet in London." She completed the hollow mockery of that address by blowing me a kiss—and so left the room.

I wish I could describe in words the compassion that I felt for this miserable and misguided girl. But I am almost as poorly provided with words as with money. Permit me to say—my heart bled for her.

Returning to my aunt's chair I observed dear Mr. Godfrey searching for something softly here and there in different parts of the room. Before I could offer to assist him he had found what he wanted. He came back to my aunt and me, with his declaration of innocence in one hand and with a box of matches in the other.

"Dear aunt, a little conspiracy!" he said. "Dear Miss Clack, a pious fraud which even your high moral rectitude will excuse! Will you leave Rachel to suppose that I accept the generous self-sacrifice which has signed this paper? And will you kindly bear witness that I destroy it in your presence before I leave the house?" He kindled a match, and lighting the paper laid it to burn in a plate on the table. "Any trifling inconvenience that I may suffer is as nothing," he remarked, "compared with the importance of preserving that pure name from the contaminating contact of the world. There! We have reduced it to a little harmless heap of ashes, and our dear impulsive Rachel will never know what we have done! How do you feel?—my precious friends, how do you feel? For my poor part, I am as light-hearted as a boy!"

He beamed on us with his beautiful smile; he held out a hand to my aunt and a hand to me. I was too deeply affected by his noble conduct to speak. I closed my eyes; I put his hand, in a kind of spiritual self-forgetfulness, to my lips. He murmured a soft remonstrance. Oh, the ecstasy, the pure, unearthly ecstasy of that moment! I sat—I hardly know on what—quite lost in my own exalted feelings. When I opened my eyes again it was like descending from heaven to earth. There was nobody but my aunt in the room. He had gone.

I should like to stop here—I should like to close my narrative with the record of Mr. Godfrey's noble conduct. Unhappily there is more, much more, which the unrelenting pecuniary pressure of Mr. Blake's check obliges me to tell. The painful disclosures which were to reveal themselves in my presence during that Tuesday's visit to Montagu Square were not at an end yet.

Finding myself alone with Lady Verinder I turned naturally to the subject of her health, touching delicately on the strange anxiety which she had shown to conceal her indisposition, and the remedy applied to it, from the observation of her daughter.

My aunt's reply greatly surprised me.

"Drusilla," she said (if I have not already mentioned that my Christian name is Drusilla, permit me to mention it now), "you are touching—quite innocently, I know—on a very distressing subject."

I rose immediately. Delicacy left me but one alternative—the alternative, after first making my apologies, of taking my leave. Lady Verinder stopped me and insisted on my sitting down again.

"You have surprised a secret," she said, "which I had confided to my sister, Mrs. Ablewhite, and to my lawyer, Mr. Bruff, and to no one else. I can trust in their discretion; and I am sure, when I tell you the circumstances, I can trust in yours. Have you any pressing engagement, Drusilla? or is your time your own this afternoon?"

It is needless to say that my time was entirely at my aunt's disposal.

"Keep me company, then," she said, "for another hour. I have something to tell you which I believe you will be sorry to hear. And I shall have a service to ask of you afterward, if you don't object to assist me."

It is again needless to say that, so far from objecting, I was all eagerness to assist her.

"You can wait here," she went on, "till Mr. Bruff comes at five. And you can be one of the witnesses, Drusilla, when I sign my Will."

Her Will! I thought of the drops which I had seen in her work-box. I thought of the bluish tinge which I had noticed in her complexion. A light which was not of this world—a light shining prophetically from an unmade grave—dawned solemnly on my mind. My aunt's secret was a secret no longer.

A SEARCH FOR A VOCATION.

I was dusting the parlor; and I don't remember that I ever dusted the parlor without bringing the furniture to grief in some way or other; and, indeed, if I have no other gift, I *do* possess a faculty, a genius, for destroying whatever I touch. I don't know that it has increased with years, though it should have been so, if practice makes perfect; I might better say that it was given to me already perfected, and has remained perfect ever since.

I was so well known to possess this power that it was like signing the death-warrant of crockery to let me put my foot in the kitchen; for, figuratively, as well as literally, I always "put my foot in it."

Now that is slang; but in my opinion slang is superior to elegance, because it is terse and vigorous, and always comes straight to the point; while, if you want to be smooth, you may go round Robin Hood's barn and have your labor for your pains.

Let it stand either way: I was always multiplying adverse situations; I was always putting my foot in it;—the fact remains the same. This morning I did my duty as usual, and overturned a pot of verbenas on the carpet.

"Well, Jane," said my mother's voice, in the next room; "what now?" She spoke resignedly, having anticipated some catastrophe.

My sister Sue put her head in the door and surveyed the ruins.

"She has only tipped over my verbenas, mamma," was her ironical remark. "I'm glad it's no worse. I'll have it brushed up in a minute."

She had the dusting-pan and brush in a miraculously short time, and was removing the traces of the disaster, while I stood and watched her, helplessly.

"I didn't dare to go off to school," she said, glancing up at me mischievously. "Bridget said you had the duster, and I knew there'd be something to pay. Do you know, Jane, I always want to run for a pail of water when I see you approach the stove; and I think whether I've seventy-five cents change when you go near a window?"

"Very good of you," said I, shortly.

"It's an affectionate desire I feel to save you from yourself, my dear. I'll do the dusting. Please finish giving baby his breakfast."

Long misfortune had made me meek, and I went without a word. I think I displayed quite as much heroism in my unhesitating obedience as did the Six Hundred riding into the valley of death; for I was sure of another blunder.

The baby appeared lamb-like and sleepy. The prospect was good. I did my best; but, dear me, how easily a child gets choked! and when a child is taken up to be slapped on the shoulders for its easement, who could calculate on its wanting to attach itself to the table-cloth and refusing to "leave go?"

This baby refused to let go, and dragged the cloth persistently, notwithstanding its strangled condition, until it had accomplished the downfall of its bread and milk, and the utter destruction of two or three glasses.

My mother and Sue both rushed to the rescue, and the first exclaimed, half indignantly, half wonderingly,

"I never did see a girl like you! Why can't you be more careful?"

"It's fate," laughed Sue. "Think if Jane had a family to look to, mamma! The children wouldn't die natural deaths. She'd be before the scarlet-fever and the measles."

"Well," said I, despairingly, delivering up the baby, "I don't know how it is. I wish there were no such things as housework and taking care of children!"

And I went off up stairs very much inclined to cry. If I hadn't been nineteen years old I would have cried. As it was, I proceeded to put my chamber in order, and then sat down in the window dolefully, and began to think about myself and wonder why I wasn't like other girls. I had always been a problem to myself; and I made up my mind to solve that problem. What was I fit for? and what under the sun was I going to do in the world?

I ought to do something; there were four young Spinneys besides Sue and me, and we weren't overrich. To be sure, Sue was teaching and supporting Tommie and herself by her earnings; still four were left. My place was evidently at home. I should have put on practical shoes and helped my mother administer to the daily wants of the family; but, alas! I had no practical shoes, and I never heard of their being purchased by those upon whom Nature had not bestowed them.

As for teaching, I was sure I wasn't fitted for that; and the mere idea of the monotonous

"Two times one are two,
Two times two are four,"

made me shiver. Mathematics bored me, and dates escaped me. No; I wasn't born to be a teacher.

Of course a Spinney couldn't turn sewing-girl; and I couldn't have been a sewing-girl if I hadn't been a Spinney. Needle and thread were my tyrants, not my slaves.

Well, of course there was something; there is always something. God gives every one some talent—some specialty—at least my instructors had always told me so. Therefore, since I was a human being, I had a talent.

About art? Artistes made fabulous sums sometimes; but it required labor and natural aptitude, and it was rather late for me to begin. I doubted if I could draw a straight line at present.

I was at a loss. I considered that I was like a ship without a pilot, drifting upon the ocean of life—a traveler without a guide, lost in the desert of life. I became pathetic, and thought that existence was

"An arid waste,
Unmoistened by the dews of sweet content;"

and that I was the broken-hearted Jane Spinney, of no more use to myself or the world than a broken spinning-jenny!

There! I was quite surprised at the fertility of my imagination. I certainly had imagination. Here was a comparison worthy of—worthy of any one who ever pretended to make comparisons. I remembered that I had had fancies—that I was apt to have fancies. It never had occurred to me before, but it did now; and I recollected that I had written some verses to the moon one evening, when I was in a state of inspiration.

"There must be a time when great minds recognize their own greatness." It all flashed upon me in a moment. I was a genius! Of course I couldn't perform common tasks, when uncommon ones were possible to me. Bah! a genius dusting furniture and feeding children! I must find those verses.

I found them after considerable search. They were written on scented paper, tied with sky-blue ribbon, and labeled "Lines to the Moon." I began to read them critically and appreciatively:

"O beauteous moon,
That sittest afar upon the purple sky."

I didn't know about the moon's sitting upon the sky; but I couldn't see how to remedy it, so I left her so and went on:

"Wrapped in thy silver robe of majesty,
Awaiting the night's noon."

Yes; that was good. The night's noon was striking, very.

"O beauteous moon,
That sittest with such a melancholy face,
Shrined in the yellow grandeur of thy grace,
And waitest, late and soon."

Ah, that was a nice touch, that "late and soon." Still it did seem unnecessary to have the moon sit and wait again in the second verse.

Well, I did not care about going on. It was apparent that I had the gift of verse; but this was a youthful effort. I could improve upon it.

Let's see: I had rhymed noon, soon, spoon, cocoon, croon, and tune with moon. Showed considerable versatility of expression. I had the moon watching the sea, that looked like a silver spoon. I had her weaving herself a cloud-cocoon, listening to my croon, and finally singing a tune with all the stars.

To think of it! I, Jane Spinney, a poetess! Why, I should give the name distinction, and the family would be proud of me. I was a duck among chickens, and I had found the water. I had found my vocation. I had only to go to work and astonish the world!

There was the L—— magazine. I could make a very nice début on its aristocratic pages; besides, we had it. Wouldn't it be fun to see folks reading my verses—under a *nom de plume*, of course?

A *nom de plume*. "Lina Lawton?" No; something original was better. "Blinkerton Bass?" That was rather coarse, and my initials wouldn't attract notice. After all, nothing could be better than that wonderful fancy of mine about the "Spinning Jenny." Capital. "Twenty Years Ago, by Spinning Jenny."

I was looking for my inkstand in order to commence at once, when my mother opened the door.

"Oh, Jane, haven't you your dress changed? Your aunt and the children are down stairs. Can't you go and amuse them?"

Here was injustice! Ask a poetess to amuse children! It was all of a piece. The world would never appreciate me if I didn't find time to make it.

I will not describe the fiery trials through which I passed before I had a chance to commence the poem which was to make me immortal. All that day I was a martyr—the slave of Alvina Matilda Jenks, Lucretia Ann Jenks, and Conrad Wallace Jenks. When I passed the hall-clock in the evening it seemed to tick mournfully and monotonously, "Di-em—per-di-di Di-em—per-di-di." The next morning, before Sue had her eyes fairly open, I was dressed and sitting at the window in a meditative and inspired state. I was quoting some "lines" which every one quotes who quotes at all—the usual fandango about the "rosy morning," when Sue rather brought me out of my glorified condition by audibly expressing the opinion that I was either crazy or fast becoming so.

"Is there going to be a hurricane?" inquired the young lady; "or are we going to have sausages for breakfast? Those are the only two things likely to start you before seven."

Quite innocently, I astonished the family at the breakfast-table. I was in the habit of wearing articles which the vain denominate "rats;" these were attached to a net for my greater convenience. This morning, in my lofty abstraction, I put on the net wrong side out, forgetful of the appendages, and passing around to take my seat at table thus equipped, brought my three younger brothers near strangulation, and caused my father to desire severely that I would go up stairs and finish dressing.

I was evidently in that furnace of affliction through which all great minds pass. I felt that I had no sympathy with the beings around me. As soon as possible I withdrew to my chamber, and sat down by the window, from which I had a cheerful view of grocery carts and coal wagons.

Well, now I was to commence. I had the name, "Spinning Jenny," and that was all I had. A blank sheet of paper doesn't suggest any thing. I wanted, now, a title—a post, whereupon to hinge my ideas. Say, "Lines to a Dead Child." I didn't want lines to any thing. Say, "A Leap-Year Carol." Comic poetry wasn't my forte. Say, "A Farewell." No; too sentimental. What under the sun should I write?

I concluded to take a subject, something of the vast and solemn order, and dash right into it: "Life."

Life. Life was of course a vale of tears. Years rhymed with tears, so it was a length of years.

"Life is a weary vale of tears,
A dreary, dusky length of years,
Where not a ray of light appears."

Then I got life out again gradually. Mark, Dark, Spark.

"But pilgrims o'er its paths may mark
How lights of Faith transform the dark,
And Hope illumes it with her spark."

I was puzzling over the next verse when the dinner-bell rung, and I had to take measures to sustain life; but in the course of the afternoon I got through four verses more of the same stamp, and arrived at my grand finis:

"Forests of crosses block the way;
All round the lowering sky is gray
And dim and dark, look where we may.
But still, as farther we advance,
And unknown beauties meet our glance,
Trusting, we deem that good may chance."

I was exhausted. I was unused to severe mental labor; still the supreme satisfaction which the reperusal of these lines gave me repaid me for all; and when I had it in an envelope, ready to dispatch, I felt that I had laid the foundation for greatness.

The glory of having written that poem lasted me a week. I considered that I could now sit down and wait for events.

A fortnight went by. I began to be doubtful. Three weeks; and I found little encouragement in the remembrance that the "American people are slow to appreciate genius; and Mr. Bryant, their first poet, is obliged to edit a newspaper for support." wasn't Mr. Bryant.

One evenn Sue came dashing in from school and tossed a letter on my lap, saying, merrily: "Are you an aspiring young woman, Janet? That looks suspicious."

I had been sitting idly in the window, in the most romantic and melancholy style possible. Sue ruined my attitude; for, without waiting to answer, I raced out of the room undignifiedly and broke open the envelope with trembling fingers.

Alas! I drew out my own lines; then a printed "form" of refusal:

"We hereby return to Miss Spinney the poem 'Life,' and regret that it will not suit our columns."

Not suit their columns? What were their columns, that it didn't suit? What mental blindness was this, that let such a poem go unwelcomed!

This was a downfall, and an interval of blankness followed. I began to appreciate my own description of life, considering that it was truly a vale of tears.

I was tempted to despair; but that immortal sentence which has long comforted struggling

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humanity came to my aid: "Rome was not built in a day;" therefore Jane Spinney couldn't electrify the world in a day. I wasn't grandiloquent as I had been before, but I determined grimly that a master-piece should appear which should be the work of Jane Spinney.

I took time for it; I mean I was going to take time for it; but my time was taken away from me. Louisa Grant, a friend of Sue's, came to visit us, and I was forced to remain in commonplaces.

The one advantage of my situation was that I had my chamber to myself. Sue and Louisa occupied another apartment; so I could write after eleven o'clock at night, if I could possibly keep up enthusiasm so long.

I thought I would come down to the level of other people's minds. "Life" had been a great deal too deep. I would write a ballad—a ballad that should be entitled "The Lady's Despair."

I will not inflict the particulars upon the reader. Suffice it to say I went to work and burned midnight oil for six consecutive nights, thus attracting numberless comments from the family.

I must say that it was hard work. The necessity of rhyming interfered with conclusions dreadfully. Nothing but my faith in the result carried me through; but on the sixth night I did get through.

The family had grown tired of euchre that evening, for a wonder, and had inclined toward slumber generally at ten o'clock. I had bade Sue and Louisa good-night in the passage, and had sought my own apartment, invigorated by the thought that I had only one verse more to write; however, that verse occupied me till after eleven.

By the time I had looked over the whole thirteen verses it was half past eleven. I didn't hear the girls' voices any longer; I supposed they had gone to sleep. I was solitary—alone with my grand thoughts. I thought, myself, it would be very nice to "sit, on winter nights, by a solitary fire, and hear the nations praising me, far off." I didn't doubt I should have that experience.

I thought I would read the poem over; read it aloud, to get a better idea of it. I tilted myself back in my chair comfortably and began:

"THE LADY'S DESPAIR.

"A lady with a weary face
Sat at a turret window high,
And watched the sky."

Good; gave you the idea of patience.

"A lady fair, with lofty grace,
She sat and wept full drearily,
And none were nigh."

I thought I heard a sound. I listened; but it was not repeated. I had been mistaken.

"A knight went riding far below,
Looked up and waved a sad farewell,
Careless of what befell."

There was a queer noise again; perhaps rats in the wall.

"He rode upon a steed of snow,
And in that fair and pleasant dell
Had loved the lady well."

Certainly no sympathetic person could read this without tears.

"Three strokes rang from the tower bell;
She forward leaned, and looked to see
Him passing slow and silently.
Both were so sad 'twas hard to tell
Which was the saddest of them, he
Or—"

A perfect scream of laughter rang in my astonished ears. It proceeded from the hall. I darted to the door with the rapidity of lightning, and flung it open wrathfully.

There was Sue doubled up on the hall floor, in convulsions of laughter, and Louisa holding by the stair railing, with the tears running down her cheeks.

"Or she," gasped Sue, going off again as she caught a glimpse of my indignant countenance. "Oh, Jane, Jane, you'll kill me!"

I was near wishing I could; but my utter stupefaction prevented the expression of the wish, and it seemed quite impossible for either Sue or Louisa to stop laughing long enough to say another word.

"I really think, Jane," gasped Sue again, making a great effort to speak, "that this will suit our columns. Don't you, Louisa?"

"Its pathos!" Louisa managed to articulate.

"And its beautiful flow. Have her die, Jane, do. Have her leap down into the dell; it's fair and pleasant."

"But get the knight out of the way first," suggested Louisa, wiping her eyes. "The fall might crush him."

And they both relapsed again.

"If you think this is honorable," I began, regaining my voice finally, "I must say I differ with you."

"We aren't exalted," said Sue, "not at all. We're in a state of abasement, Louisa and I. But a cat may look at a king, you know, or we may listen to a poetess."

I shut the door in their faces angrily, and locked it. Sue shouted her "regrets that she didn't hear the whole of it" through the key-hole; but, as I made no answer, they both departed and went to rest.

I flung the poem into the fire; and then all my dignity didn't save me from crying. That most woeful of troubles had come upon me, viz.: my faith in myself had been shaken. I was afraid the ship hadn't any pilot, the traveler hadn't any guide, and I hadn't any vocation.

Not a moment did I sleep that night; and in the morning my eyes were so red I would not go down, but locked myself in my chamber, reflecting pleasantly that Sue was probably amusing the breakfasters with an account of the "Lady's Despair." I was very unhappy, and had an idea of making a hermitess of myself in future.

By-and-by there came a tap at the door, and my mother's voice, asking to come in.

"Jane," she said, "I have brought you your breakfast, and some advice. What a faculty you have for making yourself miserable!"

"*I* make myself miserable!"

"I know it was unpardonable in Sue to annoy you so; but you should be above such things."

"Above such things!"

"What ever put it into your head," continued my mother, "to think you could write verses?"

"You think a girl should do nothing but wash dishes and iron shirts!" said I, indignantly. "I feel myself fit for something higher."

"I don't want to hurt your feelings, Jane, but—"

"And I want some work especially mine."

"Did you always feel fitted for something higher?"

I was obliged to confess that the attack had come on suddenly.

"But I want an object to work for."

"Then," said my mother, "make binding shoes the object, rather than writing verses; for you are sure you could do the first well. Cultivate any talent you have, Jane, only be sure you have it."

"Binding shoes can't be a vocation for me."

"A vocation? Why do you want a vocation? Why should you have a vocation more than the girls around you? Duty is a vocation, Jane."

"I can't do common things."

"Then pray don't consider that a proof that you can do uncommon ones. I think, if I were you, I would make common-sense a specialty."

And so I lost the only glimpse of a vocation I ever was favored with; for I hadn't the obstinacy to persist in the face of every thing. I abandoned my stand-point with as good grace as I could, lost the hope of distinction, and fell back into stocking-darning and obscurity, where I have remained ever since. Long study has made me mistress of the a-b-c of life, and I am at present a peaceful old maid, whose chief use is to look after Sue's children, and whose principal occupation is gossiping and tea-drinking.

THE CHEMISTRY OF A TEAR.

THE principal element, the prime ingredient, so to say, of a tear is water; this water, upon dissolution, contains a few hundredth parts of the substance called *mucus*, and a small portion of salt, of soda, of phosphate of lime, and of phosphate of soda. It is the salt and the soda that give to tears that peculiar savor which earned for tears the epithet of "salt" at the hand of Greek poets, and that of "bitter" at that of ours: "salt" is, however, the more correct term of the two. When a tear dries the water evaporates and leaves behind it a deposit of the saline ingredients; these amalgamate, and, as seen through the microscope, array themselves in long crossed lines, which look like diminutive fish-bones.

Tears are secreted by a gland called the "lachrymal gland," which is situated above the eye-ball, and underneath the upper eyelid on the side nearest the temple. Six or seven exceedingly fine channels flow from it along and under the surface of the eyelid, discharging their contents a little above the delicate cartilage which supports the lid. It is these channels or canals that carry the tears into the eye. But tears do not flow only at certain moments and under certain circumstances, as might be supposed; their flow is continuous; all day and all night (although less abundantly during sleep) they trickle softly from their slender sluices, and spread glistening over the surface of the pupil and eyeball, giving them that bright, enamel, and limpid look which is one of the characteristic signs of health. It is the ceaseless movement and contraction of the eyelids that effect the regular spreading of the tears; and the flow of these has need to be constantly renewed in the way just mentioned, because tears not only evaporate after a few seconds, but also are carried away through two little drains, called "lachrymal points," and situated in the corner of the eye near the nose. Thus, all tears, after leaving the eyelids, flow into the nostrils, and if the reader will assure himself of this, he has only to notice, unpoetical as the fact may be, that a person after crying much is always obliged to make a twofold use of his or her pocket-handkerchief.

The utility of tears to animals in general, and in particular to those who are exposed much to the dust, such as birds who live amidst the winds, is easy to understand; for the eye would soon be dirtied and blocked up, like an uncleaned window-pane, had not nature provided this friendly ever-flowing stream to wash and refresh it. A very little fluid is necessary to keep the eye always clear and clean; but here again we must admire the wonderful mechanism which works the human body, for it is to be observed that when, through some accident or hurt, the eyeball has need of more water than usual to cleanse it, nature at once turns on a more abundant supply of tears. Thus, for instance, when a grain of dust, or an insect creeps into the eye, the eyelids at once fill and run over with tears, and these not only alleviate the pain, but also, when the object is small enough, carry it away down the two small conduits already noticed. The same thing occurs when either smoke, too vivid light, or too intense cold obscures the sight—tears at once come to our relief, and protect the eye from harm.

With regard to other than physical tears the explanation to be given of them is a very material one. Tears are caused both by the sudden and rapid flow of blood to the head and by excessive nervous excitement. They are most frequent with women and children, whose nervous organization is less strong than that of men. Among men, it is those of sanguine or nervous temperaments who weep most often. Lymphatic natures, on the contrary, and people of bilious temperament, rarely weep at all; the former because they have commonly but little sensibility, and the latter because they have usually a firm control over their feelings. When, therefore, a man of lymphatico-bilious temperament is seen to shed tears under emotion, one may feel sure that the innermost nerves of his heart have been wrung, and one must bow one's head in respect before a man whose pangs must be intense. Conversely, it is prudent to keep one's coolness before strongly excitable or highly imaginative people who weep; their tears are often genuine, but, as a rule, they cost them but little effort, and in nine cases out of ten are forgotten as soon as shed. Actors of great talent call up tears at will by working themselves into a wild state of excitement. Mademoiselle Rachel, for instance, than whom no colder, more unloving woman ever trod the stage, used, when she put forth all her efforts, to weep so passionately that she would set fifteen hundred spectators crying with her.

OLD AGE.

WITH lessening strain and fainter breath—
Life slowly easing into death—
When on tired eyes and heavy head
The weight of sleep begins to fall
Before the couch is spread,
Full ready to lie down, and glad
When comes the messenger we call
Azrael—is it sad?

No more the rugged ways of youth;
The feet grow tired, the way grows smooth,
The valley lieth green below;
The heart is grown in love with peace,
The sharpness gone from woe;
Time with the old deals tenderly,
Making the joy of living cease,
That death-pain may not be.

What is it that we name delight?
Youth, with tortures exquisite
Called joys?—a double-edged sword—
A sword whose blunter side is grief?
Youth, heart-moved by a word?
Its broken sunshine ripple-swayed;
Of loveliest things—of cloud and leaf—
Its flitting shadows made?

Youth, with dreams that ne'er came true,
Its great impossibles to do,
Its little possibles undone,
Its blossoms falling fruitlessly;
Its faithless April sun?
Ah, overfull and restless heart!
Time soothes: ere quietness can be
Must losses do their part?

That sap should fail, and leaves should drop,
And half the living pulses stop
Ere the tree fall, is sad, you say?
Nay now, one learns to be content
With slower living; day
So sweetly, softly going down,
That none can say "The light is spent"
Till night puts on her crown.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THERE is always more or less complaint among our citizens in regard to deficiency of Croton water at certain times, and in certain sections of the city. While there are some isolated points, where, by reason of the high ground, the upper stories of a building are above the reach of water from the reservoir, yet in general, the insufficient supply is due to a waste of water in private houses. At least, this is officially stated as a serious fact, worthy of individual and public consideration. It would certainly seem that upward of 62,000,000 gallons was an ample daily supply for our city. But out of this abundance it is asserted that wasteful habits have grown, and that in private houses, where no control is exercised, "waste is measured only by the capacity of the faucet, which runs day and night." We enjoy no greater luxury than our liberal supply of good water. It is reasonable that every housekeeper should take a special interest in a matter so important to the good of the whole community. Let there be no needless waste in our dwellings; let it not be made necessary to put—as has been suggested—a water-meter upon every house.

At a recent meeting held in Boston to discuss the advantages and methods of propagating fish in the New England States, Professor Agassiz made an interesting address upon the subject. He predicted that the time would come when every man who has water on his ground will raise fish for his own table as he now raises fruit. The increase in the production of fish he considered important in a sanitary point of view, as an article of diet, and he remarked that "fish, to a large extent, contain phosphorus, a chemical element which the brain requires for health and strength. There is no other article of food which supplies the waste of the brain so thoroughly as fish, and the evidence of this is in the fact that the inhabitants of seashores, the world over, are the brightest population of the whole country." However much the dwellers in interior sections may dissent from this general view, all will agree that "variety is the spice of life," and that the more good things there are in our country the better.

A Bostonian—or some one who gives evidence of living in the vicinity of the "Hub"—claims the authorship of a popular poem about which there has been much discussion, and to prove his right gives to the public the following hitherto unpublished stanza:

Mother, dear mother, oh! give me some squills,
I have grown weary of duns and of bills;
Weary of working ten hours a day,
Weary of working for very small pay,
Weary of trying to see my way clear,
Tired of cocktails and tired of beer,
Tired of dining with Parker and Mills,
Give me some squills, mother, give me some squills.

This will probably finish the controversy.

Something less than half a century ago a belief was entertained in certain sections of England that the union between man and wife might be sundered in almost any manner; and when a couple became tired of living together, a barbarous custom prevailed of selling the wife at auction. So occasionally, on some crowded market-day, a brutish-looking man might be seen holding in his hand one end of a rope halter, the other end being around the neck of his better half. A gaping crowd would follow, and the fellow, after stating the case—the woman consenting—would proceed to offer her to the highest bidder. Women did not usually bring much under such circumstances; yet, if report is true, within a few weeks a miserable creature in Buffalo has publicly offered his wife as a prize to be raffled for. Printed tickets were issued, headed, "Raffle for the wife of Thomas Doyle," the time and place being given. As an additional inducement to those desirous of securing the lady, it was stated also: "This woman is a good housekeeper, and is willing to stay with any one who may draw her. Tickets, 25 cents." In this instance the "fair prize" is said to have consented to the arrangement. Whether the city authorities have consented has not yet transpired.

Amusing scene at a railroad dépôt. Old gentleman buys a ticket; puts his wallet between his teeth, and counts his change; turns around with a startled look, searches carefully every where, stops to make nervous investigations of his pockets, shakes his head, and resumes his search; comes finally to the ticket-window again, and says, "Have you seen?" and the wallet falls from his lips to the counter. "There 'tis now! Had it in my mouth all the time." Old gentleman smiles—crowd laugh—the curtain falls.

It does not take much to make a sensation among grown-up folks. The eccentric gentleman who, walking down Broadway one day, suddenly stopped and stared fixedly up into the sky, gathered a wondering crowd about him in a very short time, which he more quickly scattered by coolly replying, to the eager question, "What do you see?" "*Nothing.*" A while ago a vendor of the bright red air-balloons, in which children so delight, suddenly lost his hold upon the string which confined his treasures to the earth, and the whole bevy of balloons floated heavenward. But while the unfortunate salesman gazed in dismay upon his vanishing collection, the great crowd in Broadway stopped in amazement at the curious sight of twenty bright bubbles sailing in the sky. If one wants to create a similar sensation among little folks, it is easily done by carrying one red balloon through a street where there are plenty of children—and if a public-school has just been dismissed so much the better. A gentleman, carrying home this conspicuous toy the other day, really ran quite a gauntlet, something as follows:

THREE SMALL BOYS (*running from the other side of the street*). "Hi, hi, hi! see that bully balloon!"

RAGGED GIRL (*ironically*). "Mister, give me that 'are soap-bubble."

LITTLE DUTCH BABY (*tottling to his mother's door*). "Marm, come an' see this!"

MIDDLING-SIZED BOY (*hitting at it with a stick*). "Bu'st it! Bu'st it!"

LITTLE GIRL. "See there—he's got that for his little girl!"

And so on, with "*Ohs!*" and "*Ahs!*" innumerable, so that the owner of the balloon reached his own door, at length, amidst a shower of expletives.

A school-teacher in Kansas, not being able—probably—to find words to express his gratitude to the clergyman who married him, presented him with a Webster's unabridged. Not a bad idea!

An irresponsible newspaper states that certain young ladies in the "Maine Law States" still continue to kiss the lips of young temperance men to see if they have been tampering with liquor. It requests its readers to imagine a beautiful young girl approaching the young temperance man, with all the dignity of an executive officer, and the innocence of a dove, with the charge: "Mr. ——, the ladies believe you are in the habit of tampering with liquor, and have appointed me to examine you according to our established rules—are you willing?" An acquiescent nod is given, and she gently steps up close to the supposed culprit, *etc., etc., etc.*

What a life they must lead in Cincinnati, when a resident is compelled to express his feelings thus: "Talk about filters! Just eat a quart of Ohio River-water and stand in the sun for five minutes, and you will find the aforesaid coming out at every pore, beautifully filtered, while your stomach becomes converted into a sand-bag, and you can hear the gravel rattle as you walk."

It is not necessary to go to Chicago to get divorced. A boy and girl in Rhode Island who were married the other day, were, at the demand of the offended parents, separated by tearing up the marriage certificate in their presence by the minister who tied the knot.

A story, after the style of the Arabian Nights, comes from Iowa, and it is said that there are the most perfect proofs to sustain it; the proofs, however, are not forthcoming. But here is the story: A certain "Mr. Brown has a four-year-old colt, which he has heretofore prized very highly." (We should suppose he would prize it *more* highly now.) "In color he is naturally a bright bay. Mr. Brown says that he went to his stable two weeks ago Sunday morning, and there stood a pure white horse." (Why not? Who says Mr. B. has not a stable full of horses?) "He was much astonished when, on examination, he found that the horse was undoubtedly his own colt." (Undoubtedly, it was "just so.") "Mr. Brown proceeded to the house to inform his wife and children, when they all returned to the stable, and there stood a *coal-black* horse, to the astonishment of the family." (Sudden, very.) "Since that time the colt has changed from black to bay, white, and sorrel." And here endeth the story. Any body can see that the colt is unsettled on the subject of reconstruction.

"*Boiled clocks*" gives the impression of a very novel and somewhat unpalatable dish, although we see it recommended in the *Scientific American*. A writer in that journal says that common brass clocks may be cleaned by immersing the works in boiling water. Rough as this treatment may appear, it works well, whenever they stop from an accumulation of dirt or thickening of oil upon the pivots. They should be boiled in pure rain-water, and dried on a warm stove or near the fire. The writer speaks of an eight-day clock which was boiled a year ago, and has behaved perfectly well ever since.

A story is told of a favorite janitor in a neighboring city who was accustomed to have certain matters in charge at various public entertainments. A short time since during a lecture a lady fainted. He was always ready for an emergency of this kind, and had all the necessary restoratives close at hand for use. She was borne into an ante-room, and our friend rushed for his bottle of camphor, and proceeded to rub her face and forehead, applying it to her nose for her to smell of. After a while she revived, and he then became conscious that there was something wrong about the camphor. He smelt of it, and found that all of its virtue had evaporated; he applied his tongue to it, and found, to his dismay, that he had been bathing his patient liberally with mucilage! She was so stuck up by the attention that she had to be sent home in a carriage.

According to report a law has been adopted in the Constitution of Florida which is intended to insure a better class of citizens to the State. It provides that no persons born after the year 1890 shall marry unless they know how to "read, write, and cipher." How far must they "cipher?" To Fractions, or through Cube Root?

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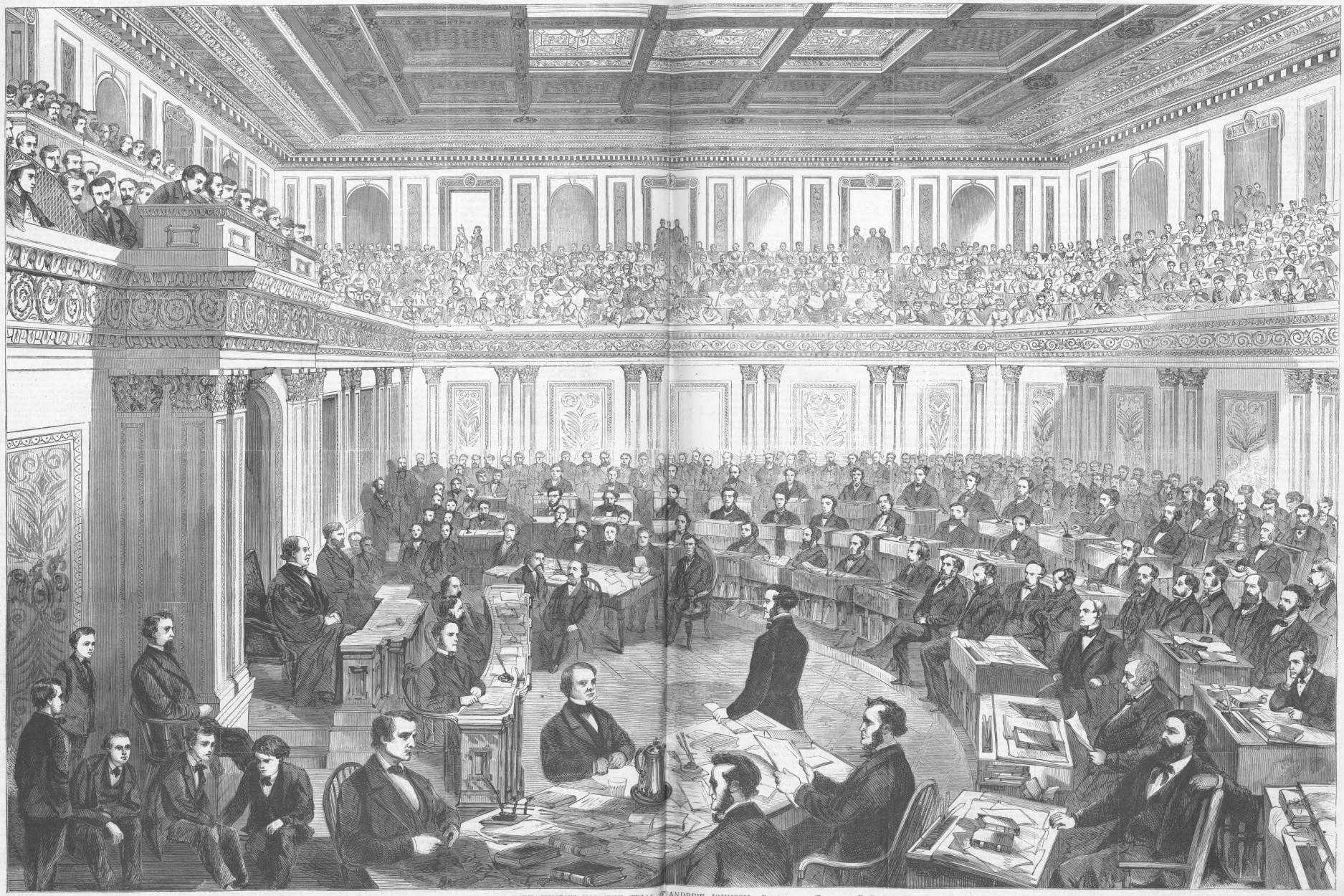

THE SENATE AS A COURT OF IMPEACHMENT FOR THE TRIAL OF ANDREW JOHNSON.—Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.—[See First Page.]

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TWO APRILS.

WHITE as snow were the dog-wood blooms,
The heavens were sweetly blue;
And the air was laden with faint perfumes
From the myriad flowers that grew.

The south wind stirred in the meadow-grass,
And ruffled the lark's brown wing;
And the creamy buds of the sassafras,
Awoke with the breath of Spring.

The linnet broke with his joyous lay
The winter's lengthened hush;
The wide woods rang with the voice of the jay
And the song of the speckled thrush.

Fair and bright was that April day
As I lay in the scented grass,
Waiting for one who would come that way,
For one whom I knew would pass.

Near me there, with a musical flow,
The rivulet wandered down
Over the pebbles that shone below
Yellow and red and brown.

All over the banks the azure eyes
Of the violets glistened blue;
And thick as stars in the jeweled skies
The purple pansies grew.

On through the meadow and over the hill,
By the path that led that way,
On through the meadow and down by the mill,
On that balmy April day,

Came she for whose coming I waited there
In the fragrant meadow-grass—
Lay and waited that morning where
I knew she so soon would pass.

Sweet as a bird's, as she wound along,
Were the bright little maiden's tones,
As, gayly singing a blithesome song,
She crossed on the stepping-stones.

Twin little feet, how dainty their tread;
Bright eyes glancing down;
Dark green satchel, and shawl of red,
Tresses of gold and brown.

Years have gathered the seeds they cast,
And fled like a round of dreams;
Yet that April day far back in the past,
How wondrously near it seems!

Again, as of old, now the south wind blows,
In the self-same spot I lie,
Where the pansy blooms, and the violet grows,
And the rivulet wanders by.

Oh, bright, fresh flowers, do you bloom less fair?
Oh, wind, is your breath more chill
For the sweet young eyes, and the brown gold hair,
And the lips that are hushed and still?

THE SQUIRE'S TEMPER-TRAP.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER IV.

"YOU wished to see me, Sir," said Mr. Rochford Hurbandine, sauntering into his father's study, and flipping off the lighted end of his cheroot as soon as he was within the door.

"I beg, Sir, you will not deny yourself a moment's sensual gratification on *my* account," said the squire, politely. "Permit me to offer you a light."

"Thanks. I've done for the present," replied Mr. Rochford. "Castleton and I are going for a trot in the village, and, not to be vulgar, go in for the universal cla-ay."

"If Mr. Castleton and yourself would infuse a little variety into your afternoon excursions," said the squire, with the same suavity as before, "it would, I think, afford increased gratification to all parties concerned. With beautiful rides in all directions—"

"We prefer the life of the village," said Mr. Rochford, calmly.

"The livers, Sir, are surely beneath the notice of gentlemen of such lofty fashion," remarked Mr. Hurbandine, with some asperity.

"'The proper study of mankind is man,'" said his son.

"And, therefore, not exclusively *woman*, Sir," retorted the squire. "If your visits had reference to our general improvement—the advancement of cottage architecture, the progress of my village schools—I should have nothing but thanks to offer. As it is, I fear that the introduction of the Mayfair element into Llbwyddcoed will resemble that chemical combination which results in a report and a conflagration."

"The young ladies to whose birth, parentage, and general training you are so philanthropically interested seemed gratified with our respectful homage."

"I have no doubt of it," returned his father. "They don't see such a brace of finished puppies every day. Did it strike you, however, that their tolerance of your 'homage,' as you call it, might have been partly owing to their respect for *me?*"

"It assuredly did not, Sir," said Mr. Rochford, frankly.

"You now comprehend my wishes, Sir," said the squire, growing angry. "Your proceedings elsewhere I can not control. Here, at least, I will be master."

Mr. Rochford coughed.

"What do you mean, Sir?" asked his father, sternly.

Mr. Rochford opened his great blue languid eyes to their utmost extent, and looked at his father for a moment, as if striving to comprehend him past any mistake. Then he burst into a low well-bred laugh. "I mean, my dear father, that we could not, in any case, espouse the entire village; nor have I, believe me, the slightest intention of presenting another Sukey Bubbs for your paternal benediction."

"No, Sir, I suspect you of no such sensible purpose," replied the squire, his face darkening. "But may I ask how the Lady Susan Vavasour has merited this polite tribute to her memory?"

"Simply by being born Bubbs," said Mr. Rochford. "A family misfortune, Sir—no more."

"You forget, perhaps, that your great-grandfather was a small farmer?" said Mr. Hurbandine.

"*One* of them was," replied his son. "His maternal colleague was a peer. Speed the plow, Sir, as much as you please, but don't run it over my mother's ancestors."

The incautious words had barely left his lips when the squire, his eyes blazing with rage, sprang from his chair and confronted him so closely that for an instant the young man apprehended violence.

"Insult me to my face, you puppy! you cold-blooded offshoot of a race of effete boobies, with not so much red blood in their whole line as would paint an ace of hearts!" thundered the angry squire. "Leave the room, Sir! Begone! And mark this," he added, sinking his voice to a lower but not less furious tone; "see that I do not give you a second Sukey Bubbs for your *mother!*"

"What say you to a stretch across the hills, Tom?" said young Hurbandine to Mr. Castleton, who was playing at croquet by himself on the lawn.

"In a balloon?" inquired his friend, shading his eyes, and pretending to survey the heights in question with great alarm.

"They have been pronounced accessible," said Rochford. "At least, my aunt, Lady Clamborough, scaled one of the loftier peaks last year in her Bath chair, attended only by her fat lap-dog and one devoted page, and actually returned to dinner! But she was a remarkably plucky person at eighty; and if you really think—"

"Say no more. I share the peril and the glory," said Mr. Castleton, flinging away his mallet.

"Still, if you have any thing to do in the village—"

"But I haven't. On my *word*, now, I haven't," said the Honorable Tom, promptly. "To-day I'm in a mountain mood. Away!"

That Mr. Castleton's mood inclined to the mountain rather than the plain might have been partly due to the fact that he had in his pocket at that moment a letter, conveying in distinct, not to say emphatic, terms an invitation to a fistic encounter with a gentleman named Cornelius Podgerbot, whose feelings had been enraged by his—the Honorable Tom's—bearing in reference to one "Ally Davis of the mill." For, though far from being deficient in courage, Mr. Castleton's soul revolted at the idea of actual personal conflict, and the prospect of a possible defeat at the hands of the burly clown was intolerable.

Lighting their pipes at the lodge, and sending back word from thence that they might not return to dinner, the two gentlemen accordingly set forth.

It was late when they returned, for the ascent *had* proved practicable, and there was even a very comfortable inn—the Welsh Harp—at the top, at which the enterprising travelers obtained a dinner that would not have discredited Francatelli, accompanied by an appetite that not even *he* could provide. It was still daylight, however, when, on nearing the lodge, they met Gerald Hurbandine striding hastily along.

"Anxious about us?" asked Mr. Castleton, with feeling. "Really, my dear Hurbandine, this is too—too much." (He wiped his eyes with the cuff of his coat.) "Touching anecdote of an elder brother!"

Gerald laughed, but seemed disposed to continue his way.

"I shall be back in half an hour," said he.

His brother took him aside.

"Is all right? Where's the governor?"

"About the grounds, I think. *Why?*" asked Gerald.

"Sweet?"

"As sugar. Again, why?"

"He does not suspect *you*, Gerald, I know where you are going. Take my advice," said the young man, earnestly—"don't."

"I must and will," replied Gerald, his forehead flushing. "She is alone to-night—alone at the farm. I have not had such a chance these six months."

"Rude to whisper in company," said Mr. Castleton. "I think I shall leave you. I also think I felt a drop alight on my nose."

"It *does* rain," said Rochford. "Come, Gerald. Well, if you *will*," he added, as the other turned away, "take my over-coat. I don't like the sky." And he flung him that garment (of a light fawn-color) which he was carrying on his arm.

"Thanks, old fellow." And Gerald, throwing it over his shoulders, hastened away.

CHAPTER V.

IT was a fact, howsoever Gerald arrived at the knowledge of it, that "my lady" Katy was alone that evening at the little farm-house, the usual week-day garrison, an old woman and two stout boys, having gone to a neighboring fair. But they would, of course, return before night, when Katy would, in all probability, trip across the fields to the town mansion in Llbwyddcoed.

As young Hurbandine hurried along he debated whether he would abide this chance or boldly attack the cottage. In the former case Katy might not be alone; in the latter she certainly would be; and that which Gerald had resolved upon demanded both time and secrecy. A side door, standing ajar, decided him; but, though conscious of an ally within, a whisper in Katy's heart that stood his friend, a tremor unusual with him—arising, perhaps, from the consciousness of taking an unfair advantage—checked him, as he raised his hand to knock. After a moment's irresolution he pushed the door a little wider open. Katy was before him.

Her back was toward the door, and, intent on her occupation, she was as yet unconscious of any beholder. The queen of beauty of Llbwyddcoed was not attired in satin and gold. She was neither working tapestry nor playing the lute. Her dress was a very full, short petticoat of some gray stuff, disclosing, as the wearer bent over her work, a beauty and amount of limb rarely vouchsafed to the gaze of mortal man; for Katy's heart was not purer than her taste, and, fair as she seemed, her ordinary attire rather disguised than augmented her loveliness. She had thrown off, for the moment's exigence, her upper dress, and pearly shoulders and rounded arms were having it all their own way, in a manner so entrancing that it was no wonder Gerald stood rooted to the ground like the bold hunter who surprised Diana.

The bewitching creature was doing something with a tub, but whether with milk or meal—inasmuch as her arms emerged from the white contents hardly whiter than before—it would have been impossible to say.

"Katy!"

The girl sprang round as if a shot had struck her. The next instant the color rushed into her face. She snatched her scarlet cloak from a clothes-horse that stood near, and wrapping it hastily round her neck and bosom, confronted her visitor with an air that had in it certainly more of anger than of love.

"It seems you knew that I was left *alone!*" she said, in a voice of unmistakable resentment.

Gerald pointed to the open door.

"That is part of my excuse. For the rest time is precious. I have that to say—"

"You will leave the house without another word," said Katy. "*Then*, I am not sure that I should be justified in listening to your excuses—even from the upper window."

"Consider my excuses made," said the young man; "and, for pity's sake, hear—"

"Not where you stand," returned the imperious young lady, as, with an air a duchess might have envied, she pointed to the door.

Policy, as well as good taste, suggested obedience, and Gerald, retreating, closed the door and walked round the angle of the cottage into the little garden. As if to reward this docility, Katy presently opened the lower window—almost within arm's-length. The brief interval had sufficed her nimble fingers to arrange her dress in its usual form, and when Katy appeared in the window her face was calm and rather pale. There was, moreover, a look of resolution in the lucid blue eyes she bent upon her lover which he did not at first understand.

"My lady," however, partook her father's taste for coming to the point; and, taking advantage of Gerald's momentary perplexity, did so now.

"You did wrong in coming hither, Mr. Hurbandine," she began.

"My name is Gerald, Katy," put in Gerald, softly.

"And mine Taffey," said Katy. "It is no matter; you did wrong, as I said, in coming—but, strange to say, I wished to see you, and—"

"Strange!"

"Your imprudence and selfishness have done me harm—much harm and wrong," continued the girl, her tears rising. "I have warned—reproached—entreated, in vain. Now, I have to tell you, you will never—"

"Stop. Will you not listen?" pleaded Gerald.

"Certainly, if *you* will," said Katy, with a sad little smile. "*My* speech first—it may shorten the discussion. My mother has spoken to me, and does not, I am afraid, quite believe that I have done all in my power to check this—what shall I call it?—this habit, this fancy of yours for singling me out, among the other village girls, for the high favor of your notice."

"Not so, Katy. I have ever been most guarded—"

"In the presence of your father. Yes," said Katy. "To do you justice, nothing, on those occasions, could be stonier—more becoming, that is—than your demeanor. Your brother is more daring. He smiles!"

"He did so for my sake—and yours," added Gerald, hastily.

"To distract papa's attention from the really naughty boy," said Katy, with a curl of the lip, which, nevertheless, quivered in the act. "It is very kind of Mr. Rochford. Indeed, you are both very kind—very thoughtful—for yourselves. On *my* account, at least, Mr. Hurbandine, you shall have no more trouble. Let this little amusement end. It has served its turn, and London must be pining for your reappearance. Henceforth I am the blacksmith's daughter; you the squire's son. And if I am entitled to any wages for my part in the pretty little play, let it be *this*"—and the girl drew herself up with unconscious dignity—"that neither yourself nor your brother presume to address me again. Do not, Mr. Hurbandine, do me the wrong of believing this coquetry or caprice. These arts are for high-bred ladies in London. Here we show what we feel, and mean what we say. Our acquaintance is ended. Now— Who is that?" she added, with a look of unmistakable alarm.

"Who? What? Where?" exclaimed Gerald.

"I thought some one stood in the shrubbery-path, and moved away when I cried out!" said Katy: "I—I am not quite myself. Perhaps it was my fancy," she added. "Now, go."

"Now for my speech," was Gerald's reply, as he moved a step nearer to the window. "I, too, have made my resolutions. I have been dreaming, but I awoke to-day; and to what conviction, what reality? Even this, my darling, that the whole tribe of Veres and Vavasours, from the remotest patriarch down to my humble self, are not to be weighed against one blacksmith's daughter, nay, not against her smallest finger or one lock of her silken hair!" He stopped for an instant. "Katy, will you marry me? Love, will you be my *wife?*"

The girl, white with emotion, pressed her hands to her bosom.

"Mr. Gerald!" she gasped.

"Say Gerald, and I am answered," pleaded the lover.

"But—your father—?"

"Leave that to me. All will be well. Speak, dear—your answer?"

"You are foolish, and I am wrong," said Katy, after a moment's struggle; "but—but—I love you, dear," and she burst into a passion of tears.

CHAPTER VI.

IT was a few minutes before the satisfactory termination of the quarrel just described, that the worthy squire, while pausing in his evening stroll to prune a tree, was, to his great astonishment, cannoned against by a young man, who, with his dress disordered, and a face inflamed with heat and passion, came dashing through the trees as if regardless of all obstructions.

"Hallo, Tom Fullafield! what game's this?" shouted the squire, recovering his equilibrium.

"It's a providence—squire—findin' you here," gasped the young farmer. "Go you on to the corner, *that's* leading to Taffey's farm—and—and you'll see."

"See! See what, man? Rick on fire?"

"Worse, you'll say," returned young Fullafield, with a sullen fierceness that provoked the impatient squire into grasping him by the collar.

"What d'ye mean, you blockhead?" he thundered. "Have you lost both brains and tongue?"

"There's your son a-kissin Taffey's daughter, that's all," returned Thomas, choking with excitement and insensate rage.

"My son? Which?"

"Mr. Rochford—curse him!" added Tom, in a lower voice.

The squire's eye flashed, but he displayed no outward anger.

"Get home, Fullafield," he said; "compose yourself, and say nothing."

He turned and strode away.

"The boy defies me, then? He shall repent it! Aye, to the next generation!" he muttered, furiously.

At the turn of the road the little farm-house indeed came into view. It was now dark, but forms were clearly distinguishable, and it so chanced that at the moment the squire obtained a view of what was going forward, Gerald was being permitted to take (through the window) a parting embrace of her whom he now regarded as his affianced wife. The brothers were much alike in build and stature. The squire's eye caught the familiar light-brown over-coat usually worn by Rochford, and not a doubt that it was his younger son entered his mind. He ground his teeth together, and his face grew white as he vowed in his mind to execute a certain resolution to which he had been striving to come. He turned and hurried homeward.

Suddenly a suspicion occurred to him.

"Can the boy be in earnest? Is it possible that, in spite of his disdainful denial, he is willing to make that pretty girl his wife? I will test him, at least," thought the squire. "Youth is changeable. Yes, that's but fair."

Rochford, on returning, as he said, from the stables, was informed that he was again required in the library.

"Rochford," said the squire, "I spoke hotly to you this morning, but I think you will acknowledge that I have not been, on the whole, an arbitrary, tyrannical, or even an irritable parent."

His son—not without a shade of compunction for his own shortcomings—admitted that such was the fact.

"You will have less hesitation, then," resumed the squire, "in owning the exact truth, although it may not be in strict accordance with what you have already given me to understand."

"As yet I do not comprehend your meaning, Sir," said Rochford.

"You told me this morning that nothing should induce you to present 'another Sukey Bubbs' for my paternal blessing. By that sarcasm you meant, I presume, that you would not condescend to marry beneath your station?"

"You are right, Sir. That was my meaning," replied the young man, steadily.

"Take care, Rochford; you can not have forgotten our conversation of the morning, nor my strongly-expressed desire that you should henceforth refrain from your harmful intercourse with my cottage tenantry. Now, take care," said the squire, biting his lip ominously.

"I have neither forgotten your commands nor the emphasis with which they were delivered," replied his son, whose inclination to retort too frequently overcame him.

"Then what do you mean by your conduct since?" thundered the squire.

"Since when? Restrain yourself, Sir, if you *can*," said the young man, haughtily; "and suffer me to understand of what I am accused. I have done nothing contrary to your commands."

"That is a falsehood, Sir!"

Rochford started to his feet.

"A falsehood!"

"Am I not to believe my own eyes and ears?" shouted the squire, his passion increasing every moment. "You have disobeyed me. Now you would deceive me. Is *this* the honor of the Veres and Vavasours, of which you are so tender? There is not a lout on my land that does not better understand the word. You shall repent this. Yes, before you are a day older you shall bitterly regret your defiance of me. Have you

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any thing to say?" he added, as his son turned to leave the room.

"Not one word, Sir," said the young man, proudly, and the squire was alone.

The morning that succeeded this interview was bright and fresh, tempting more than one habitually early bird to be astir earlier still. Among these were Messrs. Taffey and Apreece, who lingered for a moment at the forge-door in conversation.

"That's most as passed," Mr. Taffey was remarking; "and I am glad it wan't more. He's a good heart and a wile temper—that's how *I* reads him. And if he'd make up his mind to marry any one as 'ood *ketch* that wile temper, an' let it fly out o' the winder, as my lady did as is gone, there'd be no better man. Hullo! Talk of the—Hem! here's the squire himself."

It was indeed Mr. Hurbandine who came trotting briskly down the street, and reined up at the forge.

"A word with you alone, Taffey."

The smith beckoned one of his swarthy followers to take the squire's horse, and they walked a little apart.

"Taffey," said Mr. Hurbandine, laying his hand on the smith's sleeve, "I have made up my mind to marry again."

The honest smith could not forbear a start, so aptly did the remark succeed to his late conversation with Apreece. But why come to *him?* Did the squire think that he could forge him a wife to order? His doubts were instantly resolved.

"You have a daughter, my old friend," continued the squire, "fair, modest, sweet, intelligent. She is worthy of any station. *She* is seventeen; *I* am forty-seven. If she were willing to sacrifice her bright youth to partake the lot of such a patriarch as I must appear to her, give her me to wife. Be sure that I will deal with your precious flower as tenderly, with affection as observant and as confiding, as any lowlier lover whom I may have balked of the prize. What say you?"

Mr. Taffey was far too much bewildered to say any thing. He could only stare at the eager speaker, shift from one leg to the other, take off his cap and put it on again, and wish for his wife.

As if the squire had divined this thought, he proposed an instant reference to that lady. To the cottage they went. Fate willed that Mrs. Taffey should be "out and about." So vague an indication of her whereabouts was too much for the impatient squire, and Katy being in her apartment, Mr. Taffey was prevailed on, much against his inclination, to undertake the office of plenipotentiary, and lay before his daughter the singular proposal, in which he himself could hardly yet believe.

"They did say as she should marry a lord," thought Mr. Taffey as he went out, scratching his head; "and a squire's next door to'n."

He was absent so long that the squire, finding the suspense intolerable, was about to disturb the conference, when the embassador returned, somewhat flushed and out of sorts.

"She won't ha' nothing to say to 't till she have seen *yon*, squire," was the announcement.

"Devilish right of her," said the honest squire; "I like her the better for it."

"She've something on her mind, which you won't like so well, I do fear," remarked Mr. Taffey, doubtfully. "Here she is."

Katy entered, as he spoke, deadly pale, eyes a little red. She wore the dress of homely gray, in which she was wont to go about her cottage-work; but the richest, the most studied attire could have added nothing to the grace and dignity of the girl's manner as she courtesied, with a sort of lofty respect, to the lord of Llbwyddcoed. The latter, on his part, thought that he had never seen her to such advantage; for, in addition to the beauty with which he was familiar, there was in her countenance an expression of intense feeling that gave to every lineament life and speech.

"Katy—" began the squire. But she stopped him.

"Please, Mr. Hurbandine, before you say one word more, permit me to ask a question."

"Twenty, my dear," said the squire.

"Did you see your son last night?"

"I did."

"Did you speak of—of *me?*"

"Of nothing else," replied the squire.

"I must have misunderstood my father, then," said Katy, the color rising in her cheeks.

"And why so, my dear child?" asked the puzzled squire.

"Because," returned Katy, fixing her clear eyes steadily on him—"because your son, if he told you *any thing*, must have told you that *he* had asked me to become his wife, and that I had consented."

"Merciful Heaven, child! what are you saying?" ejaculated Mr. Hurbandine, in his turn growing pale. "My son asked you to be his *wife?*" Katy mistook his meaning.

"If you have not combined to insult me," she said, haughtily, "and if I understood your message, it was an honor his father did not disdain."

"*My* proposal was in earnest, my poor child," said the squire, divided between anger and sorrow.

"And *his?*" half whispered the girl.

"A lie!" shouted the squire. "A villainous deceit!—the common pretext of a libertine, whose other arts have failed. Alas! that I should live to say it of my son! Child, child! he had no thought of marriage. I gave him the opportunity of breaking it to me. I spoke with leniency—nay, with approbation—of a similar union once contracted in my family. He sneered it down. No, he is a rascal—the first, thank Heaven, in my line. There is no taint upon the honor of *my* ancestors; and the Veres and Vavasours, if boobies, are not blackguards. Forget him, my poor Katy."

The cottage-girl took him up unexpectedly. Making one step toward him, she looked him once more steadily in the face.

"Your son informed you, last night, that he had no intention of making me his wife?"

"He distinctly repeated a declaration he had made to me in the morning, that nothing should induce him to marry beneath his station—my consent (I conclude) notwithstanding."

"Fresh from my presence!" murmured Katy.

"Even so," said the squire, sadly.

"Mr. Hurbandine," resumed the girl, raising her eyes suddenly, with a light in them he had not seen before, "if I could believe this insult possible—"

"Katy! you doubt my word! But go on. *If*—"

"I would say, Do with me as you please," said Katy, turning her crimson face from the squire to her father, which latter gentleman had been a silent, not to say bewildered, spectator of this scene.

"What further proof do you require, Katy?" inquired Mr. Hurbandine. "Would you hear from his own lips the confirmation of what I have told you?"

"Then, indeed, I could not doubt," said Katy. "But oh! Sir, if you had heard him!" The proud head drooped forward to conceal the tear that would not be denied.

"Then, so you shall!" exclaimed the squire. "But, see, Katy. In your father's presence, I hold you to your pledge. If my son rejects the treasure of your wifely love, it is mine, mine!—and he that dared insult your innocence with his profligate vows shall see you seated where his mother sat, the mistress of Llbwyddcoed. Taffey, my good friend, you are witness of our compact. This very morning must decide all. Explain every thing to your good wife; bid her soothe and guard my precious Kate, and come up with her—you also, my old friend—to the hall about noon. Leave the rest to me."

He was gone.

CHAPTER VII.

THE noonday sun was casting rich gleams through the stained-glass windows of the squire's library, and directing a particularly bright one upon the face of Lady Susan Vavasour (born Bubbs), at whom Mr. Hurbandine stood gazing with an interest even more than common.

"I hate eavesdropping," said the squire, leaving the picture, and beginning to pace the room. "It's a shabby thing at best; but in this case—at least, in my humble judgment—'tis the best and shortest way. Half a dozen words, and there an end! Whereas we may go on fending and fencing, and proving and doubting, for a week without it. Yes, better so," concluded the honest squire, as, with a slightly heightened color, he took a large light screen that leaned against the wall, and, opening it, drew it across the room in such a manner as to conceal a door that opened upon a side staircase.

At that door he listened for a moment.

"They are coming!"

The next moment Mr. and Mrs. Taffey, with Katy, made their appearance under the guidance of a trusty old servant of the squire's, who withdrew.

The two elder visitors spoke in whispers, and walked on tip-toe, like a pair of respectable married burglars. Mr. Taffey had with difficulty been prevailed upon not to leave his boots at the foot of the stairs. Katy followed, with a face and air outwardly calm and composed enough, but a deadly pallor succeeded to the blush with which she had acknowledged the squire's greeting, and she found herself compelled to accept one of the chairs he had hastily placed for her mother and herself. There she forced herself to sit, with a cold judicial air, waiting for her doom.

The squire had hardly seated himself in his accustomed place when Rochford, summoned by the old servant, made his appearance.

"Sit down, Rochford," said his father, in a conciliatory tone. "Our last two interviews have not had results as satisfactory as I could desire."

"The third time is proverbially lucky, Sir," said the young man, smiling. "I am here to know your pleasure."

"My pleasure is your happiness," returned the squire. "Make me your friend, Roch. Have no mental reservation with me in regard to what I am about to say. Will you promise?"

"I do, Sir," said the young man, after a moment's pause.

"Enough. What are your feelings—what your object—with respect to Katy Taffey?"

There was a slight movement behind the screen, but neither gentleman observed it.

Rochford had hesitated for an instant, then he said: "Will you, in your turn, promise me, my dear father, if my answer does not please you, to restrain your anger?"

"I will, Roch. On my honor, by your mother's memory," said the squire, with feeling, "I will."

"Then, Sir," said Rochford, rising, "I repeat my twice-made declaration. I do not love the girl; and if I did, such are the prejudices I was born with, that I would not marry her."

"You are a greater scoundrel than I took you for!" said the squire, in a distinct but perfectly controlled voice. "No heroics, if you please," he added; for Rochdale had sprung from his chair as if his father had dealt him a blow. "Leave me, and blame yourself for what may follow."

Rochdale looked silently at his father, and quitted the room.

The squire flung the screen aside.

But the girl, with a gesture almost of alarm, motioned him from her. She strove to utter some words, but failed, and fell helplessly into her mother's arms.

"What—what is this? Is she not content yet?" asked the perplexed squire. "Can tongue speak plainer? Tell me, Taffey, what can I do more?"

The smith passed his hand through his iron-gray locks.

"Well, squire—begging pardon," he said, "you knows I'm a houtspoken man, and, since you puts it to us wot you mought do, my missis thinks, and so do I, and we've been all a-thinking—on'y we didn't like for to be troublesome—that you'd better try the screen again, and just see what t'other 'll say!"

"Tother!" ejaculated the squire.

There was no time for further explanation, nor any need to replace the screen. Gerald, resolved to confess all to his father, entered the study at that moment for that very purpose.

Words were superfluous *then*. The eyes, the cheeks, of the young lovers told every thing—every thing that was essential to the squire's enlightenment. It was left for after-explanation how the incidental borrowing of a light-brown paletot, by a gentleman who generally sported a dark one, had led to such serious complications and important discoveries.

The squire, frank and generous as he was quick and impulsive, accepted a solution far more apt and seemly than that he had, for a brief space, had in contemplation, and heartily lent himself to the fulfillment of his own prophecy. There *was* a marriage at Llbwyddcoed; and, if it was not a merry one, we, who were among the bidden, know not what mirth means. Patrician and plebeian guests united on this occasion in such harmony, and with such a community of good-breeding, that it was almost impossible to say which was which. It was, however, noticeable that neither my Lord Leatherhead nor the Honorable Mr. Castleton was present.

Mr. Rochdale, though gay and condescending at the festivity, had not, at that period, wholly forgiven his brother's choice. It was remarked that he never again wore that fawn-colored paletot which had indirectly contributed to the wooing of Katy, and shortly after presented it to his valet. It is to be presumed, however, that he has got over the prejudices he was "born with," being now engaged to a very amiable girl, the only daughter and heiress of David Black Dymond, Esq., the well-known millionaire, who commenced his useful and prosperous career as a common miner at half-a-crown a day.

Some words caught our ear, as we wandered through the marriage throng, spoken by two gentlemen in very holiday garments, who were half concealed by a column in the hall. They were Mr. Apreece and Mr. Taffey.

"Nunc est bibendum," remarked the former, and there was a clinking of glasses, as in good fellowship.

"Werry much so," returned Mr. Taffey, "if by bend 'em means 'be civil.' If all great folks, like squire, would bend 'em a little more, 'twould be better going for all."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A HANDSOME young bride was observed to be in deep reflection on her wedding-day. One of her bridemaids asked her the subject of her meditation. "I was thinking," she replied, "which of my old beaux I should marry if I should become a widow."

A CHARITY SERMON—One illustrated with plates.

A Yankee has invented a new and cheap plan for boarding. One of his lodgers mesmerizes the rest, and then eats a hearty meal—the mesmerized being satisfied from sympathy.

A king possessed a fabulist who greatly amused him. Once when the fabulist was in bed the king bade him rise and tell him a story. The fabulist, half dead for want of sleep, did his best to evade compliance, but he was compelled to obey. He accordingly commenced thus:

"Sire, there was once upon a time a man who had a hundred golden sous; and with this money he was anxious to purchase some sheep, and each sheep cost six *deniers;* and he bought two hundred; and he returned to the village with his two hundred sheep; and he chased them before him. But on returning he discovered that the river was swollen, for it had rained a great deal, and the water had overspread the country, and there was no bridge, and he didn't know how to pass across with his sheep. After searching about for a little time he discovered a boat; but this boat was so little, so very little, that he could only pass two sheep at a time." And here the fabulist paused.

"Well," exclaimed the king, "when these two were passed, what then did he do?"

"Sire, you know that the river was large, that the boat was very small, and that there were two hundred sheep. They require time to get across. Let us sleep until they have all passed over.—To-morrow I will tell you the remainder."

A theoretically benevolent man, on being asked by a friend to lend him a dollar, answered briskly, "With pleasure," but suddenly added, "dear me, how unfortunate!—I've only one lending dollar, and that is out."

"SOMEWHAT MIXED."

Scene in a London Court-Room.

PLAINTIFF. "I am very much ill-used by a woman who is my husband's wife, and a man who is another woman's husband."

MAGISTRATE. "I don't clearly understand you."

PLAINTIFF. "Don't you? Well, I am my husband's wife, and he's got another wife. I want to take proceedings against my husband and his wife. They lead me a rare life, particularly my husband's other wife."

MAGISTRATE. "He can't have another wife."

PLAINTIFF. "But he has got her, and I paid for it."

MAGISTRATE. "You mean to say that your husband has committed bigamy?"

PLAINTIFF. "That I do; and I paid for it."

MAGISTRATE. "You paid for it?"

PLAINTIFF. "I've got it here (producing a certificate). I paid 2*s.* 7*d.* for it to the parson's wife at Hammersmith."

Some Californian started the following: "A noted trout-fisher died in Alameda County, not long ago. Fishing was the one idea of his existence. His last words were characteristic. 'I say, Brown, I'm going to "peg out," sure. I've flirted my last fish; but bury my tackle with me—who knows but they bite in Jordan?'"

The following quaint epitaph on husband and wife is to be seen in one of the Parisian cemeteries:

"I am anxiously expecting you.—A.D. 1821."
"Here I am.—A.D. 1867."

So the good woman was forty years making up her mind to follow her husband.

"AW! how duth you like my mustache, Miss Laura?" lisped a dandy to a merry girl. "Oh, very much. It looks like the fur on the back of a caterpillar."

"Why are old maids so devoted to their cats?" asked a young coxcomb of an elderly lady. "Because, having no husbands, they take to the *next most treacherous animals*," was the reply.

WOMAN'S WORD-BOOK.

Abandon, to.—A term synonymous with "jilt." Used by the jilters. "The fact is, my dear, I was obliged to abandon him."

Abominable.—The conduct of a man who has flirted without coming to the point—used by mammas.

Absurd.—Every argument which does not entirely coincide with a woman's wishes.

Abuse.—Any serious remark inculcating a reprimand.

Abusive.—Admits of different definitions according to the station of the person employing it. A cook is abusive who informs her mistress she is a stingy old cat, and ought to be ashamed of calling herself a lady. But the cook says her mistress is abusive when she replies, "It is very sad to hear you speak in such a manner, and you must leave my house at once."

Accent.—Remarked by women immediately in all foreigners' English, except in that spoken by Mr. Fechter.

Accept, to.—The act of striking, when the gudgeon is hooked.

Accompaniment.—Some one to turn over her music when she sings herself. A means of revenge when she accompanies one of her own sex.

Accomplishments.—The finishing touches to the picture before it goes for sale to the exhibition.

Account-book.—Something to be seen at the Museum. Quite out of date.

Accuracy.—Unknown.

Ache.—Headache. Another word for ill-humor, one of woman's arms of offense. Toothache—a trap for flattery; generally complained of by possessors of superb ivories. Heartache—Another word for jealousy.

Act, to.—What every woman does off the stage, and what so few can do on.

Actor (of repute).—Handsome, charming, delightful.

Actress.—A creature.

Admiration.—Cash paid into a bank which does its utmost to prevent circulation.

Admirer.—All mankind in the eyes of mamma.

Adoration.—The only attraction which makes a woman wish to be a saint.

A young lady at school, engaged in the study of grammar, was asked if "kiss" was a common or proper noun. After some hesitation she replied, "It is both common and proper."

"Och!" says Paddy, "I'll never be able to put on these boots till I've worn them a week or two."

BACHELOR AT BREAKFAST. "Dear me, Susan, that's a very small egg."

SUSAN. "Yes, Sir, it is—but it was only laid this morning, Sir."

WHAT VOTE THE MANAGER OF A THEATRE ALWAYS HAS—The "Casting" Vote

A CONSIDERABLE DIFFERENCE.

First Democratic Delegate.—"MR. CHASE, WE WANT YOU TO BE OUR LEADER IN THIS CONTEST."

Mr. C.—"AH! WELL, IS IT A 'LEADER' OR A FOLLOWER YOU WANT?"

Second Democratic Delegate.—"I GUESS WE'D BETTER TRY SOMEBODY ELSE." [*Exeunt D. D.'s.*

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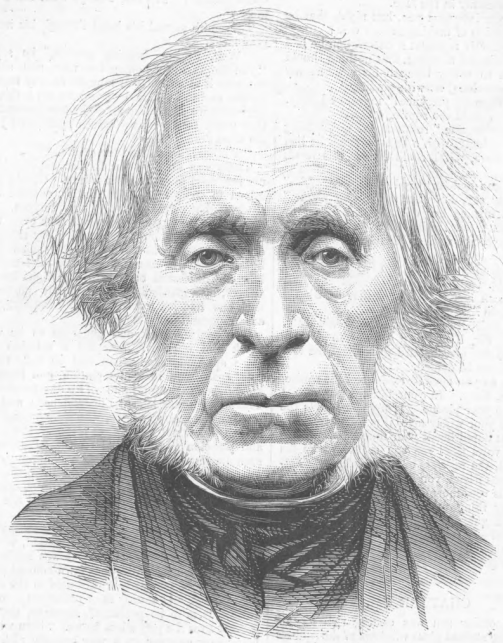
DISRAELI ADDRESSING THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE first appearance of Mr. DISRAELI in his new character as Premier of England took place in the House of Commons on March 5, and for a time the event was talked of as the sensation of the day. The English newspaper descriptions of the scene were very elaborate and spicy and entertaining. The London *News* has the following account of Mr. DISRAELI's appearance and manner on the occasion referred to:

"Certainly the audience which assembled to witness the re-entry of Mr. DISRAELI in his new character of Prime Minister ought to have satisfied him. Of course, as on all occasions when expectation beats high for the advent of a particular event, a number of small matters which ordinarily do not present themselves intervened. There was a good deal of private business, there was an accumulation of petitions; and it thus happened that the hero of the moment came on with a certain inopportuneness, in the midst of a speech to which people were trying to listen with very little success. To say truth, Mr. DISRAELI did not look very heroic. He appeared to ape a degree of humility; his shoulders were more bent forward, his eyes more downcast, than ever; and one might have thought that for the moment he wished that he was a Japanese, and had a fan to place before his face. There was good, but not tumultuous, cheering; and the Opposition decidedly joined in it so long as it lasted, which was not very long. Again, a number of twaddling notices of motions and questions tried the patience of the assemblage, which was waiting for the oracle to pronounce. When he did speak, it was in that vein which is not his happiest, and which may be described as an effort to show deep emotion, when in reality there is very little, if any, using the word in its ordinary sense. Except that he professed a 'liberal, a truly liberal, policy,' at which, of course, every one laughed, he said very little, though he spoke in reality for the best part of half an hour. On the whole, the merit may be given him of having 'borne his faculties meekly,' and that he was particularly civil and deferential to the House."



THE LATE SIR DAVID BREWSTER.

THE LATE SIR DAVID BREWSTER.

ON February 10, at the ripe age of eighty-six, there passed away one of the greatest philosophers of our age. Science and religion are by no means antagonistic. The poet tells us that "an undevout astronomer is mad;" and we may be sure that that is a false science which leads men to reject religious teaching. That science is only true and valuable which leads us more and more to cultivate love and faith in God; and the highest praise we can give a philosopher is, that while these wise men and *savans* have discovered that the teachings of science are irreconcilable with a belief in the Bible, he can perceive the harmony between that and God's outward world, where "day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge;" and this praise was due to Sir DAVID BREWSTER in an eminent degree.

He was born at Jedburgh, December 11, 1781. He was educated for the Church of Scotland; but in time his inclination for scientific pursuits led him to other branches of study. In 1800 he received the honorary degree of M.A. from the University of Edinburgh. In 1807 he obtained the distinction of LL.D. from the sister institution at Aberdeen; and in 1808 was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. Meanwhile his important discoveries in optics had made his name so famous in literature that he was elected editor of the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*—an onerous post, the duties of which he discharged for two-and-twenty years. In 1831 he laid the scientific world under still further obligations by becoming one of the founders of the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

As a writer and author Sir DAVID was most laborious and successful. In a short paper, such as this necessarily must be, and to non-scientific readers, we presume it is utterly impossible to tell what Sir DAVID has done, and what are his claims on our admiration and regard, either as a discoverer of new truth, or as a popular interpreter of the great laws of the natural world around. Most of us must take Sir DAVID's merits upon trust. That he was one of the

DISRAELI MAKING HIS FIRST SPEECH AS PREMIER IN THE ENGLISH HOUSE OF COMMONS, MARCH 5, 1868.

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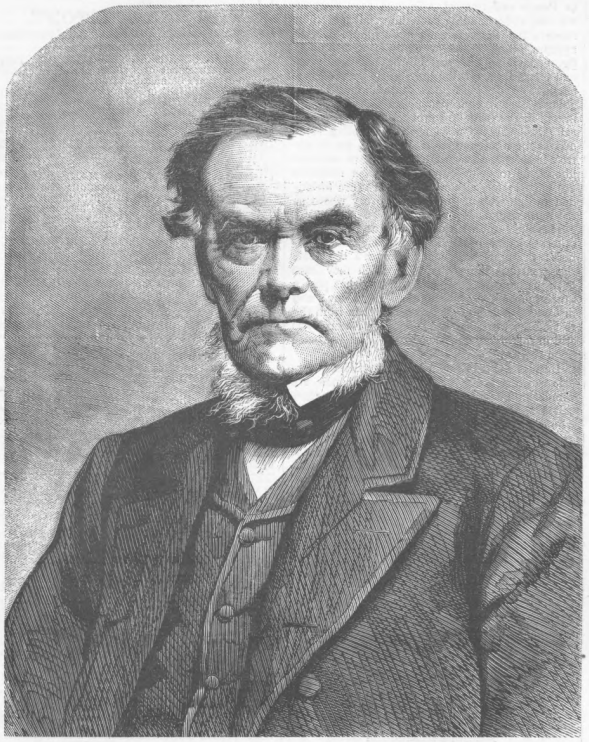
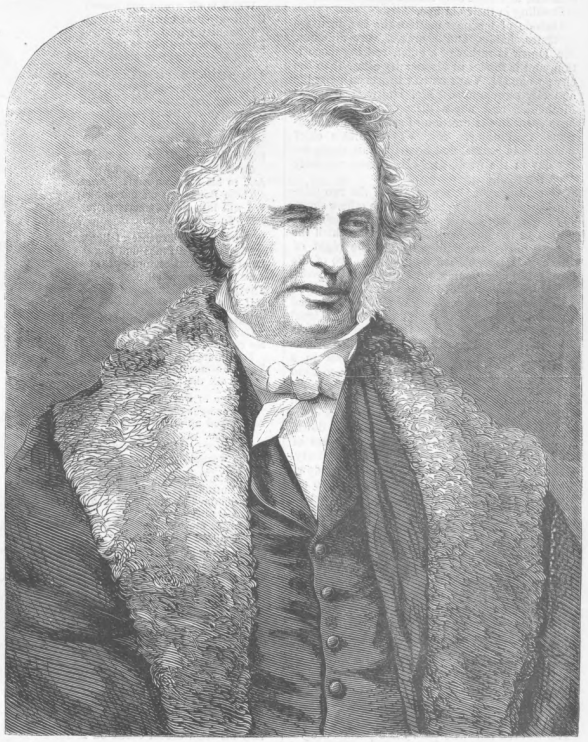


DANIEL DREW, TREASURER OF THE ERIE RAILROAD.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY, N. Y.]

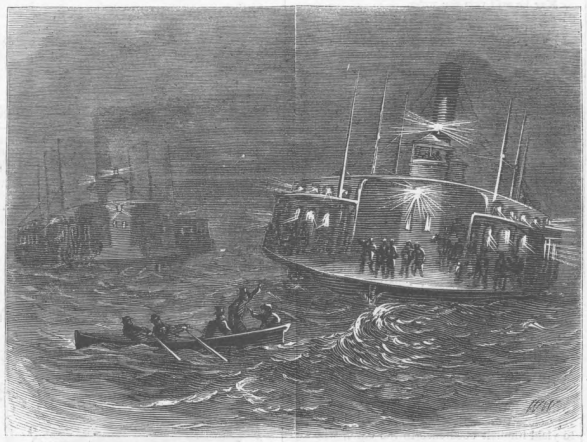


CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, PRESIDENT OF THE CENTRAL RAILROAD.—[PHOT. BY BRADY.]

greatest natural philosophers of the day is the universal testimony of the best judges in our own and other lands.

Optics, as we have already implied, was the field in which Sir DAVID has chiefly labored. Perhaps no branch of research has presented such startling results as spectrum analysis. WOLLASTON, in 1808, discovered that the solar spectrum was traversed by innumerable dark lines. Twelve years later their number was estimated at 600. Subsequently they were discovered by Sir DAVID to be 2000; and now "we are beginning to apprehend the startling truth," says a recent scientific writer, "that this method of analysis presents a means of examining the nature and constitution of bodies millions of miles distant, and of ascertaining that many of the metals which form our earth are present also in the solar system." When, by the aid of the solar spectrum, Sir DAVID analyzed light into three primary colors, he rendered a service which will make his name ever memorable, even though subsequent research may render his discoveries antiquated, as he did those of Sir ISAAC NEWTON before him.

On Sir DAVID honors of all kinds have been widely showered. There is scarcely a learned society on the Continent or in America which has not hastened to honor itself in honoring a man who has done so much to enlarge the domains of science, to promote the knowledge of it among the masses, and to render it beneficial to humanity. Sir DAVID was twice married—once to a daughter of the "Ossian" MACPHERSON.

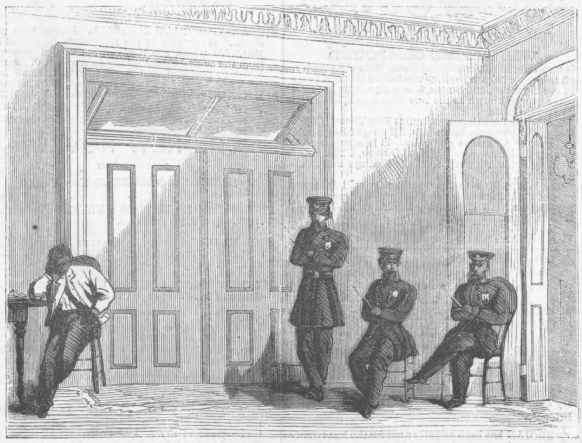


MESSRS. FISK AND GOULD ESCAPING TO NEW JERSEY.—[SKETCHED BY W. WAUD.]

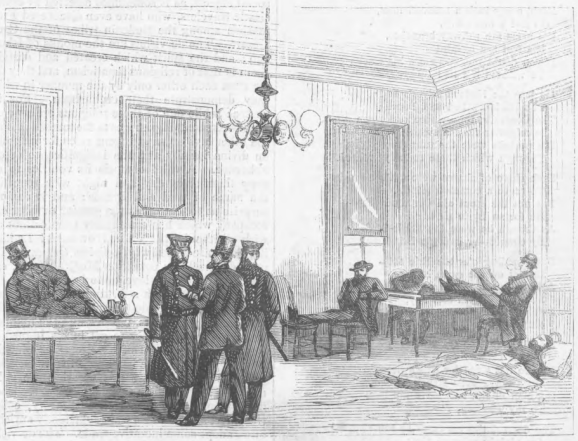
THE GREAT RAILROAD WAR.

THERE is no more singular chapter in all the varied romance of Wall Street than the facts in the remarkable contest now going on between the rival New York Central and the New York and Erie Railroads to secure the business of carrying the immense quantities of freight which comes from the West to New York by these two routes. The wealth and importance of the contesting roads; the prominence of the two men who control them and who direct this war; the singularity, not to say the illegality, of the judicial proceedings in the case; the amount of money involved in the quarrel; the numbers of brokers, bankers, and speculators engaged, pecuniarily, in it; the vigor and boldness of the effort to take possession of the Erie road—the not less bold manœuvre of a change of base to New Jersey soil—in short, all the circumstances of the rivalry make it one of the strangest "stories of the street." It is related fully in our editorial columns.

The chief contestants in this "fight" are remarkable men. Both are self-made, in fortune and education; both men of great energy and determination, and both men of colossal fortune. Mr. VANDERBILT, the eldest of the two, is now seventy-three years of age, but strong and healthy as a man of fifty. Mr. DREW is now seventy-one years of age, and enjoying vigorous health. Both made their great fortunes—Mr. VANDERBILT is said to be worth $40,000,000 and Mr. DREW about $20,000,000—in the steamboat



THE ERIE RAILROAD DIRECTORS' ROOM AT THE TAYLOR HOTEL, JERSEY CITY.
[SKETCHED BY W. WAUD.]



THE GUARD-ROOM OF THE ERIE SPECIAL POLICE AT TAYLOR'S HOTEL.
[SKETCHED BY W. WAUD.]

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business, and have only turned their attention to railroading in their old age.

Outside of business matters the two men are in tastes, habits, and character very different. Mr. DREW is rather of a quiet, retiring disposition, and is fonder of his country estate than the city; while Mr. VANDERBILT insists on a city life and city associations. Mr. DREW is a devout Methodist, and not a little of his wealth has been spent in the erection of schools and educational institutions. Mr. VANDERBILT'S chief delight is in horses, and he drives fast teams every day in the week, and can be seen regularly "on the road."

Our illustrations are portraits of the two principal leaders in the fight, and three others showing an incident of the flight to New Jersey, and scenes at the hotel in Jersey City, in which the DREW forces are besieged. On the night of March 15 Messrs. FISK and GOULD, two of the Erie Railroad directors, were dining at DELMONICO'S, when they heard that warrants had been issued for their arrest. They immediately jumped into a carriage and drove to the foot of Canal Street, where an officer of the steamer *St. John* lowered a boat and, with two deck hands, attempted the passage of the North River in a dense fog. Mr. FISK directed the men to head up the river, to keep out of the track of the ferry-boats; but the fog was so thick that they lost their reckoning and rowed for some time in a circle. They were at one time nearly run down, only saving themselves by the vigorous use of their lungs. Once they escaped from one ferry-boat only in time to see another bearing down upon them. Ultimately they determined to endeavor to get some assistance, and for this purpose hailed a Pavonia ferry-boat; but could get no response, and therefore made a clutch at the supports of the guard, and were drawn so near to the wheel as to nearly wash the whole party out of the boat. They however saved her from swamping, and climbed on board, arriving shortly after at Jersey City, safe and sound, but thoroughly drenched.

The Taylor Hotel in Jersey city is used as the quarters of the DREW party, and one of the rooms is now known as the "Directors' Room." Our view is of the exterior of this room. It is guarded night and day by police, who are sufficiently impressed with the solemn duty that has devolved upon them, and are more reticent than gentlemen of the profession usually are. The favored few who pass these portals are received by Mr. FISK with such good-humored cordiality that it is difficult to imagine that he and his brother directors are in a state of siege. "The Guard Room" was formerly the ladies' parlor of the hotel. A force of about seventy-five specials are on duty at the hotel during the night, and occupy when off duty this apartment, where they are in waiting to prevent any raid which the "VANDERBILT party" may attempt to make.

VORACIOUS.

A LAY "OF LADIES' LOVE AND DRU-ERIE."

BY C. H. WEBB.

CORNELIUS, the Great Cornerer,
A solemn oath he swore,
That in his trowsers pockets he
Would put one railroad more:
And when he swears, he means it—
The stout old Commodore.

Words have a certain weightiness
That strikes one of a heap,
When dropped by men whose early home
Has been upon the deep—
With so much saltness in their speech,
Their oaths are sure to keep.

It serves him well, the Commodore,
His battling with the breeze;
Knowing the ropes, he takes and swings
The biggest Line with ease—
As one should do who all his life
Has been upon the Seize.

Not following now the seas, instead
You see him behind Bays;
'Tis said he always holds a pair;
And no one him gainsays—
Being on stocks, 'tis plain that he
Must have his way and Ways.

Each, every inch a railroad man,
In not a line awry,
His arms are railway branches,
His feet are termini—
If you doubt me, there are his tracks
To witness if I lie!

He was the Hudson River's bed·
The Harlem's bed and Board;
The Central's, too—whose cattle-pen
Is mightier than a sword:
His pockets were the tunnels
Through which these railways roared.

Such share of shares were quite enough
To serve a common mind,
But not the stout old Commodore's—
He for an Eyrie pined;
As though he were the Eagle bird—
By chance—or had the Blind.

But brooding o'er the Erie sat—
In fact on the same lay—
A bird that, feathering his nest,
Affirmed by yea and nay,
Before he'd budge he'd see them all,
Much further than I'll say.

Said he unto the Commodore:
"Your bark is on the sea,
But do not steer for Erie's Ile,
Since that's been struck by me.
Go, man of sin, and leave me here
To my Theology!"

The dearest ties on earth to some
Are plainly railroad ties;
So little wonder that he spoke
In anger and surprise—
Tears would not flow; the Commodore,
It seems, had dammed his eyes,

"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug—"
Which is all wrong you know;
Unfriendly fires burn fast enough
Without the he p of tow,
Especially when Coke is on,
And several lawyers blow.

Such "Erie" sights, such "Erie" sounds
Came from this Erie crew,
It seemed, indeed, a den of Lines
Prepared for Daniel—Drew:
Not strange that he at last resolved
To make his own ado.

Fleeing from jars—perhaps the jug—
He looked to foreign lands,
And to his brethren said: "Arise,
These Bonds put off our hands;
We will into New Jersey, where
My Seminary stands.

"There, in that benefice of Bogs,
Of stocks and Stubs and fen,
Directors—if not rectors—we'll
Be all Tyngs to all men—
They'll strain their canon some, I think,
If they would reach us then!"

'Twas thus that Daniel's bark—and bite—
Came on the Jersey shore:
He can not cross, since in his face
Is slammed the Commodore;
There he must bide his time and tide—
Tide till the row is o'er.

The gage of war has been thrown down,
A broad-gauge—broad and free—
And taken up—the Commodore,
A ganger is, per sea:
Cries Drew: "He only wants to get
The weather-gage of me!"

'Tis plain that if, in this tournay—
A l'outrance is the tilt—
The Commodore should keep his seat
And Daniel be the spilt,
The latter must make tracks, but roads
Will all be Vander built.

While it upon the other hand
The Commodore should fail,
He'll see that little backward time
Asked for by Mr. Ball—
In other words, he'd lose his age,
And Drew would have the cash.

Just how the joust may terminate,
Nobody knows nor cares;
No need to ask how fares the fight—
They'll ask us for our fares,
And whiche'er side may win will plow
The public with its shares.

So we will sing, Long live the King,
And Daniel long live he,
May his High school confer on him
Exceeding high degree,
Doubling his D's until, indeed,
He is D. D., D. D!

As for the stout old Commodore
May he still rule the wave,
Yet never waive the Golden Rule,
E'en the odd trick to save:
If called to play the railway King,
May he ne'er play the knave.

This ends my lay, if either wins;
But if they both should fall—
I mean that if, by any chance,
This struggle o'er a rail
Should end like the Kilkenny cats',
You'll see another tail.

THE DERVISHES OF CENTRAL ASIA.

THE dervish is the veritable personification of Eastern life. Idleness, fanaticism, and slovenliness are the fearures which in him are regarded as virtues, and which every where are represented by him as such. Idleness is excused by allusion to human impotence; fanaticism explained as enthusiasm in religion; and slovenliness justified by the uselessness of poor mortals in struggling against fate. As the dervish represents the general character, so he does the different peoples of the East. It is true, Mohammedanism enforces the dogma, "All Islamites are one nation;" but the origin and home of the different sects are easily recognized. The members of the different fraternities are bound together by very close ties; apprentices and assistants have to yield implicit obedience to the chief, who has an unlimited power over the life and property of his brethren. But these fraternities do not in the least trouble themselves about secret political or social objects, as is sometimes asserted by enthusiastic travelers, who have even discovered Freemasons among the Bedouin tribes of the Great Desert. The dervishes are the monks of Islamism; and the spirit which created and sustains them is that of religious fanaticism, and they differ from each other only by the manner in which they demonstrate their enthusiasm. For instance: while one of these religious orders commands constant pilgrimages to the tombs of saints, the other lays down stringent rules for reflection on divine infinity and the insignificance of our existence. A third compels its votaries to occupy themselves day and night with repeating the name of God and hymns; and it can not surprise us to learn that the greater number of a company which has continually been calling out with all its might, "Ja hu! Ja hakk! La illahi illa hu!" are seized with *delirium tremens*. The orthodox call this condition Medjzub; *i.e.*, carried away by divine love, or to be in ecstasy. A person to whom such a fortunate event happens, for as such it is regarded, is envied by every body; and, as long as it lasts, the sick and the maimed, and barren women, try to get in his immediate presence, taking hold of his dress—as touching it is supposed to have healing powers.

Those who embrace this vocation are either unprincipled and lazy fellows, or professed beggars, who, under the cloak of poverty, collect treasures, and when they are sufficiently enriched often adopt some lucrative trade. The dervishes of India, and particularly those of Cashmere, are throughout the East pre-eminent among their Mohammedan brethren for cunning, secret arts, forms of exorcism, etc. These fellows impose most impudently on the credulity of the people in Persia and Central Asia, and even men of wit and understanding sometimes fall into their snares; for wherever such a Cashmere dervish appears, gifted, as he generally is, with a noble figure, striking features, bright, eloquent eyes, and long, dark, flowing hair, he is sure of success. The Mohammedans of India and the adjoining Eastern countries have always been celebrated in the Islamite world for their supernatural gifts. As soon as such a traveling saint arrives in a Mohammedan country, he is entreated to cure dangerous maladies, to exorcise ghosts, or to point out where hidden treasures are buried: for, although those arts are forbidden by the Koran, they appear every where as the most zealous Mohammedans.

It is the same with dervishism as with all the other Oriental institutions, customs, and manners: the more we penetrate toward the East, the greater is the purity with which they have been preserved. In Persia the dervishes play a much more important part than in Turkey; and in Central Asia, isolated as it has been from the rest of the world for centuries, this fraternity is still in full vigor, and exercises a great influence upon society.

Besides the dervishes who, as physicians, miracle-working saints, or harmless vagabonds, are wandering about in Central Asia, there is a class called "*Khanka neshin*," or convent dwellers, who always wish to appear as the poorest, and are without doubt the most contemptible fellows in the world. Generally speaking, they are opium eaters, who, by their excessive filth, skeleton-like body, and frightfully distorted features, present a most repulsive appearance. The worst is that they do not confine themselves to practicing this fearful vice themselves, but with a singular persistency endeavor to make converts among all classes; and, supported by the want of spirituous drinks, they succeed but too frequently in their wicked attempts. These wretched people are regarded as eminently religious, of whom it is thought that from their love to God and the Prophet they had become mad, and stupefied themselves in order that in their excited state they might be nearer the beings whom they loved so well.

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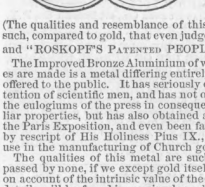

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XII.—No. 590.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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"THE MARINER'S CHILDREN."—BY LAWRENCE DUNCAN.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

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"THE MARINER'S CHILDREN."

THE original picture from which our engraving on the preceding page is taken was lately displayed in the Dudley Gallery Water-Color Exhibition, London, and is by LAWRENCE DUNCAN, a son of the well-known English painter of that name. The merit of the picture is none the less because modest in kind. On the contrary, the examination which it deserves will reveal a genuine, unforced, unvulgar sympathy with its humble subject, accompanied by excellent drawing.

The subject itself requires no comment beyond our engraving. The reader may construct for himself the story of the lonely mariner away—far away on the treacherous sea, so calm, so beautiful, and bright; of the loving wife and mother, now busy, perhaps, in the neighboring cottage with preparations for that long-looked-for return; of the little son, the pride of the family, already giving indications of a bias toward his father's adventurous calling, and who, having constructed a toy sailing-boat—a miracle of skill—has brought his elder and younger sister down to the beach to witness his triumph in naval architecture, though won only on a little pool left by the ebbing tide.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1868.

THE CHIEF JUSTICE PRESIDING.

THE proceedings in the Senate sitting as a Court of Impeachment are of such a character as to inspire the greatest confidence in the final judgment. The opening speech for the Managers by General BUTLER was a very able presentation of the case, and his conduct as Manager has shown all the skill, fertility, and equipoise for which he has always been noted in the courts. It is observable that partisan action seems to be thus far confined to the Democratic Senators. They usually vote through thick and thin against any proposition which is favored by the Managers, and opposed by the President's counsel. The Republican Senators evidently regard reason and argument as well as party feeling. We have no doubt that the same disposition will continue to the end, and the result will be a universal conviction that the trial has been in every respect patient and fair.

The action of the Chief Justice raised a question which we think was wisely determined by the Senate. As President of the Court of Impeachment Judge CHASE made a ruling which was questioned by Senator DRAKE, of Missouri, upon the ground that as President he had no right to decide any but ceremonial questions, and that every thing affecting the trial must be referred to the decision of the Senate. The Chief Justice was sustained, and when the question was again raised by Senator SUMNER it was again settled in the same manner. The conclusion was that the Chief Justice may decide any preliminary point subject, of course, to revision by the Senate upon the appeal of any Senator.

The case against the position of the Chief Justice was stated very forcibly by Mr. BOUTWELL, of the Managers. He urged that the Constitution makes the Senate the sole Court of Impeachment, and that the Chief Justice, not being a Senator, could have no voice. If he could, he might by a casting-vote decide adversely to the judgment of the Senate by voting affirmatively upon a tie. The Constitution, in making him President of the Court, did not make him a member of it. Mr. BOUTWELL, with all the Senators who differed from the Chief Justice, was very careful to express his perfect confidence in that high officer. But he said that the Senate was now making precedents, and must regard every question with strict impersonality.

But the conclusive consideration seems to us to be, that in making the Chief Justice President of the Senate for a particular purpose, the Constitution did not mean that he should be a mere figure-head, but that, at least, he should have the ordinary powers of a presiding officer. It is not conceivable that the Constitution would bring one of the most dignified officers in the Government, the head of one of its three great departments, into the Senate of the United States upon so imposing and solemn an occasion as the impeachment, and possible removal, of the Executive head of the Government, as a mere cipher, a ceremony, a pageant. The Constitution, which makes the Senate the sole Court to try impeachment, also appoints the Chief Justice for that occasion its President—for that august occasion, as it were, an *ex-officio* member. His presence and participation secure the attendance of two of the departments of the Government at the trial of the third; and he alone is selected from the Bench, as its chief, as a matter of convenience, and in recognition of the manifest propriety that the Judiciary should be represented.

It is very desirable that this interpretation should now be settled, that there may be no doubt hereafter. Undoubtedly it is a debatable question. The Constitution does not expressly define the duties of the Chief Justice as President. The Senate should therefore give to the intention of the Constitution the most generous construction; and desirable for any reason whatever that the Chief Justice presiding should be merely a cipher? Is any peril reasonably to be feared from the vote of the Chief Justice of the United States upon such an occasion? and if so, does not that fact morally incapacitate him for the proper discharge of his customary duties? In the very case supposed by Mr. BOUTWELL of a tie upon a serious point, is it not more satisfactory that there should be a casting-vote intrusted to an officer who is beyond suspicion of fear or favor, as in the view of the Constitution the Chief Justice is? Moreover, if with the view of his position and of his relation to the Senate as a Court of Impeachment of the President, which any Chief Justice must be supposed to hold, he should decline to be a mere figure-head, his retirement dissolves the Court, and there is no remedy but his own impeachment. Yet is it desirable to impeach upon such grounds? Is it not wiser to allow that as the Constitution brings the Chief Justice into the Court as President, it brings him with the usual Presidential powers?

This was the opinion of the Senate, and the precedent established will probably remain. But, whether it does or not, we protest against a kind of hostility toward the Chief Justice which arises from the fact that his opinion upon this subject differs from that of some of the Senators. Mr. CHASE has been a Senator and is now Chief Justice, and has studied the Constitution as diligently as any member of the Court of Impeachment. His opinion upon this point is *a priori* peculiarly valuable, because he is peculiarly interested in it, and has undoubtedly very thoroughly examined it. It may be supposed, also, that he has the advantage of the opinion of his brethren upon the Bench. But there is certainly no reason to suppose that he wishes for any unworthy purpose to perplex or prolong the proceedings; or that any view which he may hold of the political expediency of impeachment will more injuriously affect his conduct than it does that of any of the President's counsel. Indeed, we are very confident that the Chief Justice is not likely, by his part in this trial, to lose any of that high and honorable consideration which he now enjoys.

LEGISLATIVE CORRUPTION.

THERE is not a member of the Legislature of this State nor any other citizen who is not familiar with the charges of corruption that are incessantly brought against the Legislature. "A very able lobby agent," says a writer in the *North American Review* for October, 1866, "who has been in the business many years, has given us an inkling of the mode of procedure. 'When we get to Albany,' said he, 'we make out our lists, and, after studying them and comparing notes, we *classify* members, and make an estimate of what it is going to cost to get our bills through. We find out about how much each man expects, and who is running him. Then we arrange the thing in New York with certain people whose consent is necessary. The price of a vote ranges from fifty dollars to five hundred, unless it is that of the chairman of a committee. *He* wants more, because he has to appear on the record as originating the measure.'" The instance, which the writer mentions, of benevolent ladies who went to ask legislative aid, and who were met by a demand for five thousand dollars as a commission upon a grant of twenty thousand, is known to us also. Mr. THURLOW WEED says that "bribery and corruption prevail to an extent greater than existed in the worst days of the Parliament in England." There is not a man familiar with the Capitol, or even occasionally in the society of such persons, who does not know the most appalling facts. We once stood in the lobby of the Assembly, to look at the representatives of New York, and an agent who was "putting through" a certain project, pulled a handful of bank-bills from his pocket, and said, exultingly, "That is the logic for legislators!"

These things are notorious; but when they were suggested in the Constitutional Convention, Senator FOLGER indignantly denied the truth of all such assertions. It is no wonder that he spoke with warmth, for he is a most honored member of the Legislature, and sweeping charges against it seemed to touch his own honor. But every body who heard him listened with incredulity and amazement, for they knew the venality of some members as they knew the spotless integrity of Senator FOLGER. And who ought to be so anxious and eager as men like Mr. FOLGER that there shall be an investigation of these charges? If it be true that the stories are slanders, they can certainly be disproved to a committee of the Legislature itself, which may be supposed at least lenient to its own faults. And if it be urged that any such investigation, for the very reason that it is made by a committee of the accused body, must be frivolous and unsatisfactory, the reply is, that then the Legislature consents to be helplessly disgraced by an aspersion universally believed, and refuses even to attempt to show its innocence. If the Legislature distrusts a committee of its own members, let it call upon the authorities to prosecute any member against whom sufficient information may lie. But, in the name of decency and public honor, let it do any thing rather than resolve to do nothing, and to insist that its self-respect imposes contemptuous disregard of these reports. Personally members may treat every slander with scorn; but when there are sworn statements that vast sums of money have been spent directly to corrupt legislation, it is not a personal matter. It is a huge public scandal, and they injure the fair fame of the State, and degrade popular government itself when they stand upon a false dignity and sneer at investigation as an insult.

THE EVIDENCE AGAINST THE PRESIDENT.

THE case of the Managers of the House against the President, as we have elsewhere stated, has been conducted with great skill. The chain of evidence is continuous; nor has it been broken, or in any degree weakened, by the onsets in cross-examination of the President's counsel. Those gentlemen, or most of them, are very eminent lawyers. The ability of Mr. STANBERY has been manifested to the country while he was Attorney-General. Judge CURTIS is acknowledged to be one of the most accomplished jurists in the United States. Mr. EVARTS is also a very distinguished lawyer—a man of remarkably clear, alert, and incisive mind. The other gentlemen of the President's counsel, Mr. NELSON and Mr. GROESBECK, have taken no part in the trial during the presentation of the case by the Managers.

There can be little question that upon all points susceptible of proof by evidence the Managers have justified their articles; and it was illustrative of the peculiar tact of General BUTLER that he reserved to the last one of his strongest points, and somewhat surprised and annoyed his antagonists when he produced it. This was the testimony of Mr. CREECY, Appointment-Clerk of the Treasury Department, and the autograph letter of the President to Secretary M'CULLOCH last August, notifying him that he had suspended Mr. STANTON in pursuance of the Tenure-of-Office Act, thereby shaming his own assertion that he had acted "under the Constitution," and without recognizing the law in question. Indeed, General BUTLER has unquestionably had the best of the week's work. Only one serious effort of his has been baffled by the President's counsel; and Mr. EVARTS's occasional caustic manner has not in the least disturbed the vast imperturbability of the practical advocate.

The case for the Managers, notwithstanding the array of articles, was really very simple. The most of it is of course already familiar, for all the transactions have been public. That there is a Tenure-of-Office law prescribing the conditions under which certain officers, including the Secretary of War, are to be removed, is not denied. That Mr. STANTON was peremptorily removed by the President during the session of the Senate is in evidence. That General THOMAS, having been previously reinstated by the President as Adjutant-General, was appointed by him Secretary of War *ad interim* is proved. That General THOMAS signed himself as such, and attempted to exercise the duties of the office; that he declared his intention to obtain possession by force if resisted, and that he stated his failure to do so was in consequence of the legal action of Mr. STANTON, is also proved. It is established further that the President officially acknowledged the validity of the law by confessedly acting under its authority, while he declared that he did not recognize it as binding; that in September, after the suspension of Mr. STANTON last summer, the President called General EMORY to the command of the Department of the District, and upon his arrival to assume command had a detailed conversation in regard to the available military force there; that upon the day of the attempted removal of Mr. STANTON the President sent for General EMORY and asked him again about the troops and what changes had been made; that when the General proceeded to explain the movements of regiments the President said he referred to other changes made within a day or two, to which the General replied that he knew of none, and that as all orders must by law pass through the hands of General GRANT, if any new ones had been issued, he should of course be aware of them; that the President seemed surprised, and when the General showed him the order directing all orders for the army to pass through General GRANT, the President said it was in derogation of his constitutional rights as Commander-in-Chief, to which General EMORY replied that the officers of the army were of opinion that it was their duty to obey the order, which was in obedience to the law of Congress. It is further proved that the expressions ascribed to the President in the speeches during his Western trip were actually used by him.

The attempt of the Managers to show, in further proof of conspiracy, by the testimony of Mr. CHANDLER, that Mr. EDMUND COOPER, late Private Secretary of the President, was made by him Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in order that the money of the Government might be obtained by the President for his purposes, was overruled by the Senate; the ground of its action being understood to be that the evidence would open too wide and irrelevant a range of inquiry. This was the only apparently important point not made by the Managers, and this was not essential. They closed the case promptly at the end of the first week, and the Senate then adjourned until the following Thursday to give the President's counsel an opportunity to prepare themselves fully, with the understanding that they will not call a great many witnesses.

The case is thus brought to the exact point which we have before indicated as the one upon which the force of the President's counsel was most likely to be concentrated. Conceding the facts claimed and substantially proved, that the law was regularly enacted, and that it forbade the removal during the session of the Senate of certain officers appointed by the President without the approval of the Senate; conceding that Mr. STANTON was Secretary of War, and was removed by the President without the consent of the Senate—then the question arises, was Mr. STANTON appointed Secretary of War by President JOHNSON? If he were, the law has been violated. If he were not, the law does not touch the case. The position taken by the Managers is revealed by a little remark of Mr. WILSON when he offered the first evidence for the prosecution. After putting in the commission of Mr. STANTON, signed by President LINCOLN, Mr. WILSON said that it was the only commission the Managers proposed to prove, and that commission, in the judgment of the Managers, made Mr. STANTON Secretary of War. The battle will be joined just at this point. We will not anticipate the arguments, but the rule of common-sense is plainly with the Managers. If a man holds an appointed office and the appointing power is changed, but the new power directs him to remain, it seems to be tolerably clear that he is reappointed. This is a subject, however, upon which there may be the utmost refinement of legal subtlety, of which we shall doubtless have a notable exhibition.

Should the appointment of Mr. STANTON as Secretary be maintained by the Managers, and he be judged to stand within the operation of the law, it is possible that the President's counsel may try to show that there was no improper intention in its violation by the President. We doubt if the utmost skill can do this, for it is impossible to destroy the evidence that he had already recognized its validity. And even could it be done—even were it conceded that he had always refused to acknowledge the constitutionality of the law, yet the violation by the Executive of a law regularly enacted and not declared invalid by any court, is the substitution of the President's will for the law of the land, and the intention must be inferred from the fact. The President is not charged with what is generally called a crime, but with a high misdemeanor in the discharge of political functions. Should he be removed, he will not subsequently be pursued with a criminal prosecution, as the Constitution authorizes when a crime otherwise punishable has been committed. Indeed the case is very simple, and addresses itself to the common-sense of the whole country. Mr. SEWARD had already asked the people of the United States whether they would have Mr. JOHNSON for king; and we presume that the Senate will answer in their name—"Decidedly not."

FELLOW-CITIZENS AT THE FRONT.

THE Montgomery *Mail*, in alluding to a late article in the *Weekly* upon affairs in Alabama, describes us as basely slandering the South, and every week picturing horrible lies to inflame weak minds. It then demands whom we mean when we speak of our "faithful fellow-citizens in Alabama and elsewhere who are now 'at the front?'" It proceeds:

"Are they the 78,000 registered Southern men, the 6000 Northern men who have come among us since the war, and the 16,000 negroes who stood by us at the late election, making in all 100,000 men, not including the 20,000 good men who were denied registration; or are his fellow-citizens none but the 63,000 deluded negroes who voted for the infamous Constitution and the 1000 white candidates for office?"

It is not a very difficult question to answer. The political battle which is now engaged in Alabama and elsewhere is to determine the policy of reconstruction. Upon one side, both here in New York and there in Alabama, are those who believe that, as there is no authority under the circumstances that can initiate civil government in Alabama but the United States, it is the duty of the United States to provide for its own security by not confiding the political power in the State entirely to those who say, with the Tuscaloosa *Monitor*, "We have no particular love of country now." Those who hold this view of reconstruction, whether white or black, we call our "faithful" fellow-citizens, because they are faithful to the principles of the Government and to common-sense, and because they have proved their fidelity during the war by resisting the rebellion. And when any of these citizens live in a State where their views or their color or their fidelity to the Union and National Government during the war make them peculiarly odious to a great multitude of their neighbors, so that they are incessantly denounced and injured in their business, and in danger of personal injury except

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for the presence of United States soldiers, we call them our fellow-citizens at the front.

There are others who insist that the political power in Alabama and elsewhere shall be at once committed to those whose feelings are fairly expressed by the Tuscaloosa *Monitor*. It is a party which hates and ridicules the freedmen; a party of which the Southern leaders were the chief conspirators in the rebellion, and whose Northern leaders did what they could to perplex and defeat the efforts of the Government of the United States to save itself; a party whose adherents in Alabama and other Southern States fiercely pursue with ribaldry and hostility men who were known not to favor the rebellion during the war, and who approve the policy of the representatives of the people now that the war is ended; a party which in Alabama sneers bitterly at the idea of the equal rights of every citizen before the laws; and which, by every kind of insult to those whom it calls Yankees, fosters a malignant hatred of other parts of the country. It is a party which secretly honors WILKES BOOTH, and one of whose organs in Alabama as lately as the 25th of March frankly urges assassination. "The people about Hickman's," it says, "are beginning to see the importance of ridding the community of political skunks; and some of the young men were so well pleased with our account of the 'doings' of the 'Ku-Klux Klans' elsewhere, that they avowed their purpose to at once form themselves into a company of these hyperbolical ghosts. So, ere long, we expect to hear that the nigger-vicegerent STEPHENS and the cotton-thief DAVENPORT, besides many other notorious scalawags, are disposed of by lynch law in a manner agreeable to their crimes."

It may be very natural for baffled ruffians to print such stuff, but its effect upon ignorant and prejudiced minds is very calculable. And those who think and talk thus, wherever they live and of whatever color they may be, we do *not* call our faithful fellow-citizens. They are unfaithful to human-nature, to civilization, to the American principle, and to the hope of national pacification. We assure the Montgomery *Mail* that we have not the least hostility to any section of the country, nor to any class of the population. How the great question will be settled no man can say; but we can equally assure the *Mail* that the good sense of the American people will never abandon the colored population of the Southern States, in which they are probably two-fifths of the whole people, to those whose feeling toward them is expressed by such a paragraph as we have quoted and by the following. We do not say that all "Conservatives" would express themselves in so absurd and vulgar a manner, but the animus of this paragraph is the animus of the resolutions of every "Conservative" Convention yet held in the Southern States.

"A BURNING SHAME!

"It is a fact that the agent for Freedmen in this city—Mr. Blair—has received orders from Head-quarters to issue rations to all of those worthless negroes who were discharged from service by their employers on account of voting for the putrid Constitution. What better evidence of the utter corruptness of the miserable party now in power over the South could be adduced! In the history of demagogy nothing has ever transpired approximating in infamy this military order! The poor whites of the country are to be taxed—bled of all their little earnings—in order to fatten the vagabondish negroes, who have proved themselves to be their worst enemies, by avowing that they are in favor of measures conflicting with every interest of the white men! Think of this, white men, and abandon at once the foul scheme set on foot by raw Yankees, Southern deserters, and stinking niggers! 'Touch not, taste not, handle not!'"

CONNECTICUT.

THE Democrats have secured a Governor for a year in Connecticut, and the Republicans a United States Senator for six years. It is not a result by which any true Republican will be very much grieved; and the gain of a Senator shows that the great mass of the citizens outside the great centres of the more ignorant part of the population are still as true as they ever were to the sound principles of the Government.

The city of New Haven is the chief mill at which immigrants are made voters in Connecticut, as the city of New York is in this State; and as the city of New York is the seat of the Democratic majority here, so New Haven gives the majority for Mr. ENGLISH in Connecticut. The result, which is called a great Democratic victory, is thus explained. The verdict of the intelligent voters in the State is recorded in the election of a Legislature that will send a stanch and true friend of national restoration upon the grounds of justice and equal rights.

Senator DIXON, who was one of the promoters of the Philadelphia Convention, who early joined the fortunes of President JOHNSON, and has since zealously co-operated with the Democrats in the endeavor to commit the Southern States to the political control of the late rebels, will now be forbidden by Connecticut to serve her any longer. No one has the least right to question the sincerity of his political action; but the end of his public career shows how utterly he has misrepresented the intelligent opinion of his State.

We had hoped that all our candidates would be elected. But the result is any thing but disheartening, and next November the same conviction which has now secured a Senator will unquestionably give the State to a President of the same principles.

NATIONALISM.

DR. FRANCIS LIEBER, one of our profoundest students of political philosophy and history, makes the following concise and admirable statement of the political development of the present epoch, of which our own recent circumstances and our immediate situation are a striking illustration. Dr. LIEBER calls it "a fragment," but it is really a summary:

"As the City-State was the normal type of free communities in antiquity, and as the Feudal System was one of the normal types of government in the middle ages, so is the National Polity the normal type of our own epoch; not indeed Centralism.

"Large nations have been formed out of the fragmentary peoples on the continent of Europe, England alone dating the blessing of a national polity over a thousand years back; others are in the act of forming; others, already existing, are carrying out more distinctly or establishing more firmly the national elements of their politics. For this reason, and because the existence of many nations deeply influences our civilization, the present period will be called the National Period. It began plainly when so many other great things began—in the middle of the 15th century, but the process of Nationalization concerning the languages and the literature of the different countries commenced at an earlier time.

"The three main characteristics of the political development which mark the modern epoch, are:

"The National Polity;

"The general endeavor to define more clearly, and to extend more widely, Human Rights and Civil Liberty;

"And the decree which has gone forth that many Leading Nations shall flourish at one and the same time, plainly distinguished from one another, yet striving together, with one Public Opinion, under the protection of one Law of Nations and in the bonds of one common moving Civilization.

"The Universal Monarchy, whether purely political or coupled with the papacy; a single Leading Nation; Confederacies of petty sovereigns; a civilization confined to one spot, or one portion of the globe—all these are obsolete, insufficient for the demands of advanced civilization; and attempts at their renewal are ruinous.

"In ancient times one people always swayed and led. Hence the simplicity of chronologic tables presenting the events of that time; and all ancient States were short-lived. Once declining they never recovered. Their course was that of the projectile, ascending—a maximum—a precipitate descent, and no more rising. Modern nations are long-lived, and possess recuperative energy, wholly unknown to antiquity. They could neither be the one, nor possess the other without national existence and comprehensive politics, and without the Law of Nations, as we know it now, which is the manly idea of Self-Government applied to a number of independent nations in close relation with one another.

"The civilized nations have come to form a community under the restraint and protection of the Law of Nations which rules *rejore divino*—they draw the chariot of civilization abreast as the ancient steeds drew the car of victory."

STATE AID TO PRIVATE INTERESTS.

IN the late Constitutional Convention of this State the Finance Committee reported a prohibition of all grants of money or credit to any individual, corporation, or association, except for educational and charitable purposes. The proposition led to a very long and lively debate, which was renewed at every opportunity, and it was finally modified to the form in which it now stands in the proposed Constitution. "The credit of the State shall not be given or loaned to or in aid of any individual, corporation, or association." This, of course, allows the continuance of the system of whose operation the Legislature has lately offered an illustration. The Assembly, by a vote of 74 to 35, has given some $800,000 "to provide for the completion," "to facilitate the construction," and "to aid in the construction" of four railroads.

The general argument of the friends of this system of State aid is, that it develops the unsettled and remoter parts of the State, opens areas of industry for the advantage of the State, and increases the value of the taxable property of the State. In short, they insist that it is money loaned by the State for its own benefit. In the Convention the friends of this policy also warmly declared that the adverse arguments were precisely those that were urged against the project of the Erie Canal; and had they prevailed then how lamentable it would have been for the State! Moreover it was unfair, they insisted, for those whose neighborhoods had enjoyed all the benefits of the generous policy now to depress with their visionary theories those parts of the State which had had no such advantage.

On the other hand, it was contended that the State ought not to build railroads; that it was not a capitalist nor a speculator, but had certain very precisely defined functions limited to securing justice among the citizens and equal freedom of individual action. It was further urged that even if it should be granted that the State might use its money for any such improvement it should only be upon condition that it actually controlled the enterprise; but in the cases contemplated it is money of the State given to individuals—in other words, money taken from all for the benefit of the few. Besides this, the great general principle was invoked, that if an enterprise of the kind be really profitable it will be undertaken by private persons, but if not profitable private persons have no right to entangle the State in losses.

The general argument of the opponents of State aid is undoubtedly correct, but for various reasons it failed finally to determine the action of the Convention. There are many other considerations also which have great weight. The system inevitably leads to what is called log-rolling, or you-tickle-me-and-I'll-tickle-you legislation. If Tom will vote for Ned's railroad grant, Ned will vote for Tom's. This is a peril indeed to which all legislation is exposed, but it is peculiarly threatening when the immense interests of corporations are involved. So with bribery. Railroad companies can afford to pay enormous sums of money to achieve such objects, and they are reported sometimes as actually paying them! Indeed the intrigues to secure grants of money from the State for any private purpose whatever are the chief sources of legislative corruption. A shrewd Republican member, according to the Albany *Evening Journal*, who has watched the proceedings of the present Assembly with its Democratic majority, which came in with such lofty protestations of retrenchment and reform, declared that for a reasonable compensation he would agree to get through an appropriation of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to aid the farmers of the State in raising high-tailed Shanghai roosters! We are sorry that the Convention did not reach a different conclusion. There are cases, indeed, in which the operation of a stringent rule is very hard, but if there must be a rule expressed, as in a written Constitution, it should be founded upon experience and reason, both of which point to a prohibition.

It is not surprising that the refusal of the Convention to hold a close hand upon the State treasury should have emboldened the Legislature, even at this time when the most rigid economy is essential, to be generous with the public money. Indeed it is as easy to be lavish of other people's money as it is to be resigned to their misfortunes. So evidently thinks the Governor, who has vetoed the grant of $250,000 to the Whitehall and Plattsburgh Road.

A WORD TO THE "OBFUSCATED."

THERE has been a great deal said of a phrase of Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS's to the effect that Congress was acting "outside of the Constitution." Senator DIXON in his speech defending the Johnsonian policy, which he seems to consider constitutional notwithstanding its Presidential dictation of the conditions of voting in States, quotes the letter in which the expression first occurs. Mr. STEVENS, who, although he has few followers in many of his opinions, is always fully able to explain them beyond misunderstanding, lately stated in the House what he meant by the words which have become so noted. In speaking of the admission of West Virginia he said:

"I voted for the admission of that State. But I was not going to make either a fool or a knave of myself, and to say that I voted for it under the Constitution, or that I did not know what I was voting for. I held then as I hold now, that having conquered that territory from another power, a power recognized as an independent belligerent by all the sovereign nations of the earth, by ourselves as well as others, we had a right to treat it as such, and to take it in or keep it out as we pleased. I said then that the Constitution had nothing to do with it; but I would inform my learned friends from the bushes (laughter) that while I speak of being outside of the Constitution, I do not mean that the Constitution does not recognize the law of nations. It does recognize the law of nations, and the law of nations recognizes the right of the conquering power to do with conquered territory just as it pleases. trust I shall hear nothing more after this explanation from my most obfuscated friends who have often seemed so ignorant of what I meant or of what they were talking about. (Laughter.)"

GENERAL GRANT AND CALUMNY.

THE preference of the New York *Tribune* for Chief Justice CHASE as a Presidential candidate has been more than once warmly declared by that journal. But we protest against its late assault upon General GRANT, who is also very likely to be proposed as a candidate. Possibly it was not intended as an assault, but whatever the intention, it was the gravest aspersion of the General, an insult to the Senate, and could have no other than a most damaging influence upon the *Tribune's* own party.

The President of the United States is impeached, and the Senate, with the utmost dignity is sitting as the court to judge him, when the *Tribune*, in a double-leaded paragraph at the head of its columns, prints these extraordinary words:

"We have assurances from Washington that General GRANT finds it not inconsistent with his duty as a soldier to announce it as his opinion that the only hope for the peace of the country is the success of the pending Impeachment trial. He feels that national security demands the removal of the President. If the trial should fail, the people can only expect more assumptions of power, and a more determined resistance to law. When the General of our Armies entertains this conviction there is no room for doubt as to the duty of the Senate. The loyal nation demands the President's removal."

That is to say, the *Tribune* thinks it to be the duty of the Senate to do what the General of the army thinks ought to be done, and represents the General as formally and publicly announcing his opinion in order that the Senate may govern itself accordingly!

Nothing could show more clearly the ineradicable hold which General GRANT has upon the respect and perfect confidence of his countrymen than the fact that every man instinctively knew that he had authorized no such statement; and that while he has an equal right to his opinions with every other citizen, and may very probably have said what the best men in the country think, yet that it was under the sacred safeguard of private conversation, and could have been publicly reported to influence Senatorial action only by stupidity or malice.

WHICH IS WHICH?

A SERIOUS friend insists that the celebrated difference between tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee was never more significantly illustrated than at a late feast of the Americus Club in honor of the birthday of Mr. WILLIAM M. TWEED, when, according to the report, "The Club then sat down to supper, the Vice-President taking the head of the table, with Mr. TWEED on the right, and Mr. T. WEED on the left."

MARSHALL'S GRANT.

MR. WILLIAM E. MARSHALL, whose portrait of LINCOLN was so faithful and remarkable, and whose engraving of STUART'S WASHINGTON is so masterly, has just finished a portrait of General GRANT, which he has also engraved. The fine character of the head, and the expression of the face, in which a predominant truthfulness is so marked and winning, are reproduced with a force and fidelity that will necessarily make it the standard portrait of the General. It is a very satisfactory head, and will take its place in the gallery of portraits of eminent Americans as among the most characteristic for that sagacity, intelligence, tenacity, modesty, and moderation which are the best qualities of our best men.

LITERARY.

"The Public Ledger Building" is the title of a unique and handsome little volume containing a full and graphic account, with illustrations, of the great building lately erected in Philadelphia by Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS, the proprietor of the journal so called. It also contains accurate reports of the pleasant speeches delivered at the opening, and a history of the famous banquet that followed at the Continental Hotel, to which many of the most conspicuous persons, especially of the guild of letters, in the country were invited. The responses of those who could not attend make a very interesting part of the volume. The festival was a worthy commemoration of the skill, enterprise, industry, and consequent success of the eminent publisher.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE election in Rhode Island on April 1 resulted in favor of General Burnside and the rest of the Republican ticket by an increased majority of about 4500.

The election in Connecticut, on April 6, resulted in the choice of Mr. English, the Democratic candidate, for Governor. The Legislature is Republican.

The defeat of the Michigan Constitution, in which negro suffrage is embodied, is probable though not positive.

The Democrats carried the cities of Columbus and Cincinnati, Ohio; Keokuk, Iowa, and Atchison, Kansas, in the municipal elections of April 6. The Republicans carried Toledo and Dayton, Ohio; Indianapolis, Indiana, and Lawrence, Kansas, on the same day.

General Meade has issued orders for the suppression of the Ku-Klux Klan and other incendiary organizations in his military district. Newspaper publishers who print the mystic warnings of the Klan are to be tried by military commissions.

The April statement of the national debt shows a decrease, since March 1, of $619,935, and since April 1, 1867, of $4,218,583.

A terrible accident occurred in the Diamond coal works at Scranton, Pennsylvania, on March 31. By the breaking of a portion of the hoisting machinery seventeen men were precipitated down a shaft one hundred and eighty-five feet, eleven of them being instantly killed. Another one subsequently died, and two more were fatally injured.

General Schofield has appointed Henry H. Wells, of Alexandria, late a General in the Federal army, to be Governor of Virginia, in place of Pierpoint, whose term expired in January last, and who has held over until this time for want of a successor.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE new naturalization treaty with Germany, which recognizes the American citizenship of all German emigrants, was ratified by the North German Parliament on April 2.

General Flores, President of Uruguay, was murdered at Montevideo on February 8 by some member of a riotous battalion of troops commanded by the President's son. General Lorenzo Battle, Minister of War, was elected to succeed General Flores.

A division in the English House of Commons on the Irish Church question was had at three o'clock A.M. on April 4, and resulted in the disastrous defeat of Disraeli. No more excited scene has been witnessed for years in the English Parliament. The vote was on the resolutions of Mr. Gladstone for the disendowment of the branch of the State Church of England in Ireland, and was carried by an overwhelming majority. The resolutions have in view an appeal to Her Majesty to put an end to the Church of England organization in Ireland, and its adoption at once forces Mr. Disraeli to resign or dissolve Parliament, and appeal to the people.

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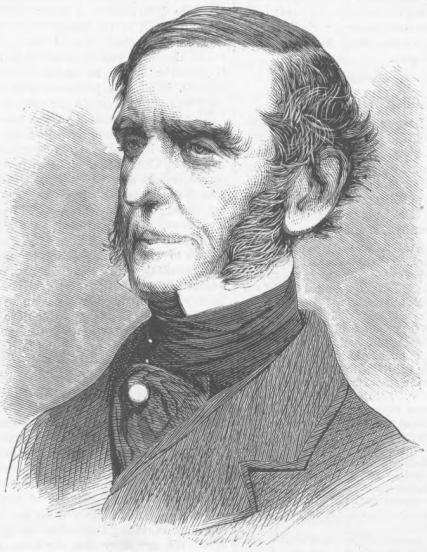
WILLIAM M. EVARTS, OF N. Y.—[PHOT. BY ROCKWOOD.]



HENRY STANBERY, OF OHIO.—[PHOT. BY BRADY & CO., WASHINGTON.]

BENJAMIN R. CURTIS, OF MASS.—[PHOT. BY WHIPPLE.]

THE IMPEACHMENT TRIAL.

OUR engravings, illustrative of the great trial now going on at Washington, embrace portraits of three of the President's counsel; the Senate in Consultation in the Ladies' Parlor, adjoining the Senate Chamber; and a View of the Ladies' Gallery.

The counsel of the President consist of Messrs. HENRY STANBERY, BENJAMIN R. CURTIS, WILLIAM M. EVARTS, T. A. R. NELSON, and Mr. GROESBECK, the latter of whom has been added since the commencement of the trial, in place of Judge BLACK, who declined to serve. Mr. STANBERY'S early career was confined to Ohio, and little was known of him until his appointment as Attorney-General by President JOHNSON. His success in that position was not great, and it was generally conceded that his opinions were marked more by partisan feeling than legal ability. He resigned his position as Attorney-General to defend the President.

Mr. CURTIS is a native and resident of Massachusetts, where he has filled several legal positions; and he has much local reputation as a lawyer.

Mr. EVARTS, who is doubtless the ablest lawyer retained on the President's side, has never held political office, but has devoted himself entirely to the practice of his profession, and is at the present time at the head of the bar of New York. At the same time he was not without political aspirations; and, as an orator, scholar, and public character generally, has been in a quiet way an influential and powerful member of the Republican party, though not a popular one with the masses. He was at one time an aspirant for the United States Senatorship from New York. He was also an aspirant and a formidable rival of Mr. Secretary CHASE for the Chief Justiceship of the United States. So that, although he is neither an ex-judge, nor even an "honorable," he attracts deserved attention from his generally high position and his especial eminence as a great criminal lawyer. In person he is thin, wiry, and cadaverous. He has a clear, sharp, ringing voice, though it is not powerful or musical. His action is sparing but effective. In making his points he is lucid, precise, and cogent, seldom rhetorical or ornamental. He has an easy, colloquial way; he is never in haste, and never hesitates. He is an excellent extempore speaker, a sound commercial lawyer, and an advocate of great genius and resource.

During the progress of the trial the galleries of the Senate have presented a more brilliant appearance than has been known for many years. The most lovely as well as the most distinguished ladies of Washington have been in daily attendance, and the gallery devoted to them has presented the appearance of our sketch.

The opening speech on the part of the Managers was made by General B. F. BUTLER on October 30. He very learnedly discussed the right of the Senate as at present constituted to try the impeachment; the right of Senator WADE to participate; and quoted largely from the precedents. On the same day documentary evidence was introduced intended to answer any plea that Mr. JOHNSON is not President, but Vice-President, and therefore not liable to trial by the Senate as organized, and that Mr. STANTON was not appointed Secretary of War for the existing term. The first of these documents was the certified oath of office taken by Mr. JOHNSON to "faithfully execute the office of President of the United States." Subsequently witnesses were examined to prove that the President had signed commissions altered from the old printed form in order that they might conform to the Tenure-of-Office Bill, thereby recognizing its validity. It was also shown by several witnesses that General THOMAS, after being refused possession of the War Office, announced his intention to take possession by force. A large number of witnesses, principally reporters, were examined, to prove the accuracy of the reports of the speeches of the President, made in 1866. It was shown that one of these, which was most abusive of Congress, was corrected before going to the printers by the President's private secretary. The President in his answer to the charges says that he suspended Mr. STANTON indefinitely as authorized by the Constitution, and not in compliance with any requirements of the Tenure-of-Office Bill, thereby recognizing its validity. In refutation of this the Managers introduced a letter from the President notifying Secretary M'CULLOCH of the suspension of Mr. STANTON in compliance with the requirements of this very Act.

THE IMPEACHMENT TRIAL—THE SENATE IN CONSULTATION IN THE LADIES' PARLOR.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

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THE MOONSTONE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

Printed from the Author's Manuscript.

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.

CHAPTER III.

CONSIDERATION for poor Lady Verinder forbade me even to hint that I had guessed the melancholy truth before she opened her lips. I waited her pleasure in silence; and, having privately arranged to say a few sustaining words at the first convenient opportunity, felt prepared for any duty that could claim me, no matter how painful it might be.

"I have been seriously ill, Drusilla, for some time past," my aunt began. "And strange to say, without knowing it myself."

I thought of the thousands on thousands of perishing human creatures who were all at that moment spiritually ill, without knowing it themselves. And I greatly feared that my poor aunt might be one of the number. "Yes, dear," I said, sadly. "Yes."

"I brought Rachel to London, as you know, for medical advice," she went on. "I thought it right to consult two doctors."

Two doctors! And, oh me (in Rachel's state), not one clergyman! "Yes, dear?" I said once more. "Yes?"

"One of the two medical men," proceeded my aunt, "was a stranger to me. The other had been an old friend of my husband's, and had always felt a sincere interest in me for my husband's sake. After prescribing for Rachel, he said he wished to speak to me privately in another room. I expected, of course, to receive some special directions for the management of my daughter's health. To my surprise, he took me gravely by the hand, and said, 'I have been looking at you, Lady Verinder, with a professional as well as a personal interest. You are, I am afraid, far more urgently in need of medical advice than your daughter.' He put some questions to me which I was at first inclined to treat lightly enough, until I observed that my answers distressed him. It ended in his making an appointment to come and see me, accompanied by a medical friend, on the next day, at an hour when Rachel would not be at home. The result of that visit—most kindly and gently conveyed to me—satisfied both the physicians that there had been precious time lost which could never be regained, and that my case had now passed beyond the reach of their art. For more than two years I have been suffering under an insidious form of heart disease, which, without any symptoms to alarm me, has, by little and little, fatally broken me down. I may live for some months, or I may die before another day has passed over my head—the doctors can not, and dare not, speak more positively than this. It would be vain to say, my dear, that I have not had some miserable moments since my real situation has been made known to me. But I am more resigned than I was, and I am doing my best to set my worldly affairs in order. My one great anxiety is that Rachel should be kept in ignorance of the truth. If she knew it, she would at once attribute my broken health to anxiety about the Diamond, and would reproach herself bitterly, poor child, for what is in no sense her fault. Both the doctors agree that the mischief began two, if not three years since. I am sure you will keep my secret, Drusilla—for I am sure I see sincere sorrow and sympathy for me in your face."

Sorrow and sympathy! Oh, what Pagan emotions to expect from a Christian Englishwoman anchored firmly on her faith!

Little did my poor aunt imagine what a gush of devout thankfulness thrilled through me as she approached the close of her melancholy story. Here was a career of usefulness opened before me! Here was a beloved relative and perishing fellow-creature, on the eve of the great change, utterly unprepared; and led, providentially led, to reveal her situation to Me! How can I describe the joy with which I now remembered that the precious clerical friends on whom I could rely were to be counted, not by ones or twos, but by tens and twenties! I took my aunt in my arms—my overflowing tenderness was not to be satisfied *now* with any thing less than an embrace. "Oh!" I said to her, fervently, "the indescribable interest with which you inspire me! Oh! the good I mean to do you, dear, before we part!" After another word or two of earnest prefatory warning, I gave her her choice of three precious friends, all plying the work of mercy from morning to night in her own neighborhood; all equally inexhaustible in exhortation; all affectionately ready to exercise their gifts at a word from *me*. Alas! the result was far from encouraging. Poor Lady Verinder looked puzzled and frightened, and met every thing I could say to her with the purely worldly objection that she was not strong enough to face strangers. I yielded—for the moment only, of course. My large experience (as Reader and Visitor, under not less, first and last, than fourteen beloved clerical friends) informed me that this was another case for preparation by books. I possessed a little library of works, all suitable to the present emergency, all calculated to arouse, convince, prepare, enlighten, and fortify my aunt. "You will read, dear, won't you?" I said, in my most winning way. "You will read, if I bring you my own precious books? Turned down at all the right places, aunt. And marked in pencil where you are to stop and ask yourself, 'Does this apply to me?'" Even that simple appeal—so absolutely heathenizing is the influence of the world—appeared to startle my aunt. She said, "I will do what I can, Drusilla, to please you,' with a look of surprise, which was at once instructive and terrible to see. Not a moment was to be lost. The clock on the mantle-piece informed me that I had just time to hurry home, to provide myself with a first series of selected readings (say a dozen only), and to return in time to meet the lawyer, and witness Lady Verinder's Will. Promising faithfully to be back by five o'clock, I left the house on my errand of mercy.

When no interests but my own are involved, I am humbly content to get from place to place by the omnibus. Permit me to give an idea of my devotion to my aunt's interests by recording that, on this occasion, I committed the prodigality of taking a cab.

I drove home, selected and marked my first series of readings, and drove back to Montagu Square with a dozen works in a carpet-bag, the like of which, I firmly believe, are not to be found in the literature of any other country in Europe. I paid the cabman exactly his fare. He received it with an oath; upon which I instantly gave him a tract. If I had presented a pistol at his head this abandoned wretch could hardly have exhibited greater consternation. He jumped up on his box, and, with profane exclamations of dismay, drove off furiously. Quite useless, I am happy to say! I sowed the good seed, in spite of him, by throwing a second tract in at the window of the cab.

The servant who answered the door—not the person with the cap-ribbons, to my great relief, but the footman—informed me that the doctor had called, and was still shut up with Lady Verinder. Mr. Bruff, the lawyer, had arrived a minute since, and was waiting in the library. I was shown into the library to wait too.

Mr. Bruff looked surprised to see me. He is the family solicitor, and we had met more than once, on previous occasions, under Lady Verinder's roof. A man, I grieve to say, grown old and grizzled in the service of the world. A man who, in his hours of business, was the chosen prophet of Law and Mammon; and who, in his hours of leisure, was equally capable of reading a novel and of tearing up a tract.

"Have you come to stay here, Miss Clack?" he asked, with a look at my carpet-bag.

To reveal the contents of my precious bag to such a person as this would have been simply to invite an outburst of profanity. I lowered myself to his own worldly level and mentioned my business in the house.

"My aunt has informed me that she is about to sign her Will," I answered. "She has been so good as to ask me to be one of the witnesses."

"Ay? ay? Well, Miss Clack, you will do. You are over twenty-one, and you have not the slightest pecuniary interest in Lady Verinder's Will."

Not the slightest pecuniary interest in Lady Verinder's Will. Oh, how thankful I felt when I heard that! If my aunt, possessed of thousands, had remembered poor Me, to whom five pounds is an object—if my name had appeared in the Will, with a little comforting legacy attached to it—my enemies might have doubted the motive which had loaded me with the choicest treasures of my library, and had drawn upon my failing resources for the prodigal expenses of a cab. Not the cruelest scoffer of them all could doubt now. Much better as it was! Oh, surely, surely, much better as it was!

I was aroused from these consoling reflections by the voice of Mr. Bruff. My meditative silence appeared to weigh upon the spirits of this worldling, and to force him, as it were, into talking to me against his own will.

"Well, Miss Clack, what's the last news in the charitable circles? How is your friend Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite, after the mauling he got from the rogues in Northumberland Street? F[illegible]! they're telling a pretty story about that cl[illegible]able gentleman at my club!"

I had passed over the manner in which this person had remarked that I was more than twenty-one, and that I had no pecuniary interest in my aunt's Will. But the tone in which he alluded to dear Mr. Godfrey was too much for my forbearance. Feeling bound, after what had passed in my presence that afternoon, to assert the innocence of my admirable friend, whenever I found it called in question—I own to having also felt bound to include in the accomplishment of this righteous purpose a stinging castigation in the case of Mr. Bruff.

"I live very much out of the world," I said; "and I don't possess the advantage, Sir, of belonging to a club. But I happen to know the story to which you allude; and I also know that a viler falsehood than that story never was told."

"Yes, yes, Miss Clack—you believe in your friend. Natural enough. Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite won't find the world in general quite so easy to convince as a committee of charitable ladies. Appearances are dead against him. He was in the house when the Diamond was lost. And he was the first person in the house to go to London afterward. Those are ugly circumstances, ma'am, viewed by the light of later events."

I ought, I know, to have set him right before he went any farther. I ought to have told him that he was speaking in ignorance of a testimony to Mr. Godfrey's innocence, offered by the only person who was undeniably competent to speak from a positive knowledge of the subject. Alas! the temptation to lead the lawyer artfully on to his own discomfiture was too much for me. I asked what he meant by "later events"—with an appearance of the utmost innocence.

"By later events, Miss Clack, I mean events in which the Indians are concerned," proceeded Mr. Bruff, getting more and more superior to poor Me the longer he went on. "What do the Indians do the moment they are let out of the prison at Frizinghall? They go straight to London and fix on Mr. Luker. What does Mr. Luker say when he first applies to the magistrates for protection? He owns to suspecting a [illegible] workman in his establishment of collusion [illegible] the Indians. Can there be plainer moral evi[illegible] far, that the rogues had found an accomplice among the persons in Mr. Luker's employment, and that they knew the Moonstone to be in Mr. Luker's house? Very well. What follows? Mr. Luker feels alarmed (and with good reason) for the safety of the jewel which he has got in pledge. He lodges it privately (under a general description) in his bankers' strong-room. Wonderfully clever of him; but the Indians are just as clever on their side. They have their suspicions that the Diamond is being shifted from one place to another; and they hit on a singularly bold and complete way of clearing those suspicions up. Whom do they seize and search? Not Mr. Luker only—which would be intelligible enough—but Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite as well. Why? Mr. Ablewhite's explanation is, that they acted on blind suspicion, after seeing him accidentally speaking to Mr. Luker. Absurd! Half a dozen other people spoke to Mr. Luker that morning. Why were they not followed home too, and decoyed into the trap? No! no! The plain inference is, that Mr. Ablewhite had his private interest in the Moonstone as well as Mr. Luker, and that the Indians were so uncertain as to which of the two had the disposal of the jewel that there was no alternative but to search them both. Public opinion says that, Miss Clack. And public opinion, on this occasion, is not easily refuted."

He said those last words looking so wonderfully wise in his own worldly conceit that I really (to my shame be it spoken) could not resist leading him on a little farther still before I overwhelmed him with the truth.

"I don't presume to argue with a clever lawyer like you," I said. "But is it quite fair, Sir, to Mr. Ablewhite to pass over the opinion of the famous London police-officer who investigated this case? Not the shadow of a suspicion rested on any body but Miss Verinder, in the mind of Sergeant Cuff."

"Do you mean to tell me, Miss Clack, that you agree with the Sergeant?"

"I judge nobody, Sir, and I offer no opinion."

"And I commit both those enormities, ma'am. I judge the Sergeant to have been utterly wrong; and I offer the opinion that, if he had known Rachel's character as I know it, he would have suspected every body in the house before he suspected *her*. I admit that she has her faults—she is secret, and self-willed; odd, and wild, and unlike other girls of her age. But true as steel, and high-minded and generous to a fault. If the plainest evidence in the world pointed one way, and if nothing but Rachel's word of honor pointed the other, I would take her word before the evidence, lawyer as I am! Strong language, Miss Clack; but I mean it."

"Would you object to illustrate your meaning, Mr. Bruff, so that I may be sure I understand it? Suppose you found Miss Verinder quite unaccountably interested in what has happened to Mr. Ablewhite and Mr. Luker? Suppose she asked the strangest questions about this dreadful scandal, and displayed the most ungovernable agitation when she found out the turn it was taking?"

"Suppose any thing you please, Miss Clack, it wouldn't shake my belief in Rachel Verinder by a hair's-breadth."

"She is so absolutely to be relied on as that?"

"So absolutely to be relied on as that."

"Then permit me to inform you, Mr. Bruff, that Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite was in this house not two hours since, and that his entire innocence of all concern in the disappearance of the Moonstone was proclaimed by Miss Verinder herself, in the strongest language I ever heard used by a young lady in my life."

I enjoyed the triumph—the unholy triumph, I fear, I must admit—of seeing Mr. Bruff utterly confounded and overthrown by a few plain words from Me. He started to his feet and stared at me in silence. I kept my seat, undisturbed, and related the whole scene exactly as it

"YOU ARE NOT SO GOOD A LAWYER, MISS CLACK, AS I SUPPOSED!"

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had occurred. "And what do you say about Mr. Ablewhite *now?*" I asked, with the utmost possible gentleness, as soon as I had done.

"If Rachel has testified to his innocence, Miss Clack, I don't scruple to say that I believe in his innocence as firmly as you do. I have been misled by appearances, like the rest of the world; and I will make the best atonement I can, by publicly contradicting the scandal which has assailed your friend wherever I meet with it. In the mean time, allow me to congratulate you on the masterly manner in which you have opened the full fire of your batteries on me at the moment when I least expected it. You would have done great things in my profession, ma'am, if you had happened to be a man."

With those words he turned away from me, and began walking irritably up and down the room.

I could see plainly that the new light I had thrown on the subject had greatly surprised and disturbed him. Certain expressions dropped from his lips as he became more and more absorbed in his own thoughts, which suggested to my mind the abominable view that he had hitherto taken of the mystery of the lost Moonstone. He had not scrupled to suspect dear Mr. Godfrey of the infamy of taking the Diamond, and to attribute Rachel's conduct to a generous resolution to conceal the crime. On Miss Verinder's own authority—a perfectly unassailable authority, as you are aware, in the estimation of Mr. Bruff—that explanation of the circumstances was now shown to be utterly wrong. The perplexity into which I had plunged this high legal authority was so overwhelming that he was quite unable to conceal it from notice. "What a case!" I heard him say to himself, stopping at the window in his walk, and drumming on the glass with his fingers. "It not only defies explanation, it's even beyond conjecture!"

There was nothing in those words which made any reply at all needful on my part—and yet I answered them! It seems hardly credible that I should not have been able to let Mr. Bruff alone, even now. It seems almost beyond mere mortal perversity that I should have discovered, in what he had just said, a new opportunity of making myself personally disagreeable to him. But—ah, my friends! nothing is beyond mortal perversity; and any thing is credible when our fallen natures get the better of us!

"Pardon me for intruding on your reflections," I said to the unsuspecting Mr. Bruff. "But surely there is a conjecture to make which has not occurred to us yet?"

"Maybe, Miss Clack. I own I don't know what it is."

"Before I was so fortunate, Sir, as to convince you of Mr. Ablewhite's innocence, you mentioned it as one of the reasons for suspecting him that he was in the house at the time when the Diamond was lost. Permit me to remind you that Mr. Franklin Blake was also in the house at the time when the Diamond was lost."

The old worldling left the window, took a chair exactly opposite to mine, and looked at me steadily, with a hard and vicious smile.

"You are not so good a lawyer, Miss Clack," he remarked, in a meditative manner, "as I supposed. You don't know how to let well alone."

"I am afraid I fail to follow you, Mr. Bruff," I said, modestly.

"It won't do, Miss Clack—it really won't do a second time. Franklin Blake is a prime favorite of mine, as you are well aware. But that doesn't matter. I'll adopt your view, on this occasion, before you have time to turn round on me. You're quite right, ma'am. I have suspected Mr. Ablewhite, on grounds which abstractedly justify suspecting Mr. Blake too. Very good—let's suspect him together. It's quite in his character, we will say, to be capable of stealing the Moonstone. The only question is, whether it was his interest to do it."

"Mr. Franklin Blake's debts," I remarked, "are matters of family notoriety."

"And Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite's debts have not arrived at that stage of development yet. Quite true. But there happen to be two difficulties in the way of your theory, Miss Clack. I manage Franklin Blake's affairs, and I beg to inform you that the vast majority of his creditors (knowing his father to be a rich man) are quite content to charge interest on their debts, and to wait for their money. There is the first difficulty—which is tough enough. You will find the second tougher still. I have it on the authority of Lady Verinder herself, that her daughter was ready to marry Franklin Blake, before that infernal Indian Diamond disappeared from the house. She had drawn him on and put him off again, with the coquetry of a young girl. But she had confessed to her mother that she loved cousin Franklin, and her mother had trusted cousin Franklin with the secret. So there he was, Miss Clack, with his creditors content to wait, and with the certain prospect before him of marrying an heiress. By all means consider him a scoundrel; but tell me, if you please, why he should steal the Moonstone?"

"The human heart is unsearchable," I said gently. "Who is to fathom it?"

"In other words, ma'am—though he hadn't the shadow of a reason for taking the Diamond—he might have taken it, nevertheless, through natural depravity. Very well. Say he did. Why the devil—?"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Bruff. If I hear the devil referred to in that manner, I must leave the room."

"I beg *your* pardon, Miss Clack—I'll be more careful in my choice of language for the future. All I meant to ask was this. Why—even supposing he did take the Diamond—should Franklin Blake make imself the most prominent person in the house, in trying to recover it? You may tell me he cunningly did that to divert suspicion from himself. I answer that he had no need to divert suspicion—because nobody suspected him. He first steals the Moonstone (without the slightest reason) through natural depravity; and he then acts a part, in relation to the loss of the jewel, which there is not the slightest necessity to act, and which leads to his mortally offending the young lady who would otherwise have married him. That is the monstrous proposition which you are driven to assert, if you attempt to associate the disappearance of the Moonstone with Franklin Blake. No, no, Miss Clack! After what has passed here to-day, between us two, the dead-lock in this case is complete. Rachel's own innocence is (as her mother knows, and as I know) beyond a doubt. Mr. Ablewhite's innocence is equally certain—or Rachel would never have testified to it. And Franklin Blake's innocence, as you have just seen, unanswerably asserts itself. On the one hand, we are morally certain of all these things. And, on the other hand, we are equally sure that somebody has brought the Moonstone to London, and that Mr. Luker, or his banker, is in private possession of it at this moment. What is the use of my experience, what is the use of any person's experience, in such a case as that? It baffles me; it baffles you; it baffles every body."

No—not every body. It had not baffled Sergeant Cuff. I was about to mention this with all possible mildness, and with every necessary protest against being supposed to cast a slur upon Rachel—when the servant came in to say that the doctor had gone, and that my aunt was waiting to receive us.

This stopped the discussion. Mr. Bruff collected his papers, looking a little exhausted by the demands which our conversation had made on him. I took up my bag-full of precious publications, feeling as if I could have gone on talking for hours. We proceeded in silence to Lady Verinder's room.

Permit me to add here, before my narrative advances to other events, that I have not described what passed between the lawyer and me without having a definite object in view. I am ordered to include in my contribution to the shocking story of the Moonstone a plain disclosure not only of the turn which suspicion took, but even of the names of the persons on whom suspicion rested at the time when the Indian Diamond was known to be in London. A report of my conversation in the library with Mr. Bruff appeared to me to be exactly what was wanted to answer this purpose—while, at the same time, it possessed the great moral advantage of rendering a sacrifice of sinful self-esteem essentially necessary on my part. I have been obliged to acknowledge that my fallen nature got the better of me. In making that humiliating confession *I* get the better of my fallen nature. The moral balance is restored: the spiritual atmosphere feels clear once more. Dear friends, we may go on again.

CHAPTER IV.

THE signing of the Will was a much shorter matter than I had anticipated. It was hurried over, to my thinking, in indecent haste. Samuel, the footman, was sent for to act as second witness—and the pen was put at once into my aunt's hand. I felt strongly urged to say a few appropriate words on this solemn occasion. But Mr. Bruff's manner convinced me that it was wisest to check the impulse while he was in the room. In less than two minutes it was all over—and Samuel (unbenefited by what I might have said) had gone down stairs again.

Mr. Bruff folded up the Will, and then looked my way; apparently wondering whether I did, or did not, mean to leave him alone with my aunt. I had my mission of mercy to fulfill, and my bag of precious publications ready on my lap. He might as well have expected to move St. Paul's Cathedral by looking at it as to move Me. There was one merit about him (due no doubt to his worldly training) which I have no wish to deny. He was quick at seeing things. I appeared to produce almost the same impression on him which I had produced on the cabman. *He* too uttered a profane expression, and withdrew in a violent hurry, and left me mistress of the field.

As soon as we were alone my aunt reclined on the sofa, and then alluded, with some appearance of confusion, to the subject of her Will.

"I hope you won't think yourself neglected, Drusilla," she said. "I mean to *give* you your little legacy, my dear, with my own hand."

Here was a golden opportunity! I seized it on the spot. In other words, I instantly opened my bag and took out the top publication. It proved to be an early edition—only the twenty-fifth—of the famous anonymous work (believed to be by precious Miss Bellows), entitled "The Serpent at Home." The design of the book—with which the worldly reader may not be acquainted—is to show how the Evil One lies in wait for us in all the most apparently innocent actions of our daily lives. The chapters best adapted to female perusal are, "Satan in the Hair-Brush;" "Satan behind the Looking-Glass;" "Satan under the Tea-Table;" "Satan out of the Window"—and many others.

"Give your attention, dear aunt, to this precious book—and you will give me all I ask." With those words, I handed it to her open, at a marked passage—one continuous burst of burning eloquence! Subject: Satan among the Sofa-Cushions.

Poor Lady Verinder (reclining thoughtlessly on her own sofa-cushions) glanced at the book, and handed it back to me looking more confused than ever.

"I'm afraid, Drusilla," she said, "I must wait till I am a little better, before I can read that. The doctor—"

The moment she mentioned the doctor's name I knew what was coming. Over and over again, in my past experience among my perishing fellow-creatures, the members of the notoriously infidel profession of Medicine had stepped between me and my mission of mercy—on the miserable pretense that the patient wanted quiet, and that the disturbing influence of all others which they most dreaded, was the influence of Miss Clack and her Books. Precisely the same blinded materialism (working treacherously behind my back) now sought to rob me of the only right of property that my poverty could claim—my right of spiritual property in my perishing aunt.

"The doctor tells me," my poor misguided relative went on, "that I am not so well to-day. He forbids me to see any strangers; and he orders me, if I read at all, only to read the lightest and the most amusing books. 'Do nothing, Lady Verinder, to weary your head, or to quicken your pulse'—those were his last words, Drusilla, when he left me to-day."

There was no help for it but to yield again—for the moment only, as before. Any open assertion of the infinitely superior importance of such a ministry as mine, compared with the ministry of the medical man, would only have provoked the doctor to practice on the human weakness of his patient, and to threaten to throw up the case. Happily, there are more ways than one of sowing the good seed, and few persons are better versed in those ways than myself.

"You might feel stronger, dear, in an hour or two," I said. "Or you might wake to-morrow morning with a sense of something wanting, and even this unpretending volume might be able to supply it. You will let me leave the book, aunt? The doctor can hardly object to that!"

I slipped it under the sofa-cushions, half in, half out, close by her handkerchief and smelling-bottle. Every time her hand searched for either of these it would touch the book; and, sooner or later (who knows?), the book might touch *her*. After making this arrangement, I thought it wise to withdraw. "Let me leave you to repose, dear aunt; I will call again to-morrow." I looked accidentally toward the window as I said that. It was full of flowers, in boxes and pots. Lady Verinder was extravagantly fond of these perishable treasures, and had a habit of rising every now and then, and going to look at them and smell them. A new idea flashed across my mind. "Oh! may I take a flower?" I said—and got to the window, unsuspected, in that way. Instead of taking away a flower I added one, in the shape of another book from my bag, which I left to surprise my aunt, among the geraniums and roses. The happy thought followed, "Why not do the same for her, poor dear, in every other room that she enters?" I immediately said good-by; and, crossing the hall, slipped into the library. Samuel, coming up to let me out, and supposing I had gone, went down stairs again. On the library table I noticed two of the "amusing books" which the infidel doctor had recommended. I instantly covered them from sight with two of my own precious publications. In the breakfast-room I found my aunt's favorite canary singing in his cage. She was always in the habit of feeding the bird herself. Some groundsel was strewed on a table which stood immediately under the cage. I put a book among the groundsel. In the drawing-room I found more cheering opportunities of emptying my bag. My aunt's favorite musical pieces were on the piano. I slipped in two more books among the music. I disposed of another in the back drawing-room, under some unfinished embroidery, which I knew to be of Lady Verinder's working. A third little room opened out of the back drawing-room, from which it was shut off by a curtain instead of a door. My aunt's plain old-fashioned fan was on the chimney-piece. I opened my ninth book at a very special passage, and put the fan in as a marker, to keep the place. The question then came, whether I should go higher still, and try the bedroom floor—at the risk, undoubtedly, of being insulted, if the person with the cap-ribbons happened to be in the upper regions of the house, and to find me out. But oh, what of that? It is a poor Christian that is afraid of being insulted. I went up stairs, prepared to bear any thing. All was silent and solitary—it was the servants' tea-time, I suppose. My aunt's room was in front. The miniature of my late dear uncle, Sir John, hung on the wall opposite the bed. It seemed to smile at me; it seemed to say "Drusilla! deposit a book." There were tables on either side of my aunt's bed. She was a bad sleeper, and wanted, or thought she wanted, many things at night. I put a book near the matches on one side, and a book under the box of chocolate drops on the other. Whether she wanted a light, or whether she wanted a drop, there was a precious publication to meet her eye, or to meet her hand, and to say with silent eloquence, in either case, "Come, try me! try me!" But one book was now left at the bottom of my bag, and but one apartment was still unexplored—the bath-room, which opened out of the bedroom. I peeped in; and the holy inner voice that never deceives whispered to me, "You have met her, Drusilla, every where else; meet her at the bath, and the work is done." I observed a dressing-gown thrown across a chair. It had a pocket in it, and in that pocket I put my last book. Can words express my exquisite sense of duty done, when I had slipped out of the house, unsuspected by any of them, and when I found myself in the street with my empty bag under my arm? Oh, my worldly friends, pursuing the phantom, Pleasure, through the guilty mazes of Dissipation, how easy it is to be happy, if you will only be good!

When I folded up my things that night—when I reflected on the *true* riches which I had scattered with such a lavish hand, from top to bottom of the house of my wealthy aunt—I declare I felt as free from all anxiety as if I had been a child again. I was so light-hearted that I sang a verse of the Evening Hymn. I was so light-hearted that I fell asleep before I could sing another. Quite like a child again! quite like a child again!

So I passed that blissful night. On rising the next morning how young I felt! I might add, how young I looked, if I were capable of dwelling on the concerns of my own perishable body. But I am not capable—and I add nothing.

Toward luncheon-time—not for the sake of the creature-comforts, but for the certainty of finding dear aunt—I put on my bonnet to go to Montagu Square. Just as I was ready the maid at the lodgings in which I then lived put her head in at the door, and said, "Lady Verinder's servant, to see Miss Clack."

A WOMAN'S BOOK.*

BY MRS. DINAH MULOCK CRAIK.

AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN," ETC.

"WHAT?" lately said a certain young American, entering a London bookseller's shop, and laying his hand, a little contemptuously, on a newly-published volume—simple enough to look at, having on its plain green binding neither coronets nor coats of arms—nothing but a monogram, "V. A."—the entwined initials which we English used to see familiarly every where for so many years, and now see only there—"What! do you call that a Queen's book?"

"No," replied the bookseller, with an honest dignity, "we call it *a woman's book*."

And this is the true way in which to look at them, both the present and the previous volume, which go by the name of "the Queen's books," as if her Majesty were trying to place herself among the ranks—sparse and small—of royal authors. Not at all. The very name—"royal author"—is a double misnomer, especially with regard to the second work. The worthy bookseller—we would it were fair to give his honest name—was quite right. "Leaves from the Journal of our Life" is essentially a woman's book. There is little of "the Queen," and almost nothing of "the author" in it. They who look for either, but especially the last, will assuredly be disappointed—as disappointed as they might be, and would deserve to be, if in reading the home-letters of their wives and daughters they expected to find them *Saturday Review* essays or *Times* leading articles. Such a thing is not likely, nor would it redound much to the credit of the wife or daughter, if instead of being a simple woman, writing her natural home-letter, just as will please them all at home, she were to soar into grand literary composition, compiled, as some celebrated authors do their most familiar epistles—with an eye to posterity.

This, our Queen's book, is, in a sense, no book at all—only a letter. A General Epistle, as it were—addressed to all her people, who in some things have rather misunderstood and wronged her of late—opening to them her whole heart, and appealing to their good hearts to try and understand the depth of her sorrow by measuring it with what she now reveals to them of the high perfection of her vanished joy. This utter candor—this wonderful *absence* of reticence, under circumstances when a nature so essentially womanly would ordinarily grow reticent in the extreme—is of itself the strongest testimony in favor of the book, and the advisability, nay necessity, of publishing it. A woman, not less womanly than this royal lady, has said, speaking of grief:

"Judge the length of the sword by the sheath's,
By the silence of life, more pathetic than death's;"

and so it ordinarily is. But our Queen was in perfectly exceptional circumstances. She could not keep silence; her position did not allow it: and this was the only way in which she could speak.

It was becoming high time she should speak. The dissatisfied half of the nation were already murmuring against her very hard, bitter, and unjust things. And here, in their climax of dissatisfaction, appears this book, proving by its straightforward unconscious evidence—circumstantial evidence, the strongest of all—that every disloyal allegation was inherently and ludicrously false. That, so far from being absorbed in a morbid, selfish sorrow, there is probably not a woman in the three kingdoms more utterly unselfish, or more free from that most unpleasant form of egotism, self-consciousness, than her Majesty. That she is also a busy woman—fulfilling her countless duties, harder than any of us know, with earnest conscientiousness; a wise woman—ordering her household and family, and acquainted with all that happens therein; beloved by, and affectionately appreciating, every worthy servant of the crown, from the great Duke of Wellington to the Highland Gillie who runs along by her pony's side; that, so far from rejecting her people's love, and being careless of their sympathy, she is touchingly, sensitively eager for both. And now she has come forward in her noble self-abandonment, her most pathetic unreserve—laying aside all the trapping of royalty, and riding through the land like a spiritual Lady Godiva, clothed only in her own thorough womanhede—to set her people free.

Yes, free; for there is no worse slavery for a nation than the habit of carping at its rulers; of slandering and backbiting; of "speaking evil of dignities," merely because they are dignities; of being ever ready to carry from mouth to mouth defamatory or ludicrous stories. Now, as our widowed Godiva passes on through the lonely sunshine we feel that it will be at least through

* "Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands. Edited by ARTHUR HELPS." Published by HARPER & BROTHERS.

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"A MOTHER'S CARES."

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SEARED.

ONLY a little wiser, perhaps,
Yet somewhat sadder too;
'Tis always sad to awake and find
A pleasant dream untrue.

To find that lips had loved you well,
But Heart stood coldly by,
Nor recked that the white hand trembled so,
Or the lid of the well-taught eye.

Still she did all she had to do,
I'll blame her not, not I;
She was merely acting Woman
In the drama of A Lie!

Yet 'tis from this part of Woman,
That one all simple now,
First learns to forget to be true in love,
To smile at the broken vow!

Say then if he see it often played—
Seems it so passing strange
That a heartless love seem sweet enough,
That he care not now to change?

If heart be a thing so hard to find,
That he rest from his search a while,
Content to be wooed by the brightest eye,
Or to bask in the sunniest smile?

No, she must learn that a heart once seared
Or dies in its cold, proud pain,
Or is healed by the smile of as false as she,
But never by hers again.

Yet she does all she has to do,
I'll blame her not, not I;
She is merely acting Woman
In the drama of A Lie!

THE PUBLISHER'S DAUGHTER.

ONE hundred years ago, what Mr. John Murray, of Albemarle Street, is now to the city of London, was Mr. James Haley to the city of Dublin. Besides being a publisher, he was the proprietor of a newspaper called the Dublin *Mercury*, which possessed such an influence over the Irish mind as induced Lord Townshend to select it as the official organ of the Irish Government.

If Mr. Haley was happy in the possession of a newspaper which found unlimited patronage among the public and the Government, which enrolled among its contributors the names of Marlay, the Dean of Ferns, and Jephson, the dramatist, and which had for an opponent the *Freeman's Journal*, directed by the once celebrated Dr. Lucas, he was yet more happy in the possession of Elizabeth, his youngest daughter.

This girl was the belle of Dublin. She had won this enviable distinction as much through the accomplishments of her mind as through the graces of her person. It is recorded that her form was matchless for its symmetry and lightness. She had an abundance of that superb hair which is neither golden nor auburn, but which seems to partake of the beauties of both, mingling their hues like those clouds which we see floating above and around the setting sun. Her eyes were dark blue and deep, her features classic in their precision—in the short, haughty lip, in the low, straight forehead, the oval, velvet-like cheek and chin. Her hands were considered to be the smallest and whitest of any woman's in the three kingdoms, and her foot was taken by a well-known bootmaker of the period as a model for the slipper in the extravaganza of "Cinderella." She could converse fluently in several foreign languages, she was a superb musician, and her paintings elicited the approbation of the most critical connoisseurs.

The admiration, however, which she excited among the literary, and even aristocratic, circles in which she moved did not in the least affect her. She had a great deal too much sense to be flattered by the almost fulsome compliments which the beaux of her acquaintance took every opportunity to whisper to her. She cared little for society. The only companionship she appeared to value was that of her sister Grace. She had been left motherless at an early age; but in Mr. Haley she found a father who supplied every want engendered by the absence of the other parent with a tenderness, a pride, and a care that created a love between them that was little short of adoration.

Mr. Haley's drawing-room was over the *Mercury's* office. In those days fashion had not driven tradespeople into houses away from their shops; and the place of business which supplied the publisher with his fortune he considered quite good enough to furnish him with a residence. In addition to the family circle occupying this drawing-room one mild summer's evening were Gabriel Guertier, a young Frenchman, and Charles Talbot.

Talbot was about five-and-twenty years old at the period at which my story opens. Without being a strikingly handsome man, he was possessed of pretty much every requisite to manly beauty. A lofty, white forehead; large, flashing black eyes; a sweet smile, disclosing the whitest teeth; and a form, strong, well-proportioned, and supple, made him a rather dangerous foe to the peace of mind of those young ladies whom he took it into his head to attack.

Gabriel was Grace's recognized lover. They had been engaged some time, and it was almost impossible to conceive any passion more pure, more generous, more unvarying than that which subsisted between the young people.

Elizabeth, though courted, caressed, and flattered on every side, had as yet no lover of her own. Many other girls placed in her position would, doubtless, have fallen in love pretty well every other day, considering the amount of attention she got from men for whom all the Dublin girls were sighing. But somehow or other, in proportion as she was more wooed, so she became more exacting. Her suitors all wanted some one thing more than the poor fellows happened to possess: it might be a better-shaped nose, a smaller mouth, whiter hands, a quicker wit, a finer character, a more generous heart, etc. And so it came to pass that she let them all go by her, including even in her contempt a viceroy, without feeling her heart in the slightest degree affected by the trying ordeal through which her beauty had compelled her to pass.

But a change was to come over the dream of her life. The smile and eyes of Charles Talbot were at length to achieve a conquest that it was the general opinion among the beaux of Dublin was wholly impracticable.

Talbot had brought a letter of recommendation from the Earl of Shrewsbury to Mr. Haley. This, together with the specimens of his skill as an engraver, had induced the publisher to give him employment. He acquitted himself so admirably that, in the shortest time possible, he had won for himself the regard and confidence of his employer.

It occurred that during the evening to which I have referred Mr. Haley had left the room for a short time. The night was darkening outside. Elizabeth rose, stirred the fire, and, while the ruddy glow lighted up her lovely features, turned to Talbot, and exclaimed:

"Every body hears a good deal of the Earl of Shrewsbury; but I've never met any body yet who knows him personally, saving yourself. What kind of looking man is he, Mr. Talbot? Is he handsome, to begin with?"

"Tolerably handsome. I don't think him very good-looking, though I believe the reverse is the opinion of a good many."

"Is he old?"

Talbot smiled.

"One of the most piquant traits in a woman's character is curiosity. Let me congratulate you upon the possession of it in an eminent degree."

He showed his white teeth, and flashed his eye upon her as he spoke. She colored a little, and looked downward at the fire.

"Is he often in love, Mr. Talbot?" asked Grace.

"Not often. But I would not answer for that view of his character, were he once to set foot in this drawing-room."

"That's meant for you, Lizzie," said Grace.

"And why not for you?" Talbot inquired.

"Ask him," she answered, laughing, and pointing at Guertier.

Guertier shrugged his shoulders in true French fashion, but remained silent.

The conversation went on in this kind of strain until the return of Mr. Haley, when the two young men rose, and bidding good-night, took their departure.

Six months passed away, during which it happened that a coolness sprang up between Guertier and Talbot. The sarcasms of the Englishman were sometimes quite intolerable to the somewhat plebeian pride of the Frenchman. Nevertheless they remained on speaking terms, and in the presence of others even ventured upon the interchange of apparently friendly familiarities.

Grace, who was sharp at detecting the secret dislike of her lover for Talbot, could not, however, sympathize with it. There was an attractiveness about Talbot that was not to be resisted. He was just one of that kind of men whom a man has most to fear as a rival, and whom a woman has most to delight in as a lover.

As for Elizabeth, her love for him was profound, absorbing. She kept it secret for a long time; but his quick perception, on his declaring his love for her, soon divined the passionate feelings that animated her heart for him.

One evening a brilliant party was given by Jephson, the dramatist, in his rooms in Change Alley. Among those present were Mr. Haley, Grace, Elizabeth, and Guertier. Card-tables were scattered about the room, around which might be seen assembled groups attired in the picturesque costumes with which the paintings of that period have made us all familiar. Elizabeth was seated near one of these card-tables, watching a game of basset that was being dexterously played, when her attention was called away by some persons laughing heartily in the corner of the room; and on rising to remark the cause of this sudden hilarity she perceived Talbot standing in the centre of the group laughing as heartily as the rest.

It appeared that Talbot had been amusing himself with sketching a portrait of Charles Lucas, the butt and foe of the wits of the *Mercury*. The likeness was a caricature, and presented an absurd resemblance to Mr. Haley. Guertier had drawn nigh, and on catching sight of the drawing had burst out into a laugh. This had attracted other by-standers, who, seeing what they fancied to be the joke, fell to violently laughing themselves.

"Give me that likeness, Talbot, will you?" asked Guertier.

"Bah! it's not worth having," rejoined Talbot. "However, you may take it if you will," and, turning upon his heel, he strolled away.

Guertier took the drawing, and beneath it wrote the words, "*Old Haley.*" Approaching Elizabeth, who, on catching sight of Talbot, had blushed and resumed her seat, he placed the sketch in her hands without comment. She gazed at it for a moment, then indignantly exclaimed—

"Did Mr. Talbot do this?"

"Yes," was the laconic reply; then, after a moment's pause, he added, "It's very like, isn't it? But what makes you so angry?"

She answered—

"I do not feel very well. I am not angry."

But her white, contracted brows distinctly denied her words. Scarcely had Guertier left her side when Talbot approached her.

"I have come to take you to the next room," he said, gayly. "It is cooler there, and the tables are spread with the choicest repast I ever saw. Come!"

"Did you draw this picture, Mr. Talbot?"

He inspected it for a moment, and then said—

"Yes."

"Your father wants you in the next room, Miss Haley," said Guertier, from the door.

"Have you dared, Mr. Talbot, to caricature a man whom I so love?" she said, eagerly and tearfully.

"Your father wants you in the next room, Miss Haley," repeated Guertier.

"I will not entertain this company with a scene, Mr. Talbot," she went on; "but—"

"Why are you talking so wildly, Miss Haley?" exclaimed Talbot, clasping his hands. "Surely—you—you—"

He stopped abruptly, fixing his big eyes upon her with an expression half of rage, half of adoration.

"It would be advisable for us not to meet again," she said, rising and bowing haughtily to him.

He turned deadly pale.

"And all through a caricature of a stupid fool!" he said.

She drew herself up, and gave him one look; then, turning sharply round, she followed Guertier into the adjoining room. In a quarter of an hour after this the party left.

Who shall tell the bitterness of the days and nights to Elizabeth that followed this quarrel with her lover? Her sister had married, her father was dead—she was all alone now.

There had come a revelation from her sister that had almost killed her. Talbot had not been guilty of the insult which had been the cause of their quarrel. Grace had been told the secret by her husband, and, compassionating her sister's sadness, had communicated it to her.

Her grief seemed to broaden around her. It was miserable to remember that she had lost a lover whom she so adored. It was almost death to know how he had been lost.

She accepted an invitation to spend a few weeks with some friends in London, thinking that new scenes would help to subdue the dejection to which her mind was now constantly a prey. But the very hum and shock of the huge metropolis seemed only to add a new bitterness to her sense of solitude.

One evening she encountered Charles Talbot in the streets. She had not seen him now for a long, long time. She was, with some friends, passing by an exhibition of engravings in Fleet Street. He did not recognize her, but she knew him at once. He did not look so well as she remembered seeing him when last they met. She would have given her whole heart to speak to him; but even while she hesitated the crowd surged a little to and fro, and when she looked around he was gone.

Their next meeting was brought about by an extraordinary coincidence. It appeared that the friends with whom Elizabeth was stopping possessed some valuable engravings, which they were desirous of selling. They had been placed in the drawing-room, and during the day parties of strangers would drop in for the purpose of inspecting them.

Elizabeth was seated alone in the room, contemplating the engravings with an abstracted gaze. She had entered just as some visitors had taken their departure. Hardly five minutes had elapsed when the door was suddenly thrown open, and Mr. Talbot was shown in. On seeing him Elizabeth uttered a low cry. He stopped, as if struck with astonishment; then, hastily advancing, he exclaimed:

"I little expected to meet you here, Miss Haley. Will my presence embarrass you if I remain for about three minutes to inspect some of these sketches?"

She was intensely mortified by his coolness. Without raising her eyes from the ground she answered:

"If I find your presence embarrasses me, I can easily leave the room."

He made no answer, but commenced his inspection. She did not raise her eyes from the ground for some minutes. When she did, she found that Talbot was leaning against a screen, with folded arms, and with his eyes intently fixed upon her. The instant their glances met she rose, and was about to leave the room, when, hastily advancing, he seized her by the hand.

"Elizabeth, my darling Elizabeth!" he exclaimed, in musical, passionate accents, "do not leave me now! You blamed me falsely once—I loved you well then—ay, still love you! I was wronged—cruelly wronged! You know it! Will you leave me? I am leaving England soon—perhaps forever! I am poor, destitute! Yet I can not leave the old country without hearing one tender adieu from her whom only I have loved in this world, whom only—"

He paused, overwhelmed with his feelings.

All the old memories of by-gone days rushed over her as she met his full, loving eyes beaming down into hers. His warm clasp was on her hand, his warm breath was on her cheek—he was drawing her to his heart, and she could not resist him. One sigh, and she was upon his breast, telling him how long and fondly she had loved him.

"My own darling! Heaven bless you! My wife—my own—"

The door was thrown open and the owner of the pictures walked in.

"Why, my lord, is it possible?" he exclaimed, throwing up his hands. "I had no idea you were acquainted with Miss Haley. Elizabeth, how long, pray, have you known the Earl of Shrewsbury?"

Elizabeth started back, white and trembling.

"The Earl of Shrewsbury!" she cried, "what does this mean, Charles? Are you—"

"The Earl of Shrewsbury, Lizzie? Yes, I am. And you are the future Countess of Shrewsbury. Mr. Walker, let me receive your congratulations upon the choice I have made of a girl who this day month will be my wife."

He spoke truly, for on that day month the publisher's daughter became the Countess of Shrewsbury.

MY QUIET GLEN.

A PLACE where Spring delights to dwell,
And Summer weaves a fairy spell,
And Autumn lingers long;
Where trees all day long droop and dream,
Listening the murmur of the stream,
And the full tide of song.

Where waters babble in the noon,
And babble louder 'neath the moon,
When all the world is still;
While out and in they plash and play,
By branches shaded from the day,
Beneath the greening hill.

God sent me here, I know it well,
A while in rest of heart to dwell
Beyond the din of strife;
Far from the city's dusty street,
From weary hearts and weary feet,
And toils of painful life.

Here must I gird my armor on,
Here the brave heart's strong harness don,
Here watch the rolling sea;
Then when its waves break o'er my bark,
When winds are loud and waves are dark,
I calm within may be.

ROUGH-RIDING IN CHINA.

I SEE by the papers that our new Minister *from* China has been enjoying one of the excitements of that country in the shape of an attack from robbers. China, uncivilized as it is, resembles all other countries in this respect, and possesses as many petty thieves as New York, and a great many more brigands than either Italy or Mexico, which I take it is speaking pretty strongly. I once enjoyed an encounter with some Chinese brigands, and did some as rough rough-riding as Mr. Burlingame; and this was the manner of it:

Some years ago I was sent on a sea voyage for the benefit of my health, and the ship in which I sailed was sent to Amoy, where she lay for some months during the winter waiting to fill up with tea for New York.

One evening some of our friends were making a visit on board the ship, when the conversation turned on the power and endurance of the little shaggy pique horses that we were in the habit of riding every day.

"Ah," said Mr. Field, a merchant of Amoy, "you would believe any thing of them if you saw how Broderick handles them!"

"And who is Mr. Broderick?" asked one of the party.

"A cousin of mine, and the most daring rough-rider in the English army," said the Captain; "and you will all have an opportunity of seeing him," he added, "for he is to arrive in the steamer to-morrow."

I felt quite curious to see him, for I have a great admiration for pluck, and I found myself wondering whether he would be able to join the picnic that was to be given in honor of our approaching departure.

A picnic in China, when undertaken by Americans, is very like a picnic in America. During our stay these picnics had been our chief delight. We used to send the provisions on before in the care of coolies, and we followed after mounted on little "jack-nags," or, more correctly speaking, on the before-mentioned small, shaggy horses, a breed of native animals celebrated for their endurance and sure-footedness. We generally left the town at about ten o'clock in the morning and rode to our destination, where we strolled about talking, laughing, and singing, eating our lunch and enjoying the delicious clear winter air, returning in time to dress for the seven o'clock dinner.

The picnic in question was given us by Mr. Field, the merchant to whose house our ship was consigned.

The morning came, the steamer's letters had all been dispatched, and the gentlemen felt as if they had a few days' breathing space. It was a lovely winter morning, and we went on shore quite early to begin the day's sport. As Mr. Field was putting me on to my pony I heard him say, "So you have decided to go, after all, John."

I looked up to see who "John" might be, and I saw a stalwart Englishman of the pure Saxon type, all muscle and sinew, not an ounce of spare flesh, with the strong jaw that betokened an iron will. I imagined at once that this must be the new-comer, whose prowess Mr. Field had extolled a few nights before.

And I was right. A few words introduced "Mr. Broderick," and a few more placed me under his particular care, as the most timid rider among the ladies, and consequently as needing more protection.

Our party consisted of twenty-one gentlemen and four ladies, the wives of missionaries, Mrs. Grew, the Captain's wife, and myself.

As we were starting, Mr. Broderick turned to me, saying,

"Have they given you a leaping-saddle, Miss Mayhew?"

"No," I answered.

"Well," said he, "then it must be changed; for no lady shall ride under my protection unless she is fairly equipped."

So I went back, and the saddle was changed, and I have every reason to be thankful for the forethought that suggested the alteration.

Our way lay for six or seven miles across a

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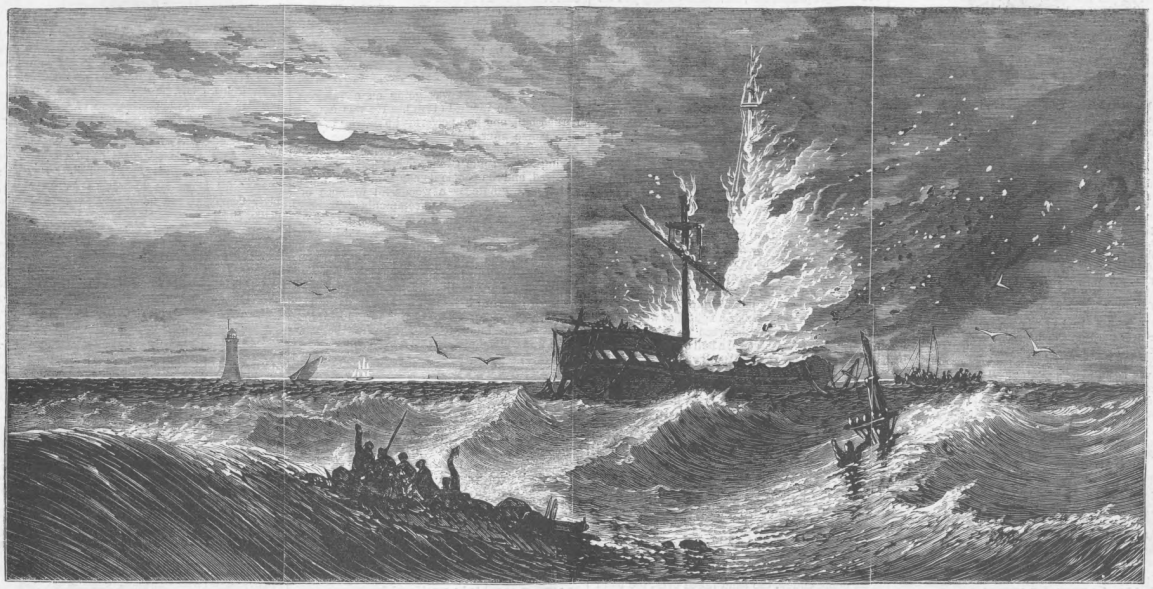


LAND IN SIGHT!—HOME AT LAST!

THE laughing sea rolls blue and free,
And on every face there is joy and glee;
For the west wind harps, in the rigging, soft,
And the broad white canvas, that's spread aloft,
Strains fuller now to the homeward wind;
And even the sea-bird's left behind,
As the ship cleaves faster the crimson wave
In the sunset red as a warrior's grave.

"Land in sight!" and "Home at last!"
That is the cry that spreads so fast;
And they fancy already they hear the bells
Ringing from old familiar dells.

Soon, soon the granite cliffs will rise
To cheer the longing and straining eyes;
Once past yon burning sunset line,
They'll see the well-known headlands shine.

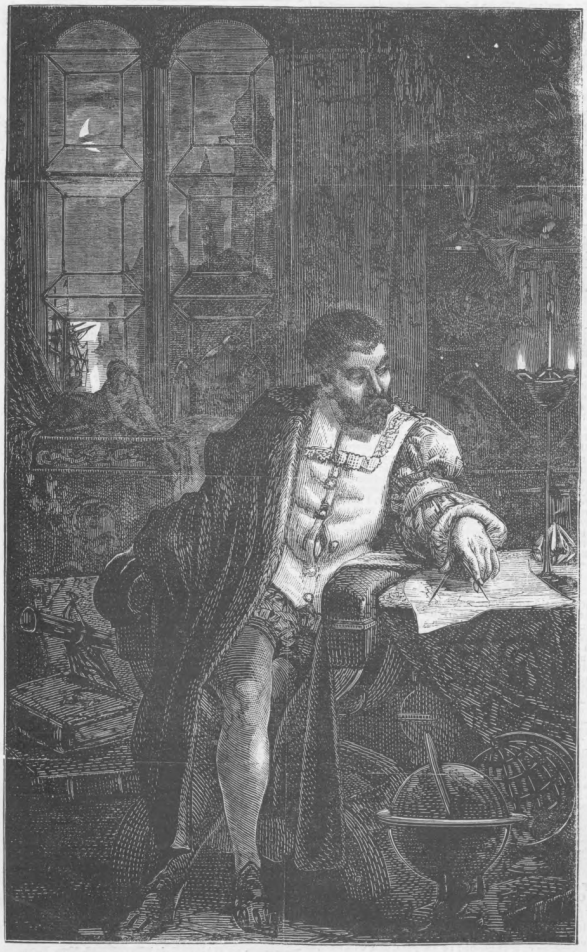
The sea grows greener every hour,
The deep keel plows with a keener power;
The dusk is spreading its shroud of gloom,
And night, like the lid of a pond'rous tomb,
Falls slow; but the laugh and the song rise up
As the bubbles spring in a Champagne-cup;
For there in the east the magnet star
Of a light-house is welcoming them from far.

Sleep, brave men, sleep, for home is near;
Sleep, mothers, sleep, without dream of fear;
Sleep, children, sleep, for the sea's at rest,
Rocking you all to its fost'ring breast:
The ship so staunch and true and strong,
With the tyrant sea has battled long.
In an hour the loud cry, "Shell and sand!"
Will tell the advent of the land.

Night spreads its canopy of stars
High o'er the good ship's swaying spars—
Halcyon night, with its balm to all;
Soft, sweet night with its drowsy pall.

Already the scent of the new-mown hay
Breathes from the meadow-land far away;
And Hope brings dreams of happier time,
Of changeless joy, and a sunnier clime.

The land's in sight—that glimpse of the moon
Disclosed the nearest headland; soon
The church-tower on the cliff will show—
When you dark cloud away shall blow.
Plow faster, ship: they pine for rest;
Hadst thou a heart within thy breast,
Swifter, oh, swifter thy homeward flight,
To that long, low line of glimmering white.



THE DAWN OF TRUTH—"WHO WITH HIS COMPASS FAIN WOULD SPAN GREAT NATURE'S MYSTERIES."

ILL TIDINGS—"THEN CAME THE NEWS—HER FEARS WERE TRUE; HER LOVE—HE SLEPT ETERNALLY."

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What scream was that?—that anguish starts
From bleeding and from breaking hearts.
A blue smoke oozes from the hold,
And cheeks grow pale, and hearts grow cold;
Broad flames from all the port-holes leap,
Keen flames along the cordage creep—
Soon the tall masts are lapped in fire,
Fanned by the winds the flames mount higher.

Red flows the sea as the fierce flame blows,
The inky cloud all crimson grows.
Loud ring their shrieks, as the only boat
With half-crazed women is set afloat;
And now swift jets of smoke and fire
From the blazing vessel the winds waft higher;
And the wreck floats on o'er the glowing wave,
Of all within her the burning grave.

Men on the cliffs, looking out to sea—
A pale and shuddering company—
See, as the wind shifts to the west,
A floating light on the ocean-crest;
And then a frame with thick ribs charred—
A chaldron vast, with timbers barred;
And within this floating basket-cage
A fierce fire white with a quenchless rage.

To leeward a cloud of crimson spread,
Far over the dying and the dead,
A cloud that's starred with sparks that fast
From the wreck in burning showers are cast.
Slowly again night's pitying pall
Spreads o'er the sea and the high cliff wall;
And those who are saved from the fire and waves
Kneel and pray to the God who saves.

THE DAWN OF TRUTH.

See Illustration on page 253.

SWIFT rides the moon o'er tower and deep,
The city, like a child asleep,
Basks in that tender light;
And o'er steep streets and winding ways,
And o'er the silence of the quays,
Broods the cool shade of night.

One watcher watcheth with the moon,
Watcher for whom day comes too soon,
Pale student of the skies;
Who with his compass fain would span—
Defiant of the priesthood's ban—
Great Nature's mysteries.

Through years of solitude and care,
With that *they* will not credit—prayer—
Has this man sought to teach
The meaning of that perfect scheme,
Grander than Pagan's wildest dream,
Nor set beyond man's reach.

For He whose hand the stars can bind
Gave man his far-aspiring mind,
His fever-thirst to know;
Not sweet to Him the bigot's curse
On eyes that read the universe,
And mark stars come and go.

Oh, not by Him is set the line
That shall our mental range confine
Within appointed space;
Not high enough man's soul can soar,
Till all the heavens he shall explore,
And see God face to face.

Each new star tracked by mortal ken,
Each new link in creation's chain,
Is one step nearer home;
Obscure the mage through which we grope,
But bright above our star of hope,
Our watchword, "Lo, we come!"

ILL TIDINGS.

See Illustration on page 253.

SCARCE three months since her lover sailed:
Sudden the severing message came;
But love was strength; his soul ne'er failed:
He thought of her, and thought of fame.
He left with youth upon his brow,
And courage master of his heart:
Love well would guide his good ship's prow,
And hope could soothe e'en parting's smart!

And she—oh, blessed thought!—why fear?
There close beside her quiet home
The great sea rolled forever near,
O'er which her lover's bark would roam!
And oft along the sounding shore,
When waves ran high and day grew dim,
She listened to the ocean's roar,
That seemed to tell her soul of him.

One night she heard the storm come down,
As by the ocean's marge she stood:
Far out the crested breakers thrown
Whitened with wrath the angry flood.
And to her sadd'ning heart seemed borne
Strange murmurs from the wind above;
"Great God," she said, "from night till morn
"Oh guard him safe, my love, my love!"

Days passed: there lingered still behind
The shadow of that fearful night;
She dared no longer trust the wind,
The sea grew deathlike to her sight.
Then came the news—her fears were true;
Her love—he slept eternally
Down fathoms deep: that night, she knew,
Death's note had sounded in the sea!

A BULL AND TIGER FIGHT.

I MET Don Ricardo first at the Hôtel Peninsulaire, Puerta del Sol, Madrid. He was then about forty years old, five feet eleven inches in height, and powerfully put together. A more charming companion in every way it is impossible to have. How full of information he was! How thoroughly he knew Spain! What stories he had of brigands, duels, camps, and courts! What countryman was he? Well, I should think originally he was Irish, but for the latter twenty years of his life he had lived in Spain. He it was who took me to my first bull-fight. I would go, as I have done, from one end of Spain to another to see a good bull-fight. I consider it the most exciting and beautiful spectacle to be seen in the present day. Yes! it was with Don Ricardo that I went to my first bull-fight—he, an old connoisseur, sitting close to me, pointing out the various points, etc., etc. How I enjoyed it! And between the intervals he told me of the scene of bloodshed he had once seen in that Plaza de Toros.

"The season," said Don Ricardo, "had been remarkably dull. Either the people were poorer than usual, or the bulls were of an inferior breed. One thing was very certain: that fight after fight took place, and the Plaza, instead of being crowded, as it is to-day, with ten thousand people, had a beggarly two or three hundred scattered about. It became evident that the contractor, unless he could fill the ring again, would shortly be a ruined man. It chanced that about this time there arrived in Madrid a traveling menagerie. Among other animals, it contained a very fine tiger. An idea entered into the head of the contractor that he would entertain the gay world of Madrid with a spectacle such as had not been seen since the days of the Romans. He accordingly, after a good deal of bargaining, succeeded in purchasing from the showman his large tiger; and a day or two afterward the walls of Madrid were placarded with announcements of a fight that would take place on a certain day between 'a tiger of enormous size and ferocity' and a bull of the celebrated breed of Don Fulano. The day arrived, and the Plaza was crowded. Now a bull-fight generally averages about two and a half hours, and the contractor had bothered his brain how he should spin the time out. He began accordingly with a fight between a bull-dog and a donkey."

"Good gracious!" I could not help exclaiming, "you don't mean to say that was worth seeing?"

"Indeed," continued Don Ricardo, "it proved a most excellent fight, and lasted about twenty minutes, before the bull-dog was killed. Most of us thought the bull-dog would be the conqueror, till we saw how cleverly the donkey struck him with his fore-feet, and fell upon him with his knees, when the dog seized him by the throat. This being ended, the sand raked over, the band finished their tune, and the multitude hanging over the sides of the arena in that breathless silence which always precedes the letting out of the bull, the door was flung back and a noble bull dashed into the ring with that impetuous rush which is so fine. He galloped wildly round the ring once or twice, apparently astonished at finding nothing to encounter, and then took up his position in the centre of the arena, pawing, and shaking his curly black locks over his small, stag-like muzzle. A door facing him was then opened and the tiger was let out. It was very singular to remark the different way that the tiger came out of his den—no wild rush or roar; but, sneaking out of his cell, he crept close to the barrier, and, crouching against it, looked with half-closed eyes at his enemy. The bull, directly he saw him, gave one or two wild snorts, full of vigor and passion, and backed a few paces. He did not seem afraid, but conscious he was in the presence of a dangerous enemy not to be trifled with. So they continued gazing at each other for some seconds. Presently the tiger seemed to crouch gradually lower and lower till he lay literally ventre à terre, and commenced dragging himself paw by paw nearer to the bull. He in his turn retreated two or three steps, and then stood still, awaiting the event—no movement but an occasional petulant shake of his head, and a slight noise like a deep sigh. You might have heard a pin drop in the Plaza, so intense was the excitement as, inch by inch, the tiger drew near. Suddenly! in a moment! he seemed to double himself into a ball, and then fly out like a piece of watch-spring. But with no roar, in perfect silence, he sprang! A wild, furious snort on the bull's part, as he met him, and we saw him receive the tiger full on his horns. For an instant one claw hung on the bull's glossy shoulder, and then he fell a corpse on the sand; for the bull's horn penetrated the chest and heart. The conqueror sniffed once or twice at the body, made a plunge at it, and then cantered round the ring as if aware of the gallant feat he had accomplished. The band struck up a lively air, in cantered the mules, the dead tiger was dragged out, the bull shut up, and the spectators sat still. (About three-quarters of an hour had elapsed, and the unlucky contractor had nothing more provided for his patrons.) After waiting a little while, the shout—uttered in that peculiar sing-song always used in the bull-ring—began of 'Otra tigrá!' Otra tigrá!' It was taken up by voice after voice, till the whole circo rang with this chant, 'Otra tigrá.' (Any one who has been to a bull-fight will most likely have heard the cry of either 'Otro toró,' or 'fuego,' and will be able to put the proper tune to it, for it is impossible to describe it.) The contractor was furious—mad; he knew not what to do; he rushed into the ring, begged for mercy, assured his friends it was utterly impossible to procure 'another tiger.' Still the cry went steadily on, 'Otra tigrá.' Then the contractor became nervous, then frightened, and finally fled. Then the capitan-general announced from the queen's box that the fight was over, and requested the populace to withdraw. No notice; nothing but the cry, 'Otra tigrá.' Then the military were called in and ordered to clear the ring (a regiment is always on guard outside during a bull-fight); then the manolas began to strike the little wax matches they carry; then some one set light to a paper fan, and in another minute all the manolas were lighting the hangings and the benches. Then, alas! some one gave the order to fire, and the troops fired! Some twenty were killed and wounded; the remainder of us fled as hard as we could. So ended this fight between a tiger and bull," said Don Ricardo. "I remained till the firing began, when I bolted as hard as I could go; for one never knows in this country when a revolution may break out, or on what pretense; I have myself seen serious outbreaks for less reason. The military were blamed by some, but defended by many on the score that if they had not fired Madrid might in a few hours have been in flames, as indeed was very likely with such an excitable people as the Spaniards."

The bull who had fought so well I believe was spared and sent to the stud. I have only heard of one other instance of a bull's life being granted him; and a lawsuit was going on about him when I was in Madrid (1861). He was a one-horned bull, and had performed prodigies of valor. Horse after horse went down before him. At last the supply of horses ran short, the bull having killed some twenty-five. This, was announced, and the people demanded the bull's life, which was granted—a wonderful instance of mercy, and proving what uncommonly good sport he must have showed for a Spaniard to cry, "Hold! enough." The contractor sent him up to his farm; the *breeder* of the bull, however, sued the contractor, stating that he sold the bull to be killed, not to propagate his valuable breed—the contractor stating he bought him to do what he liked with him. This case, as I said before, was going on while I was in Madrid, but how it ended I know not—I should fear the poor brute was condemned.

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MY DEAR SIR: My daughter Alice, thirteen years old, has been completely cured of that horrible disease, scrofula, which for years rendered life a torment. After all medicines and many physicians had been tried and failed, I commenced giving her your pills. She took them almost every day for three months, constantly improving. She has now entirely recovered, and is a living evidence of the virtues of Brandreth's Pills. Yours truly, DANIEL LUTHER,
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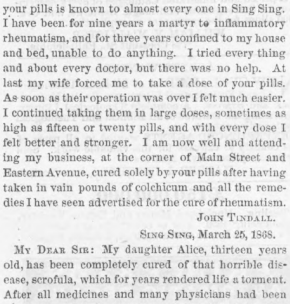

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GENTS,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the Oroide Watches I ordered. They are very beautiful, keep good time, and hold their color perfectly, and pass very well for gold: in fact, they are all you represent them to be. I am well pleased. You will please forward to my address, in care of Southern Express, Vicksburg, Miss., another Oroide Watch, gent's size; also a Chain worth five dollars ($5.) You will hear from me frequently. Very respectfully, your obedient servant, C. S. CRITENDEN.

P.S.—I enclose you a letter to show you how well your watches pass for gold:

C. S. Critenden, Vicksburg, Miss.: February 16, 1868.

I received the beautiful watch you sent me. It is a nice present, for which accept the kind regards of your old comrade. You will not think hard of me when I tell you that I sold the watch for $150, and with this money I will visit you. Please order another watch for me in your name. I will be in Vicksburg next week, and I believe, if you will assist me, I will speculate a little in watches. Don't you think my old left hand is improving? I wonder where my poor right arm is. Send for a chain. Your old comrade, TOM.

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Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: SHELBY COUNTY, ALABAMA, February 17, 1868.

GENTS,—The watch you expressed to me on the 20th of January came to hand all right (except crystal broken). I regulated it. I am well pleased with it. It keeps as good time as one of P. S. Bartlett's best patent levers. I have shown it to a good many, and they pronounce it a good watch and no humbug.
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SIRS,—I have just inspected one of your fifteen-dollar watches, and am much pleased with the same. Please send me one of the large size (gentlemen's). I have no doubt but that some of the members will favor you with their orders, should the one that you send me be a good one and well finished. Send by express, addressed to G. A. LACK, Raleigh, Wake County, N. C.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: FREDERICKTOWN, MO., December 14, 1867.

I received my watch as ordered, and am highly pleased with it in every respect. My expectations are fully realized. You will find enclosed $5, for which please send me one of your most stylish and substantial chains of that price. Yours respectfully, CYRUS A. PETERSON, Fredericktown, Mo.

P.S.—You may expect a larger order from myself and friends soon. C. A. P.

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Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: BROOKLYN, POWESHIEK COUNTY, IOWA, December 7, 1867.

Enclosed you will find an order for six of your watches, three hunting-cases and three ladies' watches. Send to Brooklyn, Poweshiek County, Iowa. The watch you sent me three months ago proves as good a time-keeper as I have ever seen. I have exhibited my watch to my neighbors, so that I am able to send a club of six for watches. Address to J. L. BAGENSTOS.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: MERIDIAN, January 13, 1868.

The watch ordered by express came to hand to-day. I am well pleased with its appearance, and if it keeps actual time I am perfectly satisfied. In the mean time I wish to order two for my friends, of the same quality as the one sent me. Respectfully, A. W. BELL.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA, December 2, 1868.

DEAR SIRS,—I received the watch which I ordered all safe, some days ago, and I must say it fully exceeded my expectation: it is all and more than I could desire for the money. So far it keeps very good time.
Yours truly, C. STEWART.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.:

SIRS,—Please send to the undersigned one of your Fifteen-Dollar Oroide Cased Watches, gent's size, and chain. The one I got from you before gave universal satisfaction, and one of my friends desires me to obtain one for him. A two-dollar chain, and watch, gent's size. JOHN D. ANDERSON,
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XII.—No. 591.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1868, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

THE TIGRESS IN CENTRAL PARK.

THE citizens of New York will find this summer a great many improvements and beauties in their great Central Park, and renewed reasons for congratulating themselves on the good taste and judgment of their Park Commissioners.

Among the most valuable of the additions to the statuary of the Park is the bronze statue of "the Tigress bringing the first-fruit to her young," an engraving of which we produce on this page. This work is the production of the famous French sculptor, CAIN, and was presented to the Park Commissioners by Messrs. S. F. B. MORSE, JOHN JAY, ROBERT HOE, WILLIAM T. BLODGETT, and other American gentlemen.

In his letter, acknowledging the tender of this magnificent donation, the Controller of the Park, ANDREW H. GREEN, Esq., very justly says:

"The Commissioners of the Park accept this munificent gift with peculiar gratification, as well for its artistic merit as an evidence of the public spirit and discriminating taste of the absent citizens, who thus effectively co-operate with those at home in the intention to place our city in the same rank in the field of literature and art that she occupies in the affairs of commerce. The artist, by the freedom, vigor, and commanding expression with which he has treated his subject, has placed himself among the first of the school of sculpture to which it belongs—a school especially adapted to the landscape of the Park. The design, its execution, and the liberal disposition of its donors, among whom I recognize with pleasure names widely known in this community as influential promoters of the interests of art, all combine to render this addition to the Park collection the subject of special interest and regard."

The citizens of New York will have ample opportunity of confirming Mr. GREEN'S opinions of the beauty of this work. It is located to the left of the Mall, on the hill near and overlooking the Lake, and adds materially to the beauty of that picturesque spot. Other improvements and beauties have been lately added to this portion of the Park; the Terrace near the Lake has been changed, the large fountain at its foot has been remodeled, while two others at the northern extremity of the Mall have been completed. The floral attractions of the Mall and the vicinity of the Lake have been very materially increased; nature has increased, too, the foliage and the beauty of the Ramble; the natural curiosities have been considerably augmented; and many artistic and other valuable artificial decorations have been added since last season.

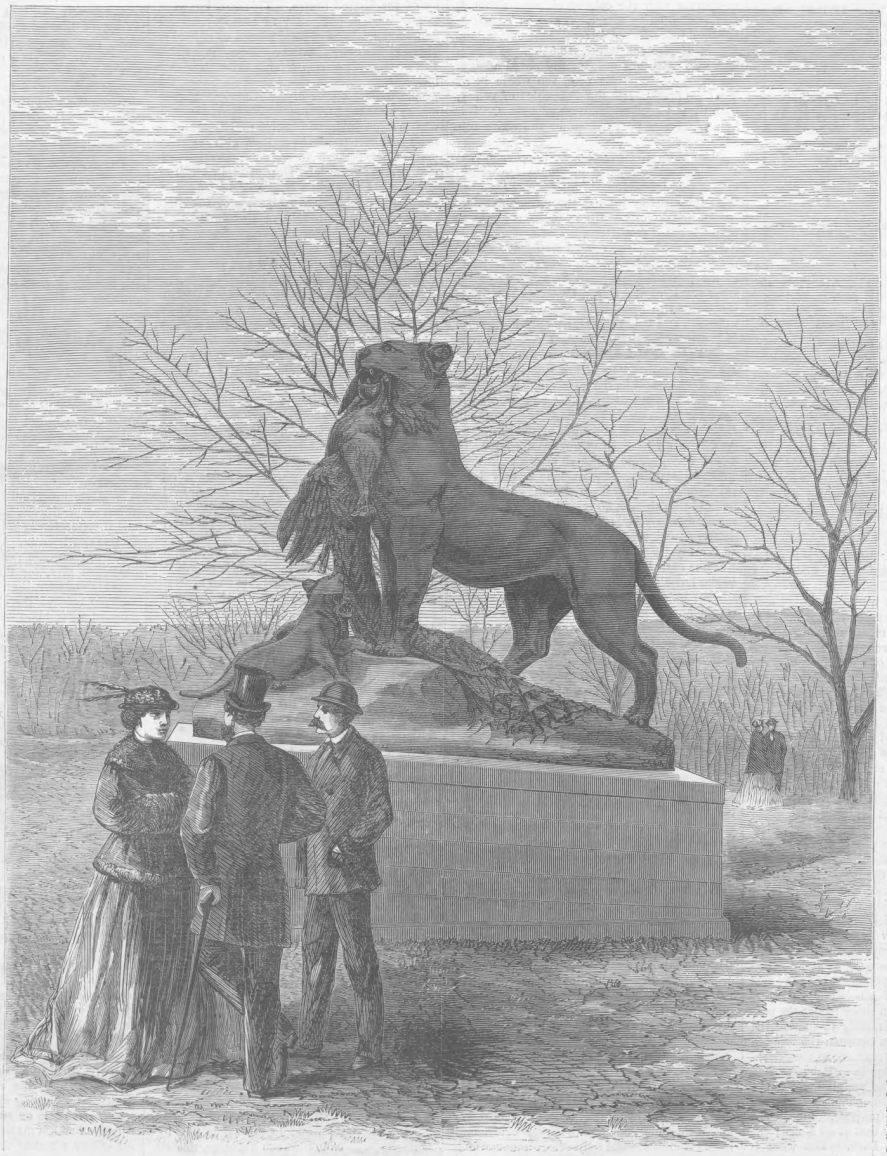
ASSASSINATION OF THOMAS D'ARCY M'GEE.

THE midnight murder of THOMAS D'ARCY M'GEE, a member of the present Canadian administration and a prominent politician of the Confederation, has caused great excitement throughout Canada, and much feeling in this country. The prominence of the victim, less than our horror of the deed and the assassin, has been the cause of the latter, while much of the excitement in Canada is attributable to the connection of the deed with rumors of Fenian conspiracies. How far this surmise is true can not be determined, as the assassin has not yet been positively discovered, though suspected parties have been arrested and held for examination.

The circumstances under which the murder was committed, as partly developed on the inquest, are about as follows: Mr. M'GEE, as the representative of Montreal in the Canadian Parliament, had spoken, on April 6, until a very late hour of the night, and did not return to his rooms until about two o'clock on the morning of the 7th. He had reached the door of his lodgings in Sparks Street, and had put his key to the night-latch, when he was approached from behind by an unknown person and shot in the back of the head. The ball passed through his head and lodged in the door which Mr. M'GEE was in the act of opening. A son of MRS. TROTTER, the lady at whose house he lodged, one of the Parliament pages, was returning home, and was some distance from the house when he heard the shot. On reaching his mother's door he found Mr. M'GEE dead on the pavement. He saw no person in the neighborhood and heard no footsteps. The night was bright and clear, and the assassin must have been either concealed behind the fence of a vacant lot opposite, or made a very hasty retreat immediately on firing the shot. Mr. M'GEE had just left the Parliament House and had a cigar in his mouth when he was killed. His brains exuded from the wound, and the sidewalk was covered with his blood. This fact, in connection with that of the ball lodging in the door-post, seems to indicate that the weapon was held close to his head when fired.

The Government of Canada at once offered $5000, the Government of Ontario and Quebec $5000, and the Mayor of Ottawa $4000 reward for the apprehension of the guilty party. The authorities at all points were directed to use their best diligence in hunting up the murderer, and to arrest all suspicious persons. On April 7, the day of the murder, two men named WHELAN and DOYLE were arrested charged with the murder, and were held for trial.

Mr. M'GEE was a native of Ireland, and was within a few days of being forty-three years of age. At the age of seventeen he came to the United States and settled in Boston, where he became connected with the Boston *Pilot*. On his arrival he was friendless and penniless, but his industrious habits and fine talents soon brought about him friends and improved his condition. He was in a short time placed upon the editorial staff as a leading writer, and finally became editor of the *Pilot*. After remaining a few years in Boston he returned to his native land, and became attached to the Dublin *Nation* as an editorial writer. When the revolutionary troubles broke out in 1848 he was compromised in the movements, and was compelled to leave Ireland and seek refuge in this country. On his arrival here he started, with JOHN MITCHEL, the *American Celt*, an organ of Irish feeling and sentiment. Abandoning this enterprise on account of financial difficulties, after remaining a while longer in New York as a sort of political leader of his countrymen here, he went to Canada and settled in Montreal. There his political opinions seem to have undergone a decided and radical change. Once an ardent republican, he became a strong royalist, and was soon taken in hand by the Government and placed in the path of political preferment and success. He was President of the Executive Council in Canada



"TIGRESS BRINGING THE FIRST-FRUIT TO HER YOUNG."
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD, FROM THE STATUE BY CAIN, IN THE CENTRAL PARK.]

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from 1864 to 1867, and held the office of Minister of Agriculture, was made chief commissioner to the Paris Exposition in 1855 and to the Dublin Exhibition in 1864, and also to the local Paris Exposition. He was also a delegate to all the conferences held to promote the union of the colonies of British North America.

Mr. M'GEE was a fluent and eloquent speaker, witty, but discursive, and not always effective. In literature, as in politics, Mr. M'GEE was prominent. His poetry was of a high order. In it he displayed a delicate fancy united to a happy expression, which made his effusions decidedly popular.

Socially, Mr. M'GEE was more brilliant and popular even than in the political or literary world. Genial, witty, full of anecdote, and a master of the art of conversation, he never failed to make himself a charming companion in every circle that was fortunate enough to count him a member.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1868.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

The next Number of HARPER'S BAZAR, *No.* 27, *will contain a magnificent* COLORED PLATE OF THE SPRING FASHIONS, *just imported expressly for that paper from the establishment of the* MODE ILLUSTRÉE, *the great Fashion Journal of Paris, whose plates are renowned for being the largest and finest in the world.*

HOW TO RECONSTRUCT?

IT is one of the many memorable remarks of EDMUND BURKE that when a community is discontented a sagacious statesman does not inquire whether it ought to be discontented, but in what manner it can most wisely be pacified. This principle has been a great deal misapplied in the case of the Southern States. "Of what use," it is asked, "is it to talk about equal rights and harmony of feeling when the truth is that the Southern people are dissatisfied and alienated, and heartily despise the colored population, whether they ought to or not? Their condition and feeling may be very unreasonable, but men in general are not very logical, and least of all when they have been baffled by force in the passionate pursuit of a precious purpose."

This is apparently sensible—it is at least plausible. "Look at Ireland," continues the objector; "look at Poland! Are those inspiring spectacles? Do we wish to make an Ireland or a Poland of the Southern States? And yet if we disregard the wishes and feelings of the people of that section, are we not repeating the dreary folly of England and the crime of Russia? Are we not in danger of striking upon the very reef of which BURKE always felt such horror in politics—the reef of a theory? Can we hope to spin useful garments out of moonshine?" Well, upon the whole, no. Moonshine is flimsy wear. If the case were quite as simple as it is represented in this kind of remark, the conclusion that we were all wrong in what has been done and in what is doing would be not only plausible but inevitable.

But this is not the case. We certainly agree that, whatever the situation may be, it is not a simple one; and the application of undeniable principles to it may be difficult. If it were true that the Southern people were dissatisfied and alienated, it would be necessary to reconsider many things. But the mistake of those who ask these questions and reason in this manner is, that when they speak of the people they do not think of the people. They think of a part only of the people. When we speak of the discontent of Ireland we justly think of the whole population, except the English interest. When we speak of Poland we think in the same manner, and justly, of the population as a unit. But when a man speaks of the "people of the South," if he means the whole people, he can not truthfully allege general discontent. If he means a part, he can not truthfully call them the people.

When we speak of the people of the city of New York, we certainly do not except what are called in other countries the lower classes, however really low in ignorance and degradation a part of the city population may be. Yet the same papers and politicians that habitually court and flatter the New York mob—if such a word can possibly be supposed to have any meaning in this city—constantly refuse to recognize the majority of the population in the State of South Carolina, or of Mississippi, and persistently call a minority in those States the people. We mention this merely to expose the fallacy of the comparison between the relation of the United States Government to the Southern States, and that of Russia to Poland, or of England to Ireland. The populations of Ireland and Poland are homogeneous—they are united in sympathy and purpose. The cause of Poland is substantially that of all Poles; the cause of Ireland of all Irish. But what is called the cause of the South is not that of the people of the South, but only of a certain part of them. It is therefore useless to confuse a profoundly important subject by an inaccurate and very delusive comparison.

On the other hand, we do not deny that the political division of those communities by color is a fact which perplexes the situation. It is due to many causes—such as the former servile condition of the colored population—their sympathy with the Government in its victory over the rebellion of the late master class—their present identification with the cause and power of the Union—and, by no means least, the malign influence of the President. Separation from a party is not necessarily dishonorable; but treachery to a great and declared principle may lead to the most fatal consequences. If the President had remained true to the only political principle he was ever known to announce, namely, that in reconstruction "rebels must take back seats," it is fair to presume that the condition of the country would have been very much more satisfactory than it is. The evident meaning of the favorite phrase of the President for a month after his accession was that the States must be reorganized by loyal men, and his letter to Governor SHARKEY showed that he thought it wise to extend the right of suffrage to the colored men under certain conditions, and he told Senator SUMNER that he did not substantially differ with him upon that subject. From that position he immediately drifted into an attitude of hostility to the loyal colored vote, and from that moment the feeling of the late rebels against the colored race has constantly deepened in rancor. This Presidential influence has quickened all the other causes, and the result is the political division of which we have spoken.

Yet there is unquestionably a large white element of the population perfectly willing to co-operate with the colored citizens, although now restrained by terror. Thus, in Alabama, the total vote for the Convention was 90,483, of which, despite the terror, 18,553 were white. The vote upon the Constitution showed a heavy reduction of the white vote, the whole being less than 6000. But the difficulties of voting, both physical and moral, were enormous. This is, probably, as poor a case for the white vote as in any State.

Meanwhile the question is whether reconstruction shall proceed at once; and if so, whether it is wiser to pacify the discontented part of the population by putting the other into their hands, or to offer a share in political power to all upon equal conditions. The first course is simply absurd. The second would be futile if the conditions were such as to exclude so many of the population as virtually to come to the same result as the first. Congress has therefore sought to avoid this dilemma by general suffrage; and it is for those who are dissatisfied to indicate some wiser method under the circumstances to accomplish the result. General MEADE says that "to insure a larger proportion of what must be the governing class a more acceptable Constitution should be presented to them for adoption." But the General does not suggest how it should be made more acceptable. And it is an interesting question whether he would endeavor to make it so by conditions which must necessarily exclude a very large proportion of the loyal population. Or, would he hold that there is no rebellion, and that consequently every body is loyal?

The situation would be simpler if the opinion of the loyal States were virtually unanimous. But it is not. The Democratic party takes sides in the hostility of races and proclaims itself a white man's party. If, therefore, the country would not be guilty of the most shameful betrayal of its fundamental principle, and of those who have been proved its most faithful friends in the disturbed section, it must steadily remember that no measures of reconstruction are reasonable or statesmanlike that deliberately outrage the plainest rule of justice.

THE SOUTHERN ELECTIONS.

THE vote upon the new Constitution of South Carolina began upon the 14th of April, and was to continue for three days; and General MEADE has issued orders, in prospect of the voting in Georgia, forbidding sheriffs to resign in order to evade their duty, under penalty of trial by military commission; warning employers that attempts at intimidation and coercion at the polls are subject to the same punishment, and calling upon all good citizens to aid in securing a fair election. We shall very possibly hear a great deal about military despotism in connection with these elections; but we beg all sensible people to reflect that if regular civil government is ever to begin in those States, it must, under the existing circumstances, begin under military supervision. A military despotism that secures a fair expression of the public will is surely preferable to a mob despotism that compels an unfair expression.

From the relentless and unscrupulous misrepresentations in the Democratic papers of the action of the Conventions that have framed the new Constitutions for the States lately in rebellion, it would be supposed that they were monuments of injustice and folly—instruments wholly destitute of the qualities most approved by experience, and most desirable in a fundamental law. A careful study of them, or even a mere intelligent reading, will show that such an impression would be as mistaken as the effort to create it is malicious. But the papers of which we speak, knowing that not one in a thousand of their readers will ever see the Constitutions, act accordingly. The din about "Pan-African" or "Black-and-Tan" Conventions, the ribaldry of the reports in the New York *World*, revealing nothing but contemptuous hostility toward the colored population and loyal Union men, with the amusingly reckless vituperation incessantly uttered by the *World's* rebel allies in the Southern States, one of which in Alabama reaches the height of absurdity in calling one of these instruments "the putrid Constitution," are all parts of the efforts to throw the political power in those States wholly into the hands of the class most disaffected to the Union and the Government.

Most of the new Constitutions are framed in general upon the Constitution of the United States, amplified with the more exact detail necessary for the organic law of a State. They resemble in general form and phraseology the Constitutions of all the other States, and in some respects are superior to those now in force elsewhere. Thus in Georgia and Florida the Judges are to be appointed instead of elected, a wise provision which the late Constitutional Convention of New York was unable to carry, although the vote was very nearly divided. The bill of rights in these Constitutions is very detailed and comprehensive, as is to be expected in a political community in which a large part of the population has been just emancipated. Yet there are few of the guarantees that would seem unwise to any thoughtful man. They very stringently guard personal liberty, and very distinctly declare the supreme authority of the United States. This last, however, is not done in a manner to conflict with the necessary exercise of local power, or to lead to any perilous centralization. Thus the Florida Bill of Rights asserts: "This State shall ever remain a member of the American Union, the people thereof a part of the American nation, and any attempt, from whatever source or upon whatever pretense, to dissolve said Union or to sever said nation shall be resisted with the whole power of the State." Georgia has the same general declaration. The North Carolina Bill of Rights uses substantially the same language, but also declares that the people of the State have the inherent, sole, and exclusive right of regulating the internal government and police thereof.....but every such right should be exercised in pursuance of law and consistently with the Constitution of the United States."

The chief interest in all of these Constitutions, and of course the chief change, is in the suffrage article. They all secure equal political rights, and it is this which makes them "putrid" to the mourners of the lost cause and to the Democratic party at the North. Yet of the new Constitutions that we have seen, that of Louisiana seems to be almost exceptional in the conditions of its suffrage article. The Louisiana Constitution disfranchises certain classes of the late rebels which it describes, and declines to restore to them the right of voting until they shall voluntarily write and sign a certificate acknowledging the late rebellion to have been morally and politically wrong. The difficulty with this kind of security is that it secures nothing. It is merely the swearing upon a brickbat of the first days of the war. Honorable men it excludes, but the dishonorable it admits, and it is the dishonorable who are dangerous. The Georgia Constitution has no such exclusion. It is as simple and comprehensive as that of New York. So also with that of Florida; and the committee of the North Carolina Convention, in their address to the people, say, with a force and wisdom which we commend to the consideration of those who may have been led by the most ruthless falsehoods to believe in the utter feebleness and folly of these Conventions:

"While giving suffrage to the colored people, the Convention has not been so inconsistent with itself and with the great principles of republican government as to deny it to any portion of the whites. It is an undeniable monument to the wisdom and equity and magnanimity of the Union people of North Carolina, that in three years after the close of a bloody and devastating civil war, in which wrongs and outrages were endured that can never be forgotten, they have framed a Constitution in which not a trace of animosity or vindictiveness can be found; in which the wrongs of the past are ignored for the sake of the peace of the future; and all who are now true to their country are invited to participate in its government. Such wise forbearance is certain of its reward in the approval of reflecting men now, and of all posterity."

It is men who think and write thus, who are faithfully and wisely striving to heal the terrible wounds of the war by the most practical and sagacious measures, whom the *World* and the Democratic papers delight to deride and slander. It is with these men that the Republican party works, and to their hands and to their spirit it would intrust the political power of the Southern States. It is with their enemies that the Democratic party allies itself, and would intrust the political power in the Southern States to the spirit from which springs the Ku-Klux Klan, and to the hands that execute its behests. Between these parties the country will judge. With two-fifths of the population in the Southern States colored, and with the problem offered of the political reorganization of those States upon the American Republican principle, is it probable that a party that despises that race, denies its capacity, and, as a party, denies its equal humanity, is a party as likely to secure a wise and equitable settlement, as one that cherishes no hostility of class or race, that aims only at justice as the security of permanent peace, and that temporarily disfranchises only the most conspicuous and dangerous leaders of the late rebellion?

THE OPENING OF THE PRESIDENT'S COUNSEL.

THE case for the President was opened by Mr. CURTIS. His great renown as an able lawyer, possibly the head of his profession in the country, and the weight of his personal character, gave peculiar interest to his plea. It was known that he would say the best that could be said for his client; that he would subject the letter of the law to the most trying ordeal of possible interpretation; and that he would ingeniously shift the lights and shadows upon the facts of the case to favor his own view, in the manner of all great advocates, and with an effect deepened by the apparent passionlessness of his manner. Indeed the advocate has no art so profoundly skillful as the air of severe judicial impartiality: the appearance of seeking the truth for the truth's sake merely, and urging the acquittal of his client as a homage which a magnanimous jury or Senate will naturally be anxious to offer to their own high sense of justice. This quality Mr. CURTIS possesses, and he has been trained in a school favorable to its development, for he has been Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Yet, when the best has been said for the President, how unsatisfactory it is! The first thing that impresses the reader of the argument of Mr. CURTIS is that, however able, there is nothing new in it. The whole case is so simple and so open to the public appreciation that the line of defense which was indicated at the very beginning of the trial as the only possible line, is the one that has been followed. Mr. CURTIS's argument subjects the Tenure-of-Office Act to the most searching verbal analysis; but while it marshals probabilities and possibilities, and suggestions and surmises, with consummate skill, the great facts steadfastly and impregnably confront them all. Mr. CURTIS contends that Mr. STANTON is not within the scope of the law; that the law is against precedent and interpretation; that, therefore, amidst the conflict of authorities and the uniformity of practice, to question the validity of the law is not necessary hostility to the Government; that Mr. STANTON has not been removed; and that Mr. STANTON having been removed the office was vacant.

These points are elaborated with great ability; but the mind remains unconvinced, because it is part of the skill of the orator to omit a whole series of facts which control the case, and which are familiar to the country. The argument of Mr. CURTIS assumes that an upright magistrate, anxious to execute the laws, and theoretically preserving order and promoting concord at a time of great national disturbance, finds himself at last constrained to doubt the validity of a law, and therefore seeks a judicial interpretation of its constitutionality. Were this really the case, Mr. CURTIS would perhaps not have made his ingenious plea, for the President would very possibly not have been impeached. He is impeached because the violation of a law by this particular President under the peculiar circumstances in which he stands is of itself evidence of intention. In another case it might not be. In another case, as we have formerly supposed, and as Mr. BUTLER stated in his opening speech, there might have been a friendly understanding between the Executive and the Legislature in order to test the law. But this is a very different case. If, under any circumstances, such conduct upon the part of the Executive ought to be tolerated, and it is certainly very doubtful, in this case it would be madness. Men must be judged by their conduct and character. If ANDREW JOHNSON should be allowed to set aside laws because he professed to have scruples as to their constitutionality, the country would deserve the anarchy into which it would inevitably fall.

Mr. CURTIS fortifies the doubts which the President professes to entertain by the opinions of many eminent men, and by what he claims to be the settled interpretation. But the question is not of opinions, but of laws. The Tenure-of-Office Bill may seem unwise to the shades of the great departed, but if laws were to be disregarded because great men had prospectively condemned them, government would be at an end. Mr. CURTIS farther says, that if the President did not take the responsibility of testing the law in the Courts, it could not be tested. But if he takes the responsibility he must also take the risk. One law properly passed is as binding upon him as another. If he is to execute only the laws which he thinks constitutional, it makes no difference to an honest officer whether they immediately concern himself or others. He has no right, as Mr. CURTIS suggests, to leave them in the latter case to be tested by those whom they affect.

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If a law be unconstitutional, the Executive ought not to connive at its execution; and if he is to be the judge in any case, he is the judge in all cases. Nothing can be plainer, and no principle more vitally important, than that the President must execute all the laws, without exception, which have not been adjudged unconstitutional, or resign. If possible inconveniences result, they are not to be compared with the certain perils of any other course.

We doubt if Mr. STANBERY or Mr. EVARTS can add weight to the argument of Mr. CURTIS. Even should the witnesses for the President establish what his counsel wish, we do not see how it could be sufficient. They certainly can not disprove that the Tenure-of-Office Act is a law regularly enacted; that it has not been declared unconstitutional; that it authorizes the Secretary of War, and the other Secretaries, to hold their offices "for and during the term of the President by whom they may have been appointed, and one month thereafter, subject to removal by and with the advice and consent of the Senate;" and that the President removed the Secretary of War without the advice and consent of the Senate. And if Mr. CURTIS has been unable to show that Mr. STANTON does not stand within the terms of the law are his colleagues likely to do it?

UNDERGROUND AND OTHER CITY RAILROADS.

THE question by what means the communication between the upper and lower portions of the city shall be improved, is again before the Legislature without the advantage of a fully matured plan. But undoubtedly public opinion has settled down in favor of an underground road in preference to one either on or above the surface. It will be scarcely possible, however, to afford full accommodation without certain material changes in the general arrangement of city conveniences. By removing our markets to the upper part of the city, establishing ferries farther up town and extending in that direction the accommodation for shipping, the motive for traveling to the lower part of the city will be lessened. Indeed, the construction of an underground road is found to involve questions of great moment which need to be very carefully considered; such, for instance, as the supply of water through Croton pipes and its discharge through sewers.

The conveyance of persons from one portion of the city to another is wholly subordinate to questions affecting the supply of water, as there is but one mode of supply, and if it were much interrupted there would be not only great suffering but grave danger of extensive fires. No scheme is to be thought of which would seriously interrupt the supply of water. The sewerage of the city stands next in importance to the introduction of water. A very large district north and south of Canal Street is drained into the outlet through Canal Street. This outlet carries a considerable stream from what was formerly known as the Collect; which stream, with the water from the Croton, constitutes the power or carrier for removing the *refuse* from many thousands of houses. The interruption of this even for a day would cause great inconvenience, and if somewhat continued would fill up the sewers and cellars with water; clog all the house drains, and fatally imperil the public health. We can not suppose that the Legislature will, for any reason whatever, seriously disturb the full operation of this plan of supply and discharge, for they constitute together a complete system essential to the public convenience and safety.

The public welfare imperatively demands that in authorizing the construction of a road on the underground plan there shall be the most complete protection of these two points. No private corporation can safely be trusted with the power to disturb the water system of the city, which can be properly touched only in subordination to the authority of the Croton Water Department. We understand that Mr. CRAVEN, the intelligent and experienced Engineer of that Board, has presented his remonstrance against the adoption of any scheme which confers power over these important subjects on the officers of a private corporation. The act creating the Broadway Underground Arcade Railroad, however, grants this power to a Board consisting of the "State Engineer and Surveyor, the Street Commissioner of the City of New York, an engineer to be appointed by the Mayor of said city, the President of the Company, and Chief Engineer of the same." A careful inspection will show that a majority of these officers will probably be wholly in the interest of the Company, and that the city is virtually unprotected in these vital points. This should be carefully considered by the Legislature and the Executive.

The two measures now engaging the attention of the Senate—both having passed the Assembly—are the Arcade plan of a road up Broadway from the Battery to Fourteenth Street as part of its line, and the Brown plan, as it is called, from the Park between Broadway and Centre Street, through the centre of blocks and unimportant streets. The latter is substantially the London underground plan; and we learn that it is regarded favorably by Senator CAMPBELL, Chairman of the Railroad Committee of the Senate, in whose judgment we have great confidence. Mr. CRAVEN, we are informed, also considers this the preferable measure.

The authority proposed to be conferred on the Arcade underground road, so far as concerns the depth of excavation, is unlimited. They may excavate "a sufficient depth and width," not only from the Battery to Fourteenth Street, but also for the distance of one hundred feet up and down each street which crosses Broadway. The depth required is twenty-two feet six inches, as testified by Mr. CRAVEN. The width is the entire width of Broadway from wall to wall, and the same in each cross-street. This excavation at Canal Street would reach from ten to twelve feet below the bottom of the main sewer, and below the line of tide-water. It would also extend about the same distance below the foundations of stores.

The engineering difficulties at this point are of such magnitude that months will be required to overcome them, if it is at all possible. The Act creating the Company allows five years for the completion of the line; and we are not sure but that, if the excavation be made up and down Canal Street for one hundred feet from the exterior line of Broadway and along Broadway for the depth of twenty-two and a half feet, a very great portion of that time will be required solely to complete this part of the road. The block thus surrounded by a deep excavation would be practically uninhabitable even if it were possible to hold up the buildings. The opinion of Mr. DAVIS, who acts as agent for the owners of forty stores and houses on Broadway, that they would be deserted universally by tenants, must, in view of these facts, be deemed well-founded.

But still another difficulty presents itself, arising from the required excavation and the character of the soil. From the neighborhood of Twelfth Street to the Battery the soil is universally of sand. Geologists agree in opinion that at the time when the coast from Long Island to Florida was upheaved the sea receded from that portion of the city, leaving this sandy deposit, which constitutes a very treacherous foundation. As a general rule, the foundations of the greater number of buildings on Broadway are not near as deep as the Arcade excavation must necessarily be, and hence it is very clear that many buildings will be brought down in consequence of it, even should there be no storms. But, during a severe storm at such a time, the water running in from the roofs of houses and from the streets, would occasion very serious damage.

The fourteenth section of the bill declares that the "Company shall be *liable* to any owner or lessee of any wall, building, structure, or lands"....."by reason of any *direct injury* caused thereto by the construction of such railway;" but no method for ascertaining the injury is specified, and the clause is fettered with the extraordinary condition that in all proceedings to ascertain the "damages all the circumstances shall be taken into consideration, and when it shall appear that the construction of the said road will enhance the value of *the property of the person* or party claiming damage to an amount equal to or greater than the amount of the injury sustained," there shall be no recovery of damages.

The Company may range over the whole island to find property benefited, belonging to the owner or tenant whose store has been thrown down, and they may plead this supposed benefit as a set-off to the actual damage. Inasmuch as the Commissioners to ascertain the damage may be appointed, on the nomination of the Company, by any Judge of the Supreme Court for this district, some estimate may be formed of the chances which exist for obtaining justice by a person whose property has been carelessly destroyed.

It will be seen that the project proposed by the bill involves very serious considerations. The power practically to withdraw Broadway from public use, or seriously to obstruct it as a highway for five years, should not be granted until the necessity is plain beyond dispute. That there must be improved communication between the upper and lower parts of the city is unquestionable; but we have never been able to see why the enormous disturbance which the building of any road must necessarily occasion should fall upon Broadway.

SINGULAR FORGETFULNESS.

ONE little fact has been exposed in the course of the trial of the President which deserves more attention than it has received. Governor PARSONS, of Alabama, who was appointed in 1865 by President JOHNSON, came to the North and went as far as Boston to ask assistance for her impoverished and ignorant people. He was accompanied by Mr. BEECHER, who had been made acquainted with Governor PARSONS by Secretary STANTON, and he made a favorable impression; although Senator SUMNER said that while he would gladly send food and aid to Alabama, he was opposed to making a loan until there was some prospect in the plan proposed for the reconstruction of the State that the loan would be repaid. Governor PARSONS, we say, made a generally favorable impression. But how are we to explain the following facts?

On the 17th of January, 1867, Governor PARSONS telegraphed to the President from Montgomery that the Legislature was in session; that an effort was making to reconsider the vote by which the Constitutional Amendment was adopted; that it was reported an enabling act would pass in Washington, and that nobody in Montgomery knew what to believe. On the same day the President telegraphed as follows in reply to Governor PARSONS:

"What possible good can be obtained by reconsidering the Constitutional Amendment? I know of none in the present posture of affairs. I do not believe the people of the whole country will sustain any set of individuals in the attempt to change the whole character of our government by enabling acts in this way. I believe, on the contrary, that they will eventually uphold all who have patriotism and courage to stand by the Constitution, and who place their confidence in the people. There should be no faltering on the part of those who are honest in the determination to sustain the several co-ordinate departments of the Government in accordance with its original design."

On the 8th of February, three weeks after this correspondence, Governor PARSONS was examined before the Judiciary Committee of the House, and gave the following testimony:

"*Q.* Has he, President JOHNSON, ever, at any time, to you, or in your presence, given any counsel or advice as to what should be done by yourself or any body else on the subject of ratifying or rejecting the Constitutional Amendment?—*A.* I can not recollect that he has.

"*Q.* Do you know of any thing done by President JOHNSON in reference to its ratification or rejection? *A.* I can not say that I do; I do not recollect any thing that he has ever done on that subject."

Had Governor PARSONS forgotten the dispatch of the President, or—?

PERILS OF THE "POOL."

THE gigantic operations of our speculators on 'Change now fairly rival the transactions of Capel Court during the time of England's most serious difficulties. Almost weekly does Wall Street quake with some new monetary spasm. The "Erie war," so long discussed, is now eclipsed by a new sensation. The great event in financial circles within the past ten days has been the break in "Atlantic Mail." The collapse of this huge stock balloon has created an unusual panic among the brokers, and the developments resulting would seem to furnish a key to the whole system of stock manipulations as at present conducted.

On the morning of the 6th instant a rumor got afloat that the leading broker and manipulator of the Company was "sick with brain-fever, and that his father had been conveyed to a lunatic asylum." This was a suitable precursor of what was soon to happen. On the morning of the 9th, at the early session of the Open Board, the first hundred shares of this stock sold at 86½; in less than three minutes it was sold at 60, and within two hours it fell to 25—a fall of 61½ per cent.! Such an extraordinary decline is wholly without precedent in the annals of the Stock Exchange. In 1857, during the panic, the greatest decline in any description of security was only 55¾ in seven weeks. In 1864, Fort Wayne led the rout in a fall of 38 per cent. in one day. Simultaneously with this disaster to the fortunes of Atlantic Mail, the failure of the broker alluded to was announced. The profits of this unfortunate individual in gold transactions, reported at over a million for the two years past, were swallowed up in a twinkling!

The reasons given for this fall are various. The stock had long been held by a small clique who had bid it up from 76 in April, 1867, to 124 in December of the same year, hoping to attract short sales. Failing in this, they sought to attract purchasers who would take the stock off their hands, by declaring a dividend of 2½ per cent. a few months ago; but this scheme also failed. The Company is said to be deeply in debt, and to have lost heavily in consequence of certain transactions in Pacific Mail, wherein they attempted to obtain control of the last-named Company's stock. At that time there was a tight money market, and no one seemed disposed to relieve the large holders of their load, and so the great law of gravitation asserted itself, and down fell the stock in four short months from 124 to 25—a total decline of 99 per cent. It is currently reported that a president of an up-town Savings Bank, who was in the "pool," is heavily involved in the crash! It is also an item of street gossip, that the purchaser of the stock which sold at 86½ on the 9th inst., and who was a prominent broker at the Open Board, bought it for the purpose of closing a "short" contract which he had made shortly before at 87½ with the leading manipulator whose failure is mentioned, and who was the same party who sold the stock at 86½. He was thus fortunately unscathed by the subsequent failure of the other party, losing only his prospective profit of 1 per cent. It is instanced as one of the many hair-breadth escapes which illustrate the history of the Stock Exchange.

While the general public are not sufferers by this disastrous collapse, it will nevertheless serve to incite thinking men to inquire into the causes of the ruin, and speculate upon its remote consequences. There is obviously "something rotten" in the present system of money getting and money trading: begotten, doubtless, by the luxury and extravagance which the war engendered, and the abnormal condition in which the war has left us. The quick apprehension of bank managers, which intuitively scents danger when it exists, has already prompted them to scrutinize securities more closely and demand wider margins, while bank directors begin to pursue a more cautious policy in making advances. It is notorious that the larger portion of railway securities in Wall Street are held in comparatively few hands, and artificially inflated, as Atlantic Mail was. With all due regard to the shrewdness and wealth of the leading holders of such securities, it must be granted that a continued tightness in the money market, an accident, or the death of either of the great Railroad Kings, might involve consequences which men are reluctant to contemplate. It is becoming a matter of manifest concern whether a few wealthy capitalists can hold railroad securities to the amount of 75 or 100 millions at prices which all safe and conservative financiers believe are 25 or 30 per cent. more than they are selling for in the market. It was doubtless a vague apprehension of possible danger, quite natural under the circumstances, which caused a decline of 10 per cent. in Hudson River stock within three days subsequent to the Atlantic Mail collapse. Such a marked decline in this particular stock is significant when it is remarked that other descriptions of railway shares did not sympathize with the movement to any great extent. The public are distrustful of one-man supremacy. It behooves capitalists and those who would tempt fate among the quicksands of the Stock Exchange, to ponder well the present aspect of the railway market.

The Atlantic Mail Company's capital was nominally $4,000,000. Their property consisted of several steamships, heavily mortgaged, plying between New York and New Orleans, and 26,000 shares of Pacific Mail stock, which was sold a few months ago. The Directors last fall endeavored to obtain control of the Pacific Mail; but were prevented by an injunction. These transactions in Pacific Mail were disastrous, not only to the individual Directors, but to the interests and prosperity of the Company.

GIRARD COLLEGE.

IN our issue of the 7th of December last there was a reference to the current reports in regard to the management of Girard College in Philadelphia, which necessarily reflected upon the late President RICHARD SOMERS SMITH. We have since examined the official reports made to the Common Council of Philadelphia in reference to the removal of that gentleman; and it is simple justice to him to say that, whether favorable to his removal or not, the reports vindicate both his character and his abilities, and fully exonerate him from the charges of cruelty that were published against him. We are very sorry that any thing in these columns, although only by allusion to current rumors, should have served to give vogue to what we believe to have been unfounded accusations.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

THE Senate is considering a bill for the continuance of the Freedmen's Bureau.

The Senate passed a bill, on April 8, providing that no person shall be held incompetent to act as a juror in consequence of having formed or expressed an opinion based on newspaper reports. It also authorizes jurors to be summoned and empanneled who live outside of the district and State where the case is to be tried. This will allow the courts in the cases of Surratt and Jeff Davis to summon jurors from any State in the Union.

A proposed amendment to the Constitution was introduced in the Senate, April 8, providing that no one shall serve as President for two terms.

A bill was introduced in the House of Representatives, on April 10, to test the Constitutionality of questions vetoed by the President and passed over his veto, by providing for a suit on feigned issues, to be entered by the President and his Attorney-General, and to be contested by the Speaker of the House, the decision to affect the bill finally, either in whole or in part.

NEWS ITEMS.

A descent was made on an alleged Ku-Klux Klan in St. Louis on April 6, when twenty persons, mostly boys, were arrested, and a constitution, which stated that the object of the order was to drive the ruling robbers and murderers out of the South, by assassination, if necessary, was discovered, and also a few implements of their paraphernalia.

While St. Mary's Cathedral, Chicago, was densely packed on April 10, a cry of fire occasioned a panic, and the galleries fell, killing three women instantly and severely injuring several persons.

Official advices received from Alaska state that an attack upon the Americans in Sitka is contemplated by the Indians and Russians, and that a massacre is imminent unless the troops are reinforced.

Reports are current in Florida that the Indian tribes in that State have declared war against the United States, and committed the overt act by burning a white man at the stake.

FOREIGN NEWS.

OVER seven thousand emigrants left German ports for America during the week ending April 7, and the prospect is that the emigration this year will be greater than ever.

The new French army bill is driving large numbers of Frenchmen to this country. The office of the United States Legation in Paris is daily crowded by persons seeking information in regard to emigration to this country.

A letter from Dr. David Livingstone, the African explorer, was received in London on April 8, by Sir Roderick Murchison. Dr. Livingstone writes that he is in good health, that his journey of exploration has been successful, and that he will soon return to England.

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THE PRESIDENT'S COUNSEL.

WE gave in the last Number of the *Weekly* the portraits of Messrs. STANBERY, CURTIS, and EVARTS, of President JOHNSON'S counsel, employed in the Impeachment trial. We give in this Number an accurate portrait of Mr. WILLIAM S. GROESBECK.

Mr. GROESBECK is a native of New York, and about forty-two years of age. He removed to Cincinnati, Ohio, at an early age. He was a member of the Commission of 1852 for codifying the laws of Ohio, and also of the Constitutional Convention of the previous year. He was a member of the Thirty-fifth Congress. He was also a member of the Peace Congress of 1861, and was subsequently in the State Senate of Ohio.

The trial of the impeachment of the President was resumed in the Senate on April 9, with the opening speech for the defense made by Mr. CURTIS. On the subsequent day Adjutant-General THOMAS was examined as to the instructions under which he attempted to take possession of the War Office. The testimony as far as elicited does not as yet show the line of defense proposed by the counsel of the President.

WM. S. GROESBECK, ESQ., OF THE PRESIDENT'S COUNSEL.—[PHOT. BY BRADY & CO.]

FAREWELL TO DICKENS.

OLD Sol's impatient coursers, Boz, have brought the rapid hour
When I, who erst your welcome sang, a farewell note must pour.
The time allows a parting word, and brief the strain must be,
For yonder lies the ready ship to bear you o'er the sea;
Nor may we hope that here again with nimble foot you'll tread
So lightly o'er the crowded stage, to tell us "Marley's dead!"

Well, we have met you face to face; have heard you read your best,
While laurel decked your ample brow—that famous rose your breast.
We've hung enraptured on your voice as its mysterious spell
Waked into life the pleasant forms we've loved so long and well:
We see Bob Crätchet at his board; we see his winsome wife
The wondrous pudding proudly bear—her "great success" in life!
We hear with sympathetic joy (Oh, may we hear them long!)
The plaintive tones of Tiny Tim flow heavenward in song.
And when he breathes his earnest prayer for God to bless each one,
Who envies not the happy group such blessing rests upon?
E'en sordid Scrooge is overcome; his moistened eye grows dim
While pleading with his Spirit-guide to watch o'er Tiny Tim!
Was ever sermon more sublime, or ethics ever fraught
With more of love and charity, or more divinely taught?

But change the scene:—let humbled Scrooge pursue his new career,
And turn to where the Cricket chirps, the heart of Dot to cheer—
Ah, charming Dot! thy winning ways almost persuadeth me
To seek among thy sisterhood for one resembling thee.
What dreams of sweet domestic joys thy lovely presence brings
To lonely hearth of bachelor, where never cricket sings!
Who paints with such rare truthfulness the scenes of lowly life?
Who ever flung so many charms about a peasant's wife?
E'en Wilkie's pencil never bade the speaking canvas tell
The "simple annals of the poor" so exquisitely well.
How plainly to the mental eye each life-like scene appears,
And how we watch the Carrier's fate with mingled hopes and fears;
We hear the faithful Cricket chirp, the precious Baby cry;
We even see the busy Cart, and Boxer dashing by.
And how we melt with sympathy to see Old Caleb make
A palace of his wind-swept hut for poor blind Bertha's sake!
God pardon thee, thou fond old man! such guile is little less
Than virtue, in a breast like thine that knows not selfishness!

If aught but simple truth offend the searching glance of Heaven,
Deceit that calms a broken heart may surely be forgiven!

But, hark! I hear the pleasant "Chimes" come pealing on the air;
"Dearly, Dearly," say the "Bells," repeating Lilian's prayer!
And yonder is the bright-eyed Meg, as fair a maid as ere
The holly wove at Christmas-tide to deck the parting year;
And see, beside the joyous girl, the gladdened father stands,
Her glowing face the while compressed within his toil-some hands!
Lives there a philosophic Cute on such a scene would frown,
And seek to elevate mankind by putting feeling "down?"
Yes; there be they, and not a few, whose cold, dry hearts would check
Those bursts of tender passion that ennoble Trotty Veck.
Ah! Toby Veck, "a good heart keep," repress that heavy sigh,
Thou hast in such a daughter's care what gold can never buy!
Indeed you "*have* some business here," for God is over all,
And loves thy humble hearth above the gloss of Bowley Hall!

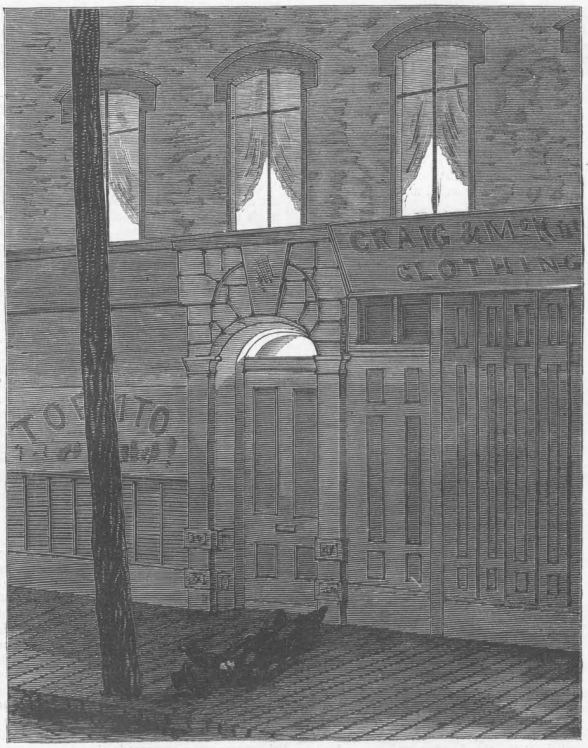
Oh, Boz, thou good Samaritan, those Christmas Tales of thine,
In breasts a sordid world has bruised, distill the oil and wine!
And either sex, and every rank, brisk Youth and hoary Age,
Like Christian, feel their burden drop as they peruse thy page.
I own *my* debt; and while I live my love will not conceal
For him who rings the Christmas Bells with such a glorious peal!
Who spreads a feast for Toil and Want, and bids the proud go see
If Wealth and Rank taste purer joys than honest Poverty;
Who strikes with wondrous power the chord each human breast within,
Whose throb is Nature's magic touch that makes the world akin.

He who has made so many blest; whose wit and pathos move
The sternest souls to tenderness, is worthy of our love.
And long may you deserve it, Boz—long may you live to find
How greatly genius, moralized, can benefit mankind.
We wept when noble Thackeray exchanged the laurel wreath
That bound his manly forehead for the cypress crown of Death:
We grieve that classic Lytton's pen of late has nothing writ,
And ask that polished son of Song "What *will* he Do with It?"
But while we mourn this twofold loss, our hearts do no forget
That on thy cheek—and breast—dear Boz, the rose is blooming yet!
And oh! we trust that tireless brain, now in meridian glow,
May long retain its present might, and never fall below;
And e'er the Summer's leaf is twirled in Autumn's frolic wind,
To us be borne fresh evidence of that exhaustless mind.

We hope you've passed a pleasant time; and, as we Yankees say,
Who always have an eye to gain, that you have "made it pay."
Our country's feasts and finances in every town you've seen,
And doubtless know which you prefer—our canvas-back or green;
But as you've made a fair return, whatever your success,
I'm sure there beats no honest heart can wish it had been less.
So farewell, Boz! take home our love; and don't forget to tell
John Bull that Brother Jonathan has used you passing well.
Though oft we disagree with John, and vent an angry word,
We'd sooner grasp his burly hand than cross with him the sword;
However wide our views may be, whiche'er may have the right,
We'd rather pledge him in a glass than meet him in the fight;
But not from fear, as John will own; but that we ne'er forget
The blood that warmed him into life throbs in our bosoms yet!

F. J. PARMENTER.

THE LATE THOMAS D'ARCY M'GEE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY NOTMAN, OTTAWA.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



SCENE OF THE ASSASSINATION OF MR. M'GEE.—SKETCHED BY ALFRED JONES.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

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THE MOONSTONE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

Printed from the Author's Manuscript.

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.

CHAPTER IV.—(*Continued.*)

I OCCUPIED the parlor floor at that period of my residence in London. The front parlor was my sitting-room. Very small, very low in the ceiling, very poorly furnished—but oh, so neat! I looked into the passage to see which of Lady Verinder's servants had asked for me. It was the young footman, Samuel—a civil, fresh-colored person, with a teachable look and a very obliging manner. I had always felt a spiritual interest in Samuel, and a wish to try him with a few serious words. On this occasion I invited him into my sitting-room.

He came in, with a large parcel under his arm. When he put the parcel down it appeared to frighten him. "My lady's love, Miss; and I was to say that you would find a letter inside." Having given that message, the fresh-colored young footman surprised me by looking as if he would have liked to run away.

I detained him to make a few kind inquiries. Could I see my aunt, if I called in Montagu Square? No: she had gone out for a drive. Miss Rachel had gone with her, and Mr. Ablewhite had taken a seat in the carriage too. Knowing how sadly dear Mr. Godfrey's charitable work was in arrear, I thought it odd that he should be going out driving, like an idle man. I stopped Samuel at the door, and made a few more kind inquiries. Miss Rachel was going to a ball that night, and Mr. Ablewhite had arranged to come to coffee and go with her. There was a morning concert advertised for to-morrow, and Samuel was ordered to take places for a large party, including a place for Mr. Ablewhite. "All the tickets may be gone, Miss," said this innocent youth, "if I don't run and get them at once!" He ran as he said the words—and I found myself alone again, with some anxious thoughts to occupy me.

We had a special meeting of the Mothers'-Small-Clothes-Conversion-Society, that night, summoned expressly with a view to obtaining Mr. Godfrey's advice and assistance. Instead of sustaining our sisterhood, under an overwhelming flow of Trowsers which had quite prostrated our little community, he had arranged to take coffee in Montagu Square, and to go to a ball afterward! The afternoon of the next day had been selected for the Festival of the British-Ladies'-Servants'-Sunday-Sweetheart-Supervision-Society. Instead of being present, the life and soul of that struggling Institution, he had engaged to make one of a party of worldlings at a morning concert! I asked myself, What did it mean? Alas! it meant that our Christian Hero was to reveal himself to me in a new character, and to become associated in my mind with one of the most awful backslidings of modern times.

To return, however, to the history of the passing day. On finding myself alone in my room, I naturally turned my attention to the parcel which appeared to have so strangely intimidated the fresh-colored young footman. Had my aunt sent me my promised legacy? and had it taken the form of cast-off clothes, or worn-out silver spoons, or unfashionable jewelry, or any thing of that sort? Prepared to accept all, and to resent nothing, I opened the parcel—and what met my view? The twelve precious publications which I had scattered through the house on the previous day; all returned to me by the doctor's orders! Well might the youthful Samuel shrink when he brought his parcel into my room! Well might he run when he had performed his miserable errand! As to my aunt's letter it simply amounted, poor soul, to this—that she dare not disobey her medical man.

What was to be done now? With my training and my principles, I never had a moment's doubt.

Once self-supported by conscience, once embarked on a career of manifest usefulness, the true Christian never yields. Neither public nor private influences produce the slightest effect on us, when we have once got our mission. Taxation may be the consequence of a mission; riots may be the consequence of a mission; wars may be the consequence of a mission: we go on with our work, irrespective of every human consideration which moves the world outside us. We are above reason; we are beyond ridicule; we see with nobody's eyes, we hear with nobody's ears, we feel with nobody's hearts but our own. Glorious, glorious privilege! And how is it earned? Ah, my friends, you may spare yourselves the useless inquiry! We are the only people who can earn it—for we are the only people who are always right.

In the case of my misguided aunt, the form which pious perseverance was next to take revealed itself to me plainly enough.

Preparation by clerical friends had failed, owing to Lady Verinder's own reluctance. Preparation by books had failed, owing to the doctor's infidel obstinacy. So be it! What was the next thing to try? The next thing to try was—Preparation by Little Notes. In other words, the books themselves having been sent back, select extracts from the books, copied by different hands, and all addressed as letters to my aunt, were, some to be sent by post, and some to be distributed about the house on the plan I had adopted on the previous day. As letters they would excite no suspicion; as letters they would be opened—and, once opened, might be read. Some of them I wrote myself. "Dear aunt, may I ask your attention to a few lines?" etc. "Dear aunt, I was reading last night, and I chanced on the following passage," etc. Other letters were written for me, by my valued fellow-workers, the sisterhood at the Mothers'-Small-Clothes. "Dear Madam, pardon the interest taken in you by a true, though humble, friend." "Dear Madam, may a serious person surprise you by saying a few cheering words?" Using these and other similar forms of courteous appeal, we reintroduced all my precious passages under a form which not even the doctor's watchful materialism could suspect. Before the shades of evening had closed around us I had a dozen awakening letters for my aunt, instead of a dozen awakening books. Six I made immediate arrangements for sending through the post, and six I kept in my pocket for personal distribution in the house the next day.

Soon after two o'clock I was again on the field of pious conflict, addressing more kind inquiries to Samuel at Lady Verinder's door.

My aunt had had a bad night. She was again in the room in which I had witnessed her Will, resting on the sofa, and trying to get a little sleep. I said I would wait in the library, on the chance of seeing her. In the fervor of my zeal to distribute the letters, it never occurred to me to inquire about Rachel. The house was quiet, and it was past the hour at which the musical performance began. I took it for granted that she and her party of pleasure-seekers (Mr. Godfrey, alas! included) were all at the concert, and eagerly devoted myself to my good work, while time and opportunity were still at my own disposal.

My aunt's correspondence of the morning—including the six awakening letters which I had posted overnight—was lying unopened on the library table. She had evidently not felt herself equal to dealing with a large mass of letters—and she might be daunted by the number of them, if she entered the library later in the day. I put one of my second set of six letters on the chimney-piece by itself; leaving it to attract her curiosity, by means of its solitary position, apart from the rest. A second letter I put purposely on the floor in the breakfast-room. The first servant who went in after me would conclude that my aunt had dropped it, and would be specially careful to restore it to her. The field thus sown on the basement story, I ran lightly up stairs to scatter my mercies next over the drawing-room floor.

Just as I entered the front-room I heard a double knock at the street-door—a soft, fluttering, considerate little knock. Before I could think of slipping back to the library (in which I was supposed to be waiting) the active young footman was in the hall, answering the door. It mattered little, as I thought. In my aunt's state of health visitors in general were not admitted. To my horror and amazement the performer of the soft little knock proved to be an exception to general rules. Samuel's voice below me (after apparently answering some questions which I did not hear) said, unmistakably, "Up stairs, if you please, Sir." The next moment I heard footsteps—a man's footsteps—approaching the drawing-room floor. Who could this favored male visitor possibly be? Almost as soon as I asked myself the question the answer occurred to me. Who *could* it be but the doctor?

In the case of any other visitor I should have allowed myself to be discovered in the drawing-room. There would have been nothing out of the common in my having got tired of the library, and having gone up stairs for a change. But my own self-respect stood in the way of my meeting the person who had insulted me by sending me back my books. I slipped into the little third room, which I have mentioned as communicating with the back drawing-room, and dropped the curtains which closed the open doorway. If I only waited there for a minute or two, the usual result in such cases would take place. That is to say, the doctor would be conducted to his patient's room.

I waited a minute or two, and more than a minute or two. I heard the visitor walking restlessly backward and forward. I also heard him talking to himself. I even thought I recognized the voice. Had I made a mistake? Was it not the doctor, but somebody else? Mr. Bruff, for instance? No! an unerring instinct told me it was not Mr. Bruff. Whoever he was, he was still talking to himself. I parted the heavy curtains the least little morsel in the world, and listened.

The words I heard were, "I'll do it to-day!" And the voice that spoke them was Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite's.

CHAPTER V.

MY hand dropped from the curtain. But don't suppose—oh, don't suppose—that the dreadful embarrassment of my situation was the uppermost idea in my mind! So fervent still was the sisterly interest I felt in Mr. Godfrey that I never stopped to ask myself why he was not at the concert. No! I thought only of the words—the startling words—which had just fallen from his lips. He would do it to-day. He had said, in a tone of terrible resolution, he would do it to-day. What, oh what, would he do! Something even more deplorably unworthy of him than what he had done already? Would he apostatize from the faith? Would he abandon us at the Mothers'-Small-Clothes? Had we seen the last of his angelic smile in the committee-room? Had we heard the last of his unrivaled eloquence at Exeter Hall? I was so wrought up by the bare idea of such awful eventualities as these, in connection with such a man, that I believe I should have rushed from my place of concealment, and implored him in the name of all the Ladies' Committees in London to explain himself—when I suddenly heard another voice in the room. It penetrated through the curtains; it was loud, it was bold, it was wanting in every female charm. The voice of Rachel Verinder!

"Why have you come up here, Godfrey?" she asked. "Why didn't you go into the library?"

He laughed softly, and answered, "Miss Clack is in the library."

"Clack in the library!" She instantly seated herself on the ottoman in the back drawing-room. "You are quite right, Godfrey. We had much better stop here."

I had been in a burning fever a moment since, and in some doubt what to do next. I became extremely cold now, and felt no doubt whatever. To show myself after what I had heard, was impossible. To retreat—except into the fire-place—was equally out of the question. A martyrdom was before me. In justice to myself, I noiselessly arranged the curtains so that I could both see and hear. And then I met my martyrdom with the spirit of a primitive Christian.

"Don't sit on the ottoman," the young lady proceeded. "Bring a chair, Godfrey. I like people to be opposite to me when I talk to them."

He took the nearest seat. It was a low chair. He was very tall, and many sizes too large for it. I never saw his legs to such disadvantage before.

"Well?" she went on. "What did you say to them?"

"Just what you said, dear Rachel, to me."

"That mamma was not at all well to-day? And that I didn't quite like leaving her to go to the concert?"

"Those were the words. They were grieved to lose you at the concert, but they quite understood. All sent their love; and all expressed a cheering belief that Lady Verinder's indisposition would soon pass away."

"*You* don't think it's serious, do you, Godfrey?"

"Far from it! In a few days, I feel quite sure, all will be well again."

"I think so too. I was a little frightened at first, but I think so too. It was very kind to go and make my excuses for me to people who are almost strangers to you. But why not have gone with them to the concert? It seems very hard that you should miss the music, too."

"Don't say that, Rachel! If you only knew how much happier I am—here, with you!"

He clasped his hands, and looked at her. In the position which he occupied, when he did that, he turned my way. Can words describe how I sickened when I noticed exactly the same pathetic expression on his face, which had charmed me when he was pleading for destitute millions of his fellow-creatures on the platform at Exeter Hall!

"It's hard to get over one's bad habits, Godfrey. But do try to get over the habit of paying compliments—do to please me."

"I never paid *you* a compliment, Rachel, in my life. Successful love may sometimes use the language of flattery, I admit. But hopeless love, dearest, always speaks the truth."

He drew his chair close, and took her hand, when he said "hopeless love." There was a momentary silence. He who thrilled every body had doubtless thrilled *her*. I thought I now understood the words which had dropped from him when he was alone in the drawing-room. "I'll do it to-day." Alas! the most rigid propriety could hardly have failed to discover that he was doing it now.

"Have you forgotten what we agreed on, Godfrey, when you spoke to me in the country? We agreed that we were to be cousins, and nothing more."

"I break the agreement, Rachel, every time I see you."

"Then don't see me."

"Quite useless! I break the agreement every time I think of you. Oh, Rachel! how kindly you told me, only the other day, that my place in your estimation was a higher place than it had ever been yet! Am I mad to build the hopes I do on those dear words? Am I mad to dream of some future day when your heart may soften to me? Don't tell me so, if I am! Leave me my

"MAY MODESTY MENTION THAT HE PUT HIS ARMS ROUND HER NEXT?"

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delusion, dearest! I must have *that* to cherish, and to comfort me, if I have nothing else!"

His voice trembled, and he put his white handkerchief to his eyes. Exeter Hall again! Nothing wanting to complete the parallel but the audience, the cheers, and the glass of water.

Even *her* obdurate nature was touched. I saw her lean a little nearer to him. I heard a new tone of interest in her next words.

"Are you really sure, Godfrey, that you are as fond of me as that?"

"Sure! You know what I was, Rachel. Let me tell you what I am. I have lost every interest in life, but my interest in you. A transformation has come over me which I can't account for, myself. Would you believe it? My charitable business is an unendurable nuisance to me; and when I see a Ladies' Committee now, I wish myself at the uttermost ends of the earth!"

If the annals of apostasy offer any thing comparable to such a declaration as that, I can only say that the case in point is not producible from the stores of *my* reading. I thought of the Mothers'-Small-Clothes. I thought of the Sunday-Sweetheart-Supervision. I thought of the other Societies, too numerous to mention, all built up on this man as on a tower of strength. I thought of the struggling Female Boards, who, so to speak, drew the breath of their business-life through the nostrils of Mr. Godfrey—of that same Mr. Godfrey who had just reviled our good work as a "nuisance"—and just declared that he wished he was at the uttermost ends of the earth when he found himself in our company! My young female friend will feel encouraged to persevere, when I mention that it tried even my discipline before I could devour my own righteous indignation in silence. At the same time, it is only justice to myself to add, that I didn't lose a syllable of the conversation. Rachel was the next to speak.

"You have made your confession," she said. "I wonder whether it would cure you of your unhappy attachment to me, if I made mine?"

He started. I confess I started too. He thought, and I thought, that she was about to divulge the mystery of the Moonstone.

"Would you think, to look at me," she went on, "that I am the wretchedest girl living? It's true, Godfrey. What greater wretchedness can there be than to live degraded in your own estimation? That is my life now."

"My dear Rachel! it's impossible you can have any reason to speak of yourself in that way!"

"How do you know I have no reason?"

"Can you ask me the question! I know it, because I know *you*. Your silence, dearest, has never lowered you in the estimation of your true friends. The disappearance of your precious birthday gift may seem strange; your unexplained connection with that event may seem stranger still—"

"Are you speaking of the Moonstone, Godfrey?"

"I certainly thought that you referred—"

"I referred to nothing of the sort. I can hear of the loss of the Moonstone, let who will speak of it, without feeling degraded in my own estimation. If the story of the Diamond ever comes to light, it will be known that I accepted a dreadful responsibility; it will be known that I involved myself in the keeping of a miserable secret—but it will be as clear as the sun at noonday that I did nothing mean! You have misunderstood me, Godfrey. It's my fault for not speaking more plainly. Cost me what it may, I will be plainer now. Suppose you were not in love with me? Suppose you were in love with some other woman?"

"Yes?"

"Suppose you discovered that woman to be utterly unworthy of you? Suppose you were quite convinced that it was a disgrace to you to waste another thought on her? Suppose the bare idea of ever marrying such a person made your face burn, only with thinking of it?"

"Yes?"

"And, suppose, in spite of all that—you couldn't tear her from your heart? Suppose the feeling she had roused in you (in the time when you believed in her) was a feeling not to be bidden? Suppose the love this wretch had inspired in you—? Oh, how can I find words to say it in! How can I make a *man* understand that a feeling which horrifies me at myself can be a feeling that fascinates me at the same time? It's the breath of my life, Godfrey, and it's the poison that kills me—both in one! Go away! I must be out of my mind to talk as I am talking now. No! you mustn't leave me—you mustn't carry away a wrong impression. I must say what is to be said in my own defense. Mind this! *He* doesn't know—he never will know, what I have told *you*. I will never see him—I don't care what happens—I will never, never, never see him again! Don't ask me his name! Don't ask me any more! Let's change the subject. Are you doctor enough, Godfrey, to tell me why I feel as if I was stifling for want of breath? Is there a form of hysterics that bursts into words instead of tears? I dare say! What does it matter? You will get over any trouble I have caused you, easily enough now. I have dropped to my right place in your estimation, haven't I? Don't notice me! Don't pity me! For God's sake, go away!"

She turned round on a sudden, and beat her hands wildly on the back of the ottoman. Her head dropped on the cushions; and she burst out crying. Before I had time to feel shocked at this, I was horror-struck by an entirely unexpected proceeding on the part of Mr. Godfrey. Will it be credited that he fell on his knees at her feet?—on *both* knees, I solemnly declare! My modesty mention that he put his arms round her next? And may reluctant admiration acknowledge that he electrified her with two words?

"Noble creature!"

No more than that! But he did it with one of the bursts which have made his fame as a public speaker. She sat, either quite thunder-struck, or quite fascinated—I don't know which—without even making an effort to put his arms back where his arms ought to have been. As for me, my sense of propriety was completely bewildered. I was so painfully uncertain whether it was my first duty to close my eyes, or to stop my ears, that I did neither. I attribute my being still able to hold the curtain in the right position for looking and listening, entirely to suppressed hysterics. In suppressed hysterics, it is admitted even by the doctors, that one must hold something.

"Yes," he said, with all the fascination of his evangelical voice and manner, "you are a noble creature! A woman who can speak the truth, for the truth's own sake—a woman who will sacrifice her pride, rather than sacrifice an honest man who loves her—is the most priceless of all treasures. When such a woman marries, if her husband only wins her esteem and regard, he wins enough to ennoble his whole life. You have spoken, dearest, of your place in my estimation. Judge what that place is—when I implore you on my knees, to let the cure of your poor wounded heart be my care. Rachel! will you honor me, will you bless me, by being my wife?"

By this time I should certainly have decided on stopping my ears, if Rachel had not encouraged me to keep them open, by answering him in the first sensible words I had ever heard fall from her lips.

"Godfrey!" she said, "you must be mad!"

"I never spoke more reasonably, dearest—in your interests, as well as in mine. Look for a moment to the future. Is your happiness to be sacrificed to a man who has never known how you feel toward him, and whom you are resolved never to see again? Is it not your duty to yourself to forget this ill-fated attachment? and is forgetfulness to be found in the life you are leading now? You have tried that life, and you are wearying of it already. Surround yourself with nobler interests than the wretched interests of the world. A heart that loves and honors you; a home whose peaceful claims and happy duties win gently on you day by day—try the consolation, Rachel, which is to be found *there!* I don't ask for your love—I will be content with your affection and regard. Let the rest be left, confidently left, to your husband's devotion, and to Time that heals even wounds as deep as yours."

She began to yield already. Oh, what a bringing-up she must have had! Oh, how differently I should have acted in her place!

"Don't tempt me, Godfrey," she said; "I am wretched enough and reckless enough as it is. Don't tempt me to be more wretched and more reckless still!"

"One question, Rachel. Have you any personal objection to me?"

"I! I always liked you. After what you have just said to me, I should be insensible indeed if I didn't respect and admire you as well."

"Do you know many wives, my dear Rachel, who respect and admire their husbands? And yet they and their husbands get on very well. How many brides go to the altar with hearts that would bear inspection by the men who take them there? And yet it doesn't end unhappily—somehow or other the nuptial establishment jogs on. The truth is, that women try marriage as a Refuge, far more numerously than they are willing to admit; and, what is more, they find that marriage has justified their confidence in it. Look at your own case once again. At your age, and with your attractions, is it possible for you to sentence yourself to a single life? Trust my knowledge of the world—nothing is less possible. It is merely a question of time. You may marry some other man, some years hence. Or you may marry the man, dearest, who is now at your feet, and who prizes your respect and admiration above the love of any other woman on the face of the earth."

"Gently, Godfrey! you are putting something into my head which I never thought of before. You are tempting me with a new prospect, when all my other prospects are closed before me. I tell you again, I am miserable enough and desperate enough, if you say another word, to marry you on your own terms. Take the warning, and go!"

"I won't even rise from my knees till you have said yes!"

"If I say yes you will repent, and I shall repent when it is too late!"

"We shall both bless the day, darling, when I pressed, and when you yielded."

"Do you feel as confidently as you speak?"

"You shall judge for yourself. I speak from what I have seen in my own family. Tell me what you think of our household at Frizinghall. Do my father and mother live unhappily together?"

"Far from it—so far as I can see."

"When my mother was a girl, Rachel (it is no secret in the family), she had loved as you love—she had given her heart to a man who was unworthy of her. She married my father, respecting him, admiring him, but nothing more. Your own eyes have seen the result. Is there no encouragement in it for you and for me?"*

"You won't hurry me, Godfrey?"

"My time shall be yours."

"You won't ask me for more than I can give?"

"My angel! I only ask you to give me yourself."

"Take me!"

In those two words she accepted him!

He had another burst—a burst of unholy rapture this time. He drew her nearer and nearer to him till her face touched his; and then— No! I really can not prevail upon myself to carry this shocking disclosure any farther. Let me only say that I tried to close my eyes before it happened, and that I was just one moment too late. I had calculated, you see, on her resisting. She submitted. To every right-feeling person of my own sex volumes could say no more.

Even my innocence in such matters began to see its way to the end of the interview now. They understood each other so thoroughly by this time that I fully expected to see them walk off together, arm in arm, to be married. There appeared, however, judging by Mr. Godfrey's next words, to be one more trifling formality which it was necessary to observe. He seated himself—unforbidden this time—on the ottoman by her side. "Shall I speak to your dear mother?" he asked. "Or will you?"

She declined both alternatives.

"Let my mother hear nothing from either of us until she is better. I wish it to be kept a secret for the present, Godfrey. Go now, and come back this evening. We have been here alone together quite long enough."

She rose, and, in rising, looked for the first time toward the little room in which my martyrdom was going on.

"Who has drawn those curtains?" she exclaimed. "The room is close enough, as it is, without keeping the air out of it in that way."

She advanced to the curtains. At the moment when she laid her hand on them—at the moment when the discovery of me appeared to be quite inevitable—the voice of the fresh-colored young footman, on the stairs, suddenly suspended any further proceedings on her side or on mine. It was unmistakably the voice of a man in great alarm.

"Miss Rachel!" he called out, "where are you, Miss Rachel?"

She sprang back from the curtains and ran to the door.

The footman came just inside the room. His ruddy color was all gone. He said, "Please to come down stairs, miss! My lady has fainted, and we can't bring her to again."

In a moment more I was alone, and free to go down stairs in my turn, quite unobserved.

Mr. Godfrey passed me in the hall, hurrying out, to fetch the doctor. "Go in, and help them!" he said, pointing to the room. I found Rachel on her knees by the sofa, with her mother's head on her bosom. One look at my aunt's face (knowing what I knew) was enough to warn me of the dreadful truth. I kept my thoughts to myself till the doctor came in. It was not long before he arrived. He began by sending Rachel out of the room—and then he told the rest of us that Lady Verinder was no more. Serious persons, in search of proofs of hardened skepticism, may be interested in hearing that he showed no signs of remorse when he looked at Me.

At a later hour I peeped into the breakfast-room and the library. My aunt had died without opening one of the letters which I had addressed to her. I was so shocked at this that it never occurred to me, until some days afterward, that she had also died without giving me my little legacy.

* See Betteredge's Narrative. Chapter VIII., page 54.

UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

IT was after banking-hours, and Marvin Hillhouse had been sitting for an hour on the upper step of the back piazza without speaking. He was timing the bees that flew to and fro between Deacon Caller's hives and the sweet scarlet roses hedging in the brick-walk that led from the little side-gate around to the kitchen-door.

Suddenly he pushed back his straw-hat. "Holloa, Clara! What is up?" he cried.

Evidently Clara herself, for one thing, was up; for immediately there was a stir in the small summer parlor and a face looked through the window opening upon the piazza, with a rising reflection on it. A fat, good-natured face, lighted up by gentle gray eyes, and a warm, ready smile; and belonging to Marvin Hillhouse's sister, Mrs. Forsythe.

"Peleg is out to-day with a basket and his umbrella. Any body going to be married?" continued Marvin, keeping his eyes on one bee a little busier than its fellows, that fluttered off and fluttered back, again and again, to the opening heart of a half-blown rose.

"Mrs. Dunks didn't know it this morning when she came for her milk, if there is. She *mistrusts* there is something between that young clerk at Folder's book-store and Florence Bell, but that was the nearest approach," replied Mrs. Forsythe, with the ready smile.

"Then it can't be a wedding," returned her brother. "And I didn't suppose any body could get so far on even a quilting-party without Marm Dunks's knowing it. There he comes! He has been gone six minutes and a quarter," he added, quickly.

Mrs. Forsythe put her head a little farther from the window. "How absurd!" said she, looking incredulously at a bee just losing itself in the scarlet neck of a honey-cup that grew on a stalk of balm at the end of the piazza. "Just as though you could know one bee from another, when they are coming and going constantly."

Marvin opened his mouth, when he was interrupted by the sound of the gate opening and falling together again; and immediately a blue cotton umbrella came around the lilac-bushes at the corner of the house. So instead of words of wisdom on the science of aviology, the open mouth only dropped the commonplace, "Is this you, Peleg! What you got there?"

Peleg, who was walking under the blue umbrella, and was Mrs. Dunks's eldest and only son, wore a full suit of white linen even to gloves, and carried a perfumed handkerchief; for although he was every body's errand-boy and man-of-all-work, he held himself, personally, exceedingly high.

"It is a note or billet from Mrs. Cahoon to her son's wooden-wedding. 'N. P.' in the corner means 'no presents,' they don't want any brought. Next Wednesday will be five years since their son was married, and that is why the cards are *grained*," explained Peleg, in his genteelest tone.

"Just so," replied Marvin Hillhouse, holding his hand for the card. "And that is why you had your hair *shingled*, I suppose, and that *shaving* hanging to your coat."

Peleg looked over his shoulder in dandyish horror; then smiled a smile that made his mouth look like a dentist's office.

"That is a *can*-ard, isn't it, Mr. Hillhouse?" said he, starting off with the air of heading a procession.

He turned upon himself before marching entirely around behind the lilacs: "It is a warm day," he said, with the appearance of intending to give information, as he wiped his face daintily with the perfumed handkerchief.

Then he headed the procession again, and again turned upon it, coming back this time to say, "I carry this umbrella to keep off the sun," and then finally disappeared.

"I can't imagine what Marm Dunks is about, that she doesn't come in to borrow a tea-spoonful of saleratus, or 'a drawing of tea,' and tell you all she knows about the party; and some things that she *guesses*," said Marvin.

But in truth Mrs. Dunks had good reason for not coming in with her generous tongue. She was at that instant polishing silver in Mrs. Cahoon's back pantry, with her face drawn up in puckers and wrinkles, answering to every motion of her hands. When she did any thing she always did it with her whole body, and the busier she worked the faster she talked.

"I should say a pyramid of colored *i*-scream on each end of the table, one white and one pink, if you please, would make a good show, and be quite a set-off. My Peleg tells me that is how Fluffer's folks fixed their table last New-Year's Day. Peleg was there to wait on the door and keep up the fires and such. I don't know how it is," laughed the mother, in satisfied pride, "but somehow, nothing can come off without my Peleg having a hand in; so I most generally know from him what's what, and who's who."

"That is a very pretty notion about the ice-cream. I wonder where the Fluffers got theirs?" said Mrs. Cahoon, who was busy grating, sometimes cocoa-nut and sometimes her fingers.

"At Macomb's. He gets up such things best of any body in the place, and full as reasonable, too, if not more so."

"I will get Mr. Cahoon to speak to Macomb about it to-night. We are a little straitened for time, Mrs. Dunks, not making up our minds to give the party at this time till noon to-day. But sending to Riverview for the fancy cakes and confectionery takes off a great deal, so I guess we shall get through with it. I am glad you spoke about the ice-cream," said Mrs. Cahoon, who was thankful to get any suggestions; for, to tell the truth, she was a deal more at home in dishing-up dinners for a table full of hungry men than she was in the elegances of fashionable life.

For thirty years she had looked after the pickling of pork, the fattening of pigs and poultry, and the daily bread and shirts of an ample family; keeping at the same time a sharp and capable eye on her husband's lumber-yard and saw-mill. But at last having made a fortune they had bought the handsomest house in Hanfield, and were trying to spread themselves out in a style becoming their money. They were received at once into society, and treated with all the attention due so many dollars; the Presbyterians vying with the Congregationalists to be first in making the new-comers feel at home each in their own church.

"The neighbors has all been very kind, and we want to show them some attention in return; so we are going to make this occasion a grand invite, and take in all," said Mrs. Cahoon, with condescending confidence to Mrs. Dunks; and thus directly to the whole parish, for Mrs. Dunks was as good a conductor as a telegraph-wire.

At this moment, however, the confidence was cut off by the jangling of the back-door knocker. Mrs. Cahoon happened to be passing the door at the instant with her pan of grated cocoa-nut, and opening it found her nearest neighbor, Mrs. Forsythe, standing outside.

"Mrs. Cahoon," said she. She had a habit of introducing herself, formed since coming into a community of strangers, and with a polite little courtesy, partly in respect to her visitor, and partly in respect to herself. "I was just passing, and so I opened the door myself," she continued, in a tone of apology. Then she added with a business manner, "Come in and take a look over the house, Mrs. Forsythe?"

"Oh, thank you, Mrs. Cahoon, I can't stop now. I just ran over to say if you wish for extra milk, more than you can get from your milkman, we can supply you, as we keep a cow and have an abundance."

"I am much obliged, I am sure, ma'am. The neighbors is all very kind, and I tell them I can't get homesick for the old place if I try, though there are some things I miss. But you must come in and see the house. We think we have fixed it up so it is quite *tenable* now."

"Not to-day, thank you, Mrs. Cahoon. I left company at home, and I know you are busy. Besides you remember I have been over it once; it is a very nice house, and I hope you will enjoy it," said Mrs. Forsythe, beginning to move away.

But Mrs. Cahoon was not to be shorn of her hospitality. "Mr. Cahoon expects me to show the house to every body who calls. Come," said she; so decidedly that her impatient visitor felt

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she must follow. "Up stairs, down stairs, and in my lady's chamber," where every thing was finished and furnished with all the magnificence that the upholsterer could suggest and money could pay for; but where refined tastes and practiced fingers never followed with their softening touches. The establishment was grand as a first-class wareroom; but no more homelike.

"These carpets is velvet, and cost us six hundred dollars in New York," said the show-woman, expert with frequent practice. "We are told, and by them that we thought knew, that Mrs. Fluffer has the next best carpet in town, and hers only cost *five* hundred. And the style of *this* room," she continued, opening a door into a chamber, finished on wainscot and moulding in papier-maché, and furnished with rose-colored damask, "the *architecture* tells us is entirely *unique*. This picture we bought of the painter himself, and it represents a display of the *Erroria* Borealis. We are told the frame is the most expensive in the county; but I suppose we got it rather *under*. It saves, you know, not take quite so much money as you think it will cost. Sometimes they will let you off a little. However, with all our savings here and there, Mr. Cahoon says twenty thousand won't cover our expenses this year; but then we can afford it. Take care! You are treading on that mat," she cried out, suddenly, jumping expertly over a fluff of white down that looked like a thistle-ball, lying on the carpet by the front-parlor door, as she spoke.

And then having made the entire round from garret to basement, Mrs. Cahoon opened the front-door and courtesied out her visitor. After that she hurried back to the kitchen.

"These calls are such a put-out to a body's work, and you can't know when to expect them any more than when thunder is coming," said she, with a resigned sigh.

Mrs. Cahoon's gentility sat upon her something like her bonnet which was made by an artist, and cost as much as half the bonnets in church put together; but which had the effect of a hornet's nest blown upon her head by the northwest wind. There are many things "you can not buy with gold," *beside* "the old association."

"If I had come from common country life into a handsome town-estate I wouldn't make any pretensions, but just go around with grass in my mouth and done with it," said Marvin Hillhouse, when Mrs. Forsythe came home with the story of her neighborly call.

Meantime Mrs. Cahoon, serenely unconscious of having produced any but a dazzling impression, was once more absorbed in the preparations for her grand party; but she found other obstacles in the way besides the entertainment of visitors, as a cow trying on the airs of a gazelle would be likely to. And nothing went as it should. The oysters were all spoiled in the pickling, the blanc-mange wouldn't thicken and then got *too* thick; and the cake came out of the oven looking like the face of the earth in the time of Korah.

"However," said Mrs. Cahoon, cheerfully, "I can cover the *frissures* with a good thick frosting, and after it is cut they will never be noticed in the world. That is the economy of cake-baskets, you can use up the pieces. *We* don't need to think of economy to be sure," she added, recollecting herself, "but then the *time* is worth saving."

So she heaped on the icing till it stood up like the Chinese wall, and then it was obstinate and wouldn't dry. There it was Wednesday morning, just as soft as ever, simply sugar and egg-froth, and putting it into the oven to harden, Mrs. Cahoon went off to show the house to a young girl who had come in with a basket of rare flowers. She was courtesying her out in nervous haste when Mrs. Dunks came flurrying up the marble-flagged walk, with a little dried-up rustle and whisk like a dead leaf blown by the wind.

"I called over to see if I could be of any service," said she. "I have set out Peleg's dinner—though as for the matter of that, if my Peleg is *put* to 't he can get up as nice a meal as I can myself—and Dunks, he is to work for Fluffer's folks to-day, cutting the grass in their orchard-piece, and he took a bite of something along with him. So, says I, I will clap on my things and step up to Mrs. Cahoon's. Be sure she has maids enough, but maids is *maids*, and they need close looking after. So here I be, and I will stay and help if you say the word."

"Certainly, Mrs. Dunks. You are very kind, as all the neighbors is, and I am glad you come; though we made no such *assignment*," replied Mrs. Cahoon, too proud to acknowledge the relief she really felt.

Then a man came with some baskets of crockery, and so Mrs. Dunks made her way into the house and kitchen alone. She came back immediately.

"The cake is all burned to a *crips* as sure as you are born!" she cried. "I smelled it momentarily I crossed the thrashold. It seems Sara Jane came down stairs and built a rousing fire the first thing, without noticing what was in the oven, any thing about it. One loaf and ma'be *two* will possibly make a do of it; take and frost them over again; but that is all. We'll have to spring around and make some more before the cat can mew twice."

The cat mewed a great many times before the cake was ready, and then it proved the oysters were sour; and at *Hanfield*, people no more thought of a party without scalloped oysters than they did of a party without guests. But blessed be the man who invented saleratus; mind triumphed over matter, and the scallops and oyster-pies came out "sweet as a rose," said Mrs. Dunks. "And now how about the tables? Supposing we set them at once, and have that done."

Mrs. Cahoon assented, and soon the dining-room was magnificent in all the glory of silver services, frosted cakes, fruits, and vases of bright flowers. The mistress of this splendor stood looking at it as proud as Nebuchadnezzar, when suddenly there came a crashing sound and a muffled scream, followed by a fall of mortar, dropping in little lumps, and flying in a gritty shower over frostings and fruits. Mrs. Cahoon looked up in horror, and saw in the centre of the stuccoed wreath of corn and grapes and apples, a foot and ankle clothed in a number eight shoe and heavy blue stocking, that bore an unmistakable likeness to the shoe and stocking of the luckless Sara Jane. It seemed in going hastily across the unfloored chamber above the dining-room upon the rafters, she had stepped off upon the light lathing between, and before she could catch her balance had literally got her foot in it, spraining her ankle in the operation.

But Mrs. Dunks, whose ingenuity would have kept her dangling about the patent-office, to her cost and her torment, if she had had the misfortune to be of the inventing gender, skillfully pasted over the aperture with white paper, that if nobody took particular observation the fracture would not be especially noticeable. And under her persistent fingers the table was presently looking as gorgeously as ever, though there might perchance be an unpleasant grittiness about the icing here and there.

And at last Lyra and Venus came out, singing as they shone, and, looking through the three-hundred dollar lace curtains, they saw Mrs. Cahoon dressed in fen-colored moiré antique, courtesying to her "neighbors;" presenting her son and his wife who were the passive pivot around which this party—in its character of a wooden-wedding—was supposed to revolve; and her eldest daughter, "Miss Deela." Miss Deela was an unformed rose-bud, at the age when the features are much too large for the face, and there is always an appearance of being mounted on a foot-stool; and the married son looked as though he had much rather be handling mill-logs than white gloves.

As for Mrs. Cahoon, oppressed with her own greatness, she escaped as soon as possible into the kitchen, where her heart and thoughts had been all the while. And she dawned upon that horizon in good time.

"Land alive!" she cried, dropping her manners in the parlor with her last courtesy, "what smells so?"

Sniffing around she opened at last the lid of the coffee-urn. "What is the matter with this coffee? Mrs. Dunks, you try some of it; I am afraid of staining my dress," said she.

"I'll be buttered," replied Mrs. Dunks, sniffing and tasting, "if the eggs Bridget settled it with wasn't bad eggs."

She didn't have to be "buttered," for "the eggs *was* bad," and very bad. So the next thing was to send to the store for more coffee; but most of the grocers had shut for the night, and the messenger could only get the unground coffee-beans; and Mrs. Cahoon, who had trailed her irksome magnificence back into the parlor, was presently startled by the unmistakable odor of burning coffee; not *browned*, but *burned*, black and bitter.

And then following fast after, like Job's messengers, came the boy from the express office, to say the last train was in from Riverview, and the cake and confectionery ordered was not in with it.

"And, heart alive! Why doesn't Macomb send the *i*-scream?" said Mrs. Dunks. "He is the greatest old laziness-on-legs you ever saw, and it is a chance if he gets it here to-night," she added, soothingly.

There were reasons thick as clovers in a summer meadow why the ice-cream had not been sent. The cow refused to give the milk, the milk refused to turn to cream, the cream refused to get into the dairy-man's can, and the can refused to stop at the restauranter's; so the restauranter was entirely free from blame, as employés always are in failures of contract. And now, after overcoming obstacles to which Columbus's little efforts at discovering *us* were just the wavering of a butterfly over a field of thistles, Mr. Macomb was preparing to fill his freezers.

Meanwhile midnight came and midnight went; but the later the more genteel, and at last the supper was over, the guests were gone, and there was no sound in all the stately house excepting of a rat dancing between the walls in his dainty satin slippers; for rats, like love, respect neither time nor place.

The next evening Mrs. Forsythe called, in a friendly way, to ask how Mrs. Cahoon found herself after her late exertions. She found herself really ill, it seemed, for she was lying upon a sofa with a sick-headache. But she instantly rose.

"You must go over the house," said she.

"Oh no, Mrs. Cahoon! By no means. I have been over it, you know; and if I never had, here you are not able to hold your head up," protested Mrs. Forsythe.

"That is nothing. I can stand it if you can. Come ahead," replied the hospitable mistress.

"No, but really I don't care to go. It is excessively warm, and I don't feel strong," pleaded Mrs. Forsythe, who was oppressively fleshy, and already overpowered by her walk.

"Come!" returned Mrs. Cahoon, unflinchingly. "You must see the stuff that came from Riverview by express, at any rate. It came this morning, and we paid five hundred dollars for what there is here," she continued, opening the door into the dining-room. "And now tell me, as a neighbor, if it passed off well."

As a neighbor Mrs. Forsythe assured her, panting and perspiring while she spoke, that the evening was a complete success.

"So they tell me," replied Mrs. Cahoon, complacently.

"We had seventeen bouquets in these three rooms," added "Miss Deela," who was leading a procession of all the younger children, in this great work of showing the house.

"*Seventeen*, Deela? Wasn't it *eighteen?* counting the china osiers in the lapis lazuli vase on the double-decked bracket?" corrected the mother. Then she turned again to Mrs. Forsythe. "I am glad you think it went off well. We didn't mean to spare for the cost, and we *thought* the neighbors seemed to enjoy themselves," said she, making her final courtesy at the front-door.

FOLLOWING THE SUN.

THE wise little swallows—they know the time to fly!
Look, how in clouds they darken the gray November sky!
The last red leaf has fallen, the Autumn reign is done,
And they go where the Summer went, following the sun.

They leave us looking after, and sighing, "Happy things!
Would we stay in the Northland if we had your wings?
From the frozen meadows, to where the waters run,
We too would swiftly southward go, following the sun."

Why should winged creatures brood over empty nests?
Rise my thoughts, and hasten to be the Summer's guests!
For all the airy people here is comfort none,
Fly with the swallows southward then, following the sun.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

AMONG the many excellent hotels in our country, the Continental Hotel in Philadelphia has an enviable reputation. Completed and opened for occupation in the winter of 1860, it speedily won its way into public favor by its convenient, comfortable, and elegant accommodations. It has never fallen below the high standard of excellence set for itself, and the fact that it is so extensively patronized proves that the popularity of a hotel depends upon the confidence of the public in its internal arrangements.

The Continental Hotel is situated on the corner of Chestnut and Ninth streets—a most convenient locality. On these streets it is six stories in height, while on Sansom Street it is eight stories high. It is built of sandstone and brick, is sustained by richly-ornamented cast-iron piers, and the whole edifice is crowned with a heavy modillion cornice of cast-iron. The main hall on the street-floor is 185 feet in depth, in the centre of which is an open business exchange. On this floor also are the Gentlemen's Conversation Room, the Reading Room, the General Office, Wash Room for gentlemen, Coat Room, Telegraph Office, Writing Rooms, Smoking Room, Billiard Saloon, Restaurant, Newspaper Stand, etc., etc. Two special features of this building are the grand self-sustaining stairway, around which an open balcony is formed on the second story, and the vertical Railway, or Elevator, which extends from the ground-floor to the top of the house. This latter contrivance—which is based upon such mechanical principles as to insure perfect safety—appears to the casual visitor to be merely a nicely-furnished little room, into which he can step from any story, seat himself comfortably, and ascend or descend to any floor of the hotel. By this same Elevator he can also be conveyed to the spacious Observatory above the main roof, whence there is a fine view of the city and suburban localities. The large public parlors and dining-rooms are on the second-floor; and the table is supplied with every luxury the most dainty epicure could desire. The culinary department is a curiosity in itself: but the details are too numerous to come within the limits of this paragraph. Much of the cooking is done by steam, and the working portions of the house are all fire-proof. In case, however, of an alarm of fire, such arrangements are made that the whole building could be flooded with water in five minutes. Notwithstanding its size, and the number of occupants, the Continental Hotel is an unusually quiet one. The well-trained servants—of whom there are not less than three hundred employed—tread softly the thickly-carpeted corridors and stairs, and are exceedingly attentive to guests. Chancing to spend a sabbath recently at the Continental, among numerous other little arrangements which make the stranger feel at home, we noticed the following simple announcement hanging in one of the principal corridors: "*Seats reserved for our guests in —— Church.*" Some inferences on the moral effect of placards might be deduced from this single sentence, especially when compared with equally-conspicuous placards which greet the stranger's eye in sundry hotels farther south. It is somewhat alarming, as you follow your trunk up the stairs of a strange hotel, to see in glaring capitals on the walls, "LOCK YOUR DOOR! LOOK OUT FOR HOTEL THIEVES!" Nor is it comforting to observe the same notice in your room, to have it again intruded upon you in the parlors, and yet again in the dining-room. One feels as if he had fallen into a robber's den! While some information about the ordinary arrangements of a hotel should be placed in every room, nothing makes one feel so little at home as to have thrust upon him at every corner a list of things which he must, or must not do. We remember to have seen the bill-of-fare in a large hotel headed with these words: "*Table-napkins must not be taken from the dining-room!*" Probably not one in a thousand would ever have thought of doing such a thing if it had not been suggested. But the nine hundred and ninety-nine had the warning thrust in their faces during their meals, for the sake of the one. The proprietor of that hotel would have been wiser to have suffered the loss of a napkin with equanimity.

Two or three weeks ago the newspapers reported a sad account of a little girl who died from the effects of a bite received from a Newfoundland dog, with which she was frolicking, as she was in the habit of freely doing. More recently another terrible death from hydrophobia occurred in Newark. A couple of months ago a gentleman was bitten in the hand by a pet-dog while attempting to punish him. The wound was suffered to heal, and no inconvenience was felt until a short time ago, when the usual violent symptoms appeared. Death was a welcome relief to his terrible sufferings.

A matter worthy the attention of business men and others is the device of generating gas for lighting buildings by burning cheap oils. A reservoir is placed in the cellar, outbuildings, or garret, and the oil is conducted through common gas-pipes. There is no wick, no chimney, no machinery. The arrangement is simple, and is said to give a superior light at very small cost. Cities, towns, churches, houses, and factories can be lighted by this process; and being non-explosive it is perfectly safe.

Scarcely any invention could be more beneficent, or more worthy of universal adoption, than one which would effectually obviate the risks that now attend the use of steam-power. The terrible accidents that so frequently result from boiler-explosions make this a matter of public interest. Consequently our readers will be glad to know something of a new appliance called the Steam-locked Automatic Safety Valve, the practical working of which was recently exhibited in the machine foundry of Messrs. Merrick & Sons of Philadelphia. The valve attached to the boiler on this occasion was adjusted to a 60-pounds pressure—that is, when that maximum of pressure was reached the valve should open and allow the steam to escape. Great curiosity was exhibited by the spectators as to whether the instrument would vindicate its claims; but when the gauge marked exactly *sixty* there was a shrill blast from the valve. This "valve" is self-acting—so arranged that it is wholly independent of the agency of an engineer, who may forget himself, fall asleep, or be away from his post; the pressure in the boiler can not rise above the limit for which it is adjusted. The valve is compact, and can readily be attached to the boilers of any kind of steam-engine. If special tests prove this appliance to be what it now promises, it will meet a great public want.

A Maine man obtained, a few weeks since, a pair of fowls in Massachusetts styled Magenta, from their beautiful Magenta-colored plumage. They were universally admired, and the lucky owner engaged to sell more eggs than his handsome "biddy" could possibly have laid in a lifetime. Unfortunately the pretty pair were exposed to the damp weather, and got thoroughly wet, when the Magenta disappeared, leaving nothing but a pair of common white barn-yard fowls.

One year ago—so it is stated on good authority—a certain church in Illinois had been reduced by death, removal, and sacrifice in the army, to *six female* members. Four *men* wished to join. How should they get in? Should they form a new organization and take the ladies in with them? In that case they would forfeit the two best lots in the town. The only way was for *the church* to vote to receive them, and so the six voted to receive the four, and then put in their $100 on hand of society money as the first subscription for a house of worship, adding afterward $200 for the furniture, which is of the most substantial kind.

A French journal records a remarkable case of transfusion of blood. A young man who had been poisoned by carbonic acid, was found lying insensible on the floor of his room. Artificial respiration was resorted to, and by perseverance breathing was restored and the pulse returned; but two hours later the patient relapsed into a state bordering on death. Transfusion of blood was then recommended, and the effect produced was astonishing; the pulse rose at once, breathing became more regular, the eyes opened, and after a few minutes the patient was enabled to drink a little water. His state continued precarious for upward of nine hours, after which he speedily recovered.

The Ramie plant, a new substitute for cotton, is said to be largely engaging the attention of Southern planters, who are entering upon its cultivation with enthusiasm. It was brought originally from the Island of Java, and has been domesticated in Mexico, where it grows finely. Its fibre closely resembles the best Sea-Island cotton. According to Southern papers it has been demonstrated that this plant can be easily cultivated at the South; that its fibre is as strong and fine as that of flax or cotton; that it may be made, in the climate of Louisiana, to yield four crops a year, each crop of more pounds to the acre than in any ordinary yield of cotton; that it is not liable to be destroyed by the caterpillar; and that it requires but little labor to cultivate it after the ground is prepared. The Commissioner of Agriculture at Washington has examined specimens of cloth made from the Ramie fibre, and reports that they indicate that superior goods can be manufactured from it.

Parties desiring to become all in all to each other would do well to ascertain whether there is any obvious obstacle *before* the marriage ceremony is commenced. An expected wedding came to an abrupt termination a few weeks since, in consequence of the prospective bride putting in a stipulation that the to-be-bridegroom should thenceforth eschew his cigar. The young man very absurdly replied that he could get along very much more comfortably without a wife than he could without his weed, and consequently the proposed marriage "ended in smoke." In this connection we may quote the advice which an Albany editor gives his readers: "If you want to keep poor, buy two glasses of ale every day at five cents each, amounting in one year to $36 50; smoke three cigars, one after each meal, counting up in the course of the year to $94 45; and keep a big dog."

A very pertinent question it was which a wise elder put to a certain young man who insisted, in spite of many apparently providential indications to the contrary, that he had a call to preach—"Hast thou noticed whether people seem to have a call to hear thee?"

An Indiana gentleman placed his pocket-book for safe-keeping in the hands of his "better half," and she carefully put it in the oven of the stove for safety. The husband, who—be it said to his discredit—was out late at night, returned to his home half-frozen, and not thinking that the careful wife had made a safe of the cook-stove, at once kindled a fire, and so effectually baked the funds that further use of them was out of the question.

A gang of youthful house-breakers, thirteen in number, have been ravaging the summer residences in Newport. The youngest of this band is a lad of ten years. The house of a gentleman who is abroad has been made the rendezvous, where they slept and ate, and collected together the spoils they plundered in the vicinity. Every room in the house bore evidence of wanton mischief, and some valued family portraits were found grossly mutilated when the police first discovered their retreat. A large proportion of the band have been arrested.

Dogs seem to have been largely introduced into some parts of Belgium as an article of food, though in a more unostentatious manner than horses have been into France. So many dogs have latterly disappeared in Antwerp that some special investigation was made. Two persons were apprehended who confessed that within the year they had stolen some two hundred dogs, the skins of which, sold to toy-makers, went for the manufacture of children's drums; the grease made excellent pomade; and the carcasses were passed through the sausage-making machines.

A very unique illustration is credited to a certain reverend gentleman: "The Scriptures," said he, "may be compared to woman's hair, which is twisted and turned into many forms and fashions, each one arranging hers in the mode which she thinks most becoming. In like manner the Scriptures are twisted and turned by the different sects, though they are a unit in their character, and admit of but one true interpretation. There may be false hair, so there are false prophets and false interpreters of the Sacred Word."

Paris—like other large cities—abounds in misers. They do not all hide away their gold in bags, nor do all of them live upon crusts. Some of them own houses, which they let furnished in suits of apartments. Lately a literary man came to such a miser for a floor.

"What is your business?" inquired the landlord.

"A literary man."

"Well, that sort of thing don't make much noise or shake the foundations. And you are absent all day?"

"On the contrary, I never go out."

"Can't let you have the place then."

"And why not?"

"Because you fellows who stay at home all day wear out the furniture."

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CHARITY—A SCENE IN TRINITY CHURCH, NEW YORK.—[DRAWN BY W. D. WASHINGTON.]

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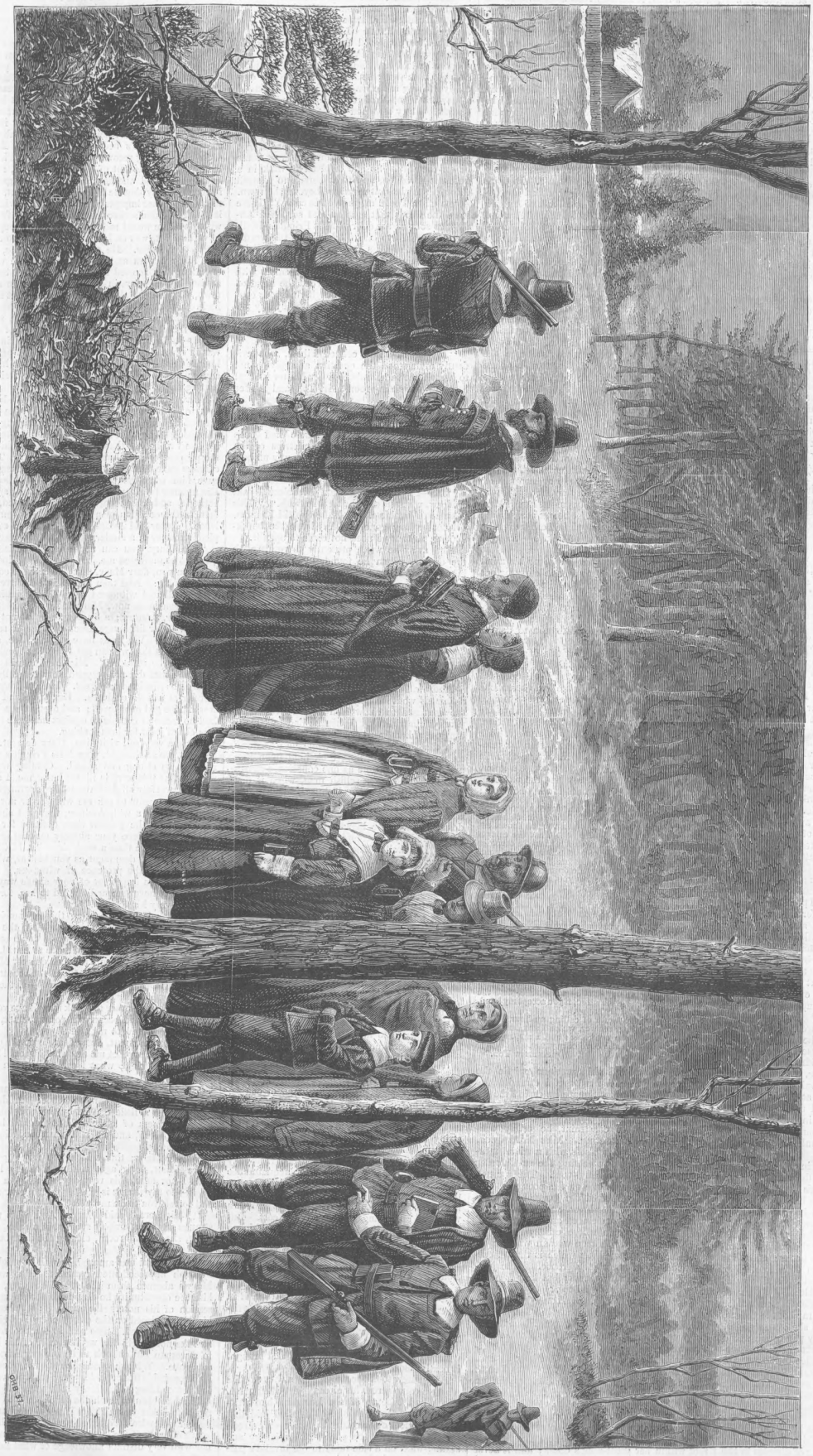

NEW ENGLAND PURITANS GOING TO CHURCH.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GOUPIL & CO., FROM THE PAINTING BY GEORGE H. BOUGHTON.]

BOUGHTON'S PURITANS.

WE give on this page an engraving of the painting of "New England Puritans going to Church," by GEORGE H. BOUGHTON, an American artist of great and recognized ability, now resident in London. The original of this admirable work was lately purchased in London by Mr. SAMUEL P. AVERY, and was for some time exhibited in his Fine Art Gallery, No. 82 Fifth Avenue. It is now in possession of Mr. R. L. STUART, by whose permission the copy here presented is made.

The scene depicted by the artist has been graphically described in BARTLETT'S "History of the Pilgrim Fathers," an extract from which originally suggested the painting; but all historians unite in representing that the religious services of the early Puritans were conducted under such circumstances of danger as are indicated in the painting. The procession to the church was invariably headed and guarded in those days by armed men, and while the majority of the congregation worshiped with their arms at their sides, others stood as sentinels around the church.

THE ACTIVE BORE.

BORES may be divided into two classes — the active and passive — those who bore you by active stupidity or supernatural intelligence, and those who produce an equally exasperating effect by passive idiocy, and merely constitute themselves your echoes. It is difficult to say which carries off the palm, which bores you most; for, although acting in widely different ways, they produce precisely similar results. The active bore is a terrible person. He goes about seeking whom he may devour, and he is capable of clinging to a victim till complete mental prostration supervenes. He may either be a man of fair intelligence, or he may be an ass. If he has any brains they are probably devoted to some hobby, about which no one else in the world can be expected to manifest the slightest interest. It may be scientific, it may be religious; he may be meditating an attack on your soul, or only desirous of involving you in a chaos of chemical formulæ. Or he may have traveled a good deal; and the bore who has traveled is like the Scotch snob, "than which," as the great historian of snobs says, "the world contains no more offensive creature." The traveled bore will give you page after page of the guide-books, interspersed with his own reflections, till you are ready to execrate the abominable activity which caused him to leave his ancestral halls. It is given to but few people who travel to have any thing worth hearing to say about the places they have visited; for the faculty of judging foreign nations fairly is very rare; how rare we can see from the French representations of English women. The active bore may also be facetious, and it is impossible to conceive any infliction greater than that of the society of a man who is what jest-books call "a wag," or a "witty fellow." Jokes are very well in their way, but a perpetual joker is an unutterable bore. It makes no difference whether he be what he is pleased to call humorous, or whether he affects verbal contortions, and puns borrowed from the last burlesque. He is unendurable in any case, and it is the duty of any man or woman who possesses the power to put him down and extinguish him with all possible speed. Even a good joke may be heard too often, but the repetition of a bad one, such as the thorough-paced facetious bore delights in, is almost too much for human nature to endure. He will repeat it, too, with a gusto that, at the outset, nearly persuades you that you are going to hear something new. You are politely

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attentive. You encourage him by such attention. And then comes the stale, old, stupid story that you have heard a hundred times before, and the exclamation that you mutter under your breath is certainly not a blessing. The political bore, who, perhaps, ought to have come first, is another very exasperating member of the fraternity. His opinions are of the haziest description, but they are supported by a quantity of voluble declamation, and what he flatters himself is argument. He deals solely in magnificent generalities, in sweeping assertions. Nobody's view but his own can possibly be right, and it therefore behooves him to air that view whenever an opportunity occurs. His phrases are picked out of elocution books and vivacious leaders in the penny papers. He is ordinarily a radical, with an intense desire to reform every body and every thing but himself. That reform he is very slow to accomplish; and he will most likely end as he began, a spouter of stale and generally incoherent sedition. He is great at clubs, where quiet men avoid him, and wish they could keep all the newspapers out of his way. And in these days, unfortunately, this species of bore is somewhat on the increase, and has more opportunities of asserting himself and of boring people than heretofore. He is a dangerous specimen of the active bore, and as such to be carefully snubbed whenever such snubbing is possible.

THE LOVES OF ANDREW TOD.

WHEN Andrew Tod was young he was not bad-looking; when Andrew Tod courted pretty Mary M'Ara, the most ill-natured friends and unneighborly neighbors allowed that they were as well-matched a lad and lassie as ever made up their minds to go to kirk together. But when Andrew Tod, conjointly with his sister Letty, came in for the property of their parent deceased, the respected Baillie Tod, it was very soon observed that the hard though handsome features of young Andrew got daily harder and by no means handsomer; that, indeed, his face was strikingly indicative of a disposition to be hard rather than handsome in his dealings with men.

With her great-aunt, Elizabeth Pringle, spinster, aged 59, a very prim and very sour virgin, lived the bright, tender-hearted, sweet-faced Mary M'Ara. There was no design, I verily believe, in the breast of the old maid, to treat with cruelty the poor dependent. But there is cruelty which is not that of design; and there were never truer words than those which live in poet's verse—"Evil is wrought from want of thought, more than from want of heart." If Miss Pringle had set herself ingeniously to devise a life of wretchedness for the beautiful girl who served her as a handmaiden, and took the scoldings without the wages of servitude, I don't think the old lady would have been clever enough to have attained a more complete result than that which her purposeless oppression brought about.

Among those who, in their wisdom, so mistook the nature of Miss Pringle's petulant tyranny was the sharp-sighted—but also narrow-sighted—Andrew Tod. On his supposed acquaintance with the feelings of the elder woman, he began to shape his own course with regard to the younger. Should he marry her? He had gone far, but had not committed himself to any engagement. Mary would inherit the fortune of her protectress, if Miss Pringle were to die intestate; and even should she make a will, as matters then stood, it might not improbably be in Mary's favor. On the other hand, a very little might induce the rich old maid—Miss Pringle could not be worth less than ten or twelve thousand pounds—to leave her money away from a girl for whom she appeared to have no spark of affection. Why should not he, Andrew Tod, make a bold stroke, and secure at once the old woman's wealth by—it was not a pleasant thought, but younger men had wooed more ancient dames than Betty Pringle. He would be scoffed at by many, contemned by a few; but, in the event of success, could he not well afford to put up with some considerable amount of obloquy? He must begin with caution; feel his way securely, step by step; and be very careful to leave the ground behind him open for a retreat, in case of failure. A difficult game, doubtless! Without generalship, without the nicest manœuvring, a perilous game—without courage and determination a losing game. To strike boldly and at the same time warily; to push forward and all the while be thinking how it were easiest, in case of defeat, to retire upon the first position, would demand his utmost skill. But he would venture; yes, he would venture.

Delicacy, which stood little in the way of Andrew's plans, had not stood in the way of his employing David Kirn, his sister's rejected suitor, in the publishing branch of the business. David was a scholar, a patient and laborious workman in the craft of letters, and, though rather a dull author, a very good critic. Tod's house had for a full century been famous for the publication of topographical and antiquarian books; and Kirn was an unfailing authority in such lore. His plodding habits, wide erudition, and special knowledge made him invaluable as a reader or "taster" of manuscripts, and also as a reviser for the press. He was a hardy, rawboned student, who could live on a Highland shepherd's wages, or on less than half the weekly pay which would to a cockney imply hopeless debt or certain starvation. As little as would suffice to keep David Kirn's spirit and body together, and a whole coat on his back, thus little did he get by working for Andrew Tod. Thought of Letty had long gone by. It was a dead love. Just as much as if she herself were dead.

Rebecca Duckett, as well as being forty-three and a widow, was fat and was fair. Her skin was without a wrinkle; for the pair of dimples in her cheeks had not as yet elongated out of their original character; and as for a third dimple, on Mrs. Duckett's chin, it actually retained unaltered the juvenile rotundity of long ago. Mrs. Duckett had married young and had left her native place, not to return until a woman of forty and a widow. She had been half over the world with her husband, a surgeon in a Highland regiment; and, having a settlement more than thrice the value of her pension, was in very comfortable circumstances. Her husband, too, had left her money enough to buy the pretty cottage in which she was born—a cottage as rosy and smiling and pleasant as herself. This cheerful abode was a mile out of the town. Mrs. Duckett lived, therefore, "out of the world," as inhabitants of the High Street and the Market Square were wont to observe: and she was, moreover, an alien by long residence in regions yet more remote. In point of fact, her return to that neighborhood had befallen at a time when the general talk of Andrew Tod's supposed engagement to Mary M'Ara had ceased; when Andrew's career as a prosperous burgess had begun; and when people even who still regarded the match as "on" were checked in their open discussion of the affair by those puzzling symptoms which nobody at first likes to notice, but which so very often indicate the coming announcement that a match is "off."

Mrs. Duckett was, I venture to say, entirely innocent of the knowledge that there had ever been any thing seriously indicative of matrimony between Mr. Tod and Miss M'Ara. She would have been the very woman to encourage the courtship; for, like every good soul at her time of life—every good feminine soul, I mean—she was always ready at a moment's notice to take up the part of match-maker. But she knew nothing about this particular matter; or, if any thing, only just enough to incline her to the belief that there had been some faint kind of flirtation, and that it had fallen to the ground. Andrew Tod, the handsome, found favor in the sight of Mrs. Duckett; and Andrew Tod, the hard, relaxed, at all events, the appearance of hardness in his manner when they met. He was not at all sure that the worldly possessions of Mrs. Duckett were contemptible. She was at all events worth keeping in view; for, should other aims be missed, there was no fear of failure—thought Andrew—in this quarter.

One morning Andrew Tod made up his mind that he would lose no more time in carrying out his tender project in regard to Miss Betty Pringle. So, taking advantage of a small order for stationery and sealing-wax, he packed up the parcel himself, and informed his assistant behind the counter that it was his intention to deliver the goods with his own hand.

In making up his mind that this day must be the very day of his paying suit to Miss Betty Pringle, Andrew Tod awkwardly bethought him that he had omitted entirely the little attentions which usually forerun a proposal of marriage. Yet the step must be taken—*must*, because the force of his will was just sufficient to impel action, without rising to the necessity of control. He could resolve, but he could not govern his resolution. So he patched up his wretched little plans, in a dull, fatuous hurry, and wrote a letter. He purposed leaving the letter and the parcel at the door of the house; and this is what he wrote:

"DEAR MADAM,—You will experience some feeling of surprise, though not, I trust, of a disagreeable kind, in reading the contents of this letter, which I must entreat you to keep an entire secret. That the esteem I have always had for you should lead me to consider your lonely and unprotected position is certainly not astonishing; at least, I can not imagine its being so; but I fear that the too probable opinion of the world may to some extent be shared by you, and that you will, as I have said, be surprised by my avowal of a wish to share my worldly fortunes with you, in the bonds of matrimony. Think, dear Madam, of the motives which, prudential though I admit them in a measure to be, are yet entitled to the credit of sincere and disinterested good-will. My means, though I can not pretend that they would offer any material addition to the comforts insured you by an ample independence, are such as to warrant my undertaking that, as my wife, and as the mistress of my home, you will enjoy a more pleasantly varied existence, from day to day, than you are now able to attain. In short, dear Madam, I offer you my devotion as a husband, with the earnest wish and determination, if you accept my hand, to make you thoroughly happy.

"I shall have the honor of calling an hour or two hence, to receive your answer, which I anxiously presume to hope will be favorable; and I am, my dear Madam, unalterably and devotedly yours,

"ANDREW TOD."

Having concocted this precious epistle the writer sped forth on his hopeful errand. As he skirted the Market Square he espied the reproachful vision of his former love, Mary M'Ara, and, mastering his emotions without any tremendous effort of constraint, he coolly contrived to avoid a meeting. Miss M'Ara was, indeed, on her way to Tod's with a trivial message from her aunt, respecting the small order for stationery and sealing-wax. The journey was not an agreeable one to the poor girl, who had long since perceived the gradual estrangement of her some-time lover, and, to say truth, would have wearily welcomed an opportunity of breaking with a man whose cruelty was of so very mean a sort. A true woman will forgive any thing but the coldness which is that of calculation, not of mere indifference. Even jealousy may end in forgiveness; but how is a girl to be jealous of a banker's book?

On went Andrew Tod, to call on Miss Pringle; and on went Mary M'Ara, to call at Tod's. Letitia Tod was directing the general business in her brother's absence; and it was Letitia Tod who attended in person to that particular business which was the mission of Mary M'Ara. More frigid and repellant than usual was Letitia this morning; and when she disclosed, in an awkward and hesitating manner, the fact of Andrew's having journeyed forth to visit Miss Pringle, Mary could scarce help starting, and was conscious of the color flying from her cheeks. It was many a day since Andrew Tod had set foot within her great-aunt's doors; and it never had been his wont to visit there in the hours of business. To be sure, it was business that had ostensibly taken him thither on this occasion; but there was something strange in his acting the part of light-porter, something stranger yet in the embarrassed tone of Letitia Tod. Mary could not have guessed the real motive of that journey which Andrew had taken; nor do I suppose he had confided it to his sister Letitia; and yet both women felt that the visit had certainly nothing to do with a courtship that stood somewhat in need of renewal or definite repudiation. Mary hastened to get through her trifling business in Tod's shop that she might escape a meeting with the worthy stationer; and when she was outside the door her first thought was the risk of encountering him either at home or on the way. So she resolved to walk in a different direction, and treat herself to a stroll through the pleasant meadows beyond the town.

"Oh, Mr. Tod, I'm glad ye hae come!" These were the words that greeted and surprised Andrew as soon as the door of Miss Pringle's dwelling was opened to him. They were the words, however, not of Miss Pringle, but of Miss Pringle's domestic, Tibbie; and their suddenness, as well as the voice of alarm and excitement with which they were spoken, disturbed the mind of Andrew Tod, who was in a highly nervous condition, and quite ready to be startled by any unlooked-for occurrence.

"What's—what's the matter with the woman?" gasped Andrew.

"Matter wi' her!" echoed Tibbie, who evidently understood the question as applying not to herself but to her mistress. "Matter wi' her! Step intil the sitting-room, Mr. Tod, and jest see for yoursel'."

Andrew Tod paused irresolutely for a few seconds, and then entered the little parlor indicated by the frightened Tibbie. There had been enough to frighten her. The mistress of the house had fallen in a fit; and there was no help at Tibbie's call, until the unexpected visitor had opportunely knocked at the door.

"I'll—I'll run for Doctor Nicholson," said Andrew, when he saw the terrible truth. "This is an awfu' business. Hold her up till I return. I'll not be long gone, and I'll leave the house-door to, so that ye need not come to open it."

And away he went, presently to return with the doctor, whom he found, by good hap, at home.

It was a serious case, as Doctor Nicholson need hardly have told them. Miss Mary not returning so soon as Tibbie expected, that faithful attendant summoned feminine aid, and got the afflicted lady into bed. In a short time Miss Pringle regained her consciousness; but she was partially paralyzed, and the doctor looked very grave when he left the house, promising to come back in an hour.

Andrew Tod, astounded and perhaps a little ashamed, went his way homeward, with his wits too confused to allow him then to revise his plans of matrimony. When he had told his tidings, and had heard casually in return from Letitia that Mary had called while he was away, an uncomfortable feeling took hold upon him, and he was for a time as one conscience-struck. The conscience of a selfish man, when it does strike him through his selfishness, strikes pretty hard. With the thought that he had lost Mary came the thought that she must have begun to despise him. The blow to his self-interest was aggravated by the completeness of his humiliation. The well-balanced mind of Letitia Tod was incapable of comprehending her brother's discomfiture. She was surprised, scarcely startled, certainly not dismayed, by the tidings he gave her of Miss Betty Pringle. In less than half an hour after hearing his story to the end, Letitia told Andrew of a letter having come in his absence, and she calmly placed the missive, which was addressed to him, in his unconscious hand. Seeing that he was too bewildered to notice what he held, she took the letter back again and asked,

"Shall I read it?"

"Ay; do, do;" said Andrew. "My nerves are terribly shaken by this business."

"It comes fra Mistress Duckett," said Letitia; and as she made the statement Andrew became rather more attentive.

"What's it about?" asked he.

"It's an eenveetation for you and me to a small party at her house next Thursday evening. She's a nice body, and we shall go, of course. Am I to answer the note, and say so?"

"Oh yes, certainly," said Andrew, who began to think again of the comely widow as a possible string to his bow. The thought, as I have already intimated, was not entirely new to him. Mrs. Duckett was tolerably well off. She may have unintentionally deceived her acquaintance into the belief that she was really a rich woman, for she had traveled, and had learned the economic graces of social life, and habitually made a very good appearance at a very frugal cost. But at any rate, she lived well, stinted herself in no comforts, indulged modestly in a few luxuries, and steadily paid her way. A woman, this, not to be rashly slighted by Tods or persons of the Tod way of thinking.

"When you've written your note, Letty, I'll just look over it, please. Then I can put it in an envelope and address it in my own handwriting. It will be like both of us sending an answer."

And so Miss Tod, with the promptitude of a woman of business, wrote the reply, and brought it neatly folded to her brother.

As Andrew took the document, a thought like a spasm came across his already perturbed mind. What had become of the letter he had written for poor Betty Pringle? He had laid that wretched piece of penmanship, sealed and directed, together with the parcel of stationery and sealing-wax, on a side-table in the invalid's parlor; and there he had left them—miserable man that he was!

Not staying to inclose the note for Mrs. Duckett, and to pen her direction on the cover, Andrew seized his hat, and hastily intimated a sudden and, till then, forgotten call of duty. The folded note itself, just as it had been handed to him by his sister, he thrust in a breast-pocket of his coat; and away he started to reclaim if possible the other and far more important manifesto.

When Mary reached home she was greatly pained and alarmed by the tidings of what had happened so soon after she had left her aunt apparently well. But the panic passed away in a minute, and she was soon busying herself about the poor paralytic's bedside. Meanwhile, Andrew Tod, having recovered the shock dealt him by the painful incident of his morning call, and having sustained another shock almost as great in the discovery that he had left a document, of the most delicate importance, in a situation where it might be found and scrutinized by persons from whose eyes he would most especially have sought to withhold it, was on his way once again to the house of sickness. He expected, this time, to find Mary M'Ara at home; and therefore was not more disconcerted than he might have been at meeting her, say, in his own shop, or in the town, with the dread hanging over him that she had read that unfortunate letter.

Mary had left her aunt for a short while, and was in the sitting-room on the ground-floor of the house—the same room that poor Miss Pringle was in when she fell in her fit—as Andrew again knocked at the door. Tibbie opened it to him, and gave his name to Miss M'Ara, who desired that he might enter.

Nervously glancing at the side-table, Andrew saw, to his indescribable relief, that the note addressed by him to Miss Pringle was still lying on the little parcel of stationery. Courage entered his heart as he saw that he was in time to achieve the purpose of his almost desperate visit. The courage gave him what he needed, composure; gave him what he seldom lacked, craftiness. His manner to Mary was at once subdued, sympathetic, and affectionately familiar—suited, in fact, to the occasion of a lover's visit of condolence. Never had Andrew felt himself so completely master of a tender situation.

"Oh, Mary, you can not think how this sad business has affected me. It was so long since I had seen you, dear Mary, that I resolved to come this morning. And then the terrible occurrence which I almost witnessed from the beginning! How is your aunt now, Mary dearest?"

"Better, Andrew; a little better; but not out of peril. Her life hangs, Doctor Nicholson says, on a thread. We must have other advice, and with the best that we can get I fear her faculties will never be restored." Miss M'Ara said this in a tone that did not respond very cordially to Andrew's affectionate address. He could hardly wonder at a little coldness. Really he had not treated the girl at all well; and even if she had had no cause of complaint against him, the time was out of joint for love-making.

"It is a very sad visitation, Mary dearest. I thought, we all thought, poor Miss Pringle's constitution so strong and sound. Coming unexpectedly, as this terrible illness has come, I suppose her worldly affairs have not been arranged."

"If you mean to ask me whether or not my aunt has made a will, Andrew, though I should have thought the present time unfitted for the topic, I will relieve your anxiety on that score. It is rather more than a week since Mr. M'Clack drew up such a document as you hint at, which she signed in the presence of witnesses. If I have ever been impatient of poor aunt's ways, I hope I have never seemed unkind to her, for she has been very kind to me."

Andrew wisely interpreted this acknowledgment of Miss Pringle's "kindness" in the one only sense that a man of the world could reconcile with any complacent reference to a will.

"I do, indeed, agree with you, dearest Mary, that this is not the time to talk of such matters; let us therefore dismiss the subject"—virtuously and magnanimously spake Andrew.

"You have no other to speak upon, have you?" she said. "I ask, because, if you have not, you will let me go now to my aunt."

"Stay one moment, Mary dear," said the overbold Andrew. "Let me say what I should have said this morning; what I came hither on purpose to say."

"What is it?" Mary asked, with strangely mingled wonder and indifference. Andrew's courage was a little dashed by the girl's almost weary coldness of speech. But he had hoodwinked himself, and he still went on, blind to consequences.

"This, Mary; this, which you might guess. Have I not, long ago, told you of my love? Was I not here, this very day, to tell you of it again—to say that it is greater than it ever was; and to ask you to be my wife?"

"Wait here," said Mary. And with these strange words, strangely spoken, in a calm, clear voice, she left the room, closing the door behind her.

Andrew Tod was amazed, as well he might be by such unprecedented treatment of a wooer. Mary's absence from the room, however, gave him the opportunity he desired of regaining possession of his note. He seized it; but horror! his fingers closed on the empty cover in which it had been inclosed. The seal had been broken, and the note itself, the written offer of his hand to a woman old enough to be his grandmother, was gone. While he stood like one in a peculiarly disagreeable trance, holding the empty envelope in his trembling hand, Mary returned.

She had been to fetch the note: only to fetch the note—that was all! "Is not *this* what you came for, Andrew Tod?" she said, scornfully.

"You opened the letter?" said he, not angrily nor with very distinct knowledge of what he was saying.

"I opened it by an accident," she replied.

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"It accompanied a parcel, and I thought it was the account; but I should in any case have opened a letter addressed to my aunt, while she is prevented by severe illness from attending to correspondence of all kinds. Take the letter, Andrew Tod—take it, you pitiable man; and go."

She held the folded paper out toward him, and he took it mechanically and unconsciously, slipped it in the breast-pocket of his coat, and turned to go. "Will you not forgive me in time, Mary?" he said, faintly, as he reached the outer door.

"Never, if by forgiveness you mean the renewal of our engagement," she said, after a pause which seemed to give her answer emphasis and decision.

He spoke no more, but went. "There must be some evil spirit," he thought, as he walked nervelessly along, "who busies himself solely in tempting men to write their own judgments, which may rise against them, perhaps many years after, perhaps to-morrow, perhaps to-day. Why could I not have refrained from writing this wretched letter?"

He drew the folded sheet of note-paper from his pocket and tore it in fragments, which he scattered idly bit by bit.

Miss Tod, having no cognizance of her brother's vexations, kept the even tenor of her frigid self-collection, and spoke to him on indifferent matters when he was once again sitting in his little room, half counting-house, half parlor. By-the-by, had he sent her note as he had promised?

"What note?" asked Andrew.

"Why, the answer to Mrs. Duckett's convevtation, to be sure," said Letty. "Didn't you say that you would inclose and direct it in your own handwriting?"

"Yes, of course," Andrew replied. "But I was occupied with more important business, and forgot all about Mrs. Duckett's party."

"Well, have you the note in your desk or in your pocket now? You're not doing any thing, and might get this matter out of hand, or it will be lost sight of entirely, and that would be hardly ceevil."

Andrew said no more, but, taking the folded note from his breast-pocket, slipped it into a cover, sealed and addressed the billet, and handed it without a word to his sister, who straightway dispatched a messenger with it to Mrs. Duckett.

Three months after date of the foregoing narrative of events Miss Mary M'Ara, looking not less pretty in black than in any other wear, sat in a bay-window of Mrs. Duckett's rose-embowered dwelling, and conversed with Mrs. Duckett, or rather listened to what Mrs. Duckett had to say.

"I thought at the time, my dear, the man was mad. What else could I think? Here's his ridiculous letter, which I have kept ever since in my work-basket. I was expecting a mere answer to an invitation, and imagine my utter amazement, Mary, when I read such stuff as this: 'My dear Madam, you will experience some feeling of surpris —' Surprise indeed! I should think so! 'Lonely and unprotected position;' 'opinion of the world;' 'share my worldly fortunes with you in the bonds of matrimony.' All this was rather cool for a declaration, wasn't it, Mary? But when the wretch came to his confession of 'prudential motives,' I could stand it no longer. A love-letter without a word of love in it was bad enough, you know. For I am not a Gorgon, Mary dear, nor a Medusa, if Medusa was ugly, though I forget whether she was or wasn't. But the notion of marrying me for my money was rather too much; and so I instantly wrote back to Mr. Andrew Tod and told him that I must decline the honor of his visit 'an hour or two hence,' or at any future time. Of course I see now that the whole thing was a mistake of that wicked man's, and that he never meant the letter for me. I suppose your guess is the right one, and that he somehow jumbled the two notes together, perhaps destroyed the one he had written in reply to my invitation for him and his sister, and sent me this rubbish I now hold in my hand. I should have put off the party on account of your aunt's death, my dear; but, honestly, my principal motive in doing so was the wish to avoid all embarrassment with regard to those Tods. And only think of the meanness of that creature, who has never attempted to explain how it was that a letter signed by him, and evidently not intended for me, came to be sent here. I wonder how he got through the story to his sister; for some story, of course, he must have told her. And you are sure, are you, Mary dear, that this is the identical letter which that base fellow of a sweet-heart of yours—a pretty sweet-heart indeed!—left for your poor aunt the morning of her dreadfully sudden attack? You opened it, thinking it related to some matter of business, eh? A small matter of business it was, too! You did quite right, my love, to let him go on till he was caught in his own trap. How I should have liked to see him take the note back again! You saw him put it in his pocket, did you not? Yes, I thought so. He was in a rather confused state of mind, Mary, we may be quite sure, and didn't know whether he was standing on that tolerably good-looking head of his or on his cloven feet. Well, and then he went away, did he? Ah, poor man! He had had quite enough to turn his wicked brain that morning, and so that's how it was he sent me the wrong letter—the same that he left at your house, and that you returned to him. And do you know, Mary, on that very same day I saw you shake hands and part from David Kirn, not fifty steps from this window, dear? There, don't blush so. Had you been taking a very long walk together? Oh, don't tell me. I know you liked him a little, just a little, before you gave the word 'Right about face—quick march' to Andrew Tod. He's a good man, is David, and as clever as he is good. I've been trying to read that long article of his in the *Edinburgh Review*, that has made so much talk, and has won so much praise; and though it gives me the headache, I will understand something about it before I give it up, that I'm determined. What a jump for him, wasn't it, to go from Tod's to edit a first-class English newspaper? I hope London won't spoil him, Mary, and make him forget us, eh? He's reading for the bar, too, is he not? Why do I ask? Don't I know he is, and that nothing would persuade him to accept the help of a trifling loan—just a hundred and fifty or two hundred pounds—to pay his fees? He said he would much rather have a struggle for it. Ah, you may depend on his being the man to win what he sets his heart on; and I'm very glad, my dear, that so honest and brave a heart has been set on winning you."

MIDDLE AGE.

Just a little dowly I sit alone to-night,
And see on the far horizon's verge the line of a pale gray light,
And hear the mystic music, the deep unceasing roar,
As the restless billows swell and break along the level shore.

Just a little dowly—as I know the hill is turned,
And what of all the glorious things for which my spirit yearned,
While yet the eager footstep sprang along the upward way?—
My dreams lie shivered at my feet, and my hair is turning gray!

Just a little dowly, fool that I am e'en still!
Because all beauty as of yore my heart and eyes can fill;
Because the grandeur of the sea I prize as truly now
As when its breezes blew bright curls from an unwrinkled brow;

Because a high heroic act; because sweet poet-words,
Bright poet-fancies, echo yet back from my spirit-chords;
Because my love is warm and frank; because my pulses hold
Their whilom power—I half forget that I am growing old.

Till, just a little sadly, some trifle brings it all
Sweeping across my sunshine, turning my wine to gall;
And anxious thoughts, and fearful doubts, and yearning sorrows come:
Ah, little fear that Time's stern voice should overlong be dumb!

Just a little dowly—ah, come, my bonnie bairns;
Let Grief, and Loss, and Memory brood o'er their rising cairns!
Creep close to me, my maidens; laugh out, my noble boy!
God spare my flowers, and middle age claims fearlessly her joy.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A "LOW CHURCHMAN"—The Bishop of *Down!*

A speculator at the West recently wrote to a friend: "When I came to Chicago I had not a rag on my back, and now I am covered with rags."

TREE-OLOGY.

The young lady likes Firs.
Antiquarians look at Dates.
Conjurors examine the Palm.
Actors are fond of Poplar.
The negro says See-dah.
Gouty people have Ache-corn.
Irishmen say Och!
Marriageable women should not say Man-go.
Dogs' legs should have Paw-paw.
Dandies are very Spruce.
The person reading this, Yew.
Spinsters should have Cotton-wood.
Our cousin has eyes of Hazel.
Lovers have a tenderness for Sigh-press.
School-boys have the Birch.
For the pretty girl up street I Pine.
Physicians like Syc-a-more.
Sewing-machine makers go the Hemlock.
The couple last engaged are a Pear.
If you make potash you want Ash.
The man that robs your chicken-roost is a Lo-cust.
The cobbler is a Su-mack.
The lazy boy is a Sloe.
A woman likes her Will-o-w.

DESCRIPTION OF TOILETS.

BY AN OBSERVER.

Miss S., old Smith's daughter, wore a short dress of sorrel poplin, striped with brown gewgaws, with tight-fitting basque, made out of her ma's last winter's cloak. Sleeves of moiré antique to match her highest under-skirt, and bonnet of red oak bark tied with slippery elm strings. She looked a little odd, but, withal, amazingly pretty. Miss H——, alleged to be the wealthiest girl on Sugar Street, wears a black and tan Irish terrier poplin suit, trimmed with bias folds of bombazine, with blue stitching put around the skirts with Spaulding's glue. Short sacque, tight under the arms, and a bonnet of gourd leaves, trimmed with pieces of grape-vine.

There is a "champion baptizer" out West, who dips forty-six person in twenty minutes.

BABY LETTER.

By a promising Sprig, just three weeks old.

Dear old uncle,
I got oor letter.
My old mammy
She ditten better;
She every day
Little bit stronger,
Don't mean to be sick
Very much longer.
Daddy's so fat
Can't hardly stagger;
Mammy says he jinks
Too much lager!
Dear little baby
Had a bad colic,
Had to take tree drops
Nassy palagolic.
Toot a doss of tatnip,
Felt worse as ever;
Shan't take no more
Tatnip never!
Wind on stomit,
Felt pooty bad,
Worse fit of sickness
Ever I had!
Ever had belly ate,
Ole Uncle Bill!
Taint no fun now,
Say what oo will.
I used to sleep all day,
And cry all night;
Don't do it now,
Cause taint yite.
But I'm growing,
Getting pooty fat,
Gain most two pounds—
Only tink o yat!
Little fourin' blankets
Was too big before,
Nurse can't pin me
In so more.
Skirts so small,
Baby so stout,
Had to let the plaits
In em all out.
Got a load of hair
Jess as black as night,
And big boo eyes
Wat look mighty bright.
My mammy say
Never did see
Any ozzer baby
Half as sweet as me.
Grandma comes often,
Aunt Sarah too;
Baby loves nem,
Baby loves oo.
Baby sends a pooty kiss
To his uncles all,
Aunties and cousins,
Big folks and small.
Can't yite no more,
So good-by,
Bully old uncle,
Wiz a glass eye!

HARD TIMES.—The young ladies down East complain that the gentlemen are so poor that they can't *pay their addresses.*

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—A paper called the *Egyptian Artery* has been started at Vienna, Illinois. It ought to have a good circulation.

As courtship is a subject thought of in all seasons, we publish the following, gotten off evidently by a chap who knows a thing or two:

Jennie sighed, and Robin squeezed her
Pretty little trembling hand,
Then, with clasping arm he seized her
Half-reluctant form, and—and—

"Loose me!" but he clasped the tighter—
"Jennie, say wilt thou be mine?"
Then her bright face grew much brighter,
And she whispered, "I am thine."

They then clasped each other fondly,
Close together as two bricks,
And they kissed each other fondly,
And—I left them in that fix!

An American was once teaching English to a German, and, on being asked if there were no irregular verbs in the English, replied by giving the following solitary example: "I go, thou wentest, he departed, we made tracks, you cut sticks, they skedaddled." But, in asking for a repetition of it, the German found that it varied every time, and he had at last to give it up in despair.

A country surgeon, who was bald, was visiting a friend's house, whose servant wore a wig. The doctor bantered him for a considerable time, and then said: "You see how bald I am, and yet I don't wear a wig!"

To which the servant replied:
"True, Sir; but an empty barn requires no thatch."

CHARACTERS AT DICKENS'S READINGS.

1. The Appreciative hearer, determined to show his enthusiasm.

2. The Inquisitive hearer, who wishes to see the man that all the papers are talking about.

3. The Spoony hearers, listening to "Dora and her Doady."

4. The fellow-Author who wonders if he is recognized and read by Mr. D.

5. The Swindled hearer who insists on relating his grievances.

6. The Suggestive hearer—"Why he looks like his own Dick Swiveller!"

A colored man on trial in a Cleveland court, for abuse of his wife, in reply to a question of the Judge as to why he threatened to kill his wife, replied that he "lubbed her as he did his life, but hadn't lived in these parts long enough to learn that that wasn't the way they did here." He paid a fine of three dollars for his want of information on so important a question.

A Holland journal remarks: "This morning the young Louis Van Skelheimer hung himself in his father's house. *His death is attributed to a suicide.*"

A Philadelphia boy has invented a process for the rapid and extensive manufacture of turtle-soup. This is the formula: "Pour a quart of water into a panful of hash."

BERTIE. "Papa, when I grow up may I be what I like?"

PAPA. "Yes, my boy, you may choose your own profession."

BERTIE. "Then I'll be a sweep, for I shall never have to wash my face."

"I am astonished, my dear young lady, at your sentiments; you make me start." "Well, Sir, I've been wanting you to start for the last hour."

Dr. Johnson was observed by a musical friend of his to be very inattentive at a concert, while a celebrated solo player was giving an extraordinary performance upon his violin. His friend, to induce him to take greater notice of what was going on, told him how extremely difficult it was. "Difficult, do you call it, Sir?" replied the Doctor; "I wish it were impossible."

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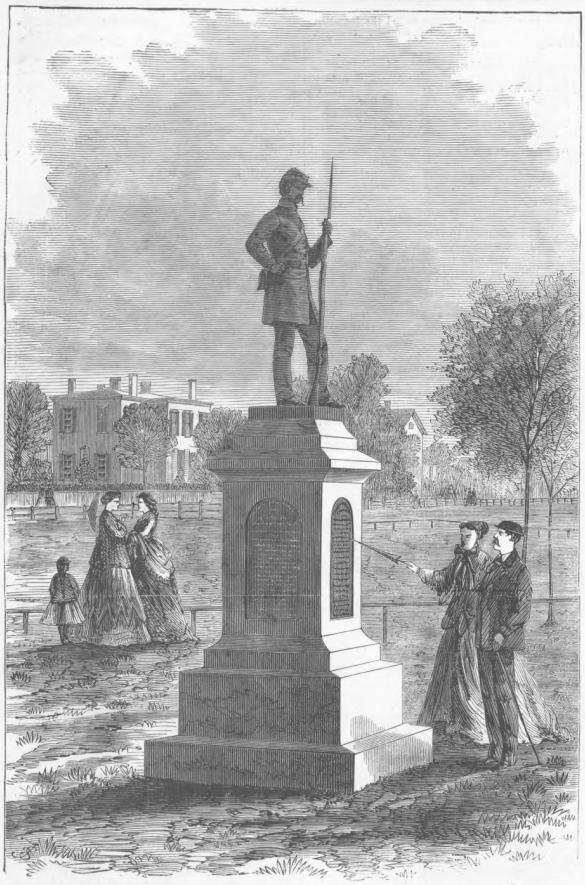
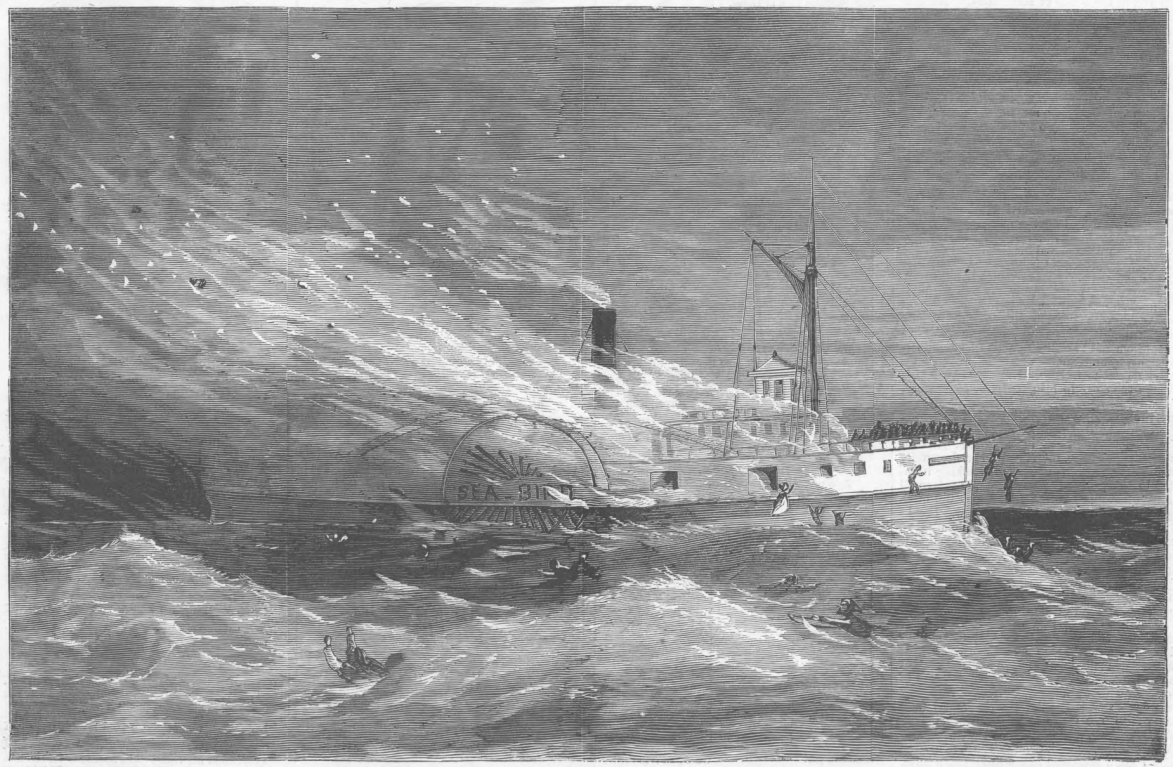


SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AT LEWISTON, MAINE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY MESSER & BLAKE.]

CARDINAL PRINCE LUCIEN BONAPARTE.—[SEE PAGE 269.]

UNION SOLDIERS' MONUMENT.

WE give this week an illustration of another of the many monuments by which the people of the North are endeavoring to honor the memory of the soldiers who perished in the war for the Union. The monument at Lewiston, Maine, was inaugurated on February 28, 1868, with great ceremony. It consists of a granite pedestal, eleven feet high, surmounted by a bronze figure of a private soldier, of the height of six feet nine inches. Each of the four sides of the pedestal bears a bronze tablet, upon which are inscribed the names of soldiers from Lewiston who fell in the war. The tablets bear the following superscriptions: "In our Death is Freedom s Victory;" "We lie here in Obedience to the Spirit of Liberty;" "The Republic's Treasure, the Ashes of her Defenders;" "Justice demanded the Sacrifice. We willingly Offered It."



THE LAKE MICHIGAN DISASTER—BURNING OF THE STEAMER "SEA BIRD," APRIL 9, 1868.—SKETCHED BY W. B. BAIRD.—[SEE PAGE 269.]

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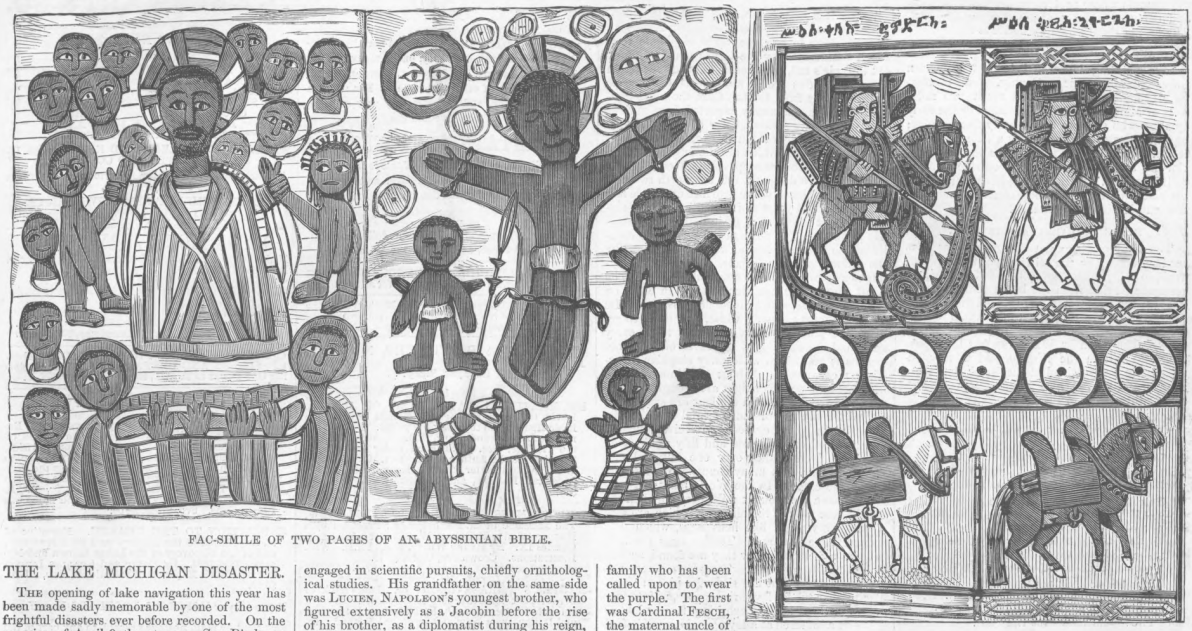


FAC-SIMILE OF TWO PAGES OF AN ABYSSINIAN BIBLE.

THE LAKE MICHIGAN DISASTER.

THE opening of lake navigation this year has been made sadly memorable by one of the most frightful disasters ever before recorded. On the morning of April 9 the steamer *Sea Bird* was found to be on fire while at sea, and before the flames could be arrested she was entirely consumed and sunk. Of the more than one hundred passengers and seamen on board only three were saved. Our engraving opposite gives an accurate illustration of the scene.

CARDINAL LUCIEN BONAPARTE.

IT would appear a strange event in history if St. Peter's chair should be removed to Paris and a BONAPARTE should fill it; but stranger things have happened. It seems that it is a consummation already dreamed of, and that it is not impossible—not improbable, in fact—that the next Pope of Rome may be a BONAPARTE, and that eventually, when the Papal States have been swallowed up by Italy, that this Bonapartean Pope may make his residence in the capital of the only Catholic country of Europe which is able or which evinces a disposition to sustain and support the Papal authority. The Papal temporal power expires, according to the present arrangement, on the death of PIUS IX.; and even France will hardly be able to continue it after that time, however willing. His relationship to the BONAPARTE family will be a strong argument in favor of the newly-made Cardinal, LUCIEN BONAPARTE, in the next Electing Conclave, and LOUIS NAPOLEON will hardly be blind to the advantages which it will give him to have a BONAPARTE in the Papal chair and resident in his own capital. Since the promotion of LUCIEN BONAPARTE, on March 13, to be a Cardinal of Rome, it has been plainly intimated that such was the Napoleonic idea and policy; and the subject has in consequence become one of great interest in Europe. We give on the preceding page a portrait of the new Cardinal and prospective Pope.

The branch of the BONAPARTE family which Prince, now Cardinal, LUCIEN BONAPARTE represents is formed by the fusion of the two lines of JOSEPH, the eldest, and LUCIEN, the youngest, brother of NAPOLEON the Great. His father was the Prince CHARLES BONAPARTE who lived for a number of years in the United States, engaged in scientific pursuits, chiefly ornithological studies. His grandfather on the same side was LUCIEN, NAPOLEON'S youngest brother, who figured extensively as a Jacobin before the rise of his brother, as a diplomatist during his reign, and subsequently as a poet and a delver and searcher among Etruscan remains. The mother of the new Cardinal was ZENAIDE CHARLOTTE JULIE, a daughter of JOSEPH BONAPARTE, the eldest brother of NAPOLEON, and king of Spain and Naples.

Cardinal BONAPARTE was born in 1828, and is now just 40 years of age. At the Romish Court he formerly bore the title of His Serene Highness, and in the Church was named one of the Apostolic Prothonotaries. His promotion gives him a seat in the Grand Council of the Romish Church, and a voice in the election of the Pope. Prince BONAPARTE is the second member of his family who has been called upon to wear the purple. The first was Cardinal FESCH, the maternal uncle of NAPOLEON I., who received the Cardinal's hat in 1803, and was one of the principal agents of NAPOLEON and PIUS VII. in the negotiations which resulted in the Concordat of July 15, 1801, and the firm establishment of the Romish religion in France.

MRS. BARBARA FRIETCHIE'S HOME, FREDERICK, MARYLAND.

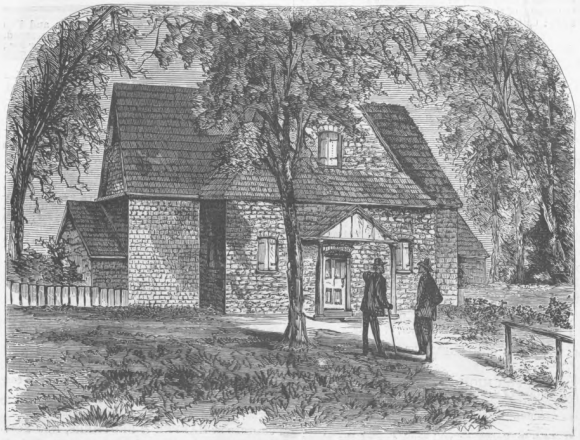
This nomination of Prince BONAPARTE increases the number of the French Cardinals of Rome to five, a small but influential portion of the whole College. The College of Cardinals when full consists of six cardinal-bishops, fifty cardinal-priests, and fourteen cardinal-deacons; but at present it is composed of only forty-four cardinal-priests and ten cardinal-deacons. Prince BONAPARTE, though not of the first order, is of the highest rank at present represented in the College, and also one of the youngest, so that he has a fair chance of yet becoming, on the death of PIUS IX., now seventy-six years old, a candidate for his place.

AN ABYSSINIAN BIBLE.

THE British Museum maintains with the English army now operating in Abyssinia several representatives who are engaged in collecting manuscripts and other curiosities, and in making sketches of the country. Among other strange documents forwarded by them is an Abyssinian Bible. We give an engraving from a photograph of two pages of this work. The curious pictures of religious subjects with which these two pages are filled show a very primitive condition of art. One page represents the Creation of Adam and Eve, and the Crucifixion in another compartment. The other exhibits the figures of St. Theodore and of St. George and the Dragon.

HISTORIC HOUSES.

ALL over the country there are going up every year numerous monuments, like that which we illustrate on the preceding page, designed to commemorate the names of those who fell in the war for the suppression of the rebellion, and which will in time become hallowed and historic structures. There are also extant in various parts of the country a few historic structures of a past age. Unfortunately they are not numerous now, and it is our shame that these few are badly preserved and illy cared for. Each year sees the demolition of or change in some one or more of these buildings, and it is to be feared that many of them will soon entirely disappear. We give in this issue of the *Weekly* engravings of three houses which have an historic interest, and which ought to become more sacred as they decay, but which will doubtless—at least we fear will—share the fate of the Revolutionary houses and



ANCIENT FRIENDS' MEETING-HOUSE AT LOWER MERION, PA.

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monuments whose neglect we deprecate in vain, and many of which are already past recovery. The first of these which we notice is the

ANCIENT FRIENDS' MEETING-HOUSE.

This building is located in Lower Merion township, Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, near Columbia Railroad, and about two miles west of Manayunk. It was founded by the early Quakers who came to this country from Wales; and was erected, as appears by a date on a tablet, in 1695. Within a few years past the interior has been repaired, but the outside remains as it was built. This meeting-house is the oldest place of worship in the State of Pennsylvania, and is still in use as such.

HOUSE OF BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

The story of BARBARA FRIETCHIE has been made familiar, by the stirring poem of WHITTIER, to every school-boy in the land. It will be remembered that from the house of this fearless old lady the only Union flag in Frederick, Maryland, was found flying by STONEWALL JACKSON on his entry into that city in the invasion of 1862. The poem by WHITTIER has been published in full in the *Weekly*, and is now declaimed in every school at the North, but there are lines in the following passage from it which will be interesting in this connection:

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic-window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast,
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash,
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word;

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet:

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

THADDEUS STEVENS'S DWELLING.

We also give a picture of the residence and law office of the Hon. THADDEUS STEVENS, at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, occupied by him while practicing law, and before he entered on his legislative career. The building is still in existence, and is one of the landmarks of Lancaster.

DAINTY DISHES.

NOTHING is more difficult than to induce a man, be he civilized or uncivilized, to eat a new kind of food. This fact has, no doubt, been discovered by the enthusiastic gentlemen who, in imitation of the Paris horse-eating societies, have lately been getting up "horse banquets" in London.

The natives of Japan refuse beef and milk, but eat rats with avidity. Englishmen run to the opposite extreme. The native Australian prefers stale sharks, whale blubber, and earth-worms to the white man's simple breakfast of bread and butter, tea or coffee. The negroes of the West Indies surfeit themselves on baked snakes and palm-worms fried in their own fat, but regard with the greatest horror a rabbit stew. The Greenlanders drink train-oil, the Russians eat tallow-candles, the Barotse crocodile steaks, and Doctor Livingstone states that one of his African favorites made a most contented supper one night from two mice and a blue mole. Captain Cook vouches for the excellence of a dog, boiled or roasted. Mr. Buckland ate boa-constrictor, and found its flesh exceedingly white and firm, tasting much like veal. Doctor Shaw says lion's flesh also resembles veal greatly. Doctor Darwin is a great admirer of the puma, the American lion; Doctor Brook found melted bear's grease not only palatable, but delicious; Sir R. Schomburg enjoyed monkey, though, before dissection, it looked disagreeably like roast child; and lastly, Gordon Cumming is loud in the praise of baked elephant's trunk and feet. In Siam, the dried sinews of various animals are a prime luxury, and in China the tongues of fowls and ducks are a high-prized dainty. The Celestials relish, also, the maw and fins of the shark. The Australians rejoice in kangaroo tails, while the trappers of North America are loud in the praise of beaver tails; the Boers of South Africa delight in the fat tails of their sheep, which during the animal's life are dragged about in a hand-cart, and after its death are melted into butter, or made into a delicious stew. The tail of the manatee, or sea-cow, is a staple dish for the table in Honduras, though new settlers do not relish any part of the animal on account of its vivid resemblance to man; the female has hands, and holds its young upon its breast precisely as a human mother would. In Robinson Crusoe's Island many thousands of lobsters are annually taken, whose tails are dried, and exported to Valparaiso to serve on the dinner-tables there.

Feet of animals are generally liked, from the web feet of ducks and geese in Europe, the trotters of sheep and pettitoes of pigs in London, and the bears' paws praised by North American hunters, down to, or rather up to, elephants' feet, much desiderated by the Caffre and Bushmen. Ox tail, pig's tail, and sheep's tail are in common use. Shark fins are in such demand for soups in China, that from ten to fifteen thousand hundred-weight are annually exported from various parts of India. Indeed, forty thousand sharks are taken annually off Kurrachee, near Bombay, for their back fins, which are the only ones made use of. In Canton rat soup is thought equal to ox-tail soup, and a dozen fat rats are worth two dollars. The British Indian province of Scinde had been for several years so infested with grain-eating rats that the price of grain had risen twenty-five per cent. The nests of the "Hirundo esculenta," so much praised as a delicious morsel by the Chinese and Cambojans, are worth, in Canton, nearly twice their own weight in silver. The finest white nests are found chiefly in caves on the shores of Java and the adjacent islands. Its color, the most prized, is white, with a red tinge. They are procured from the caves twice every year, and the opening of the caves on these occasions is performed with many singular superstitious ceremonies. About two hundred and fifty thousand pounds weight are brought to Canton itself every year, and the best are sent to the capital for the use of the Celestial court. The English, the great egg-eaters, receive annually from Ireland one hundred and fifty millions of eggs, and from France over one hundred and thirty millions. In many countries the eggs of lizards are eaten. In the West Indies the eggs of the guana are thought a delicacy; and in the Antilles the eggs of the alligator, which are said to taste very much like hens' eggs, which they also resemble in shape. Turtles' eggs are held in great esteem wherever they are found, as well by Europeans as others. They have a very soft shell, and are about the size of a pigeon's egg. The mother turtles lay thrice a year, at intervals of two or three weeks, depositing in one night as many as a hundred at a laying. An experienced eye and hand are required to detect the eggs, as they are always ingeniously covered up with sand; but, when they are hunted, very few escape. The Orinoco Indians obtain from these eggs a kind of clear and sweet oil, which they use instead of butter. In the month of February, when the high waters of the Orinoco have receded, millions of turtles come on shore to deposit their eggs. The certainty and abundance of the harvest is such that it is estimated by the acre. The yearly gathering about the mouth of the river alone is about five thousand jars of oil, and it takes five thousand eggs to make a jar.

At the beginning of the last century turtle was eaten only by the very poor in Jamaica; now, however, calipash, calipee, and green fat are delicacies known only to the rich. A soft-shelled turtle abounding in the bayous of Louisiana is much prized as a table delicacy. Ants are favorite delicacies in many countries. In Africa they stew them with butter. In the East Indies they are caught in pits, carefully roasted, and eaten by mouthfuls afterward, as our children eat candies. In Brazil the largest species are prepared with a sauce of resin.

While lobster is a favorite dainty with Englishmen and Americans, no one ever thinks of eating locusts. Yet to many nations these last form a welcome meal, and all travelers who have tasted them bear witness that they make a savory dish. The chief difference been lobster and locust, considered as an article of diet, is that the first is the foulest feeder known, while the locust, though not dainty, lives chiefly on fresh vegetable substances. While indulging ourselves with filthy lobsters, it is somewhat inconsistent to reproach locust-eaters, nor does it become us to be satirical upon the gentlemen who eat horse and declare it to be palatable and wholesome.

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Close of Vol. XXXVI.

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MAY, 1868.

CONTENTS:

AMONG THE ANDES OF PERU AND BOLIVIA. By E. G. SQUIER.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Indians celebrating the Chuno or Potato Festival, Tiahuanaco.—Plan of Part of Ruins of Tiahuanaco.—The American Stonehenge.—Outer Terrace Walls of "Fortress" and Scattered Blocks of Stone.—Lesser Monolithic Doorway.—Gateway at Cemetery, Front View.—Gateway at Cemetery, Rear View.—Symbolical Slab.—Front View of Great Monolithic Gateway.—Sculptured Figure on Great Monolith.—Back of Great Monolith.—Head of Statue at Tiahuanaco.—Columns and Figures in Stone in Tiahuanaco.—Head-Dress of Indian Female Dancers.—Cattle feeding on Lake Weed, Lake Titicaca.—Totora Bridge over the Outlet of Lake Titicaca.—Grand Entry into the Pueblo of El Desaguadero.—A Dinner Compliment in Yunguyo.
THE RETURN OF THE BIRDS.
CRADLE LANDS.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Philæ.—Reading the Koran.—Mohammedan Grave.—Denderah.—Bethlehem.—Plan of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.—The Holy Sepulchre.—Tomb of Rebecca at Hebron.—Silk Banners leaning against Leah's Tomb at Hebron.—Crusaders' Arms of Jerusalem.—Emmaus.—Nazareth.—Carmel.
VOYAGE ALONE IN THE ROB ROY.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Watch on Deck.—Cooking on the Rob Roy.—Route of the Rob Roy.—Entering the Port.—Cabin of the Rob Roy.—A Literary "Lift."—"Haul Taut!"—The Inscrutable Tooth-Brush.—A Sunday Ride.—The Flying Jib.—Canoe Chase on the Seine.—"It was quite Successful, and I fell into the Water."—Bed of the Sea.—The Nonpareil.—Beachy Head Ghost.—Sports at Cowes.—Paddle and Parasol.—The Empress Bathing at Biarritz.—The Gift to Boys.
UNCLE GEORGE.
NAZARETH PITCHER.
WHITSUNTIDE.
FAITH AND FALLIBILITY.
THE CRABBE FAMILY.
ABOUT TREES.
A VILLAGE LIBRARY.
THE WOMAN'S KINGDOM: A LOVE STORY. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Half Joy, half Sorrow.—Coming.—Brother and Sister.—The Doctor's Visions.
DRAWING BUREAU RATIONS.
AT TWILIGHT.
FROM DERBY TO DISRAELI.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Earl Derby.—Lord Stanley.—Benjamin Disraeli.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
LITERARY NOTICES.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.

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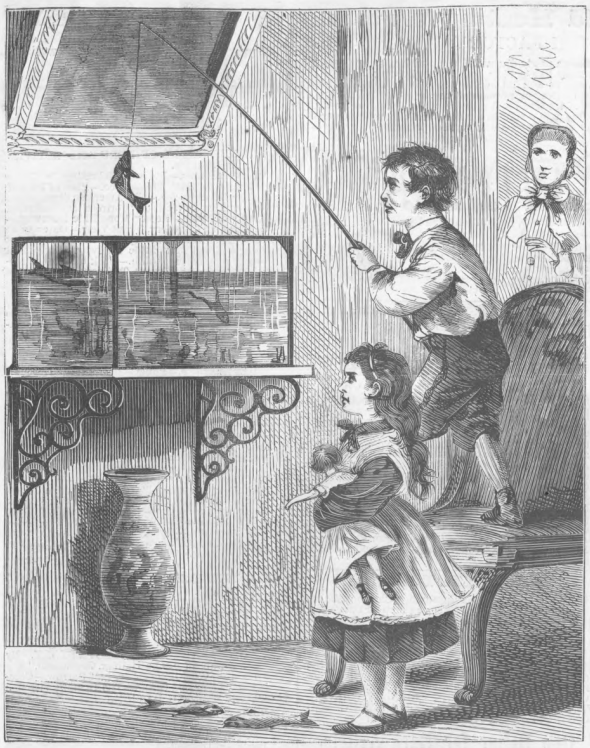

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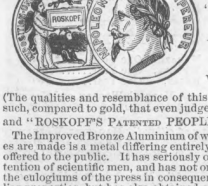

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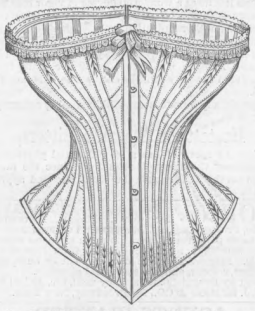

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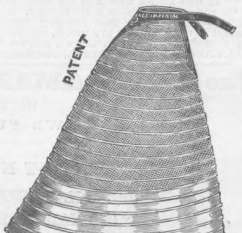

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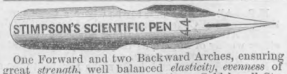

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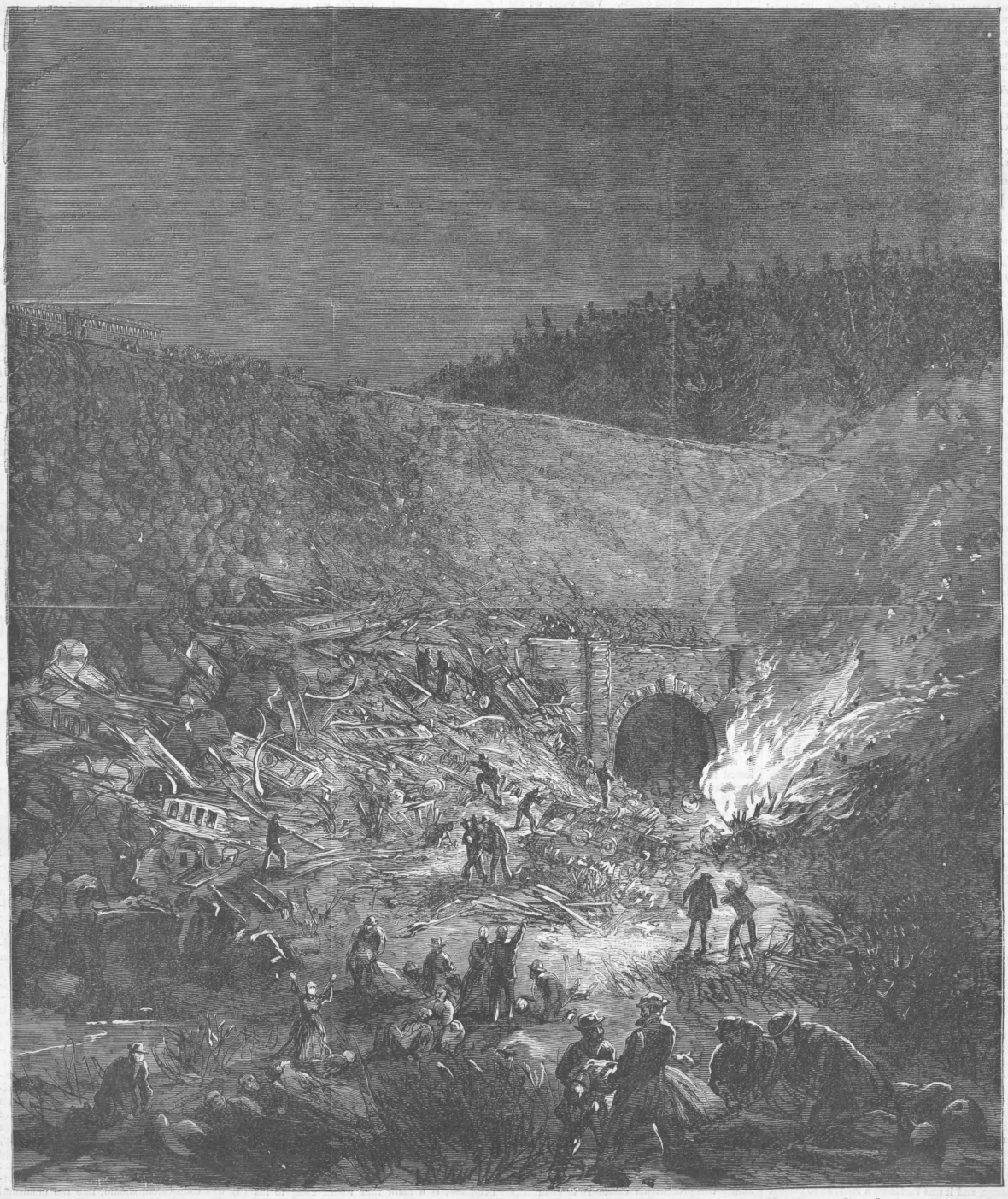

THE ERIE RAILROAD DISASTER—THE WRECKED AND BURNING CARS.—SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

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THE ERIE RAILROAD DISASTER.

ANOTHER broken rail and fifty more broken bodies; another insecure stove, another burned car, and half a score of charred remains! The disaster of April 15 on the Erie railroad proves to be only less horrible than that at Angola.

The particulars of the horrible affair show that it was occasioned by fast running of the train to make up lost time. The train was the Buffalo express, due in New York at an early hour of the morning, and at the time of the accident was forty minutes behind time. It was running at the rate of twenty-five or thirty miles an hour, and in going around a sharp curve at Carr's Point the four cars at the rear were thrown from the track and down an embankment of 100 feet into a stream below. The curve runs along the edge of a bluff, the slope of which is marked by jagged rocks. The first car which went over the embankment appears to have plunged headlong from the road-bed to the bottom of the hill and to have been crushed with its living freight in the fall. The others rolled down the hill and the *débris* was scattered down the slope of the hill. The third car plunged into the creek, and the fourth was entirely consumed, many of its wounded inmates perishing in the flames. The total number known to be killed reaches twenty-six, but it is believed that others have been burned to death. The wounded number sixty-three, and many of them are so badly injured that they can hardly survive.

There is little doubt that the cause of the accident is the same as that which led to the Angola disaster—the breaking of a defective rail. The engineer of the train deposes that this was the cause of the disaster.

Our engraving on the first page represents the scene immediately after the occurrence of the accident and while the car was yet burning.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1868.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE LAW.

THE counsel for the President occupied two weeks in offering testimony. But the moral evidence was already in. For three years the country has had the Executive in full view, and we presume no one who seriously wishes that the legitimate results of the war shall be secured, has supposed that such a result would be possible while a man who is doggedly bent upon committing the political power in the late rebel States exclusively to the late rebels is in the Executive chair. Yet he ingeniously avoided committing the technical overt act which would bring him by the letter as well as by the spirit wholly within the constitutional conditions of impeachment. Consequently the country, willing to impeach, did not demand impeachment. It was felt to be better to endure to the end of his term, and then replace him by a loyal, intelligent Magistrate, who would co-operate with the representatives of the people, instead of thwarting them upon every opportunity. But, as often happens to men in his position, the President's cunning sophisticated and betrayed him. He deliberately violated the law. Instantly public opinion assented to the constitutional remedy. The dominant party in Congress, which in December had emphatically refused to impeach, in February promptly and unanimously presented articles of impeachment.

The public interest in the trial has been unflagging. Its daily progress has been most carefully studied, and its significance can not be overestimated. That amidst the profound agitations, acrimonies, and party heats that necessarily follow a civil war, the Chief Magistrate of the nation can be tranquilly tried with perfect assent upon his part, and with entire conformity to the fundamental law, is the most signal illustration of the advance of civilization. There is nothing that would so mark the actual gain of political society in the perfect supremacy of law, and nothing, consequently, that would so essentially weaken every government resting upon privilege and force as, after trial and conviction, the peaceable deposition of the President and the quiet progress of the Government. It would then appear that whether the head of the Government be assassinated or legally removed, the political structure does not rest upon a person, but upon all the people, and that the system is not even jarred by any personal fortune.

The President's defense has been wholly conducted by Mr. STANBERY, Mr. CURTIS, and Mr. EVARTS, and with a decorum and dignity equal to their ability and befitting the gravity of the cause. The case for the Managers has been mainly intrusted to General BUTLER. His skill, coolness, promptitude, and knowledge have been conspicuous; but, unhappily, his want of tact and courtesy and his peculiar training in the courts have been not less so. Inevitable as we believe the result of the trial to be, we can not but think it has been often harmed both by the manner of General BUTLER and by the method of conducting their case adopted by the Managers. It was desirable, within proper limits, to allow testimony, in so exceptional a case and before so exceptional a tribunal, to take a wide range, and it was therefore a mistake to contest every point with the pertinacity of a criminal lawyer in a doubtful suit. The Senate, however, wisely resolved not to make any stringent rule upon the subject, deciding that it was better to settle each question of admissibility as it arose.

The effort of the defense was to prove that the President acted under competent advice, and that his design was simply to test the constitutionality of the law. This was the substance of the contest upon the admission of the testimony of General SHERMAN and of the Cabinet. The President's counsel evidently hoped to show that the chief officers of the army were of opinion that Mr. STANTON should be removed for the good of the service, and that the President acted only after consultation with the Cabinet and for the highest public welfare. General SHERMAN's evidence was at last admitted. But, of course, whatever the General might have testified that the President declared, the declaration itself could not be of the least importance. On the 22d of February the President removed the Secretary of War. On the 1st and the 31st of January he told General SHERMAN that he wanted to remove the Secretary merely to bring the matter into the courts. Very well; we are then obliged by the President's antecedents and character to ask whether his word upon such a point must necessarily be trusted; whether we believe his sole object was what he declared it to be; whether his dispatch to Governor PARSONS, for instance, or, in fact, his whole career, does not reveal an animus which forbids the theory that he was merely an honest magistrate troubled about the validity of a law. Or, again, supposing that he wished to thrust Secretary STANTON out and an agent of his own in, for the purpose of organizing opposition to the laws, would he be likely to announce it to the Lieutenant-General? Would he not, of course, declare that his purpose was as pure as purity?

During the discussion upon admitting this evidence Mr. EVARTS made a very remarkable observation! He said that he hoped the case was not to turn upon "the mere formal technical infraction of the Tenure-of-Office Act. In other words, he hoped that the President was not impeached for violating a law, and he went on to say that the defense hoped to prove that the President had done nothing against the public welfare with bad motives and improper purposes. This is a very remarkable observation, because it assumes that it would not be impeachable for the President formally and technically to violate a law unless his motives could be proved to be bad. From such an opinion we wholly dissent. Indeed the essential point of the trial is just here. We have often stated it, and it should be constantly borne in mind. If the President, after having constitutionally objected to a law which has been constitutionally passed over his veto, still continues to urge that veto and makes it operative by formally and technically violating the law, under whatever plea and for whatever purpose, he usurps a function which the Constitution does not assign to him, and which wholly supersedes the express Constitutional authority of Congress to nullify his veto, and he consequently changes the form of the government.

That is the very head and front of this case. For if the violation of one law may be justified, if "the mere formal, technical infraction of the Tenure-of-Office Act" is of no consequence, provided the Executive pleads a Constitutional doubt, then his plea of a Constitutional doubt must equally justify him in a formal and technical infraction of every other act and of every law upon the Statute-Book. Such an argument excuses him from obeying any law until he has chosen to bring the question of its validity before the Supreme Court, and until the Supreme Court has chosen to decide. It is no answer to say that there are some laws that can be tested in no other way. For it is better that some laws should not be tested than that the President should be permitted to decide what laws he may violate under plea of testing them. Nor is it sufficient to offer to show that there was no bad motive. A Dictator may have no bad motive; but the President, even with the best intentions, can not be suffered to become Dictator. If the Tenure-of-Office Act was a law, it was binding upon the President with all other laws. If Mr. STANTON stood within the terms of the law and the President removed him without consulting the Senate, the President is guilty of deliberately violating the law. If this shall be established by the Managers—and it seems to us as plain as any proposition can be—and the President be acquitted by the Senate, its decision will confirm him as Dictator.

The elaborate effort of the defense to show purity of motive seems to us useless. The Senate did wisely in admitting a reasonable number of declarations of the President that he had nothing but the noblest purposes in view, for really there is nothing else for him to say, except that Mr. STANTON is not within the law. We are glad to know all that we can of the President's communications to men like General SHERMAN, and as little as possible of his orations to correspondents with note-book in hand. We know that the Cabinet thought the law unconstitutional. His counsel with the utmost ability will present his case. It is clear that the Senate is as candid and upright a tribunal as any impeached officer could desire. Its conduct from the beginning shows that it means to do justice. But we shall await with curious interest the argument that shall attempt to prove to the Senate of the United States that President ANDREW JOHNSON, in the present condition of the country and with his notorious sympathies, associations, and hopes, may at his pleasure formally and technically violate the laws.

THE CHIEF JUSTICE AND THE POLITICAL FUTURE.

THE *Independent*, which has long been an enthusiastic supporter of Mr. CHASE, and has insisted upon his being the candidate of the Republican party, now "recalls its nomination." The *Tribune*, also, which has warmly supported Mr. CHASE, now speaks as if General GRANT were already virtually the candidate. It may be assumed, therefore, that the nomination of the Chief Justice, which we suppose that he and many of the leading Republican managers ten months ago considered to be certain, is now formally abandoned. Of this we can not be sorry. With all our admiration of the ability and political consistency of Mr. CHASE we have always felt that his successful candidacy was not desirable because of the lamentable precedent, and also of party considerations not now necessary to describe. When Mr. CHASE ascended the Supreme Bench, he should have left political aspirations behind him. That he did not do so alienated the sympathy of very many of his sincerest friends who knew that the real interests of the country required his presence in the Court quite as much as in the White House. The Supreme Court was prostituted during the supremacy of slavery in the Government to the basest partisan purpose. The DRED SCOTT opinion, which was not properly speaking a judgment of the Court, was all the baser from that very fact. It was an effort to smirch the purity of the ermine which served to show that the profound national demoralization had reached even the Judiciary. Mr. CHASE's succession to Mr. TANEY marked of itself a new and better day. Nothing has obscured the brightness of the promise but the known desire of the Chief Justice for the Presidency. That, we suppose, is now at rest; and a career quite as illustrious as that of President lies before him if he chooses to embrace it.

We say suppose, for the *Independent* in recalling its nomination says, "the fact is now evident that Mr. CHASE no longer links his political future with the Republican party." This seems to imply that the Chief Justice still cherishes political hopes; and if he has separated himself from the Republican party it would seem that he can expect to fulfill those hopes only by the aid of the Democrats. But if, as the *Independent* says, Mr. CHASE is still faithful to his principles of equal rights he can certainly not look for promotion to a party which derides and tramples upon them. Either, therefore, he has no political hopes, or he expects to gratify them in a new party. The rumors that the Chief Justice could be a Democratic candidate we have treated with the good-natured contempt they deserve. The party whose really strongest candidate is Mr. PENDLETON, a repudiating secessionist, could hardly adopt Mr. CHASE as a compromise.

But the remark of the *Independent* has more than a mere personal interest. If the *Independent* is not mistaken, and Mr. CHASE, one of the earliest and ablest and most consistent of Republicans, really no longer links his future with that party, it must be because he believes its principles or its policy are unequal to the situation. But its principles are peculiarly his principles; those which the *Independent* specifies. And its policy grows naturally out of them. It is a policy of equal suffrage, and nobody has more strenuously urged it than the Chief Justice. Certainly he can not suppose the Democratic party to be equal to the emergency, because its principles are confessedly hateful to him, and its policy is the legitimate growth of such principles. There remains only the supposition that some new party is to arise with principles and policy sufficient to the situation. But nobody would accuse Mr. CHASE of supposing that either of the two great and only parties of the country would disband upon the eve of a Presidential election.

We are forced to the conclusion, then, by the *Independent's* article, that if the Chief Justice, as it implies, still cherishes political aspirations, and has separated his future from that of the Republican party, it is not because he prefers the principles and policy of the other party or disapproves those of his late associates, but either because he fears that certain prominent Republican leaders will defeat the Republican policy, or because of a mere personal disappointment. Either of these conclusions is disagreeable for any friend of Mr. CHASE. It can not be supposed that he does not know that his withdrawal from a party whose principles and purposes he approves, because of dislike or distrust of certain leaders, is a virtual betrayal of the cause; while his desertion of a party he approves because it will not nominate him for President, is a stain that would cling to his name forever.

We prefer to believe that the *Independent* misapprehends the Chief Justice, and consequently, without the least ill-intention, misrepresents him. The position in which it places him is intolerable for any honorable statesman. Less than a year ago the Republican policy was declared, and Mr. CHASE and many of the most ardent Republicans anticipated his nomination by the party. Nothing essential has meanwhile changed except the probability of the Chief Justice's nomination; yet the *Independent* thinks he has separated himself from the party. We say that the inevitable conclusion of the *Independent's* statement is so discreditable to a statesman whom we have always sincerely honored, that we prefer to believe it mistaken until it gives us something more than a general assertion.

IRISH CHURCH REFORM.

IT is evident that the British Parliament has determined to abolish the establishment of the English Church in Ireland, and the resolution is an illustration of what we are accustomed to call the instinctive British good sense. It is also remarkable as being one of those positive and radical measures to which British legislation is, we might almost say, upon principle, averse. And it shows, therefore, how profoundly impressed Parliament is with the necessity of prompt and vigorous reform in Ireland. Even Mr. LOWE, the champion of middle-class conservatism in England, raises his voice from the cavernous depths of Adullam, and declares that the foundations of the Irish (English) Church are rotten; and that the living Church of England is tied to the dead Church of Ireland. It is founded, he says, upon injustice; it is barren; "cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground?" The London *Times*, whose principle is the voice of the majority, calls the Irish Church the cancer of the empire. Its abolition as a state establishment it hails as the dawn of a new day for the empire; and this amusingly ardent accessory *after* the fact exclaims with edifying unction: "The wrongs of ages are to be ended, and right done amidst the acclamation of the nation. This must guarantee peace." Unquestionably, if the wrongs are to be ended.

But the argument for the abolition is no plainer now than it always has been. The delight with which the reform of the system is hailed is no more remarkable than the perversity with which it has been maintained. It was one of those self-evident follies of administration which perpetually accuse human sagacity. If any thing is known it is that enthusiasm for their church is deepest among an ignorant people of a passionate temperament; and that nothing among such a people so intensifies this enthusiasm as to be at once conquered and to see their religious faith despised by the conqueror. The dream of political union under such circumstances might be expected in Bedlam but not at St. Stephens. Yet this has been the situation of Ireland while England has been impatient and indignant, alternately wonder-struck and horror-struck by Irish disloyalty. And the church question has been but one of the Irish perplexities.

In Ireland, according to Mr. LOWE, out of one hundred of the population, seventy-eight are Roman Catholics, nine are Presbyterians, and twelve belong to the Irish Protestant Church Establishment. The Protestant bishopric of Limerick, for instance, has a population of 394,562, of which only 11,122 belong to the Established Church. For his care of this portion of the population the bishop receives £4000, and his clergy £12,000 more. But the 383,440 persons are wholly ignored by him and his clergy. There are two ecclesiastical chiefs in Ireland. One is Archbishop TRENCH, of the Established English Church, who is the spiritual head of twelve out of every hundred of the population; the other is Cardinal CULLEN, who is the Roman Catholic Primate and the spiritual head of seventy-eight out of the hundred. Archbishop TRENCH ranks above the Lord High Chancellor, the head of the magistracy of the kingdom; Cardinal CULLEN has no state *status* whatever. Archbishop TRENCH receives £6569 a year from the state; Cardinal CULLEN does not receive a penny. The clergy of the Archbishop are recognized as of good society; those of the Cardinal are regarded as "idolatrous priests." The social barrier is thus added to the religious.

While this was and is the incredible absurdity of the ecclesiastical situation in Ireland—namely, the whole body of the native people passionately attached to what they consider their precious, persecuted church, while the church of the stranger is fondled and supported by the Government—the tone of the Protestant authorities has been taunting and exasperating. Mr. JAMES GODKIN, a very intelligent and sensible writer upon these subjects in the *Fortnightly Review*, to whom we have been before indebted, quotes from the charge of the English Bishop of Kilmore in Ireland, who, as he says, kicks the Irish by remarking "that it was a righteous judgment of God that the Roman Catholic Priesthood, whose property was confiscated, should, like the unfaithful branch of the family of AARON, 'crouch for a morsel of bread.'" And again: "Should the

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British Parliament consent to degrade the weaker sister church in Ireland to a level with the Church of Rome, as a recognized teacher of the people, it will spit in the face of the English Church, who must share in the degradation which the other suffers."

That any sensible Englishman should have supposed such a preposterous situation could continue without an almost hopeless alienation seems inconceivable. Mr. GLADSTONE properly describes it when he says: "The situation of Ireland is this: you have had the guarantees of personal liberty suspended for three years, and the country is in possession of an enemy and a police force organized as an army. That is a state of things in which the power of this country keeps down the elements of disaffection, sedition, and disloyalty in Ireland. Is that a condition in which it is safe for this country to continue?" But it has continued until Ireland is in sentiment more than ever a foreign and hostile nation. The effort at reconciliation begins tardily, but with apparent heartiness. Yet it is but a beginning. As Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BRIGHT both agree, the chief concern of England for many a day must be Ireland.

THE ERIE RAILWAY MASSACRE.

THE Erie Railway Company is morally guilty of the late frightful massacre upon that road. We mean exactly what we say. The train was running at extraordinary speed upon what is naturally the most dangerous part of the road, a shelf upon the side of a precipice; a rail broke, and four cars were thrown down the cliff. One of them, a sleeping-car, took fire, and was consumed. More than twenty persons were killed upon the spot, either instantly or with the sharpest agony, and the list of wounded is appalling. Now in a late report the Superintendent of the Road says:

"We have passed through three months of unusually severe winter weather, and moved more than an average winter tonnage, with the road-bed frozen solid as a rock, the rails incased in snow and ice, so that it has been impossible to do much in the way of repairs; the iron rails have broken, laminated, and worn out beyond all precedent, until there is scarce a mile of your road, except that laid with steel rails between Jersey City and Salamanca or Buffalo, where it is safe to run a train at the ordinary passenger-train speed, and many portions of the road can only be traversed safely by reducing the speed of all trains to twelve or fifteen miles an hour, solely on account of the worn-out and rotten condition of the rails. Broken wheels, rails, engines, and trains off the track, have been of daily, almost hourly, occurrence for the last two months, caused mostly by defective rails. Fully 1000 broken rails were taken from the track in the month of January, while the number removed on account of lamination, crushing, or wearing out was much greater. February will show a still worse record than January. The condition of the iron at the present date is such as to give me much anxiety and apprehension for the safety of trains. We can not and do not attempt to make the schedule time with our trains; nearly all lose from two to five hours in passing over the road, and it has been only by the exercise of extreme caution we have been able thus far to escape serious accident."

This was the report of the officer who was intrusted with the general care of the road subject to the control of the Directors. Yet upon the most perilous part of this perilous road, upon which the speed of all trains should have been reduced, in the judgment of the Superintendent, to twelve or fifteen miles an hour, the engineer testifies that the train was running at a rate of twenty-five to thirty miles an hour. The conductor testified that he had lost time which he has liberty at certain seasons of the year to make up at his discretion, and that he does not think it dangerous "to run twenty-five miles an hour around that place." But whatever the conductor may think the Directors knew what their agent the Superintendent had reported, and they could not without the most guilty negligence have omitted to forbid the running of trains beyond a certain speed. That they had not done so; that they had permitted conductors to use their discretion in rushing trains to make up time over a road upon which the condition of the iron gave the Superintendent much anxiety and apprehension for the safety of all trains, is in evidence. The coroner's jury very properly found that "the occurrence in our opinion might have been avoided, had the train run at less speed, owing to the unsafe condition of the road."

The Directors of the Erie Railway deserve the moral reprobation of the community. Had they been in any degree as solicitous for the proper condition of their road and for the safety of the passengers whom they entrapped into their trains as they have shown themselves for the personal advantages that might arise from speculating in the stock, this horrible catastrophe would not have happened. Without the least knowledge of any of the persons who compose the direction of that road, we warn the public that no man can travel over it until that direction is changed without criminal disregard of the most common precautions for personal safety. The present direction, unless it can show that it had issued all orders for running trains in conformity with the startling revelations made by the Superintendent, and that it had been zealously relaying the whole track with the best material, and had established the most thorough supervision of every mile of the road, has proved itself shamefully and culpably incompetent for its duties. The catastrophe was no more unavoidable than the heating of the axle of a private carriage, which no competent coachman ever allows to happen.

The Legislature is in session, and we hope that it will do something to protect the public against the mingled rapacity and neglect of railway management. Instead of debating whether an issue of stock shall be legalized, let it decide that travelers shall not be recklessly massacred. Such events, which are constantly recurring, not only smite hundreds of families with unconsolable sorrow, but they bring the principle of our society into contempt, by showing that individual enterprise is not conscientious enough to be trusted with the management of great public highways and the public safety. If the State Senate would appoint a committee to investigate with authority this latest accident, to extend its inquiries to the whole subject, and to report at the next session some system of securing a fair chance of safety for travelers by railroads, it would do the State as real a service as if it granted a million of dollars to build other roads to be managed like the Erie road.

WEST POINT.

THE record published by General CULLUM of the military and other important operations of the graduates of West Point constitutes the best defense of that institution which could have been made. It appears that over 2200 cadets have graduated from 1802 to and including the class of 1867. Among the names not distinguished in war we observe those of SYLVANUS THAYER, long the head of the Institution; of ROBERT P. PARROTT, who devised the Parrott gun; of GEORGE W. WHISTLER, the celebrated railroad engineer, lately employed in Russia; and of ALEXANDER D. BACHE, one of the ablest representatives of science which this country has produced.

WASHINGTON in his message of December, 1793, against the expressed opinion of JEFFERSON, recommended what JEFFERSON called a military academy. "I opposed it," says JEFFERSON in his diary, "as unconstitutional. HAMILTON and KNOX approved it without discussion. RANDOLPH was for it, saying that the words of the Constitution authorized Congress to lay taxes, etc., for the common defense might comprehend it. The President said he would not choose to recommend any thing against the Constitution, but if it were doubtful he was so impressed with the necessity of the measure that he would report it to Congress, and let them decide for themselves whether the Constitution authorized it or not. It was therefore left in."

In May, 1794, Congress expressed itself favorably to the Constitution In 1796 WASHINGTON again presented the subject to the attention of Congress. But it was not until March, 1802, that West Point was selected for this purpose. Mr. M'HENRY, the Secretary of War under ADAMS, had urged the matter so fully and forcibly in his annual report in 1800 that its organization on a limited scale took place. JEFFERSON, in 1803, waiving his constitutional scruples proposed an augmentation of the institution and its removal to the then seat of Government, a suggestion which fortunately was not adopted.

It is generally conceded that the great efficiency of West Point is due to the arrangements made during the administration of Mr. MONROE, which extended from March 4, 1817, to March 4, 1825. General SYLVANUS THAYER, in July, 1817, then Major, became its Superintendent after having examined the military schools and establishments of Europe, which he visited on the termination of their great conflict, and was the instrument for carrying into full effect the intentions of the Government. In Major THAYER there was a fortunate union of those qualities which produce severe discipline and afford the requisite scope and breadth to military education. Shortly after Major THAYER'S appointment JOHN C. CALHOUN became Secretary of War, which position he held until March, 1825.

West Point had contributed to the war of 1812 but few officers of great distinction—General SCOTT was not a graduate—and as Mr. CALHOUN had been in Congress during that struggle, and had a mind peculiarly fitted for organization, his first care on entering the War Department was to unite with Major THAYER to place West Point on the best footing possible to enable the country to wage successful war. Mr. MONROE'S administration was the last of those that received their impress from the Revolution. It was composed of statesmen selected not because of any partisan tendencies, but for their supposed great ability and tried patriotism. It is not too much to say, that there was unquestioned purity and fidelity and generally a high tone of honor in all the Departments during Mr. MONROE'S term, and it is fortunate that West Point received the impression of a new and powerful impulse from that administration. It has been treasured by the Professors—who regard their honor as the brightest jewel—and transmitted to successive classes until it reached the distinguished actors in the last great struggle, in which they conferred renown on the whole country.

If Mr. CALHOUN'S doctrine of the right of nullification and secession, announced long after his connection with Mr. MONROE'S administration, contributed to produce the rebellion, which it unquestionably did, though he claimed that this was not his motive, he had also provided a remedy in elevating West Point into great efficiency. In one of his early reports as Secretary of War he said:

"It ought never to be forgotten that the military science in the present condition of the world can not be neglected with impunity. It has become so complicated and extensive as to require for its acquisition extensive means and much time to be exclusively devoted to it. It can only flourish under the patronage of the Government, and without such patronage it must be almost wholly neglected. A comparatively small sum expended in time of peace to foster and extend the knowledge of military science, will, in the event of war, be highly beneficial to the country, *and may be the means of its safety*."

The Chief Engineer in 1822 reported "that the Military Academy may be considered as having been in its infancy until about the beginning of 1818, prior to which time there was but little system or regularity;" and he added, that a large portion of the students "have been under the necessity of leaving the Academy without completing their education." The support given to the institution by Mr. CALHOUN, and the powerful efforts of Major THAYER, enabled Mr. CALHOUN to speak of the institution in December, 1823, as "*not inferior to any similar institution in any country.*"

The Southern tendencies of Mr. CALHOUN were indicated even at this early day by a recommendation to establish another institution of like character in the Southern States; but it is fortunate that the recommendation was not adopted, as both would have been more or less sectional, whereas the important fact that a large number of those educated at West Point from the Southern States remained true to the Union—General GEORGE H. THOMAS is the most signal instance—proves that the influence of the institution was not as unfortunate as has been often alleged.

A curious examiner into the law of compensation will find in the far-seeing circumspection and sagacity of Mr. CALHOUN as Secretary of War, and in the policy of nullification and secession to which he was subsequently committed—the good a partial remedy for the evil—much to interest him in weighing and comparing these different measures. Certain it is that it required the exercise of forethought and diligence at this early period to prepare for a war that happened only about thirty-six years after Mr. MONROE'S administration had ceased. The term of Mr. ADAMS, which succeeded, was not favorable for such improvement, as supplies were rigidly withheld and party-spirit ran high. Nor was the term of General JACKSON favorable for that purpose, as he was an improvised soldier, not especially friendly to West Point, and there were other subjects to engage the attention of his Cabinet, arising from the violence of party action during his whole term.

Reflection will perhaps show us that the organization of West Point, on a basis such as would enable the country to conduct war with the highest skill, could have taken place at no period with such advantage as during the administration of President MONROE, and it is to be regretted that General CULLUM, in a work so valuable and likely to be so enduring, should have omitted, in his able preface, to trace to their true cause, so far as external management is concerned, the good results in skill and science, and, what is equally important, in honor and patriotism, among the officers of West Point which the war developed, and which have rendered that institution hereafter safe.

It needed a concurrence in both the excellence of the instruction imparted and the peculiar relation of the students to render the efficiency of the institution complete. The cadets instead of paying are paid, and are the subjects of military rule. While in our colleges there is some yielding on the part of their professors to pecuniary interests, such interests as between professors and cadets in no manner interfere with the efforts made at West Point to render military education complete, and to impress upon it a character of nationality.

MR. DICKENS'S FAREWELL.

AFTER four months of constant travel and public reading Mr. DICKENS has said farewell to America. "In this brief life of ours," he said to his last audience in Boston, "it is sad to do almost any thing for the last time, and I can not conceal it from you that although my face will so soon be turned toward my native land and to all that makes it dear, it is a sad consideration with me that in a very few moments from this time this brilliant hall and all that it contains will fade from my view for evermore." The sadness of the parting is shared by all who have ever felt the exquisite spell of his rare genius, and who feel that he is to be classed among the true human benefactors.

There has unquestionably been a certain coolness of feeling in this country toward Mr. DICKENS upon the part of many who should be naturally his warmest friends. But we think no one who reads, certainly no one who heard, the frank and manly and generous speech which he made at the Press dinner in New York, will any longer allow the least cloud to chill the ardor of his admiration for one of the greatest humorists and most delightful authors in literature.

His last reading in New York and in the country was almost painfully interesting. His personal suffering which compelled him to keep one foot upon a chair during the evening, and the shadow of the one word which, as he said at parting, had been impending over the whole reading, made the occasion very touching and memorable. Returning slowly after all was ended, and in deference to the enthusiastic applause, to the quaint little table, which was covered with beautiful flowers, in wreaths and baskets and bouquets, he began to speak amidst the profound silence of the vast audience. His voice trembled, and neither he nor his hearers could smile at the little jests. The moment was too solemn. It was the final personal farewell to a great nation of one whose name is familiar and beloved; but whose future life, as he said, "lies over the sea." Mr. DICKENS'S visit has been both wise and fortunate; and we believe that he will never regret the determination he made to come once more in his maturity to see the country which he had seen and judged as a younger man.

LITERARY.

ONE of the most graphic and valuable contributions to the history of the war is "New Jersey and the Rebellion," by JOHN Y. FOSTER. The work was authorized and published by the State, and is a monument of laborious industry. The research which is essential to an accurate work of this kind is enormous; but it has not daunted Mr. FOSTER, nor cramped his hand. He has written a free, flowing, spirited story of the good part his State took in the good fight, and every Jerseyman, as well as every student of the war, will consult his careful and correct narrative with the utmost satisfaction. The work, a large, handsome volume, is published by MARTIN R. DENNIS & Co., Newark.

"The Massacre of St. Bartholomew," by HENRY WHITE, just issued in a solid, handsome volume by the HARPERS, is a most admirable historical monograph of a most interesting period. It is a work to which we shall recur, and which we cordially commend to our readers.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

IMPEACHMENT.

THE trial of the impeachment of President Johnson was resumed by the Senate on April 15. Certain documentary evidence of minor importance was introduced on that and the succeeding day. A couple of Washington lawyers were examined on the 16th, but little that was pertinent to the case was obtained. On the 17th the defense introduced evidence to disprove the reported language of the President in his Cleveland and St. Louis speeches; and Frederick W. Seward testified as to the practice in regard to the appointment of vice-consuls *ad interim*, showing that such nominations were frequently made as matters of necessity. Secretary Welles testified to having urged the President to ask of General Emory the meaning of the movement of troops in the Department of Washington. On April 17 and 18 the defense offered to prove that the President's Cabinet concurred in the opinion that the Civil Tenure bill was unconstitutional, and that Mr. Stanton and Mr. Seward wrote the message vetoing it. The Senate ruled that the evidence was not admissible. The same day, April 18, the defense closed their testimony, and the arguments of counsel began on April 20.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Legislature of New York has been kept very busy lately. The Erie Railway bill, legalizing the stock issue of $10,000,000, was passed by both Houses, and the Central Underground Railroad bill was passed and the company chartered.

A letter from the Citizens' Association to Governor Fenton reveals the startling fact that our taxes have increased since 1830 at the rate of four thousand per cent., while the population has increased at the ratio of only four hundred per cent.

The New York Senate has passed a bill authorizing railroad conductors to arrest persons. This is for the benefit of pickpockets who infest the cars.

The Lincoln Monument was dedicated at Washington April 15, the third anniversary of the late President's death.

The New York Court of General Sessions has virtually pronounced a sentence of banishment. On April 15 Charles Wilson plead guilty of forgery in having signed the name of W. A. Rice to a check on the Bank of New York, and judgment.

B. F. Rice and Alexander M'Donald were elected United States Senators from Arkansas.

General Meade has decided that the members of the Georgia Legislature must take the test oath.

The Virginia Constitution was adopted by a vote of 51 to 26 on April 17, and now goes to the people for ratification.

FOREIGN NEWS.

MARTIAL law exists in Catalonia, Spain, in consequence of strikes among the workmen in that province.

Bologna, Italy, is indulging in violent trade and labor riots growing out of the dissatisfaction of workingmen; and trades' unions in Italy are to be suppressed.

Russia has hinted that she wants the Alaska purchase money this May.

The Prince of Wales is in Ireland on a "pacification" tour. He made his first public appearance at Dublin on the race-course.

At a meeting of the Gladstone Liberals in London, on April 16, Earl Russell presiding, it was resolved that Disraeli's retention of office after the late vote on the Irish Church question is unconstitutional, and he was politely requested to resign, which he won't do, of course.

The Cretans, aided by the Greeks, are still battling against the Turks.

Ex-Governor Eyre, of Jamaica infamy, is to be again placed on trial in London for official acts done during the rebellion of 1866.

The North German Parliament wants to negotiate a treaty with the great maritime powers to secure private property at sea during war, and Bismarck has been directed to open negotiations with that end in view.

The reported capture of Curapaity and Ascencion by the allied forces of Brazil, Uruguay, and Buenos Ayres is confirmed. This probably ends the long protracted war in Paraguay.

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THE ILLICIT DISTILLERY RAID.

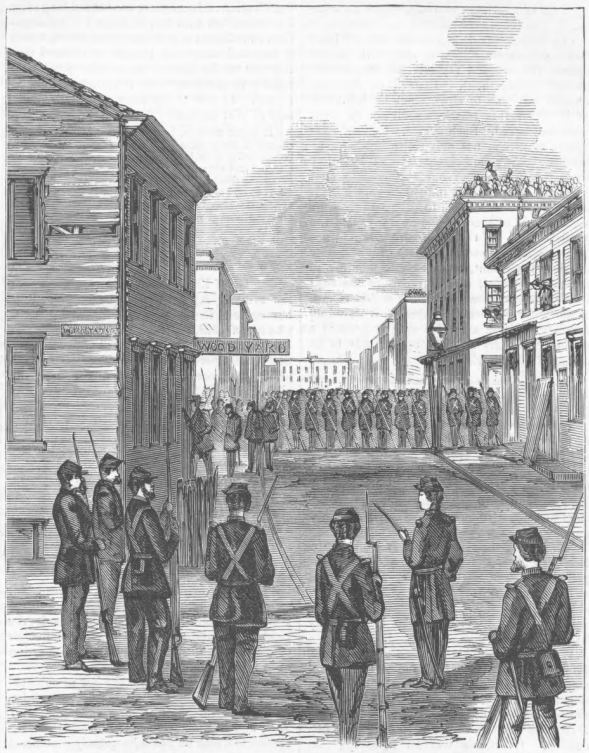
LITTLE STREET, Brooklyn, in the vicinity of the Navy-yard, has long been held by the Internal Revenue officers to be a very suspicious place; and on April 13 the suspicions concerning it were fully confirmed. On the afternoon of that day Collector E. T. WOOD, with the assistance of a squad of fifty marines from the Navy-yard, made an unexpected descent on the place, and succeeded in capturing a large number of illicit whisky stills. The news of the arrival of the marines, and their warlike demonstrations and movements, ran through the neighborhood like wild-fire, and in a very short space of time two or three hundred people had collected from the houses into the square which was blocked by the marines. On top of the houses, from the windows and doors of the dwellings, scores of people looked down upon the crowd and the soldiers in the street. The mob outside soon swelled in numbers until about 3000 persons had collected, and the greatest excitement prevailed. The mob, however, confined its demonstrations chiefly to howls, only one or two persons being struck or injured. Seven illicit stills were broken up, and the materials destroyed.

SERGEANT BATES'S PILGRIMAGE.

SERGEANT GILBERT H. BATES, who was formerly a soldier in a Wisconsin regiment, partly in emulation of WESTON, but principally because he seems to have had nothing better to do, lately made a wager that he would walk in 78 days from Vicksburg to Washington city, carrying the United States flag, and depending entirely on the hospitality of the people of the South for support. The wager has been won. Sergeant BATES triumphantly ended his pilgrimage on April 14. There was no reason why he should not have won the wager if he had any endurance as a pedestrian. The distance is not great; the flag is not heavy; and it has been carried as triumphantly through the same region against greater obstacles than Sergeant BATES appears to have encountered.

The people of the South have made use of the incident to display their enthusiasm and patriotism; but, if we are to credit the story of the Sergeant, the demonstrations seem to have been confined almost exclusively to praises of the course of President JOHNSON and to prayers for their rights.

Our illustration represents the Sergeant passing through Richmond, Virginia. He was received there with much enthusiasm—how genuine it is difficult to determine. The exhibition of loyalty on the part of the Southern people is desirable under any and all circumstances, but their demonstrations in this instance have evidently been the result of a little exuberance of feeling at the presence of this man. We can not forget that WESTON created just as much excitement on a trip of the same nature. And, moreover, it can not but be remembered that, while this stranger was not molested or interrupted on his way, peaceable and worthy men of undoubted and undaunted loyalty, living at the South, were foully and cruelly murdered for their sentiments.



RAID ON ILLICIT WHISKY STILLS IN BROOKLYN.—[SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

OPENING OF THE ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

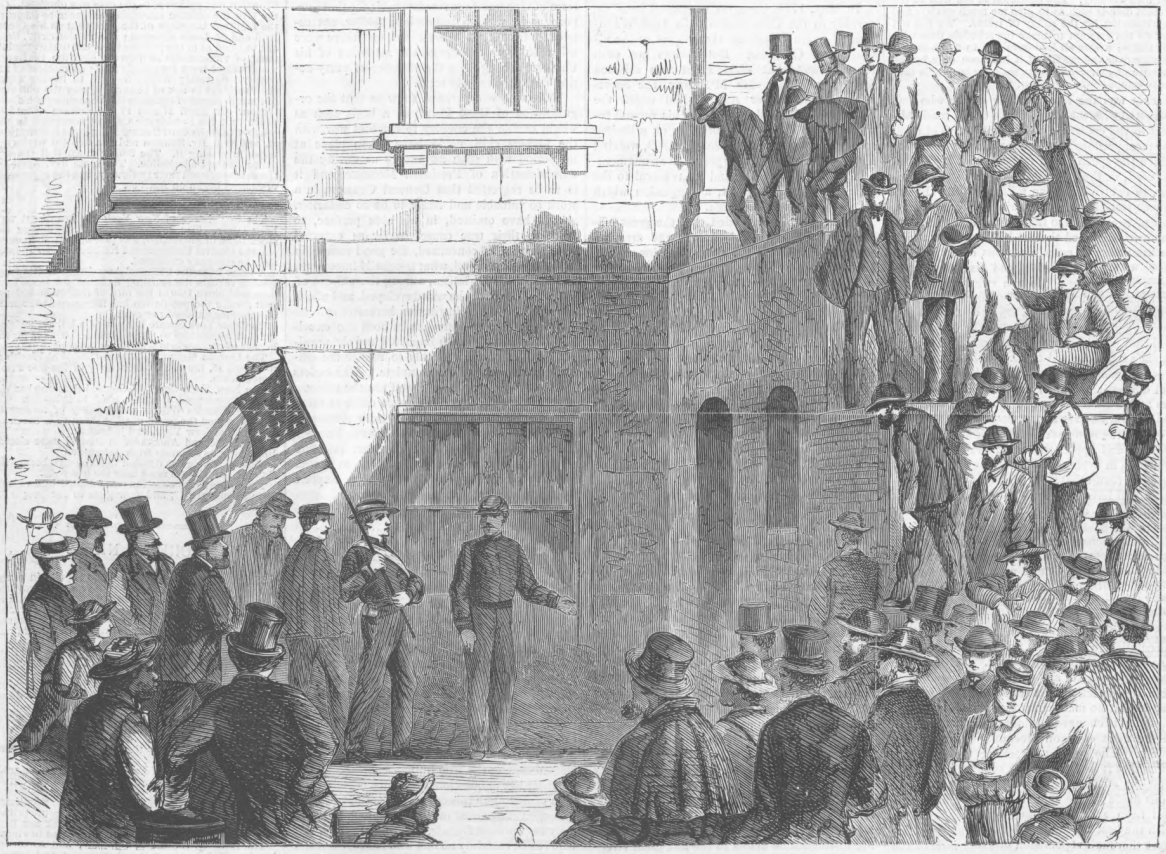
THE forty-third annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design, at the corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, was begun on April 15 by a reception of the invited guests. These private views generally take the form of a *conversazione;* and since the erection of the present art temple they have been deservedly popular. On this occasion the weather was very bad, but it did not deter the guests from attending. Until about nine o'clock the galleries were occupied by a few straggling groups only; and each new-comer predicted that the attendance would be slim, on account of the weather. Soon after nine, however, the assemblage began to increase gradually; nor was it long before the feat of winding one's way through the throng without damaging some wonderful arrangement of drapery or *coiffure* had become almost impossible. In point of numbers, beauty, and elegance, this reception was fully equal to any of its predecessors. Our illustration on page 280 represents the scene within the gallery at the most interesting hour of the reception.

FLYING MACHINES.

IT is obviously the wing of the bird that ought to be studied if ever we are to traverse the air at will; in a thousand feathered forms Nature gives us the hint, though it needs a patient following up before it will be of use to us. It is said that Archytas of Tarento—in the fourth century before the Christian era—constructed a pigeon of wood, which could fly, though if it fell to the ground it could not raise itself again. Friar Bacon, in the thirteenth century, tells us that instruments of flying may be formed, in which a man sitting at his ease and meditating on any subject may beat the air with his artificial wings, after the manner of birds. In the tenth century an Italian adventurer had visited Scotland, and attempted, by the aid of a set of ample wings, composed of various plumage, to fly from Stirling Castle to France; but he soon came to the ground, breaking his thigh-bone in the fall. A later endeavor was that of the Marquis de Bacqueville, who, in 1742, rose by the help of wings from his residence on the Quai des Theatins, Paris, and directed his flight across the Seine toward the gardens of the Tuileries; but just as he had advanced half-way he appeared to lose all command of his movements, and, falling, had his leg broken by contact with a washer-woman's machine, besides sustaining other serious injuries.

The result thus fruitlessly aimed at on so many occasions may nevertheless, in principle, be one day achieved. The English Aëronautical Society are going to work in the right way; not lending encouragement to wild schemes, but studying patiently the mechanical principles concerned in the flight of birds.

MR. Butler, a member of the council of the above Society, constructed a pair of wings to operate from the car of a balloon, the downward blow of which was calculated to strike with a force exceeding 40 pounds; but the invention has been abandoned.



SERGEANT BATES WITH THE FLAG PASSING THROUGH RICHMOND.—[SKETCHED BY W. L. SHEPPARD.]

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THE MOONSTONE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

Printed from the Author's Manuscript.

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.

CHAPTER VI.

(1.) "MISS CLACK presents her compliments to Mr. Franklin Blake; and, in sending him the fifth chapter of her humble narrative, begs to say that she feels quite unequal to enlarge as she could wish on an event so awful, under the circumstances, as Lady Verinder's death. She has, therefore, attached to her own manuscript copious Extracts from precious publications in her possession, all bearing on this terrible subject. And may those Extracts (Miss Clack fervently hopes) sound as the blast of a trumpet in the ears of her respected kinsman, Mr. Franklin Blake."

(2.) "Mr. Franklin Blake presents his compliments to Miss Clack, and begs to thank her for the fifth chapter of her narrative. In returning the extracts sent with it, he will refrain from mentioning any personal objection which he may entertain to this species of literature, and will merely say that the proposed additions to the manuscript are not necessary to the fulfillment of the purpose that he has in view."

(3.) "Miss Clack begs to acknowledge the return of her Extracts. She affectionately reminds Mr. Franklin Blake that she is a Christian, and that it is, therefore, quite impossible for him to offend her. Miss C. persists in feeling the deepest interest in Mr. Blake, and pledges herself, on the first occasion when sickness may lay him low, to offer him the use of her Extracts for the second time. In the mean while she would be glad to know, before beginning the next and last chapter of her narrative, whether she may be permitted to make her humble contribution complete by availing herself of the light which later discoveries have thrown on the mystery of the Moonstone."

(4.) "Mr. Franklin Blake is sorry to disappoint Miss Clack. He can only repeat the instructions which he had the honor of giving her when she began her narrative. She is requested to limit herself to her own individual experience of persons and events, as recorded in her Diary. Later discoveries she will be good enough to leave to the pens of those persons who can write in the capacity of actual witnesses."

(5.) "Miss Clack is extremely sorry to trouble Mr. Franklin Blake with another letter. Her Extracts have been returned, and the expression of her matured views on the subject of the Moonstone has been forbidden. Miss Clack is painfully conscious that she ought (in the worldly phrase) to feel herself put down. But, no—Miss C. has learned Perseverance in the School of Adversity. Her object in writing is to know whether Mr. Blake (who prohibits every thing else) prohibits the appearance of the present correspondence in Miss Clack's narrative? Some explanation of the position in which Mr. Blake's interference has placed her as an authoress, seems due on the ground of common justice. And Miss Clack, on her side, is most anxious that her letters should be produced to speak for themselves."

(6.) "Mr. Franklin Blake agrees to Miss Clack's proposal, on the understanding that she will kindly consider this intimation of his consent as closing the correspondence between them."

(7.) "Miss Clack feels it an act of Christian duty (before the correspondence closes) to inform Mr. Franklin Blake that his last letter—evidently intended to offend her—has not succeeded in accomplishing the object of the writer. She affectionately requests Mr. Blake to retire to the privacy of his own room, and to consider with himself whether the training which can thus elevate a poor weak woman above the reach of insult, be not worthy of greater admiration than he is now disposed to feel for it. On being favored with an intimation to that effect, Miss C. solemnly pledges herself to send back the complete series of her Extracts to Mr. Franklin Blake."

[To this letter no answer was received. Comment is needless.

(Signed) DRUSILLA CLACK.]

CHAPTER VII.

THE foregoing correspondence will sufficiently explain why no choice is left me but to pass over Lady Verinder's death with the simple announcement of the fact which ends my fifth chapter.

Keeping myself for the future strictly within the limits of my own personal experience, I have next to relate that a month elapsed from the time of my aunt's decease before Rachel Verinder and I met again. That meeting was the occasion of my spending a few days under the same roof with her. In the course of my visit something happened, relating to her marriage engagement with Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite, which is important enough to require special notice in these pages. When this last of many painful family circumstances has been disclosed, my task will be completed; for I shall then have told all that I know, as an actual (and most unwilling) witness of events.

My aunt's remains were removed from London, and were buried in the little cemetery attached to the church in her own park. I was invited to the funeral with the rest of the family. But it was impossible (with my religious views) to rouse myself in a few days only from the shock which this death had caused me. I was informed, moreover, that the rector of Frizinghall was to read the service. Having myself in past times seen this clerical castaway making one of the players at Lady Verinder's whist-table, I doubt, even if I had been fit to travel, whether I should have felt justified in attending the ceremony.

Lady Verinder's death left her daughter under the care of her brother-in-law, Mr. Ablewhite the elder. He was appointed guardian by the will, until his niece married, or came of age. Under those circumstances, Mr. Godfrey informed his father, I suppose, of the new relation in which he stood toward Rachel. At any rate, in ten days from my aunt's death, the secret of the marriage engagement was no secret at all within the circle of the family, and the grand question for Mr. Ablewhite senior—another confirmed castaway!—was how to make himself and his authority most agreeable to the wealthy young lady who was going to marry his son.

Rachel gave him some trouble, at the outset, about the choice of a place in which she could be prevailed upon to reside. The house in Montagu Square was associated with the calamity of her mother's death. The house in Yorkshire was associated with the scandalous affair of the lost Moonstone. Her guardian's own residence at Frizinghall was open to neither of these objections. But Rachel's presence in it, after her recent bereavement, operated as a check on the gayeties of her cousins, the Miss Ablewhites—and she herself requested that her visit might be deferred to a more favorable opportunity. It ended in a proposal, emanating from old Mr. Ablewhite, to try a furnished house at Brighton. His wife, an invalid daughter, and Rachel were to inhabit it together, and were to expect him to join them later in the season. They would see no society but a few old friends, and they would have his son Godfrey, traveling backward and forward by the London train, always at their disposal.

I describe this aimless flitting about from one place of residence to another—this insatiate restlessness of body and appalling stagnation of soul—merely with a view of arriving at results. The event which (under Providence) proved to be the means of bringing Rachel Verinder and myself together again, was no other than the hiring of the house at Brighton.

My Aunt Ablewhite is a large, silent, fair-complexioned woman, with one noteworthy point in her character. From the hour of her birth she has never been known to do any thing for herself. She has gone through life accepting every body's help, and adopting every body's opinions. A more hopeless person, in a spiritual point of view, I have never met with—there is absolutely, in this perplexing case, no obstructive material to work upon. Aunt Ablewhite would listen to the Grand Lama of Thibet exactly as she listens to Me, and would reflect his views quite as readily as she reflects mine. She found the furnished house at Brighton by stopping at an hotel in London, composing herself on a sofa, and sending for her son. She discovered the necessary servants by breakfasting in bed one morning (still at the hotel), and giving her maid a holiday on condition that the girl "would begin enjoying herself by fetching Miss Clack." I found her placidly fanning herself in her dressing-gown at eleven o'clock. "Drusilla, dear, I want some servants. You are so clever—please get them for me." I looked round the untidy room. The church bells were going for a week-day service; they suggested a word of affectionate remonstrance on my part. "Oh, aunt!" I said, sadly, "is *this* worthy of a Christian Englishwoman? Is the passage from time to eternity to be made in *this* manner?" My aunt answered, "I'll put on my gown, Drusilla, if you will be kind enough to help me." What was to be said after that? I have done wonders with murderesses—I have never advanced an inch with Aunt Ablewhite. "Where is the list," I asked, "of the servants whom you require?" My aunt shook her head; she hadn't even energy enough to keep the list. "Rachel has got it, dear," she said, "in the next room." I went into the next room, and so saw Rachel again, for the first time since we had parted in Montagu Square.

She looked pitiably small and thin in her deep mourning. If I attached any serious importance to such a perishable trifle as personal appearance, I might be inclined to add that hers was one of those unfortunate complexions which always suffers when not relieved by a border of white next the skin. But what are our complexions and our looks? Hindrances and pitfalls, dear girls, which beset us on our way to higher things! Greatly to my surprise, Rachel rose when I entered the room, and came forward to meet me with outstretched hand.

"I am glad to see you," she said. "Drusilla, I have been in the habit of speaking very foolishly and very rudely to you, on former occasions. I beg your pardon. I hope you will forgive me."

My face, I suppose, betrayed the astonishment I felt at this. She colored up for a moment, and then proceeded to explain herself.

"In my poor mother's lifetime," she went on, "her friends were not always my friends, too. Now I have lost her, my heart turns for comfort to the people she liked. She liked you. Try to be friends with me, Drusilla, if you can."

To any rightly-constituted mind the motive thus acknowledged was simply shocking. Here in Christian England was a young woman in a state of bereavement, with so little idea of where to look for true comfort, that she actually expected to find it among her mother's friends! Here was a relative of mine, awakened to a sense of her shortcomings toward others, under the influence, not of conviction and duty, but of sentiment and impulse! Most deplorable to think of—but, still, suggestive of something hopeful, to a person of my experience in plying the good work. There could be no harm, I thought, in ascertaining the extent of the change which the loss of her mother had wrought in Rachel's character. I decided, as a useful test, to probe her on the subject of her marriage engagement to Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite.

Having first met her advances with all possible cordiality, I sat by her on the sofa at her own request. We discussed family affairs and future plans—always excepting that one future plan which was to end in her marriage. Try as I might to turn the conversation that way, she resolutely declined to take the hint. Any open reference to the question, on my part, would have been premature at this early stage of our reconciliation. Besides, I had discovered all I wanted to know. She was no longer the reckless, defiant creature whom I had heard and seen, on the occasion of my martyrdom in Montagu Square. This was, of itself, enough to encourage me to take her conversion in hand—beginning with a few words of earnest warning directed against the hasty formation of the marriage tie, and so getting on to higher things. Looking at her now, with this new interest—and calling to mind the headlong suddenness with which she had met Mr. Godfrey's matrimonial views—I felt the solemn duty of interfering, with a fervor which assured me that I should achieve no common results. Rapidity of proceeding was, as I believed, of importance in this case. I went back at once to the question of the servants wanted for the furnished house.

"Where is the list, dear?"

Rachel produced it.

"Cook, kitchen-maid, house-maid, and footman," I read. "My dear Rachel, these servants are only wanted for a term—the term during which your guardian has taken the house. We shall have great difficulty in finding persons of character and capacity to accept a temporary engagement of that sort, if we try in London. Has the house at Brighton been found yet?"

"Yes. Godfrey has taken it; and persons in the house wanted him to hire them as servants. He thought they would hardly do for *us*, and came back having settled nothing."

"And you have no experience yourself in these matters, Rachel?"

"None whatever."

"And Aunt Ablewhite won't exert herself?"

"No, poor dear. Don't blame her, Drusilla. I think she is the only really happy woman I have ever met with."

"There are degrees in happiness, darling. We must have a little talk some day on that subject. In the mean time I will undertake to meet the difficulty about the servants. Your aunt will write a letter to the people of the house—"

"She will sign a letter if I write it for her, which comes to the same thing."

"Quite the same thing. I shall get the letter, and I will go to Brighton to-morrow."

"How extremely kind of you! We will join you as soon as you are ready for us. And you will stay, I hope, as *my* guest. Brighton is so lively; you are sure to enjoy it."

In those words the invitation was given, and the glorious prospect of interference was opened before me.

It was then the middle of the week. By Saturday afternoon the house was ready for them. In that short interval I had sifted, not the characters only, but the religious views as well, of all the disengaged servants who applied to me, and had succeeded in making a selection which my conscience approved. I also discovered, and called on, two serious friends of mine, residents in the town, to whom I knew I could confide the pious object which had brought me to Brighton. One of them—a clerical friend—kindly helped me to take sittings for our little party in the church in which he himself ministered. The other—a single lady, like myself—placed the resources of her library (composed throughout of precious publications) entirely at my disposal. I borrowed half a dozen works, all carefully chosen

"I DON'T THINK HE PUT HIS ARM ROUND MY WAIST TO SUPPORT ME," ETC.

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with a view to Rachel. When these had been judiciously distributed in the various rooms she would be likely to occupy, I considered that my preparations were complete. Sound doctrine in the servants who waited on her; sound doctrine in the minister who preached to her; sound doctrine in the books that lay on her table—such was the triple welcome which my zeal had prepared for the motherless girl! A heavenly composure filled my mind, on that Saturday afternoon, as I sat at the window waiting the arrival of my relatives. The giddy throng passed and repassed before my eyes. Alas! how many of them felt my exquisite sense of duty done? An awful question. Let us not pursue it.

Between six and seven the travelers arrived. To my indescribable surprise, they were escorted, not by Mr. Godfrey (as I had anticipated), but by the lawyer, Mr. Bruff.

"How do you do, Miss Clack?" he said. "I mean to stay this time."

That reference to the occasion on which I had obliged him to postpone his business to mine, when we were both visiting in Montagu Square, satisfied me that the old worldling had come to Brighton with some object of his own in view. I had prepared quite a little Paradise for my beloved Rachel—and here was the Serpent already!

"Godfrey was very much vexed, Drusilla, not to be able to come with us," said my Aunt Ablewhite. "There was something in the way which kept him in town. Mr. Bruff volunteered to take his place, and make a holiday of it till Monday morning. By-the-by, Mr. Bruff, I'm ordered to take exercise, and I don't like it. That," added Aunt Ablewhite, pointing out of window to an invalid going by in a chair on wheels, drawn by a man, "is my idea of exercise. If it's air you want, you get it in your chair. And if it's fatigue you want, I'm sure it's fatiguing enough to look at the man."

Rachel stood silent, at a window by herself, with her eyes fixed on the sea.

"Tired, love?" I inquired.

"No. Only a little out of spirits," she answered. "I have often seen the sea, on our Yorkshire coast, with that light on it. And I was thinking, Drusilla, of the days that can never come again."

Mr. Bruff remained to dinner, and staid through the evening. The more I saw of him, the more certain I felt that he had some private end to serve in coming to Brighton. I watched him carefully. He maintained the same appearance of ease, and talked the same godless gossip, hour after hour, until it was time to take leave. As he shook hands with Rachel I caught his hard and cunning eye resting on her for a moment with a very peculiar interest and attention. She was plainly concerned in the object that he had in view. He said nothing out of the common to her or to any one, on leaving. He invited himself to luncheon the next day, and then he went away to his hotel.

It was impossible, the next morning, to get my Aunt Ablewhite out of her dressing-gown in time for church. Her invalid daughter (suffering from nothing, in my opinion, but incurable laziness, inherited from her mother) announced that she meant to remain in bed for the day. Rachel and I went alone together to church. A magnificent sermon was preached by my gifted friend, on the heathen indifference of the world to the sinfulness of little sins. For more than an hour his eloquence (assisted by his glorious voice) thundered through the sacred edifice. I said to Rachel, when we came out, "Has it found its way to your heart, dear?" And she answered, "No; it has only made my head ache." This might have been discouraging to some people. But, once embarked on a career of manifest usefulness, nothing discourages Me.

We found Aunt Ablewhite and Mr. Bruff at luncheon. When Rachel declined eating anything, and gave as a reason for it that she was suffering from a headache, the lawyer's cunning instantly saw, and seized, the chance that she had given him.

"There is only one remedy for a headache," said this horrible old man. "A walk, Miss Rachel, is the thing to cure you. I am entirely at your service, if you will honor me by accepting my arm."

"With the greatest pleasure. A walk is the very thing I was longing for."

"It's past two," I gently suggested. "And the afternoon service, Rachel, begins at three."

"How can you expect me to go to church again," she asked, petulantly, "with such a headache as mine?"

Mr. Bruff officiously opened the door for her. In a minute more they were both out of the house. I don't know when I have felt the solemn duty of interfering so strongly as I felt it at that moment. But what was to be done? Nothing was to be done but to interfere, at the first opportunity, later in the day.

On my return from the afternoon service I found that they had just got back. One look at them told me that the lawyer had said what he wanted to say. I had never before seen Rachel so silent and so thoughtful. I had never before seen Mr. Bruff pay her such devoted attention, and look at her with such marked respect. He had (or pretended that he had) an engagement to dinner that day—and he took an early leave of us all; intending to go back to London by the first train the next morning.

"Are you sure of your own resolution?" he said to Rachel at the door.

"Quite sure," she answered—and so they parted.

The moment his back was turned Rachel withdrew to her own room. She never appeared at dinner. Her maid (the person with the cap-ribbons) was sent down stairs to announce that her headache had returned. I ran up to her, and made all sorts of sisterly offers through the door. It was locked, and she kept it locked. Plenty of obstructive material to work on here! I felt greatly cheered and stimulated by her locking the door.

When her cup of tea went up to her the next morning I followed it in. I sat by her bedside and said a few earnest words. She listened with languid civility. I noticed my serious friend's precious publications huddled together on a table in a corner. Had she chanced to look into them?—I asked. Yes—and they had not interested her. Would she allow me to read a few passages, of the deepest interest, which had probably escaped her eye? No; not now—she had other things to think of. She gave these answers, with her attention apparently absorbed in folding and refolding the frill of her night-gown. It was plainly necessary to rouse her by some reference to those worldly interests which she still had at heart.

"Do you know, love," I said, "I had an odd fancy, yesterday, about Mr. Bruff? I thought, when I saw you after your walk with him, that he had been telling you some bad news."

Her fingers dropped from the frilling of her night-gown, and her fierce black eyes flashed at me.

"Quite the contrary!" she said. "It was news I was interested in hearing—and I am deeply indebted to Mr. Bruff for telling me of it."

"Yes?" I said, in a tone of gentle interest.

Her fingers went back to the frilling, and she turned her head sullenly away from me. I had been met in this manner, in the course of plying the good work, hundreds of times. She merely stimulated me to try again. In my dauntless zeal for her welfare I ran the great risk, and openly alluded to her marriage engagement.

"News you were interested in hearing?" I repeated. "I suppose, my dear Rachel, that must be news of Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite?"

She started up in the bed and turned deadly pale. It was evidently on the tip of her tongue to retort on me with the unbridled insolence of former times. She checked herself—laid her head back on the pillow—considered a minute—and then answered in these remarkable words:

"*I shall never marry Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite.*"

It was my turn to start at that.

"What can you possibly mean?" I exclaimed. "The marriage is considered by the whole family as a settled thing?"

"Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite is expected here today," she said, doggedly. "Wait till he comes—and you will see."

"But my dear Rachel—"

She rang the bell at the head of her bed. The person with the cap-ribbons appeared.

"Penelope! my bath."

Let me give her her due. In the state of my mind, at that moment, I do sincerely believe that she had hit on the only possible way of forcing me to leave the room.

By the mere worldly mind my position toward Rachel might have been viewed as presenting difficulties of no ordinary kind. I had reckoned on leading her to higher things, by means of a little earnest exhortation on the subject of her marriage. And now, if she was to be believed, no such event as her marriage was to take place at all. But ah, my friends! a working Christian of my experience (with an evangelizing prospect before her) takes broader views than these. Supposing Rachel really broke off the marriage on which the Ablewhites, father and son, counted as a settled thing, what would be the result? It could only end, if she held firm, in an exchanging of hard words and bitter accusations on both sides. And what would be the effect on Rachel when the stormy interview was over? A salutary moral depression would be the effect. Her pride would be exhausted, her stubbornness would be exhausted, by the resolute resistance which it was in her character to make under the circumstances. She would turn for sympathy to the nearest person who had sympathy to offer. And I was that nearest person—brimful of comfort, charged to overflowing with seasonable and reviving words. Never had the evangelizing prospect looked brighter, to *my* eyes, than it looked now.

She came down to breakfast, but she ate nothing, and hardly uttered a word.

After breakfast she wandered listlessly from room to room—then suddenly roused herself and opened the piano. The music she selected to play was of the most scandalously profane sort, associated with performances on the stage which it curdles one's blood to think of. It would have been premature to interfere with her at such a time as this. I privately ascertained the hour at which Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite was expected, and then I escaped the music by leaving the house.

Being out alone I took the opportunity of calling upon my two resident friends. It was an indescribable luxury to find myself indulging in earnest conversation with serious persons. Infinitely encouraged and refreshed I turned my steps back again to the house, in excellent time to await the arrival of our expected visitor. I entered the dining-room, always empty at that hour of the day—and found myself face to face with Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite!

He made no attempt to fly the place. Quite the contrary. He advanced to meet me with the utmost eagerness.

"Dear Miss Clack, I have been only waiting to see *you!* Chance set me free of my London engagements to-day sooner than I expected—and I have got here, in consequence, earlier than my appointed time."

Not the slightest embarrassment encumbered his explanation, though this was his first meeting with me after the scene in Montagu Square. He was not aware, it is true, of my having been a witness of that scene. But he knew, on the other hand, that my attendances at the Mothers'-Small-Clothes, and my relations with friends attached to other charities, must have informed me of his shameless neglect of his Ladies and his Poor. And yet there he was before me in full possession of his charming voice and his irresistible smile!

"Have you seen Rachel yet?" I asked.

He sighed gently, and took me by the hand. I should certainly have snatched my hand away, if the manner in which he gave his answer had not paralyzed me with astonishment.

"I have seen Rachel," he said, with perfect tranquillity. "You are aware, dear friend, that she was engaged to me? Well, she has taken a sudden resolution to break the engagement. Reflection has convinced her that she will best consult her welfare and mine by retracting a rash promise, and leaving me free to make some happier choice elsewhere. That is the only reason she will give, and the only answer she will make to every question that I can ask of her."

"What have you done on your side?" I inquired. "Have you submitted?"

"Yes," he said, with the most unruffled composure, "I have submitted."

His conduct, under the circumstances, was so utterly inconceivable that I stood bewildered with my hand in his. It is a piece of rudeness to stare at any body, and it is an act of indelicacy to stare at a gentleman. I committed both those improprieties. And I said, as if in a dream, "What does it mean?"

"Permit me to tell you," he replied. "And suppose we sit down?"

He led me to a chair. I have an indistinct remembrance that he was very affectionate. I don't think he put his arm round my waist to support me—but I am not sure. I was quite helpless, and his ways with ladies were very endearing. At any rate, we sat down. I can answer for that, if I can answer for nothing more.

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

THE town of Panama, on the shores of the broad Pacific, has been the scene of many sanguinary brawls and riots. In one of these, which happened nearly twenty years ago, when such occurrences were more frequent than at present, a middle-aged man, apparently an American, received a stab in the chest from the bayonet of one of the soldiers called in to quell the disturbance. The wounded man was carried to the military hospital, where he shortly after breathed his last.

It was observed that during his dying moments he was constantly attended by an old sea-faring man, a species of "Ancient Mariner," of a tall, gaunt figure, and with a hard-looking, weather-beaten visage, who watched by his bedside with the most jealous attention. The old man stated that the patient whose life was fast ebbing away was his son, but beyond this refused to give any information whatever. Up to the last he remained at his post, and with the exception of a Scotch doctor who was in attendance, allowed no one to communicate with the dying man. The old man shortly after disappeared from the city, and the little interest awakened by the incident soon subsided.

Two years elapsed from the happening of the above event, when one evening, just before dusk, Doctor M'Dougall, the Scotch surgeon before referred to, was summoned to attend a patient supposed to be in the last stage of delirium tremens. Threading his way through the irregular pebbly streets, the doctor arrived at the entrance of a small house standing close to the shore, and overlooking the picturesque fortifications which surround the ancient city.

Exchanging a word with a swarthy individual of the Spanish-American race, smoking under the veranda, he ascended to the first-floor, and found himself by the couch of the sick man. The little light which shone in through the open window sufficed to reveal to him the gaunt form and strongly-marked features of the old seaman whom he had met by the bedside of his dying son at the hospital. His face, wasted and haggard, was now flushed with feverish excitement, and his bloodshot eyes rolled wildly around.

Recognizing the doctor at once, the old sailor raised himself almost into a sitting posture, and in a low, husky voice asked his visitor if he remembered him. On receiving an answer in the affirmative, he continued:

"I have sent for you—not to save my life, that I know is impossible, thanks to drink and this accursed climate—but because you were kind to that poor murdered lad some time ago; you recollect, no doubt. Well, he was not my son after all, though I said he was, and I liked him as much as if he had been, and maybe more. Since he died every thing has gone wrong with me; and now, besides yourself I've not a friend left in the world. You see this?" said he, bending over the side of his couch, and pointing toward a corner of the room where stood a sea-chest bound with iron plates and fastened by a padlock. "Hush! they will hear us," he excitedly exclaimed. "Lock the door—bar it; not a living soul but yourself must hear."

Though regarding this merely as a fresh outburst of delirium, the doctor did as desired. "Now," said the old man, as he thrust into his visitor's hand a revolver capped and apparently loaded, "if they try to come in, shoot them—shoot them dead on the spot. One, two, three, four, five lives," he added, counting the chambers of the weapon, while a gleam of savage satisfaction lighted up his countenance.

"Years ago I belonged to a band of queer characters who first got together in California—then the right place to look for all sorts of vagabonds. We picked up a living in various ways, sometimes honestly, as the world calls it, and sometimes not so much so. Well, after a while even San Francisco got too hot to hold us, so we clubbed together and bought a small schooner, and, hearing of the revolutionary war in Mexico, we ran down the coast and supplied the insurgents with arms and ammunition. Sometimes our fellows took part in a skirmish on shore, either on one side or the other, and, in fact, we joined in any scheme that promised to be profitable. Most of our time was spent between Panama and the coast of Mexico in this sort of way; and after a couple of years or so we had got together a considerable sum of money.

"There were six of us at this time, roughish-looking fellows most of us, and nearly all belonging to different nations. There had been eight altogether, but one had had a bowie-knife put into him in Sacramento City, and another was finished by Santa Anna's Mexican bullets.

"One fine morning, when we were lying off the town of San Blas, two of our men who had been on shore came off with the news that a small trading vessel was expected down the coast with over a million of dollars, belonging to one of the large Mexican houses, to be shipped on board an English frigate at anchor near us for conveyance to Panama. We at once determined to intercept the coaster, and immediately got under way. There was not a moment to be lost—any instant might bring her under cover of the frigate's guns, and thus slip through our fingers. The breeze that morning was unfortunately light, and we had scarcely left the man-of-war hull down, when we perceived the trader coming along the coast under easy sail.

"Our plans were soon arranged. We knew that these vessels, not going more than a few miles off the shore, were rarely armed, and carried at the most three or four men. We hauled our wind, and beat up toward her; and, to avoid suspicion, made short tacks, so as to be able to run across her bows and board her when least expected. Our men were tolerably well provided with weapons, and we made up our minds that there would be no serious resistance. Nearer and nearer the two vessels approached each other, our schooner trailing a large net astern, to throw the crew of the other off their guard. At the right moment our helm was put down; we sprang on board, and in a minute or so were in possession of the vessel and every thing belonging to her."

"And the men in charge?" said the doctor, for the first time interrupting the old pirate, as it now seemed he was.

The latter turned ghastly pale before the steady look of his companion, and then, recovering himself, he clenched his fists, and with eyes starting from their sockets, glared around him like a wounded tiger.

"'Tis false—ay, false!" he shouted, throwing his arms about him in the wildest manner. "Who was it said I murdered them—ah, murdered them? 'Tis false, I say again!"

He sank back exhausted; the large drops of perspiration clung to his brow, and for some time a dead silence prevailed. At length the old seaman roused himself and proceeded, though with much less self-possession than before.

"How we took the coaster, and what we did with the crew is nothing to any body now; but any how, the end of it was that when we came to break open the boxes in the hold and count out the money, we found ourselves the owners of nearly a million and a half of Mexican dollars in gold and silver.

"This was the boldest of all our adventures, and we all felt the danger of staying any longer on this part of the coast, or even of remaining together after this. We immediately determined to stand out to sea, take the earliest opportunity of dividing the treasure, and then separate forever.

"When not many miles from Acapulco we ran short of water, and put into that port for a supply. Short as our stay was, we remained long enough for one of our men to be attacked with yellow-fever. In a few hours he died, and we, fearing after this to stop in the place, hastily landed the body on a strip of beach outside the harbor, and at once put to sea.

"From the moment of our seizing that infernal coaster misfortune hung over us. Before we had lost sight of the coast of Mexico the trade-wind failed us, and for days we lay sweltering under the hot sun in a dead calm. To make matters worse, two more of our hands took the fever and died in a few hours. We were now in a state of the utmost consternation. What was to be done? To stay in the ship seemed certain death; our numbers were reduced to three, and those so enfeebled as to be equally likely to fall a prey to the pestilence. To land with such an amount of money would assuredly lead to our detection. We had now all our booty to divide among three of us, but what on earth were we to do with it?

"While making up our minds, we found, by dead-reckoning, that we were only a few days' sail from the Cocos Islands off the Bay of Panama. We knew the islands very well, and we knew, too, that they were uninhabited and within easy distance of Panama itself. We agreed to break open three cases at once, each holding two thousand dollars, divide them equally, and then bury the rest on the largest island of the group.

"On our arrival, having first satisfied ourselves by a careful search that there was no human being there, we ran the schooner as close in-shore as possible, and commenced landing the money—a task which, with our reduced numbers, took us several days to get through. During the whole of this time we were in perpetual terror lest our movements should be observed by some of the passing vessels. We worked away cheerfully, and at last succeeded in burying all the boxes of dollars in a corner of the largest island, carefully marking the position of the spot by compass bearings. This done, we removed from the schooner every thing worth saving, scuttled her, and taking the boat, landed not many miles from the town. Here we separated, after agreeing upon a day on

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which to return to the island and remove the rest of the treasure, each swearing to observe the strictest secrecy and good faith in the matter.

"The news of the seizure of the coaster had, as we expected, reached Panama, and large rewards were offered for the capture of those concerned in the deed. This showed me that it would be unsafe to remain longer than could be helped. Accordingly I lost no time in taking a passage in a merchant ship sailing for San Francisco. A few days after reaching that port I came across one of my companions, whom I had parted from on landing from the schooner. Well, from that time to the day you saw him die here in the hospital we were never separated.

"At San Francisco, what with drinking and gambling, we soon ran through our money, and had only just enough to take us down to Panama again by the time appointed.

"We had not long returned before we learned that a man answering the description of the third member of our party had left in a canoe with three or four of the natives some days before—as he said, on a fishing expedition to the Cocos Islands; and that the canoe, with the bodies of two of the negroes, had been washed ashore during a gale of wind the following day.

"I can't say that either of us was very sorry to hear of the news; it was clear that our old shipmate was bent on being beforehand in getting at the spoils, contrary to our sworn agreement. We had the satisfaction of knowing that we two were now the sole owners of the money, and set to work at once to arrange a plan for getting it all into our possession. Every thing was settled, and we should have started with half a dozen picked men, when that poor fellow received the accursed stab which put an end to him."

Here the old man's voice faltered, and in a sadder tone he went on:

"For years we had been together, and when he died I lost the only being I cared for in the world. Since that day I have been a lonely, miserable man. Drink, drink alone, has been my refuge. In drink I see the glitter of the yellow gold, that I have not dared to go and look for. For drink would I sell my soul itself—ay, what is more, my buried treasure too. See there, see there!" he cried, in a tone of triumph, as with a last effort he sprang up and pointed to the still waters of the bay, now illumined by the last golden rays of the setting sun. "'Tis there it lies; I can watch the gold as it gleams and glitters over the sea, even now. 'Tis mine—mine, I say. Too late—too late!" he whispered, sinking back in a state of insensibility.

All was quiet for some minutes. At length the old man recovered his consciousness, and, in a voice hardly audible, said:

"Doctor, in a few moments I shall be a dead man—and the money, take it, every dollar. You will find it buried deep in the sand. See there—the plan is in that box. Hush, hush!" and pointed to a key hanging up, which his visitor at once put in his pocket as he heard footsteps ascending the stairs. It was the individual whom he had met on entering the house, and the doctor admitted him to the room.

The old sailor was now speechless; he feebly pointed first to the medical man and then to the box in the corner, and closed his eyes. It was soon clear that life was gone. The doctor, seeing that nothing more could be done, gave a handful of dollars to the owner of the house, and returned home, taking care to remove the old chest at the same time. When opened, he found that it contained, in addition to some articles of clothing and trinkets of little value, a crumpled and stained paper, on which had been rudely drawn a map of the Cocos Islands, and a description, in many parts illegible, of the place where the booty had been deposited.

The doctor, who was by no means a wealthy man, was overjoyed at the mere prospect of obtaining possession of so much wealth, and made up his mind at once to organize an expedition to the spot where it lay concealed. After spending nearly all his ready money in making preparations, he started from Panama with a party of natives. The object of the expedition was kept a profound secret.

On reaching the island, which, from the plan in his possession, the doctor had no difficulty in identifying, he at once commenced operations. The document, from age, discoloration, and the imperfect nature of so much of the description as was legible, afforded, unfortunately, but a very uncertain clew to the treasure.

The southwest corner of the island was described with the utmost precision, also the distance from the beach, and the depth at which the money was to be found, but beyond these particulars the paper contained no intelligible information.

For ten long days and nights, allowing barely sufficient time for rest and refreshment, did the men dig away, the doctor being all the while, as he himself described it, in a fever of excitement, wholly unable to sleep, and watching with breathless anxiety every spadeful of sand that his dusky companions dug from the soil. At each stroke of the spade he listened eagerly for any sound that might indicate the discovery of what he sought, but in vain.

At the expiration of this time the supply of provisions ran short, and it became evident to the doctor that he must abandon the enterprise, at all events for a time. Worn out with fatigue and exhaustion, and crushed by the weight of his disappointment, he was compelled to put back to Panama. It was long before he recovered his health and strength sufficiently to be able to resume his ordinary practice. With returning health, however, came renewed hope, and when last heard of the indefatigable man, confident of success, was getting together the necessary funds for another expedition.

ONCE AND NOW.

I.

I HAVE a rose, a little rose,
It blossomed long ago
Beneath the guns that day and night
Keep watch at Fort Monroe.
And warm September glories shone,
With red and russet streak,
Along the wooded shores and points
That fringe the Chesapeake.

And drum and bugle answering called
Along the Union lines,
And proud our bannered eagles shone
Among the glimmering pines,
When this fair rose that blossomed on
The stormy front of war
A dear hand sent—a precious pledge
From the true heart afar.

I shut it 'twixt my Bible-leaves,
In perfumed silence pent,
My little crimson half-blown rose
That *he* had kissed and sent!
'Tis withered now—a pale, frail thing,
That one touch might destroy;
And with its bloom and beauty lies
My morning dream of joy.

Poor little bud! in whose red heart
Such wealth of promise lay,
Withered before its crimson core
Unfolded to the day.
And hidden in my Bible-leaves,
And deep where memories cling,
The little rose that never bloomed—
The hope that died in spring.

II.

'Tis years ago my weary feet
Went up those hills of pain,
And many a time by Fort Monroe
Roses have bloomed again.
'Tis long ago, and through the land
The sounds of war are dumb;
O'er battle-fields once dim with death
Birds sing and wild bees hum.

But the sure years, with lengthening days,
Like shadows drifting down,
Enfolded in their golden arms
Have brought my life's fair crown,
Starry with joys more tender-sweet
Than aught the Past can bring—
The fullness of a perfect love,
Girt by a marriage-ring.

I took my rose—my little rose,
Withered and pale and sere—
And laid it where the vivid coals
Shone hot and crimson-clear.
And as it dropped to tender ash,
And faded out at last,
The glorious Present rose between,
And dimmed the shadowy Past.

But sometimes, as I idly turn
My Bible-leaves apart,
A dim, faint perfume-scent steals out,
And misty memories start—
The proud and erring heart—the pain
Those bitter days could bring;
The little rose that never bloomed—
The hope that died in spring.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE love of a cross woman, it is said, is stronger than the love of any other female individual. Like vinegar, the affections of a high-strung woman never spoil.

Quoth Tom, 'Tis strange that in the world
So much injustice should abound;
Nay, answered John, the human heart
Is never on the right side found.

A WOMAN'S CAUSE FOR ALL HER ACTIONS—Be-cause.

THE SEASONS.

BY AN INVALID.

I love the spring;
It seems to bring
Fresh breezes from the Adriatic—
(The wind at least
Is from the east,
And gives me agonies rheumatic.)

When summer's here,
I hold it dear—
Of flowery wealth a gracious giver—
(Although I've got,
Whene'er it's hot,
Some touches of a sluggish liver.)

When autumn hints,
With beauteous tints,
That summer's song has its cadenza,
I love it well—
(Though, truth to tell,
I know it brings me influenza!)

And winter's snow
I love also—
For snow a seasonable sight is—
(Although there are
Cough, cold, catarrh,
Diphtheria, phthisis, and bronchitis!)

A LOVE-LETTER.

From a Tailor to his Sweet-heart, a Mantua-Maker.

REMNANT OF MY HOPES,—May I be ripped from the border of your esteem, and never be buttoned to the loop of your kindness, but I am strongly seamed to them by your beauty. May I never lose a thimbleful of your favor, but you have entangled the thread of my understanding with that outside of yours. Odds bodkin! I am surely yours—every inch of me—and my needle follows you. Therefore blunt not the point of my endeavors, but let me baste myself to your kindness that I may set the tighter to your affections; I love you beyond measure, but it is so hard to cabbage one sweet look from you that I almost despair of having enough to finish my suit. Pray put a favorable construction on this, and for the same I shall always sit cross-legged for your sake, being, my dearest little flouncer, your CABBAGE.

A Yankee minister who found his congregation going to sleep one Sunday before he had fairly commenced, suddenly stopped and exclaimed: "Brothers, this isn't fair; it isn't giving a man half a chance! Wait till I get along a bit, and then if I ain't worth listening to go to sleep; but don't begin to snore before I get commenced. Give a man a chance!"

SHOPPING.

She stood behind the counter—
The day I'll ne'er forget—
She thought the muslin dearer
Than any she'd seen yet;
I watched her playful fingers
The silk and satin toss;
The clerk looked quite uneasy,
And nodded at the boss.

"Show me some velvet ribbon,
Barege and satin turk,"
She said, "I want to purchase!"
Then gave the goods a jerk.
The clerk was all obedience,
He traveled "on his shape;"
At length, with hesitation,
She bought a yard of tape.

YOUNG LADY OF EIGHT SUMMERS. "Say, Georgie, when you are a great big lady and get married, what will you do, eh?"

GEORGIE. "Oh, I expect I'll get a sewing circle, and go to the water-cure, and have lots of jewelry. What will you do, Sissy?"

"Oh, me! I'll have a nice young man, with beautiful whiskers, come to see me; and my husband, you know, he'll get mad, and I'll cry and go to Chicago, and sue for a divorce, and it will be in all the papers, and the reporters will say that I'm a pale and spiritual-looking lady, and my husband is a brute; that'll be so nice."

THE TAX QUESTION.

THE POOR MAN'S VIEW OF IT.—"True, Mike, it's a fine turn-out; but the Kerridge Tax is mighty heavy."

THE "DEAD BEAT'S" VIEW.—"*I* carry a Gold Watch? I don't know. Bought it at Auction for $5."

THE FEMININE VIEW.—"My Income! My Watch! *I* have no vote! I'll not submit to Taxation without Representation! Get out!"

THE LOVER'S VIEW.—"Ah! the Income returns, eh? Old Bullfinch down for $60,000. I'll propose to Susan at once."

THE SKEPTIC'S VIEW.—"Smythe down for $100,000. Must have cost him a nice plum to lie so. Not worth $30,000!"

THE JUVENILE VIEW.—"Pa, is Taxes a spice?" "No, my dear; why do you ask?" "Because Mamma said we couldn't have Pudding 'cause Taxes is so high."

If an opening of the ground is called an earthquake, why shouldn't a dry-goods' opening be styled a clothes-quake?

INVALUABLE RECEIPT.—To quiet a crying baby, prop it up with pillows if it can not sit alone, and smear its fingers with thick molasses; then put half a dozen feathers into its hands, and it will sit and pick the feathers from one hand to the other until it falls asleep. As soon as it wakes again—more molasses and feathers.

A "fast man about town," in Buffalo, aged *thirteen*, has been arrested for getting drunk and whipping his wife.

SCENE IN A PERFUMER'S.—Sentimental young lady to perfumer: "I don't think you forwarded the scent I meant; it seems entirely different to that I ordered." Perfumer (who is very fond of punning): "Madam, I am sure that what you meant I sent; the scent I sent was the scent you meant; consequently, we are both of one sentiment."

On some railroads it is customary to have a lock on the stove to prevent the passengers from meddling with the fire. A conductor, being asked why they locked the stove, replied that "it was to prevent the fire from going out."

SENTIMENTAL EXPLOSION.—Bursting into tears.

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ANNUAL RECEPTION AT THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, NEW YORK.—SKETCHED BY W. S. L. JEWETT.—[SEE PAGE 276.]

C. J. ENTWISLE
PRA

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Suddenly, in a turn in the road, Rebecca Dean came face to face with Ben Mack. The intention of each to avoid the other was apparent; and, with a memory of the last night's parting, Rebecca Dean said, as if in excuse and justification:

"Women are wise on a sudden."

And Ben Mack, looking after the woman whom most of all he loved, and whom he had forever lost, finished the proverb:

"And fools on premeditation."

In that moment Ben Mack lost faith in himself and was afloat; for that faith had been his anchor hitherto.

Napoleon found Waterloo and afterward St. Helena.

Ben Mack's life has in it both its Waterloo and St. Helena.

Columbus discovered the New World, but men call it America.

Ben Mack was the first invader into Rebecca Dean's heart; but the world calls her by the name of Hayden.

She has married a missionary.

WHAT BIRDS HAVE TAUGHT US.

OF all animals the bones of birds are largest in proportion to their weight, and are more hollow than those of animals which do not fly. Engineers, taking the hint, make *hollow rods* or *tubes*, and find them stronger than solid ones of the same length and quantity of matter; the strength is in proportion to the thickness, and if the figure is the same the hollow rod is thicker than the solid one.

Vessels of shallow draught are sometimes furnished with *lee-boards* and *sliding-keels*, whose surfaces, though parallel to the line of the vessel's course, enable her to carry a heavy press of sail without giving way under the side pressure, or making lee-way, so great is the resistance against the rapidly passing body of water, which can not be deflected sideways at a high speed. These contrivances act precisely on the same principle as the plane or wing-surface of a bird when moving in air.

The wings of birds, again, have the front or leading edge rendered rigid by bone, cartilage, or a thickening of the membrane; and in most birds of perfect flight even the individual feathers are formed upon the same condition. In consequence of this, when the wing is waved in air, it gives a persistent force in one direction, caused by the elastic reaction of the following portion of the edge. The action is imitated in Mackintosh's *screw-propeller*, the blade of which is made of thin steel, so as to be elastic. While the vessel is stationary the blades are in a line with the keel, but during rotation they bend on one side, more or less, according to the speed and degree of propulsion required, and are thus self-compensating; and could practical difficulties be overcome, would prove to be a form of propeller perfect in theory.

Various little implements and instruments have been or may have been suggested by other parts of a bird's body. Bishop Wilkins informs us that "*Carden* and *Scaliger* doe unanimously affirm that there is a bird amongst the Indians of so great a bignesse, that his beak is often used to make a *sheath* or scabbard for a sword." The bill of the woodpecker is a very good *chisel*, straight, hard, and sharp, with edges too upon the sides. The bird is called the carpenter of the woods, and when working at a tree he will provide you with a bushel of chips or dust. He possesses also a very long tongue tipped with hairs, and uses the instrument as a sort of *camel-hair pencil*. In the lower half of its beak there is a receptacle containing a glutinous fluid; and dipping the brush into this, he shoots it into the hole he has bored into a dead or decaying tree, and brings it out covered with insects. The oven-bird is the most ancient of potters. The material of which its nest is made is principally mud or clay obtained from the river banks, but it is strengthened and stiffened by the admixture of grass, vegetable fibres, and stems of various plants. The heat of the sun is sufficient to harden it, and when it has been thoroughly dried, it is so strong that it seems more like the handiwork of some novice at *pottery* than a veritable nest constructed by a bird, the fierce heat of the tropical sun baking the clay nearly as hard as a brick. The bird called the lanceolate honey-eater may be regarded as the first maker of *hammocks*, its nest being of hammock-like shape, and slung just as a seaman slings his oscillating couch.

Then, as to mere shapes, all sorts of *flasks* and *bottles* and *retorts* are anticipated in the nests of our feathered friends. The nest of the mahali weaver-bird of South Africa bears considerable resemblance to a Florence oil-flask, supposing the neck to be shorter and wider, the body longer, and the whole flask enlarged to three times its usual size. The nest of the penduline titmouse is of flask-like shape, the larger end hanging downward, so that at a little distance it looks like a huge pear with a rather long stem. The fairy-martin of Australia always builds a nest resembling a flask or retort, the neck being from seven to ten inches long, and the diameter of the bulb from four to seven inches. The baya sparrow of Ceylon makes a nest of a variable shape; but often it resembles a bottle woven of long grass and suspended from the extremity of a flexible branch.

Perhaps the best weaver is the Baltimore oriole. This bird chooses the ends of high bending branches for its nest, and begins in a forked twig by fastening strong strings of hemp or flax around both branches of the fork, just as far apart as the width of the nest is to be. He then, with the same kind of strings, mixed in with pieces of loose tow, weaves a strong firm kind of cloth, which is like the hatter's felt in appearance, only that you can see that the nest is woven, not felted. In this way he makes a pouch or purse, six or seven inches deep, and lines it on the inside with several soft things, which he weaves into the outside netting. The walls are then strengthened with horse-hair, as before stated.

In a beaver or felt hat the wool or hair is not woven, but mixed until the hooks and projections of the hairs themselves take hold of one another. There are several birds very expert at making felt, their nests having the appearance of a piece of hatter's felt, or double-milled woolen cloth, being carded together into one mass, though the fabric is less close and solid. The question of the priority of the invention, if contested between the hatters and the birds, might fairly be held to depend on the relative antiquity of the disputants, and then the birds would carry off the palm. The chaffinch and goldfinch make nests of felt, collecting the hairs from fields where cows are pastured. But the most curious felt-makers reside in Africa. The Cape tit builds a nest in shape like a bottle of India rubber, and in texture as thick as a coarse worsted stocking. It is made of cotton and down and other things felted together.

Although the birds have no hand in making their own dresses, yet by their means nature has given us hints both as to *dress* and *ornament*. In some parts of Arctic America the inhabitants make themselves coats of bird-skins, which are worn with the feathers inside. Cocks' feathers are worn in plumes by the soldiers in France, as also by the American Indians; and are sometimes introduced into the hats of children and ladies of this country. If our readers desire further information on the nests of birds, they will find in Mr. Wood's fascinating book* a perfect store-house. But in this paper we can give nothing more than hints: our space is limited, and we must even now sound the note of retreat, devoting only one sentence to the notes of the cuckoo. This bird may be said to have done much for musical science; for the *minor scale*, the origin of which has puzzled so many, has been, or might have been, derived from the little singer, its couplet being the minor third sung downward.

MATTERS OF FORM.

"THAT is all; you need not take the trouble to read it; you would not understand it if you did. All you have to do is to sign your name at the bottom; there, where the pencil mark is. A mere matter of form!" You do not like to appear obstinate or pudding-headed; or to show mistrust of the lawyer or secretary on whose integrity you have every reason to rely. Perhaps you are indolent, and shrink from the trouble of investigation; or you have a peculiar hatred of being singular, or of affecting to be wiser than your fellow-creatures. Or, perhaps, you prefer a little jump in the dark to a confession that you can not see. Whatever your motive, the chances are that you say in a jocular tone, through which a suspicion of nervous uneasiness betrays itself, "No responsibility or risk, I suppose?" And once more reassured on that point, you sign. Well, in nineteen cases out of twenty, you hear no more of the matter; on the twentieth occasion you may find yourself in a very unpleasant predicament.

But that is a trifle: if idleness and carelessness only affected the idle and careless individual the punishment would be rather a good thing. But unfortunately a large proportion of our national, social, and pecuniary muddles emanates from that habit of satisfying conscience with a ceremony. Why are work-houses sometimes turned into lazar-houses, full of nameless horrors, moral and physical? How is it that private lunatic asylums are occasionally used as traps for the inconveniently sane? What is the real cause of the state of bankruptcy to which our best paying railways have been wantonly brought? Is it not because guardians, inspectors, directors, have assumed responsibility for the acts of their subordinates over which they have had no real control, and have contented themselves with signing papers, listening to reports, making periodical and conventional inspections, pocketing fees, and discussing—well, luncheons? Amateur work is very often bad enough, but half-paid work is almost always scurvily done.

What does one pledge one's self to on taking a degree? If we remember rightly, a lot of men join hands, and one reads something in Latin, while the others make responses in the same language, and not ten per cent. have an inkling of what it is about. There is a hazy notion that one pledges himself not to set fire to the public library—perhaps the prohibition is extended to the river.

Is it a necessary drawback to a high state of civilization that we should all be forced into perpetual white lying? Or have conventional fashions of speaking any deteriorating effect upon us after we become accustomed to them? It seems like Quaker squeamishness to object to heading a letter to a man you dislike "My dear So-and-so;" or to finish an epistle in which you decline to do what a correspondent wants with "Yours obediently;" and yet another form would surely be preferable.

Surely it is hardly creditable to a Christian nation that the act of standing sponsor should have degenerated into a mere form, tempered by silver mugs. And yet one might really almost parody an old sarcasm, and say that it is a wise godfather who knows his own godchildren.

No doubt, we have reformed ourselves considerably of late years. We have reduced the amount of unnecessary swearing. But, after all, it is only a few loads that have been carted away from the mountain dust-heap of humbug which smothers modern society. And it is certainly difficult enough to see how we are ever to get rid of it. Forms are introduced which are good, and, perhaps, even necessary for the existing generation; but as time passes the habits, relations, and opinions of men alter so completely that these forms, which are endowed with the excessive vitality of all low organizations, survive in their meaningless, soulless condition, and become positively mischievous. For when ceremonies and symbols no longer excite respect they excite contempt. Taking a legal oath is still a serious matter to most outsiders; but men who are obliged to swear professionally every day of their lives can not think much of it. No doubt the average policeman, like every other honest man, tries to be truthful; but it is very doubtful whether kissing the book can have any effect upon his veracity. What wonder if the honor of the corps and consistency of statement should appear of much more importance to his mind than a squeamish adherence to the exact verbal accuracy required by his oath?

* "Homes without Hands: being a Description of the Habitations of Animals, classed according to their Principle of Construction. By J. G. WOOD, M.A., F.L.S." HARPER & BROTHERS, 1866.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

AFTER so many editions of winter it is pleasant to have a foreshadowing of warmer weather, even if it comes in the shape of April showers. To be sure, we must not be surprised—such an unprecedented year has it been—to wake up any morning and see the ground white, and snow-flakes flying through the air. Some, who fancy they have kept the reckoning, say that there have been forty-two snow-storms this season; while others have considered it the easiest and most accurate method to classify our "snows" under the head of "things too numerous to mention." Some predict a novelty in the shape of a snow-storm on the Fourth of July; while others in the colder sections of the country aver that their snow-banks will scarcely disappear before the first of August. However this may be, we must also be prepared for hot days to burst upon us suddenly. The springing grass and opening buds, as well as the sultry atmosphere and sudden showers, herald them.

And there are other indications of warm weather which a great and populous city like New York should blush to give to her own citizens, and to the myriad of strangers who throng her streets. When the alarm sounded that cholera, swift-winged and relentless, was flying toward these shores, our city bestirred itself, and to a good degree extirpated unwholesome nuisances from our midst. Regulations were stringent, and even in the pestilential season the air was comparatively pure. Whether cholera, or deadly fever, or any other pestilence threatens us in the uncertain future, we know not; but certain it is, that in many parts of the city the air of spring, which thousands are longing to breathe pure and sweet, is fearfully defiled by bone-boiling and fat-melting establishments, or nuisances of a similar kind. Instead of fresh breezes from the Hudson, the south and south-westerly winds send sickening odors all through the upper and western parts of the city; and those who fail to receive a disagreeable portion may be thankful that their more distant location conceals the dose. The people have a right to complain when God's pure, free air is constantly and deliberately polluted to such an extent that they are *compelled* to breathe nauseating vapors. Nor do we believe any one, individual or corporation, has a right to diffuse through a populous city such disgusting odors as come, in spite of all that is said about chimneys, covers, and similar contrivances, from bone-boiling and fat-melting factories in New York city.

According to one of the Troy papers a terrific gas explosion recently occurred in a private house in that city. A gentleman having noticed the presence of considerable gas in some of the rooms, went into the library to ascertain if it proceeded from that quarter. This room was filled with gas. His son who was with him jumped up on the table and ignited a match for the purpose of testing if there was a leak in or about the chandelier. Instantly when the match was lighted there was a terrific explosion, the report of which was so loud as to be heard three or four blocks off, and exciting attention that distance away. The chandelier was driven down into the table violently. There was only a slight shock in the library where the explosion took place; but up stairs the concussion was so great as to break out four lights of heavy plate-glass from the windows, and still more strange a servant girl standing on the front stoop was precipitated down the stoop flying, with broom in hand, by the force of the explosion! The library escaped material damage, while the wall and ceiling of the adjoining parlor were considerably scorched. The room was speedily in a blaze, and the flame was not finally subdued until a thoughtful neighbor, who was called in by the alarmed girl, shut off the gas at the meter. The leak was probably from the pipe.

Chloroform can not always be safely administered. Indeed, it is quite a prevalent opinion that those who have any weakness of the lungs should never take it. Considerable excitement has been created in Portland by a recent death from the effects of chloroform. A man about forty-five years of age, said to be affected with consumption, went to the rooms of a dentist, and requested him to extract a tooth, but previously to administer chloroform to deaden the sense of pain. This was done, and the tooth taken out, when the man seemed to revive, but soon thereafter relapsed and appeared dying. Every effort of medical skill was exerted to prevent a fatal result, but he died in a short time. An inquest was held, and a thorough examination of the case has been ordered to be made.

Numerous are the methods devised for obtaining money by worthless knaves in this city, who are too lazy to engage in any honest occupation. A lady recently missed her porte-monnaie soon after she was seated in an omnibus. There was great but unavailing search; and, as she had not paid her fare, a gentleman benevolently gave her a ten-cent piece for the purpose. The same gentleman presently left the omnibus, and it was afterward ascertained that he was the pickpocket. Another lady, being suddenly overtaken by a shower, accepted the shelter of an umbrella while on her way to a car. But she presently found that her pocket had been robbed by her gentlemanly-looking protector. A short time ago a young man, while playing a game of cards with some casual acquaintances, took a glass of soda-water. Having drank a part, he put the glass down for a moment and continued his game. After drinking the remainder he complained of feeling ill, and said he must return to his lodgings. His *friends* accompanied him—but next morning he was found half insensible in his room, from which every thing of value had been removed. The soda-water had been drugged. A young Irishman, looking for a situation, saw an advertisement in the morning paper, stating that a young man could obtain a good situation by calling at a specified place. On going to the place designated he was blandly invited to be seated, by a bejeweled and bewhiskered individual. "Is the situation filled?" inquired the applicant. "Not yet," was the reply. "I have two situations, either of which would be desirable to you, I have no doubt," proceeded the man of the gold chain. "One of them is in the Merchants' Union Express Company, and the other on the police. Now, young man, my way of doing business is this: I require $25 in hand, and when this is paid the berth I promise is insured to you. Can you came down with the stamps?—you know either is worth a great deal more to you." The youth, though poor, at length agreed to give the money, taking a receipt that it should be refunded in case no employment was procured. But no employment was forthcoming; nor could he get the money back without taking the matter into court. A couple of gentlemanly appearing individuals engaged a suit of rooms of a lady in New Orleans, paying one hundred dollars in advance. On the next morning after their arrival the maid-servant, on going to put the rooms in order, found that bedsteads, sofas, chairs, curtains, ornaments, *every thing*, including the new lodgers, had vanished to parts unknown. And the landlady, on examining—with the help of a more experienced friend—the hundred dollar note taken as prepayment, found it to be a counterfeit.

What a delightful place Pittsburg must be to live in! According to a recent visitor the inhabitants live on coal smoke and floating cinders. They breathe smoke, eat smoke, chew smoke, and carry it in their pockets! "Little boys and girls"—we quote from our authority—"stand on the corners with wet brooms and sponges to wash people's faces for five cents. Every body is of a color in Pittsburg. At the post-office window the clerk distinguishes people by certain signs, it being impossible to see their faces for the layers of coal dust and smoke. Every one wears mourning in Pittsburg. People feel their way by door-knobs, and read by raised type. Bed-clothes are unknown in Pittsburg—leave the window open and sheets of smoke settle on you like a newspaper from a machine press. Some few years since some snow fell into the city through the cloud of smoke—the smoke was not hurt, but the snow looked sick! Men carry lanterns to see to shake hands. When looking at a watch to see the hour it is the fashion to light a match."

A shocking accident—a repetition of the Angola tragedy—has occurred on the Erie Railroad, the particulars of which have been universally reported and read with sad interest. Wholesale slaughters are becoming everyday occurrences. On the New Haven Railroad an accident of a different character took place, which we record, in the hope that it may prove a warning to boys, or any others who carelessly or recklessly expose their lives. As the train was passing Tremont station a boy named Richard Gallagher attempted to cross the track just in front of the engine. His foot slipping, in consequence of the snow, he was caught by the cow-catcher and thrown a distance of twenty feet into the air, falling on his head and instantly breaking his neck, causing death without hardly a struggle. He was a steady, industrious boy, and was only fifteen years of age. It is said that he was frequently in the habit of crossing the line, out of bravado, just in front of the approaching trains, and has now fallen a victim to his temerity.

Nicknames abound at the South, although it is difficult to see any points of beauty in them, even if they are ingenious. The Reconstruction Convention in Florida was called "The Black-and-Tan Convention;" that of Georgia, "The Unconstitutional Convention:" that in Mississippi, "the Miscegenation Convention," or "The Reconstruction Menagerie:" that in South Carolina, "The Ring-streaked and Striped Negro Convention:" that in North Carolina, "The Gorilla Bayonet Convention;" that in Virginia, "The Bones and Banjo Convention."

"Nonplusultragicomifantasticcomimicopiroteenicomilitaredanzantcquestregrinnasticarmonica Arizone" is the name of a play performed on the Grand Square of Turin to some thirty thousand people on Carnival-day. And "Mephilipenotrasecomomento" is the name given to a new musical instrument on the other side of the Atlantic.

People do better in the long-run to stick to their own business. Every body can not be expected to know every thing, though general information on common matters is a very good thing, even for ministers. In proof of which is the case of a good old minister in Western Massachusetts, who thought to economize by making his own sugar. After the first run from his sugar place, he called on a parishioner and told him that while every one else got much sap and nice sugar, Providence frowned on his trees; they gave little sap and very queer sugar. The parishioner visited the minister's orchard, and found spruce, hemlocks, birch, and all suitably large trees included in his operations.

A desperate attempt was made, a week or two ago, by a woman in a Chicago station-house to commit suicide. In the first place she hung herself, and was cut down alive; then she thrust her head into a sink full of water to drown herself, and was dragged away; and finally set her clothes on fire at the gas-light, and a policeman was much burned in trying to save her.

In Detroit the wife of a respectable mechanic died, apparently after a short illness, and the body was prepared for the grave and put into the coffin. During the ensuing night, one of the watchers thought she would try the experiment of placing a mirror on the face of the dead. To her surprise she discovered moisture on the glass. After repeating the experiment with the same result, she called the attention of others to this sign of life, and in the morning it was determined to defer the funeral. The body remained in the coffin several days, and on the fifth day from the day of her supposed death the signs of life were so many that the body was placed in bed, where, after some days, she recovered life and warmth, and finally opened her eyes and spoke; and is now in a fair way to recover.

The "Brooklyn Eye and Ear Hospital," at the corner of Washington and Johnson streets, is a new charity which has just begun its good work of relieving suffering. All the diseases of the eye and ear will be treated gratuitously at this institution, and it will be open daily for outside patients and for the reception of such as need special attention within its walls. Dr. Agnew is the senior medical officer of the hospital, and the Board of Directors is composed of many well-known and reliable gentlemen.

The proprietor of the extensive India-rubber works in College Point, Mr. Conrad Poppenhusen, has lately given that town $100,000 in cash and a vast area of property for religious, educational, and social purposes, and has refrained from giving any directions about the disposal of this great amount of property, leaving this to a board of trustees, to be elected by the citizens of College Point.

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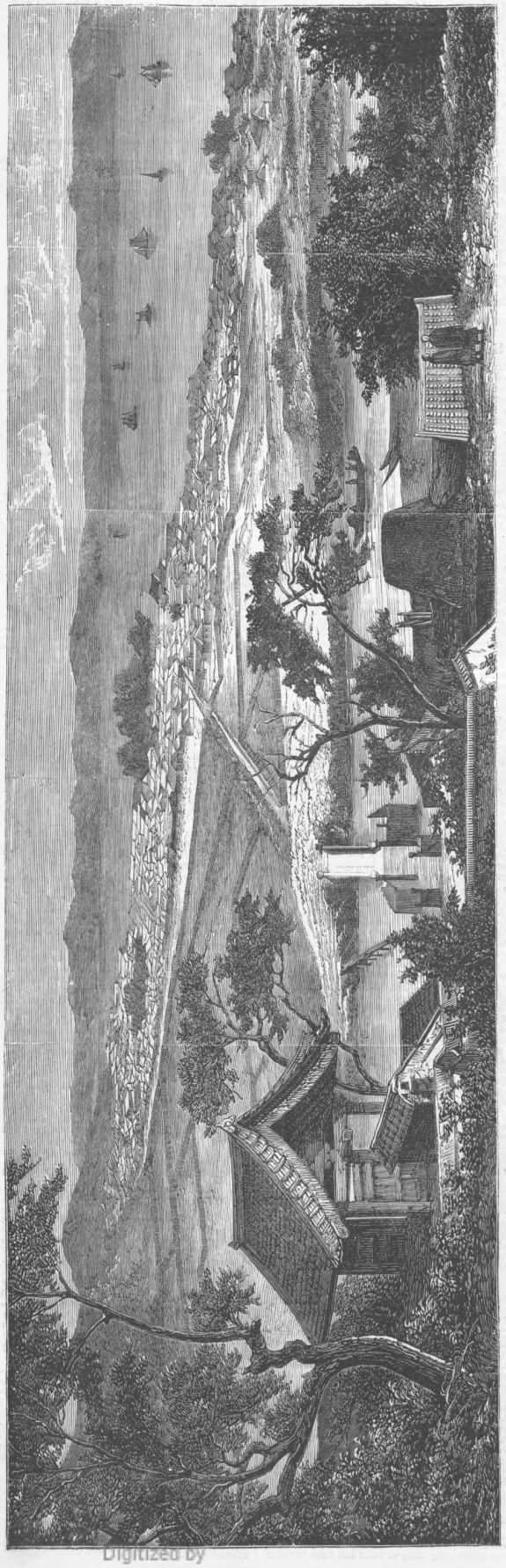
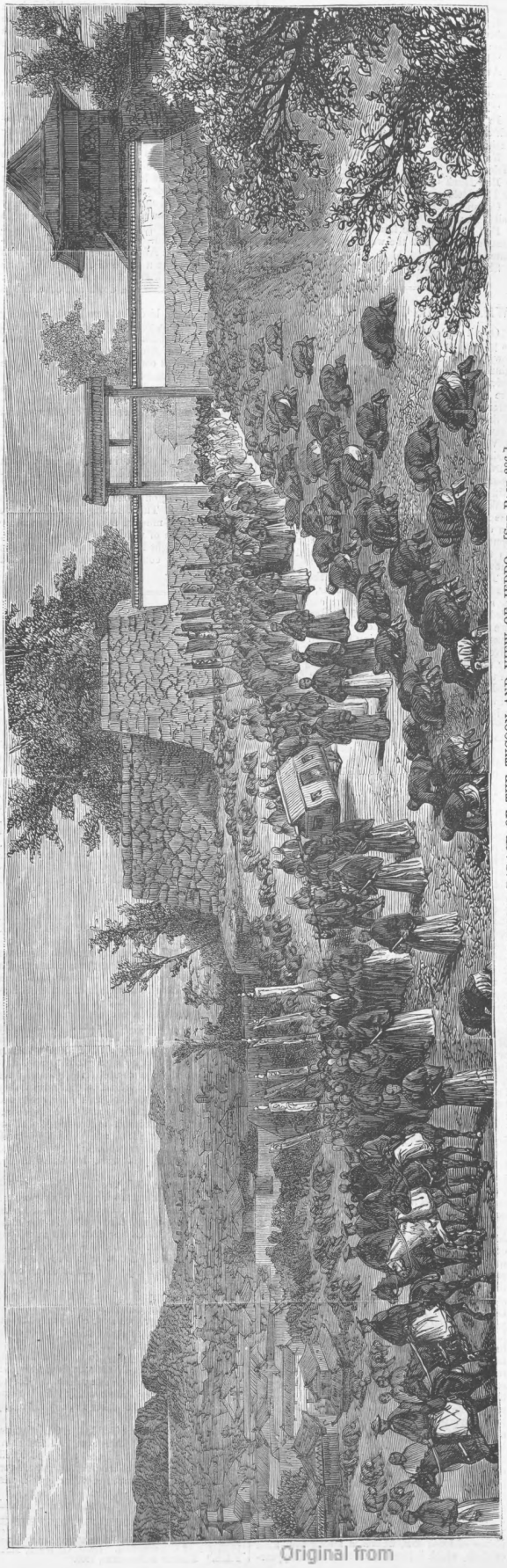


THE JAPANESE REVOLUTION—VIEW OF THE CITY OF YOKOHAMA, JAPAN.—[SEE PAGE 286.]



THE JAPANESE REVOLUTION—PALACE OF THE TYCOON AND VIEW OF JEDDO.—[SEE PAGE 286.]

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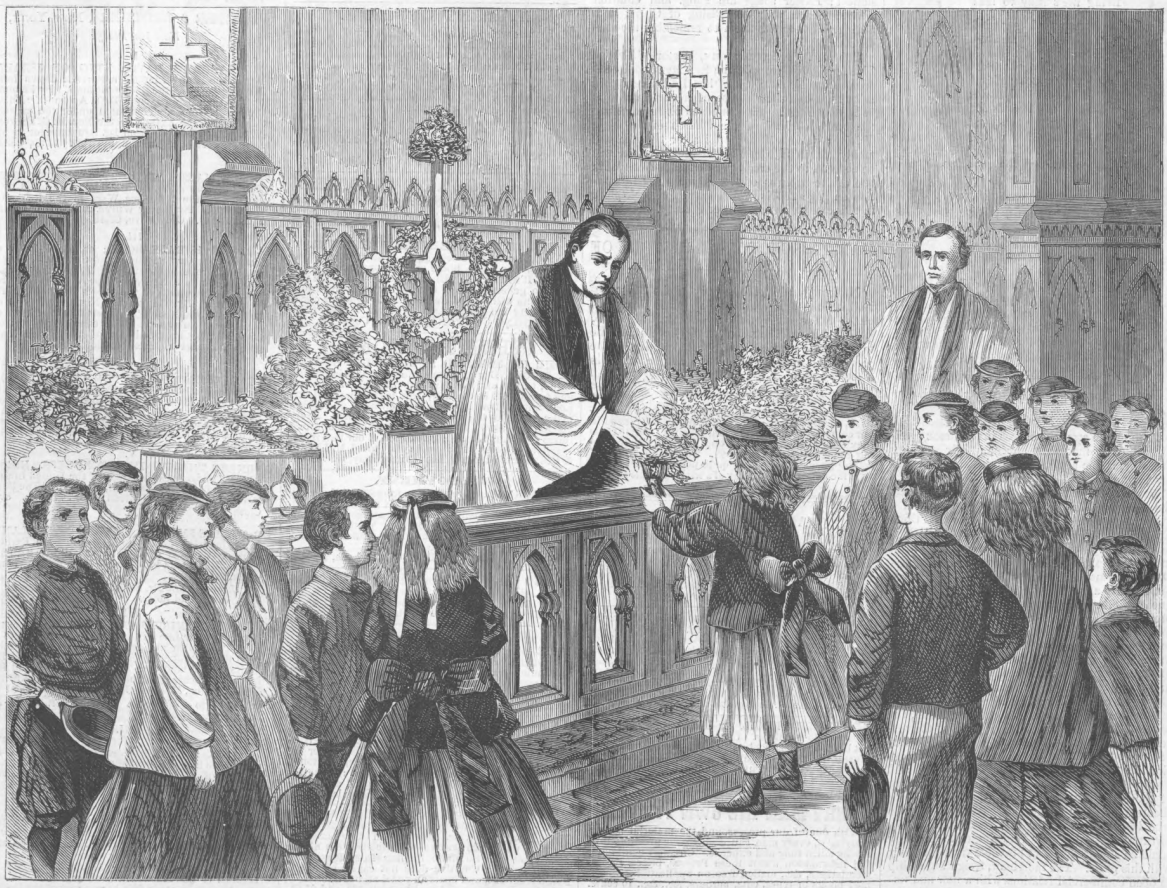
"MY HEART SIGHS FOR SPRING."—[SEE POEM, PAGE 286.]

SPRING—"AND THE LOVER SEES ARISE WARMER PASSION TO THE EYES."

With the coronal of Spring,
Comes the cuckoo on the wing,
From a shore with fairer wavelets and a sunnier, sweeter land,
And the earth smiles out again,
All her fair face wet with rain,
And the flow'rets in her bosom with the Spring's fresh breezes fann'd.

And the hazel tassels high
Hang between us and the sky,
While the blackbird and the throstle have a newer, louder song,
As they sing beside the stream,
Where its tiny waters gleam,
That were lately held ice-fetter'd when the winter nights were long.



CHILDREN OF TRINITY CHURCH, BROOKLYN, MAKING THEIR EASTER OFFERINGS.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 286.]

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For the winter time has gone,
When the bare trees stood alone,
'Mid the sadness in the forest, when the leaves had died away.
The time of winds and snows,
When a strangest silence grows
On the woodland and the city through the dreary winter day.

'Tis a time of hope for all,
And the brooklet's waters fall
With a sweeter music, presage of the golden days of June;
And the lover sees arise
Warmer passion to the eyes,
That he watches 'neath the silver of full many a waning moon.

And one herald cometh forth,
On a mission from the North,
A fair sign that winter's over, and we welcome back the flow'rs;
'Tis the snow-drop, with the white
Maiden-bells, that greets our sight,
When the leaden skies grow lighter, with the Winter's waning hours.

There are haply graves, too near,
Those who left us, ere the year
That forever has departed, had grown old in autumn days;
Can we wish them back once more,
Who have gain'd the further shore,
And are swelling with the angels the eternal strains of praise?

Though the past may call us back
On the old well-beaten track,
There are high hopes for the future that the Spring-time days have brought.
There are proud heights to be won,
And the year has just begun,
With the music from its belfries by a thousand echoes caught.

And 'tis fitting that we sing
Songs of triumph to the Spring,
For he cometh as a conqueror from the far-off wilds of snow,
And ere long, in Summer time,
We shall hear the blue-bell chime,
With the fullness of the Summer when the queenly roses blow.

MY HEART LONGS FOR SPRING.

See Illustration on page 285.

O GRAY skies of Winter!
O how my heart longs
For the warm airs of April,
Its green elms and songs!
O come, O blithe swallow!
Sing, brown thrush, O sing,
Our woodlands to wind-flowers!
My heart longs for Spring.
For Spring my heart's longing;
O come, booming bee!
My heart pines for sunshine,
Bring life's May to me!

With streams white and frozen
To stillness and death,
With boughs brown and lifeless,
I long for Spring's breath.
O May, whose dear whispers,
Bright laughs and leaves bring,
With them, my heart's longing,
And pining for Spring;
My frozen thoughts weary;
My numbed fancies long
To dance through the sunshine,
And laugh into song.

O happy South! lingers
Our dear one with thee!
Swift, swift haste her hither,
Our gladdener to be!
O send her the silver
Of daisies to bring!
With cuckoos' soft name-calls,
Haste hither, O Spring!
Our orchards are bloomless,
Our woodlands are dumb,
Till, sister of Summer,
Thou, joy-bringer, come.

CURIOUS DERIVATION OF A STRANGE PHRASE.

AMONG the strange phrases in use among sailors, which at first sight appear utterly senseless and silly, is one applied to the victim of sea-sickness, who is said to be "shooting the cat." What possible connection can there be between the overt act alluded to and the destruction of a "harmless, necessary animal?" The first thing a man in search of what school-boys call a "deri" has to do, is to settle in what language he must look for it. We have not far to go for the cat. Our sea-terms, especially those of the mercantile marine, are almost all of either Dutch or Portuguese origin, these two nations having been our precursors in over-sea commerce. That which for many years past we have decided upon calling the ships *cargo* (from the latter language) was in earlier days sometimes designated by the Dutch name of *katt*, the tradition of which still remains in our naturalized tea-*caddy* and *katty*-packages, employed to this day; and also in the English word *cat*, which is used for a consting-vessel, the name of the thing carried being given to the vessel carrying, just as *packet* is short for *packet-boat*. To "shoot the cargo" is a common expression for disburdening a ship of its load; and shows the aptness of the metaphor to the misery of the sea. But an amusing corollary to this theorem has been suggested. Was not this the true *katt* which laid the first foundation of the fortunes of Lord Mayor Whittington? Nothing could be simpler or more probable than the story with this gloss. The merchant, freighting a ship to open commercial relations with a new and unexplored place, offers to his clerks a share in the venture. The poorest of them, bringing something of so little value as to make him the laughing-stock of his fellows, is encouraged by his good-natured master. "Who knows but Whittington's *cat* may bring him some good return?" In fact the *katt*—whatever it may have been—beads, or some other trifle, made a hit, pleased the savage tribe, and set Whittington going for life. As to the detail about the king, the mice, etc., all students of mythology know how the simple tradition of old grows under the hand of the poets and tale-tellers. Having once misunderstood the data, every succeeding one departs more and more from the truth; so that the commentator has to try back to find the point of departure amidst the maze of fiction that surrounds

THE JAPANESE REVOLUTION.

WE have given in former Numbers of the *Weekly* the details of the revolution in Japan, which was produced by the opening of the new treaty ports of Hiogo and Osaca on January 1, 1868, though the particulars were not brought down to the latest date. The struggle has since been brought to an end, and though the full details have not come to hand, we know that the late Tycoon, STOTS BASHI, has been defeated and overthrown, but the revolutionists have failed to close the new treaty ports which the Tycoon had thrown open. Doubtless the presence of the men-of-war of the United States and England has had an influence on the Damios and the Mikado as far as the observance of the Tycoon's treaty was concerned.

The engravings which we give on page 284 are of the Tycoon's Palace at Yeddo, with a distant view of that city, and a general view of Yokohama. These two cities are among the most important of the kingdom of Japan. Yeddo is its second capital and largest city, having a population very nearly twice as great as that of New York, but with comparative insignificant commercial and manufacturing interests, wealth, etc. Yokohama is also a large city, but its exact population is not known at this time.

EASTER OFFERINGS.

THROUGHOUT the country it is the custom of the Sunday-school children of the Episcopal Church to celebrate Easter by the presentation of offerings or donations of money, which, as a general thing, is used for missionary purposes. The different classes assume appropriate names, such as "The Cheerful Givers," the "Young Missionaries," "Children of Hope," and other titles which are, as a general thing, selected by the children composing the classes. A motto, generally a verse of Scripture, is selected, and some emblem is arranged that will illustrate the text. Flowers are often selected to represent the subject; Easter songs are sung, and children celebrate each year the Rising of Christ in a manner that enables them to remember the season as a joyful one.

The Rev. Mr. LITTLEJOHN, Pastor of Trinity Church, Brooklyn, told the Sunday-school children that their offerings of last Easter had paid more than half the expense of erecting a church in the far West. Five hundred children attend the Sunday-school of the Church of the Holy Trinity; their offering on Easter Sunday was nearly eleven hundred dollars, which sum will be devoted to the erection of a mission-chapel in one of the suburbs of Brooklyn. Our illustration on page 285 is of a scene which took place in this church on last Easter Sunday.

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Not a Telegraph Wire;
Not even WOLCOTT'S PAIN PAINT;
New York *Herald* not printed;
Harper's Weekly unknown;
Grant had not smoked a cigar;
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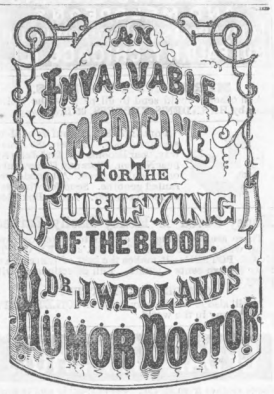

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Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: BROOKLYN, POWESHIEK COUNTY, IOWA, December 1, 1867.

Enclosed you will find an order for six of your watches, three hunting-cases and three ladies' watches. Send to Brooklyn, Poweshiek County, Iowa. The watch you sent me three months ago proves as good a time-keeper as I have ever seen. I have exhibited my watch to my neighbors, so that I am able to send a club of six for watches. Address to J. L. BAGENSTOS.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: MERIDIAN, January 13, 1868.

The watch ordered by express came to hand to-day. I am well pleased with its appearance, and if it keeps actual time I am perfectly satisfied. In the mean time I wish to order two for my friends, of the same quality as the one sent me. Respectfully, A. W. BELL.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA, December 2, 1868.

DEAR SIRS,—I received the watch which I ordered all safe, some days ago, and I must say it fully exceeded my expectation: it is all and more than I could desire for the money. So far it keeps very good time.

Yours truly, C. STEWART.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.:

SIRS,—Please send to the undersigned one of your Fifteen-Dollar Oroide Cased Watches, gent's size, and chain. The one I got from you before gave universal satisfaction, and one of my friends desires me to obtain one for him. A two-dollar chain, and watch, gent's size. JOHN D. ANDERSON,
Farentown (via Adams Express), Alleghany Co., Pa.

Watches Superseded. The Magnetic Pocket Time-Keeper and Compass, in handsome case, with glass shade, steel and metal works, white enameled dial, ordinary watch size, sound and serviceable. Warranted to denote correct time and keep in order for two years. Where satisfaction is not given, money returned. Post free for $1 by W. HOLT & CO., Watchmakers, corner of Gold Street and Fulton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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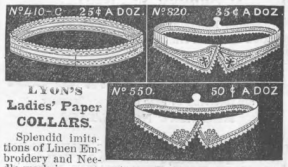

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XII.—No. 593.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1868.

THE END OF THE TRIAL.

THE result of the great trial will probably be known when this paper is issued. Nothing new in evidence, except the extraordinary dispatch to Governor PARSONS, of Alabama, and nothing new in argument has been developed during all the long proceedings. That the President thought the law unconstitutional; that the Cabinet were of the same opinion; that he would assert that Mr. STANTON does not stand within the law; that he would profess an edifying purity of purpose, and urge that he alone could bring the law to the judicial test, were all familiar propositions. They have been amplified, intensified, elaborated, combined, and reiterated by the skillful counsel of the President, excepting Mr. NELSON, whose speech, however well meant, must be regarded as a burlesque. But no dextrous decoration can make vulgarity seem to be refinement, and no ability of the advocate can conceal the significance of familiar facts, or bewilder the plain public judgment upon them.

For not the Senate only, but the whole country has been sitting as a Court of Impeachment. The country will also render its verdict, whatever that of the Senate may be. It is not likely to be confused by the loud cry of Congressional absorption of power, because it sees that in the very nature of government, however skillfully checks and balances may be devised, no checkmate can be supposed to be intended, and therefore the final, supreme power must reside somewhere. It knows that in our system it resides with the people, under certain prescribed forms. Under those forms it remains with them always and at every moment; and therefore, when the Executive in the judgment of the Representatives is accused of high misdemeanors, and in the judgment of the Senate is guilty and removed from office, it is still the people exercising under those forms the supreme sovereign power. If the action of the President within the limit of those of his powers which are vague and doubtful betrays a disposition to thwart the will of the country as decidedly expressed in Congress, it is the duty of Congress to restrain and control his action as far as it lawfully may, and to prevent the mischief which he may contemplate. And when his dullness or his daring transcend the plain bounds of his official discretion it is the duty of the House instantly to arraign him, and in the name of the people whom it represents to state why it demands his removal.

Mr. BOUTWELL'S argument for the Managers was the clear, ample, admirable statement of the people against the President. He showed conclusively that the assumption of the Executive was fatal to national peace; and his reasoning upon the constitutional point of the senatorial advice as necessary to removal as to appointment was peculiarly good and strictly harmonious with the seventy-sixth Number of the *Federalist*, in which the question is fully discussed contemporaneously with the formation of the Constitution.

With great force and sobriety Mr. BOUTWELL also urged the view that we have constantly advocated, that it is no excuse for the violation of a law by the Executive that he wished to test its validity. He is sworn to see that the laws are faithfully executed. If he may, after exhausting his veto, still continue to impose it, under the plea of seeking a judicial approval of the constitutionality of the law, the Congress of the United States is reduced to a mere committee of suggestion, and if Congress should fail to exercise its rightful authority to withstand such usurpation, its assent would be its own abolition as the chief department of the Government, and the consummation of a revolution which would inevitably lead to an overthrow of our whole symmetrical political system. For such an act no good motive can be pleaded, because none can be supposed. When an officer has taken an oath faithfully to execute a law, and then deliberately violates it upon a plea which would make him the judge in every instance whether he would observe his oath or not, and upon a plea which necessarily clothes him with enormous and dangerous power, the fact that he says it is all done for the public welfare is of no importance. If he sincerely thinks it to be so, it is still of no importance. The will of the most virtuous and sagacious man in the country can not be suffered to become the Government. If he try to make it so the presumption is wholly against him; and it is not necessary to show that his motive is bad for an act which is subversive of the fundamental law.

Nor upon the ground that Mr. STANTON does not stand within the law, and that, consequently, his removal was no violation of the law, have we ever had any doubt. The intention of the law was plainly expressed during the debate upon its passage. It was introduced after the determination of the President to thwart Congress was apparent, and when Congress felt it to be, as it undoubtedly was, its duty to limit his action as stringently as it Constitutionally could. It was felt that, if the President could remove his Cabinet at his pleasure and surround himself with men willing to be his tools, the national peril was palpably increased. The passage of the law was resisted upon the very ground that it perplexed the President in the selection of his political family and counselors. We heard this argument urged in the Senate. It was repeated in the newspapers. The law was opposed as special legislation. It was defended upon the ground that when peculiar peril revealed the necessity of a law, that fact could be no argument against it, provided there were nothing objectionable in the principle. We know that certain leading men felt the law to be imperatively necessary in order to retain Mr. STANTON in the War Department, which they considered to be an essential point. And we think that events have justified their view.

If this were the intention, there is certainly no fair doubt of the words of the law. If we follow Mr. GROESBECK into what we must call quibbling, the law says that the Secretary of War, with the other Secretaries, shall hold office "for and during the term of the President by whom they may have been appointed, and for one month after, subject to removal" with the consent of the Senate. Now, President LINCOLN appointed Mr. STANTON, and when the Tenure-of-Office Act was passed Mr. STANTON held by President LINCOLN'S appointment, and for President LINCOLN'S term. The Vice-President succeeding Mr. LINCOLN, whether in the first or in the last week of his term, serves only for the remainder of that term. Mr. GROESBECK says that the dead have no estate. Does Mr. JOHNSON, then, serve as President until the 15th of April, 1869, which, according to Mr. GROESBECK'S theory, is the end of *his* term of four years? If Mr. LINCOLN had lived until now would Mr. JOHNSON have served for four years from now? Certainly he would, unless he is filling the Presidential term for which Mr. LINCOLN was elected. Mr. GROESBECK'S question of "which term" of Mr. LINCOLN'S is not so important as he seemed to think it. A Secretary appointed by a President and continued by him upon his re-election is, in common-sense, reappointed. And if Mr. STANTON'S office *were* vacated by the Tenure-of-Office Law, then he has been holding the office by the President's permission, who has thus contravened the second section of the Act. But if Mr. JOHNSON believed that Mr. STANTON did not stand within the law why did he suspend him in accordance with the law, and thus acknowledge by his official action that he recognized it as valid? Indeed, the President has no defense but a quibble—and even the quibble is not sound. Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS'S speech, which it was supposed might be very intemperate in tone, was admirable both in substance and manner. Two sentences we quote, and commend to the Chicago Convention: "Good deeds will never be done, wise acts will never be executed, except by the virtuous and the conscientious. May the people of this republic remember this good old doctrine when they next meet to select their rulers, and may they select only the brave and the virtuous."

If the judgment of the Senate shall be what we have no doubt the intelligent public opinion of the country expects, ANDREW JOHNSON will be removed from the office whose sworn duty he has violated, and which he has disgraced beyond precedent. He is not a man to remain silent. He will doubtless do all that he can do by speeches upon the stump to secure the ascendency of the party that was friendly to the rebellion, and hates the results which the war secured—results which will surely be gradually established in the national conviction and policy. If removed, he passes from public official life without a serious regret upon the part of any human being. He can not claim for himself, nor will any man claim for him, the dignity and consideration of a martyr to great principles. If, indeed, his character and career had been spotless, noble, and humane; had he committed the same offense with a clear and palpably upright purpose, although it might have been necessary to show by the last resort that no man, with whatever honest intention, must presume to substitute his will for the law, yet then the homage that the world always gladly pays to honest error and humane purpose would have followed his retirement.

If the judgment of the Senate shall be other than we believe it must be, that of the intelligence and loyalty of the country will still remain. The usurpation indeed will continue and increase. The national agitation will be deepened. The spirit that rebelled, and is still defiant, will be quickened into still more baleful activity. The country will move one step nearer to breaking its pecuniary faith with its creditors, and its moral faith with the freedmen. The heart of every lover of liberty and of free institutions in the world will ache as he watches the results of the great victory of civilization delayed. But the conscience, and intelligence, and devotion that successfully surmounted every trial of the war would not decline the embittered political contest that the acquittal of the President would provoke; and the same sagacious, silent, resistless leader who triumphantly ended the war, would bring the old foe under a new face to unconditional surrender.

THE SOUTHERN ELECTIONS.

WE recently described the general character of the new constitutions for the Southern States, showing that they were, with the exception of Louisiana, and perhaps of Virginia, not seriously different in their provisions from those of the other States. The elections upon the question of their ratification have now occurred in Louisiana, Georgia, North and South Carolina, and Arkansas. In all these States they have undoubtedly been adopted, and Republican officers elected. The wise action of Congress in requiring merely a majority of the actual voters instead of the registered voters has produced a most desirable result. There has been in all the States a political contest. This of itself tends to restore a wholesome normal condition. It disturbs the apathy in which "Conservatism" was resolved to intrench itself, and by compelling the limbs to move in the accustomed way helps to restore the healthful circulation of the whole system.

There has been also, so far as appears, and thanks to judicious military supervision, very little open terrorism. The white and colored population have voted together and not always against each other. Apparently the colored voters have had a fair chance, and especially in South Carolina they have been even propitiated by the Democratic leaders. Nothing, indeed, is more striking than that while the Democratic party in the North, in all the old stupid ways, is carefully fostering hostility of race, and is loudly despising the colored population, the party chiefs in South Carolina are warily wooing its support. Superior sagacity explains the old ascendency of the Southern leaders. They always despised their Northern allies, to whom they gave a policy and places. The Northern wing was the rank and file. It fetched and carried and hewed and drew water. And so servile was its subserviency that now, when the whole political situation is changed and the necessities are wholly new, the Northern wing still continues the exemplary effort to prove that the Lord evidently meant FREDERICK DOUGLASS to be the dumb chattel of WIGFALL or WIRZ; that day before yesterday is to-morrow; and that the war must be immediately unfought.

The wiser of the old adherents of the party in the Southern States have learned something. If their wisdom had been general in that region the elections might have resulted differently, and the political situation of the South have been far more agreeable to "the natural governors of the country." It is, however, improbable that the Democratic party as a party will ever again absolutely control the Southern States. As education extends—education, the great restorer and civilizer—and the general principles, purpose, and history of the Republican party become known both to the white and colored population in those States, the party, whatever its name, which embodies those principles will receive the support of the truly faithful, intelligent, and humane citizens. The Democratic party, like the technically Conservative party in all free countries, will even more plainly appear to be what it has long been, a combination of the extremes of society, its great bulk composed of the most ignorant of the population; the kind of alliance that DISRAELI and the Tories hope for in England, that the King and the Lazaroni made in Naples. But the mass of the intelligent, moral, progressive population of the country could never unite with the Democratic party under any leaders which it now presents, or with any principles which it now advocates. And when it changes those leaders and principles it ceases to be the Democratic party as we know it.

Upon a Presidential platform of hostility to the colored race, which the Northern Democratic majority will demand, the South Carolina leaders of the party can not support the candidate without hopelessly alienating all colored support. The policy of the party upon that subject can not safely vary with the States, because it is a point of paramount importance, and necessarily involved in the election. The voice of the Republican party at Chicago will be clear and unequivocal for equal rights. To shirk the subject, as the Democratic Convention may try to do, and to leave it aside as a matter for State decision, is of course, to unite the whole vote of those who are affected by the decision upon the party which has a principle favorable to them and is not afraid to express it.

Meanwhile reactions have their term. The cry of "White man's Government!" will not elect a President of the United States; and the colored voters of the Southern States will never again be, as a class, disfranchised.

TAXATION AND PRODUCTION.

LABOR, or the product of labor, is the source of all wealth. This is the first principle in political economy. Excess of production over consumption enriches; a deficiency causes debt and creates taxation. Any measure, therefore, that tends to stimulate production should meet with hearty approval. For this reason the public has regarded with favor the Act of Congress removing the tax on manufactures. Intrinsically, it was a judicious measure, and accorded with the judgment of those best conversant with the business and financial interests of the country. It was part of the feasible plan of relief suggested by our able Special Commissioner of Revenue, Mr. WELLS.

It is true, as cautious men urge, that the curtailment of the revenue by the amount of $24,000,000 which the tax on cotton yielded, and of $68,000,000 raised from taxes on manufactures, including iron and its products, must only work ultimate mischief unless there be a corresponding reduction in the Government expenditure. But it is not our purpose to discuss this point. Obviously there are other impediments to production than industrial taxes and a depreciated currency. They are easily designated, and their names—are Idleness and Speculation. Positively, one-tenth of all the available labor in the country which should be doing active service as a beneficent agent in the work of production, is continually seeking to reap where it has not sown. It seeks to obtain wealth while it contributes nothing to that which creates wealth. Also, there is an abundance of capital in the country, which is idle or non-producing. Such labor and such capital may both be termed active, in a certain sense; but the activity is that represented at the gaming-table, where millions change hands and enrich no one. They might better be locked up within strong vaults and prison-doors.

The effect of the war was to disorganize labor, especially in the fruitful agricultural districts of the South. Hundreds of thousands of negro laborers who once increased the productive resources of the nation have since necessarily become a charge upon the country. Hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of property have been wiped out in that section. All this available labor must be restored and this wasted property reproduced. No effort should be spared to secure the return of the former prosperity of the South and its invaluable contributions to the wealth of the country. When it can materially assist the North in the great work of recuperation, we shall find the national burden materially lightened. We shall then have less need for appeals to legislative action for relief.

But it is not in the South only that we witness a deplorable disorganization of labor and a decrease of productive industry. The North has suffered in degree, if not in kind. A considerable period of fictitious prosperity, forced in the hot-bed of an inflated currency, accustomed our people to improvidence, luxury, and extravagance. Fortunes came at the bidding, and great gains followed upon the fluctuations of the market and the vicissitudes of the struggle. But this condition of things no longer exists. The opportunity is past, and yet the infatuation of speculative ventures retains its hold upon the public. The people are reluctant to return to the old-fashioned, methodical, honest way of doing business, and refuse to be content with certain but moderate profits. It is the old story once more repeated. In every paper-money era legitimate business suffers. Contempt for the slow gains of trade, and an inordinate impatience to be rich, characterize the period. The great aim is to secure the largest reward for the smallest amount of labor—to produce as little as possible and divide the earnings of those who work. Agrarian doctrines are insidiously presented. Labor Unions are formed to compel the payment of large wages at the very time when business is most depressed. Strike follows strike in every department of industry, and always at times most inopportune. Men forget that by applying themselves energetically to increase production, they would thereby secure cheaper living, which amounts to the same as higher wages. The course they choose to pursue only destroys the fountain from which they would drink.

But the laborer, the operative, and the miner are merely following the path that others tread. Advertisers in the newspapers offer large bonuses for *paying* salaries. Bankers lend money for large interest on doubtful collaterals. Thousands of idlers daily tempt fortune at the Stock Exchange, and permit neither night-time nor Sabbath to interrupt their greed. Fifteen hundred brokers live upon the substance of others in the city of New York alone. Railroad jobs and jobbery, gift enterprises, and swindles of all kinds fill up the measure of speculative enterprise. It is said that in the appointment-room of the Treasury Department alone, at Washington, there are between fifteen and twenty thousand applications on file! Every bureau swarms with eager place-seekers—mere non-producers who suck vitality from the nation and swell the taxes which it has to pay. So it is every where. The cities and large towns are filled with adventurers of this kind who seek to live by their wits instead of their labor. Policy offices and faro banks are counted by the thousands. Every day we read of embezzlements, forgery, counterfeiting, and blackmailing. What swarms of leeches feed and fatten upon our life-blood! What hosts are shunning the legitimate fields of labor, where well-directed energy and application would lay the foundation of a solid competence, and yield such reward as would fill the national ex-

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chequer to overflowing, and wipe out taxation and debt!

Is it beyond the truth to say that the country has become corrupted and demoralized by the folly and recklessness with which national and state affairs have often been managed? Fraud is reduced to a system. Legislation is employed to the advantage of speculators. Official information is made use of to dabble in the funds. Large class interests, partisan schemes, and political projects depend upon a profuse expenditure for their success. Place-holders and place-seekers must be provided for. It is difficult to prosecute the work of economy and retrenchment under this order of things. Until circumstances change we can look to no better plan for preserving the nation from bankruptcy than by the inauguration of measures that shall stimulate production and induce the vast army of idlers, plunderers, and beggars to turn their attention to the farm, the work-bench, and the counting-room. If they could be made to work, the annual income of the country would at least remain equal to the expenditure.

ASSASSINATION.

A CAUSE must be very strong to retain public sympathy through all the cruel crimes of its supporters. Our own Revolution was, upon one side at least, as honorable a war as was ever waged, and the fame of the brilliant BURGOYNE is forever tarnished by his employment of savage allies. That in the midst of the battle and bloodshed of seven years the murder of one young woman like JANE M'CREA should be separately and sadly remembered, is an illustration of the general observance of what must be called the rules of civilized warfare that distinguished the long struggle.

But the Irish movement for reform seems sure to lose sympathy and respect by the cowardly crimes of Fenians. Some men are now being tried in London for attempting to blow down a prison wall by powder; an attempt that necessarily frightfully imperiled the lives of hundreds of innocent persons. Just as the trial begins Mr. THOMAS DARCY M'GEE is stealthily shot at his own door, in Canada, at the dead of night; and just before, Prince ALFRED is shot in the back at Sydney, in Australia. All these crimes were committed by people calling themselves Fenians; and at one time it seemed as if a system of petty terror was to begin throughout England.

The manner of these crimes is observable. Two of them are assassinations. This is the very kind of offense which most deeply stirs the indignation of every man who, whatever the provocation, demands fair play, and they are the great majority of mankind. The dagger of the assassin usually stabs his own cause to the heart; and no assassin in history ever truly helped his friends. The blackest spot in the story of PHILIP II., perhaps as bad a man—measured by the mischief he did—as ever lived, was his employment of assassins to remove his most illustrious enemies. The worst charge against JEFFERSON DAVIS is that he had knowledge of plots of assassination without denouncing them, and that he tolerated the Andersonville pen and the designs of BLACKBURN. The murder of ROSSI in Rome has always darkened the cause of the Italian Liberals. It is not indeed just to hold a cause accountable for the offenses of all who profess to espouse it; but where there is a uniformity in the character of the offense the result is inevitable. The Irish method has always been the worst method. It is a secret conspiracy—a Whiteboyism. The Irish oppression by England has indeed been horrible, but so has the revenge.

In this country we have hitherto been remarkably free from any serious attempt even at this abominable crime of assassination. One great tragedy of the kind will forever sadden our history; but it is not a crime of the preponderating race. Some Southern paper remarks that the epoch of assassination which usually follows a civil war has not yet begun. No, nor will it begin. The Southern paper, which probably did not deeply lament the murder of President LINCOLN, may be very sure that that event recalled the public mind in the midst of a gush of generous feeling to the reflection that the consequences of the demoralization wrought by Slavery would long be painfully evident; and it may also assure itself that every Ku-Klux Klan Society is the most effective GRANT Club that can be established in the Southern States.

The best service that any Southern editor or political leader can do his friends is to exhort them to attempt openly whatever they attempt, and to warn them that secret assassination or open massacre is the policy which will longest delay their restoration to the sympathy of the Union, and most surely protract their own suffering. The massacre at New Orleans, the recent murder of ASHMUN, reveal a spirit and state of society which it is of the utmost importance that every honest citizen of the country should understand. In the same way it would be very judicious for the American leaders of Fenianism to teach their followers that every assassin's shot fired in their cause wounds Ireland, and nothing else.

THE ERIE RAILWAY TRAGEDY.

WE should feel very guilty if we suffered so fearful a tragedy as the late accident upon the Erie Railway to be merely a nine-days' wonder. It is because such massacres are permitted to be so soon forgotten that they so constantly occur. Last week we referred to the report of the Superintendent of the Road, which stated in the strongest terms, long before the accident, the perilously unsafe condition of the road. We now understand that this startling exposition was followed by *a reduction of the rates of fare*; a proceeding which amounted to an invitation from the Directors to the public to use their road rather than that of its chief competitor, the New York Central. Although these measures have been subjected to the criticism that they were promulgated with a view to affect the pending controversy between the managers of these rival lines; yet it appears from the report of the coroner's jury that the accident which occurred near Port Jervis was occasioned by a broken rail; and, if this is to be believed, it will be accepted as some confirmation of what the Engineer of the Road alleged, and as showing that the reduction of fare was imprudent, as likely to result in crowding the cars of an unsafe road. Those passengers who have gone to their last home no doubt felt as those who now linger in the agonies of death probably feel, that their misfortune was due to the great imprudence of the management in attempting to increase the amount of travel when the opposite policy should have been pursued. This circumstance will doubtless be taken into view by juries in estimating damages, who will thus express the condemnation which the community can only quietly utter.

It is much to be deplored that this great artery of travel has reached this condition. The public not only need the advantage of a competing line *with* that of the New York Central in high order, but also that it shall be managed and maintained at all times *as* a competing line. If the two roads shall be managed by one interest, the city of New York, which requires to have the rates of transportation established on a reasonable basis, might find that its connection with the interior—which constitutes the foundation of its prosperity—would be controlled by a single board of railroad managers, if not by one individual: a condition of affairs sure to become intolerable.

The report of the coroner's jury presents the naked statement of an officer of the Company that the accident was occasioned by a broken rail; but there appears to have been no cross-examination of the witnesses, and the affair presents the shape of a mere white-washing transaction. If there were a Legislature, governed by proper motives, the character of this report would animate them to give to these investigations the scope necessary for presenting to the public a perfectly clear understanding of the causes of accident, so as to guard against them in future. But neither in the case of the Angola disaster nor in this can any certain judgment be formed as to the particular means by which a terrible disaster was occasioned. The Company in each case has a powerful motive to shield itself from censure and from heavy verdicts; while, on the other side, the motive is far weaker, and there are none to represent the public. The power of a great corporation overshadows every other interest throughout the thinly-populated region traversed by its line, and enables it to control those officials who practice on the example which our corrupt legislation presents. It is not at all improbable that the damaging influence of what annually occurs at Albany will affect all the local institutions of the State. It is fast becoming true that the assemblage of ROBIN HOOD and his followers in their caves and sheds could not have been regarded with more solicitude by the objects of their violence than is the annual meeting of our Legislature by the honest people of the State.

From the statements of a passenger we learn one fact of importance, which confirms views on the subject of the construction of cars which need to be carefully considered. It is stated that the car, in its descent to the river, became an utter wreck, and that its sides fell open and lay adjoining and parallel with the bottom, the roof thrown across the three pieces. This car was ventilated on the new plan, with windows in the roof, immediately above the oblong opening, which for its appearance is so much admired. We lately stated that cars of this fashion could not stand a severe shock, inasmuch as the roof timbers do not reach from one side to the other, and thus form a strong frame; but these timbers end at each side of the large oblong opening above the passengers, which is left for purposes of light and ventilation. It is not difficult to build a car solidly, the roof timbers carried across, and framed and bolted into those of the side, so that it would roll over without instantly separating. But the car as now generally built is a shell, and can afford no means of safety in case of a severe shock. This method of building cars will undoubtedly be dispensed with, but not until many more lives have been sacrificed.

The Erie Railroad has lately carried this folly to an unusual extreme by adding about ten feet to the length of their cars, and by making a corresponding increase of the length of that portion of the roof which is devoted to ventilation and light. We stated some time ago that, in case of a severe accident, the upper part of the roof, fastened only by weak stanchions to that below, would fall in and complicate the disaster. This was the case at Port Jervis. How many passengers were injured by this means does not appear; but such a structure is so manifestly imperfect that Juries, in the absence of legislation to prevent the building of weak and dangerous cars, must award damages with a view to force Companies into their construction on a plan calculated to furnish all practicable safety in case of a serious accident. A well framed and bolted car, the bottom, sides, and top securely fastened together, may be strong as well as properly ventilated, whereas ventilation only is provided for by the present method. As cars are now built, when an accident occurs, sides, roof, seats, stoves, and passengers are instantly thrown together in one common destruction.

If, however, Juries will perform their duties firmly, some amends for defective legislation may be made, and the public be afforded some degree of protection. But Juries will fail also, if the Press does not steadily expose to public condemnation those who accept the immense responsibility of thousands of human lives without the least thought or care of any thing beyond a successful financial speculation.

ABYSSINIA AND PARAGUAY.

OF the two wars which have recently engaged public attention, that in Abyssinia is apparently ended by the overwhelming victory of the British army and the death of King THEODORUS; while that in Paraguay is brought near its end by the fall of the Paraguayan fortress of Humaita. The Abyssinian war was undertaken for the release of some captives held by the King of the country, and it has been entirely successful; for the captives have been released by a single blow, and the army has only to march triumphantly homeward. The result is, of course, an occasion of pride to every Englishman, who will feel even more consciously than before that there is no corner of the earth so remote that the protection of his Government is not sure; and it will shed a glory upon the beginning of the administration of DISRAELI, which, we think, will require all the glory it can secure from external circumstances.

If in Paraguay the fall of Humaita leads to the freedom of the River Plate and to the overthrow of LOPEZ, the war will have been worth while, and civilization will be the gainer. LOPEZ is a bandit and a pirate, who rushes out upon the river by which his territory is situated, and seizes, plunders, and imprisons honest travelers. A dozen years ago the American steamer *Water Witch* was fired upon by his predecessor, and we believe father, of the same name, and several of the ship's company were killed and wounded. The people of Paraguay are the slaves of LOPEZ, who is the only great trader in the country, and who might be left to himself, like any other barbarian, if he did not molest innocent people. Paraguay is sometimes called a republic, and attempts have been made to excite sympathy for it against the empire of Brazil. It is the same kind of republic that NAPOLEON'S camp was. We hope sincerely that the Allies will prevail; that LOPEZ will be banished, like ROSAS, or effectually tethered; and that the river may be securely and finally opened to civilization.

RIGHTS OF AMERICAN CITIZENS ABROAD.

MR. BANCROFT has written to MR. SEWARD to prove the correctness of his own interpretation of the late treaty by the assent of Mr. KÖNIG, the plenipotentiary who signed the treaty upon the part of Germany. Ex-Consul MEIER, of Bremen, well-known in European mercantile circles, and long a resident of the United States, reported the treaty to the Diet with his full approval. Mr. SCHLEIDEN, long Minister from Bremen to the United States, also supported it. Other eminent members of the Diet approved it, and finally Count BISMARCK upon general request, and that there might be no misunderstanding, said:

"The literal observation of the treaty includes in itself that those whom we are bound to acknowledge as American citizens can not be held to military duty in North Germany. *That is the main purpose of the treaty.* Whosoever emigrates, *bona fide*, with the purpose of residing permanently in America, shall meet no obstacle on our part to his becoming an American citizen, and his *bona fides* will be assumed when he shall have passed five years in that country, and, renouncing his North German nationalities, shall have become an American citizen..... I might almost assert that we will treat the five years' absence in America, when connected with naturalization, as a fulfillment of the military duty in the North German Confederacy.....The German-American citizen, on resuming his relations as a citizen of North Germany, would, under the treaty, stand in the light of a foreigner emigrating into North Germany; that he could not be held to the discharge of any old military duty, but only to such 'new' military duty as would attach to every foreigner emigrating into North Germany and becoming naturalized there."

When the question was put upon the adoption of the treaty the whole Diet, with the exception of a few Poles, who—as it seemed to Mr. BANCROFT, merely declined voting—rose to their feet with alacrity. There can be no further question of the true meaning of the treaty.

TRUE NEWSPAPER COURTESY.

THE New York *World* recently undertook to read the New York *Tribune* a lecture upon civility in Journalism. As an illustration of what the *World's* idea of civility is we quote the following from its Washington correspondence:

"So execrable a shape as that of BUTLER during this delivery surely never contorted itself before a respectable assemblage; cushioned in the dreadful hollow of his baldhead, and making a foot-stool of his protruding eye-ball, the imp of insolence could fairly be seen to sit. Ugly elves appeared to perch astride his nose and dangle from his flabby ears. His hair was populous with phantoms of hideous creeping things. A bad odor must have exhaled from him—the odor of loathsome hates, meannesses, and spites."

Three years ago, when ANDREW JOHNSON succeeded Mr. LINCOLN, the same New York *World*, with the same strict regard for true civility in Journalism, spoke of him as "the person who defiled our chief council chamber with the spewings of a drunken boor;" "this insolent drunken brute in comparison with whom even CALIGULA'S horse was respectable;" "this insolent, clownish drunkard." "Betrayed by his own beastly instincts and his boorish mind." "Nothing better is to be expected of him. These are the habits of his lifetime." "It is ridiculous to suppose that he ever had any political principles." "The low boor."

It is pleasant to know that the *World* is as devoted as ever to the great cause of newspaper courtesy.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

IMPEACHMENT.

THE proceedings in the trial of the Impeachment have been confined since our last to the delivery of arguments, *pro* and *con*, by the Managers and counsel. Mr. Boutwell, on the part of the Managers, began his argument on April 23, continuing it until the middle of the session on April 24. Mr. Nelson, of the President's counsel, followed, and on April 25 Mr. Groesbeck for the same side delivered a brief but able argument in defense of the President's course. Mr. Stevens attempted to read his speech on April 27, but his voice failing him, Mr. Butler concluded it for him. He was followed by Mr. Williams.

NEWS ITEMS.

The first attempts to launch the United States steamer *Monongahela*, at St. Thomas, have failed.

Governor Pierpoint, of Virginia, has preferred serious charges of aiding the rebels against General Schofield. Still more unfortunately for the General, President Johnson has nominated him to be Secretary of War, "*vice* Edwin M. Stanton, to be removed."

Dispatches from the Plains teem with accounts of bold Indian outrages. A party of braves fearlessly entered a military post on the railroad and drove off the cattle. Two travelers at Antelope station and four men cutting wood near Fort M'Pherson were killed.

A member of the Ku-Klux Klan was killed in Mississippi recently by a party of negroes whom he and other members were trying to frighten.

Elections in Tennessee and Nashville have been postponed.

The Delaware Republican State Convention met in Dover on April 24, and adopted resolutions supporting Congress, and favoring General Grant for the Presidency. No instructions were given to the delegates relative to the Vice-Presidency, but the opinion of the Convention is believed to be favorable to Wade.

A boiler explosion in Mainstee, Michigan, on April 22, killed nine workmen and wounded six others.

The election in North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia have resulted in the adoption of the new Constitution by large majorities. The new Constitutions have now been ratified in Arkansas, South Carolina, Louisiana, North Carolina, and Georgia. A large majority voted to ratify that of Alabama; but a provision of the law required that a majority of the registered votes was necessary to the ratification of the Constitution. This difficulty Congress is now legislating upon and will remedy, thereby restoring Alabama. Mississippi, Florida, and Texas are yet to vote upon their Constitutions.

FOREIGN NEWS.

LONDON has been enjoying quite a number of sensations. Not to mention the rejoicings over the Abyssinian victory, she has been excited at a Fenian attempt to fire Buckingham Palace, and horrified by a Fenian attempt to assassinate Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh. The story of the attempt to fire the palace is based on the arrest of two men near the servants' door with a hamper of Greek fire. They made a desperate resistance, but were secured. Prince Alfred went ashore from his vessel at Sydney, Australia, on March 12, and was shot and dangerously wounded by a man named Farrell, who was arrested. He is said to be a member of the Fenian organization in Australia. The Prince sailed for England immediately, and was slowly recovering. The would-be assassin was tried and condemned to be hung.

Mr. DISRAELI, in the House of Commons on April 27, alluded to the conquest of Abyssinia by General Napier as equaled only by that of Mexico by Cortéz.

Napoleon III., fully convinced of the truth of the old adage that "Satan has something still for idle hands to do," has decided to keep the French mind, and hand, and stomach busy and full by making vast improvements in the public roads in the interior of France.

The Barbadoes Legislature has set those of our States and Congress a good example by excluding all contractors from office.

Prince Humbert, heir to the throne of Italy, was married to his cousin, the Princess Marguerite of Savoy, on April 22. Pius IX. granted a dispensation for the marriage. Prince William of Prussia, Prince Napoleon (who married a sister of the bridegroom), and many other notables attended the wedding.

Lord Stanley admits that Russia has proposed interference in behalf of Crete, but England declined doing any thing about it. The proposition came, perhaps, too soon after the visit of the Sultan of Turkey.

The work of reducing the Prussian army to the peace footing began on May 1.

General Baez is once more in St. Domingo, and for the third time, in as many years, has been sworn in as President of that much-disrupted little Republic.

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MR. WILLIAM B. ASTOR,

OF NEW YORK.

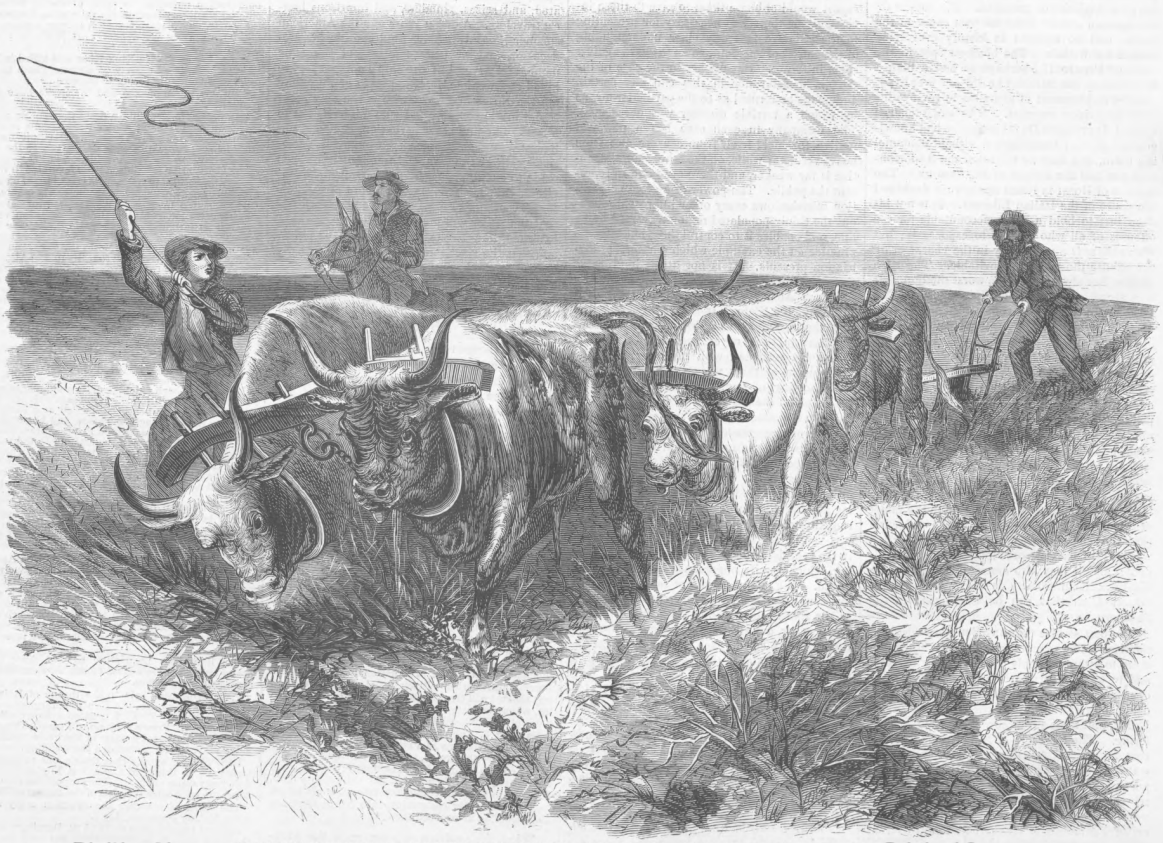
JOHN JACOB ASTOR, commencing commercial life in New York in 1784 as porter to ROBERT BROWNE, furrier, at the weekly wages of $2 and his board, died in 1848 worth more than $20,000,000. About $2,000,000 of this he bequeathed to various grandchildren and others, to the Astor Library, the German Society of New York, and to the "Astor House" established in his native town in Germany; the remainder fell to his eldest son, the present head of the family, and the one of whom we herewith present an accurate portrait. He had previously received a large bequest from his uncle HENRY, the butcher; and this added to the $18,000,000 left him by his father gave him a fair start in life. He has since increased his wealth, or rather it has increased itself, to at least double what it was in 1848, and it is even said that he is worth at this time $80,000,000. He has never engaged in any trade or speculation; but has confined his operations to the purchase of real estate and the collection of his rent-roll.

There is probably less known of WILLIAM B. ASTOR than of any other prominent or wealthy man in this or any other country. His wealth and his age are alike indefinite; he keeps the amount of his rent-rolls and the number of his years to himself; and no record is to be found of either. He *may* be seventy-four, as his father married SARAH TODD in 1790; but in appearance he is not more than sixty-five. The events of his life have been few. What little there is known of his actions is to his great credit. The first acts of his life, after coming into possession of his property, was to increase the Astor Library fund, the HALLECK annuity, and other bequests of his father; and he has aided many other commendable charities in an unostentatious way. His habits are quiet and secluded. He has an office in Prince Street, near Broadway—one of the smallest houses in New York, and which looks more like the fire-proof vault of a great bank than the business office of the richest man in America. He is to be seen occasionally at this office, and on his way to and from it walking in Broadway. He seldom rides. He prefers to walk less from economical motives than a desire to preserve his health by exercise; and it is notable that in all his business transactions he is controlled by a wise and yet liberal economy, as in his social habits he is guided by a sensible regard to the laws of hygiene. As his economy has resulted in preserving and increasing his wealth, his quiet habits and constant exercise have combined to make him one of the healthiest and strongest men of his age in the country. His economical turn of mind, inherited from his father, has not, however, prevented him from being a very liberal man; but the world hears but little of his charities, though, with his thousand and one tenants, Mr. ASTOR bears the reputation of being "a good landlord," which is not a bad recommendation in this crowded city of hard-hearted landlords and complaining tenants. And his love of seclusion has not prevented him from being a pleasant but quiet companion to his troops of friends and admirers.

MR. WILLIAM B. ASTOR.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GURNEY.]

PRAIRIE PLOWING.

WE remember years ago, when Illinois was a new State and its prairie lands were being sold at a bargain to induce emigration, hearing a practical farmer, who had been reading a description of the country, remark, "Why, thar aren't no stumps to plow around!" The generally prevailing impression in regard to prairie country is not unlike that of the old farmer; and it is believed by many emigrants to the West that farming on the prairies of the West is easy labor. The soil is undoubtedly rich, but it is no light labor to turn it. Such has been the experience at least of the multitudes of farmers who have followed the Pacific Railroad, and who are engaged in breaking land along that route. Our artist has given us a sketch of a farmer breaking soil for the first time on a Kansas prairie. The heavy sub-soil plows require three and four yoke of oxen to drag them through the tough, solid soil; and our illustration fully represents the difficulties of prairie plowing.



PLOWING ON THE PRAIRIES BEYOND THE MISSISSIPPI.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

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STORM ON THE SEA.

SADLY the winds are moaning, wailing,
Calling over the sea:
Asketh my spirit, weak and failing,
Are they making their moan for me?

The children are digging graves in the sand,
Along the shore of the sea;
Little heed they or understand—
Are they digging a grave for me?

'Twixt heaven and earth an angel flieth,
Wide-winged, over the sea;
And my trembling heart within me crieth,
Brings he a message for me?

Homeward the laden ships are hasting,
Hasting over the sea,
Afar the sheen of their white sails casting:
Is there a haven for me?

Heavily gathers the black storm-cloud,
Lowering over the sea,
And winds are shrieking in mast and shroud:
It is night, dark night, with me.

Here is life after death, and peace out of pain,
Calm after storm on the sea,
Clear is the shining after the rain:
The morning breaks for me.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

THE MOONSTONE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

Printed from the Author's Manuscript.
RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.

CHAPTER VII.—(*Continued.*)

"I HAVE lost a beautiful girl, an excellent social position, and a handsome income," Mr. Godfrey began; "and I have submitted to it without a struggle. What can be the motive for such extraordinary conduct as that? My precious friend, there is no motive."

"No motive?" I repeated.

"Let me appeal, dear Miss Clack, to your experience of children," he went on. "A child pursues a certain course of conduct. You are greatly struck by it, and you attempt to get at the motive. The dear little thing is incapable of telling you its motive. You might as well ask the grass why it grows, or the birds why they sing. Well! in this matter I am like the dear little thing—like the grass—like the birds. I don't know why I made a proposal of marriage to Miss Verinder. I don't know why I have shamefully neglected my dear Ladies. I don't know why I have apostatized from the Mothers'-Small-Clothes. You say to the child, Why have you been naughty? And the little angel puts its finger into its mouth, and doesn't know. My case exactly, Miss Clack! I couldn't confess it to any body else. I feel impelled to confess it to *you!*"

I began to recover myself. A mental problem was involved here. I am deeply interested in mental problems—and I am not, it is thought, without some skill in solving them.

"Best of friends, exert your intellect and help me," he proceeded. "Tell me—why does a time come when these matrimonial proceedings of mine begin to look like something done in a dream? Why does it suddenly occur to me that my true happiness is in helping my dear Ladies, in going my modest round of useful work, in saying my few earnest words when called on by my Chairman? What do I want with a position? I have got a position. What do I want with an income? I can pay for my bread and cheese, and my nice little lodging, and my two coats a year. What do I want with Miss Verinder? She has told me with her own lips (this, dear lady, is between ourselves) that she loves another man, and that her only idea in marrying me is to try and put that other man out of her head. What a horrid union is this! Oh, dear me, what a horrid union is this! Such are my reflections, Miss Clack, on my way to Brighton! I approach Rachel with the feeling of a criminal who is going to receive his sentence. When I find that she has changed her mind too—when I hear her propose to break the engagement—I experience (there is no sort of doubt about it) a most overpowering sense of relief. A month ago I was pressing her rapturously to my bosom. An hour ago the happiness of knowing that I shall never press her again intoxicates me like strong liquor. The thing seems impossible—the thing can't be. And yet there are the facts, as I had the honor of stating them when we first sat down together in these two chairs. I have lost a beautiful girl, an excellent social position, and a handsome income; and I have submitted to it without a struggle. Can *you* account for it, dear friend? It's quite beyond *me.*"

His magnificent head sank on his breast, and he gave up his own mental problem in despair.

I was deeply touched. The case (if I may speak as a spiritual physician) was now quite plain to me. It is no uncommon event, in the experience of us all, to see the possessors of exalted ability occasionally humbled to the level of the most poorly-gifted people about them. The object, no doubt, in the wise economy of Providence, is to remind greatness that it is mortal, and that the power which has conferred it can also take it away. It was now—to my mind—easy to discern one of these salutary humiliations in the deplorable proceedings on dear Mr. Godfrey's part, of which I had been the unseen witness. And it was equally easy to recognize the welcome reappearance of his own finer nature in the horror with which he recoiled from the idea of a marriage with Rachel, and in the charming eagerness which he showed to return to his Ladies and his Poor.

I put this view before him in a few simple and sisterly words. His joy was beautiful to see. He compared himself, as I went on, to a lost man emerging from the darkness into the light. When I answered for a loving reception of him at the Mothers'-Small-Clothes, the grateful heart of our Christian Hero overflowed. He pressed my hands alternately to his lips. Overwhelmed by the exquisite triumph of having got him back among us, I let him do what he liked with my hands. I closed my eyes. I felt my head, in an ecstasy of spiritual self-forgetfulness, sinking on his shoulder. In a moment more I should certainly have swooned away in his arms, but for an interruption from the outer world, which brought me to myself again. A horrid rattling of knives and forks sounded outside the door, and the footman came in to lay the table for luncheon.

Mr. Godfrey started up, and looked at the clock on the mantle-piece.

"How time flies with *you!*" he exclaimed. "I shall barely catch the train."

"AND THAT WRETCH STANDS THERE AND TRIES TO MAKE ME DOUBT THAT MY MOTHER, WHO WAS AN ANGEL ON EARTH, IS AN ANGEL IN HEAVEN NOW!"

I ventured on asking why he was in such a hurry to get back to town. His answer reminded me of family difficulties that were still to be reconciled, and of family disagreements that were yet to come.

"I have heard from my father," he said. "Business obliges him to leave Frizinghall for London to-day, and he proposes coming on here either this evening or to-morrow. I must tell him what has happened between Rachel and me. His heart is set on our marriage—there will be great difficulty, I fear, in reconciling him to the breaking-off of the engagement. I must stop him, for all our sakes, from coming here till he *is* reconciled. Best and dearest of friends, we shall meet again!"

With those words he hurried out. In equal haste on my side, I ran up stairs to compose myself in my own room before meeting Aunt Ablewhite and Rachel at the luncheon-table.

I am well aware—to dwell for a moment yet on the subject of Mr. Godfrey—that the all-profaning opinion of the outer world has charged him with having his own private reasons for releasing Rachel from her engagement, at the first opportunity she gave him. It has also reached my ears that his anxiety to recover his place in my estimation has been attributed, in certain quarters, to a mercenary eagerness to make his peace (through me) with a venerable committee-woman at the Mothers'-Small-Clothes, abundantly blessed with the goods of this world, and a beloved and intimate friend of my own. I only notice these odious slanders for the sake of declaring that they never had a moment's influence on my mind. In obedience to my instructions, I have exhibited the fluctuations in my opinion of our Christian Hero exactly as I find them recorded in my diary. In justice to myself let me here add, that, once reinstated in his place in my estimation, my gifted friend never lost that place again. I write with the tears in my eyes, burning to say more. But no—I am cruelly limited to my actual experience of persons and things. In less than a month from the time of which I am now writing events in the money-market (which diminished even *my* miserable little income) forced me into foreign exile, and left me with nothing but a loving remembrance of Mr. Godfrey which the slander of the world has assailed, and assailed in vain.

Let me dry my eyes, and return to my narrative.

I went down stairs to luncheon, naturally anxious to see how Rachel was affected by her release from her marriage engagement.

It appeared to me—but I own I am a poor authority in such matters—that the recovery of her freedom had set her thinking again of that other man whom she loved, and that she was furious with herself for not being able to control a revulsion of feeling of which she was secretly ashamed. Who was the man? I had my suspicions—but it was needless to waste time in idle speculation. When I had converted her, she would, as a matter of course, have no concealments from Me. I should hear all about the man; I should hear all about the Moonstone. If I had had no higher object in stirring her up to a sense of spiritual things, the motive of relieving her mind of its guilty secrets would have been enough of itself to encourage me to go on.

Aunt Ablewhite took her exercise in the afternoon in an invalid chair. Rachel accompanied her. "I wish I could drag the chair," she broke out, recklessly. "I wish I could fatigue myself till I was ready to drop!"

She was in the same humor in the evening. I discovered in one of my friend's precious publications—The Life, Letters, and Labors of Miss Jane Ann Stamper, forty-fifth edition—passages which bore with a marvelous appropriateness on Rachel's present position. Upon my proposing to read them she went to the piano. Conceive how little she must have known of serious people, if she supposed that my patience was to be exhausted in that way! I kept Miss Jane Ann Stamper by me, and waited for events with the most unfaltering trust in the future.

Old Mr. Ablewhite never made his appearance that night. But I knew the importance which his worldly greed attached to his son's marriage with Miss Verinder—and I felt a positive conviction (do what Mr. Godfrey might to prevent it) that we should see him the next day. With his interference in the matter, the storm on which I had counted would certainly come, and the salutary exhaustion of Rachel's resisting powers would as certainly follow. I am not ignorant that old Mr. Ablewhite has the reputation generally (especially among his inferiors) of being a remarkably good-natured man. According to my observation of him, he deserves his reputation as long as he has his own way, and not a moment longer.

The next day, exactly as I had foreseen, Aunt Ablewhite was as near to being astonished as her nature would permit, by the sudden appearance of her husband. He had barely been a minute in the house before he was followed, to *my* astonishment this time, by an unexpected complication in the shape of Mr. Bruff.

I never remember feeling the presence of the lawyer to be more unwelcome than I felt it at that moment. He looked ready for any thing in the way of an obstructive proceeding—capable even of keeping the peace, with Rachel for one of the combatants!

"This is a pleasant surprise, Sir," said Mr. Ablewhite, addressing himself with his deceptive cordiality to Mr. Bruff. "When I left your office yesterday I didn't expect to have the honor of seeing you at Brighton to-day."

"I turned over our conversation in my mind, after you had gone," replied Mr. Bruff. "And it occurred to me that I might perhaps be of some use on this occasion. I was just in time to catch the train, and I had no opportunity of discovering the carriage in which you were traveling."

Having given that explanation he seated himself by Rachel. I retired modestly to a corner—with Miss Jane Ann Stamper on my lap in case of emergency. My aunt sat at the window, placidly fanning herself as usual. Mr. Ablewhite stood up in the middle of the room, with his bald head much pinker than I had ever seen it yet, and addressed himself in the most affectionate manner to his niece.

"Rachel, my dear," he said, "I have heard some very extraordinary news from Godfrey. And I am here to inquire about it. You have a sitting-room of your own in this house. Will you honor me by showing me the way to it?"

Rachel never moved. Whether she was determined to bring matters to a crisis, or whether she was prompted by some private sign from Mr. Bruff, is more than I can tell. She declined doing old Mr. Ablewhite the honor of conducting him to her sitting-room.

"Whatever you wish to say to me," she answered, "can be said here—in the presence of my relatives, and in the presence" (she looked at Mr. Bruff) "of my mother's trusted old friend."

"Just as you please, my dear," said the amiable Mr. Ablewhite. He took a chair. The rest of them looked at his face—as if they expected it, after seventy years of worldly training, to speak the truth. *I* looked at the top of his bald head; having noticed, on other occasions, that the temper which was really in him had a habit of registering itself *there.*

"Some weeks ago," pursued the old gentleman, "my son informed me that Miss Verinder had done him the honor to engage herself to marry him. Is it possible, Rachel, that he can have misinterpreted—or presumed upon—what you really said to him?"

"Certainly not," she replied. "I did engage myself to marry him."

"Very frankly answered!" said Mr. Ablewhite. "And most satisfactory, my dear, so far. In respect to what happened some weeks since, Godfrey has made no mistake. The error is evidently in what he told me yesterday. I begin to see it now. You and he have had a lovers' quarrel—and my foolish son has interpreted it seriously. Ah! I should have known better than that, at his age."

The fallen nature in Rachel—the mother Eve, so to speak—began to chafe at this.

"Pray let us understand each other, Mr. Ablewhite," she said. "Nothing in the least like a quarrel took place yesterday between your son and me. If he told you that I proposed breaking off our marriage engagement, and that he agreed on his side—he told you the truth."

The self-registering thermometer at the top of Mr. Ablewhite's bald head began to indicate a rise of temper. His face was more amiable than ever—but *there* was the pink at the top of his face, a shade deeper already!

"Come, come, my dear!" he said, in his most soothing manner, "now don't be angry, and don't be hard on poor Godfrey! He has evidently said some unfortunate thing. He was always clumsy from a child—but he means well, Rachel, he means well!"

"Mr. Ablewhite, I have either expressed myself very badly, or you are purposely mistaking me. Once for all, it is a settled thing between your son and myself that we remain, for the rest of our lives, cousins and nothing more. Is that plain enough?"

The tone in which she said those words made it impossible, even for old Mr. Ablewhite, to mistake her any longer. His thermometer went up another degree, and his voice, when he next spoke, ceased to be the voice which is appropriate to a notoriously good-natured man.

"I am to understand, then," he said, "that your marriage engagement is broken off?"

"You are to understand that, Mr. Ablewhite, if you please."

"I am also to take it as a matter of fact that the proposal to withdraw from the engagement came, in the first instance, from *you?*"

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"It came, in the first instance, from me. And it met, as I have told you, with your son's consent and approval."

The thermometer went up to the top of the register. I mean, the pink changed suddenly to scarlet.

"My son is a mean-spirited hound!" cried this furious old worldling. "In justice to myself as his father—not in justice to *him*—I beg to ask you, Miss Verinder, what complaint you have to make of Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite?"

Here Mr. Bruff interfered for the first time.

"You are not bound to answer that question," he said to Rachel.

Old Mr. Ablewhite fastened on him instantly.

"Don't forget, Sir," he said, "that you are a self-invited guest here. Your interference would have come with a better grace if you had waited until it was asked for."

Mr. Bruff took no notice. The smooth varnish on *his* wicked old face never cracked. Rachel thanked him for the advice he had given to her, and then turned to old Mr. Ablewhite—preserving her composure in a manner which (having regard to her age and her sex) was simply awful to see.

"Your son put the same question to me which you have just asked," she said. "I had only one answer for him, and I have only one answer for you. I proposed that we should release each other, because reflection had convinced me that I should best consult his welfare and mine by retracting a rash promise, and leaving him free to make his choice elsewhere."

"What has my son done?" persisted Mr. Ablewhite. "I have a right to know that. What has my son done?"

She persisted just as obstinately on her side.

"You have had the only explanation which I think it necessary to give to you, or to him," she answered.

"In plain English, it's your sovereign will and pleasure, Miss Verinder, to jilt my son?"

Rachel was silent for a moment. Sitting close behind her, I heard her sigh. Mr. Bruff took her hand, and gave it a little squeeze. She recovered herself, and answered Mr. Ablewhite as boldly as ever.

"I have exposed myself to worse misconstruction than that," she said. "And I have borne it patiently. The time has gone by when you could mortify me by calling me a jilt."

She spoke with a bitterness of tone which satisfied me that the scandal of the Moonstone had been in some way recalled to her mind. "I have no more to say," she added, wearily, not addressing the words to any one in particular, and looking away from us all, out of the window that was nearest to her.

Mr. Ablewhite got upon his feet, and pushed away his chair so violently that it toppled over and fell on the floor.

"I have something more to say on my side," he announced, bringing down the flat of his hand on the table with a bang. "I have to say that if my son doesn't feel this insult I do!"

Rachel started, and looked at him in sudden surprise.

"Insult?" she repeated. "What do you mean?"

"Insult!" reiterated Mr. Ablewhite. "I know your motive, Miss Verinder, for breaking your promise to my son! I know it as certainly as if you had confessed it in so many words. Your cursed family pride is insulting Godfrey, as it insulted *me* when I married your aunt. Her family—her beggarly family—turned their backs on her for marrying an honest man, who had made his own place and won his own fortune. I had no ancestors. I wasn't descended from a set of cut-throat scoundrels who lived by robbery and murder. I couldn't point to the time when the Ablewhites hadn't a shirt to their backs, and couldn't sign their own names. Ha! ha! I wasn't good enough for the Herncastles, when *I* married. And, now it comes to the pinch, my son isn't good enough for *you*. I suspected it all along. You have got the Herncastle blood in you, my young lady! I suspected it all along."

"A very unworthy suspicion," remarked Mr. Bruff. "I am astonished that you have the courage to acknowledge it."

Before Mr. Ablewhite could find words to answer, Rachel spoke in the tone of the most exasperating contempt.

"Surely," she said to the lawyer, "this is beneath notice. If he can think in *that* way, let us leave him to think as he pleases."

From scarlet Mr. Ablewhite was now becoming purple. He gasped for breath; he looked backward and forward from Rachel to Mr. Bruff in such a frenzy of rage with both of them that he didn't know which to attack first. His wife, who had sat impenetrably fanning herself up to this time, began to be alarmed, and attempted, quite uselessly, to quiet him. I had, throughout this distressing interview, felt more than one inward call to interfere with a few earnest words, and had controlled myself under a dread of the possible results, very unworthy of a Christian Englishwoman who looks, not to what is meanly prudent, but to what is morally right. At the point at which matters had now arrived I rose superior to all considerations of mere expediency. If I had contemplated interposing any remonstrance of my own humble devising, I might possibly still have hesitated. But the distressing domestic emergency which now confronted me was most marvelously and beautifully provided for in the Correspondence of Miss Jane Ann Stamper—Letter one thousand and one, on "Peace in Families." I rose in my modest corner, and I opened my precious book.

"Dear Mr. Ablewhite," I said, "one word!"

When I first attracted the attention of the company by rising, I could see that he was on the point of saying something rude to me. My sisterly form of address checked him. He stared in heathen astonishment.

"As an affectionate well-wisher and friend," I proceeded, "and as one long accustomed to arouse, convince, prepare, enlighten, and fortify others, permit me to take the most pardonable of all liberties—the liberty of composing your mind."

He began to recover himself; he was on the point of breaking out—he *would* have broken out, with any body else. But my voice (habitually gentle) possesses a high note or so, in emergencies. In this emergency I felt imperatively called upon to have the highest voice of the two.

I held up my precious book before him; I rapped the open page impressively with my forefinger. "Not my words!" I exclaimed, in a burst of fervent interruption. "Oh, don't suppose that I claim attention for My humble words! Manna in the wilderness, Mr. Ablewhite! Dew on the parched earth! Words of comfort, words of wisdom, words of love—the blessed, blessed, blessed words of Miss Jane Ann Stamper!"

I was stopped there by a momentary impediment of the breath. Before I could recover myself, this monster in human form shouted out furiously:

"Miss Jane Ann Stamper be ——!"

It is impossible for me to write the awful word which is here represented by a blank. I shrieked as it passed his lips; I flew to my little bag on the side-table; I shook out all my tracts; I seized the one particular tract on profane swearing, entitled, "Hush for Heaven's Sake!" I handed it to him with an expression of agonized entreaty. He tore it in two, and threw it back at me across the table. The rest of them rose in alarm, not knowing what might happen next. I instantly sat down again in my corner. There had once been an occasion, under somewhat similar circumstances, when Miss Jane Ann Stamper had been taken by the two shoulders and turned out of a room. I waited, inspired by *her* spirit, for a repetition of *her* martyrdom.

But no—it was not to be. His wife was the next person whom he addressed. "Who—who—who," he said, stammering with rage, "asked this impudent fanatic into the house? Did you?"

Before Aunt Ablewhite could say a word, Rachel answered for her:

"Miss Clack is here," she said, "as my guest."

Those words had a singular effect on Mr. Ablewhite. They suddenly changed him from a man in a state of red-hot anger to a man in a state of icy-cold contempt. It was plain to every body that Rachel had said something—short and plain as her answer had been—which gave him the upper hand of her at last.

"Oh!" he said. "Miss Clack is here as *your* guest—in *my* house?"

It was Rachel's turn to lose her temper at that. Her color rose, and her eyes brightened fiercely. She turned to the lawyer, and, pointing at Mr. Ablewhite, asked, haughtily, "What does he mean?"

Mr. Bruff interfered for the third time.

"You appear to forget," he said, addressing Mr. Ablewhite, "that you took this house as Miss Verinder's guardian, for Miss Verinder's use."

"Not quite so fast," interposed Mr. Ablewhite. "I have a last word to say, which I should have said some time since, if this—" He looked my way, pondering what abominable name he should call me—"if this Rampant Spinster had not interrupted us. I beg to inform you, Sir, that, if my son is not good enough to be Miss Verinder's husband, I can not presume to consider his father good enough to be Miss Verinder's guardian. Understand, if you please, that I refuse to accept the position which is offered to me by Lady Verinder's will. In your legal phrase, I decline to act. This house has necessarily been hired in my name. I take the entire responsibility of it on my shoulders. It is my house. I can keep it, or let it, just as I please. I have no wish to hurry Miss Verinder. On the contrary, I beg her to remove her guest and her luggage, at her own entire convenience." He made a low bow, and walked out of the room.

That was Mr. Ablewhite's revenge on Rachel for refusing to marry his son!

The instant the door closed Aunt Ablewhite exhibited a phenomenon which silenced us all. She became endowed with energy enough to cross the room!

"My dear," she said, taking Rachel by the hand, "I should be ashamed of my husband, if I didn't know that it is his temper which has spoken to you, and not himself. You," continued Aunt Ablewhite, turning on me in my corner with another endowment of energy, in her looks this time instead of her limbs—"you are the mischievous person who irritated him. I hope I shall never see you or your tracts again." She went back to Rachel, and kissed her. "I beg your pardon, my dear," she said, "in my husband's name. What can I do for you?"

Consistently perverse in every thing—capricious and unreasonable in all the actions of her life—Rachel melted into tears at those commonplace words, and returned her aunt's kiss in silence.

"If I may be permitted to answer for Miss Verinder," said Mr. Bruff, "might I ask you, Mrs. Ablewhite, to send Penelope down with her mistress's bonnet and shawl. Leave us ten minutes together," he added, in a lower tone, "and you may rely on my setting matters right, to your satisfaction as well as to Rachel's."

The trust of the family in this man was something wonderful to see. Without a word more, on her side, Aunt Ablewhite left the room.

"Ah!" said Mr. Bruff, looking after her. "The Herncastle blood has its drawbacks, I admit. But there *is* something in good-breeding, after all!"

Having made that purely worldly remark, he looked hard at my corner, as if he expected me to go. My interest in Rachel—an infinitely higher interest than his—riveted me to my chair.

Mr. Bruff gave it up, exactly as he had given it up at Aunt Verinder's, in Montagu Square. He led Rachel to a chair by the window, and spoke to her there.

"My dear young lady," he said, "Mr. Ablewhite's conduct has naturally shocked you, and taken you by surprise. If it was worth while to contest the question with such a man, we might soon show him that he is not to have things all his own way. But it isn't worth while. You were quite right in what you said just now; he is beneath our notice."

He stopped, and looked round at my corner. I sat there quite immovable, with my tracts at my elbow, and with Miss Jane Ann Stamper on my lap.

"You know," he resumed, turning back again to Rachel, "that it was part of your poor mother's fine nature always to see the best of the people about her, and never the worst. She named her brother-in-law your guardian because she believed in him, and because she thought it would please her sister. I had never liked Mr. Ablewhite myself, and I induced your mother to let me insert a clause in the will, empowering her executors, in certain events, to consult with me about the appointment of a new guardian. One of those events has happened to-day; and I find myself in a position to end all these dry business details, I hope agreeably, with a message from my wife. Will you honor Mrs. Bruff by becoming her guest? And will you remain under my roof, and be one of my family, until we wise people have laid our heads together, and have settled what is to be done next?"

At those words I rose to interfere. Mr. Bruff had done exactly what I had dreaded he would do, when he asked Mrs. Ablewhite for Rachel's bonnet and shawl.

Before I could interpose a word Rachel had accepted his invitation in the warmest terms. If I suffered the arrangement thus made between them to be carried out—if she once passed the threshold of Mr. Bruff's door—farewell to the fondest hope of my life, the hope of bringing my lost sheep back to the fold! The bare idea of such a calamity as this quite overwhelmed me. I cast the miserable trammels of worldly discretion to the winds, and spoke with the fervor that filled me, in the words that came first.

"Stop!" I said—"stop! I must be heard. Mr. Bruff! you are not related to her, and I am. *I* invite her—I summon the executors to appoint *me* guardian. Rachel, dearest Rachel, I offer you my modest home; come to London by the next train, love, and share it with me!"

Mr. Bruff said nothing. Rachel looked at me with a cruel astonishment which she made no effort to conceal.

"You are very kind, Drusilla," she said. "I shall hope to visit you whenever I happen to be in London. But I have accepted Mr. Bruff's invitation, and I think it will be best, for the present, if I remain under Mr. Bruff's care."

"Oh, don't say so!" I pleaded. "I can't part with you, Rachel—I can't part with you!"

I tried to fold her in my arms. But she drew back. My fervor did not communicate itself; it only alarmed her.

"Surely," she said, "this is a very unnecessary display of agitation? I don't understand it."

"No more do I," said Mr. Bruff.

Their hardness—their hideous, worldly hardness—revolted me.

"Oh, Rachel! Rachel!" I burst out. "Haven't you seen *yet*, that my heart yearns to make a Christian of you? Has no inner voice told you that I am trying to do for *you*, what I was trying to do for your dear mother when death snatched her out of my hands?"

Rachel advanced a step nearer, and looked at me very strangely.

"I don't understand your reference to my mother," she said. "Miss Clack, will you have the goodness to explain yourself?"

Before I could answer Mr. Bruff came forward, and, offering his arm to Rachel, tried to lead her out of the room.

"You had better not pursue the subject, my dear," he said. "And Miss Clack had better not explain herself."

If I had been a stock or a stone, such an interference as this must have roused me into testifying to the truth. I put Mr. Bruff aside indignantly with my own hand, and, in solemn and suitable language, I stated the view with which sound doctrine does not scruple to regard the awful calamity of dying unprepared.

Rachel started back from me—I blush to write it—with a scream of horror.

"Come away!" she said to Mr. Bruff. "Come away, for God's sake, before that woman can say any more! Oh, think of my poor mother's harmless, useful, beautiful life! You were at the funeral, Mr. Bruff; you saw how every body loved her; you saw the poor helpless people crying at her grave over the loss of their best friend. And that wretch stands there and tries to make me doubt that my mother, who was an angel on earth, is an angel in heaven now! Don't stop to talk about it! Come away! It stifles me to breathe the same air with her! It frightens me to feel that we are in the same room together!"

Deaf to all remonstrance, she ran to the door.

At the same moment her maid entered with her bonnet and shawl. She huddled them on any how. "Pack my things," she said, "and bring them to Mr. Bruff's." I attempted to approach her—I was shocked and grieved, but, it is needless to say, not offended. I only wished to say to her, "May your hard heart be softened! I freely forgive you!" She pulled down her veil, and tore her shawl away from my hand, and, hurrying out, shut the door in my face. I bore the insult with my customary fortitude. I remember it now with my customary superiority to all feeling of offense.

Mr. Bruff had his parting word of mockery for me, before he too hurried out, in his turn.

"You had better not have explained yourself, Miss Clack," he said, and bowed, and left the room.

The person with the cap-ribbons followed.

"It's easy to see who has set them all by the ears together," she said. "I'm only a poor servant—but I declare I'm ashamed of you!" She too went out, and banged the door after her.

I was left alone in the room. Reviled by them all, deserted by them all, I was left alone in the room.

Is there more to be added to this plain statement of facts—to this touching picture of a Christian persecuted by the world? No! my diary reminds me that one more of the many checkered chapters in my life ends here. From that day forth I never saw Rachel Verinder again. She had my forgiveness at the time when she insulted me. She has had my prayerful good wishes ever since. And when I die—to complete the return on my part of good for evil—she will have the Life, Letters, and Labor of Miss Jane Ann Stamper left her as a legacy by my will.

THE DEVIL OUTWITTED.

AN HUNGARIAN POPULAR TALE.

In those dreadful days when devils had full power to assume various mortal forms, and in pursuit of their avocation to wander over the wide earth, a very old malignant devil left his subterranean abode. Having heard of the wonderful bliss which was enjoyed by human beings in their marriage life, he determined himself to make an attempt to enter into that happy state.

But he was so old and so ugly that by no device and no disguise could he conceal the deformity of his person, and every approach he made toward a pretty maiden was repelled with contumely and scorn. This grieved and exasperated him beyond all bounds, and he sunk into the depths of despair, having exhausted every art of fascination and eloquence. In this miserable state of things he determined to address himself to a hideous ancient hag who had already sent six husbands to their graves; but finding nothing preferable to her, he offered her his hand, swearing fidelity for life and death.

We will not describe the bride, with all her charms, except to say that the venerable chronicler, who has recorded the story for our delight and instruction, declares that, wicked as was the devil, the devil's wife was tenfold worse; and he adds that the outward deformity of the witch was charming when contrasted with the vileness of her inner nature.

On the wedding-day, immediately after the ceremony, she began to torment her husband, scolding and quarreling without rhyme or reason, which he could not stop for even a minute. This was the devil's introduction to domestic felicity; and he soon found that his late infernal residence itself was paradise when compared with earth, and such a witch of a woman for a wedded wife.

He could not bear it long. Full of shame and sorrow, he cursed the whole race of womankind, and his own choice above every other. He wandered away into the deepest woods and the wildest wildernesses, blessing the fortune that had given sufficient strength to his weary legs to carry him so far off from his beautiful bride.

And so he strayed in melancholy mood into a thicket, where he saw a little meagre man busied in digging up and gathering together various roots and herbs. The man looked upon him with a friendly but gloomy and embarrassed countenance, and the devil soon discovered that he had no picture of human happiness before him; but he tenderly inquired into the man's history and employment. The poor botanist answered with sighs that he was indeed an unfortunate creature whom a bad wife had brought to misery, having squandered his belongings, and so plagued his existence that he felt it a relief to occupy himself by collecting simples in the desert in order to escape from that female house-devil.

The story produced on the devil's mind a fellow-feeling of sympathy, and he narrated to the little man the experience of his own mortal felicity. They were soon bound together in the strongest bonds of friendship; they discussed their mutual grievances, and determined to work together for their common relief, and to help one another in partnership. The little man collected a great supply of roots and herbs, and the devil, whose hatred against the whole race of mortal man had been greatly sharpened by his more intimate acquaintance with the better half, used every art of witchery and deceit to induce people to trade with his associate. He possessed first one and then another, and did not come out of them until the little man had come to cure them with his mysterious medicines; and such was the success of these devices that they collected heaps of money, and so long had their traffic been carried on that the woods and wastes failed to present them with a sufficient supply of simples for the demand. Meanwhile with the accumulation of wealth the passion of avarice entered into the soul of the meagre little man, and he determined for the future to disregard the agreement he had made with the devil. He deceived his comrade as often as he could, and, instead of giving half their earnings, he often handed to him less than a third. The devil's sharp-sightedness soon discovered the roguery, and he only waited a favorable opportunity for taking becoming revenge.

He entered into a peasant girl, and maddened her with such a fearful frenzy that half the affrighted villagers fled. The meagre man came with his healing herbs; but though the girl was exorcised by every charm and by every influence that had hitherto in every case succeeded, the devil that possessed her declared that he would never quit her, hurled scorn and defiance at the

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exorciser, and loudly shouted out that he despised his power. This sudden and unexpected obstinacy of the devil placed the little man in the greatest perplexity; but in his wild despair he dreamed of a plan by which he could not only drive the devil out of the maiden, but out of the universal world.

The people had abandoned all hope of the recovery of the maiden, when the little man came forward and said to the devil, "Thou couldst not cure the girl; I will call thy wife to help thee!"

Hardly were the words uttered when the devil began to tremble, and his agitation made all the bones of the maiden crack. She fell in convulsions to the ground, but her misery soon came to an end. The devil thought it better to hurry back to his own proper regions than to wait the coming of his wife. He disappeared in smoke, but left a disagreeable smell behind him.

FORK-TONGUED.

"HARRY!" she gasped, in a strange, harsh, cracked voice; and, as I started and looked up from my work, there was my wife coming toward me, with her arms stretched out, her eyes fixed, and a horrible, ghastly look upon her white face, that made me drop my spade and run to meet her. I caught her just as she was falling, when her eyes closed, and she gave a shiver that seemed to shake her whole body.

This was soon after we had settled out in the up country, and there was only another hut here and there in those days; but, after years of knocking about at home, trying hard to get an honest living and never succeeding, we had made up our minds to try Australia; and here we were, living in the log-hut I had knocked up for myself, shepherding, and doing what little I could in the shape of gardening; for, that being my right trade, with all the beautiful rich soil lying fallow, it did seem a sin to me not to have a turn at it; so, getting what seeds I could from Sydney, and adding to the few I had brought in my chest, I managed to make quite a little Eden of the bit of land I broke up round our hut. We were not saving money, not to any extent, but there was a roof over our heads, and no rent to pay, plenty of vegetables of my own growing, and them costing nothing, plenty of work to do, and, one sort or another, always plenty to eat: so that, after what we had gone through in England, you may be sure we were willing enough to try and put up with such inconveniences as fell to our share, and, as a matter of course, there were things to encounter out there in what some people would call the wilderness, though it was a wilderness that blossomed like the rose. There were times, for instance, when we were in dread of the blacks, who had done some very queer things here and there about; then the place was terribly lonely, and out of the way if you wanted a doctor; and Mary used to joke me because I could never get half a pint of beer, but I found I could get on just as well without it, and, my word, what a capital cup of tea we always did have out there.

Well, Mary came out to me that day looking that horribly ghastly that, being naturally rather too fast at fancying troubles in advance, I saw directly half a score of blacks coming to spear us, and some of them knocking out the children's brains with their clubs—and not the first time neither; but in a few moments the poor girl opened her eyes, and began to stare about her. There were no blacks to be seen. Little Joe was sitting in the path playing, and though I looked along the edge of the wood behind the house I could see no signs of danger; so I began to think she must have been taken ill, and turned over in my own mind how I could get any help for her.

Just then her face grew contracted again as her thoughts seemed to come back, and gasping out once more, "Harry, Harry," she gave a shudder and said, "The baby—a snake!"

I couldn't see myself, but I know I turned white, all the blood seeming to rush to my heart, for if there is any thing of which I am afraid it is a snake, even going so far as to dislike eels, of which there was abundance in the river close at hand.

I don't know how we got there, but the next thing I remember is standing at the hut window with Mary holding little Joe tight in her arms, and me looking through at the cradle, where our little thing of nine months old was lying; and my heart seemed to be turning to ice as I saw nestled in the foot of the cradle, partly hidden in the blanket, but with some of its horrible coils full in sight, and its head resting upon them, the largest snake I had seen since I had been in the country. The feeling was something awful, and I stood there for a few moments leaning upon the rough handle of the hoe I had caught up, not able to move, for my eyes were fixed upon the head of that hideous beast, and I expected every moment that the baby would wake and make some movement sufficient to irritate the snake, and then, whether poisonous or not, I felt that the little thing must die.

What should I do? I asked myself, as the horrible feeling of helplessness wore off. If I crept in and reached the cradle-side unheard, I dared not chop at the beast for fear of injuring the child, for I could see that some of the folds lay right across it. I dared not make a noise, lest the next moment the child should awake as well as the reptile, for I knew the rapidity with which the horrible creatures could wreathe fold after fold round the object they attacked; while, if of a poisonous nature, they struck in an instant. Thoughts came swiftly enough, but they were unavailing, for to wait till the baby woke, or to go in and attack the snake, seemed equally dangerous. Even if I made a slight noise the danger seemed as great, since, though the snake might wake first and glide off, the probabilities were just as great that the child might wake at the same time.

And so I turned over the chances again and again, my eyes all the while fixed upon the two sleeping occupants of the cradle, whose pleasant warmth had evidently attracted the reptile.

"I went in and saw it there," whispered my wife, and then, without taking my eyes for an instant from the snake, I whispered the one word "Gun," and she glided from my side.

I did not know then, but she told me afterward, how she had carried the little boy to a distance and given him some flowers to play with, while she crept back to the hut, and, reaching in at the kitchen window, brought me my gun, for I had not stirred. And now, as I grasped the piece in my hand, knowing though I did that it was loaded, it seemed of no use, for I dared not fire; but, with trembling hands, I felt in my pockets to see if there was a bullet in them, and then softly pulling out the ramrod I unscrewed the cover of the worm and drew the wadding, reversed the piece, and let the shot fall pattering out, when I softly forced down the bullet upon the powder, examined the cap, and stood ready waiting for a chance; for I thought that the shot might have scattered, and, if ever so little, I might have injured the child in place of its enemy.

And there we stood for quite half an hour, watching intently that horrible beast comfortably nestled in the blanket, expecting momentarily that the baby would wake, while my hand trembled so that I could not hold the gun steady. One minute I was thinking that I had done wrong in changing the charge, the next minute that I was right; then I fancied that the gun might miss fire, or that I might slay my own child. A hundred horrible thoughts entered my mind before little Joe began to cry out to his mother, and she glided away while I muttered to myself "Thank Heaven!" for she was spared from seeing what followed.

As if at one and the same moment the child and the snake woke up. I saw the baby's hand move, and its little arms thrown out, while from the motion beneath the blanket I knew that it must have kicked a little. Then there was a rapid movement in the cradle, and as I glanced along the gun-barrel taking aim there was the whole of the horrible reptile exposed to view, coil gliding over coil as it seemed to fill the foot of the cradle; and now had my gun been charged with shot I should have fired, so as to have disabled some part of its body; but with only a single bullet I felt that the head must be the part attacked when opportunity served.

Glide, glide, glide, one coil over the other quickly and easily, as if it were untying its knotted body, while now the head slowly rose from where it had lain, and crept nearer and nearer to the child's face, the forked-tongue darting in and out, and playing rapidly on either side of the hideous mouth. I could see the glance of the snake's eyes, and expected every moment to hear the child shriek out with terror, as the lowered head now rested over its breast. But no, the child lay perfectly still for a few moments, and then I stood trembling in every limb as I saw the snake's head drawn back, and then begin to sway to and fro, and from side to side, the glistening neck of the beast gently undulating, while the tongue still darted in and out of the tight, dreadful-looking mouth.

Now was the time when I should have fired, but I was too unnerved; and laying down my gun I seized the hoe, meaning to attack the beast with the stout handle; but my hand fell paralyzed to my side as I saw the little innocent in the cradle smile and then laugh at the gently undulating head of the snake; while, as the agony grew to be greater than I could bear, in seeing the little white hands try to catch at it as it swayed to and fro, my power seemed to come back. I snatched up the gun, and as the snake's head was driven back preparatory to striking, I pulled the trigger, when the sharp crack of the percussion cap alone followed—perhaps providentially, for in my trembling state I might have injured the child. Then I saw a rapid writhing of the coils in the cradle, and as the tail of the snake glided over the side, every thing around me seemed to swim, and I tried to catch at the wall of the hut to save myself from falling.

But that soon went off; and then, gazing in at the window, I tried to make out the whereabouts of my enemy, as I recapped and tapped the gun, so that the powder might run up the nipple. The snake was nowhere to be seen, and darting in I seized the child, and carried it out to its mother, when, now feeling relieved of one horrible anxiety, I obtained my shot-pouch from the kitchen, rammed down a charge upon the bullet, and cautiously went in search of the reptile.

I knew that he must still be in the part of the hut we used for a sleeping-place, and, after cautiously peering about, I came upon the hole where it had taken refuge—an opening between the roughly-sawn planks laid loosely down to form a floor; while, unless there was an outlet beneath the wood-work, I felt that the beast must be there; and to make it more probable, there was our cat, that we had bought a kitten in Sydney, gazing with staring eyes down at the hole.

Just then I heard a soft rustling beneath my feet, and as I looked down, I could see between two boards the scaly body gliding along. The next moment there came the loud report of the gun, the place was full of smoke, there was a tremendous scuffling noise, and as I looked down between the boards where the charge had forced a passage through, there was no sign of the snake.

"Harry, Harry!" shrieked my wife just then; and on rushing out, there was the beast writhing about in the path, evidently badly wounded, while some crushed-down flowers by the hut wall showed plainly the hole of communication. I never saw snake writhe and twist as that creature did, but I was too excited then to feel afraid, and a few blows from the but-end of the gun laid it so that there was only a little movement left in its body, which did not stop for an hour or two after I had cut off his head with the axe.

I should have liked to skin the beast, but I could not master my horror. I measured it though: fourteen feet three inches long it was, and as thick as my arm; while, as to its weight, I saw the cradle rock to and fro heavily as it glided over the side.

Snakes are scarce now in this part; for there isn't a man in Queensland that does not wage war against them, and where there was one settler then there are scores now.

VIOLETS AT HOME.

O HAPPY buds of violet!
I give them to my sweet, and she
Puts them where something sweeter yet
Must always be.

White violets find whiter rest;
For fairest flower how fair a fate:
For me remain, O fragrant breast!
Inviolate.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE medals and diplomas awarded to American exhibitors at the Paris Exposition are now on exhibition at the Capitol in Washington. They are arranged in the Hall formerly occupied by the House of Representatives, and make quite an imposing display. The cases containing the medals are beautiful specimens of workmanship, being made of French glass, surmounted by a frame-work of burnished steel. These cases contain four crosses of the Legion of Honor, three grand prizes, fifteen gold medals, one artist's medal, seventy-four silver and ninety-five bronze medals. The number of diplomas greatly exceeds the number of medals—a result of the rule of awards adopted by the Imperial Commission, that when two or more awards of the same denomination are made to one exhibitor for different products, the number of diplomas issued will correspond with the number of awards; but only one medal will be issued, which covers all. Also under similar circumstances a superior medal covers those of less value. It is stated that the per centage of awards to exhibitors from four countries is as follows: France, 55.57; United States, 52.79; Germany, 47.50; Great Britain, 26.10. A gold medal was decreed to the "Industrie Armoriere des Etats Unis d'Amérique," which, consequently, does not belong to any individual. A silver medal was decreed to the United States Government for specimens of sutlers' houses. This award was the spontaneous act of the Imperial Commission. A bronze medal was also struck for the Agricultural Bureau. These also will probably be placed in the Patent Office, and will then present a specimen of each kind of medals awarded.

It is now confidently stated that Dr. Livingstone, the great African traveler, is not only alive, but that his journey of exploration has been eminently successful, and his appearance in England may soon be expected. It will be to him a strange coming-home. His obituaries have been written, his character and worth lovingly commented upon; and he will be welcomed like one risen from the dead.

Since the opening of the House of Refuge, on Randall's Island, in 1825, more than twelve thousand children, boys and girls, have been taken in the commission of crime, sent to this place, cared for kindly, trained into habits of industry, taught useful trades, and sent out into the world again; a majority of whom have become worthy members of society. During the past year alone nearly eighteen hundred have been inmates of the institution; and of these, seven hundred and seventy-nine have been indentured to reliable tradesmen and honorably discharged. In this institution the steady performance of the routine of daily duties is in itself a corrective of vicious tendencies, and the discipline is an excellent training for a useful life.

A curious discovery has been made near Knoxville, Tennessee, which antiquarians are requested to explain. For many years past a gentleman owning a valuable farm, has been interested in the fact that his cattle seem to be attracted to a particular locality on the farm, and were in the habit of constantly resorting to the place. He determined to investigate the matter, and accordingly commenced to excavate upon the premises. After digging down about seven feet he struck a solid limestone rock. He found a well about eight inches in diameter; from this well he procured salt-water of a quantity sufficient to enable him to obtain salt by the boiling of a few gallons. The gentleman prosecuted his investigations, and found a quantity of stone kettles made of material similar to that used by the Indians for their home ware. The kettles were broken, but the curvature indicated that they were about three feet in diameter, and were about forty in number. A most striking fact connected with this discovery is, that these kettles were found at a depth of 70 feet below the surface of the ground. Growing above them were trees—poplar and oak—which were evidently two centuries old. The question is, how did the kettles come there?

An exchange comments upon those people who complain that ministers cost a great deal, by citing a few facts: namely, that it costs $35,000,000 to pay the fees of American lawyers; that $12,000,000 are paid annually to keep our criminals, and $10,000,000 to keep the dogs in the midst of us alive, while only $6,000,000 are spent annually to keep 6000 preachers in the United States.

It is said that, by adapting somebody's "system of electricity" to organs, a performer in England can play on an instrument in America, and *vice versa*. It is furthermore suggested that wires be laid down from various churches to the residences of organists, so that they may perform at home. One organist might serve for several churches, by judicious management.

A new edition of the Scriptures—the "Chicago Bible"—is announced as forthcoming. The advertisement says that a new feature of the edition will be a family record suited to the wants of the day. In addition to the pages ordinarily devoted to births, marriages, and deaths, several leaves will be added for divorces.

A Michigan paper states that a few weeks ago at a meeting of the citizens of Sturgis, in that State, an appeal was made to the ladies to aid the cause of prohibition by their influence in the coming election. They replied that they would if they were allowed to vote. So the gentlemen could do no less than to invite them to come out on election-day and make a demonstration in favor of prohibition. A Committee of twelve was appointed to carry out this object. They canvassed the village, and invited all the ladies to come out on that day and join in the demonstration. At two o'clock, on election-day, they assembled at a large hall, and marched to the room where the election was held, and one hundred and fourteen deposited their votes in favor of prohibition and six against. While they were marching through the room where the election was held the utmost order prevailed, and, when they were retiring, three hearty cheers were given for the ladies of Sturgis.

Among the curiosities of the world may be mentioned a family living in Michigan, bearing the surname of Thurston. There are twelve children, who answer to the following euphonious names: The eldest is Ulysses Ithicus; the second, Leodis Iphigenia; the third, a girl, Chrystemas Andromeca; fourth, Epaminondas Epaphroditus; fifth, Achilles Lycurgus; sixth, Miltiades Aristiades; seventh, Cassius Brutus; eighth, Solon Kossuth; ninth, Agamemnon Hiland; tenth, a girl, Dulcena Dulcerado; eleventh, Patroclas Antilocus; and twelfth, Wendell Phillips.

A newspaper is reported to have appeared in Alaska. It is called the *Alaska Herald*, and is printed in Russian and English.

There is a plan of establishing an insect menagerie at a place called Montsouri, in France. The insects are to be put in cages and kept alive, just like other specimens of natural history. The gentleman who proposes this mentions twenty thousand members of the insect family who could be decently fed and submitted to the public gaze.

Ordinary lead shot are made by being dropped through perforated iron "cullenders" from the top of a lofty tower. The particles of semi-fluid lead assume in their descent a globular form, and by the time they reach the bottom they are in general sufficiently hardened to bear the shock of striking the surface of a vessel of water placed to receive them. Sometimes, however, the momentum is so great that many of the pellets flatten from the force with which they strike the receiver. This difficulty has been obviated. In the Lead Factory of Messrs. Le Roy & Co., of this city, situated on Water Street, the shot are dropped but a short distance, and are buoyed up in their descent by a current of cold air which retards their fall to an extent sufficient to prevent their flattening, and renders them almost perfectly spherical. Large-sized shot require, by the ordinary method of manufacturing them, a greater height than small-sized; while a hundred feet is sufficient for the latter, the former require perhaps a hundred and fifty feet. A Shot-tower of Messrs. Le Roy, near Fifty-fourth Street, on the East River, is a hundred and fifty feet high. The Philadelphia Shot-tower is a hundred and eighty feet high. But the highest erection of this kind is said to be at Villach in Carinthia, and is two hundred and forty-nine feet in height.

Some tired editor, having apparently fallen asleep immediately after reading Edgar Poe's "Raven," produces the following jumble:

"The other night, while we lay musing and our weary brain confusing over the topics of the day, suddenly we heard a rattling as of a serried host a battling, as they wrangled in their fury. What is that we cried upstarting, slap! we ran against the door. Oh, 'tis nothing. Muggins grumbled, as o'er a huge arm-chair we stumbled, 'tis a bug and nothing more. Then said we, our anger rising (for we thought it so surprising that a bug should so offend), do you think a small insect, Sir, thus the whole room would infect, Sir? No! 'tis not a bug, my friend. Now becoming surely frightened, round our waist our pants we tightened, and put on our hat, then into the darkness peering, we saw with trembling and much fearing, the glaring eyes of Thomas Cat!

"With astonishment and wonder we gazed upon the son of thunder as he sat upon the floor, when a resolution taking and a rapid movement making, lo! we opened wide the door! Now clear out, we hoarsely shouted, as o'er head our boot we flouted, take your presence from our floor. Then with air and mien majestic, this dear creature called domestic, made 'tis exit through the door. Made his exit without growling, neither was his voice heard howling. Not a word he said. And with feelings much elated to escape a doom so fated, we went slowly back to bed."

A "Linen Wedding" was lately celebrated in Newburyport by a happy couple who have entered on their thirty-first year of wedlock. They were supplied with enough dry-goods—of *one* kind—to last a lifetime. Another pair enjoyed a "Variety Wedding," which is said to be the proper thing to celebrate forty-five years of wedded bliss. A dictionary of weddings would be a useful work at the present day.

A good story is told of a reverend gentleman to whom a farmer complained that ministers earned money much easier than he did. "Now," said the farmer, "when you are called upon to marry a couple, you never expect a less sum than three dollars, and you sometimes get ten dollars—this for a few minutes' service."

"Pooh!" replied the Doctor, "I would agree to give you half my next marriage-fee for a bushel of potatoes."

"Very well," said the farmer, "I'll take your offer, and send you the potatoes."

A few days afterward the clergyman was called on to splice a loving couple at D——, a place about four miles from where he lived. When the ceremony was over the bridegroom said to the worthy minister:

"Well, parson, I s'pose I must fork over something for your trouble. What say you to taking one of my terrier pups? The best breed, I tell you, in the country. Shocking nice to have in the barn. Worth full five dollars, and I suppose a figure two would do for the splice, eh?"

The Doctor took the pup with joy. The joke was too good; he hastened to the farmer, saying:

"Now, friend, here is my fee; how shall we divide it?"

The farmer relished the joke so well that he increased the potatoes to half a dozen bushels.

Leipsic is not only the greatest book market in Germany, but in the world. With about 90,000 inhabitants, it has more than 200 publishers and booksellers.

In the census of the Northwestern Provinces of India for 1865, the business of two hundred and twenty-six men is described as "flattering for gain." They are the descendants of a class who, in the times of the ancient Mogul court, preceded the dignitaries of the palace, or foreign princes visiting the country, and sang loud praise of their titles and warlike acts. There are also enumerated four charmers, eight hundred and fifty-one jesters, two hundred and fifty-nine mimics, one hundred and thirty-three hangmen, twenty-nine professed mourners, nearly four hundred and eighty thousand beggars, and thirty-five "sturdy beggars." Hindoo girls, according to matrimonial statistics, are married off at the age of ten, and often younger. The rule of age on the husband's side seems to be "that he shall exceed his wife's years by half as much, even twice as much, and be not *less than one-fourth* older than she is at the period of marriage."

An accommodating editor in Denver City, having received from a distressed lady a letter of inquiry on culinary matters, thus replies: "Mrs. ——, we have hunted the cyclopedias, and can find no better recipe for cooking cabbage than to put it into a pot over the fire, and let it boil."

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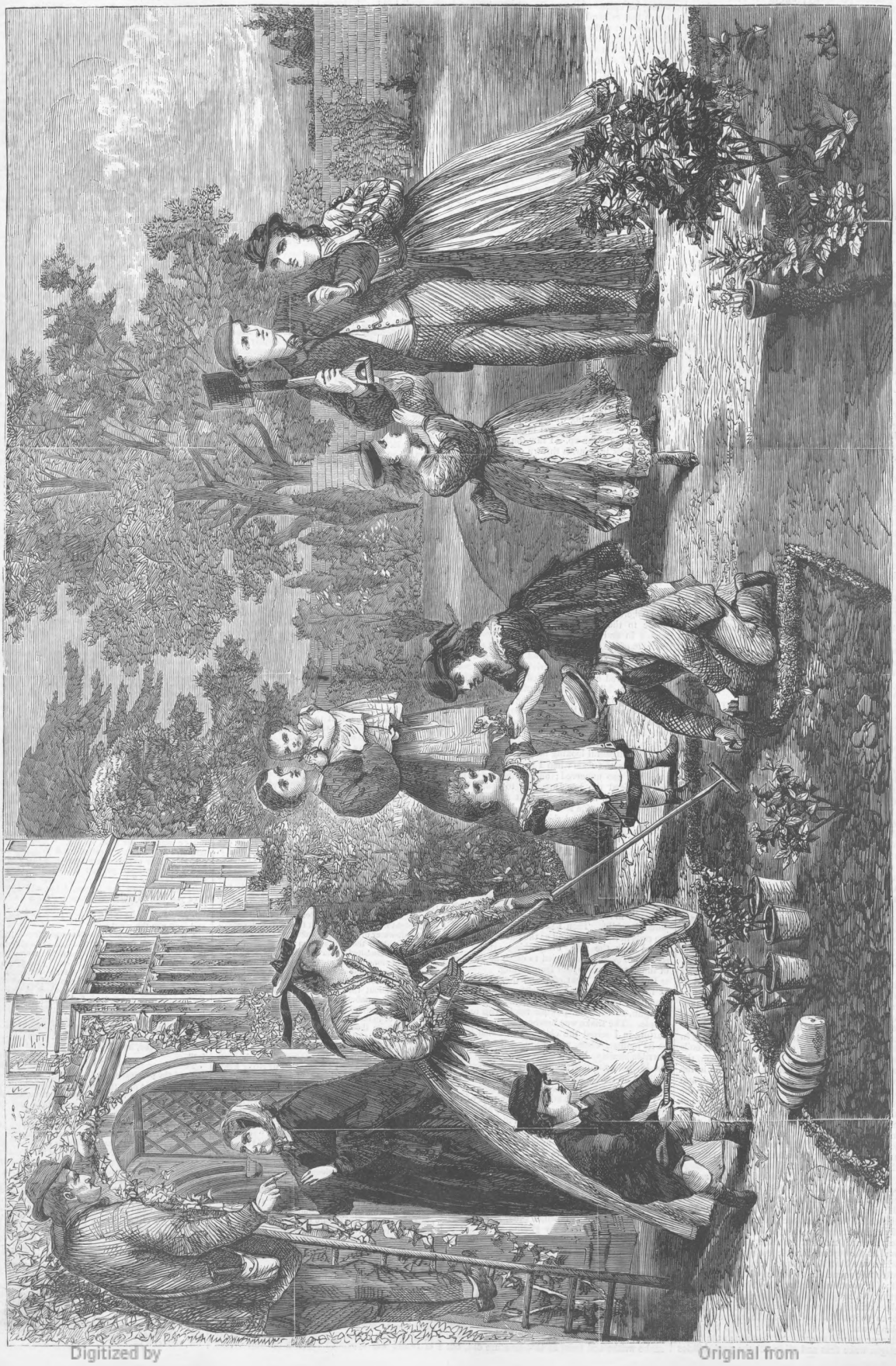

SPRING-TIME IN THE COUNTRY.—GARDENING.—[SEE PAGE 297.]

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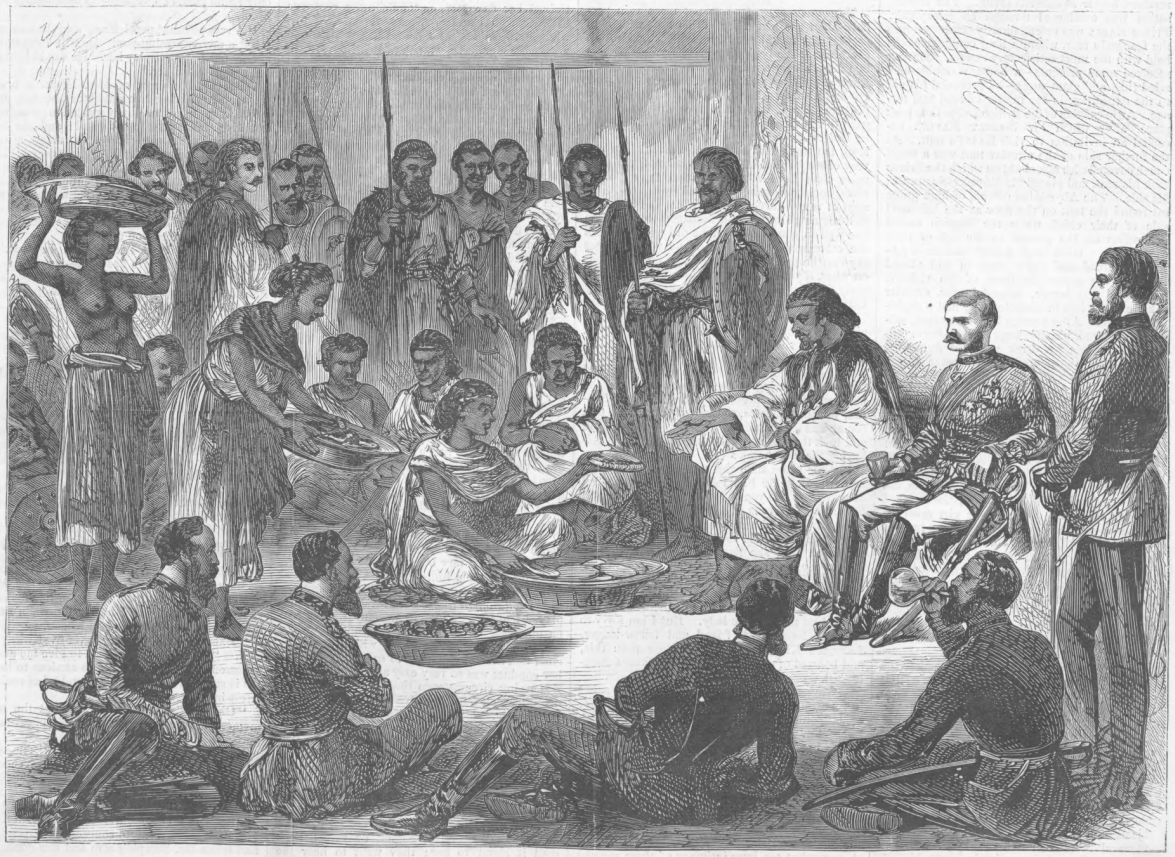
LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR ROBERT NAPIER AND STAFF.—[FROM PHOTOGRAPHS FORWARDED BY THE "NEW YORK HERALD" CORRESPONDENT IN ABYSSINIA.]

SPRING IN THE COUNTRY.

WE had scarcely a touch of real spring weather during the first two months of that usually delightful season. We are in its last month now; the warmer May days are upon us, and the work of gardening has already fairly begun in the country. There is no more delightful labor of the farmer's life. The heavier crops are put in the ground in earlier and colder weather, and by rougher hands; the work of gardening belongs to milder days and gentler hands. The men may be employed to trail the vines upon high arbors beyond reach or turn the hard sod; but the garden belongs to the girls and boys and women, and it is they who most delight in its labors, and it is more especially for them that we give the engraving on the opposite page.

THE ABYSSINIAN WAR.

THE special correspondent of the New York *Herald*, attached to the British Army expedition in Abyssinia—the same whose dispatches have been furnished to the British War Office and



SIR ROBERT NAPIER AND STAFF ENTERTAINED BY THE PRINCE OF TIGRÉ.

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London papers in advance of their own official reports—has lately sent to that enterprising journal a series of photographs of Major-General Sir ROBERT NAPIER and the officers of his Staff. We are indebted to the editor of the *Herald* for affording us facilities for reproducing the likenesses of these distinguished officers in this issue of the *Weekly*.

GENERAL NAPIER.

Lieutenant-General Sir ROBERT NAPIER, Commander of the Anglo-Indian Army, was born in Ceylon about 1810. He entered the British Army in India in the year 1827. For the next succeeding eighteen years he was employed in the Public Work Department of the Army. As a captain he served with great gallantry and efficiency in the Sikh war of 1846, having obtained leave of absence from his civil duties the year previous. He had a horse killed under him in the battle of Moodkee, and another in the battle of Ferozeshah. At Sobraon he was attached to the Staff of the Commanding General, and was subsequently much noticed by Lord HARDINGE. He was Chief Engineer of the force operating against the insurgents in Mooltan in 1848, and afterward second in command. He was severely wounded at Lahore. On the annexation of the Punjab territory NAPIER was commissioned as Chief Civil Engineer of the new Province. In 1857 he served under General OUTRAM during the mutiny in the district, and was present with the First Division at the relief of Lucknow. He served afterward under Lord CLYDE, and in Central India under Sir HUGH ROSE, now Lord STRATHNAIRN, and in command of the forces in Ireland.

General NAPIER went to China under Sir HOPE GRANT, where he was present at the capture of the Takoo fort in 1860. Returning to India, he was appointed on the Council of the Governor-General. In 1865 he was commissioned Commander-in-Chief of the Bombay Army, and from Bombay he has been sent to Abyssinia.

GENERAL NAPIER AND THE PRINCE OF TIGRÉ.

Our second illustration, on page 297, is of an interview between General NAPIER and the Prince of Tigré, which took place near the camp of the former at Ad-Abaga. General NAPIER was the guest, Prince KASSA played the part of host; but preliminary to the interview there was enacted a scene well worth recording. The respective camps of the two commanders were on either side of the small river Diab. The British General, mounted on an elephant, and followed by his Staff, rode down to the banks of the river. His appearance on the elephant was to impress KASSA with the power and scientific skill of the white man; for the Abyssinians fear the elephant much, and have never ventured to tame him. At this time the Abyssinian line suddenly opened out in the centre, and KASSA, surrounded by his immediate counselors and guard, rode forward on a white mule with a crimson umbrella borne above his head, and was received by Sir ROBERT NAPIER. The conversation was conducted through an interpreter. Prince KASSA was ceremoniously conducted into the General's tent, where a long conference was held with the most satisfactory results. Having received some presents—a horse, a double-barreled rifle, and glass vases—he promised his aid to the expedition in the matter of food and forage. An inspection of the British troops then took place, after which Sir ROBERT NAPIER accepted an invitation to visit KASSA's tent. At the further side of the circular tent was a small couch covered with silk cloth, on which the Prince took his seat, and placed Sir ROBERT NAPIER at his side. The Abyssinian officers of high grade sat round the tent on the floor at the left-hand side of their chief, while the English seated themselves on the ground to the left of their commander. Girls bearing large baskets of Abyssinian bread and curry came in and placed them on the ground in front of the visitors. The bread was brown, formed in flat, circular cakes about a foot in diameter, and had a slightly sour taste. After enough had been eaten, other girls entered, bearing huge bullock-horns filled with "tedge," a drink made of fermented honey. This was poured into Florence flasks, and given to each guest. After a while, when many flasks had been emptied, musicians were introduced. The band consisted of six men who played on long pipes, which uttered wild but not unpleasant music. A war song was sung by a minstrel, and all the Abyssinians joined in chorus. After this the British commander was first invested with a silver-gilt armlet, the sign of a great warrior. Then a lion's skin and mane, the mark of a fierce fighter in battle, were placed upon his shoulders, a sword was girt upon his side, and a spear and shield for him were handed to one of his Staff, who acted on the occasion as his armor-bearer. The meeting then broke up. KASSA, after frequent hand-shaking, accompanied the General to the door of the tent, where a gray mule, caparisoned with Abyssinian saddlery and trappings, was waiting. On this Sir ROBERT NAPIER had to mount; and, again accompanied by the Abyssinian Army, rode down to the Diab, where the Abyssinians halted.

We are called upon this week to chronicle the end of this war, which has been very brief but very expensive. It was begun, as doubtless most of our readers know, for the release of a number of British and other foreign officers, merchants, and artisans forcibly detained by King THEODORUS, in order to secure the services of the latter, and for other State reasons. All peaceful demands having been refused the Derby administration of England ordered the Indian army, under the command of General NAPIER, to invade the domains of Abyssinia, and release the subjects of the Queen by force.

General NAPIER landed in Abyssinia in December, 1867, and immediately began his advance. King THEODORUS at the same time turned his capital of Debra Tabor, and retired to the mountain fortress of Magdala. Here he was pursued by General NAPIER and his army of 10,000 men.

The march through the country is represented as having been very difficult. Elephants and camels had to be employed instead of horses and mules, and even these "ships of the desert" suffered greatly. The mountain passes were exceedingly difficult, and the ascents very high. Many of the animals employed were lost near Magdala, in crossing a ravine, which is described as being 8 miles wide, with a descent of 3500 feet, and an ascent of 4500 feet.

It was immediately after crossing this difficult ravine that the British army came within reach of King THEODORUS, and found him ready to obstruct its march. The fortress of Magdala was found to be a very formidable one, mounting 28 large guns, and garrisoned by about 15,000 troops. After reconnoitring it on April 7, General NAPIER pronounced it almost impregnable, but continued to advance until immediately in front of the position. On April 8 he forwarded a letter to King THEODORUS, demanding the release of the British captives. This he refused to do, and on April 10 General NAPIER invested the position. These movements brought on a fight, which resulted in driving King THEODORUS from his outer works into the citadel of the fortress, where he prepared to defend himself. During the next two days he released the English captives, but refused to surrender in person. This General NAPIER demanded, and on the expiration of a truce granted for that purpose he ordered an assault on the fortress. It was carried after a short but vigorous assault, in which the British loss was small. King THEODORUS was killed inside the citadel, defending it to the last. Two of his sons and fourteen thousand soldiers were taken prisoners. The fortress was given up to the troops, who plundered it. Among the "loot" were found four crowns of solid gold, thousands of silver plates, and large quantities of jewels.

On the second day after the battle General NAPIER began the return march to India, declaring that the purpose of the war had been accomplished.

SILENT LOVE.

You say I love not, 'cause I do not play
Still with your ringlets, and kiss time away:
By love's religion, I must here confess it,
The most I love when I the least express it!
Small gifts find tongues: full casks are ever found
To give, if any, yet but little sound:
Deep waters noiseless are; and this we know,
That chiding streams betray small depth below:
So when love speechless is, it doth express
A depth in love, and that depth bottomless.
Now since my love is tongueless, know me such
Who speaks but little, 'cause I love so much.

"NO MOVING IN MAY."

NARCISSUS SEMPLE was not more vain perhaps than the generality of his sex, which, to prevent any mistakes and misconceptions of his character at the beginning of this "moving tale by (East River) flood and (Long Island) field," I may as well say, was not that of the gentler sort. He had his faults, however, and modesty was not of them; but I, who am a little skeptical in regard to the virtues of man in general, still think he had no more vanity than the rest of his fellows, but knew less how to conceal it. He was very consequential of manner, but not, perhaps, more than his first-class position in (not first-class) society warranted. He knew the advantages of a well-turned figure, if not the joys of a well-regulated mind, and managed to array the one well in good clothes if he did not well store the other with great ideas. And yet I can not say that he presumed unjustifiably on his—well, on what, if you had ever seen him, you must candidly admit to be—his very dangerous, not to say killing, appearance.

If there was any virtue which could not be denied Mr. Semple, it was that of charitableness. He could not for the life of him resist a woman's appeal (or challenge) to a flirtation; therefore, is it to be wondered at that when, after several times encountering on the Fulton ferry-boats the fine person and expressive eye of Miss Lucy Peyton, to him *incognita*, she actually smiled to him (or at him), he succumbed to his better nature and took the first steps toward a flirtation by following the lady home?

But for some time this was all that he could accomplish. He had followed at a respectful distance, but the young lady was very timid, and had become nervous at seeing him following her; so she avoided him afterward, and he was for a long time compelled to be content with the information that she lived on the Heights, in a neat house, on the door of which was the name "Peyton." He passed by the house frequently on his way to his boarding-house in South Brooklyn, but he saw no sweet face at the window and learned no more of the lady. But I am sorry to say that he told his friend and fellow-lodger, Laurence Kirk, a great deal more than this, and boasted of smiles unsmiled and favors unextended.

During this winter, which Mr. Semple spent in an unsuccessful attempt to get up a flirtation, his boarding-house grew too familiar. Boarding-houses have a bad habit of doing this; they do not always improve on acquaintance. The nearer you approach your landlady the smaller she becomes; she grows less obliging, and takes a fancy to treating you like one of the family, and starving you on stale bread and tough meats. It must be patent to all my readers who have ever boarded long at one house that familiarity with boarding-houses, as with individuals, breeds disgust. A somewhat too long intimacy of three months with their landlady had thus disgusted Messrs. Kirk and Semple (not to mention the landlady), and they turned with desperation to the columns of the *Eagle*, to plunge among the delusive advertisements headed "Boarding," and after many searches they one day encountered this decidedly attractive document:

"BOARD.—A Lady living in her own house in Willow Street, on the Heights, will take two young men to board and lodge. No moving in May. Address Mrs. P., box 14, *Eagle* office."

"We will go there," said Kirk, decisively, as if all depended on his saying so.

"Just the place!" exclaimed Semple. "That's her neighborhood."

"Whose?"

"Hers—my charmer's."

"Which one?"

"Oh pshaw! you know who I mean. I never mention names."

"And all these conquests you have been telling me about refer to only one person."

"No, no, no. But attend to this now. Will you write or shall I? My note-paper is marked with my monogram. Perhaps I had better. It looks more *distingué* and responsible than plain note. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, yes, write by all means, and do it quickly. Let us get out of this place."

The note was written, sealed, sent, and answered. Moreover the answer was favorable, and an interview was desired. The number of the house was given and the name, Mrs. Peyton, No. —. The very identical house where his victim lived! But Narcissus never mentioned that fact to his room-mate.

The interview was had, the transfer was soon made, and the young gentlemen found themselves ensconced in a neat room in a pleasant house with the widow Peyton and her daughter, Lucy, the lady beforementioned by us, and admired by the susceptible Mr. Semple. If she remembered that gentleman at all Miss Lucy kept such knowledge to herself, and met the two gentlemen as if they were perfect strangers. Mr. Semple kept his knowledge of the lady to himself, and prepared himself to astonish Kirk by another conquest. Mr. Kirk made himself generally agreeable—at first paying his devoirs entirely to the old lady; while Semple absorbed the time, if not the attention, of Miss Lucy.

Why is it that young men of diametrically opposite characters are frequently found to be most intimate and constant friends? And why is it, too, that mothers, who have the training of daughters, bring them up to be so unlike themselves in every respect but features? Does friendship, like love, delight in opposites? Does maternal love, like the other species, delight in joining contrasts, or at least in producing them? No matter what the explanation may be, such is the case in many thousands of instances; and Laurence Kirk and Narcissus Semple, and Mrs. Peyton and her daughter Lucy, formed a couple of interesting illustrations of this curious fact and phase in human nature. I wonder if Kirk had not chosen his friend, and Mrs. Peyton had not trained her daughter, as "foils"—the contrasts to their own characters. Laurence Kirk was what Mr. Semple was not—a modest man, and a sensible one. He was, too, a little cynical, and disposed to be retiring rather than forward or sociable, while no one ever accused Mr. Semple of any such fault. He had no great opinion of his looks or attainments, and yet he was not a bad-looking man, and had a good command of language and a flow of ideas when he chose to express the one by the use of the other, which was not often, as he spent most of his time in reading. Perhaps it was owing to the fact that he did spend much time in reading that he was able to be interesting when he did talk—a fact, by-the-way, that many other persons than Mr. Semple do not seem to comprehend.

There was a similar contrast, so Mr. Kirk soon discovered, between Mrs. Peyton and her daughter. The old lady was what is vulgarly called a "high-flier," while her daughter was provokingly democratic. The elder was always on her dignity; the young lady was sociable to a degree that bordered on freedom—so Mr. Kirk was pained to conclude after he had been there a few days. But at the same time she was modest and not obtrusive, and decidedly cheerful and sensible. I do not mean that the old lady was not sensible and cheerful also; but she had a weakness about "her family name," and was a little too stiff in her manner. She differed from her daughter in that she seldom laughed heartily, though she always had a smile on her face: but most the contrast was observable in the difference between the manner of the two toward their guests or rather lodgers. While Kirk, with his quiet ways, absorbed the attention of the old lady, Mr. Semple made himself very attentive to Miss Lucy; and after they had been in the house a few weeks the result of this disposition began to affect every body with the possible exception of Semple himself. Kirk was disposed at first to admire, as much as he ever admired, the young woman whose cheerful disposition displayed itself under all circumstances. He had on one occasion come upon her suddenly while engaged in dusting the parlor with a handkerchief tied around her head to save her hair, and her conduct was so very easy and graceful under this trying circumstance that he began to look upon her as a sensible as well as sweet-tempered young lady. Miss Lucy was at first apparently quite as charmed by the grave face and manner and conversation of Mr. Kirk, and in her free and pleasant way she evinced much pleasure in his society. In a very few weeks the acquaintance between the two warmed into quite a friendship; they had long conversations—something as unusual for the sedate Kirk as it was common with the lively young lady; they even read Owen Meredith's "Lucile" together, or rather Kirk read it aloud to her; they went to hear the *Grande Duchesse*, and afterward hummed its airs over as does every body who has once heard that fascinating music—in short, Kirk came to be like one of the family. Semple meantime had not accomplished his proposed conquest, and shone to great disadvantage beside his friend.

But it is not necessary only that a young man shall be agreeable to the woman he admires to win her affection; it is just as absolutely necessary that he shall be agreeable to no other woman. Miss Lucy Peyton fully recognized the amiability and gallantry—the quiet, unoppressive gallantry of Mr. Kirk; but alas! for her comfort of mind, he was equally polite, and gallant, and amiable to other ladies—at least to one other lady. His conversations were pleasant—delightful, in fact; but they were addressed as much—indeed Miss Peyton thought a little *more*—to another lady than to herself; and as for those private, confidential confabs in remote corners of quiet rooms which ladies who love their prospective husbands most delight in, he never even sought them. In short, Miss Peyton felt and saw, and fretted to feel and see, that she had a rival.

Her mother!

Exactly so. Kirk was just as polite, just as gallant to the mother as to the daughter. He never began to read in the evenings until both had come in the parlor, and when he interrupted himself to comment on the more striking and beautiful passages of his author, his remarks and appeals for admiration were always addressed to the mother. The invitations to the Opera and theatre always included the mother; and what was worse, Kirk invariably escorted Mrs. Peyton, while Miss Lucy was carelessly turned over to the care of "that simpleton Semple."

Grave as is the offense of being too polite to other ladies than the one who loves you, it is as nothing in her estimation compared to the unpardonable crime of indifference. It is very dangerous for you to be gallant to another lady; but trebly so not to be jealous of the gallantry of other gentlemen to your sweet-heart.

Mrs. Peyton was particularly charmed with Mr. Kirk and with this arrangement. She had been afraid that her daughter might become interested in one of these young men "of whom and of whose family she knew nothing." The consideration of Mr. Kirk had much relieved her mind, and not that she loved the theatre or poetry more, but because she had high notions for her daughter, and wished her not to be left too much alone with the young men, did she accompany them to amusements and listen to Kirk's reading. She acknowledged no such admiration, however, to her daughter. Mr. Semple, they both agreed, was "of little consequence;" and there is no opinion which a woman can express of a young man so crushing as this. Women, more than men, despise negative characters, either of their own or the opposite sex; and to be set down by them as of little consequence is to be socially damned forever. But on the subject of Mr. Kirk they differed, though the opinion of the mother only found public expression. The daughter was silent.

"A very pleasant gentleman," said the mother; "but a mere warming-pan. He will do to nurse a wife, but not to display her. He would be fond but not proud of her."

Alas! for the force of Mrs. Peyton's arguments. In rearing her daughter she had produced her antitheton. Lucy wanted to be nursed, not displayed; petted, not fêted; and she had determined when she did wed to marry a man and not his family, as Mrs. Peyton proposed. The mother "had no particular objections to him. Oh no; he is undoubtedly a gentleman, and his recommendations are the highest; a good income too; but one does not want to marry a sedate old clerk who would be forever about the house, and, what is worse, keep you there."

"Me?" exclaimed Lucy, when her mother said this. "Me? He has no designs upon me, nor I on him. He is pleasant enough, but Mr. Semple strikes me as being the handsomest."

"But neither of them a catch," suggested the mother.

"Neither of them has thus far shown a desire to be caught by any body, or a design to entrap any body."

"That's because you, my darling, have wisely refrained from showing any partiality for either."

Alas! for the suggestion. The arguments of Mrs. Peyton were bad enough; her last remark proved a suggestion to the young lady which cost the mother much trouble, and produced these incidents which follow.

Was Mr. Kirk indifferent because he felt, as she did, that Semple was "of no consequence?" She would test that. From that day the demeanor of the young lady was changed, with a most surprising effect on the other *dramatis personæ* of this drama.

She began her operations at once. The same evening Mr. Kirk proposed reading "La Marquise," and had settled himself down in his easy-chair for the purpose of beginning, when Lucy, much to his surprise, excused herself.

"Excuse me this evening, Mr. Kirk," she said. "Mr. Semple promised to give me another lesson in chess, and I am so anxious to learn. He is such an agreeable tutor, and takes such interest in my progress."

"Oh, certainly," he said; and at the same moment Mr. Semple lisped his willingness to begin at once.

"Oh, you are so kind!" she said. "The board and men are in the library. We will go there so as not to disturb these old folks in their reading," with a peculiar emphasis on "old folks," and a little laugh.

And before the mother could prevent it, or Mr. Kirk could think to conceal his surprise, she had taken Mr. Semple's arm and was gone.

That night Mrs. Peyton suggested to her daughter that she ought not to have wounded

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Mr. Kirk's feelings by declining to hear his readings.

"But I did not care to listen; chess, which I do understand a little, and Mr. Semple, who is very agreeable, are so much more interesting than verses I don't comprehend at all when read by men who are mere nothings, of no family, and who would keep one moping in the chimney corner forever. Better a gay simpleton like Semple, than a 'sedate old clerk like Kirk.'"

This was not exactly what the mother had meant when she had used the expression which her daughter had quoted; and the aptitude of her scholar caused her much vexation of spirit during the rest of the night. That same night Semple had confided to his room-mate his opinion that the campaign had now fairly opened, and he would soon see the conquest completed; whereupon Kirk had turned over with a "bah!" and slept, or pretended to.

A few nights after this was an Opera night at the Academy, and at breakfast that morning Kirk suggested that he would get places for the party; whereupon Miss Lucy looked indifferent and said nothing, which silence was contrary to her usual custom; while the mother, to whom the suggestion had been directed, answered that she believed they had no engagement for the evening. When the meal was over and the gentlemen had retired, Miss Lucy followed Mr. Semple to the door and asked him, loud enough for Mr. Kirk to hear, if he would not speak with her for a moment. He stopped and they conversed for a moment, but in such a low tone that Kirk could not hear. He did not know the result of that conversation until evening, when he suggested that it was time to go to the Opera.

"I am compelled to ask you to excuse me, Mr. Kirk," said Lucy.

"Excuse you, Lucy!" exclaimed Mrs. Peyton.

"Yes. I have had an engagement for some time past to go to Wallack's with Mr. Semple, and we have decided to go to-night."

And go they did, while Mrs. Peyton and Kirk went to the Opera, and were both so restless that they did not enjoy it; and I doubt much if Lucy enjoyed her trip, unless the knowledge that her tactics, of which this trip was a part, was having their effect.

And these tactics she pursued for some time unrelentingly. The readings were broken up entirely. Kirk and Mrs. Peyton were left to entertain each other, while Lucy and Semple played chess or flirted in the library. They avoided going out for an evening amusement with the mother and Mr. Kirk; and, to judge from all appearances, the flirtation was a desperate one.

And the *effects* of these tactics soon became visible. Kirk became more sedate than usual, and grew gruff to his friend. He kept his room more, and plainly demonstrated that the mother without the daughter was no attraction whatever to him. Semple occasionally boasted of his conquest, and once was so bold as to say to Kirk that the young lady was evidently very fond of him, when, much to his surprise, Kirk very indignantly called him "a vain ass," and told him that the lady was merely trifling with him. This was the effect on Kirk: he gradually came to the cynical conclusion that the young woman, whom he had admired for her good sense and easy manners, was as much of a heartless flirt as the rest of her sex. But, singularly enough, it neve occurred to him that she liked his friend.

But most this new and unexpected intimacy between her daughter and Mr. Semple alarmed Mrs. Peyton. She soon gave Lucy to understand that the quiet *tête-à-tête* confabs in remote and secluded corners of the room with Mr. Semple were not, to say the least, advisable. "Partic ularly with a young man of no family position and wealth." Lucy had only smiled at this, and promised her mother she would be as complaisant with any Prince of any High Degree, D.D., A.S.S., or L.S.D., whom she would introduce, "and who," she added, "is as handsome as Mr. Semple." But the evenings out, and the quiet confabs, and the chess-playing, and the flirtation generally, went on until Mrs. Peyton began to think that there really was something in it after all, and worried herself nearly to death thinking how she should get rid of these young men whom she had taken into her house with the understanding that they were to remain if they were pleased, and that there was to be no "moving in May."

Hints were thrown away. Hints she gave of intentions to discontinue keeping lodgers; hints of a coming brother who objected to having strangers in the house; hints of removal. They were all lost on the young men, one of whom did not hear, and the other of whom was determined not to heed them. She one day in plain English told Mr. Semple that she would be compelled to decline taking him and his friend to board after the end of the month. But Semple had been privately instructed by Miss Lucy, and answered the old lady by a reference to the agreement, "No moving in May."

At last, in her desperation, she appealed to Mr. Kirk, and asked him in so many words if he would not oblige her by giving up his room and inducing his friend to go with him elsewhere. Kirk was very much surprised, and begged to know why this request. Was he disagreeable? Was his friend troublesome? He demanded to know the reason for this sudden resolution; "for you know, Madam," he added, "our agreement was for permanent board and 'no moving in May.'"

But Mrs. Peyton was not disposed to give any reason; she protested that they were agreeable, no trouble, and all that; but she could give no reason. At length Kirk said that of course they would remove, but most unwillingly. But when it came to removal Mr. Semple, under private instruction of Miss Lucy, refused decidedly to budge. He referred Mrs. Peyton to her agreement—"No moving in May"—and explained to Kirk that "he had no idea of leaving this girl, who was so fond of him." Kirk stared at him in amazement; and for the first time the idea seemed to strike him that perhaps the simpleton was not a boaster after all. Certainly Miss Lucy had been very much with him lately.

In the midst of these doubts he was sent for by Mrs. Peyton, and, descending to the parlor, was met by that lady with an earnest appeal to induce his friend to leave the house.

"He was not welcome," she said, her indignation getting somewhat the better of her discretion.

"Then we will certainly go, Madam," said Kirk. "I will tell him so, and he will of course not refuse to go."

"I do not wish you to tell him so. The fact is, Mr. Kirk," she said, hesitatingly, "I might as well be candid with you. I have seen, and you must have seen, too, with pain that, of late, my daughter has become—become, not to say fond, but certainly rather pleased with the very marked attentions of Mr. Semple."

"What!" exclaimed Kirk, "*you* think so?"

"I am sorry to say I do."

"She likes *him*, you think? Really loves such a simpleton as Semple?"

"I do not know that you can call it love; but he is not the man I would wish for my daughter."

"Of course he isn't. A contemptible, vain ass, to come into a lady's family and make himself offensive by such acts! I did not think him a scoundrel as well as a puppy!"

"He has not been particularly offensive, and I do not wish to hurt his feelings; but I should not like to have Lucy too intimate with him, for I could not willingly recognize him as a son."

"He marry Miss Peyton! You astonish me, Madam! I never had the least idea of such a thing happening!"

"And you will induce him to leave?"

"Of course I will! I'll answer for it that he leaves immediately. The fellow is certainly crazy! I'll see that he goes."

"Oh! I shall be much obliged," said Mrs. Peyton, "much obliged indeed. We shall always be glad to see you both as friends; but my daughter has no idea of marrying—and—when can I have your rooms, Mr. Kirk?"

"My room! You want me to go, too?"

"I supposed—"

"But, Madam, I hope I have not been offensive."

"Oh, no, no."

"I have endeavored to be very agreeable both to yourself and your daughter. I—I had no intention of going myself."

"But, Mr. Kirk—" the widow began to urge, only to be interrupted.

"I'll see that he goes, Mrs. Peyton. You can depend on that; but as for myself, I think I'd better stay. I am sure you can have no objection to me—at least," and he blushed deeply, "not on those grounds."

The blush deepened, and the confusion increased, and at last Kirk, in desperation, brought the conversation to an end by rushing off to his room to settle with Mr. Semple. What the nature of the settlement was I can not say; but the result was that there was no immediate move on the part of either.

But there was noticeable a change in the manner of Mr. Kirk. He no longer left the young lady and Mr. Semple to their quiet chats in secluded corners or recessed windows. He either joined in them, or continually interrupted them, much to the disgust of Semple, and greatly to the consolation of Mrs. Peyton and the delight of her daughter, who began to perceive evidences of the jealousy she had desired to arouse. On an evening or two after the conversation above narrated, Semple and Miss Lucy had an engagement to go to the Opera. The former was disgusted, the latter much pleased inwardly, to find that Mr. Kirk was determined to go with them, and that he insisted on sitting beside her and being very attentive the whole evening. Another day he neglected his business to spend an afternoon at home, and insisted on spending it in the sitting-room, where the ladies were at work, making himself very troublesome by cutting all the paper and dry-goods scraps which he could get hold of into infinitesimal pieces, which stuck like wax to the carpet. At length he ventured to ask Miss Lucy to go out with him for an evening; but she regretted a previous engagement with Mr. Semple. "But," she added—the first word of encouragement she had given him—"you can come with us." And he did go, very much to Semple's disgust.

And, still more to that worthy's disgust, Miss Lucy and Mr. Kirk subsequently went riding of an afternoon, chilly as the weather was; and one night she heaped coals of fire on Semple's head by telling him, in reply to his invitation to Mrs. Hunt's ball, that she had previously promised to go with Mr. Kirk. Matters went on improving thus, until at length, and all of a sudden, Kirk regained all his original but quiet good-humor, and began to treat Semple as complacently as before. But he did not relax in his attentions to Miss Peyton, and it was observed by her mother, with little satisfaction, however, that she now appeared to be pleased with—not to say fond of—Mr. Kirk rather than Mr. Semple. What the nature of the understanding between Miss Lucy and Mr. Kirk which produced this result was, I can't say; but certainly the result appeared very satisfactory to them both, and decidedly unsatisfactory to Semple and Mrs. Peyton.

It was not "out of the frying-pan into the fire" this jump of Miss Lucy from Mr. Semple to Mr. Kirk; but it was just as bad in Mrs. Peyton's mind, and she fretted as much over the prospect or fear of Lucy becoming fond of Mr. Kirk as she had over that other. She continued to give out her hints; and finding none of them taken by the intruders she suddenly resolved, and as abruptly announced her intention, to sell her house and remove to the country.

"Sell the house, mother!" exclaimed Lucy.

"Indeed?" said Kirk, more quietly.

"Yes, sell the house and indeed," said the lady, sharply. "I propose to give immediate possession, and I tell you now, so that you gentlemen can hunt other lodgings."

And advertise the house the lady certainly did. Whether with the actual intention of selling or not I can not say, but in answer to her advertisement she received one such very favorable offer that she accepted as suddenly as she had resolved to sell.

And so one morning she announced that she had sold the house, that she was to give possession at the end of the month, which was April, and that she was "reluctantly compelled to ask the gentlemen to get other lodgings."

"I shall not move," said Kirk, quietly sipping his coffee—the announcement had been made at breakfast.

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Peyton.

"You know our agreement was, 'No moving in May.'"

"You can hardly hope to hold me to that agreement."

"No, hardly," said Kirk; "but you see I had come to like the house so well that I did not relish the idea of leaving it, and so I bought it."

"*You* bought it!"

"Yes."

"From Mr. Merryman, the gentleman to whom I sold it yesterday?"

"Not *from* Mr. Merryman but *through* him. The fact is, Mrs. Peyton, that some time ago Miss Lucy and I concluded that this was an excellent establishment to keep house in, and I have bought the house with the intention, if you have no very serious objections to me—I have no family so you can't object to my relations—of marrying your daughter and setting up an establishment here."

It is not necessary, I hope, to tell how much the lady and Mr. Semple were surprised; how she was mollified, and his wounded feelings were soothed; and how that, finally, there was at that house "no moving in May."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

ON the 14th of last February a young gentleman residing in Leicester sent the following valentine to a young lady in London:

Delicate Ears And Radiant Eyes
Scatter Their Wiles In Leicester;
Leicester Your Offer Under-Buys,
Each Maiden Is Not Esther.

In the course of a few days he received this answer:

Declare, Edwin! Can Love Impart
Never Extracement Dearer,
Will Interest Thy Hand—Thy Heart—
And Never Kiss Sincerer!

It will be seen, on examination, that the initial letters of the first of these rather complicated verses form the words, "Dearest, will you be mine?" and those of the second, "Declined with thanks."

How the railroads in this country were created and propelled—Vander-bilt and Daniel Drew.

THE WINE DUTY—Passing the bottle.

"My dear, what shall we get for dinner to-day?" "One of your smiles," replied the husband; "I can dine on that any day." "But I can't," said the wife. "Then take this," said he, giving her a kiss, and departing for his office. He returned to dinner. "This is excellent," said he; "what did you pay for it?" "What you gave me this morning," said she. "The deuce you did!" said he; "then you shall have market-money the rest of the time."

"A DEED OF SETTLEMENT"—Murder.

AGRICULTURAL.—It is exceedingly bad husbandry to harrow up the feelings of your wife, to rake up old quarrels, to hoe a grudge, and to sow discord.

POPPING CORN.

And there they sat a-popping corn,
John Stiles and Susan Cotter;
John Stiles was stout as any ox,
And Susan fat as butter.

And there they sat and shelled the corn,
And raked and stirred the fire,
And talked of different kinds of ears,
And hitched their chairs up nigher.

Then Susan she the popper shook,
Then John he shook the popper
Till both their faces grew as red
As sauce-pans made of copper.

And then they shelled, and popped, and ate,
All kinds of fun a-poking.
And he haw-hawed at her remarks,
And she laughed at his joking.

And still they popped, and still they ate
(John's mouth was like a hopper),
And stirred the fire, and sprinkled salt,
And shook and shook the popper.

The clock struck nine, the clock struck ten,
And still the corn kept popping;
It struck eleven, and then struck twelve,
And still no signs of stopping.

And John he ate, and Sue she thought—
The corn did pop and patter,
Till John cried out, "The corn's a-fire!
Why, Susan, what's the matter?"

Said she, "John Stiles, it's one o'clock;
You'll die of indigestion;
I'm sick of all this popping corn—
Why don't you pop the question?"

A Portland school-house caught fire the other day, and as the boys watched it, one in another school said, enthusiastically and honestly, to his companion, "Oh, Johnny! don't you wish it was our school-house?"

TIGHT PANTS.—Asthmatical breathings.

An old gent of the "original Teutonic persuasion" entered into business conversation with an artist in marble. Says he, "Mister, I vants a doom stone for my wife vots det, and I vants you make him mit little angels on." "All right," replies the accommodating artist, and the price was arranged. "Well, now," said he, "what you charge for one doom stone for me, as I dies soon, too, and may as well gits him now?" The price was fixed, and the old man, turning to go, said, "Dat's all right; I gives you dat, but mind, Mister, I vants my little angels mit trowsers on."

When does a non-ritualist lose his temper?—When he gets incensed!

ON GOING TO CHURCH.

Some go to church just for a walk;
Some go there to laugh and talk;
Some go there for speculation;
Some go there for observation;
Some go there to meet a lover;
Some the impulse oft discover;
Some go there to meet a friend;
Some go there the time to spend;
Some go to learn the parson's name;
Some go there to wound his fame;
Many go there to doze and nod;
But few go there to worship God!

A soldier, being on picket reserve, went to a farm-house, as he said, to borrow a frying-pan, but for what none could imagine, as there was nothing to fry. However, he went to the house, and knocked at the door, which was opened by a lady, who asked what he wished.

"Madam, could you lend me a frying-pan? I belong to the picket down here."

"Yes, Sir," and forthwith came the pan. He took it, looked in it, turned it over, and looked at the bottom, and then turned it over again, and looked into it very hard, as if not certain it was clean. "Well, Sir," said the lady, "can I do any thing more for you?"

"Could—could—could you lend me a piece of meat to fry in it, ma'am?" and he laughed in spite of himself. He got it.

"You ought to acquire the facility of being at home in the best society," said a fashionable aunt to an honest nephew. "I manage that easy enough," responded the nephew, "by staying *at home* with my wife and children."

The following inscription, which was copied from a tombstone in a church-yard at Liverpool, may be recommended to the collectors of curious monumental epitaphs:

Oh, cruel death! how could you be so unkind
As to take him before and leave me behind!
Why didn't you take both of us, if either,
Which would have been better for the survivor!

CURIOUS EXPERIENCE OF MR. DICKENS AT DELMONICO'S, APRIL 18, 1868.
HE LISTENS TO A DISCOURSE FROM HIS OWN MR. PICKWICK, OR FROM SOMEBODY VERY MUCH LIKE HIM.

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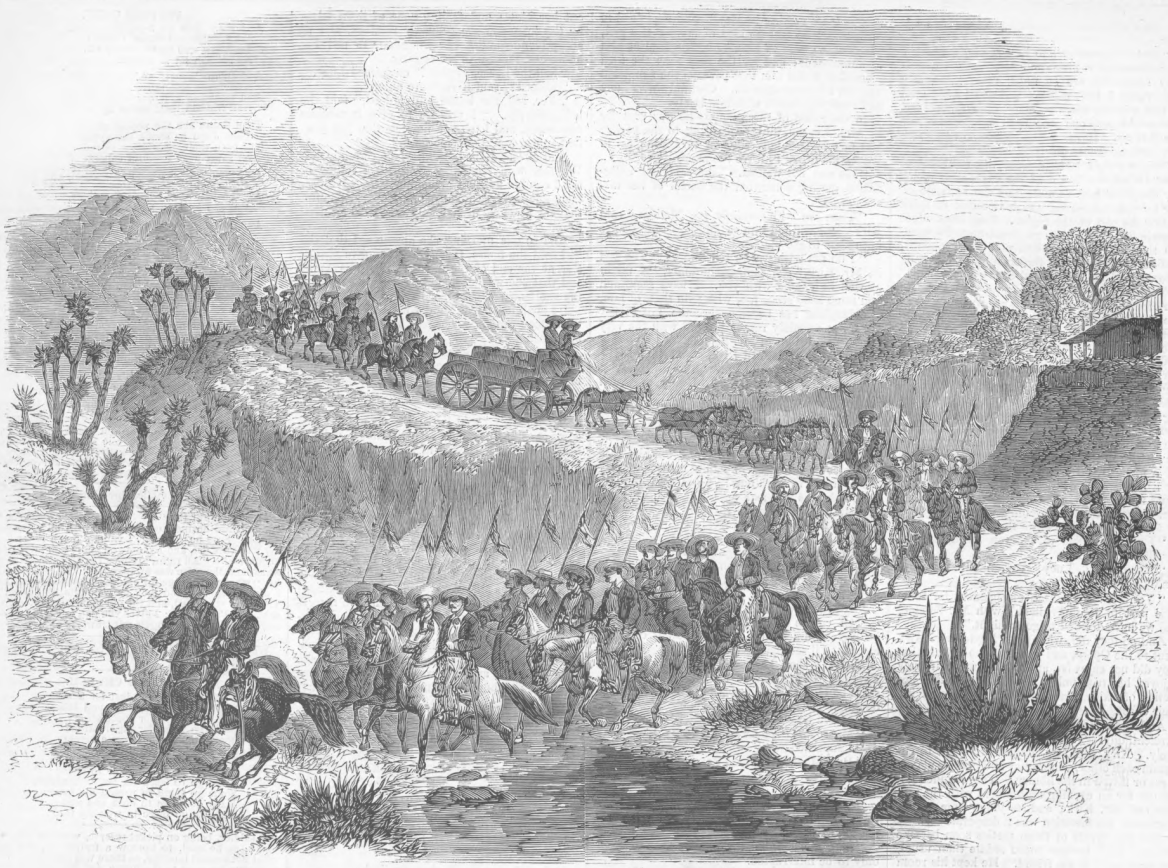


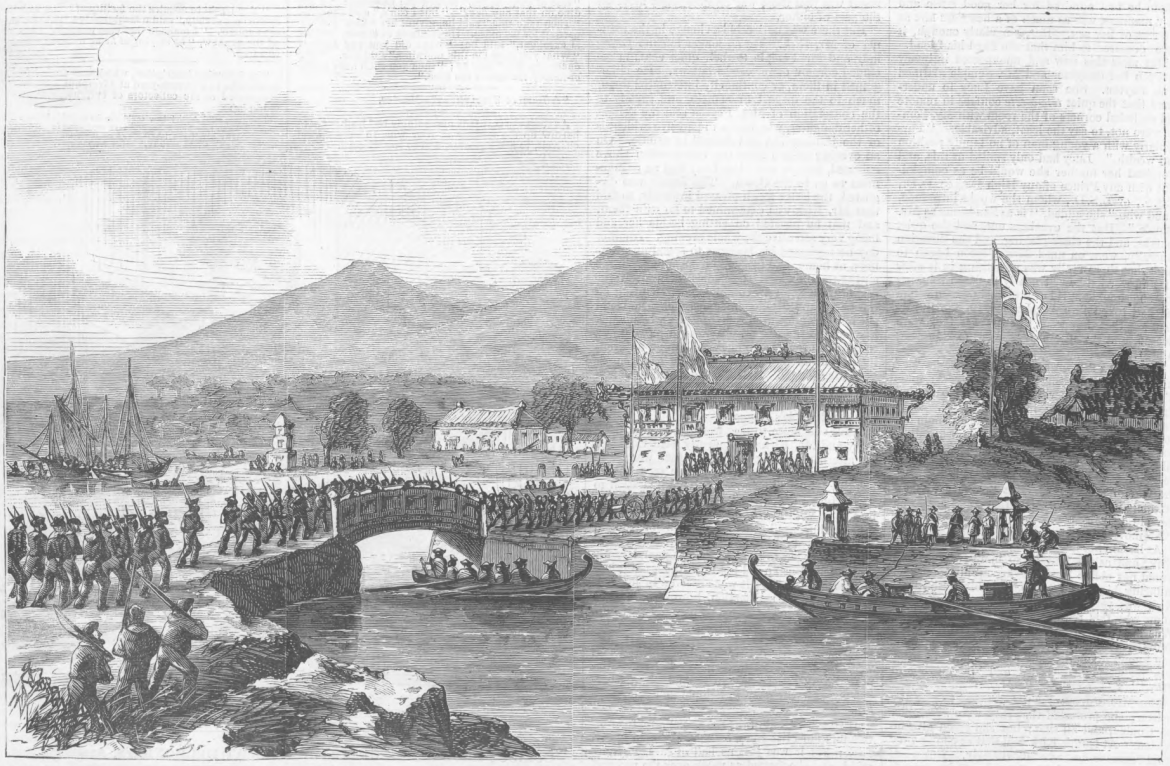
CONVEYING SILVER FROM THE REAL DEL MONTE MINES TO THE CITY OF MEXICO.

MEXICAN TREASURE-GUARD.

THE illustration above shows the march of a guard of Mexican soldiers conveying treasure from the Real del Monte mines to the capital of the Republic. These mines are situated about 56 miles northeast of the city of Mexico in the Mexican Cordilleras, and are 9000 feet above the level of the sea. The mines have been known since 1749, but have been vigorously worked only since 1826. At that period an English Company obtained possession of them, but after working them for 22 years, they produced about $5,000,000 less than the expense incurred. A Mexican Company then purchased them, and soon after struck a vein which appears to be exhaustless, and which is known as the "Great Rosario Vein."

THE JAPANESE REVOLUTION.

THERE is probably no part of the world abroad in which the people of the United States are more deeply interested at this time than in the remote East, and particularly in Japan. The connec-



GUARD OF THE AMERICAN LEGATION DEFENDING THE CUSTOM-HOUSE AND FOREIGN RESIDENTS AT KOBE, JAPAN.—[SKETCHED BY FRED. G. S. MELBYE.]

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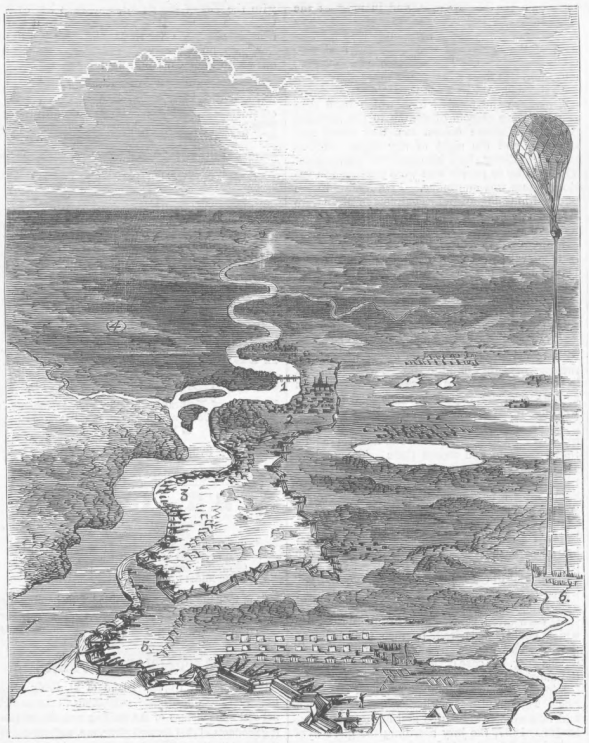
tions which are now forming, and which will soon bring Yeddo within a few days' instead of a few weeks' distance of New York, are of the most important character. They have been treated of largely in this paper. Here we propose simply to give, in addition to the particulars and illustrations hitherto published, later facts in regard to the revolution now going on in Japan, and which it will be remembered was precipitated by the opening of the new ports of Osaca and Hiogo to foreign trade.

Our former dates gave an account of the defeat of the Tycoon and his flight to Osaca. From here he moved with his army in the direction of Kioto, and on January 26 he met a force of the rebels under Fusima near that city. A battle or rather grand skirmish ensued, continuing several days, and resulting, after the loss of two or three hundred killed on either side, in the defeat of the Tycoon. He fled to Osaca; and on January 31, at daylight, continued his flight, in his man-of-war, the *Kai-o-mar*, to Yeddo.

On the approach of the rebels the Foreign Representatives and residents left Osaca and repaired to the men-of-war stationed in the harbor near the mouth of Dry River, on which Osaca is situated, and which is about seven miles from the city. At this point there has long been a foreign settlement known as Kobe. The American, Prussian, and Italian Ministers were removed by the United States steamer *Iroquois* to Kobe; and here, with the British Minister, they took possession of the Custom-house, which is three or four miles east of the mouth of the river, and upon which they displayed their flags.

Osaca was given up to the mob; and on February 1 the deserted palace or castle of the Tycoon was burned. This was supposed to be the oldest, and was certainly one of the most remarkable buildings in Japan.

On the 4th of February one of the retainers of a rebel Prince, Mats-daira-Bizen-no-Kami, with about 200 or 300 armed men, marched through the main streets of Kobe, insulting and finally attacking the foreign residents. On approaching the Custom-house they fired upon it, wounding two French marines and one American. General VAN VALKENBURGH, the American Minister, promptly ordered his guard to advance to the defense of the residents and the Custom-house, and to attack the enemy. The guard, under command of Lieutenant WILLIAM H. EMORY, at once engaged the Japanese; and being immediately supported by the marines of the *Oneida* and *Iroquois* under command of Commander JOHNSON BLAKELY CREIGHTON, commanding the *Oneida*, and led in person by Commander EARL ENGLISH, commanding the *Iroquois*, and also by the marines and sailors of the English ship *Ocean*, under command of Captain STANHOPE, they soon dispersed the Japanese. The latter abandoned their brass cannons and baggage and fled to the mountains. The illustration on page 300, by our artist, Mr. FREDERICK G. S. MELBYE, represents the United States sailors and marines moving to the attack.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF FORT HUMAITA, PARAGUAY.—[TAKEN FROM ALLEN'S BALLOON.]

A further attack on the settlement was feared, and earth-works were thrown up and batteries put in position; the main streets were barricaded and pickets posted in various directions. A few skirmishes ensued, in which one of the marines of the *Oneida* and a sailor of the *Iroquois* were wounded; but no one was killed, nor was further damage done.

On February 4 a special Envoy Extraordinary from the Mikado arrived at Hiogo, with the design of entering into negotiations with the Foreign Representatives. After repeated interviews it was definitely arranged that the privileges granted by the Tycoon to foreigners should be continued by the Mikado; and the Tycoon having meantime abdicated (thus bringing the Tycoonage, which has existed for 300 years, to an end), the Foreign Representatives recognized the new dynasty. General VAN VALKENBURGH then formally demanded that the Japanese Government should apologize for the insult to the United States flag, and the punishment of the officer who commanded the party attacking the Custom-house. When our artist closed his communication preparations were going on for the execution of this officer.

VIEW OF HUMAITA.

THE fall of Fort Curapaity and the probable end of the war in Paraguay by the capture of Ascencion, its capital, directs public interest in that direction. The war has now been progressing for about three years. It was originally begun by Brazil and the republics which border on the Rio de la Plate to obtain the freedom of the Paraguay and Parana rivers, which form the Plate. Several provinces of Brazil and the Argentine Confederation can only be reached by these rivers; and when LOPEZ, the Dictator of Paraguay, closed them to Brazilian and Argentine traffic, as the rebels once did the Mississippi River to Northern steamers, the people of Brazil

POPULAR DEMONSTRATION AT VIENNA, AUSTRIA, ON THE PASSAGE OF THE CIVIL MARRIAGES BILL.—[SEE PAGE 302.]

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and the Argentine and Uruguayan republics determined, as did the people of the North, that the rivers should be opened. This was the cause of the war. The operations have been almost exclusively confined to the siege of Humaitá and Curapaity, which are on the Paraguay River, near its confluence with the Parana. Our engraving shows the long line of works which form the two forts, and which were lately captured. The details of the closing operations of the two and a half years' siege have not come to hand. When they do, the reader will find our illustration of great assistance to him in comprehending the descriptions. Fig. 1 in the engraving shows the locality of the bridge above Humaitá held by the Paraguayans; Fig. 2, the city of Humaitá; Fig. 3 is the town of Curapaity; Fig. 4, the town of Chaco; Fig. 5, the Fort of Curapaity; Fig. 6, the camp of the Allies from which the balloon ascension was made; and Fig. 7, the location of the Allied gun-boats.

CIVIL MARRIAGES IN AUSTRIA.

AUSTRIA, according to the pithy saying of her own Radical politicians, is like an old coat—nothing improves her so much as a good beating. In time of peace, with a full exchequer, the Emperor ruled with a high hand, regardless of the liberties of Austrians and laughing at the boasted Constitution of Hungary. But when trouble came, and the Austrian army was defeated at Solferino in 1859, then the policy of the Government was changed. The peace of Villafranca was followed by the blessings of a Constitutional Government for the Austrians, and by an earnest effort for the pacification of Hungary.

The result of the defeat at Sadowa, in 1866, has been even more beneficial to the interests of popular government in the Empire. The movement begun eight years ago has been accelerated and carried far on toward its triumph. The victory gained over Austria by the Prussians in 1866 was in itself far more significant than that won by the French in 1859. It was the victory of a Protestant Power; and to that extent it was also the triumph of Protestantism itself, and threw Roman Catholicism in Europe upon the defensive. It was the victory of a nation recognized as foremost upon the Continent in the progress of education. And thus the lesson taught to Austria by her defeat disclosed the weakness of Roman Catholicism, both as an organ of political growth and as the regulator of public instruction.

The fruits of this lesson are seen in the installation of popular ministers, responsible to Parliament, and in the recent legislation of the Reichsrath. Not only have the various religious sects in the Empire been placed upon a political equality, but the institutions of education have been to a large extent released from clerical domination.

In harmony with this liberal policy is the passage of the Civil Marriages Act by the Upper House of the Reichsrath. Hitherto marriage has been considered a sacrament of the Roman Catholic Church—it has now become legal without clerical sanction. Here, then, is a fresh blow aimed at the Romish Church, and against which the clerical party remonstrates in vain.

But if the Romish Church protests the people rejoice. An eye-witness thus describes the enthusiasm which followed the passage of the bill in the streets of the Austrian capital:

"At five the result of the debate was made known in Vienna; at seven the town was brilliantly illuminated, save where the Jewish colleges, monasteries, and the Cardinal's palace in the Rothenthurmstrasse left dark blots on the otherwise unbroken lines of light. In another hour the suburbs had followed the city's example, Leopoldstadt and Wieden especially distinguishing themselves; and the whole population of the Kaiserstadt—bar the priests, who kept close enough—turned out into the streets to celebrate the triumph of the 'Honest Government.' Later in the evening—from nine to ten—bodies of citizens, several thousands strong, marched, cheering and singing the National Hymn, from one Minister's residence to another, giving each member of the Cabinet an ovation, and obtaining a few words from GISKRA, ACERSPERG, and HERBST, in answer to their thundering '*Vivats*.' Not the slightest demonstration was made opposite the Cardinal's palace, nor was a single member of the priesthood insulted or molested. When the procession got to the Josefsplatz, where the statue of the great patriot and Sovereign stands, under the shadow of the Burg, the Viennese citizens surrounded the image of their beloved monarch, and greeted it with nine as hearty and ringing cheers as ever were heard within the confines of the empire. At eleven, without disorder of any kind, the population of Vienna returned home, and the memorable 21st of March came to a worthy and glorious end."

The new policy of the Austrian Government is well expressed by the Minister of Public Instruction: "Society may be Catholic, but the State can not be Catholic if it wishes to be just to all its citizens."

THE DANCING MANIA.

MOST people have, at one time or other, seen some poor creature affected with those curious and painful convulsive movements which are commonly called Saint Vitus's Dance. That, at least, is the popular name for the terrible affection, of which even now we have some instances among us; but it must not be confounded with the Dance of Saint John or Saint Vitus, a mania in the Middle Ages, although they have some points of resemblance. There was the dancing mania in Germany called Saint John's Dance, in Italy called tarantism (from the supposed bite of a spider); and we have also records of it in Abyssinia, where it has been named the tigretier, from the name of the country, Tigré, in which it most commonly occurs.

As early as the latter part of the fourteenth century large numbers of men and women in Germany, both in places of worship and in the streets, behaved as if they were possessed by devils. They danced in circles for hours together, leaped high into the air with wild gestures and contortions, and, after raving for some time, they fell to the ground completely exhausted. Strange to say, in a few months this terrible disease spread rapidly in the Netherlands, and in most of the large towns of Belgium the demoniacal dancers appeared. Every thing was done which the wisdom of the age could suggest to put a stop to them, but in vain. The priests tried exorcisms, and there was even a law made that only square-toed shoes should be worn throughout the country, because the pointed toes, which were then popular, were objects of dislike to the fanatical dancers. Certain colors, too, they hated and shunned, and the sight of any thing red was enough to throw them into renewed convulsions. The number of people who were possessed in various places was enormous. Five hundred were affected in Cologne, and the streets of Metz were said at one time to have been filled with eleven hundred of them.

Many stories of dancing plagues were current in medieval times, even before the Saint John's Dance broke out in Aix-la-Chapelle. A mad rage for dancing had at various periods been manifested by large bodies of men, and even children had caught the contagion in their youth, and been afflicted with an incurable tremor for the rest of their lives. These dancing plagues seem to have arisen from the wild orgies with which the feast of Saint John the Baptist was celebrated in medieval times: and the religious and medical authorities of that day were wholly unable to cope with them.

Music of a rude kind always accompanied troops of Saint John's Dancers, and served by turns to excite and soothe them. They did of course an immense amount of mischief in every town they visited, and had they not found in Saint Vitus a patron saint, under whose protection they supposed themselves to be, it would have gone hard with them. Moreover, people believed them to be innocent victims to Beelzebub, and to be possessed with devils, like the persons mentioned in the Bible. These fanatics were luckier in Germany than in other countries, where those possessed, and the people charged with being the authors of the demoniacal possession, were often persecuted with all the cruelty which could be devised, by men who believed that in such persecution they were fulfilling a religious duty. A case occurred in Scotland, where the supposed authors of the demoniacal fits of leaping and dancing in a girl named Christian Shaw were punished with death. Three men and four women were tried and burnt at Paisley, in June, 1697, the jury ascribing the girl's hysterical condition to witchcraft.

As a natural consequence of the spread of the dancing mania, the hysterical affections of women were merged into it. Women, as is well known, are much more susceptible of nervous impressions and disorders than men. This is especially the case when they live confined and solitary lives; and some amusing instances are on record of how the nuns in a convent may be affected by sympathy.

A case occurred in France, where in a large conventual establishment one of the nuns suddenly took it into her head to mew like a cat. Soon afterward, other nuns began to mew also. When this had gone on for a short time others followed the example; and, in the end, the whole of the nuns in the convent would mew for hours together, at a stated time in the day. This sort of concert so alarmed and disgusted the people of the neighborhood, that the police placed a guard of soldiers at the convent doors; and the nuns were told that unless they stopped their insane amusement the soldiers would enter and whip them. The threat had the desired effect.

A still more remarkable case of this kind of sympathy is the convent epidemic of the fifteenth century. A nun in a convent in Germany began to bite her companions. Then all the nuns in the same house commenced biting each other. And this was not all; for when the news of this biting mania spread, it went from convent to convent in Germany and Holland, and even the nuns in Rome took to the same infatuated practice.

A dancing mania exists at this time in Abyssinia, resembling in many ways that just mentioned. This is the tigretier, so called, as we have said, from its being specially developed in the Tigré country. It commences with fever and lingering sickness, which makes the patient very thin and debilitated, and causes him to stutter in a curious way, that no one but a person afflicted with the same disease can understand. When the relatives of a patient have come to the conclusion that he really has the tigretier they club their money together to pay for the cure, which is generally an expensive process. There is a cheap way, however, which is first tried—a sort of exorcism, and a tremendous drenching with cold water. This may be effectual, but it has also the disadvantage of very often hastening the patient's death.

The more approved method is a ceremony of a curious kind, very much like that adopted in the medieval cases of tarantism. A number of musicians are hired, and the friends and relatives of the unhappy patient assemble with them in a circle, well supplied with bowls of intoxicating liquor. The music then strikes up, and the patient, at first only slightly affected by it, in a short time commences a violent dance. Women, as we have seen in the case of other nervous disorders, are more often attacked by the tigretier than men; and when a woman has it, she is loaded with all the bangles, amulets, and other rude specimens of jewelry that her friends can supply. During the dance, which often goes on for several days, and when her gestures and contortions reach a climax, she throws them off, and they are restored one by one to their owners. At the sunset of the day on which the treatment ends, if it ends successfully, she will all at once start off running at a great pace for some hundreds of yards, and then suddenly drop down prostrate. A man comes up to her and fires a musket over her head, strikes her on the back with the flat of his sword, and calls her by her Christian name. If she can answer to it she is considered cured; for those who have the tigretier, says an eye-witness, are always unable to answer to their Christian names.

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Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

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BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are *bogus* or *imitations*. We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

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Also a great variety of Ivory, Pearl, and Gilt Sleeve Buttons, $18 to $150 per gross pair.
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ALWAYS GET THE GENUINE.

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OFFER TO THE TRADE
A NEW KNIFE
FOR
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Importers of China, Glass, &c.,
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You can make it at home in your own kitchens, and it will only cost you two cents per pound. No more trouble to make than a cup of tea. One pound of GEO. F. GANTZ & CO.'S PURE WHITE ROCK POTASH will make from Twelve to Fifteen Pounds best White Hard Soap. Directions free with every Can. ☞ Office, 62 Pine Street, New York.

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I will send to any address, by Express, a genuine WALTHAM WATCH, Chronometer Balance, Extra Jeweled, and in fine Silver Case, for **$25**, to be paid on delivery, accompanied with certificate of American Watch Company, guaranteeing it to be in all respects as represented. *The buyer to have privilege of examination in the possession of Express Company.* The purchaser is reminded that the price named is only a small advance on that asked for the bogus watch of unknown make, of no real value, and dear at any price, and manufactured only for the purposes of fraud and deception, necessarily sold under fictitious names, and in such manner that the real swindler's name continues wholly unknown, and consequently redress becomes impossible.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XII.—No. 594.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1868, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

BORN TO THE PURPLE.

CECIL is heir to a manor,
  Talks as if heir to a throne;
Can his love of the sunlight be greater
  Than mine who have little to own?

He has costly dresses and viands,
  Beds of satin and down;
I dwell in a little chamber
  In a quiet part of the town—

In a chamber facing the east,
  With roses over its walls,
Where motionless birds are singing
  To silent waterfalls.

He has beds of satin and down,
  But is his sleep more sweet
Than mine, who lie with a quiet heart,
  White-quilted from head to feet?

He walks within the shadow
  Of old ancestral trees;
And whether in city or meadow,
  Is haunted ever by these.

Heir of the sun and the breeze,
  I wander forth at will,
Reading books in brooks,
  Hearing songs in the rill.

On the sparkling sands of the sea,
  Where blistered sea-weeds show,
Over loose shingle and rocks,
  Worn with the ebb and the flow.

Pleasure upon my brow,
  Fragments of verse on my lips,
I walk by the waves, and watch
  The sails of passing ships.

We are but pilgrims here,
  Treading on paths well trod,
Closer we move each year
  To the judgment-seat of God.

There is sorrow on angel brows,
  When angels gaze from the skies
On acres purchased by fraud,
  And lands acquired by lies.

Better a rood of land
  By honest industry thine,
Than for half-a-thousand acres
  To barter thy birth-right divine.

MR. GEORGE F. SANDS, PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL BASE-BALL ASSOCIATION.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY HOAG QUICK & CO.]

I am heir of the sun and the breeze,
  Heir of all gardens and downs,
Though I have not a finger's breadth
  Of land in country or towns.

Heir of the sun and the breeze,
  The wealth of earth is mine,
Lilies and lakes, the song of birds,
  And sweet smiles wherein all things shine.

THE BASE-BALL PRESIDENT.

BASE-BALL has come to be of late years as much the national game of America as cricket is that of England; and the enthusiasm with which the young men of this country devote themselves to their game is even greater than that displayed by John Bull. In fact, this generally commendable enthusiasm threatened at one time to lead the participants into some excesses, and make what was really a fine athletic sport for gentlemen a gambling game, influenced, if not controlled by "sports." We had occasion last year to allude to some of the objectionable features which were creeping into the game; we are glad to find that the indications are that there will be less reason for such strictures in future. The Convention of Base-Ball Players which met at Philadelphia in December, 1867, had much to do with checking and correcting these evils.

That Convention, during its session in December last, chose as the President of the National Association of Base-Ball Players Mr. GEORGE F. SANDS, whose portrait we give on this page. Mr. SANDS was one of the representatives of the forty-two base-ball clubs of Ohio in the Convention, which, by-the-way, was composed of representatives from 500 different clubs in the country, thus showing that, as each club *must* have at least 20 members, there were not less than 10,000 young men engaged in playing the game during the year 1867. The *American Chronicle*, which is an authority among base-ball players, and which is specially devoted to the advancement of physical education, has the following brief sketch of MR. SANDS:

"Mr. SANDS has for years been prominently connected with the game in the West. Before the introduction of base-ball in Ohio, he was active in promoting the game of *town-ball*, not only as a player of the first class, but in every other way in which such sports can be made popular. The old Excelsior Town-Ball Club of ten years

"SEE-SAW"—AN ILLUSTRATION FOR THE JUVENILES.—[DRAWN BY C. G. BUSH.]

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ago, and lately the Buckeye Town-Ball Club, were noted organizations in their time, and each club owed a great part of its prominence to the influence and exertions of Mr. SANDS. He was the catcher in the latter Club in nearly all its noted match games. He has lately taken a prominent position in Ohio in advocating the interests of our national American game of base-ball. Although he has not as yet taken any rank as a player in base-ball, yet his opinions and judgment in regard to all the interests of the game are always sought and relied upon as correct. He has been the chief officer of the Buckeye Base-ball Club since its organization, and very much of the *morale* of this noted and active Club has been due to its president.

"Mr. SANDS has long been anxious to have an honorable *esprit du corps* existing among base-ball men generally. We know he has always been determined in his opposition to every species of betting or gambling as connected with the match contests of base-ball. We know that if his counsels should be generally heeded the noble game will not become prostituted, but will command the patronage and support of the moral and educated classes of the community.

"Mr. SANDS is about thirty years of age, of pleasing address, and in every way well fitted to fill the position to which he has been chosen."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1868.

IRRESPONSIBLE EXECUTIVE POWER.

THERE were two apprehensions in the Constitutional Convention of 1787 which time has shown to be wholly unfounded. One was of national centralization, the other of Congressional power. It was supposed that the National Government would annihilate all State authority, and that Congress would overawe the Executive. HAMILTON did not share these fears. In the *Federalist* he carefully pointed out the limitations upon authority, the checks and balances provided in the Constitution. Indeed, HAMILTON thought the danger was exactly upon the other side. He said privately to JOSIAH QUINCY that he supposed the Union would last about thirty or forty years only; because he thought its centrifugal force so much stronger than its centripetal. History has vindicated HAMILTON'S anticipations. The great menace of the Union and its final desperate peril came from State authority, and President JOHNSON, in assuming to settle the whole question of reconstruction, made the most flagrant and unprecedented usurpation of the unquestionable authority of Congress; and had he been as skillful as he was audacious, had he taken care to identify himself wholly with the Democratic party by giving to them the entire patronage of his office, his usurpation might have been successful, and the subordination of the legislative to the executive branch have been accomplished.

The difficulty between the branches of governments has almost always begun in the aggression of the Executive. The reasons are obvious. The Executive head, in other countries, has a traditional superiority, and is the object of a peculiar personal loyalty. In this country he is the commander of the forces and the source of immense patronage. He has every advantage for leadership, and he has no colleague to be jealous. If the prerogative claimed for the Executive office by the President's counsel before the Senate should be conceded, he absorbs the great power of the Government, is the judge of the Constitution, and his veto is absolute until removed by the Supreme Court. Nor is there any reason if he may disregard the legislative that he should not equally disregard the judicial department.

The duty of intelligent citizens in this country is to take care that the lessons of experience are not lost upon us. When the defects of our system become apparent, let them be remedied as soon as possible. For the folly of concealment and avoidance has been terribly illustrated. The point of national supremacy and State rights was purposely left obscure in the Constitution, and we have paid the penalty. The peculiar peril from the Executive has now been made evident; let us guard against it hereafter. The defection of ANDREW JOHNSON has shown us that a President who is false to the principles upon which he is elected may administer the Government against the will of the people, provided that he can count upon a minority of not less than a third in Congress. It is unwise to expose any man to so extraordinary a temptation.

The Tenure-of-Office bill, the violation of which occasioned the late Impeachment of the President, was an effort to diminish the Executive power, which by constant and unchallenged usurpation was becoming overshadowing. Secretary RANDALL, one of the President's most devoted adherents, openly spoke of the various offices as if they were the personal gifts of the President, and of the office-holders as if they were in honor bound to be his creatures. Mr. HAMLIN, in resigning the Collectorship in Boston, and Mr. DANA, in leaving the office of District Attorney, each seemed to feel that want of sympathy with the defection of the President obliged him to withdraw from his position. Thus the ill habit has grown of regarding all the national officers of every degree as mere satellites of the President; while the truth is, that, although appointed upon his nomination, they are as much servants of the people and officers of the Government as he. Yet nothing is a plainer and more necessary construction than that officers to whose appointment two powers are necessary can not, without especial provision, be removed without the consent of both. This is not only a necessary construction, but it is also contemporaneous.

In No. 76 of the *Federalist* it is stated, in speaking of appointment by the consent of the Senate, "The consent of that body would be necessary to displace as well as to appoint..... Where a man in any station had given satisfactory evidence of his fitness for it, a new President would be restrained from attempting a change in favor of a person more agreeable to him by the apprehension that a discountenance of the Senate might frustrate the attempt, and bring some degree of discredit upon himself. Those who can best estimate the value of a steady administration will be most disposed to prize a provision which connects the official existence of public men with the approbation or disapprobation of that body, which, from the greater permanency of its own compaction, will, in all probability, be less subject to inconstancy than any other member of the Government."

That the practice has fallen from this principle is true, and we have seen what the consequences might easily be. But of the true doctrine of the Constitution, as declared by HAMILTON, WEBSTER had no doubt, although he acknowledged that the contrary practice had gradually prevailed. Neither had the last Congress any doubt both of the true doctrine of the Constitution and of the necessity of restoring practice to conformity with it. It therefore passed the Tenure-of-Office Act. That it is both a wholesome and necessary restraint upon the Executive, candid reflection will assure us. It prevents the formation of a vast army of place-holders individually dependent upon the President, and obliged to sneeze when he takes snuff, lest they lose their offices. It tends also to make the whole system of offices more independent, and thus to remove one of the most demoralizing influences in our politics. There could be few simpler and more excellent reductions of Executive power than the strict application of the principle of the Tenure-of-Office Act, and no means so effective in purging political practice as the passage and enforcement of Mr. JENCKES'S Civil Service bill.

DEMOCRACY AND REPUDIATION.

ANOTHER sign of the times is the passage of the resolutions in the New York Assembly recommending that the Government bonds be taxed. Every member of the Democratic majority, except three or four, voted for them, and every Republican but two or three voted against them. This is a direct approval by the Democratic party in this State of the PENDLETON policy. It shows that Mr. PENDLETON is very likely to be a dangerous candidate for Mr. HORATIO SEYMOUR in the Democratic Convention. We speak of Mr. SEYMOUR as a candidate although he has written two letters withdrawing his name. But as some of his own party papers treat Mr. SEYMOUR'S denial as Mr. Toots used to treat himself, as of no consequence, it may be assumed that his withdrawal is purely Pickwickian, and that Barkis will be found willin' if an importunate Convention insists. Indeed, one of the most gratifying spectacles that could be offered to the lovers of blushing sincerity in public life would be HORATIO SEYMOUR at Tammany Hall, on the 4th of July next, declaring, with his hand upon his heart, that he reluctantly yielded his most fervent and cherished desire of private life to the warm entreaty of friends whose wishes it was his duty to prefer to his own. But unless he takes great care he will be deprived of the opportunity. The Democratic party are very likely to demand a man of positive opinions—a war man or a peace man; a man like HANCOCK who fought, or a man like PENDLETON who denounced the war, and was a secessionist. But a mere trimmer, who has nothing to recommend him to either positive faction of his party except that he said he preferred the salvation of slavery to that of the Union—does not Mr. SEYMOUR think the chances of such a candidate at least doubtful?

This decided expression of opinion in favor of virtual repudiation by the Democratic majority of the New York Legislature, shows that the National Convention of the party will be irresistibly urged to declare itself in the same way. Crafty managers may try to avoid it, but the Convention will probably do in the matter of repudiation what that at Chicago in 1864 did in the matter of the war. Whatever might have been the wish of the managers, VALLANDIGHAM and the peace Copperheads had their way, and declared the war a failure. The Chicago platform of 1864 virtually demanded surrender to the rebellion; the New York platform of 1868 will virtually demand repudiation. The Chicago Convention put a soldier upon their peace platform. But even Mr. SEYMOUR could hardly accommodate himself to a platform of repudiation. The campaign against him would be fought by his latest Tweddle Hall speeches. And if he could be persuaded into the droll contest he would merely take his place by the side of M'CLELLAN.

Mr. PENDLETON comes into the Convention saying, "I openly opposed the war; you, my friends, opposed it secretly. I am perfectly willing to cast contempt upon the war-debt, by paying paper instead of gold. You can plead the letter of the law and go with me. As for Brother SEYMOUR, he is a fossil." And with their unerring instinct for the course which an honest and honorable people detest, the chance undoubtedly is, that the Democratic managers will acquiesce in the nomination of Mr. PENDLETON.

MR. EVARTS AND THE PARTY.

THE speech of Mr. EVARTS in the Impeachment trial was very long, and very ingeniously set forth his views upon the nature of the Government, and upon the rhetoric and manners of the Managers, both in the debates of the House of Representatives and in the conduct of the Impeachment. It was a very characteristic speech, and showed the intellectual acuteness, the grave, polished, and sarcastic humor, and the ample and rather diffuse rhetoric of the distinguished lawyer. But as an attempt to prove that the chief executive magistrate of the United States may deliberately violate the laws under the plea that he wishes to test their constitutionality, it was as hopelessly futile as every such attempt must be. The checks and balances of our constitutional system are undoubtedly very shrewdly designed—the independence of each branch of the Government within certain limits is unquestionably necessary—the disadvantage of concentrating the legislative and executive powers in one assembly is undeniable. But all these considerations are not clearer nor more conclusive than the fact that the claim of the President to impose his veto upon a law after his veto has been constitutionally set aside is a concentration of power in the Executive that deranges all the checks and balances, destroys the independence of the other chief branches of the Government, and subordinates Congress to the will of one man. A more intolerable doctrine could not be urged. We are quite willing to omit all the other late charges but this one for the purpose of the argument merely. For if the position that Mr. EVARTS assumed be correct, the Government is not the Government which the people believe it to be.

It is, however, unnecessary now to pursue that inquiry. We differ, and we have no doubt that the most thoughtful people in the country differ, from what may be called the theory of the Government necessarily resulting from the argument of Mr. EVARTS. The special occasion of his argument has passed. But it has not passed without some very severe strictures upon the course of Mr. EVARTS from his party friends. His consent to serve as one of the President's counsel has been apparently regarded by some critics of warm imagination as a virtual renunciation of the Republican party. Why, it has been asked, should a man oppose the President's political policy in October and then defend him from a charge of impeachment in the next April? But, we ask in turn, why shouldn't he? It is one of the most precious principles of enlightened civilization that no man shall be condemned without a fair hearing and trial. Let us look at this case. The President, a renegade to his party, is impeached. His counsel are all politically his friends. His judges are the Senate, politically his enemies. He asks one of the most distinguished lawyers in the country, politically opposed to him, to help his defense; and three considerations probably decided that lawyer to accept.

In the first place, as a lawyer he would not decline a call to secure a legitimate defense to a political foe charged with the gravest political offense any more than he would refuse to defend him from a charge of murder. His professional honor binds him. Not, indeed, to strain the law, nor to distort the fact, nor to special pleading, nor to any thing abnormal or unfair, but to a plain defense upon such grounds as the case may afford, in order that the forms of law, which are the safeguard of every citizen, be observed. If he goes beyond—if he commits himself to the political theories upon which the action has proceeded—he then, of course, becomes so far politically, and not only professionally, identified with his client. We say, so far as the special question is concerned. But it by no means follows that he has relinquished his political sympathies as to the proper general policy of the Government, which is the point of party separation. Very possibly Mr. EVARTS is of the opinion that impeachment was not tenable upon the grounds alleged. But that does not show that he approves of the President's theory of reconstruction, nor that he is opposed to the Congressional policy of equal rights as the basis of reconstruction. It merely shows, that in his judgment the President's removal of Mr. STANTON, although it may have been a foolish act, was not in law properly an impeachable offense. Such an opinion seems to us most erroneous and perilous in its tendency. But certainly a man may hold it and be just as good a Republican as General BUTLER.

In the second place, it is very conceivable that Mr. EVARTS thought it to be desirable, even in a party view, that not the most unimportant of the President's advisers, under the circumstances, should be of the Republican party. It preserved at least the air of impartiality. The Senate might well be supposed willing to hear with candor from a political friend the argument which it might naturally distrust in a political opponent. And in the third place, the very imaginable desire of an able lawyer, who felt his adequacy to the occasion, to be conspicuously associated with a most memorable and historic trial, may have had some influence in persuading Mr. EVARTS to appear for the President.

There is certainly nothing in the fact that a great lawyer consents to appear upon either side of a great case, always supposing a simple desire that there may be a fair hearing, and that justice may be done, which should subject him to censure. Further, in this particular instance a man may, upon the point in question, hold that the President's position is justifiable. Does he thereby show himself recreant to his political principles or to the party with which he acts? Not at all. Impeachment upon the grounds alleged has been indeed generally sustained by the sympathy and by the profound conviction of the dominant party, but it is not rightfully a party test. Sincerely as we have believed in its propriety and necessity, it is plainly not of a nature to be made a party test. Even if the constitutional removal of the President should have been made such, the particular occasion and the policy of any particular effort must necessarily be left open to individual judgment.

Nothing can be more fatal and sophistical and inconsistent than the tone of the New York *Tribune* upon this subject. During the delivery of the speech of Mr. EVARTS the *Tribune* argued with unusual heat and bitterness that the question was whether Mr. JOHNSON should not be removed for usurping the authority of Congress on reconstruction, and declared that any Senator who should vote for his acquittal would look for his future outside of the Republican party. Now, Mr. JOHNSON'S usurpations have been flagrant for two years and more; yet, down to the 22d of February, the *Tribune* was opposed to impeachment. The President's usurpation was no more evident in the violation of the Tenure-of-Office Act than it had been for a long time before; and whether that offense offered the occasion which should be improved for his constitutional removal was a question of expediency solely. Congress had no doubt of it. Most Republican journals had no doubt of it. We certainly had no doubt of it. But the *Tribune* had no more right to excommunicate Mr. EVARTS because he did not think impeachment expedient when the *Tribune* did, than General BUTLER and Mr. BOUTWELL had to excommunicate the *Tribune* because it did not think impeachment expedient when they did. Perhaps, however, the *Tribune* may see some reason for moderating its censure of Mr. EVARTS as a regenade Republican when it remembers that he at least appears for the Government against JEFFERSON DAVIS, and not as his counsel or bail.

A PUBLIC DISGRACE.

THE country is disgraced by the Alta Vela debate and the quarrel between Mr. DONNELLY and Mr. WASHBURNE in the House of Representatives; and every honorable man must wince as he reflects that a nation must fairly be judged by the representatives it elects. The offenders in both these shameful scenes were chiefly Republicans; but if they or their colleagues who sat by and apparently laughed, suppose that a party can be publicly disgraced by the conduct of some of its representatives without seriously suffering they are profoundly mistaken. In the days of slavery we used to hear of plantation manners in Congress. But nothing more pitiful than the ribaldry as reported, of which we speak, was ever known in any deliberative assembly.

In the Alta Vela discussion Mr. LOGAN spoke of Mr. JAMES BROOKS'S resolutions as "villainously attacking" character, when the Speaker called him to order. Again he declared that a gentleman had said something that was not true, and the gentleman knew it. Mr. LOGAN was again called to order, his words taken down, and they were declared unparliamentary by the Speaker. General BUTLER, in explaining his share in the affair, alluded to a suit against "a fellow by the name of BROOKS." "The two BROOKSES had robbed this CLARKE." But "the affair was nasty, and not so fertile as guano." He further said that he would rather have taken the issue with Judge BLACK in the Impeachment case "than with a pseudo-Republican who had been employed for that purpose;" and again alluded to Mr. EVARTS as a man who had stolen the livery of heaven to serve the devil in. Mr. ELDREDGE refused to yield the floor to Mr. LOGAN, saying—according to the report—"the member can't be a gentleman and treat his political opponent with politeness and civility." Mr. LOGAN retorted,

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"You can't expect any thing else from a blackguard, and I don't take that back." Mr. BROOKS said that "he never entered into discussion with such men as BUTLER and LOGAN." Mr. BUTLER asked Mr. BROOKS if he had not called him a gold-robber when he was in the service of his country. Mr. BROOKS answered that the gentleman would never forgive him because he was the means of extorting from him sixty thousand dollars that had been taken from certain citizens in New Orleans. Moreover, Mr. BUTLER had threatened him, and because the attention of the House had been drawn to the fact, had pursued him with a volley of abuse and vituperative language, which was fitter for Billingsgate and Newgate than for Massachusetts. The Speaker called Mr. BROOKS to order. He tried to excuse himself, and proceeded to deride Mr. BUTLER's feats at Big Bethel and Fort Fisher, and spoke of "the beauty and booty (especially the booty) of New Orleans." Being reminded by the Speaker that all this had nothing to do with Alta Vela, Mr. BROOKS added, that when Mr. BUTLER returned to his home from the war "he was attacked by a common bricklayer for insulting his wife, and soundly thrashed."

The next day, under plea of making a personal explanation, Mr. IGNATIUS DONNELLY, of Minnesota, made a speech, ridiculing and vituperating Mr. E. B. WASHBURNE, of Illinois, in a strain quite unprecedented and unspeakably shameful. The House listened and laughed. The House sat quietly and heard one of its members speak of another, in an indescribable harangue, as follows:

"I stand here repeating the challenge that if any where on God's earth, down in the mire of filth and all nastiness, the gentleman can pluck up any thing which touches my honor, let it come; I shall meet it on its merits. I have gone through the entire catalogue; I have analyzed the entire contents of the gentleman's foul stomach; I have dipped my hands in its gall, and I have examined the half-digested fragments which I find floating in the gastric juice; but if it is possible for the gentleman from Illinois, by his peristaltic action, to bring up any thing more loathsome, more disgusting than he has vomited over me in that letter, in God's name let it come.....If there be in our midst one low, sordid, vulgar soul, one barren of mediocre intelligence, one heart callous to every kindly sentiment and to every generous emotion, one tongue leprous with slander, one mouth which is like unto a den of foul beasts giving forth deadly odors; if there be here one character, which, while blotched and spotted, yet raves, and rants, and blackguards like a prostitute; if there be here one bold, bad, empty, bellowing demagogue, it is the gentleman from Illinois."

Speaker COLFAX, with a just respect for the honor of the House, which the House itself did not feel, stated in severe tones to Mr. DONNELLY that his remarks were not honorable to the House of Representatives, and that although the House tolerated them, the Chair could not consent that they should go upon the record except with this protest.

In reply Mr. WASHBURNE said:

"I desire only to say that if I, under any operation of circumstances, were ever called upon to make a personal explanation in reply to a member, it would not be to a member who had committed a crime; it would not be to a member who had run away; it would not be to a member who had changed his name; it would not be to a member whose whole record in this House is covered with venality, corruption, and crime."

The Speaker called him also to order.

But the most painful and mortifying part of the affair is that the House, a hundred and thirty members, it is reported, being present, not only suffered this outrage upon common decency to continue, but actually extended Mr. DONNELLY's time in which to disgrace Congress and the country. It is incredible that such men as Mr. ELIOT, or Mr. DAWES, of Massachusetts, or Mr. M'CARTHY and others, of New York—indeed, scores of honorable gentlemen that we might name—could have been present and have refrained from protesting with indignation, in the name of the whole country, against such a gross insult to themselves and to their constituents. The damage which those who spoke and those who listened and cheered have done to their party and its cause is most serious. And, as the time approaches when nominations are to be made to the next Congress, let this shameful occurrence admonish us to select men who, among the other necessary qualifications, have enough self-respect neither to indulge in such conduct nor to applaud it.

UNION OF CHURCH AND STATE IN NEW YORK.

IN the Assembly of New York Mr. FLAGG, of Troy, the Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, recently introduced a "Charity bill," or a grant of money to various charitable institutions. Now State money given for charities, although the principle involved is denounced by many wise political thinkers, is generally given without grudging; and if Mr. FLAGG's bill had been what it pretended to be there would, probably, have been no very serious objection. But it was not what it pretended to be. It was a special grant of State money to the schools of a particular denomination—the Roman Catholic—and as such was a fraud upon the people of the State.

The bill, as reported, was a political act of homage to the Roman Catholic denomination. Mr. FLAGG is a Democrat. The majority of the Assembly were Democrats. They knew that their great party reliance in the State is the vote of the city of New York, and that a large part of that vote is derived from the citizens of Irish birth who are Roman Catholics. They knew how hostile the priests of that Church are to the common-school system of the State, and how anxious those priests are to obtain a share of the school fund in proportion to the number of members of their communion, in order to secure control of the education of their youth. Mr. FLAGG's bill was a play into the hands of the priests of the Roman Catholic Church, to give them money from the State Treasury for the support of their denominational schools. It was an attempt in this State to do what Austria has just stopped doing, amidst the acclamation of all wise men; namely, to educate children at the expense of the State in a particular religious faith. Besides all the money which by State and local authority is taken out of the purses of the tax-payers to provide elementary schools for all children of every faith in the State, this bill proposed a special tax in favor of one denomination. Thus every tax-payer would be compelled to pay twice for the education of the Roman Catholic children which this pretended charity bill proposed to assist—first, in his tax for the unsectarian schools to which these children may go, if the ministers of their church would permit; and second, for the special schools named, because those ministers will not permit.

Now if the State of New York intends to renounce one of the most precious and fundamental principles of a free government—the absolute separation of Church and State—and proposes to educate children in a particular religious faith, why does it select the Roman Catholic—the one which comprises a small minority of the population, and which has the least sympathy with all other denominations? If Mr. FLAGG wishes the State to support sectarian schools in the cities, why did he not select those of the various Protestant sects, which have at least a general affinity? The reason is very evident. The Roman Catholics in the cities are generally Democrats.

Mr. FLAGG's bill as reported contained provision for the gift of $56,500 to seventeen Roman Catholic churches in the city of New York, "to aid in the maintenance of the schools under its charge." If our fellow-citizens of the Roman Catholic denomination, or of the Presbyterian, or Methodist, or Baptist, or Unitarian, or Moravian, or of any other denomination whatever, prefer that their children shall not attend the public schools, let them provide private schools for them, and good-luck go with them! But when Methodist, or Baptist, or Presbyterian, or Unitarian, or Moravian, asks the State to support his sectarian school in addition to that which the State has already provided for all the children, a wise State will benignly answer that he is making a very foolish request. Now, is there any thing so peculiarly sacred in the denomination known as Roman Catholic that it must not be placed upon the same plane with all other denominations?

A more flagrant defiance of one of the great principles of our system, and a more audacious bid for party support, could not be offered than that contained in Mr. FLAGG's bill as reported. It is a matter of universal concern to the people of this State. If the bill as reported becomes a law, let every citizen understand that under Democratic leadership he is taxed to support denominational schools, and remember that his remedy lies in not sending to the Legislature men whose party interests lead them to support Roman Catholic schools at the expense of the whole people.

THE COMMON SCHOOLS OF NEW YORK.

THE Annual Report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction has been laid before the Legislature, and contains, as usual, very interesting statistics and several important suggestions. The relation of education to the common welfare is a trite subject, but it has been remarkably refreshed in public attention by the recent political movements in England, and by our own national situation. Mr. RICE, the late State Superintendent, devoted himself with untiring zeal and intelligent interest to his most important duties. Besides his Annual Report, he presented to the Legislature a Special Report upon the present state of education in this and other countries, and on compulsory instruction, which is a document of unique value, in the preparation of which Mr. RICE expresses his obligations to Mr. A. G. JOHNSON of his Department. This is a work to which we shall hereafter refer, and which is full of information for every person interested in the subject of education.

The number of school districts in the State, as reported, is 11,722; of school-houses, 11,556, of which 172 are log-houses. The cost of their erection and improvement during the year was $1,713,107 01. The aggregate cost for ten years past is $7,947,758 17. The present value of buildings and sites is estimated at $16,180,596. The average value of school-houses in the cities is $30,844 43; in the rural districts, $593 92. The number of children between five and twenty-one years is reported at 1,376,982—in the cities 531,379, and in the rural districts 845,603. Of these 943,203 attended school; the average daily attendance 419,957. The entire attendance of the year at all the colleges, academies, public and private schools, in the State was 1,058,165. The number of teachers in the public schools for the year was 26,489, of which 5271 were men, and 22,218 were women. The amount of salaries paid them was $4,826,471 64. The average annual salary of a teacher in the city is $621 36; in the country, $216 73. Including all expenses, the total actual cost of the public schools for the last year was $7,683,201 22; in the cities, $3,992,893 20; and in the rural districts, $3,600,308 02.

Mr. RICE recommends the levy of a tax for five successive years of one-eighth of a mill upon every dollar of taxable property, to aid in the erection of school-houses and buildings. He does this because outside of the cities there are 1059 districts that do not own the site of their school-houses; 9597 in which the school-houses are not properly separated from the highway; and 2278 without the most necessary outbuildings. How wretched these houses must be is evident from the fact that the average value of all the school buildings in the rural districts, with their sites, is only $593 92.

Mr. RICE's report also recommends making a new office, called *School Visitor*, the term to be one year, and the office to be filled exclusively by women. The duties are to be the care of the district libraries, inspection of the condition, furniture, and conveniences of the school-house, hunting up absentees, and careful inquiry among the children of the poor. Mr. RICE is of opinion that twenty or thirty thousand women would gratuitously do more for the schools in such ways than an army of paid men whose occupations and taste are alien to such duties. He also recommends a liberal annual appropriation to the Children's Aid Society and other similar associations devoted to the elevation of poor children. He thinks, also, there should be special officers for vagrancy, and special reformatory and industrial schools for vagrant children, and that the necessary money be obtained from the license fees. Indeed, when we know that in the city of New York there are not less than 40,000 vagrant children, between the ages of five and fifteen, it does not seem premature to propose some remedy.

The last Report of the Superintendent should be studied by every good citizen, as carefully as any report of any department, for it treats of the very foundation of the State. The Report of Mr. S. S. RANDALL, the City Superintendent, which is also full of interest and value, our space warns us to defer to another day.

A WONDER OF ART.

THERE is now upon exhibition at SCHAUSS's in Broadway one of the most remarkable works ever executed by human patience and ingenuity: interesting not only to the connoisseur of art, but to the student of the human frame and its forces. It is a small picture, drawn with the exquisite delicacy of a line engraving in sepia or India ink, called "A Rat-catcher with his Dogs." It represents a rat-catcher sitting just over a rat-hole with a spud in his hands, while his four dogs await the appearance of the rats from the hole into which the ferrets, whose empty cage is upon the bank, have descended. The marvelous expression of every hair of every dog is not less striking than that of the face of the old Rat-catcher. But the wonder of the work is the fact of its execution. It is a picture painted with a hair-brush held in the mouth of a wholly paralyzed man, who had had scarcely any instruction in drawing. The story is so incredible that the English gentleman who owns the picture has shown the evidence of its perfect genuineness to several well-known citizens, who have signed a certificate assuring the public that the facts are unquestionably as stated. Among those who have thus signed are WILLIAM C. BRYANT; D. HUNTINGTON, President of the National Academy of Design; H. T. TUCKERMAN; C. A. DANA; C. G. THOMPSON; JOHN R. THOMPSON; HURD & HOUGHTON; and JOHN B. BOUTON. We have satisfied ourselves also by the most ample proof that there is no doubt of the authenticity of the work, and we unreservedly commend it to public attention both for its intrinsic merit, which is masterly, and for the wonder of its execution. JOHN CARTER, who drew the picture, lived in the parish of Coggeshall, not many miles from London, and the vicar of the parish, after CARTER's death, wrote a brief biography, which was published by J. W. PARKER & SON, among the most respectable of English publishers. From this little memoir we have but space to quote a letter of CARTER's, telling his own story. A facsimile of the butterfly of which he speaks is also at Mr. SCHAUSS's, with two or three interesting little studies, and a slight pencil outline of CARTER's face, singularly sweet and refined. The letter is dated Coggeshall, July 17, 1848:

"DEAR SIR,—In compliance with your wishes I have written down my name and age, etc., as follows: My name is JOHN CARTER. I am thirty-three years of age the 31st of this month (July, 1848). After leaving school, where I had been taught to read and write, and made some little progress in arithmetic, I was sent to work at the silk trade. After assisting the weavers for some time, I was put to a loom, and learned to weave in the figured branch; and, following the example of my fellow-workmen, I was frequently at the public house, and soon took delight in all evil and mischief. It was when I went to school that I first remember having an inclination for drawing. Whenever I had a pen or pencil in my hand I was sure to be drawing in my books or on my slate, and at home about the walls of the house. The manner in which I came to draw, after I had lost the use of my limbs, was as follows: Being fond of reading, I used to borrow books from my neighbors and others. My wife one day brought home for me a tract which gave an account of a young woman in some asylum at Liverpool who had lost the use of her limbs, and used to amuse herself by drawing with her mouth. The thought at once came into my mind that I might certainly do the same, and I could not rest satisfied till I made the attempt. My first piece was a Butterfly, in water-colors. After drawing in this way for some time I at last adopted the style in which I still continue to draw, which is to shade them after the manner of a line engraving. Dear Sir, I hope your health is improving. May God bless you with all happiness.

"I remain your humble servant,
"JOHN CARTER."

FOUNDER'S DAY.

FOUNDER'S DAY at Vassar College, on the 29th of April, was one of those pleasant reunions which will be always most pleasantly remembered. It is an admirable custom for the faculty and students of the college to recognize, with music and flowers and pious offices, the birthday of the generous Founder, who has shown that he regards himself merely as the steward of the Divine bounty, and carefully distributes it.

BELLOWING IN SLEEPING CARS.

Ed. Harper's Weekly:

As the tired and foot-sore traveler generally resorts to a sleeping car to indulge in the wildest mirth and hilarity, I suggest that as a fitting place to converse loudly and at length upon topics which are sure to interest and enchant him—your own affairs.

These remarks are addressed to Messrs. BOANERGES and TONITRU. If I possessed as good a voice as either of these gentlemen, I should proceed to a sleeping car on any of the main routes of travel and bellow loudly to the porter, "Where's my berth?" and continue to bellow at intervals, until the tired and foot-sore travelers were satisfied of my importance, and fully impressed that their comfort, for which they paid as much as I, was of very small account. I should consider this the gentlemanly thing to do; and the sort of thing, by Jove, Sir, that gives these commercial travelers, and that class of fellows, Sir, to understand that *you* are not obliged to be off at daybreak with a beggarly bag: no, Sir. I should roar at all times, not gently, like a sucking dove, but like a typhoon; I would set the wild echoes flying and the passengers' sleep as well, and they and the babies might answer crying, crying!

To a person who has traveled from Denver city to New York city without stopping, a night's sleep before he gets home to his family is a mere nothing; if it is of any importance, he is a fool to look for it in a sleeping car. I therefore hope that, if it is a pleasure to them, Messrs. BOANERGES and TONITRU will come into every sleeping car at every opportunity, and bellow loudly on any subject they may condescend to enlighten us upon.

E. P. W.

A CHIP.

A NEWSPAPER in Alabama, which is *not* radical, but rebel, has the following. It is illustrative of the spirit which hopes by the aid of the Democratic party to obtain the political control of the country. It is headed "GRANT Circulars."

"These are now flooding the South. They are issued by a committee comprised of such men as W. B. ASTOR, A. T. STEWART, JOHN COCHRANE, and hosts of other names, once respectable, now contemned by all honest men.....Well, Sirs, it affords us cruel satisfaction to tell you plainly that our views are any thing but favorable to the election of a fool like GRANT to the highest office in the gift of the people. Although we have no particular love of country now, yet we retain enough pride in our subdued hearts to wish to see the land governed by a head of at least mediocre intellect, and not by a numskull who, not content with the natural deprivation of sense, renders its absence more glaring by getting drunk publicly! The voice of the South is almost a unit against GRANT's exaltation.....Gentlemen of insufferable impudence, send no more of your vile circulars in this direction. They fall tamely upon the fancies of honest Southern men, and can not be read by the only race they are likely to please—the negroes."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

IMPEACHMENT.

As this paper goes to press the trial of the impeachment of President Johnson is rapidly approaching an end, Mr. Bingham, one of the Managers, being engaged in making the closing argument. Since our former report able and lengthy arguments have been made in the case by Manager Wilson, and Counselors Evarts and Stanbery. The case is to be submitted immediately on the conclusion of Mr. Bingham's argument to the Senate; and probably the decision will be known by the date of our next publication.

NEWS ITEMS.

General Canby has issued an order announcing the names of the officers elected in South Carolina, and appointing May 12 as the day for the meeting of the new Legislature.

The new Constitution of South Carolina was adopted by a large majority—over 40,000.

General Canby has levied a special tax in South Carolina for the support of the negro laborers discharged by their employers for voting for the Constitution.

The North Carolina Constitution was carried by a majority of at least 30,000, and W. W. Holden, Republican, is elected Governor by a majority nearly if not quite as great.

Jefferson Davis's trial is to begin on June 3.

FOREIGN NEWS.

MR. DISRAELI was compelled, on May 4, to resign his office as Premier of England, and this by the unexpected action of some of his own Cabinet. He called a session of his Cabinet on May 4, and announced to the members his intention to retain office until a general election could be held. Lord Stanley, the Earl of Malmesbury, and Mr. Hardy refused to serve under Mr. Disraeli under such circumstances; and the latter was therefore compelled to lay his resignation in the hands of the Queen. The Queen declined to accept it; and the Disraeli Cabinet will therefore remain in office. Parliament will be dissolved in the autumn, when a general election will be held. On the same night, in a debate between Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone, the latter gave notice that the Opposition, which he heads, would push the Irish question early settlement.

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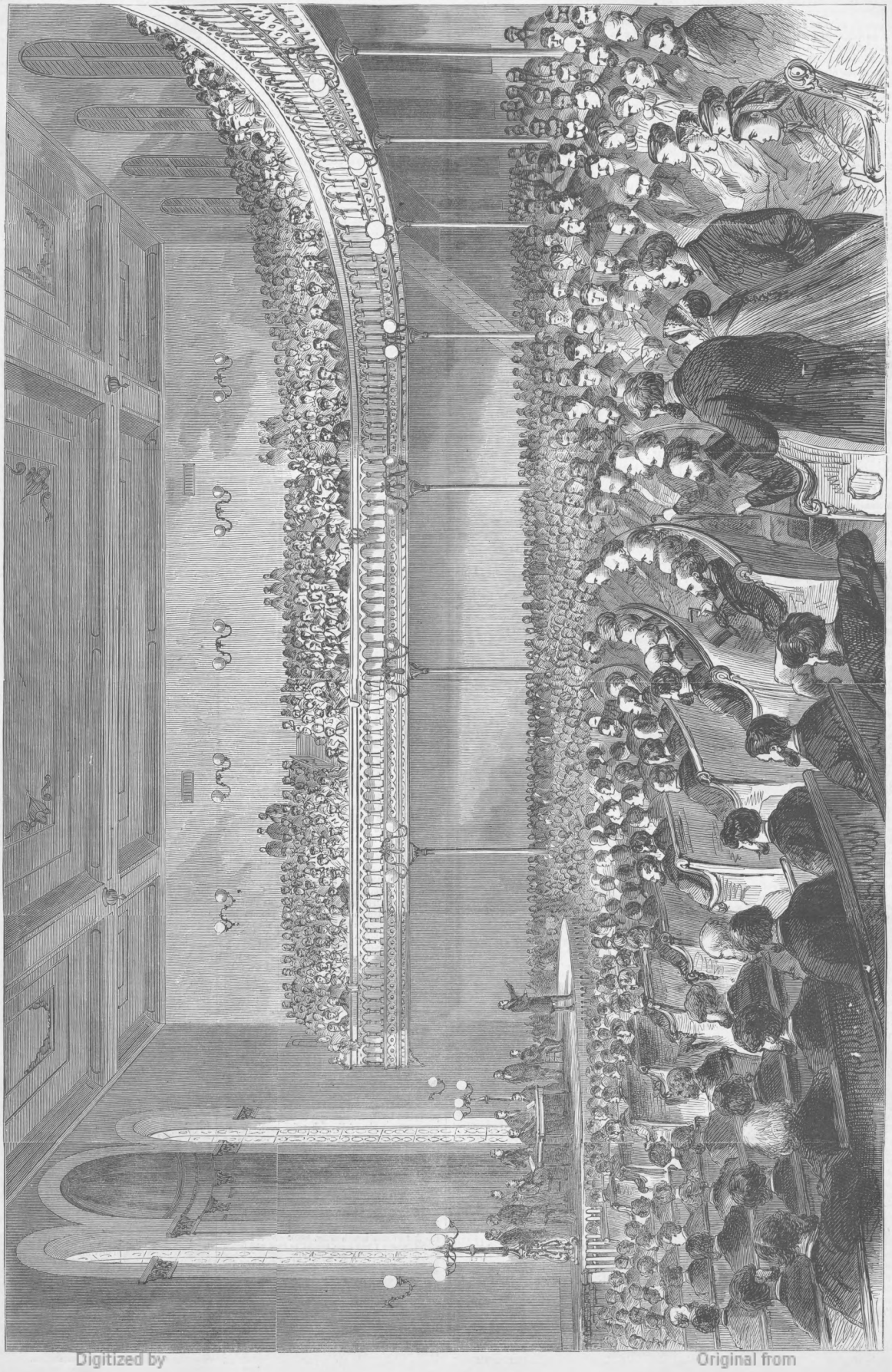

GENERAL CONFERENCE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH AT CHICAGO.—[See Page 318.]

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THE MOONSTONE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

Printed from the Author's Manuscript.

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.

SECOND NARRATIVE.

Contributed by Mathew Bruff, Solicitor, of Gray's Inn Square.

CHAPTER I.

MY fair friend, Miss Clack, having laid down the pen, there are two reasons for my taking it up next, in my turn.

In the first place, I am in a position to throw the necessary light on certain points of interest which have thus far been left in the dark. Miss Verinder had her own private reason for breaking her marriage engagement—and I was at the bottom of it. Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite had his own private reason for withdrawing all claim to the hand of his charming cousin—and I discovered what it was.

In the second place, it was my good or ill fortune, I hardly know which, to find myself personally involved—at the period of which I am now writing—in the mystery of the Indian Diamond. I had the honor of an interview, at my own office, with an Oriental stranger of distinguished manners, who was no other, unquestionably, than the chief of the three Indians. Add to this, that I met with the celebrated traveler, Mr. Murthwaite, the day afterward, and that I held a conversation with him on the subject of the Moonstone, which has a very important bearing on later events. And there you have the statement of my claims to fill the position which I occupy in these pages.

The true story of the broken marriage engagement comes first in point of time, and must therefore take the first place in the present narrative. Tracing my way back along the chain of events, from one end to the other, I find it necessary to open the scene, oddly enough as you will think, at the bedside of my excellent client and friend, the late Sir John Verinder.

Sir John had his share—perhaps rather a large share—of the more harmless and amiable of the weaknesses incidental to humanity. Among these, I may mention as applicable to the matter in hand, an invincible reluctance—so long as he enjoyed his usual good health—to face the responsibility of making his will. Lady Verinder exerted her influence to rouse him to a sense of duty in this matter; and I exerted my influence. He admitted the justice of our views—but he went no further than that, until he found himself afflicted with the illness which ultimately brought him to his grave. Then, I was sent for at last, to take my client's instructions on the subject of his will. They proved to be the simplest instructions I had ever received in the whole of my professional career.

Sir John was dozing, when I entered the room. He roused himself at the sight of me.

"How do you do, Mr. Bruff?" he said. "I sha'n't be very long about this. And then I'll go to sleep again." He looked on with great interest while I collected pens, ink, and paper. "Are you ready?" he asked. I bowed, and took a dip of ink, and waited for my instructions.

"Every thing to my wife," said Sir John. "That's all." He turned round on his pillow, and composed himself to sleep again.

I was obliged to disturb him.

"Am I to understand," I asked, "that you leave the whole of the property, of every sort and description, of which you die possessed, absolutely to Lady Verinder?"

"Yes," said Sir John. "Only *I* put it shorter. Why can't *you* put it shorter, and let me go to sleep again? Every thing to my wife. That's my Will."

His property was entirely at his own disposal, and was of two kinds. Property in land (I purposely abstain from using technical language), and property in money. In the majority of cases, I am afraid I should have felt it my duty to my client to ask him to reconsider his Will. In the case of Sir John, I knew Lady Verinder to be, not only worthy of the unreserved trust which her husband had placed in her (all good wives are worthy of that)—but to be also capable of properly administering a trust (which, in my experience of the fair sex, not one in a thousand of them is competent to do). In ten minutes Sir John's Will was drawn and executed, and Sir John himself, good man, was finishing his interrupted nap.

Lady Verinder amply justified the confidence which her husband had placed in her. In the first days of her widowhood she sent for me and made her Will. The view she took of her position was so thoroughly sound and sensible that I was relieved of all necessity for advising her. My responsibility began and ended with shaping her instructions into the proper legal form. Before Sir John had been a fortnight in his grave the future of his daughter had been most wisely and most affectionately provided for.

The Will remained in its fire-proof box at my office, through more years than I like to reckon up. It was not till the summer of eighteen hundred and forty-eight that I found occasion to look at it again under very melancholy circumstances.

At the date I have mentioned the doctors pronounced the sentence on poor Lady Verinder, which was literally a sentence of death. I was the first person whom she informed of her situation; and I found her anxious to go over her Will again with me.

It was impossible to improve the provisions relating to her daughter. But, in the lapse of time, her wishes in regard to certain minor legacies, left to different relatives, had undergone some modification; and it became necessary to add three or four Codicils to the original document. Having done this at once, for fear of accidents, I obtained her ladyship's permission to embody her recent instructions in a second Will. My object was to avoid certain inevitable confusions and repetitions which now disfigured the original document, and which, to own the truth, grated sadly on my professional sense of the fitness of things.

The execution of this second Will has been described by Miss Clack, who was so obliging as to witness it. So far as regards Rachel Verinder's pecuniary interests, it was, word for word, the exact counterpart of the first Will. The only changes introduced related to the appointment of a guardian, and to certain provisions concerning that appointment, which were made under my advice. On Lady Verinder's death, the Will was placed in the hands of my proctor to be "proved" (as the phrase is) in the usual way.

In about three weeks from that time—as well as I can remember—the first warning reached me of something unusual going on under the surface. I happened to be looking in at my friend the proctor's office, and I observed that he received me with an appearance of greater interest than usual.

"I have some news for you," he said. "What do you think I heard at Doctors' Commons this morning? Lady Verinder's Will has been asked for, and examined, already!"

This was news indeed! There was absolutely nothing which could be contested in the Will; and there was nobody I could think of who had the slightest interest in examining it. (I shall perhaps do well if I explain in this place, for the benefit of the few people who don't know it already, that the law allows all Wills to be examined at Doctors' Commons by any body who applies, on the payment of a shilling fee.)

"Did you hear who asked for the Will?" I inquired.

"Yes; the clerk had no hesitation in telling *me*. Mr. Smalley, of the firm of Skipp & Smalley, asked for it. The Will has not been copied yet into the great Folio Registers. So there was no alternative but to depart from the usual course, and to let him see the original document. He looked it over carefully, and made a note in his pocket-book. Have you any idea of what he wanted with it?"

I shook my head. "I shall find out," I answered, "before I am a day older." With that I went back at once to my own office.

If any other firm of solicitors had been concerned in this unaccountable examination of my deceased client's Will I might have found some difficulty in making the necessary discovery. But I had a hold over Skipp & Smalley which made my course in this matter a comparatively easy one. My common-law clerk (a most competent and excellent man) was a brother of Mr. Smalley's; and, owing to this sort of indirect connection with me, Skipp & Smalley had, for some years past, picked up the crumbs that fell from my table, in the shape of cases brought to my office, which, for various reasons, I did not think it worth while to undertake. My professional patronage was, in this way, of some importance to the firm. I intended, if necessary, to remind them of that patronage on the present occasion.

The moment I got back I spoke to my clerk; and after telling him what had happened I sent him to his brother's office, "with Mr. Bruff's compliments, and he would be glad to know why Messrs. Skipp & Smalley had found it necessary to examine Lady Verinder's Will."

This message brought Mr. Smalley back to my office, in company with his brother. He acknowledged that he had acted under instructions received from a client. And then he put it to me, whether it would not be a breach of professional confidence on his part to say more.

We had a smart discussion upon that. He was right, no doubt; and I was wrong. The truth is, I was angry and suspicious—and I insisted on knowing more. Worse still, I declined to consider any additional information offered to me, as a secret placed in my keeping: I claimed perfect freedom to use my own discretion. Worse even than that, I took an unwarrantable advantage of my position. "Choose, Sir," I said to Mr. Smalley, "between the risk of losing your client's business, and the risk of losing Mine." Quite indefensible, I admit—an act of tyranny, and nothing less. Like other tyrants, I carried my point. Mr. Smalley chose his alternative, without a moment's hesitation. He smiled resignedly, and gave up the name of his client:

Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite.

That was enough for me—I wanted to know no more.

Having reached this point in my narrative, it now becomes necessary to place the reader of these lines—so far as Lady Verinder's Will is concerned—on a footing of perfect equality, in respect of information, with myself.

Let me state, then, in the fewest possible words, that Rachel Verinder had nothing but a life-interest in the property. Her mother's excellent sense, and my long experience, had combined to relieve her of all responsibility, and to guard her from all danger of becoming the victim in the future of some needy and unscrupulous man. Neither she nor her husband (if she married) could raise sixpence, either on the property in land or on the property in money. They would have the houses in London and in Yorkshire to live in, and they would have the handsome income—and that was all.

When I came to think over what I had discovered, I was sorely perplexed what to do next.

Hardly a week had passed since I had heard (to my surprise and distress) of Miss Verinder's proposed marriage. I had the sincerest admiration and affection for her; and I had been inexpressibly grieved when I heard that she was about to throw herself away on Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite. And now, here was this man—whom I had always believed to be a smooth-tongued impostor—justifying the very worst that I had thought of him, and plainly revealing the mercenary object of the marriage, on his side! And what of that?—you may reply—the thing is done every day. Granted, my dear Sir. But would you think of it quite as lightly as you do, if the thing was done (let us say) with your own sister?

The first consideration which now naturally occurred to me, was this. Would Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite hold to his engagement, after what his lawyer had discovered for him?

It depended entirely on his pecuniary position, of which I knew nothing. If that position was not a desperate one, it would be well worth his while to marry Miss Verinder for her income alone. If, on the other hand, he stood in urgent need of realizing a large sum by a given time, then Lady Verinder's Will would exactly meet the case, and would preserve her daughter from falling into a scoundrel's hands.

In the latter event, there would be no need for me to distress Miss Rachel, in the first days of her mourning for her mother, by an immediate revelation of the truth. In the former event, if I remained silent, I should be conniving at a marriage which would make her miserable for life.

My doubts ended in my calling at the hotel in London, at which I knew Mrs. Ablewhite and Miss Verinder to be staying. They informed me that they were going to Brighton the next day, and that an unexpected obstacle prevented Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite from accompanying them. I at once proposed to take his place. When I was only thinking of Rachel Verinder, it was possible to hesitate. When I actually saw her, my mind was made up directly, come what might of it, to tell her the truth.

I found my opportunity, when I was out walking with her, on the day after my arrival.

"May I speak to you," I asked, "about your marriage engagement?"

"Yes," she said, indifferently, "if you have nothing more interesting to talk about."

"Will you forgive an old friend and servant of your family, Miss Rachel, if I venture on asking whether your heart is set on this marriage?"

"I am marrying in despair, Mr. Bruff—on the chance of dropping into some sort of stagnant happiness which may reconcile me to my life."

Strong language! and suggestive of something below the surface, in the shape of a romance. But I had my own object in view, and I declined (as we lawyers say) to pursue the question into its side issues.

"Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite can hardly be of your way of thinking," I said. "*His* heart must be set on the marriage, at any rate?"

"He says so, and I suppose I ought to believe him. He would hardly marry me, after what I have owned to him, unless he was fond of me."

Poor thing! the bare idea of a man marrying her for his own selfish and mercenary ends had never entered her head. The task I had set myself began to look like a harder task than I had bargained for.

"It sounds strangely," I went on, "in my old-fashioned ears—"

"What sounds strangely?" she asked.

"To hear you speak of your future husband as if you were not quite sure of the sincerity of his attachment. Are you conscious of any reason in your own mind for doubting him?"

Her astonishing quickness of perception detected a change in my voice, or my manner,

"YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN ENTITLED TO PAY THE MONEY BACK IN ONE YEAR'S TIME FROM THE DATE AT WHICH IT WAS FIRST ADVANCED TO YOU."

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when I put that question, which warned her that I had been speaking all along with some ulterior object in view. She stopped, and, taking her arm out of mine, looked me searchingly in the face.

"Mr. Bruff," she said, "you have something to tell me about Godfrey Ablewhite. Tell it."

I knew her well enough to take her at her word. I told it.

She put her arm again into mine, and walked on with me slowly. I felt her hand tightening its grasp mechanically on my arm, and I saw her getting paler and paler as I went on—but, not a word passed her lips while I was speaking. When I had done, she still kept silence. Her head drooped a little, and she walked by my side, unconscious of my presence, unconscious of every thing about her; lost—buried, I might almost say—in her own thoughts.

I made no attempt to disturb her. My experience of her disposition warned me, on this, as on former occasions, to give her time.

The first instinct of girls in general, on being told of any thing which interests them, is to ask a multitude of questions, and then to run off, and talk it all over with some favorite friend. Rachel Verinder's first instinct, under similar circumstances, was to shut herself up in her own mind, and to think it over by herself. This absolute self-dependence is a great virtue in a man. In a woman, it has the serious drawback of morally separating her from the mass of her sex, and so exposing her to misconstruction by the general opinion. I strongly suspect myself of thinking as the rest of the world think in this matter—except in the case of Rachel Verinder. The self-dependence in *her* character was one of its virtues in my estimation; partly, no doubt, because I sincerely admired and liked her; partly, because the view I took of her connection with the loss of the Moonstone was based on my own special knowledge of her disposition. Badly as appearances might look in the matter of the Diamond—shocking as it undoubtedly was to know that she was associated in any way with the mystery of an undiscovered theft—I was satisfied nevertheless that she had done nothing unworthy of her, because I was also satisfied that she had not stirred a step in the business, without shutting herself up in her own mind, and thinking it over first.

We had walked on, for nearly a mile I should think, before Rachel roused herself. She suddenly looked up at me with a faint reflection of her smile of happier times—the most irresistible smile I had ever seen on a woman's face.

"I owe much already to your kindness," she said. "And I feel more deeply indebted to it now than ever. If you hear any rumors of my marriage when you go back to London, contradict them at once, on my authority."

"Have you resolved to break your engagement?" I asked.

"Can you doubt it?" she returned, proudly, "after what you have told me!"

"My dear Miss Rachel, you are very young—and you may find more difficulty in withdrawing from your present position than you anticipate. Have you no one—I mean a lady of course—whom you could consult?"

"No one," she answered.

It distressed me, it did indeed distress me, to hear her say that. She was so young and so lonely—and she bore it so well! The impulse to help her got the better of any sense of my own unfitness which I might have felt under the circumstances; and I stated such ideas on the subject as occurred to me on the spur of the moment, to the best of my ability. I have advised a prodigious number of clients, and have dealt with some exceedingly awkward difficulties, in my time. But this was the first occasion on which I had ever found myself advising a young lady how to obtain her release from a marriage engagement. The suggestion I offered amounted briefly to this. I recommended her to tell Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite—at a private interview, of course—that he had, to her certain knowledge, betrayed the mercenary nature of the motive on his side. She was then to add that their marriage, after what she had discovered, was a simple impossibility—and she was to put it to him, whether he thought it wisest to secure her silence by falling in with her views, or to force her, by opposing them, to make the motive under which she was acting generally known. If he attempted to defend himself, or to deny the facts, she was, in that event, to refer him to *me*.

Miss Verinder listened attentively till I had done. She then thanked me very prettily for my advice, but informed me at the same time that it was impossible for her to follow it.

"May I ask," I said, "what objection you see to following it?"

She hesitated—and then met me with a question on her side.

"Suppose you were asked to express your opinion of Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite's conduct?" she began.

"Yes?"

"What would you call it?"

"I should call it the conduct of a meanly deceitful man."

"Mr. Bruff! I have believed in that man. I have promised to marry that man. How can I tell him he is mean, how can I tell him he has deceived me, how can I disgrace him in the eyes of the world, after that? I have degraded myself by ever thinking of him as my husband. If I say what you tell me to say to him—I am owning that I have degraded myself to his face. I can't do that—after what has passed between us—I can't do that! The shame of it would be nothing to *him*. But the shame of it would be unendurable to *me*."

Here was another of the marked peculiarities in her character disclosing itself to me without reserve. Here was her sensitive horror of the bare contact with any thing mean, blinding her to every consideration of what she owed to herself, hurrying her into a false position which might compromise her in the estimation of all her friends! Up to this time I had been a little diffident about the propriety of the advice I had given to her. But, after what she had just said, I had no sort of doubt that it was the best advice that could have been offered; and I felt no sort of hesitation in pressing it on her again.

She only shook her head, and repeated her objection in other words.

"He has been intimate enough with me to ask me to be his wife. He has stood high enough in my estimation to obtain my consent. I can't tell him to his face that he is the most contemptible of living creatures, after that!"

"But, my dear Miss Rachel," I remonstrated, "it's equally impossible for you to tell him that you withdraw from your engagement, without giving some reason for it."

"I shall say that I have thought it over, and that I am satisfied it will be best for both of us if we part."

"No more than that?"

"No more."

"Have you thought of what he may say, on his side?"

"He may say what he pleases."

It was impossible not to admire her delicacy and her resolution, and it was equally impossible not to feel that she was putting herself in the wrong. I entreated her to consider her own position. I reminded her that she would be exposing herself to the most odious misconstruction of her motives. "You can't brave public opinion," I said, "at the command of private feeling."

"I can," she answered. "I have done it already."

"What do you mean?"

"You have forgotten the Moonstone, Mr. Bruff. Have I not braved public opinion, *there*, with my own private reasons for it?"

Her answer silenced me for the moment. It set me trying to trace the explanation of her conduct, at the time of the loss of the Moonstone, out of the strange avowal which had just escaped her. I might perhaps have done it when I was younger. I certainly couldn't do it now.

I tried a last remonstrance, before we returned to the house. She was just as immovable as ever. My mind was in a strange conflict of feelings about her when I left her that day. She was obstinate; she was wrong. She was interesting; she was admirable; she was deeply to be pitied. I made her promise to write to me the moment she had any news to send. And I went back to my business in London, with a mind exceedingly ill at ease.

On the evening of my return, before it was possible for me to receive my promised letter, I was surprised by a visit from Mr. Ablewhite the elder, and was informed that Mr. Godfrey had got his dismissal—*and had accepted it*—that very day.

With the view I already took of the case, the bare fact stated in the words that I have underlined, revealed Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite's motive for submission as plainly as if he had acknowledged it himself. He needed a large sum of money; and he needed it by a given time. Rachel's income, which would have helped him to any thing else, would not help him here; and Rachel had accordingly released herself, without encountering a moment's serious opposition on his part. If I am told that this is mere speculation, I ask, in my turn, What other theory will account for his giving up a marriage which would have maintained him in splendor for the rest of his life?

Any exultation I might otherwise have felt at the lucky turn which things had now taken was effectually checked by what passed at my interview with old Mr. Ablewhite.

He came, of course, to know whether I could give him any explanation of Miss Verinder's extraordinary conduct. It is needless to say that I was quite unable to afford him the information he wanted. The annoyance which I thus inflicted, following on the irritation produced by a recent interview with his son, threw Mr. Ablewhite off his guard. Both his looks and his language convinced me that Miss Verinder would find him a merciless man to deal with, when he joined the ladies at Brighton the next day.

I had a restless night, considering what I ought to do next. How my reflections ended, and how thoroughly well founded my distrust of old Mr. Ablewhite proved to be are items of information which (as I am told) have already been put tidily in their proper places by that exemplary person, Miss Clack. I have only to add—in completion of her narrative—that Miss Verinder found a quiet and repose which she sadly needed, poor thing, in my house at Hampstead. She honored us by making a long stay. My wife and daughters were charmed with her; and, when the executors decided on the appointment of a new guardian, I feel sincere pride and pleasure in recording that my guest and my family parted like old friends, on either side.

CHAPTER II.

THE next thing I have to do, is to present such additional information as I possess on the subject of the Moonstone, or, to speak more correctly, on the subject of the Indian plot to steal the Diamond. The little that I have to tell is (as I think I have already said) of some importance, nevertheless, in respect of its bearing very remarkably on events which are still to come.

About a week or ten days after Miss Verinder had left us, one of my clerks entered the private room at my office, with a card in his hand, and informed me that a gentleman was below, who wanted to speak to me.

I looked at the card. There was a foreign name written on it, which has escaped my memory. It was followed by a line written in English at the bottom of the card, which I remember perfectly well:

"Recommended by Mr. Septimus Luker."

The audacity of a person in Mr. Luker's position presuming to recommend any body to *me*, took me so completely by surprise, that I sat silent for the moment, wondering whether my own eyes had not deceived me. The clerk, observing my bewilderment, favored me with the result of his own observation of the stranger who was waiting down stairs.

"He's rather a remarkable looking man, Sir. So dark in the complexion that we all set him down in the office for an Indian, or something of that sort."

Associating the clerk's idea with the very offensive line inscribed on the card in my hand, I instantly suspected that the Moonstone was at the bottom of Mr Luker's recommendation, and of the stranger's visit at my office. To the astonishment of my clerk, I at once decided on granting an interview to the gentleman below.

In justification of the highly unprofessional sacrifice to mere curiosity which I thus made, permit me to remind any body who may read these lines, that no living person (in England, at any rate) can claim to have had such an intimate connection with the romance of the Indian Diamond as mine has been. I was trusted with the secret of Colonel Herncastle's plan for escaping assassination. I received the Colonel's letters, periodically reporting himself a living man. I drew his Will, leaving the Moonstone to Miss Verinder. I persuaded his executor to act, on the chance that the jewel might prove to be a valuable acquisition to the family. And, lastly, I combated Mr. Franklin Blake's scruples, and induced him to be the means of transporting the Diamond to Lady Verinder's house. If any one can claim a prescriptive right of interest in the Moonstone, and in every thing connected with it, I think it is hardly to be denied that I am the man.

The moment my mysterious client was shown in I felt an inner conviction that I was in the presence of one of the three Indians—probably of the chief. He was carefully dressed in European costume. But his swarthy complexion, his long lithe figure, and his grave and graceful politeness of manner were enough to betray his Oriental origin to any intelligent eyes that looked at him.

I pointed to a chair, and begged to be informed of the nature of his business with me.

After first apologizing—in an excellent selection of English words—for the liberty which he had taken in disturbing me, the Indian produced a small parcel the outer covering of which was of cloth of gold. Removing this and a second wrapping of some silken fabric, he placed a little box, or casket, on my table, most beautifully and richly inlaid in jewels, on an ebony ground.

"I have come, Sir," he said, "to ask you to lend me some money. And I leave this as an assurance to you that my debt will be paid back."

I pointed to his card. "And you apply to me," I rejoined, "at Mr. Luker's recommendation?"

The Indian bowed.

"May I ask how it is that Mr. Luker himself did not advance the money that you require?"

"Mr. Luker informed me, Sir, that he had no money to lend."

"And so he recommended you to come to me?"

The Indian, in his turn, pointed to the card. "It is written there," he said.

Briefly answered, and thoroughly to the purpose! If the Moonstone had been in my possession, this Oriental gentleman would have murdered me, I am well aware, without a moment's hesitation. At the same time, and barring that slight drawback, I am bound to testify that he was the perfect model of a client. He might not have respected my life. But he did what none of my own countrymen had ever done in all my experience of them—he respected my time.

"I am sorry," I said, "that you should have had the trouble of coming to me. Mr. Luker is quite mistaken in sending you here. I am trusted, like other men of my profession, with money to lend. But I never lend it to strangers, and I never lend it on such a security as you have produced."

Far from attempting, as other people would have done, to induce me to relax my own rules, the Indian only made me another bow, and wrapped up his box in its two coverings without a word of protest. He rose—this admirable assassin rose to go, the moment I had answered him!

"Will your condescension toward a stranger, excuse my asking one question," he said, "before I take my leave?"

I bowed on my side. Only one question at parting! The average in my experience, was fifty.

"Supposing, Sir, it had been possible (and customary) for *you* to lend me the money," he said, "in what space of time would it have been possible (and customary) for *me* to pay it back?"

"According to the usual course pursued in this country," I answered, "you would have been entitled to pay the money back (if you liked) in one year's time from the date at which it was first advanced to you."

The Indian made me a last bow, the lowest of all—and suddenly and softly walked out of the room.

It was done in a moment, in a noiseless, supple, cat-like way, which a little startled me, I own. As soon as I was composed enough to think, I arrived at one distinct conclusion in reference to the otherwise incomprehensible visitor who had favored me with a call.

His face, voice, and manner—while I was in his company—were under such perfect control that they set all scrutiny at defiance. But he had given me one chance of looking under the smooth outer surface of him, for all that. He had not shown the slightest sign of attempting to fix any thing that I had said to him in his mind, until I mentioned the time at which it was customary to permit the earliest repayment, on the part of the debtor, of money that had been advanced as a loan. When I gave him that piece of information, he looked me straight in the face, while I was speaking, for the first time. The inference I drew from this was—that he had a special purpose in asking me his last question, and a special interest in hearing my answer to it. The more carefully I reflected on what had passed between us, the more shrewdly I suspected the production of the casket, and the application for the loan, of having been mere formalities, designed to pave the way for the parting inquiry addressed to me.

I had satisfied myself of the correctness of this conclusion—and was trying to get on a step further, and penetrate the Indian's motives next—when a letter was brought to me, which proved to be from no less a person than Mr. Septimus Luker himself. He asked my pardon in terms of sickening servility, and assured me that he could explain matters to my satisfaction, if I would honor him by consenting to a personal interview.

I made another unprofessional sacrifice to mere curiosity. I honored him by making an appointment at my office, for the next day.

Mr. Luker was, in every respect, such an inferior creature to the Indian—he was so vulgar, so ugly, so cringing, and so prosy—that he is quite unworthy of being reported, at any length, in these pages. The substance of what he had to tell me may be fairly stated as follows:

The day before I had received the visit of the Indian, Mr. Luker had been favored with a call from that accomplished gentleman. In spite of his European disguise, Mr. Luker had instantly identified his visitor with the chief of the three Indians, who had formerly annoyed him by loitering about his house, and who had left him no alternative but to consult a magistrate. From this startling discovery he had rushed to the conclusion (naturally enough I own) that he must certainly be in the company of one of the three men, who had blindfolded him, gagged him, and robbed him of his banker's receipt. The result was that he became quite paralyzed with terror, and that he firmly believed his last hour had come.

On his side, the Indian preserved the character of a perfect stranger. He produced the little casket, and made exactly the same application which he had afterward made to me. As the speediest way of getting rid of him, Mr. Luker had at once declared that he had no money. The Indian had thereupon asked to be informed of the best and safest person to apply to for the loan he wanted. Mr. Luker had answered that the best and safest person, in such cases, was usually a respectable solicitor. Asked to name some one individual of that character and profession, Mr. Luker had mentioned me—for the one simple reason that, in the extremity of his terror, mine was the first name which occurred to him. "The perspiration was pouring off me like rain, Sir," the wretched creature concluded. "I didn't know what I was talking about. And I hope you'll look over it, Mr. Bruff, Sir, in consideration of my having been really and truly frightened out of my wits."

I excused the fellow graciously enough. It was the readiest way of releasing myself from the sight of him. Before he left me, I detained him to make one inquiry. Had the Indian said any thing noticeable at the moment of quitting Mr. Luker's house?

Yes! The Indian had put precisely the same question to Mr. Luker, at parting, which he had put to me; receiving, of course, the same answer as the answer which I had given to him.

What did it mean? Mr. Luker's explanation gave me no assistance toward solving the problem. My own unaided ingenuity, consulted next, proved quite unequal to grapple with the difficulty. I had a dinner engagement that evening; and I went up stairs, in no very genial frame of mind, little suspecting that the way to my dressing-room, and the way to discovery, meant, on this particular occasion, one and the same thing.

THORNE'S POOR RELATIONS.

THE old Brewery burned down to the ground. Many rejoiced thereat, but they might have known that their joy would be short-lived. That from the ruins would arise a formidable structure which would make the friends of temperance look grave.

It seemed as if the whole town were abroad on the night of the fire. And indeed the conflagration was a sight to behold. The immense quantities of grain stored in the buildings adjacent to the Brewery, the whiskies and the high wines, imparted a splendor to the flame which was worth seeing at the cost of a night's sleep. And what a spectacle to eyes unused to stage effects those flocks of birds which circled round the scene of desolation on golden and silvered wings!

Most persons gazing on the spectacle forgot their individual heart-ache and worry. Even Uncle Thorne did. He lived on the narrow street which led down to the Brewery, and came out and watched the fire with others until morning. He had good reason for being on the alert. A sudden change in the wind, or even a slight increase, might send an unlucky spark into his premises and do damage there. It was not likely, but the possibility of such an event was sufficient to keep him a watcher. He had but himself to look after himself—this thought brought him out of his bed quickly—it had sent him to it heavily, as night by night it sent him, for Uncle Thorne was widowed and childless. Is it so

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with all these people who crowd the ferry-boats, and the cars, and the stages—the streets, and theatres, and churches; have they all some heart-ache? some smarting disappointment? does a shadowy fear follow the steps of every one, and haunt the days and nights? Is it a world of sorrow? but is there not sure deliverance for all? Death, I mean not by the gateway thou dost keep! Hear the story of George Thorne.

The fire occurred on Saturday night.

Next morning at nine o'clock the sexton, he was Uncle Thorne, was in the church porch ringing the church bell. Years ago this sexton climbed the dark belfry stairs to ring the bell for the congregation that worshiped in the house of the Lord below. But one dark night he fell and broke his leg. Every body said then, what a shame it was that the steep narrow stair had never been provided with a railing, for many times Thorne had predicted that just such an accident as this would befall him.

Now that it had happened the rope was brought down from the belfry, and the sexton rang the bell standing in the porch where every body could see him. It would have been a less acceptable sight to some eyes had the ringer been any body besides old Thorne. Priests and children, as a general thing, keep the machinery of their winking dolls out of sight, and all people of good taste conceal their skeletons; on the same principle the bell-ringer should have done his ringing in a corner, or behind a door; but there he was in the porch, and there he would be until he ceased to ring for others, and was tolled over himself; and people didn't mind, because he was old Thorne.

On this Sunday, having rung the children into Sunday-school at nine, the congregation into church at half past ten, and again at two P.M., he limped homeward, having deputed young Mr. Matson to lock up the church after service, and hang the key he knew where. Young Mr. Matson was in Uncle Thorne's confidence, his honorary partner, one might say; for he had the management of the garden next the church, and whenever the bell gave forth a hesitating and uncertain sound the young man would cry "Rheumatism!" drop his tools, and run into the porch and lay hands on the knotted rope to such good purpose that people were set to thinking of the sexton with wondering admiration.

Thorne had his reasons for excusing himself that afternoon. He had not taken cold watching the fire; he did not feel the loss of a night's sleep; but he had seen two or three miserable fellows in particular among the many hanging about the smoking pit, and he thought that he might be of some service to them. He understood their feelings, and little as was the respect he felt for all the Brewery represented, he had secretly experienced a sense of loss and loneliness as he looked down toward the ruin, which made him feel kindly drawn toward more serious mourners.

As he approached his gate he saw Ralph Rockaway leaning over the picket fence, his arm in a sling. He surprised Ralph—that was clear; had Ralph suspected that the sexton would return so early in the day he would not have been found hanging over the fence in that disconsolate manner.

When he saw old George the necessity of speech was upon him. He, Rockaway, had shed more tears over that picket standing there those five minutes than he had shed in all the years that lay between him and his childhood; but his eyes were always bloodshot, and of tears who would suspect him? There was something in his voice, though, that made George more than commonly cautious in his answer; and, commonly, it must be said of him, he was caution itself.

"You're going to have a heap of strawberries out of that 'ere patch," Ralph said. "What the deuce do you do with 'em all?"

"They don't rot for one thing," answered George. "They get ate up mighty easy. I planted for my poor relations, you know."

Any body but Ralph must have seen that Thorne's words were mere pleasantry—for it was very well known that Thorne had no relations—but to hear him talk you might have supposed he had at least an alms-house full.

"I didn't know that you had any folks," said Ralph. "I never see any of 'em about."

"You didn't! What a poor beggar you took me for, Rockaway! No folks!" Thorne spoke precisely as though the sense of this very fact had not made him miserable many a dreary day. "Come int' the house," he added, leading the way. "That was a pretty bad piece of business for some folks, that fire last night. Not so bad for Kimberly though as for others."

"That's so," said Ralph, as he walked up the graveled path behind Thorne. "Mr. Kimberly's well off enough. I wish I had what he throws away."

"You'd be rich," returned Thorne, a little more thoughtful even than before. "How far did that hurt go, Ralph?" pointing to the arm in the sling.

"Too fur, 'cause it didn't go fur'd enough," was the answer. George understood Ralph to mean that since it didn't go so far as to kill him, the hurt was a failure. And he, moreover, was not surprised that Ralph should feel just that. "I got a tall beam-end on to my shoulder," Ralph went on; "it came near tearing it up by the roots—only you see it didn't. The old Brewery might as well be gone fur's I'm concerned. I couldn't do nothin' now, brewin' or no brewin' —not if Kimberly would go halves. When yur got your leg broke, George, 'twas a good job for yur."

"Yes," said Uncle Thorne, reflecting, "'twas a good job! I never knew the worth of that leg till it was gone, certin. If you mean it's good to find out the wuth of what we've got when we haven't got it no longer. But 'cording to my notion it's best to be thankful, and understand what our good fortin' is, as we go along."

"Yur had the church to your back," said Ralph. "When the Brewery gets on its legs agin I'll git a chore or so to do, but now you see I'm out in a gale with my oars broke. With the little gal—"

"Where *is* Gussy?" asked George, with a new tone in his voice—a tone that was not almost, but *quite* tender.

"I went out of the house to git red of her," answered Ralph. "I couldn't stand it looking at that child. My fingers wouldn't work to answer her questions. I couldn't get 'em to. Gussy never see a fire afore. George—I wouldn't wonder if the time had come when she'd have to go to the place for such."

"It's a comfortable place," said George, cheerfully. "I was to one of the celebrations in our church of 'em, and we walked up to their building afterward, the church folks, I mean, did—it looked as neat as a pin. I declare it was so still and pleasant I felt as if it was almost a privilege to be there."

"It don't take *me* that way. I git a feeling in my chest as if I should bust, sometimes, jest a bein' alone with 'Gus."

"But she wouldn't feel that way, you know. I never see smilinger or cheerfuller girls in my life than was there, Rockaway."

But it seemed the more cheery George's words the deeper Ralph's gloom; his head sunk, he looked no better, no other than he was, a hopeless, ruined man. And what if he had, as it were, ruined himself? That made the case no better. Oh, did it not make every thing the worse?

George thought and thought. At last he said: "Look at here—" then he paused; he might be mistaken, but it seemed to him that he had had a revelation; he was almost afraid to say it. Ralph Rockaway was certainly the last person in the world to whom, naturally, it would seem probable he should say such things—but— "Look at here," he repeated; "what have I got this home of my own here for? nobody in it but me, except when Miss Bowles comes over to chore round? You're kind o' done up, Ralph. We've knowed each other forty year. We never had any misunderstandings—yur mind your business and I mind mine—couldn't—couldn't Gussy chore round for yur and me? I ain't overexacting."

"Thorne," said Ralph, not replying instantly, and when he did so raising his eyes from the ground and looking toward, not at, George, in a half-frightened, doubtful manner, "if I thought you meant it I r'ally don't know what I'd say to't."

"You needn't say nothin'," returned Uncle Thorne, rising hastily. "I'll go and see what the little gal's doin', and bring her round if I find her. You sit there and keep an eye on things till I come back."

"The better the day the better the deed," he thought, as he limped off. "I've been expecting 'em along for quite a while, and now I guess they've come."

And who should he mean by "they" if not the poor relations for whom he used jokingly to say he was keeping his little Paradise of a place in order.

"The child won't make no noise, for one thing," he reflected, as he walked along, his brown eyes taking note from under their shaggy brows of every group of children, men, and women as he passed. At last, having approached the ruins quite as near as he cared to do he stopped and asked a little girl if she could tell where Gussy was.

"Gussy Rockaway? to hum. I see her going in."

The house in which Rockaway lived was dismal enough, though orderly and neat. Orderliness and gloom. Uncle George Thorne felt chilled as he opened the door and looked in. There sat the little girl before the stove in which she had just kindled a fire; drooping and sad she looked. He knew nothing of the language by which she made herself intelligible to others, and others to her, and for a few seconds she surveyed her visitor in mute astonishment. And truly for a man of his age he did deport himself oddly. For the first thing the sexton did after he had enveloped her in the sunshine of a smile, was to shut the damper of the stove, take off the tea-kettle, fasten down the windows, wrap the loaf of bread which she had just placed on the table in a towel, and then put on her head the hat she had taken off but now, and over her shoulders throw the shawl he picked up from the chair where she had dropped it; this done he extended his hand, and Uncle Thorne would never, never in this life, forget the emotion he felt when she bravely took it, and held it with such womanly confidence, such childlike docility, and walked out with him; and then what *did she* think when she saw him lock the door of the dismal house and put the key in his pocket!

What could she have thought! It was all right, she believed. Mr. Thorne was going to take her to her grandfather, who got that ugly hurt last night. She was not so very much surprised, for our dull old world was always a wonderful world to the deaf and dumb girl; the strangest things were always happening in it. Talk about fairy-land!

When she saw that it was really to Mr. Thorne's own house that they were going, into the lovely garden which was such a blessing to that street, a smile overspread her sweet young face which made old Thorne feel that he must stoop down and kiss it. But the feeling sufficed for him. Indeed, where was the difference between it and the act?

The smile on her face assumed another character, and moved him still more, and in another way, when he led Gussy to the porch, and she saw her grandfather actually sitting there!

Well—what might be a long story shall be very short—the old wreck, Ralph Rockaway, was patched up in that dock-yard, until pronounced sea-worthy again. But those who so pronounced knew very well what they meant. It was not as a ship of the Royal line—a man-of-war—that the old tug would get a commission for deep waters. It must be content henceforth to do a coasting service, and in a small way at that.

One day when Uncle Thorne had learned so much of the sign language as to be able to converse with his little handmaiden, she said to him:

"Folks used to tell you kept this place so beautiful because you had relations you were expecting along. When are they coming?"

Why did she ask? Was she thinking with dread that when the new friends came the old must be going? She had looked more than usually thoughtful before she asked the question, and she waited for his answer with a gravity, but for the patience of it, too painful to think of. While waiting Gussy looked up at the stone-walls of the cottage which were embroidered so thickly with vines, and she noticed that among the branches of woodbine, and under the broad eaves, more than one dear little bird had built a nest. And indeed, she thought, how could they help building there! *Was* it better to love and to lose, than never to have?—she might have questioned Mr. Tennyson.

"They've come, I guess," said George to himself, and when she looked at him for an answer, this was the answer he had made. *Yes—his relations had arrived!* She needn't doubt about it—they had come, and were to stay.

Other friends had come and gone—counted also by him as akin—mourners who gathered bouquets from his garden to place on the graves of their lost ones; many a wreath of immortal flowers he had himself fashioned to lay on the chancel table, which should offer its rest to the dead body of Christian brother or sister on its way to the grave; many a time the fruits which ripened on his trees and walls had given refreshment to the fever-parched and the food-loathing; he had all his life been serving his poor relations, many of whom were not visibly mourners and poor, but lived in very gay places surrounded by fine shows of wealth, but now these had come to abide with him; the heart-ache was eased, the apprehension was lost, the fear had vanished.

A lady who had grown up under Thorne's eyes (he had rung her into Sunday-school first as a child and then as a teacher, and had got in young Mr. Matson to help him ring her into wedlock, and a merry peal it was that told her bridal hour) stood on his gravel-walk one morning looking at the humming-birds as they darted in and out among the trumpet-flowers.

"Uncle Thorne," said she, at the end of her reflective observation, "how did all this loveliness come about? The last time I was this way, yes, it was a good while ago, to be sure! there was only the stone-house and the beginning of things. It's a perfect palace of beauty now. What work it must have cost you!"

"When I went to work here, ma'am," said he, "it was a heap of a place, you're right. And I didn't know one flower from another. It's just growed on and on, the place has. I can't tell one of them flowers now from another, by the color of 'em. I'm color-blind.....I've got a little of every body's ail—that's what made me acquainted with so many of my relations."

The lady pondered a moment on these seemingly inconsequent, disconnected words; she caught the queer smile lurking about Thorne's mouth.

"Ah, now," she said, with another smile, so different from his; yet she too knew what heart-ache was, and disappointment, and apprehension, and fear—"Ah, now, Uncle Thorne, your secret is out! You haven't any more poor relations than I have—but oh, you've treated them better! I'm poor enough to receive something of your charity, I will take a rose: a rose out of this garden. I wouldn't if I could, have it without a thorn."

When old Thorne died—for in due time the apprehension was verified and the fear pursued no longer, because it overtook and fell upon him and he conquered it—there was a young woman to follow him as a mourning daughter to the grave; all the church folk, and that girl besides. He held her hands in his dying hour, and it was not a lonely death-bed, for he saw tender love in the dear eyes that watched him. The thing he had sowed he reaped. Simple soul, did he not believe it would be so? God bless to us the memory of old George Thorne!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

QUEER KIND OF LOVE—A neuralgic affection.

An Irishman, fresh from Hibernia, caught a bumble-bee in his hand, supposing it to be a humming-bird. "Och," he exclaimed, "how hot his fut is!"

A PAGE ALWAYS GROWING—The Page of History.

A chap who was told by a clergyman to "remember Lot's wife," replied that he had trouble enough with his own without remembering other men's wives.

A STITCH IN TIME.—The latest novelty in sewing-machines is one that will follow the thread of an argument.

"First class in philosophy stand up. Brown, what is life?"

"Life consists of money, a horse, plenty of wine and cigars, and a fashionable wife."

"What is poverty?"

"The reward of merit which genius receives from a discriminating public."

"What is religion?"

"Going regularly to church in good weather, and doing unto others as you please without allowing a return of the compliment."

"What is fame?"

"A six-line puff in a newspaper."

A CURIOUS PLEA.—It appears that three young gentlemen of Glasgow, Scotland, have been sent to prison for thirty days for theft of a sow. In spite, however, of the physiological appearances of the animal, and the direct testimony of the prosecutor, the young men had the audacity to plead that the affair was a "lark!" The sheriff properly held that it was a pig, and the supposed "lark" has developed into three jail-birds.

DEFINITIONS OF CHARACTER.

Fine Fellow—The man who advertises in your paper, the man who never refuses to lend you money, and the fellow who is courting your sister.

Gentle People—The young lady who lets her mother do the ironing for fear of spoiling her hands, the miss who wears thin shoes on a rainy day, and the young gentleman who is ashamed to be seen walking with his father.

Industrious People—The young lady who reads romances in bed, the friend who is always engaged when you call, and the correspondent who can not find time to answer your letter.

Unpopular Personages—The fat man in an omnibus, a tall man in a crowd, and a short man on a parade.

Timid People—A lover about to pop the question, a man who does not like to be shot at, and the steamboat company with a case of cholera.

Dignified Men—A chit in a country town, a midshipman on a quarter-deck, and a school committee on examination-day.

Persecuted People—Woman by that tyrant man, boys by their parents and teachers, and all poor people by society at large.

Unhappy People—Old bachelors and old maids.

Humble Person—The husband who does his wife's churning, the wife who blacks her husband's boots, and the man who thinks you do him much honor.

Mean People—The man who kicks people when they are down, and the subscriber who refuses to pay for his paper.

Sensible People—You and I.

WHO, INDEED!—We heard the other day of a gentleman who "died without a will." "Died without a will," forsooth! who ever heard of a person who died "*with* a will!"

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE—Bourbon.

When Mr. Moody (Handkerchief Moody) was on a journey in the western part of Massachusetts, he called on a brother in the ministry, on Saturday, thinking to spend the Sabbath with him if agreeable. The man appeared very glad to see him, and said:

"I should be very glad to have you stop and preach for me to-morrow, but I feel almost ashamed to ask you."

"Why, what is the matter?" said Mr. Moody.

"Why, our people have got into such a habit of going out before meeting is closed, that it seems to be an imposition on a stranger."

"If that is all, I *must* and *will* stop and preach for you," was Mr. Moody's reply.

When the Sabbath day came, and Mr. Moody had opened the meeting and named his text, he looked round on the assembly, and said:

"My hearers, I am going to speak to two sorts of folks to-day, *saints* and *sinners*. Sinners, I am going to give your portion first, and I would have you give good attention."

When he had preached to them as long as he thought best, he paused, and said:

"There, sinners, I have done with you now; you may take your hats and get out of the meeting-house as soon as you please." But all tarried and heard him through.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS—Domestic quarrels.

Some time ago Huntsville, Alabama, was under municipal law permitting only druggists to sell intoxicating liquors, and then only by a written order from a physician. It happened on a cold, rainy day, that a fast chap, whose name might have been Johnson, a drummer from a New York dry-goods' house, dropped into Huntsville, and, after stopping at the hotel, wrote a note and sent a little darkey to the drug-store for a bottle of whisky. The boy returned minus the whisky, but with information that a physician's order would bring it. It only required a moment to add "M.D." to Johnson's name attached to the note, and the whisky was forthcoming. The next day, in conversation with Johnson, the druggist addressed him as "doctor." "Beg pardon," said Johnson, "but I am no doctor." "But the *M.D.* to your name yesterday?" "Only stood for 'Mighty Dry,'" was the cool reply.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE—"Showing off" one's knowledge.

It is said that kisses, like the faces of philosophers, vary. Some are as hot as a coal of fire, some as sweet as honey, some as milk, some as tasteless as long-drawn soda. Stolen kisses have more nutmeg and cream than any other sort, and are consequently the most enjoyable of all.

"Patrick," said a priest to an Irishman, "how much hay did you steal?" "Well," replied Pat, "I may as well confess to your rivirence for the whole stack, for my wife and I are going to take the rest of it on the first dark night."

HOW TO WORK.—"Sukey, you've got an easy life of it," grumbled the Pot to the Kettle, "sitting there like a lady all day long, with nothing to do but boil a little water and sing a pretty song."

"I do what is given me to do, and do it cheerfully," said Sukey. "One can but be employed, and you, when you are sputtering over your pudding or potatoes, and the Fryingpan, when he is spitting with his cakes, are on no harder service really than I am; but every thing depends on the way you take work. *I sing over mine.*"

A certain man was married; he lost his wife and had a stone erected over her grave. He married a second wife, and when she died he had the tombstone split, and it thus served for the two departed. He proposed to a third, and the lady quaintly remarked: "I do not believe that stone will split again." A refusal.

AN EXCURSION TRAIN—A lady's walking dress.

A "great brute of a husband" advertised in the morning papers for a strong, able-bodied man to hold his wife's tongue.

NONSENSE PROVERBS.

What's in the pot mustn't be told to the pan.
There's a mouth for every muffin.
A clear soup and no flavor.
All rind and no cheese.
Set a beggar on horseback, and he will cheat the livery-stable keeper.
There's a B in every bonnet.
First catch your hair, then hook him.
Every plum has its pudding.
Short pipes make long smokes.
It's a long lane that has no blackberries.
Wind and weather come together.
A flower in the button-hole is worth two on the bush.
Round robin is a shy bird.
There's a shiny lining to every hat.
The longest dinner will come to an end.
You must take the pips with the orange.
It's a wise dentist that knows his own teeth.
No rose without a gardener.
Better to marry in May than not to marry at all.
Too many followers spoil the cook. (N.B. This is *not* nonsense.)

HOW TO IMPROVE A LADY'S LOOKS—Put one hundred thousand dollars into her pocket.

THE PRIME MINISTER—One who eschews long sermons.

A doting mother of a waggish boy, having bottled a lot of nice preserves, labeled them, "Put up by Mrs. D——." Johnny, having discovered them, soon ate the contents of one bottle, and wrote on the bottom of the label, "Put down by Johnny D——."

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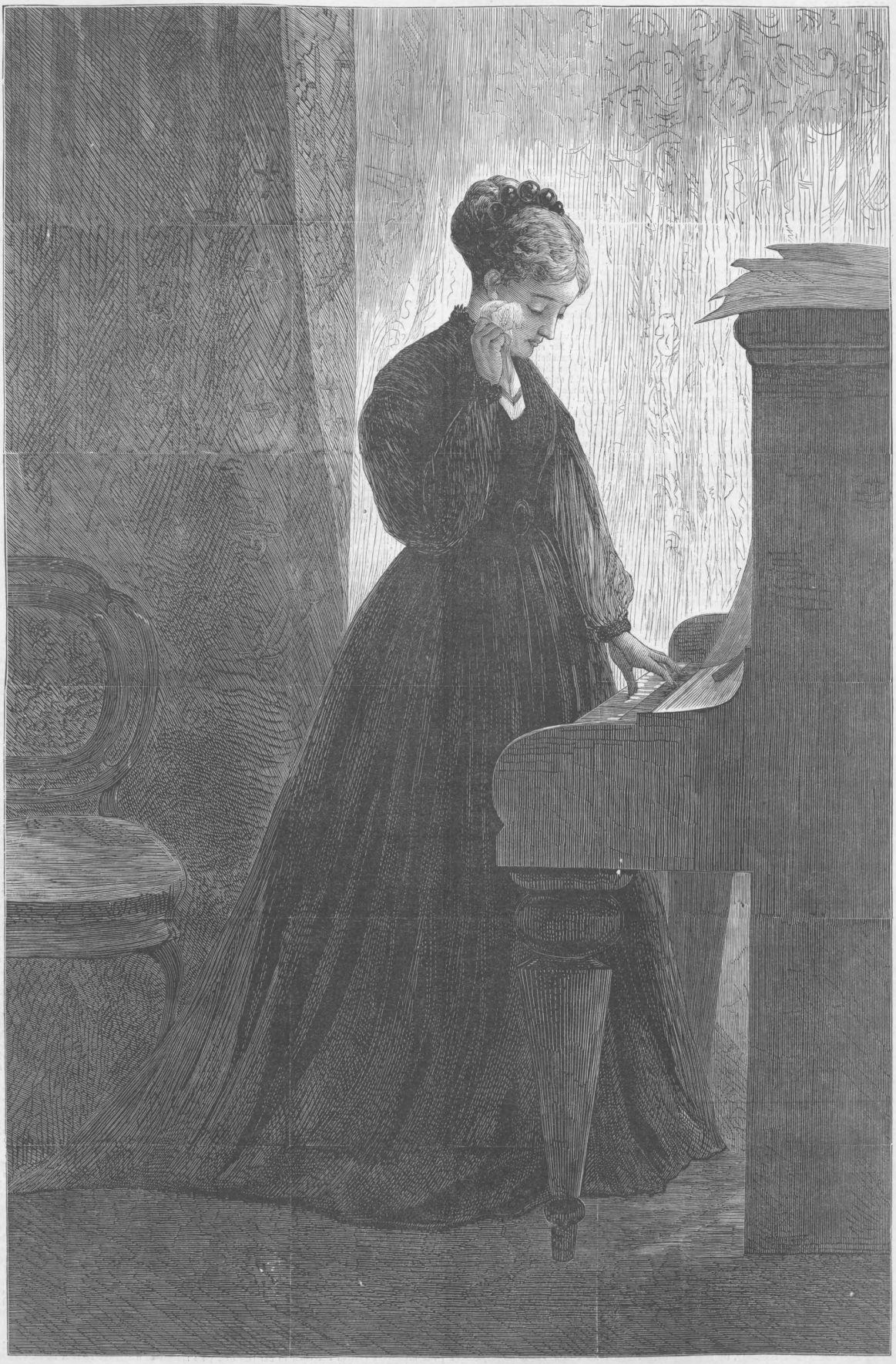

"I CAN NOT SING THE OLD SONGS."—[SEE PAGE 314.]

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MAY-DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

ALL nature seems to know when May has come; and May-Day is Nature's holiday as well as the children's—at least it is so in our climate. The naked severities of winter have then vanished, and the earth is newly born. Then begins that procession of growth which culminates in the pomps of glorious summer. It is Nature's birth-period—the time of beginning for flowers, and for the singing-birds, for the humming bees, and for the unfolding forest leaves. The pulse of the world is felt again, as if it were a fresh start—as if all things had once suffered death, and were now budding forth and palpitating into resurrection. It is therefore a season of hope. We hear the almost audible voice of God "walking in the garden"—not in the garden where hide the guilty ADAM and EVE, but in that where the innocent children are playing—and proclaiming, "There has been an Easter-morn! Come and see that the dead are indeed risen!"

If we are old this season carries us back to the freshness of our childhood, and we seem to be again among the well-known hills, dancing round the May-pole or gathering May-flowers. In his illustration of May-Day in the Country Mr. HERRICK has been happy in the choice of his subject; and our artist has pleasantly framed in the happy little group with the trailing arbutus, one of the prime objects of a May-Day's search. "Who, in the beautiful days of spring," asks a contemporary, "does not feel a stir in the pulse, and recall a memory of happy days in the past, when it was a pleasure to go in search of this earliest of the spring flowers, this token of sunny days and leafy woods, of balmy winds and smiling skies? Sometimes it was a secluded nook, close by the side of the snow-drift, or the gnarled roots of an ancient forest tree, which concealed the treasure; and sometimes on a sunny bank you caught the beauty of its laughing eye, and inhaled the fragrance of its dainty breath. The wild woods rang with the merry shouts of those who, bending low, had pulled from under the leaves wet trailing masses, where among tufts of rough, roundish leaves were the delicious blossoms delicately fashioned by fairy fingers, flushed with warm pink, and breathing the spicy odors of Araby the Blest. No gardener has trained this darling of the forest, no hot-house culture has changed its simple nature, but in beauty, grace, and fragrance it surpasses the gorgeous inmates of the gardens. Its pure lips are made of air and dew, it glistens like a star, and its color is that of the morning dawn. Poets have immortalized it, painters have transferred its glowing beauties to canvas; but poem and picture can not set the blood bounding in the veins as does the sight of a little clump of its starry blossoms."

We shall not attempt to put in words the story which Mr. HERRICK has so well told in his picture. We will only express our hope that on this first of May our young readers are all enjoying themselves as heartily as the little group in his picture seem to be doing.

I CAN NOT SING THE OLD SONGS.

THE simple pathos of the engraving which we reproduce on page 313 will most commend it to the readers of the *Weekly*. A fair girl, just passing into womanhood, in deepest mourning for one near and dear—it may be even for the life-mate of hope and love—checked by choking emotion in the first essay after bereavement to recall the melodies of happy hours gracefully spent, and turning away from the thrilling chords of the familiar accompaniment with a sigh, the burden of which is conveyed in the title—itself the refrain of an old song of wailing memories—is a subject which our engraving will, in more appropriate silence, address to the sympathies of the reader.

DAME GIACINTA'S STORY.

"YOU must know, most noble *cavaliere*"—Dame Giacinta began—"that I was not city-bred, but born some four leagues hence, on the lands of the Vidoni, which stretch along Lake Bientina; in the service of which family I abode till the castle and fief changed masters; then I came hither to abide with mine uncle, in whose house, Matteo, my good-man, found me, and wedded me—despite my thirty years. The Florentines slew my father before I knew his face; and in that same battle Messer Geronimo Vidoni was wounded mortally. His widow Donna Agatha, was very kind to my mother, and would have her always near her own person, albeit she was too weakly to be of great use as bower-woman; and when, five years later, I was left orphan, caused me to be educated—it may be somewhat above my station; while she lived I never lost her favor, though she was too wise to spoil me. Her son, too, was pleased to show me no small favor. Messer Marco was but a youth when he became head of his house; but both in bearing and in spirit he was older than his years. Such as knew him well liked him well, for he was true, and brave, and generous, to the heart's core; but he was no general favorite with men or women, being rough and curt of speech, and something imperious of manner; neither did he affect the company of neighbors. Even in hunting or hawking he mostly took his pleasure alone, and seldom cared to show himself in the tilt-yard—holding all other courtly pastimes in utter scorn. The Lady Agatha used sometimes to lament this to me, and to wish that Messer Marco could be prevailed on to wed. A gentle, fitting helpmate—she thought—might do much toward causing him to take such a place among his equals as beseemed the chief of the Vidoni. So she cast her eyes round about heedfully, till they lit on a damsel of good birth and breeding—daughter to one of the Spinetti—who had just returned home from the Carmelite convent, where she had been nurtured by the special care of the abbess.

"Doubtless the Lady Maddalena was rarely beautiful; but, had I been a man, I would as lieve have wived with one of the fair saints that Sêr Giotto limned so deftly. Her cheeks might have been as snow-flakes, for all the flush that love or anger ever brought out thereon; her eyes might have been wrought in sapphire; and her very smile—she smiled but seldom, save the mark!—was frozen too. I do not think, at first, Messer Marco was much drawn toward the maiden; but in most things he let his mother have her way, and perchance was somewhat weary of hearing from her lips 'that if he cared not for wedlock, it still was his bounden duty in such troublous times to provide his house with an heir;' so he gave assent a little sullenly, making condition that he should be troubled with no formal wooing. Indeed, he scarce saw the bride half-a-score of times, before he brought her home.

"The change that came over Messer Marco, within a year, was near akin to witchcraft. I was appointed the Lady Maddalena's own tiring-woman, so I saw it all. Before they had been married two months he loved her with all his soul and strength; but she never seemed to notice his passion—much less to return it. It angered me past patience to watch his full brown face waxing thin and drawn, and his eyes hollower and brighter; while morning or evening brought no change in her small, white, demure face. It would have been better if she had shown fear or loathing of him than that deathly coldness; but she would only draw herself slowly away if he came too near, or murmur if he wrung her hand too hard—'I pray you be not so rough; you crush my fingers'—looking all the while like a virgin martyr. I can not guess if the Lady Agatha found out that she had made a mistake. She was not the woman to confess such things to any living creature; if it was so, she had not long space to repent herself; for the marsh fever carried her off suddenly in the eighth month after the wedding. She passed away at last very happily and calmly, blessing both her children, and praying that God, in his own time, would be pleased to remove from them the curse of barrenness.

"My good mistress would scarce have been happy, even in heaven, if she could have seen how things went on after she died. Messer Marco grew weary of wooing his white statue—moreover, he fancied she mourned his mother less than was becoming. His temper grew fierce at times, and his tongue would utter wild words when it slipped its bridle. From being sober as an anchorite he betook himself to deep drinking—though I never saw him utterly besotted with wine. All the while his wife never stirred one of her baby fingers to beckon him back from the road he was treading—but looked on, placid and meek—smiling perchance, now and then, a little scornfully—just as if she had been watching, from a safe distance, the gambols of a big boar-hound. I began to hate her—I know not why—and I think she perceived this: though her words were always sweet and meek, her voice seemed to grow harder while speaking to me at times.

"When we first heard of our bride there was much talk of her piety; and she took marvelous good care to keep up her credit for the same at Castel Vidoni. *Benedicte!* the good old chaplain who had shrived the Vidoni and their household for a score of years, might not serve our new mistress's turn. She prayed from the first to be allowed to keep her own confessor—a brother of the Franciscan monastery at Gallano—who had waited on her in her father's house ever since she left the Carmelite convent. Poor Donna Agatha, I remember, thought the request very reasonable, and worthy of such a paragon as she had chosen; and Messer Marco objected to nothing then; nor indeed up to the very last did he interfere with his wife's religious exercises.

"I am but a chattering beldam now, and then I was not a jot quicker of wit or of sight than other tiring-women; yet I profess that I disliked and distrusted Fra Rèmo's sallow face from the first instant I set eyes on it. He might look as cool and saintly as he would, and droop the lids over his greedy black eyes, and press his lips together to keep down bitter words; but he could not keep the round red spots from coming out on his cheek-bone, nor his fingers from quivering under his robe. The first time I marked those signs was one evening, when wild weather constrained him to tarry at the castle, for the floods were out. Donna Agatha was ill at ease, so the monk sat at supper with my master and mistress alone—'twas the merest form; he touched naught but bread and fair water. It was my duty to stand behind the Lady Maddalena's chair, to fetch aught she might require from her chamber. Messer Marco had not yet fallen into the evil habits whereof I spake; but the night was sultry, and he had been less sparing of the flask than usual: his mood seemed somewhat jocund, and once—speaking to his wife—he put forth his hand and pinched her ear betwixt his fingers.

"My good-man was ever too easily moved to jealousy—the saints wot, with little cause—but he never would have chafed at seeing such a caress bestowed on me by my cousin. It was marvel, to see the Lady Maddalena shrink away as though her husband's touch profaned her; yet I watched not her so narrowly as I did the priest. It was a light scandal, after all, to make the blood flush so in his cheek, and set his fingers twitching in his sleeve. I understood none of these things then; but the time came when I understood them all. As I said, matters went from bad to worse after Donna Agatha's death, and came at last to this—that the Lady Maddalena would no longer share her husband's chamber, alleging that she feared his violent humors, especially when heated by wine. Perchance, Messer Marco was ashamed to contradict her; any how, he let her have her own way, sullenly. Thenceforward, she lived almost like a recluse; never going abroad save when, at stated times, she went in her litter to confession or other religious exercise in the church of San Francisco at Gallano; Fra Rèmo came very rarely to Castel Vidoni, fearing, it was thought, insult if not injury; for our lord had looked askance at him more than once lately, vouchsafing no greeting beyond a growl in his beard.

"In our household there was one Giuseppe Bandello, whose father and grandsire had been falconers before him to the Vidoni—a faithful servant enough and exceeding expert in his calling, but cross-grained in temper, and disliked by all save Messer Marco, who trusted him entirely. For some time Giuseppe's countenance had been gloomier than usual, and he went about muttering to himself as though some load on his mind troubled him; but none of us cared to ask what ailed him. One day he and Messer Marco went out, as was their wont, hawking alone together. I chanced to be crossing the great hall when they returned, and I saw, from my lord's face that something had perturbed him strangely, so that I could not forbear questioning him; but he only laughed out loud—though all the while his lips twisted and writhed as though in pain—and bade me send him in wine speedily, for his mouth was parched with drought; saying that nothing worse had happened than that his fair falcon Bianca had spiked herself on a heron's beak, so that the twain lay dead together by the side of the marsh. As I was leaving the hall, he called me back sharply, and asked whether my lady did not purpose on the morrow to visit the church at Gallano. I answered him yea; for she had charged me to see that her litter was ready early, though she would have none of my company. He nodded his head without speaking—draining two or three beakers of wine but tasting no food—called for a fresh horse, and rode forth alone; though it was past the hour of the Angelus, and the skies were overcast.

"Nigh ten days ago, Fra Rèmo had set forth for Rome on some special mission; he was much trusted and esteemed by his Order, and it was thought would ere long rise high therein. Her confessor had been absent more than once before, and then the Lady Maddalena was wont to be shriven always by a certain Fra Anselmo—an aged monk, of great repute for sanctity. On such occasions I had noticed that my lady's devout exercises were gotten over much quicker than when Fra Rèmo guided them. All that night and the next morning passed without any signs of Messer Marco. My lady never troubled herself concerning his movements, and asked no questions now as to whither he was gone, or for how long; but she went to Gallano as she had purposed, and had been home again some two hours when my lord returned.

"I was looking from the window into the court-yard when he rode in, and I hasted down to ask what ailed him. I thought for sure he was sickening of the same fever that carried off his mother. His lips looked black and parched; and his eyes burned like lamps in the midst of his wan face; and, instead of sitting in saddle tall and square, he seemed all bent and shrunken together; and his chin was down on his breast, as if he were too weak to lift it. His voice, too, when he spoke, was quite weak and piping, though it got stronger afterward. He said there was naught amiss with him, save perchance some slight chill from the night dews, and that he would be well again when he had eaten and drunken. He bade me tell them hasten with supper, and pray the Lady Maddalena not to fail to bear him company thereat, as it was the feast day of San Marco, his patron; for on occasion of fast or vigil my mistress kept her own chamber. Right few words were spoken at supper; but Messer Marco's manner was so different from what it had been of late—so very quiet and gentle—that my lady's pale blue eyes opened wide in surprise more than once. He seemed to have forgotten his hunger and thirst, though; for he scarce ate any thing, and drank only a cup or so till supper was over; then he prayed my lady to pledge him before she rose from table, from a certain flagon which had stood before him untouched.

"'Tis Monte-pulciano, near a century old—a very rare wine,' said he—'so rare, that only once, Maddalena *mia*, have you tasted it. My father had but six flasks thereof; he drained one the day I was born; another you deigned to taste when you crossed this threshold as bride; and 'tis my fancy—I know not why—to empty another to-night. I pray you balk it not. If you will drink to naught else, drink to my better life and manners:—both, I shame to say, need amending.'

"My lady bowed her head very coldly, as she took the cup in both her little hands; yet she seemed to like the flavor of the liquor, for her draught was longer than I had ever seen it. Generally she would only sip like a bird. All the while Messer Marco's eyes were fixed on her, so eagerly, that he himself forgot to drink.

"'Heaven prosper your good intent'—she said, in her meek, quiet way, as she set the cup down; and so passed out of the hall, as light as a shadow.

"It was my lady's fancy to bide mostly alone in her inner chamber, whence opened her oratory; so I sat with my broidery-work in the outer room, within hearing of her silver bell. I might have been there an hour or so, and had fallen a-musing over my work, when the door opened and my mistress stood there, beckoning. I saw at once she was in mortal sickness or pain; for she was deathly white, and kept gasping and moaning, with her two hands clasped hard across her breast. I carried her back to her bed and then shrieked for help as loud as I was able. When the other bower-women came I ran down myself to the hall—to tell my lord what had happened. He did not seem to heed me; but sat there like a man in a dream, and when I plucked him by the sleeve, and cried to him 'for Christ's sake to come quickly,' he only shook me off, and said in a hoarse, hollow voice:

"'Bid her sleep; all will be well, when she sleeps.'

"I dared not stay, lest my help should be needed up stairs; so I hastened back thither, but I was too late to be of use; and later still was the leech, though he dwelt hard by, and was summoned by a servitor on the first alarm. My lady never spoke one word that could be understood, but only shivered and moaned. And the moans and the shudders grew weaker and weaker, till she lay at last, still and cold, like a crushed white lily.

"I had small liking for my mistress, as I have owned; but I felt as sorry then as if I had loved her; and I was weeping and making moan among the other women gathered round the bed, when Messer Marco's voice from the doorway made me start and turn.

"'Wherefore this outcry?' he asked. 'Fear ye not to wake her; for she must needs be sleeping?'

"Then Sêr Geronimo, the leech, came out of the shadow—trembling; for wild tales had gone abroad of late concerning Messer Marco's temper.

"'Alas! my lord,' he said, 'be not deceived; slumbers such as these can only be broken by the Judgment-trumpet. The noble Lady Maddalena's spirit has passed away but now, from some sudden seizure, as I think, of the heart.'

"Messer Marco looked at him, in the same dreamy way as he had looked at me in the hall but now.

"'Ay, and is it so?' he said. 'Then hath earth lost a fair saint, and heaven gained a fair-faced angel. Now I know what I have to do.' And so went out.

"A dreadful suspicion shot across my mind, making me cold and faint; but I had known my master even from boyhood, when there was a kind heart's core under the rough rind, and I could not leave him alone just then. So I followed him out, and caught him by the mantle and prayed him—as well as I could, for my chattering teeth—to let me do somewhat to help him in his sorrow. He drew himself out of my grasp—so quickly that I thought he was angered—saying,

"'Nay, touch me not, good Giacinta; I have no ailment thou canst heal. Trust me; I am best alone. But call me hither my page Pietro. He must carry a message forthwith.'

"I stood without and listened while my master bespoke the page.

"'Ride down at speed to the Franciscan convent at Gallano; and, after commending me to the Prior, bid him see that neither mass nor trental, nor any due office be omitted for the rest of thy lady's soul. She hath deserved well of their Order, and the first word of her decease should set all the bells a-tolling. And specially pray Fra Rèmo to come up hither instantly: I heard yesternight that he would be home earlier than he had reckoned on, and by this time he may well be returned. As he shrived thy lady living, so let him assoilzie her dead. None other, with my good leave, shall usurp his ministry.'

"So Pietro departed. Messer Marco locked himself in his own chamber; while the women, as in duty bound, laid out decently the lovely white corpse. It might have been some two hours before Fra Rèmo arrived. My master had heard of his coming ere I did; but I saw their meeting in that same room where I had been sitting as I told you. Beyond this again there was a third apartment, used only as an ante-chamber. Fra Rèmo's countenance was very much changed; there was a kind of a blank horror thereon, hard to describe, and purple circles under his eyes, as if marked with a brush; brace his lips as he would, he could not keep them from twitching; nevertheless, in fair set terms, he began to condole with my master—suggesting the duty of resignation and so forth; and furthermore, that the change (albeit so sudden) must needs have been for the benefit of the departed lady. Messer Marco cut him short at once.

"'Trouble not yourself, reverend father, concerning a graceless sinner, when a saint lies within there waiting your last offices. Nathless, though I bear my burdens after mine own fashion, I may not spurn your consolations: when your ministry is fully performed you will find me ready to receive them here.'

"Then Messer Marco bade all go forth, save Pietro the page. Into his ear he whispered some words that I could not catch; but I questioned the boy when he came out, and learned that he had been bidden to fetch from below two goblets, and the jeweled flagon holding the famous Monte-pulciano. I knew not why, but the chill fluttering at my heart increased every instant, and there was a faint sickly savor in my nostrils like the savor of death. So I crouched down behind the curtains in the third or ante-chamber, while Pietro passed through after leaving the wine; and, when I heard the door locked from within, I crept forward and laid mine eye to the keyhole—through which it was easy both to see and hear. Messer Marco sat with his elbows resting on the table and his face buried in his hands. He never stirred till the door of the inner room opened softly and Fra Rèmo came forth. The monk looked still more ill at ease than he had done half an hour agone. He kept wetting his parched lips with his tongue; and I could see his eyes turn, first in surprise, then in eagerness, toward the great golden flagon. Certes, Messer Marco saw this as well as I, for he smiled in a strange fashion as he beckoned the other to draw near.

"'Reverend father,' he said, 'you are con-

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tinent in diet and drink, as in all things else, I know; nevertheless, your vow forbids you not to touch wine for mere health's sake. Albeit we are neither of us in mood for feasting, a draught of this rare liquor may serve as a cordial now, to keep our hearts from fainting in their heaviness. Do me right, I pray you, in this one goblet.'

"So Messer Marco took up the flagon; and with a steady hand poured out the precious liquor, that sparkled in the lamp-light, though it gurgled out slowly like oil. The monk drank with such fierce eagerness that I doubt if a fly could have slaked its thirst from his empty goblet; but Messer Marco's was scarcely tasted when he set it down; he half concealed the cup with the broad sleeve of his mantlet, so that for a while Fra Rèmo noticed this not.

"'Now shall we be better able to speak of my loss,' Vidoni said. 'A cruel one, is it not, reverend father? And so cruelly sudden too! I fear me, I never prized aright my sainted Maddalena, while she tarried with me. Ah! she was too good for earth, and too gentle for one rude and unmannerly as I; yet, peradventure—I speak this humbly and under correction—it might have been better, if she had thought her husband's soul worth caring for when her own was safe; and if she had beckoned him sometimes to follow along the narrow path whereof you priests discourse, instead of letting him hurry down the broad road after his own devices.'

"'Nay, nay, fair son,' the monk answered, huskily. 'Wrong not so the dead, I beseech you. That devout lady was no less anxious, I well believe, for your eternal weal than for her own, and you were ever named in her prayers.'

"My master's laugh was like the bark of an angered hound.

"'Then she had her own method of showing her carefulness, even as she had her own method of discharging wifely duty. You were her confessor, Fra Rèmo: wherefore you have not to learn that, for these years past, I have won from her neither favor nor mark of tenderness—more than sister might bestow on brother. Ay! even of such she waxed more niggard day by day. Yet I strove for her love harder than many men strive for heaven; and, even when my mood seemed roughest, unless my brain were distraught by drink, I watched for some sign of softening or glance of pity, as one perishing of famine waits for the food that will never come. I deemed it mine own fault, for having mated myself with one far above my level; and tried to think it not strange that angels should keep their wings from soiling. I well-nigh laughed at first, when, two days agone, Giuseppe, my falconer, came to me with a strange tale. 'Tis a shrewd knave, though a sullen, and hath eyes like one of his own hawks—eyes, Fra Rèmo, that from the top of a high pine-tree can pierce even into a lady's bower. Ha! why look you so aghast? Can it be that your favorite penitent kept back somewhat at her last confession? Take another cup of Monte-pulciano. 'Twill stop the fluttering of your pulse, mayhap. "Her last confession," said I? No, no. Her *last* you heard not; I will tell you why.'

"My heart stopped beating, as, looking through the keyhole, I saw the friar's face turn from sallow to ashen-gray, till its color might have matched his robe.

"'What think you of my scheme?' Messer Marco went on. 'The maddest freak surely that ever crossed a drunkard's brain—yet rare sport came of it. I knew that my pious dame purposed to attend at your church of San Francisco this morning—there, in your reverence's absence, to confess herself to Fra Anselmo. So I rode down, and lay in Gallano yesternight; and caused a fashioner with whom I have dealt to provide me with a Franciscan habit. Also, very early in the morning I caused a forged message to be conveyed to the said Fra Anselmo; bidding him set off instantly, to attend the death-bed of that wealthy and devout widow Catania Pratellesi. The holy man, unwitting of the more honorable penitent then on her road, went forth with speed. It repented me to beguile his age and infirmity; but there was no other way; and so only could I compass mine end. In my Franciscan's robe and cowl I lurked in shady corners of the church—peering out from the porch now and then—till my Maddalena's litter drew up at the gate. Then I slid stealthily into a certain confessional, and drew the bolt. So my wife came; and, finding the door shut, guessed that none other than Fra Anselmo could be within. And thus it came about that I heard— Fra Rèmo, can you guess what I heard? Aha! There's blood enough in your cheeks now, even without a second draught of Monte-pulciano.'

"In truth, a dark red flush had surged over the monk's face and brow, up to the tonsure. I thought the falling-sickness was upon him as he stood up—rocking on his hands that rested on the table—with awful fear and rage in his staring eyes. Messer Marco rose up too, and with his strong arm thrust the priest back rudely into his chair.

"'Sit down!' he went on, low through his teeth. 'Sit down—or, by Christ's body, you shall feel my dagger-point. I have not yet said *all* my say. I heard, that—instead of a pure maiden I brought home a harlot in thought—ay, and soon after, a harlot in deed. I learned that oftentimes—when she shrunk from my lawful caress as though it were taint, her lips were reeking from kisses, and the prints of lustful fingers were fresh on her neck. I learned, too, *who* it was that trained her to dishonor, taught her to carry her shame haughtily, and how to hoodwink her cuckold. I let her finish, and mumbled out something that passed for absolution—I doubt if it helps her much now—so she departed, lightened in spirit, and ready to sin again. I called her by no hard names when we met; only I prayed earnestly that she would sup with me. She did so to-night, and she drank of that same liquor which so tickled your palate. An hour later she lay within there; waiting—as she had done a score of times before, Fra Rèmo—waiting for you—cold as you found her. Ha! have I touched you more nearly now? And do you feel aught working in your veins—save Monte-pulciano a century old? *Per Dio!* You have rare luck: never a one in Sacred College hath tasted better liquor than that which brings you death—you a simple priest. Now, whether ye like it or not, you shall drain one more cup to the days that are gone, and your pleasant paramour. Ye will not? Nay then'—leaping up, he caught the monk by the throat.

"I could find no voice to scream; but I beat on the door till my hands bled, and made shift to call on my master by his name. If he heard he heeded not; for he never turned his head nor shifted his knee or his hand after once he got the friar down. I could not take my eye from the keyhole, though the iron seemed to burn it. I could not faint either, or shut mine ears against the hard breathing, and the horrible choking gurgle, and the hoarse rattle that ended all. When at last Messer Marco rose, shaking himself, there lay on the floor, bevond, a ghastly tumbled gray heap; from which stretched out two sandaled feet, still quivering. After a pause my master walked toward the door. The power to move came back to me then, in the very extremity of my fear; for I thought that he was angered at my watching, and was coming forth to slay me likewise. So I staggered to one of the windows—I know not how—and strove to hide myself under the curtains. While I was cowering there, Messer Marco's voice sounded close to my ear, speaking low and gently, as I had never heard it speak since the night his mother died.

"'Ah! my poor Giacinta, thou hast seen, then, and knowest all. I have a lie ready for the rest of mine household to account for yonder carrion, but I palter not so with thee. Thou mayest betray me if thou wilt—I think thou wilt not. Fear not that any, save one, shall come to blame for what hath been done here; if needs be I will avouch my own handiwork. Go and call Pietro now: for I must to Pisa to-night—there to take counsel with my trusty cousin, who shall advise me whether it be best for me to bide or flee.'

"Betray him! He might well be safe against that. I straightened myself and strove hard to be calm, while my master's call rang through the corridor; and, shortly after, I heard him charge the page to see his sorrel saddled instantly, and to send once again for the leech—who had already left the castle—for that Fra Rèmo had fallen down in a fit. Then he returned and passed into the innermost chamber, closing the door behind him. Besides this, there was between us the chamber in which the other corpse lay: nevertheless, I could hear quite plainly my Lord Marco sobbing as though his heart were broken—so in very truth it was—and I could hear him calling the dead woman by all manner of fond names, such as he had never used since the old days when he did not think the winning of her love was utterly hopeless. Then, by Heaven's grace, I too fell a-weeping—for I think, without those tears, my brain would have turned with grief and horror. At last the steps of Sèr Geronimo the leech, and others, were heard in the corridor without, and they knocked for admittance. Then my master came forth and crossed the second chamber, without glancing aside at the friar's corpse. Indeed, I think he would have gone out without noticing me; but I felt, I can not tell why, that I should look upon his face no more; so I stopped him, and knelt down before them all, and pressed my lips upon his hand—though it was blackened with guilt now, it had stroked my head kindly when I was a little child—and prayed that God would help and forgive him. I doubt if he understood my words; but he tried to smile as he stooped his haggard face down close to mine, and just touched my forehead with his lips. Then, speaking to none else, and staring always straight before him—he went out; and, two minutes later, I heard the rattle of his horse's hoofs in the court-yard beneath.

"I dared not go with the rest into the second chamber; but they told me afterward that Sèr Geronimo shook his head as he knelt by Fra Rèmo's corpse, and that others beside him noticed purple marks on the throat that could scarce be accounted for by the fit of the falling sickness. But it was the business of none there to be overcurious; and the Franciscans, when they heard the news, and came to fetch their dead away, raised no question: perchance Fra Anselmo had warned his brethren to avoid unprofitable scandal. Unprofitable of a truth it would have been: before dawn the sorrel wandered back with splashes of blood on saddle and housing; and those who went forth to search found Marco Vidoni stone-dead in a pine-wood not a league from his own gate. Riding through the dark at furious speed, his skull had been dashed against a trunk leaning somewhat athwart the road, and he could not have lived a second after the shock.

"Bernando Vidoni, the cousin of whom my poor master spake, soon came from Pisa, and saw the double funeral celebrated with due pomp and solemnity. He was a good man and a kindly, and would have driven none of the old household forth. But few of us had the heart to take service under a new master; and I went with the rest to this city, where some of my kindred abode; and before I had tarried very long with these my good Matteo found me out and wooed and wedded me. We have been very happy since in our humdrum fashion; but always when this day comes round I rise with a heart as heavy as lead, and it is never lightened till I have recited many *Aves*, and spent some space in prayer. And, should bread be harder to win than it hath ever been with us, I will still find coins enow to provide a mass in behalf of all who passed to their compt that night unannealed, and a special one to boot for poor Messer Marco's soul."

SO FAR—SO FAR AWAY.

So far away! So far away!
Thy stars are not the stars I see;
With me 'tis night, with thee 'tis day,
And day and night are one to me.
So far—so far away!

I faint beneath those wandering airs
Whose wings around the world go free;
I snatch at straws the whirlwind bears—
Touched they the land that blooms for thee
So far—so far away?

The forms that near me breathe and move,
Like visions rise, like visions flee;
I can not live to other love,
My soul has crossed the deep to thee
So far—so far away!

Earth's drooping shadows close me round,
The heavens have lost their light for me,
The voice of joy breathes not a sound,
And hope swoons dead on yonder sea
So far—so far away!

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE new method of embalming dead bodies seems to be a complete success. Recently a subject who died early in February, and was treated by the process of Professor Seely a few days after death, was examined at Bellevue Hospital. It presented a thoroughly natural appearance, and was perfectly preserved. Thus, by the application of a simple wash, and without any mutilation, the bodies of deceased friends may be preserved unchanged for an indefinite period. It is claimed that they will last a century. Also this invention places in the hands of scientific men the means of preserving the subjects of their necessary studies without the special difficulties which have hitherto been unavoidable.

A very peculiar "slander case" is said to be about to appear in our city courts. A lady brings an action for slander against a gentleman, on the ground that he "on divers occasions has said, she is my wife, and I can prove it." The defendant affirms that while the lady was a teacher in a public school and he a member of a State volunteer regiment they became engaged; and when it was probable that he should be "ordered to the front," they agreed to be married, and went privately to a clergyman's house, where the ceremony was performed in presence of witnesses. He states that after the close of the war he engaged in mercantile business, and went to the house of the lady's relatives to board; and although they resided under the same roof the marriage was still kept secret. But after a while the lady took a dislike to the gentleman; various troubles followed, and finally a suit has been commenced against him for slander in affirming that she is his wife. The lady positively denies all the gentleman affirms; says that she never was married to this or any other gentleman, and that she never was at the clergyman's house on any occasion. It is certainly a novel case.

An ingenious writer, from careful investigations in regard to the milk used in London, has arrived at the conclusion that the number of cows supplying the metropolis is not more than sufficient to provide each person with about a table-spoonful per day. What is sold under the name of "milk" often contains useless and injurious adulterating ingredients. Water, of course, is largely used, not in London alone, but extensively in this country, especially in large cities. The pale little children are thus daily robbed of the nutrition their food should contain. They fade away without any startling disease, and die of infant marasmus. And it is regarded as a sad and inscrutable providence. But adulteration with water is not the only one to which milk is subjected. Large quantities of water make the milk look too blue; so it is needful to add various substances to give it a richer color; molasses or sirup to sweeten, and salt to flavor it. Analysis has also shown the presence of starch, chalk, soda, gum-tragacanth, and other articles far less pleasant to think about. We once knew a good lady, living not a thousand miles distant, who had a fancy for always straining her milk after she received it from the milkman. One morning this straining process disclosed what the country boys call a "polliwog," as lively and brisk as if in its native element. She had never heard that a *bona fide* cow gave "polliwogs," and the evidence was to her conclusive that the services of the "cow with the iron tail" had been called into requisition. But no such simple process as straining will detect all of the articles which we consume in the form of milk. Therefore the best we can do is to purchase of reliable dealers, and to test the purity of milk by such ordinary means as we can command.

It is said of a fashionable lady, who went to a party not long since, that she arrived there about the first of the evening, but the last of her dress did not arrive until after twelve o'clock.

A terrific hurricane and hail-storm lately occurred in Prairie County, Arkansas, by which houses, fences, and trees were prostrated, and many persons seriously injured. The whirlwind seems to have chosen an erratic course, and to have picked out special localities in which to wreak its fury. During the progress of this hail-storm pieces of ice of irregular shape, from the size of a walnut to that of an ordinary glass tumbler, were projected upon the ground with fearful effect.

"How things 'got into the papers,'" remarks the author of "Five Hundred Pounds Reward," in describing Mrs. Maldon, the landady of St. Martin's Bay Hotel, "had always been rather a mystery to her; but she accepted the fact of editorial omniscience just in the same blind way that all women believe in machinery. Tell them a thing is done by machinery and difficulties vanish at once. There's nothing left to think about. A machine is a machine, just as a conjuror is a conjuror; and to push the matter farther would be simply to blunder into a world of things which nobody understands."

Whether all women have a blind "belief in machinery"—except in that which constitutes the sewing-machine—may be questionable. But certainly neither men nor women need place implicit confidence in many of the "things" that "get into the papers" nowadays. Such strange reports, such extraordinary stories appear in sundry newspapers under the guise of truth, but in reality made up, as the saying is, "out of whole cloth" to produce a sensation, that one really knows not what to believe. Nevertheless we *must* have our newspaper which tells of so many wondrous things:

"It makes us weep at tales of woe—it fills our hearts with mirth;
It tells us of the price of stock—how much produce is worth;
And when, and where, and how, and why, strange things occur on earth.
Has war's loud clarion called to arms? has lightning struck a tree?
Has Jenkins broke his leg? or has there been a storm at sea?
Has the sea-serpent shown his head? a comet's head been seen?
Or has some heiress with her groom run off to Gretna Green?
All this, and many wonders more, from daily sheets you glean."

A well-known literary gentleman, who has been a smoker for thirty years, has completely abandoned the habit, and is all the better for it. He says: "I have less headache, I enjoy exercise more, and step out much more vigorously. My room is cleaner. I think I am rather better tempered, as well as more cheerful and satisfied. I endure the inevitable ills of life with more fortitude, and look forward more hopefully to the coming years. It did not pay to smoke; but most decidedly it pays to stop smoking."

From San Francisco we learn that a new material is now being used for mattresses. It is made from the soap root, which grows in unlimited quantities near the mountains of the Sierra range. It is a bulbous root, enveloped in a very tough and supple fibre, resembling somewhat the husk of a cocoa-nut in color and appearance, but nearly as tough as whalebone. The manufactured article is fully equal to curled hair, and makes comfortable, useful, and healthful beds. A factory has been built on Little Bear River, about a mile from Dutch Flat, which is now employing a large number of men.

The *Phrenological Journal* thus discourses: "If you would have a loving wife be as gentle after as before marriage; treat her as tenderly when a matron as when a miss; don't make her maid-of-all-work, and ask why she looks less tidy and neat than when 'you first knew her;' don't buy cheap beef, and scold because it does not come on the table 'porter-house;' don't grumble about squalling babies if you can not keep up a 'nursery,' and remember that 'baby may take after its papa' in disposition; don't smoke and chew tobacco, and thus shatter your nerves, spoil your temper, make your breath a nuisance, and then complain that your wife declines to kiss you; go home joyous and cheerful, and tell your wife the good news, and not silently put on your hat and go out to the 'club,' and let her afterward learn that you spent the evening at the opera with Mrs. Dash."

Nothing gives the interior of a house a more cleanly and cheerful aspect than frequent whitewashing or whitening. The most common and inexpensive kind of lime whitewash is a great purifier. A fine brilliant wash is obtained by mixing "Paris-white" with glue, in the proportion of sixteen pounds to half a pound of glue. The glue should be the white, transparent kind. It should be covered with cold water at night, and in the morning carefully heated until dissolved. The Paris-white should be stirred into hot water until it is of the proper milky consistency for applying to the walls, and the dissolved glue added and thoroughly mixed. This recipe is considered one of the best, and has the merit of being inexpensive.

A Frenchman who died in penury had preserved, as interesting mementoes, the corks of the bottles with which he had in better days sumptuously entertained his friends. These corks bore melancholy inscriptions, testifying the depravity of human nature. For example:

"Champagne cork; bottle emptied 12th of May, 1843, with Mr. B——, who wished to interest me in a business by which I was to make 10,000,000 francs. This affair cost me 50,000 francs. Mr. B. escaped to Belgium. A caution to amateurs."

"Cork of Cyprus wine, of a bottle emptied on the 4th of December, 1850, with a dozen fast friends. Of these I have not found a single one to help me on the day of my ruin. The names of the twelve are annexed below."

We find two methods for catching rats, each highly recommended. The first is complicated but inexpensive. Cover a common barrel with stiff, stout paper, tying the edge around the barrel; place a board so that the rats may have easy access to the top; sprinkle cheese parings or other "feed" for the rats on the paper for several days, until they begin to believe they have a right to their daily rations from this source. Then place in the bottom of the barrel a piece of rock about six or seven inches high, filling with water until only enough of it projects above the water for one rat to lodge upon. Now replace the paper, first cutting a cross in the middle, and the first rat that comes on the barrel-top goes through into the water and climbs on the rock. The paper comes back to place, and the second rat follows the first. Then begins a fight for the possession of the dry place on the stone, the noise of which attracts the rest, who share the same fate. The second method is recommended by a servant who was "experienced." She took a small quantity of old Bourbon whisky, made it sweet with sugar, crumbled in bread enough for the crowd, and set the dish in the cellar. A few hours after she went down, and found several rats gloriously fuddled, engaged throwing potato-parings, and hauling one another up to drink. These were easily disposed of; and those not killed left the premises immediately, suffering from a severe headache.

Those who do not believe in omens will enjoy a laugh over the following story; and those who *do* better pass it by, if they fear to have their faith disturbed: An old gentleman whose style was Germanized was asked what he thought of signs and omens.

"Vell, I don't dinks mooch of dem dings, und I don't believe averydings; but I dells you somedimes dere is some dings in sooch dings ash dose dings. Now de oder night I sits und reads mine newspaper, und mine frau she shpeak und say:

"'Fritz, de dog ish howling!'

"Vell, I don' dinks mooch of dem dings, und I goes on und reads mine paper, und mine frau she say:

"'Fritz, der is somedings pad is happen—de dog ish howling.'

"Und den I gets oop mit mineself und looks out troo de wines on de porch, und de moon was shinin, und mine leetle dog he shoomp right up and down like averydings, und he park at de moon, dat vas shine so bright ash never vas. Und ash I hauled mine het in de winder de old voman she says:

"'Mind, Fritz, I dells you dere ish some pad ish happen. *De dog ish howlin.*'

"Vell, I goes to pet und I shleeps, und all night long ven I vakes up dere vas dat dog howlin outside, und ven I dream I hear dat howlin vorser ash never. Und in de morning I kits oop and kits mine breakfast, und mine frau she looks at me und say werry solemn:

"'Fritz, dere ish somedings pad ish happen. De dog vas howl all night.'

"Und shoost den de newspaper come in, und I opens him—and by shings, vot you dinks! *dere vas a man died in Philadelphia.*"

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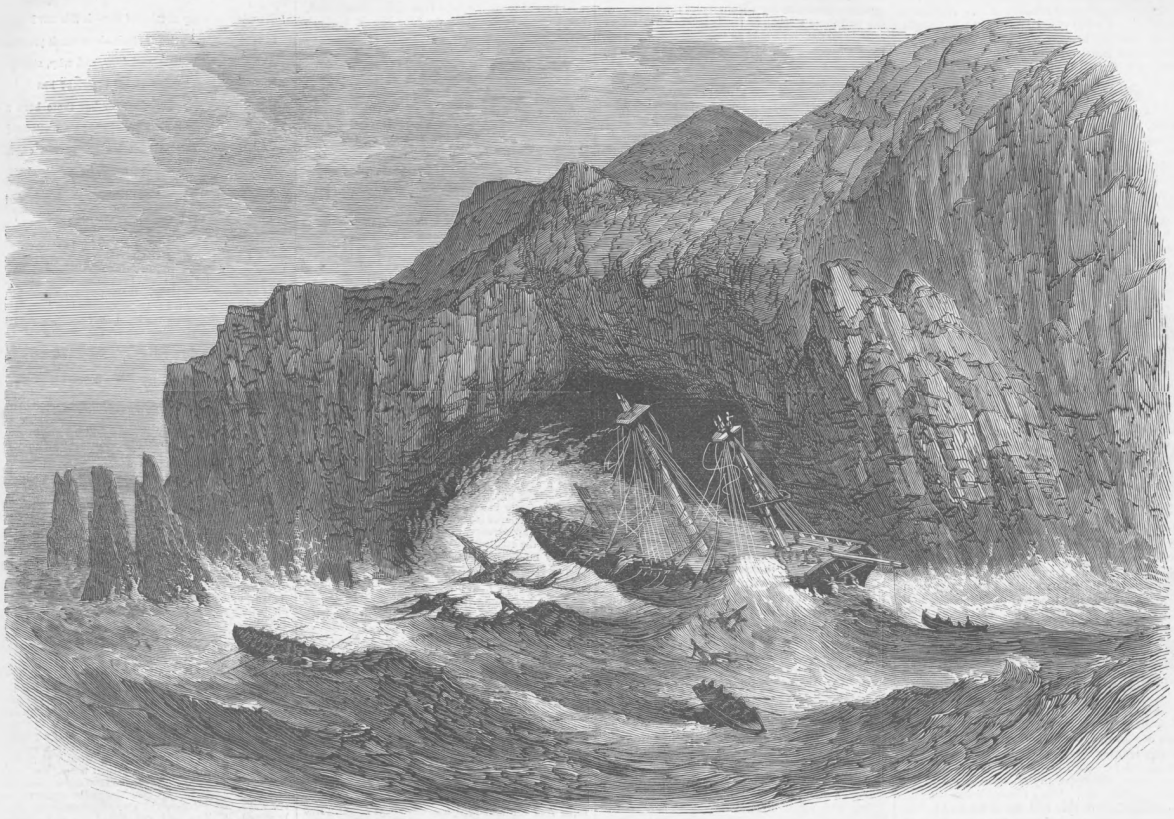

WRECK OF THE AMERICAN SHIP "GENERAL GRANT" ON AUCKLAND ISLANDS, MAY 14, 1866.—[SEE PAGE 318.]

STREET AUCTION SCENE IN NEW YORK CITY.—SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.—[SEE PAGE 318.]

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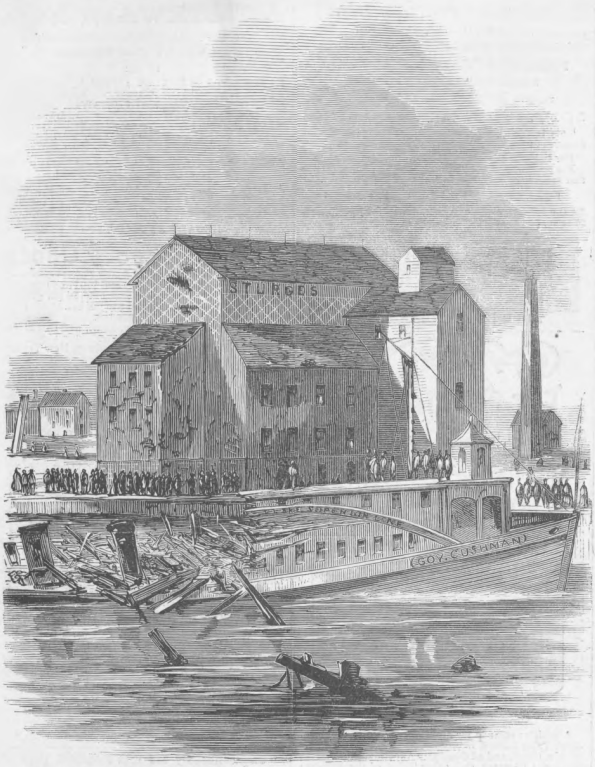


EXPLOSION OF THE PROPELLER "GOVERNOR CUSHMAN," AT BUFFALO, N. Y., MAY 1.
[SKETCHED BY L. C. MIX.]

EXPLOSION AT BUFFALO.

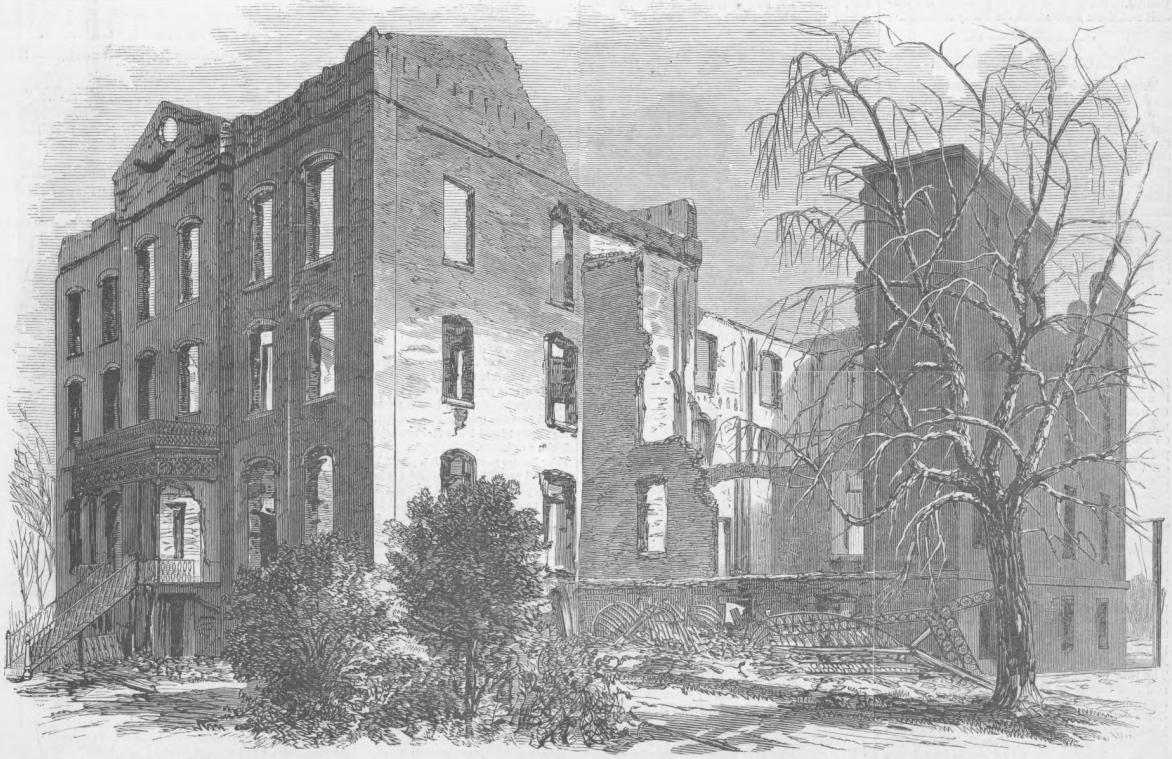
THE propeller *Governor Cushman*, a vessel of 688 tons, running on Lake Erie, exploded her boiler in her dock at Buffalo, New York, on May 1, killing eleven persons, and wounding several others. The hull was badly shattered, and the vessel was rendered a complete wreck. The explosion was terrible in its effect, shaking the buildings for several blocks adjacent to the locality at which the disaster occurred. Its force was so great that one of the deck hands was hurled over a Sturgis elevator one hundred and fifty feet high. We give above an illustration of this terrible disaster.

KING THEODORE OF ABYSSINIA IN WARRIOR'S COSTUME.

KING THEODORE.

THE cable telegram, informing us of the success of the British expedition undertaken for the invasion of Abyssinia and the rescue of the English prisoners held by King THEODORE, also announces the death of this monarch. The first dispatch indicated that the King was slain in the defense of Magdala; but a later telegram represents that he fell by his own hand, after his defeat and the capture of his last strong-hold.

The character and career of King THEODORE were alike remarkable. Prior to 1850, or thereabouts, he was not known beyond his immediate personal circle. His original name was DEJATZ



RUINS OF THE OHIO FEMALE COLLEGE AT COLLEGE HILL, NEAR CINCINNATI, OHIO.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. W. WINDER, CINCINNATI.]

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KASSAI. He was born about the year 1821, in the province of Kuara. His father, a man of no distinction, but descended, it is said, from the royal line of Abyssinian princes, died when THEODORE was very young. His mother, unable to support him, sent him to a convent, where he was educated and received his Christian name. Naturally ambitious and politic, he succeeded in time in getting into the service and winning the confidence of RAS ALI, the Chief of Debra-Tabor or Gondar, and the principal Chief of Abyssinia. Eventually RAS ALI sent him to govern certain provinces near Senaar, but placed the Queen above him as a safeguard. KASSAI, or THEODORE, on the first difference of opinion between himself and the Queen-mother, rebelled against her authority or interference, and in several battles defeated her troops. At the same time he declared his allegiance to RAS ALI, and presented himself in that chief's capital. In short, while fighting against the mother he continued to enjoy the confidence of the son, and finally married his daughter.

In 1852 he determined upon a *coup*, and being at the head of a large army he declared war against RAS ALI, and, defeating him and his allies in two pitched battles, at once deposed him. He then turned his attention to the minor chiefs, and proposed a National Council to determine the claims of himself and others to the succession. Finding that one of his rivals, named UBYE, Chief of Tigré, was likely to be elected, he made war upon him and defeated him. Finally, being successful over all his opponents, and having gained the support of the Church, he was in 1855 crowned Emperor under the title of "THEODOROS, King of kings of Ethiopia." No sooner was he seated on the throne than he began to reform the administration of the country. He suppressed all feudal power; abolished the slave-trade; purchased Christian slaves from the Mohammedans in order to set them free; introduced decent dress into Abyssinian society; and set a good example to husbands by his conjugal fidelity.

The immediate cause of the late war appears to have been the failure of the English Government to reply to his letter to Queen VICTORIA, asking that the terms of an old treaty, by which the embassadors of each country were to be recognized by the other, should be enforced on the part of England. THEODORE does not appear to have understood the nature of the circumlocution offices of England, and weary of waiting for a reply, and feeling insulted, he cast the British Consul, Mr. CAMERON, into prison. A missionary named STERN had abused THEODORE in a book, and he also was arrested. Subsequently other British subjects were arrested, including Mr. RASSAM, who had been sent to negotiate for the release of the others. After exhausting all diplomatic resources to obtain from THEODORE the release of the captives, the English Government last year declared war against THEODORE. The war was chiefly carried on with the troops, European and native, which in India had become accustomed to the hot climate. The first English troops made their appearance in October, 1867; but it was not until the close of the year that the whole of the army arrived. The details of the war have been previously given in this journal. We propose here to give only the portrait and these facts about the dusky monarch.

STREET AUCTIONEERS.

THAT spring is once more upon us is clearly evinced by the fact that the street auctioneers have made their appearance in great numbers in the streets of New York. They are not the most musical and delightful heralds of the season; but we suppose that, like certain unsavory and unattractive animals, they have their use, and must be endured. As soon as the first balmy breath of spring makes the open air endurable, the street auctioneers, such as we portray on page 316, are found in the public places, eager to sell to crowds equally eager to be "sold." Our illustration is of a scene perfectly familiar to the denizens not only of New York but every city in the Union.

WRECK OF THE "GENERAL GRANT."

THE daily papers for some time past have been filled with accounts of the Robinson Crusoe-like life led by the survivors of the wrecked ship *General Grant* in the South Pacific Ocean. It will be remembered that the vessel was wrecked on May 14, 1866, sixty-eight of the eighty-three passengers and crew perishing, while the remainder were cast upon an uninhabited island, where they lived for a year and a half, until rescued on November 21, 1867, by the brig *Amherst* of New Zealand. One man died on the island, and four, including Mr. BARTHOLOMEW BROWN, the chief officer, were lost in a boat, in attempting to sail to New Zealand without chart or compass. Four passengers, all men, and the stewardess, Mrs. Jewell, were among those who survived, and were taken away by the *Amherst*. Many of the others were passengers from Australia, and mostly women and children. This is the *third* instance within the last four years of a shipwrecked party being obliged to pass many months on the Auckland Isles and being afterward rescued. The first case was that of Captain MUSGRAVE and four sailors of the brig *Grafton*, who were cast ashore in that desolate archipelago in January, 1864, and escaped in July, 1865, by crossing the open sea in a small boat to Stewart Island, which lies south of New Zealand. The second instance was that of Captain DALGARNO and part of the crew of the *Invercauld*, who were living on the same island with those of the *Grafton*, but without knowing it, from May 10, 1864, to May 22, 1865. A year after their departure the wreck of the *General Grant* took place.

We are enabled to give in this Number of the *Weekly* an illustration of the wreck of the vessel. The facts of the wreck are hardly less curious than the life on the island. The vessel was becalmed and was drawn by a strong current into the mouth of a large cave, and literally battered to pieces against its sides, and by the falling rocks which were displaced by its masts. The wreck took place at night, and the boats left the ship in a sinking condition at daylight, as represented in our sketch on page 316.

OHIO FEMALE COLLEGE.

WE give on page 317 an engraving of the ruins of one of the best known educational institutions in the West—the Ohio Female College, at College Hill, seven miles northwest of Cincinnati, Ohio. This college was founded in 1848. During the earlier years of its existence it experienced the vicissitudes of fortune too often characteristic of such institutions; but on the whole, and especially in more recent years, it has enjoyed an unusual degree of prosperity. On Thursday, April 23, the main edifice and the chapel were destroyed by fire. All the other buildings—seven in number—were saved, together with some twenty pianos, the organ, the college library, and a large portion of the furniture. The literary societies lost their libraries and furniture. The pupils and teachers, with the prompt aid of the citizens, succeeded in saving most of their effects. No one was seriously hurt. The exercises of the college will not be discontinued, as ample arrangements have been made by the Board of Trustees and the spirited citizens of the village for the accommodation of teachers and pupils. The property destroyed was insured to the amount of $45,000. The debris is being cleared away, and the trustees expect to have new buildings, on a larger scale, ready for occupancy by the opening of the next college year in September. The President of the Institution, Rev. JAMES M. ANDERSON, having recently accepted the Professorship of Mathematics at Williams College, the trustees have elected Rev. N. C. BURT, of Cincinnati, as his successor.

METHODIST GENERAL CONFERENCE AT CHICAGO.

THE delegates of the Methodist Episcopal churches throughout the United States, and many special delegates from England, Ireland, and Canada, are now holding their fifteenth quadrennial Conference at Chicago, Illinois; and will be in session until the end of the present month. The Republican Convention meets in the same city on May 20, and thus it happens that Chicago will be the scene of the largest religious and one of the principal political gatherings of the year. We illustrate in this Number the assembled Conference; and shall in future Numbers fully illustrate the politicians in council.

The Conference met for organization on May 1 in the Clark Street Methodist Church. Bishops MORRIS, SCOTT, AMES, JANES, CLARK, THOMSON, KINGSLEY, and SIMPSON were present, together with about two hundred and fifty delegates. The latter are shown in our engraving seated in the front rows of seats, while visitors are represented in the rear. Among the delegates are those from some of the Southern churches not represented in 1864. Of the Southern delegates who applied for admission two were colored men; but at the time at which we write this the question of their admission had not been settled.

This Conference may be said to represent the whole Methodist family throughout the world, and is authorized to legislate for that part of it resident in the United States. The Methodist Church, according to the latest official figures attainable, numbers, exclusive of probationers, 3,309,729 members. Of this number 2,497,540 are resident in America; and 2,358,425 are members of the churches represented in the present Conference, and are resident in the United States. The Methodist Church, as is well known, has grown to be one of the most prominent branches of Protestantism throughout the world; the above figures reveal the fact that a great proportion of the members of the Church are resident in this country.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES, AND TAN. The *only reliable Remedy* for those *Brown Discolorations* on the face is PERRY'S MOTH and FRECKLE LOTION. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., New York. ☞ Sold every where.

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PHALON'S "PAPHIAN LOTION."

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This is the only harmless and reliable remedy for diseases of the skin, and has been established 25 years.

For *ladies* in the *nursery* it is of great importance.

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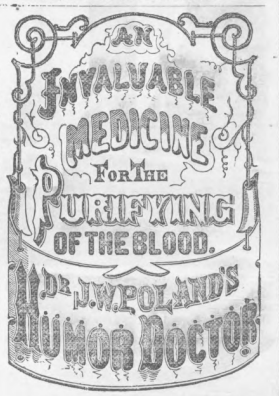

A positive remedy for all kinds of *Humor, Scrofula, Scurvy, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Nettle Rash, Boils, Carbuncles, Ulcers*, and all Obstinate Affections of the Skin; Mercurial Diseases, and every Taint of the System; *Dyspepsia*, and those diseases originating in the Derangement of the Digestive Organs, viz.: Bilious Complaints, Neuralgia, Nervous Affections, Headache, Languor, Loss of Appetite, Depression of Spirits, and Costiveness. Prepared at the **NEW ENGLAND BOTANIC DEPOT**, under the supervision of GEO. W. SWETT, M.D., Boston, Mass.

Adam and his Curious Wife.

Had they not sinned,
We should have no hoop skirts,
Not even a waterfall;
No work for tailors,
No shoemakers or cobblers,
No churches, no schools,
No preachers or lawyers,
No United States,
No French Empire,
No British Lion,
No gold or silver,
Not even greenbacks:
No doctors to dose with drugs,
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No death, no pain—
Not even Wolcott's Pain Paint.

For Pain Paint ruins all Pills, all Plasters, all Soothing Syrups, and the whole cursed system of dosing the stomach. The manufacturers of these abominable compounds curse Dr. Wolcott and his Pain Paint as the cause of all their misery. But Dr. Wolcott keeps right on, regardless of the puppies snapping and snarling around him.

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S. T.—1860.—X.

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Feverish lips, cracking pains, dyspeptic agonies,
And nameless bodily suffering;
Or whether, with sudden dash,
Seize a bottle of PLANTATION BITTERS,
And, as Gunther swears, be myself a man again.
Gunther said my eyes were sallow,
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My disposition troublesome—in fact,
He gently hinted I was fast becoming
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Four bottles now beneath my vest have disappeared:
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Can they be prevented? Can they be relieved? Can they be banished at once and forever? UNQUESTIONABLY THEY CAN. No dyspeptic has ever taken

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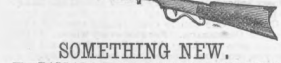

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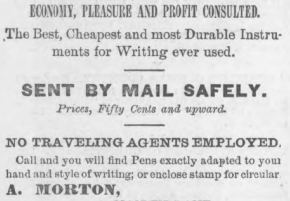

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to be regarded as a proper representative of the dominant party. The Republican party ought not to call a repudiator into office. It is inexpedient to do it. General BUTLER may demand it, and party managers may think it necessary to yield to his demand. But they ought to understand the inevitable consequences. They should stand firm in the position that no personal claim can be allowed to imperil the party. Certainly if any man may be said to have had "claims" upon the party (which no man has), Mr. SEWARD in 1860 was that man. But the good-sense of the party did not hesitate to sacrifice the "claims" of an individual to the general advantage of the party and of the country. General BUTLER in 1868 can have no "claim" upon the party comparable to that of Mr. SEWARD in 1860. Let him be judged as Mr. SEWARD was judged. If the party could not "afford" to nominate Mr. SEWARD it can not "afford" to elevate General BUTLER.

If the voters of the Essex District in Massachusetts are satisfied with General BUTLER as their Representative; if they are in favor of paying honest debts in pieces of brown paper, they will elect a gentleman of their views. But the Republican party we believe to be of a different opinion; and should General BUTLER be imposed upon it as a National Representative, we trust that enough voices will be found to join our protest to show that he may represent the temporary party managers at Washington, but that a repudiator, however clever and conspicuous, is repudiated by the conscience and the political sagacity of the Republican party.

CONGRESS AND THE FISHERIES.

IN Congress, the other day, Representative PIKE, of Maine, offered a resolution, which passed as amended, by a vote of 92 to 39, to the effect that the President be "requested to send a sufficient number of vessels of war to the fishing-grounds in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, adjacent to the British Provinces, for the purpose of protecting American vessels in the exercise of their rights, as indicated in existing treaties."

Doubtless nine-tenths of the 10,000 American fishermen who pursue their vocation in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and other Provincial waters, will be surprised to learn of any existing or prospective necessity for Government protection or interference in behalf of their "rights." We question, indeed, if they would be able to define the precise nature and extent of those rights. All those differences of opinion which had for so many years constituted a standing menace of trouble between Great Britain and the United States were buried by the benign operation of the Reciprocity Treaty. In the course of ten conciliatory years fishermen learned to forget their nationality, and Americans cast their lines in British waters without much restriction, wherever the chances of good fares seemed best assured; so that, after the treaty had terminated, there continued, through force of long habit, a mutual and tacit acquiescence in what had come to be regarded an equality of privileges. If fishermen only had been consulted, they would doubtless have preferred to fish fraternally together as before. Their interests did not clash. Both got as full fares and better prices than in previous years.

But, inasmuch as the abrogation of the treaty which secured these concessions to our fishermen deprived the Canadians of reciprocal advantages, and inasmuch, especially as we had taxed their fish, it became necessary for the Canadian Government to make at least a show of the rights they claimed by imposing a penalty upon Americans fishing in their waters. They did not exclude, or attempt to exclude, our vessels, as they might have done; but, with commendable moderation, required merely a license fee of $2 per vessel. The Canadians have ever hoped for a renewal of the Reciprocity Treaty. They were reluctant to go back to the status that existed before that treaty was ratified, which would only have revived old difficulties in full force, and therefore adopted this license system as a sort of compromise or half-way measure of repeal. The sum required was nominal and insignificant. It would not buy even a barrel of salt. It would not distress our fishermen, even if pertinaciously exacted: which it has not been. Probably not one-half of our vessels have paid it. Either it has not been demanded of them, or it has been evaded. It is difficult to collect such a tax, except by the employment of revenue vessels constantly on the alert. After the lapse of two years, the Canadian Government, which possibly feels pinched by its expensive "New Dominion" experiment, has taken some such measure into consideration. It also proposes to increase the tax to $4. This would doubtless be paid by our fishermen without demur. It is but a cheap price for so valuable a privilege. No one certainly would resist its payment unless encouraged to believe that they would be sustained by our Government in so doing; and unless they resisted, no occasion could arise to require armed interference, or even the presence of an armed fleet. It is better to pay it, even though there be a conflict of claims and pretensions in respect to the fisheries. It is not always the best policy to insist too strongly upon what are regarded as "rights." At all events no complaints or protests against its imposition have been heard yet, not even from New England, which section alone is specially interested. And the whole tax, if collected, would amount to only a few thousand dollars.

Nevertheless, upon the strength of this proposed action of the Canadians, which may never be consummated, Mr. PIKE at once becomes the self-constituted champion of men unconscious of any great grievances, and Congress adopts a resolution to equip a fleet at great expense, to threaten reprisal for acts of injustice that may never be committed. The direct tendency of the whole procedure is to provoke hostility. It unnecessarily prejudices the minds of our fishermen to fancy themselves aggrieved and imposed upon; and it alienates those who are kindly disposed, and whose friendship it is our interest to cultivate. The Provinces are gradually gravitating toward Republicanism and the United States, and at the present moment the feeling in favor of annexation is stronger than it ever was, especially in the Maritime Provinces. A large party throughout the "New Dominion" is exerting itself to secure the closest commercial, if not more intimate relations with the United States, and under the circumstances we can not fail to see the absurdity of any hostile policy or suspicious diplomacy. The road to an effectual settlement of the fisheries question is much easier through some treaty of reciprocity similar to the old one than by threatening displays of force. It is far more economical, more conducive to our prosperity, and more creditable to the national intelligence and good sense. The general tone of the press upon this subject indicates that the public hold this view.

After all, it is quite likely, as Representative CHANLER intimates, that the resolution of Congress will chiefly serve in the interest of a few monopolists and certain purchasers of small ironclads who wish to re-sell them to the Government at a profitable advance.

VANDALS IN NEW YORK.

WHEN the Barbarians conquered Rome they attacked the works of art. Passing the statues the victors with clubs knocked off sometimes a nose, sometimes a hand or an arm; but the universality of the condemnation visited on this conduct by the civilized world left it doubtful if any of the representatives of this vulgar meanness existed on the earth. The Vandals have, however, reappeared in New York. The portraits in the City Hall have been shockingly mutilated. The full-length portrait of Governor GEORGE CLINTON has been ruined, and that of General MACOMB and of General HAMILTON seriously injured.

The Governor's room and the room adjoining constitute together a picture gallery interesting to citizens and strangers. It contains full-length portraits of all or nearly all of our State Governors, of many of our naval and military heroes of the war of 1812; of WASHINGTON, JEFFERSON, MONROE, and JAY, as well as of HAMILTON, and of other distinguished Revolutionary characters; portraits, many of them of the three-quarter size, of the Mayors of the city from a very early period—STUYVESANT being one; and among the works of sculpture a very good bust in marble of HENRY CLAY. HUBBARD'S copy of the statue of WASHINGTON is temporarily deposited in the gallery.

These works of art have a peculiar value as illustrations of the history of the city and State. The portrait of DECATUR is prized for its excellence. It is a forcible, and, we learn, a faithful representation of that famous Captain. PERRY is painted passing in his row-boat in the heat of battle from his flag-ship, which had been riddled, to the vessel in which he gained the victory on Lake Erie.

The key to the gallery was easily obtained, upon a late visit, from the Janitor, who did not accompany us or direct a messenger to do so. It was in this manner, doubtless, that the person who destroyed the portrait of Governor CLINTON obtained admission; although, on one occasion, a friend who had visited the gallery immediately before found the door unlocked and open, and no other person present.

What motive could have led to the injury of these portraits it is difficult to conceive. MACOMB, who was one of the early graduates of West Point and an officer in the war of 1812, has long since passed from the stage with none but friendly recollections of him. The rascal who mutilated his face may have discovered in his handsome features and manly, honest expression a sufficient reason for dislike. CLINTON, also—stamped in his look as one of Nature's noblemen—must have excited the same kind of malicious feeling, for there could have been no other animosity to CLINTON. Toward HAMILTON there may have been some hereditary hostility on account of his doctrines, which are frequently contrasted with JEFFERSON'S. But the cause, if it were any thing but malicious mischief, of dislike of his portrait must have been the consciousness that HAMILTON was one of the master-spirits who moulded our system of government and served mankind. If the Goth who mutilated these pictures had had a hammer in his hands he would probably have smitten the bronze statue of WASHINGTON—a copy of one of the most precious works of art in the country.

These injuries have been committed at different times, and it is very certain that the gallery is not cared for by the custodian of the pictures, and that the neglect of them after one attack, whereby they became exposed to another, subjects the person in charge to prosecution under the statute of the State, which punishes as a misdemeanor the "willful neglect" of any duty imposed by law on public servants. The Grand Jury should take cognizance of the matter, if there is any intention of preserving the other pictures. For many years Mr. MARTLING was keeper of the City Hall, and had charge of the Governor's room. Subsequently the care of it was devolved on Mr. TAYLOR. These officers performed their duty with great fidelity, and delivered the key only to persons very well known to them. No person could then have gained access to the room capable of doing such injury. But the fact that one such act did not secure the care which prevents repetition, and that no efforts have been made to discover the offender and bring him to justice, and none even to punish the negligence, assure us that this branch of the public service partakes of the general character of that of our municipal government in which the action of the machinery has been so reversed as to be used wholly to the injury of the people.

"DEMOCRACY" KNOWN BY ITS WORKS.

WE are sincerely glad that the Democratic party succeeded in electing a majority of the New York Assembly of this year, because the people of this State have now had a fair opportunity of beholding the kind of millennium which Democratic ascendency in the country would secure, and may now contemplate the retrenchment and reform which might be expected from the party that so vigorously demands them. But the perpetual spectacle of Democratic economy, public spirit, regard for public honor, and administrative efficiency is afforded by the city of New York in those departments of the government of which the Democracy have exclusive control. Fortunately the police of the city is in the hands of the State. For if the constituency that elects the Common Council were also to elect the constables, the city would become a by-word. The Metropolitan Police grew out of the bitter experience of the consequences of electing a person like FERNANDO WOOD mayor of the city, and lodging the substantial power over the police in his hands. Petitions went up from meetings irrespective of party, and the Metropolitan Police was established.

The great hope of the Democratic party is to control the State by the majority in the city. The composition of that majority is known. It is certainly not an untruth to say that the political sympathies of what are known as the ignorant and dangerous classes in the city are with the Democratic party. The ascendency of that party does not mean the control of intelligence in politics. It means that the most intelligent, the most truly conservative class of the population is in the minority. The ascendency of the Democratic party in the State means the control of the government by certain well-known "ring-masters," who, by reason of the majority of their party in the Assembly, have this winter shown their hands. The taxes which these gentlemen proposed to levy upon the State to support Roman Catholic schools in the city, in addition to the taxes that support schools for all the children of the State of every denomination, were very much modified by the decided protest of public opinion. But the intention was evident, and it will be effected whenever the ring-masters think themselves strong enough to try again.

These gentlemen have illustrated their principles and practice of public economy and financial reform by the Tax Levy for the city and county of New York. The Citizens' Association, which has experts constantly engaged in investigating and exposing these vast swindles, thus sums up the points of this Democratic measure:

"Salaries of local officials are increased, some doubled and some more than doubled; new offices with large pay are created; every item of customary expenditure has been enlarged nearly one hundred per cent.; not only are the sums openly designated and fixed at a monstrous figure, but provisions are inserted giving the Controller power to issue bonds and run the city and county into debt to a limitless amount at his own will and pleasure, and also giving the Supervisors power to expend two millions of dollars more upon the new County Court-house. All the acts of the city and county officials during the past year, which were done in violation of law, which have been vetoed by the mayor or arrested by the courts, are, by the provisions inserted in these tax levies, to be legalized to the fullest extent. Such is the scheme which passed the Assembly of the State, and which has been sent to the Senate for concurrence. If the taxes are allowed to increase in the next fifteen years as they have increased in the past fifteen, then in that time they will be ninety millions of dollars per annum."

The party whose managers are responsible for this enormous tax levy is the same party whose orators are loudly declaiming against intolerable taxation. The men who fatten upon this blood of the people complacently represent themselves as peculiarly the people's friends. The party which controls the city of New York, and which has controlled the Assembly this winter, is the party of which vice and ignorance are every where the allies. Is this the party to which honest men wish to intrust the State government? Is this party, increased by the most disaffected part of the population of the late rebel States, the party to which men sincerely desirous of national prosperity and peace wish to intrust the national government?

THE ENGLISH SITUATION.

THE British Ministry is a Committee of the House of Commons representing the will of the majority, and that majority is the Government. It can be seriously perplexed only by the interference of the Crown. This has not really happened since the time of GEORGE III. until now, when the Queen has requested a Ministry defeated by a heavy majority of the Commons not to resign.

Her reason may be that this is a new Parliament, and the Reform Bill passed last year admits new constituencies whose voices she may think have a right to be heard before Parliament is dissolved. But when Mr. DISRAELI announced that the Queen had asked him to remain, Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BRIGHT did not hesitate to say that the course was flagrantly unconstitutional. Mr. DISRAELI rather taunting replied by asking why Mr. GLADSTONE did not move a resolution of want of confidence. Mr. GLADSTONE made no answer. But if, after an emphatic majority for all the resolutions offered by him, he should still find that Mr. DISRAELI did not intend to withdraw, Mr. GLADSTONE would unquestionably bring in a motion of want of confidence.

Should Mr. DISRAELI, instigated by the Queen, still persist, the Commons would stop the supplies. We do not believe that even DISRAELI would venture to face the storm that would then burst, and which would hardly stop before it had swept away the Crown. It is to be presumed, therefore, that Mr. DISRAELI will be succeeded by Mr. GLADSTONE within a few weeks.

"THE HOUSEHOLD ANGEL."

A STORY called "The Household Angel," by FITZ HUGH LUDLOW, begins in Number 31 of *Harper's Bazar*. Mr. LUDLOW'S nimble fancy and quick, shrewd eye, which have given us some of the most exquisite little tales we have, will have ample scope in his new work, the opening of which is very striking. The first words will be sure to fascinate the reader, and Mr. LUDLOW is not a magician who allows his spell to lose its power. "The Household Angel" will be charmingly and copiously illustrated.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

IMPEACHMENT.

THE arguments in the trial of the impeachment of President Johnson were concluded on May 7. The peroration of Mr. Bingham's speech was greeted by tumultuous applause from the galleries, and Chief Justice Chase ordered them to be cleared. The final vote, which was to have been taken on May 12, was postponed on account of Senator Howard's illness until the 16th inst.

CONGRESS.

The House on May 7 voted to request the President to send vessels to the Gulf of St. Lawrence to protect American fishing interests.

The bill for the admission of Arkansas to the Union was passed by the House on May 8 by a vote of 110 to 32.

Bills admitting North and South Carolina, Louisiana, Georgia, and Alabama were reported in the House on May 11.

NEWS ITEMS.

The New York delegates to the Republican Convention have decided to vote for Governor Fenton for Vice-President.

A cyclone, half a mile in width, passed over portions of Davidson and Williamson counties, Tennessee, on May 6, sweeping away houses, trees, and fences for a distance of some ten miles.

The Cole trial ended by the disagreement of the jury, who were discharged, six being for acquittal and six for murder in the first degree.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Tunisians have been guilty of certain indignities to French residents, and France has suddenly broken off all diplomatic relations with their Government.

Minister Van Valkenberg has demanded indemnity of Japan for the losses sustained by United States citizens during the late civil war.

General Batta is elected President of Peru.

An eruption of the volcano of Manua Loa, Hawaii, Sandwich Islands, began on March 27, accompanied by violent earthquakes. During the twelve days which followed two thousand shocks of earthquakes were felt. These earthquakes were followed by heavy "tidal" waves which flooded the villages. The lava broke from the volcano at the crater of Kilauea which is 4000 feet above the sea. It ran down the slope of the mountain in a broad stream, several feet deep. "The slope and part of the summit of another mountain 1500 feet high were lifted up bodily by the earthquake and thrown over the tops of trees for a distance of over 1000 feet." The "tidal" waves were so high that they swept over the tops of cocoa-nut-trees, which on that coast grow to the height of from 60 to 100 feet. The column of smoke which was thrown out of Manua Loa (the reports say to the altitude of over seven miles), obscured every thing for miles around. During the most terrible earthquake, April 2, no living creature on the island could stand on their feet. The lives lost number eighty persons, all natives.

Ex-Chancellor of England, Henry Brougham, Baron Brougham and Vaux, famous as the counsel of Queen Caroline, in the divorce suit with George IV., died at Cannes, France, on May 9.

Admiral Farragut has sent the steamer *Shenandoah*, under command of Commander James C. Febiger, late of the *Ashuelot*, to the Island of Corea to inquire into and perhaps avenge the fate of the seamen of the American bark *General Sherman*. Some of them are said to be alive and held in slavery by the natives.

An anti-Popery riot occurred in Ashton Under-Lyne, England, during which houses were sacked, people outraged, and several shot.

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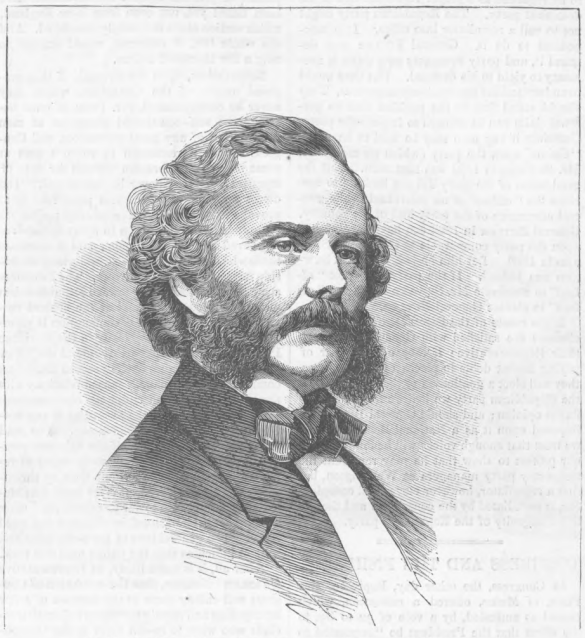
J. Q. A. WARD, N.A.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD, 839 BROADWAY.]



R. W. HUBBARD, N.A.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD, 839 BROADWAY.]

AMERICAN ARTISTS.

WE resume in this Number of the *Weekly* the series of sketches and portraits of American artists which was begun in a former volume.

J. Q. A. WARD, the sculptor, whose portrait will be found on this page, is a native of Urbana, Champaign County, Ohio, and is now about thirty-six years of age. Until his eighteenth year he was a farmer's boy; but in 1850, while on a visit to the studio of H. K. BROWN, he was inspired with the desire to become a sculptor. He had already given some few indications of a talent for art, and he found no difficulty in obtaining the entry of Mr. BROWN'S studio. Here he remained six years, engaged in drawing, modeling in clay, wax, and plaster, working in marble and bronze, and sometimes working on Mr. BROWN'S models. For the last ten years he has been constantly engaged in various kinds of art work. He spent two years in Washington, modeling busts of prominent men; and was for a long while very profitably employed in designing for the Ames Arms Company of Massachusetts.

His chief works have been his statuette "The Freedman," "The Indian Hunter," the Commodore Perry statue, and "The Good Samaritan." He obtained the commission for the statue of SHAKSPEARE for the Central Park monument, and is soon to begin work on it. An art critic, speaking of Mr. WARD'S various achievements, says: "Although Mr. WARD has never practiced modeling in an academy or foreign and famed studio, he has labored with rare assiduity to master the principles of his art; he understands proportion and anatomical life. His little models of Indian heads in red wax, taken from life in Dakota Territory, are among the most authentic aboriginal physiognomical types extant in plastic art, so carefully in detail are they executed."

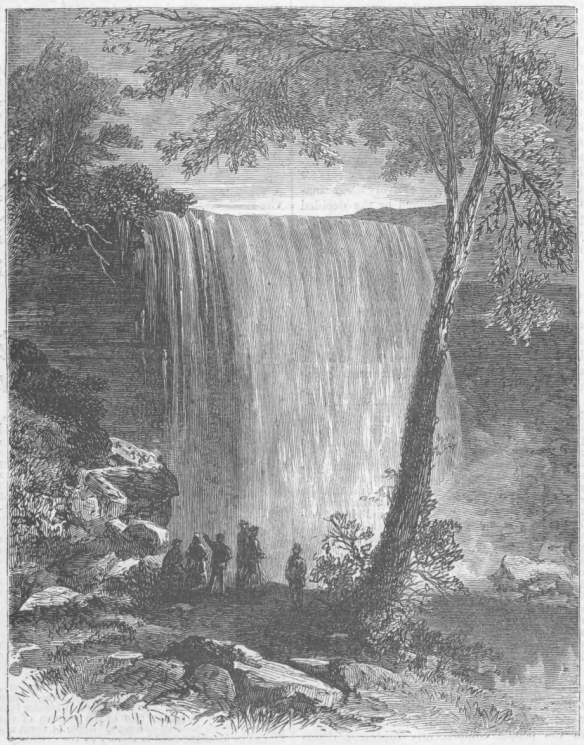
R. W. HUBBARD is a native of Middletown, Connecticut. He is recognized as one of the most careful and successful landscape artists of the country. TUCKERMAN, in his "Book of the Artists," says: "The repose of HUBBARD'S landscapes and those of kindred spirit, appeal mainly to the contemplative and patient, we had almost said pensive, observer. Their tone is usually subdued, their beauty, poetic; occasionally the effects are exquisite: they may lack boldness and vigor, but rarely meaning and grace, and as a class, they have a distinct and auspicious place and influence, and are related to the gentler, more thoughtful, and dreamy impressions we derive from nature. HUBBARD works slowly; he loves to elaborate his subject by degrees, and sometimes lessens the first success by repeated emendations or modifications. It has been said of him that he paints few pictures, but never paints badly."

MINNEHAHA FALLS.

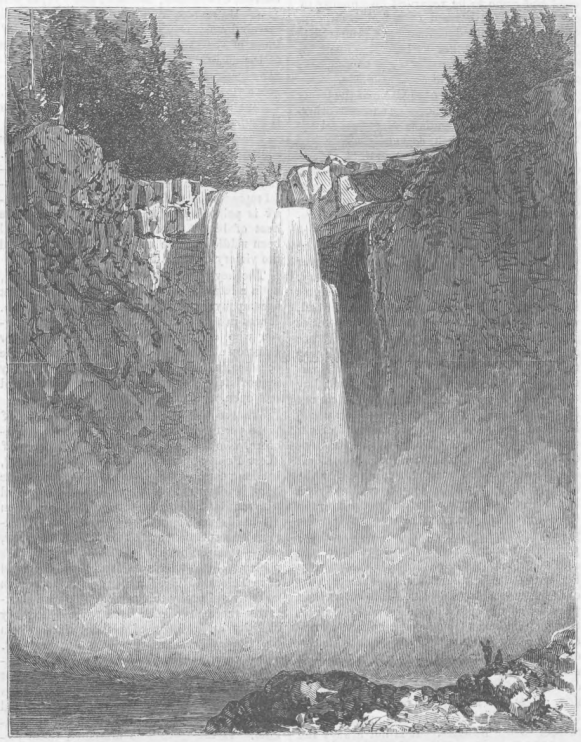
MINNEHAHA Falls, so famous in the song of LONGFELLOW, are located in Minnesota, where they are known to the practical settlers by the less euphonious name of "Brown's Falls." It has been said that the Indian name signifies "Laughing Water;" but this has been as positively denied, and so the beautiful falls have been robbed of name and significance. They are the outlet of several small lakes near Fort Snelling, and are about fifty feet in height.

FALLS OF SNOQUALMIE RIVER.

THE Snoqualmie River is a small stream in King County, Washington Territory, and empties into Puget Sound. The falls, which we illustrate, are near its source in the Cascade Mountains, and are 270 feet in height. The bank is fifty feet above the falls, and the chasm into which we look down is therefore 320 feet in depth. This chasm is semicircular in shape. There is a constant cloud of mist about the falls, and magnificent rainbows are to be seen on every bright day.



MINNEHAHA FALLS, MINNESOTA.



FALLS OF SNOQUALMIE RIVER, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.—[PHOT. BY A. P. CARR.]

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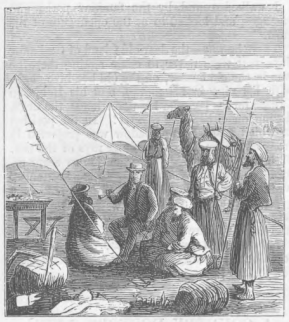
THE MOONSTONE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

Printed from the Author's Manuscript.
RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.



CHAPTER III.

THE prominent personage among the guests at the dinner party I found to be Mr. Murthwaite.

On his appearance in England, some months since, society had been greatly interested in the traveler, as a man who had passed through many dangerous adventures, and who had escaped to tell the tale. He had now announced his intention of returning to the scene of his exploits, and of penetrating into regions left still unexplored. This magnificent indifference to presuming on his luck, and to placing his safety in peril for the second time, revived the flagging interest of the worshipers in the hero. The law of chances was clearly against his escaping on this occasion. It is not every day that we can meet an eminent person at dinner, and feel that there is a reasonable prospect of the news of his murder being the news that we hear of him next.

When the gentlemen were left by themselves in the dining-room, I found myself sitting next to Mr. Murthwaite. The guests present being all English, it is needless to say that, as soon as the wholesome check exercised by the presence of the ladies was removed, the conversation turned on politics as a necessary result.

In respect to this all-absorbing national topic, I happen to be one of the most un-English Englishmen living. As a general rule, political talk appears to me to be of all talk the most dreary and the most profitless. Glancing at Mr. Murthwaite, when the bottles had made their first round of the table, I found that he was apparently of my way of thinking. He was doing it very dextrously—with all possible consideration for the feelings of the host—but it is not the less certain that he was composing himself for a nap. It struck me as an experiment worth attempting, to try whether a judicious allusion to the subject of the Moonstone would keep him awake, and, if it did, to see what *he* thought of the last new complication in the Indian conspiracy, as revealed in the prosaic precincts of my office.

"If I am not mistaken, Mr. Murthwaite," I began, "you were acquainted with the late Lady Verinder, and you took some interest in the strange succession of events which ended in the loss of the Moonstone?"

The eminent traveler did me the honor of waking up in an instant, and asking me who I was.

I informed him of my professional connection with the Herncastle family, not forgetting the curious position which I had occupied toward the Colonel and his Diamond in the by-gone time.

Mr. Murthwaite shifted round in his chair, so as to put the rest of the company behind him (Conservatives and Liberals alike), and concentrated his whole attention on plain Mr. Bruff, of Gray's Inn Square.

"Have you heard any thing lately of the Indians?" he asked.

"I have every reason to believe," I answered, "that one of them had an interview with me, in my office, yesterday."

Mr. Murthwaite was not an easy man to astonish; but that last answer of mine completely staggered him. I described what had happened to Mr. Luker, and what had happened to myself, exactly as I have described it here. "It is clear that the Indian's parting inquiry had an object," I added. "Why should he be so anxious to know the time at which a borrower of money is usually privileged to pay the money back?"

"Is it possible that you don't see his motive, Mr. Bruff?"

"I am ashamed of my stupidity, Mr. Murthwaite—but I certainly don't see it."

The great traveler became quite interested in sounding the immense vacuity of my dullness to its lowest depths.

"Let me ask you one question," he said. "In what position does the conspiracy to seize the Moonstone now stand?"

"I can't say," I answered. "The Indian plot is a mystery to me."

"The Indian plot, Mr. Bruff, can only be a mystery to you, because you have never seriously examined it. Shall we run it over together, from the time when you drew Colonel Herncastle's Will, to the time when the Indian called at your office? In your position, it may be of very serious importance to the interests of Miss Verinder that you should be able to take a clear view of this matter in case of need. Tell me, bearing that in mind, whether you will penetrate the Indian's motive for yourself? or whether you wish me to save you the trouble of making any inquiry into it?"

It is needless to say that I thoroughly appreciated the practical purpose which I now saw that he had in view, and that the first of the two alternatives was the alternative I chose.

"Very good," said Mr. Murthwaite. "We will take the question of the ages of the three Indians first. I can testify that they all look much about the same age—and you can decide for yourself, whether the man whom you saw was, or was not, in the prime of life. Not forty, you think? My idea too. We will say not forty. Now look back at the time when Colonel Herncastle came to England, and when you were concerned in the plan he adopted to preserve his life. I don't want you to count the years. I will only say, it is clear that these present Indians, at their age, must be the successors of three other Indians (high caste Brahmins all of them, Mr. Bruff, when they left their native country!) who followed the Colonel to these shores. Very well. These present men of ours have succeeded to the men who were here before them. If they had only done that, the matter would not have been worth inquiring into. But they have done more. They have succeeded to the organization which their predecessors established in this country. Don't start! The organization is a very trumpery affair, according to our ideas, I have no doubt. I should reckon it up as including the command of money; the services, when needed, of that shady sort of Englishman, who lives in the by-ways of foreign life in London; and, lastly, the secret sympathy of such few men of their own country and (formerly, at least) of their own religion, as happen to be employed in ministering to some of the multitudinous wants of this great city. Nothing very formidable, as you see! But worth notice at starting, because we *may* find occasion to refer to the modest little Indian organization as we go on. Having now cleared the ground, I am going to ask you a question; and I expect your experience to answer it. What was the event which gave the Indians their first chance of seizing the Diamond?"

I understood the allusion to my experience.

"The first chance they got," I replied, "was clearly offered to them by Colonel Herncastle's death. They would be aware of his death, I suppose, as a matter of course?"

"As a matter of course. And his death, as you say, gave them their first chance. Up to that time the Moonstone was safe in the strong room of the bank. You drew the Colonel's Will leaving his jewel to his niece; and the Will was proved in the usual way. As a lawyer, you can be at no loss to know what course the Indians would take (under English advice) after *that*."

"They would provide themselves with a copy of the Will from Doctors' Commons," I said.

"Exactly. One or other of those shady Englishmen to whom I have alluded, would get them the copy you have described. That copy would inform them that the Moonstone was bequeathed to the daughter of Lady Verinder, and that Mr. Blake the elder, or some person appointed by him, was to place it in her hands. You will agree with me that the necessary information about persons in the position of Lady Verinder and Mr. Blake would be perfectly easy information to obtain. The one difficulty for the Indians would be to decide, whether they should make their attempt on the Diamond when it was in course of removal from the keeping of the bank, or whether they should wait until it was taken down to Yorkshire to Lady Verinder's house. The second way would be manifestly the safest way—and there you have the explanation of the appearance of the Indians at Frizinghall, disguised as jugglers, and waiting their time. In London, it is needless to say, they had their organization at their disposal to keep them informed of events. Two men would do it. One to follow any body who went from Mr. Blake's house to the bank. And one to treat the lower men-servants with beer, and to hear the news of the house. These commonplace precautions would readily inform them that Mr. Franklin Blake had been to the bank, and that Mr. Franklin Blake was the only person in the house who was going to visit Lady Verinder. What actually followed upon that discovery, you remember, no doubt, quite as correctly as I do."

I remembered that Franklin Blake had detected one of the spies, in the street—that he had, in consequence, advanced the time of his arrival in Yorkshire by some hours—and that (thanks to old Betteredge's excellent advice) he had lodged the Diamond in the bank at Frizinghall before the Indians were so much as prepared to see him in the neighborhood. All perfectly clear so far. But, the Indians being ignorant of the precaution thus taken, how was it that they had made no attempt on Lady Verinder's house (in which they must have supposed the Diamond to be) through the whole of the interval that elapsed before Rachel's birthday?

In putting this difficulty to Mr. Murthwaite, I thought it right to add that I had heard of the little boy, and the drop of ink, and the rest of it, and that any explanation based on the theory of clairvoyance was an explanation which would carry no conviction whatever with it, to *my* mind.

"Nor to mine either," said Mr. Murthwaite. "The clairvoyance in this case is simply a development of the romantic side of the Indian character. It would be a refreshment and an encouragement to those men—quite inconceivable, I grant you, to the English mind—to surround their wearisome and perilous errand in this country with a certain halo of the marvelous and the supernatural. Their boy is unquestionably a sensitive subject to the mesmeric influence—and, under that influence, he has no doubt reflected what was already in the mind of the person mesmerizing him. I have tested the theory of clairvoyance—and I have never found the manifestations get beyond that point. The Indians don't investigate the matter in this way; the Indians look upon their boy as a Seer of things invisible to their eyes—and, I repeat, in that marvel, they find the source of a new interest in the purpose that unites them. I only notice this as offering a curious view of human character, which must be quite new to you. We have nothing whatever to do with clairvoyance, or with mesmerism, or with any thing else that is hard of belief to a practical man, in the inquiry that we are now pursuing. My object in following the Indian plot, step by step, is to trace results back, by rational means, to natural causes. Have I succeeded to your satisfaction, so far?"

"Not a doubt of it, Mr. Murthwaite! I am waiting, however, with some anxiety, to hear the rational explanation of the difficulty which I have just had the honor of submitting to you."

Mr. Murthwaite smiled. "It's the easiest difficulty to deal with of all," he said. "Permit me to begin by admitting your statement of the case as a perfectly correct one. The Indians were undoubtedly not aware of what Mr. Franklin Blake had done with the Diamond—for we find them making their first mistake, on the first night of Mr. Blake's arrival at his aunt's house."

"Their first mistake?" I repeated.

"Certainly! The mistake of allowing themselves to be surprised, lurking about the terrace at night, by Gabriel Betteredge. However, they had the merit of seeing for themselves that they had taken a false step—for, as you say, again, with plenty of time at their disposal, they never came near the house for weeks afterward."

"Why, Mr. Murthwaite? That's what I want to know! Why?"

"Because no Indian, Mr. Bruff, ever runs an unnecessary risk. The clause you drew in Colonel Herncastle's Will, informed them (didn't it?) that the Moonstone was to pass absolutely into Miss Verinder's possession on her birthday. Very well. Tell me which was the safest course for men in their position? To make their attempt on the Diamond while it was under the control of Mr. Franklin Blake, who had shown already that he could suspect and outwit them? Or to wait till the Diamond was at the disposal of a young girl, who would innocently delight in wearing the magnificent jewel at every possible opportunity? Perhaps you want a proof that my theory is correct? Take the conduct of the Indians themselves as the proof. They appeared at the house, after waiting all those weeks, on Miss Verinder's birthday; and they were rewarded for the patient accuracy of their calculations by seeing the Moonstone in the bosom of her dress! When I heard the story of the Colonel and the Diamond, later in the evening, I felt so sure about the risk Mr. Franklin Blake had run (they would have certainly attacked him, if he had not happened to ride back to Lady Verinder's in the company of other people); and I was so strongly convinced of the worse risks still in store for Miss Verinder, that I recommended following the Colonel's plan, and destroying the identity of the gem by having it cut into separate stones. How its extraordinary disappearance, that night, made my advice useless, and utterly defeated the Hindoo plot—and how all further action on the part of the Indians was paralyzed the next day by their confinement in prison as rogues and vagabonds—you know as well as I do. The first act in the conspiracy closes there. Before we go on to the second, may I ask whether I have met your difficulty, with an explanation which is satisfactory to the mind of a practical man?"

It was impossible to deny that he had met my difficulty fairly; thanks to his superior knowledge of the Indian character—and thanks to his not having hundreds of other Wills to think of since Colonel Herncastle's time!

"So far, so good," resumed Mr. Murthwaite. "The first chance the Indians had of seizing the Diamond was a chance lost, on the day when they were committed to the prison at Frizinghall. When did the second chance offer itself? The second chance offered itself—as I am in a condition to prove—while they were still in confinement."

He took out his pocket-book, and opened it at a particular leaf, before he went on.

"I was staying," he resumed, "with some friends at Frizinghall, at the time. A day or two before the Indians were set free (on a Monday, I think), the governor of the prison came to me with a letter. It had been left for the Indians by one Mrs. Macann, of whom they had hired the lodging in which they lived; and it had been delivered at Mrs. Macann's door, in ordinary course of post, on the previous morning. The prison authorities had noticed that the post-mark was 'Lambeth,' and that the address on the outside, though expressed in correct English, was, in form, oddly at variance with the customary method of directing a letter. On opening it, they had found the contents to be written in a foreign language, which they rightly guessed as Hindustani. Their object in coming to me was, of course, to have the letter translated to them. I took a copy in my pocket-book

"THE OLD MAN QUIETED THEM BY A WORD, AND THEN SHADED HIS FAILING EYES WITH HIS HAND," ETC.

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of the original, and of my translation—and there they are at your service."

He handed me the open pocket-book. The address on the letter was the first thing copied. It was all written in one paragraph, without any attempt at punctuation, thus: "To the three Indian men living with the lady called Macann at Frizinghall in Yorkshire." The Hindoo characters followed; and the English translation appeared at the end, expressed in these mysterious words:

"In the name of the Regent of the Night, whose seat is on the Antelope, whose arms embrace the four corners of the earth.

"Brothers, turn your faces to the south, and come to me in the street of many noises, which leads down to the muddy river.

"The reason is this.

"My own eyes have seen it."

There the letter ended, without either date or signature. I handed it back to Mr. Murthwaite, and owned that this curious specimen of Hindoo correspondence rather puzzled me.

"I can explain the first sentence to you," he said; "and the conduct of the Indians themselves will explain the rest. The god of the moon is represented, in the Hindoo mythology, as a four-armed deity, seated on an antelope; and one of his titles is the regent of the night. Here, then, to begin with, is something which looks suspiciously like an indirect reference to the Moonstone. Now, let us see what the Indians did, after the prison authorities had allowed them to receive their letter. On the very day when they were set free they went at once to the railway station, and took their places in the first train that started for London. We all thought it a pity at Frizinghall that their proceedings were not privately watched. But, after Lady Verinder had dismissed the police-officer, and had stopped all further inquiry into the loss of the Diamond, no one else could presume to stir in the matter. The Indians were free to go to London, and to London they went. What was the next news we heard of them, Mr. Bruff?"

"They were annoying Mr. Luker," I answered, "by loitering about his house at Lambeth."

"Did you read the report of Mr. Luker's application to the magistrate?"

"Yes."

"In the course of his statement he referred, if you remember, to a foreign workman in his employment, whom he had just dismissed on suspicion of attempted theft, and whom he also distrusted as possibly acting in collusion with the Indians who had annoyed him. The inference is pretty plain, Mr. Bruff, as to who wrote that letter which puzzled you just now, and as to which of Mr. Luker's Oriental treasures the workman had attempted to steal."

The inference (as I hastened to acknowledge) was too plain to need being pointed out. I had never doubted that the Moonstone had found its way into Mr. Luker's hands, at the time to which Mr. Murthwaite alluded. My only question had been, How had the Indians discovered the circumstance? This question (the most difficult to deal with of all, as I had thought) had now received its answer, like the rest. Lawyer as I was, I began to feel that I might trust Mr. Murthwaite to lead me blindfold through the last windings of the labyrinth, along which he had guided me thus far. I paid him the compliment of telling him this, and found my little concession very graciously received.

"You shall give me a piece of information in your turn before we go on," he said. "Somebody must have taken the Moonstone from Yorkshire to London. And somebody must have raised money on it, or it would never have been in Mr. Luker's possession. Has there been any discovery made of who that person was?"

"None that I know of."

"There was a story (was there not?) about Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite. I am told he is an eminent philanthropist—which is decidedly against him, to begin with."

I heartily agreed in this with Mr. Murthwaite. At the same time I felt bound to inform him (without, it is needless to say, mentioning Miss Verinder's name) that Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite had been cleared of all suspicion, on evidence which I could answer for as entirely beyond dispute.

"Very well," said Mr. Murthwaite, quietly, "let us leave it to time to clear the matter up. In the mean while, Mr. Bruff, we must get back again to the Indians, on your account. Their journey to London simply ended in their becoming the victims of another defeat. The loss of their second chance of seizing the Diamond is mainly attributable, as I think, to the cunning and foresight of Mr. Luker—who doesn't stand at the top of the prosperous and ancient profession of usury for nothing! By the prompt dismissal of the man in his employment, he deprived the Indians of the assistance which their confederate would have rendered them in getting into the house. By the prompt transport of the Moonstone to his banker's, he took the conspirators by surprise before they were prepared with a new plan for robbing him. How the Indians, in this latter case, suspected what he had done, and how they contrived to possess themselves of his banker's receipt, are events too recent to need dwelling on. Let it be enough to say that they know the Moonstone to be once more out of their reach; deposited (under the general description of 'a valuable gem') in a banker's strong-room. Now, Mr. Bruff, what is their third chance of seizing the Diamond? and when will it come?"

As the question passed his lips, I penetrated the motive of the Indian's visit to my office at last!

"I see it!" I exclaimed. "The Indians take it for granted, as we do, that the Moonstone has been pledged; and they want to be certainly informed of the earliest period at which the pledge can be redeemed—because that will be the earliest period at which the Diamond can be removed from the safe-keeping of the bank!"

"I told you you would find it out for yourself, Mr. Bruff, if I only gave you a fair chance. In a year from the time when the Moonstone was pledged, the Indians will be on the watch for their third chance. Mr. Luker's own lips have told them how long they will have to wait, and your respectable authority has satisfied them that Mr. Luker has spoken the truth. When do we suppose, at a rough guess, that the Diamond found its way into the money-lender's hands?"

"Toward the end of last June," I answered, "as well as I can reckon it."

"And we are now in the year 'forty-eight. Very good. If the unknown person who has pledged the Moonstone can redeem it in a year, the jewel will be in that person's possession again at the end of June, 'forty-nine. I shall be thousands of miles away from England and English news at that date. But it may be worth *your* while to take a note of it, and to arrange to be in London at the time."

"You think something serious will happen?" I said.

"I think I shall be safer," he answered, "among the fiercest fanatics of Central Asia than I should be if I crossed the door of the bank with the Moonstone in my pocket. The Indians have been defeated twice running, Mr. Bruff. It's my firm belief that they won't be defeated a third time."

Those were the last words he said on the subject. The coffee came in; the guests rose, and dispersed themselves around the room; and we joined the ladies of the dinner-party up stairs.

I made a note of the date, and it may not be amiss if I close my narrative by repeating that note here:

June, 'forty-nine. Expect news of the Indians, toward the end of the month.

And that done, I hand the pen, which I have now no further claim to use, to the writer who follows me next.

THIRD NARRATIVE.

Contributed by Franklin Blake.

CHAPTER I.

IN the spring of the year eighteen hundred and forty-nine I was wandering in the East, and had then recently altered the traveling plans which I had laid out some months before, and which I had communicated to my lawyer and my banker in London.

This change made it necessary for me to send one of my servants to obtain my letters and remittances from the English consul in a certain city, which was no longer included as one of my resting-places in my new traveling scheme. The man was to join me again at an appointed place and time. An accident, for which he was not responsible, delayed him on his errand. For a week I and my people waited, encamped on the borders of a desert. At the end of that time the missing man made his appearance, with the money and the letters, at the entrance of my tent.

"I am afraid I bring you bad news, Sir," he said, and pointed to one of the letters, which had a mourning border round it, and the address on which was in the handwriting of Mr. Bruff.

I know nothing, in a case of this kind, so unendurable as suspense. The letter with the mourning border was the letter that I opened first.

It informed me that my father was dead, and that I was heir to his great fortune. The wealth which had thus fallen into my hands brought its responsibilities with it; and Mr. Bruff entreated me to lose no time in returning to England.

By daybreak the next morning I was on my way back to my own country.

The picture presented of me by my old friend Betteredge, at the time of my departure from England, is (as I think) a little overdrawn. He has, in his own quaint way, interpreted seriously one of his young mistress's many satirical references to my foreign education; and has persuaded himself that he actually saw those French, German, and Italian sides to my character, which my lively cousin only professed to discover in jest, and which never had any real existence, except in our good Betteredge's own brain. But, barring the drawback, I am bound to own that he has stated no more than the truth in representing me as wounded to the heart by Rachel's treatment, and as leaving England in the first keenness of suffering caused by the bitterest disappointment of my life.

I went abroad, resolved—if change and absence could help me—to forget her. It is, I am persuaded, no true view of human nature which denies that change and absence *do* help a man under these circumstances: they force his attention away from the exclusive contemplation of his own sorrow. I never forgot her; but the pang of remembrance lost its worst bitterness, little by little, as time, distance, and novelty interposed themselves more and more effectually between Rachel and me.

On the other hand, it is no less certain that, with the act of turning homeward, the remedy which had gained its ground so steadily, began now, just as steadily, to drop back. The nearer I drew to the country which she inhabited, and to the prospect of seeing her again, the more irresistibly her influence began to recover its hold on me. On leaving England, she was the last person in the world whose name I would have suffered to pass my lips. On returning to England, she was the first person I inquired after when Mr. Bruff and I met again.

I was informed, of course, of all that had happened in my absence: in other words, of all that has been related here in continuation of Betteredge's narrative—one circumstance only being excepted. Mr. Bruff did not, at that time, feel himself at liberty to inform me of the motives which had privately influenced Rachel and Godfrey Ablewhite, in recalling the marriage promise, on either side. I troubled him with no embarrassing questions on this delicate subject. It was relief enough to me, after the jealous disappointment caused by hearing that she had ever contemplated being Godfrey's wife, to know that reflection had convicted her of acting rashly, and that she had effected her own release from her marriage engagement.

Having heard the story of the past, my next inquiries (still inquiries after Rachel!) advanced naturally to the present time. Under whose care had she been placed after leaving Mr. Bruff's house? and where was she living now?

She was living under the care of a widowed sister of the late Sir John Verinder—one Mrs. Merridew—whom her mother's executors had requested to act as guardian, and who had accepted the proposal. They were reported to me, as getting on together admirably well, and as being now established, for the season, in Mrs. Merridew's house in Portland Place.

Half an hour after receiving this information I was on my way to Portland Place—without having had the courage to own it to Mr. Bruff!

The man who answered the door was not sure whether Miss Verinder was at home or not. I sent him up stairs with my card, as the speediest way of setting the question at rest. The man came down again with an impenetrable face, and informed me that Miss Verinder was out. I might have suspected other people of purposely denying themselves to me. But it was impossible to suspect Rachel. I left word that I would call again at six o'clock that evening.

At six o'clock I was informed, for the second time, that Miss Verinder was not at home. Had any message been left for me? No message had been left for me. Had Miss Verinder not received my card? The servant begged my pardon—Miss Verinder *had* received it.

The inference was too plain to be resisted. Rachel declined to see me.

On my side I declined to be treated in this way without making an attempt, at least, to discover a reason for it. I sent up my name to Mrs. Merridew, and requested her to favor me with a personal interview at any hour which it might be most convenient to her to name.

Mrs. Merridew made no difficulty about receiving me at once. I was shown into a comfortable little sitting-room, and found myself in the presence of a comfortable little elderly lady. She was so good as to feel great regret and much surprise, entirely on my account. She was at the same time, however, not in a position to offer me any explanation, or to press Rachel on a matter which appeared to relate to a question of private feeling alone. This was said over and over again, with a polite patience that nothing could tire; and this was all I gained by applying to Mrs. Merridew.

My last chance was to write to Rachel. My servant took a letter to her the next day, with strict instructions to wait for an answer.

The answer came back, literally in one sentence.

"Miss Verinder begs to decline entering into any correspondence with Mr. Franklin Blake."

Fond as I was of her, I felt indignantly the insult offered to me in that reply. Mr. Bruff came in to speak to me on business before I had recovered possession of myself. I dismissed the business on the spot, and laid the whole case before him. He proved to be as incapable of enlightening me as Mrs. Merridew herself. I asked him if any slander had been spoken of me in Rachel's hearing. Mr. Bruff was not aware of any slander of which I was the object. Had she referred to me in any way while she was staying under Mr. Bruff's roof? Never. Had she not so much as asked, during all my long absence, whether I was living or dead? No such question had ever passed her lips.

I took out of my pocket-book the letter which poor Lady Verinder had written to me from Frizinghall, on the day when I left her house in Yorkshire. And I pointed Mr. Bruff's attention to these two sentences in it:

"The valuable assistance which you rendered to the inquiry after the lost jewel is still an unpardoned offense, in the present dreadful state of Rachel's mind. Moving blindfold in this matter, you have added to the burden of anxiety which she has had to bear, by innocently threatening her secret with discovery through your exertions."

"Is it possible," I asked, "that the feeling toward me which is there described is still as bitter as ever against me now?"

Mr. Bruff looked unaffectedly distressed.

"If you insist on an answer," he said, "I own I can place no other interpretation on her conduct than that."

I rang the bell, and directed my servant to pack my portmanteau, and to send out for a railway guide. Mr. Bruff asked, in astonishment, what I was going to do.

"I am going to Yorkshire," I answered, "by the next train."

"May I ask for what purpose?"

"Mr. Bruff, the assistance I innocently rendered to the inquiry after the Diamond was an unpardoned offense in Rachel's mind, nearly a year since; and it remains an unpardoned offense still. I won't accept that position! I am determined to find out the secret of her silence toward her mother, and her enmity toward *me*. If time, pains, and money can do it, I will lay my hand on the thief who took the Moonstone!"

The worthy old gentleman attempted to remonstrate—to induce me to listen to reason—to do his duty toward me, in short. I was deaf to every thing that he could urge. No earthly consideration would, at that moment, have shaken the resolution that was in me.

"I shall take up the inquiry again," I went on, "at the point where I dropped it; and I shall follow it onward, step by step, till I come to the present time. There are missing links in the evidence, as *I* left it, which Gabriel Betteredge can supply. And to Gabriel Betteredge I go!"

Toward sunset, that evening, I stood again on the well-remembered terrace, and looked once more at the peaceful old country house. The gardener was the first person whom I saw in the deserted grounds. He had left Betteredge, an hour since, sunning himself in the customary corner of the back yard. I knew it well; and I said I would go and seek him myself.

I walked round by the familiar paths and passages, and looked in at the open gate of the yard.

There he was—the dear old friend of the happy days that were never to come again—there he was in the old corner, on the old bee-hive chair, with his pipe in his mouth, and his Robinson Crusoe on his lap, and his two friends, the dogs, dozing on either side of him! In the position in which I stood my shadow was projected in front of me by the last slanting rays of the sun. Either the dogs saw it, or their keen scent informed them of my approach. They started up with a growl. Starting in his turn, the old man quieted them by a word, and then shaded his failing eyes with his hand, and looked inquiringly at the figure at the gate.

My own eyes were full of tears. I was obliged to wait for a moment before I could trust myself to speak to him.

A COUNTRY DOCTOR'S LIFE.

JOHN CORDY JEAFFRESON, the author of several pleasant novels, lately found that he had not told all he knew of the professions in his "Book about Lawyers" and "Book about Doctors;" and he has written a novel called "A Noble Woman," evidently for the purpose of remedying that defect by using up his surplus material. Naturally he does not make a very good novel in pursuing such a plan, but he has written a very readable book of gossip. One of his characters—and the real character of the book—is a country doctor of the north of England. He has put into this hero's mouth a description of the pleasures of a country doctor's life, which will be appreciated by American physicians and American patients as well as if the scene were laid here, and it forms such pleasant reading that we are tempted to give it tongue in the *Weekly:*

"There is," says Stapleton, the doctor, "a satisfaction—that stirs my heart and warms it like good wine—in thinking that we Stapletons have been doctors here ever since Charles the First's time. When I look at the grave-stones of the six doctors in the cloisters of our old church yonder, father and son, and father and son, and father and son, ending with my dear father, who was a *rare* man, it is as good as reading a poem to imagine all the scenes of domestic joy and sorrow, suffering and heroism, in which they played the same parts among the men and women whose descendants are the men and women whom I do my best to comfort in sickness and encourage in dejection. As I drive about the country, along windy uplands, or over purple moors, through rain or sleet or cheery sunshine, it makes me feel the honor of my business to reflect—how, for two hundred years and more, we Stapletons have been in the thick of the fight whenever and wherever disease has broken out in these parts; how the simple folk of the Border villages, when fever has been raging in their dwellings, have listened for our wheels or the beat of our horses' feet, and hailed us, as we came into their streets with cries of joy, as though we were saviors able to pluck them from the jaws of death! And when I cross the threshold of a big county house, and am brought face to face with grand people who don't distinguish much between a country apothecary and a game-keeper, it puts pluck into my heart and nerve into my hand to think—'Ah! my Lord So-and-so, I am the doctor, and know more about the secrets of your house than you know yourself; and if it had not been for my father, or grandfather, or great-grandfather, as the case may be, you'd never have come into the world to own these broad acres and this grand hall, and be a leading man in the three counties.' It is when I look at my business in this way that I wouldn't exchange lots with any man, but feel that it will be quite glory enough for me when I come to my deathbed to be able to say that I have done my duty in the same line of labor, as zealously, if not as well, as my forefathers.

"The roughness is the beauty of it. In the summer, when the sun doctors the poor folk; and during harvest, when farm people haven't time to be ill, my life is mere holiday, and no fit occupation for an able-bodied man. I declare at such times I grow quite ashamed of myself as I slip about the Border in my saddle, spinning out the little I have to do, and vainly trying to persuade myself that I am not an idler. It's in the rough seasons, when the rough work comes, that I am happiest. And sometimes it is the roughest of rough. People who aren't in the run don't know, can't imagine what the sport is. 'How hard it is, doctor, that you must leave us before you've had so much as a piece of fish,' ladies say to me when I am called away from a dinner-party. But it isn't hard at all. It's far better than six courses and a bottle of '15 to know that the world can't get on without laying it into you hard and sharp. You feel you are of some use in the world when you're pulled in six different directions to six different cases, lying wide apart, with plenty of hail-storm and thunder between them. It puts the soldier into you, and brings the soldier out of you to be up night after night,

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knowing that you haven't slept out of your boots for ten days, and feeling sure that ten days more must pass before you'll spend eight hours off in your own feather-bed. It puts the soldier into you to turn out of your warm blankets somewhere in the small hours of a winter's morning in answer to a ring at your night-bell, and make your way for eight miles in the teeth of a northeast wind over heath and common, when it is so dark that you can't see your own fingers, and have no choice but to give your horse his head, and put your trust in Providence and the animal's eyesight. Ay, and it puts the soldier into you to come home after a long round in a March thaw, hungry as a hunter, and licking your lips over anticipations of a hot dinner, and before you've entered your house to be met with a notice that you must start again for a house just two miles beyond the farthest point from which you've just come on your homeward journey; in which case there is nothing for it but to bolt your provender like a beast of prey, write out your prescriptions for your dispenser, change your wet coat for a damp one, and turn out once more, with a fresh horse and your best gig-lamps. That's the kind of time, my lad, when you see the worst side of your own temper, and learn the use of a light sulky, a double-caped over-coat, and nag that can trot sixteen miles an hour.

"Sometimes, no doubt, we get good wages, and taking the year through we manage to fare as well as our neighbors; but on occasions the pay is wretched bad—ay, far worse than you can suppose. Many a day the girls, looking out of their windows in the High Street in the morning, say, 'There's the doctor off into the country,' and eight hours after, when they see me return, they think to themselves, 'Here he is back again: he has been out all day. What a fortune he is making!' Bless me! perhaps six out of the eight hours have been spent by the bedside of a pauper's wife. Six hours in a workman's stuffy chamber, the sweat rolling down your face as if you were a nigger in a sugar factory, and death all the time grinning at you over the grimy cover of the poor creature's hard mattress, and all the payment—ten shillings and sixpence from the union! And there's worse paid work than that for me—work done for honest struggling mortals: so poor that they can barely keep the wolf from the door, and yet so proud that they'd die from starvation rather than fall upon the parish. They're the sort of folk for whom I feel. 'There, I'll do my best, and if I ever press you for a sixpence of your narrow means, may I turn a maniac and die eating my own flesh!' But then the man who does his duty by the poor gets something better than money for his wages. The reward comes when he sees the women of the villages run out of their cottages at the noise of his wheels, to courtesy and stare after him with grateful eyes; when he hears the children raise a cheer at the school-house for the doctor who pulled them out of the bad fever; when the men in white smocks smile at him from their teeth to their eyelids, as they put their horny hands to their forelocks. And I am inclined to think that not the least part of his reward comes when the grateful creatures trudge from hamlet and glen to see him lowered to his last resting-place, and to mutter simple prayers and rude blessings over his open grave."

RIDDLES.

In olden time the riddle was often allied to apologue and fable, and therefore, if for no other reason, its birth-place was probably the East. It certainly seems to have been known to the Egyptians, if it did not originate with them. That the Jews were well acquainted with it must be clear to any one familiar with the Bible. Not to dwell on the well-known one of Samson, Josephus tells us how great was Solomon both at making and solving riddles, and how he once won a sum of money from Hiram, King of Tyre, in a riddle contest, and afterward lost it in a similar way to one of Hiram's subjects—nay, the questions which the Queen of Sheba put to Solomon, it has been thought, were posers of the riddle kind. But other peoples of the East, besides the Jews, have cultivated the riddle largely. It figures in the Koran as well as in the Bible; and even whole books of riddles, we are told, are to be found in Arabic and Persian.

Then, again, we know that among the Greeks and Romans the riddle was very common. Indeed, if Plutarch is to be believed, Homer died of one that he could not solve. Chagrin at his failure killed the poor old bard. Nor during the Dark or Middle Ages do we find that riddles had grown into disfavor. On the contrary, they were much cultivated, and our forefathers found great amusement in them.

Specimens of what these riddles were may be met with in English, French, and German. They exist in many a funny old book like that which was printed by Wynkin de Worde as early as 1511, and which bore the title of "Demands Joyous." Some of these demands, like the age, were very coarse, and some were very simple. When we get nearer to our own times (for the Reformation somewhat put a stop to the merry-making and riddle-making that used to go together), we find the riddle kept its ground as well on the Continent as in England. In France a learned Jesuit wrote a treatise on the subject, and about the time of Louis Quatorze the making of riddles grew quite fashionable. Those literary big-wigs, Rousseau and Voltaire, tried their hands at riddle-making. After their time the *Mercure de France* became a regular vehicle for riddles, and to solve one, it is even said, made the solver famous. In Germany Schiller built up the riddle to what it had scarcely been before. Its conception became a poetical one. With him it grew to be a thing of beauty, and invested with charms that only poetry can give. He made it possess an interest and meaning that lay beyond its mere solution. As treated by him, it gives one an idea of what it might have been of old, and of his having gone back to the time of the Sibyls, and learned the art of making riddles from them.

Here is one by Schiller which has force and spirit:

In a house of stone I keep,
Where I hidden lie and sleep;
But, steel weapon summoned by,
Forth I leap, and out I fly:
Faint, weak, small, at first, a breath
Might overcome me; and in death
Whelm me might a rain-drop then;
Yet doth victory fledge me, when
Joined by my strong sister, lo!
I the world's dread conq'ror grow.

In England and in this country we have always shown a love for riddles as great perhaps as that of any other country, and never more so than in the present day, to judge by the collections made of them, and by what we almost daily see or hear. But most of these are properly conundrums—a mere playing upon words. A taste for this kind of thing may be indulged in till it grows to be a very frivolous one; but it is worthy of note how many English names among the illustrious in every walk of life belong to those who, in some form or other, have tried their hand at riddle-making.

To begin with statesmen—Fox tried his on woman, and made a riddle of her which was hardly fair from him. It is not bad; but a better one is that which he contrived about a bed:

Formed long ago, yet made to-day,
And most employed when others sleep;
What few would wish to give away,
And none would wish to keep.

Not less good is that by Canning on the word Cares, which perhaps his political life suggested, but which, it is to be hoped, his domestic life in that case might find a ready answer to. It is not so well known but that one may give it here:

A noun there is of plural number,
Foe to peace and tranquil slumber:
Now any other noun you take,
By adding *s* you plural make,
But if you add an *s* to this
Strange is the metamorphosis:
Plural is plural now no more,
And sweet what bitter was before.

Cod has been made into something very good, and has often been laid at Macaulay's door, but he never had any thing to do with it. The supposition, however, that he had—perhaps, even more than its own excellence—has led to the cutting off many a head and tail that folks can make neither head nor tail of. Here are some of these *disjecta membra* for my readers to make any thing out of that they can:

Cut off my head, and I have horns to gore you;
Cut off my tail, my sting yet know me by;
Cut off both head and tail, I still may bore you,
Though nothing now is left me but a cry!

What are my head and tail cut off? Effects,
If sounded, sure, without sufficient cause!
Following but where his pleasure nun connects
With following me, and not kind Nature's laws.

Once more:

Cut off my head, you bring a king to life!
Cut off my tail, and lo! no less you see;
Cut off both head and tail, where cries are rife
You find me now, tho' naught you make of me.

What are my head and tail cut off?—Remains
Of Royalty deposed for having spared
Those who with my successor, for their pains,
If they went further, certainly worse fared!

The riddles of Praed—or rather the charades—are remarkable for their force and spirit, and their singular elegance and beauty. They are the only ones to oppose to those of Schiller, though they are written in a very different style from his. Schiller's are those of a poetical recluse, and have a Sibylline beauty about them. Praed's are those of the man of the world, but of one who carried something of the poet too, and the philosopher also, into it. They seem written not so much for the sake of the enigma as to give free play to his own poetic fancy. They are none of them very hard to guess; and yet there is one that some twenty years ago made not a little noise in the world (though not by any means his best), as no one had been able to find the answer to it.

The term Charade is said to be French, and derived from the name of him who invented it. And as good an example as could possibly be given of what a true charade should be may be found in the dictionary of the French Academy. "My first employs my second to eat my whole." The answer is, "Chien-dent, or dog-grass." But we shall look in vain for any charades that have all the various merits of Praed's—his easy elegance, his force and spirit, his play of fancy, his true poetic feeling. As it is very short, and elegant besides, we find room for one of the only two riddles, properly so called, that he wrote:

In other days, when hope was bright,
Ye spake to me of love and light,
Of endless spring, and cloudless weather,
And hearts that doted linked together!

But now ye tell another tale;
That life is brief, and beauty frail,
That joy is dead, and fondness blighted,
And hearts that doted disunited!

Away! Ye grieve, and ye rejoice
In one unfelt, unfeeling voice;
And ye, like every friend below,
Are hollow in your joy and woe!

If we leave the politicians for the poets, we find a beautiful riddle by Cowper that might have been suggested to the amiable bard by some such sweet lips as prompted Johnny Gilpin:

I am just two and two, I am warm, I am cold,
And the parent of numbers that can not be told:
I am lawful, unlawful—a duty, a fault,
I am often sold dear, good for nothing when bought,
An extraordinary boon, and a matter of course,
And yielded with pleasure when taken by force.

Two or three of Moore's political squibs were in the form of riddles. Here is one that was *telling* in its day:

Why is a pump like Viscount Castlereagh?

Answer:

Because it is a slender thing of wood,
Which up and down its awkward arm doth sway,
And coolly spout, and spout, and spout away
In one weak, washy, everlasting flood!

Among novelists who have been guilty of riddle-making was Mrs. Opie, and one that was very well known in its day; but when we get among scholars and divines the guilt grows more common, and of deeper dye! Is not Porson charged with Latin charades; and, worse still, the late Archbishop Whately with conundrums?

The late Master of Trinity has the credit of a riddle to add to the list of great names already quoted, and one of a very original kind. I will not vouch for his being its author, but I know that his friends heard it very often from him, and that he took as much interest in it as if it were his own. Here it is:

U O a O, but I O thee,
O O no O, but O O me:
Then let not my O a O go,
But give O O I O thee so.

You sigh for a cipher, but I sigh for thee,
O sigh for no cipher, but O sigh for me:
Then let not my sigh for a cipher go,
But give sigh for sigh for I sigh for thee so.

This sighing riddle was much admired by Dr. Whewell, but is it much more ingenious than this old one?

Stand take to takings,
I you throw my.

I understand
You undertake
To overthrow
My undertakings.

or than this:

If the B m t put:
When the : burns make a .

If the grate be empty, put coal on:
When the coal on burns, make a full stop.

To add one more illustrious name to the list of those already mentioned, we give Professor De Morgan's for the following capital riddle: "How do you know that there is no danger of starving in the desert? Because of the sand which is (sandwiches) there. And how do you know you will get sandwiches there? Because Ham went into the desert, and his descendants bred (bread) and mustered (mustard)."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Agriculture is recognized as the basis of our national prosperity; and whatever contributes to the establishment of agricultural science on the sure foundation of well-ascertained facts, is worthy the special consideration of those who cultivate the soil, and the hearty approval of all wise citizens. So long ago as 1785 a "Society for Promoting Agriculture" was formed in Philadelphia by gentlemen in various walks in life, who saw the necessity of improvement in this branch of industry. General Washington was an honorary member of this Society, and was ever warmly interested in its proceedings, and expressed his desire to see a central agricultural organization established under the care of the Federal Government. Associations similar to that in Philadelphia were soon formed in several of the States. At first they were ridiculed by practical farmers; but being found positively useful prejudice vanished, and Agricultural Societies have since sprung up in every part of the Union. And when, in 1862, a Department of Agriculture was established in Washington, by Act of Congress, many rejoiced that the national government thus recognized that branch of productive industry as entitled to its special care.

Topics of great practical utility to farmers throughout the country are investigated by this Department; valuable information is disseminated in the regular series of agricultural reports; new and valuable seeds are distributed to those really desirous of cultivating them, and sharing with others the benefit gained thereby; a propagating garden is in successful operation, from which plants (chiefly of the small fruits) are distributed, and in which seeds of foreign growth are tested prior to distribution; special investigation is made by the entomologist in regard to insects which are destructive to the products of the soil; and soils and plants of various kinds are analyzed by the chemist. Information in regard to numerous other matters pertaining to agriculture is conveyed through this Department; as, for example, of improvements in farm implements, in raising and training cattle, in dairying, and wool-growing. All these topics are of great general interest, since an intelligent cultivation of the soil will tend to make labor more remunerative, produce cheaper, and the wealth of the country greater.

At present the Agricultural Department is located in the basement story of the Patent-office. A very interesting and instructive museum is here collected, though not advantageously arranged, since it is crowded into two small rooms, quite inadequate to the purpose. Nevertheless, the best possible use is made of what space there is, and the visitor is amply repaid by the curious specimens exhibited, and by the explanations which are cordially given in regard to them. When the new building for this Department is completed there will be ample accommodations for the museum, and room to carry on all useful operations to advantage.

A new explosive is announced called "Dynamid," or "Giant Powder." It is said that all ordinary blows and the most violent agitation do not affect it; but when a fired fuse, ending in a percussion cap of fulminating mercury, is put into a loose mass, its explosion is immensely powerful. A table-spoonful of it, on a stone covered with a brick, blew the brick into dust and shattered the stone into kernels. The same amount thus exploded blew a hole through one end of a balanced two-inch plank, on which it had been poured, without disturbing the balance. And its greatest power is seen when used in the toughest kind of rocks.

A sufficient portion of the new Hudson River Railroad Dépôt, on the ground formerly occupied by St. John's Park, is now erected, to give some idea of what the enormous structure will be when completed. But a better conception of its size and nature will be obtained by a personal visit than by mere facts and figures. The front of the building on Hudson Street is to be 429 feet, having the same length rearward on Varick Street; the depth on Laight and Beach streets is 406 feet. Brick, granite, and iron are the materials used in its construction, it being a leading idea to make the dépôt fire-proof and substantial. There will be ample accommodations for storage, and every arrangement made for convenience and safety in every department. The dépôt will probably be completed about January next.

Some strange cases are reported of persons thinking they had swallowed their false teeth, becoming seriously sick in consequence, but recovering on finding the missing ivories safe in their bureau drawer or waistcoat pocket. A stranger instance was lately given of a man who really swallowed a set of false teeth while in an epileptic fit. But perhaps the strangest "swallowing case" on record is that of a youth about eighteen years old, who was partially insane. He swallowed an old-fashioned clock key, with two right angles in the bars, a common silver tea-spoon, and a pair of steel-bowed spectacles. Having mentioned incidentally to his mother how he had disposed of these articles, a *post mortem* examination was made, and it was found that he had spoken the truth. The Reports of the New York State Medical Society contain the details of this almost incredible case.

The St. Cloud Hotel, corner of Forty-second Street and Broadway, has lately been opened to the public. It is constructed of brick with white stone trimmings, and is in the modern French style of architecture. All the apartments are heated by steam, and contain hot and cold water. The wood-work throughout the house is of oiled chestnut, no paint being used in any of the rooms. The stairways are of iron, and an elevator conveys the guests to the upper floors. It is intended to conduct the establishment on the European plan.

A gentleman who for several years had resided in the suburbs of Boston had succeeded in gathering quite a collection of ancient coins. About a year ago he moved into town, and placing his treasure in a box deposited them in a closet. Not long since he had occasion to go to his coin-box and very much to his surprise found it empty. Upon appealing to his wife for an explanation he learned that she (not knowing their value) had been cultivating her taste for music by bestowing them liberally upon organ-grinders. *Moral*—Gentlemen indulging in artistic (or other) specialties should inform their wives.

The following curious calculation has been made of the number of changes of which the kaleidoscope is capable. Supposing the instrument to contain twenty pieces of glass, etc., and that you make ten changes in each minute, it will take the inconceivable space of 463,889,899,576 years and 360 days to go through the immense variety of changes it is capable of producing, amounting (according to our frail idea of the nature of things) to an eternity. Or, if you take only twelve small pieces, and make ten changes in each minute, it will then take 33,264 days, or 91 years and 49 days, to exhaust its variations.

The authorities say that the word "flirt" originated in the time of Louis the Fourteenth. The gallants of the court acquired a habit of addressing their girlish friends as "ma fleurette," or "my little flower." The noun "fleurette" finally grew into a verb, and the term "fleuretter une demoiselle" was used in speaking of attentions paid to a beauty. After the importation of "fleuretter" to England it degenerated to "fleuter," and finally to "flirt."

A Democrat in Meriden, Connecticut, excited by the election, demolished an opponent thus: "Ye needn't talk to me! I'll bet if you try ten years you can't make me equal to a nigger, no how you can fix it!" The point was visible.

A novel architectural invention comes from Paris, called the "Aerodome," or house in the air. The leading idea of the projector is to widen streets and build houses higher—say ten stories high. Access to the upper stories will be gained by means of "lifts," such as are now used in some hotels. The frame-work of the buildings will be of iron, and, of course, the lower stories at least must be two or three times as strong as is usually the case now. In large blocks, occupying rectangles, there will be a terrace about ten feet broad above the fifth story, giving the appearance of one building above another. The upper one is the aerodome proper. The basement flats would serve for shops, offices, etc.; those above the terrace would be inhabited by the people connected with the establishments below. The inhabitants of the aerodomes may communicate with each other by means of bridges thrown across from terrace to terrace. Each aerodome, it is calculated, will contain one thousand or more people, all enjoying commodious apartments, a pure atmosphere, and abundance of light; while the streets below will be light and airy. Building one city on top of another is certainly an experiment the success of which must be determined by future results. What quality of air would be afforded the occupants of the lower stories is questionable; and it would seem that a fire occurring in such a block would be very destructive to life.

Some disbeliever in woman's secretiveness respectfully dedicates the following "true anecdote" to the sex as a forcible illustration of their faculty of keeping secrets. Lucy P—— is a pretty, reckless brunette, the idol of her father, and the spoiled child of her mother. Every body scolds at her quizzical and odd sayings, and all love her for her frankness and open heart. One day she was walking with a friend, arm in arm, and was teasing her friend to tell her something which was not proper to be universally circulated. Her friend answered her, "Tell you, Lucy? No indeed. I shall do no such a thing—you never kept any thing twenty-four hours in your life." She flung her arm around her friend's neck in a very convincing manner, and exclaimed, "Oh! Miss X——, I can keep a secret; indeed I can. There was Miss A—— told me six months ago that she was engaged to be married, and I never told any one of it, and I never will."

It was not until her friend burst into a fit of laughter that she was aware her secret was out.

An ingenious Parisian makes an attack on the custom among composers of giving the tenor the *rôle* of the lover. He has published a dictionary of music as applied to love, in which he says: "It may be demonstrated, physiologically, that an intimate connection exists between the gravity of the voice and that warmth of blood and nervous impetuosity which determines vehemence of sentiment. To imitate nature, the part of the lover should be played by the baritone, or even the bass. It is notorious that nature has endowed with more generous traits the creatures who possess deep voices, while those whose voice is shrill and high are generally dangerous and perfidious. Compare the Newfoundland dog (bass) with the cur (falsetto), and say whether you would rather be shut up in a cage with a duck (baritone) or with a serpent (soprano)."

At a recent auction sale of rare and curious American books, the Indian Bible of John Eliot was sold for the astonishing price of $1130. It was purchased for a private library. This Bible was published in 1663; but the printing, which was done at Cambridge, Massachusetts, was commenced three years before. It was dedicated to Charles II. It was the very first Bible in any language ever printed in America.

The latest example of grammatical comparison comes from a student traveler who had just made a tour through the mines of California: "Positive, mine; comparative, miner; superlative, minus!"—This is almost equal to the "parsing" of a bright-eyed little fellow in a certain country school. The word "waif" occurred in the lesson, and he puzzled over it a few moments, when, as a bright idea struck him, he burst out with, "I can parse it. Positive, waif; comparative, waifer; superlative, sealing-wax!"

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RITUALISM AT ST. ALBAN'S, NEW YORK—ORDER OF PROCESSION AT THE HIGH CELEBRATION ON EASTER-DAY.—SKETCHED BY W. D. WASHINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 330.]

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over unsettled bargains, or clacking current news over rum-punch or red port, may be heard spicing their talk in this fashion:

"Ah! he lost his temper, did he? Then that accounts for it. As Cornel Kilderbee said, 'Catch a wise man in a rage and you've a fool in your power!'"

"A pretty sample of sour beer *he* is. Cornel Kilderbee was not far wrong when he said, 'A dirty fellow's money is the dirtiest stuff about him!'"

"Come, come, don't be hard on an old customer, but remember Cornel Kilderbee's rule, 'A good tradesman buys like a Jew and sells like a gentleman!'"

"'All's fair with a giant, but you can't be too gentle with a dwarf!' as Cornel Kilderbee said to the county member."

"'Hit hard while the fight is on, and when it's over don't bear spite!' that was old Cornel's rule."

"He ought to drink less and work more, and think on Cornel's words, 'The man who's his own enemy is in a fair way to be no one's friend!'"

"Help a neighbor when he's out of luck, and remember old Kilderbee's saying, 'A poor man's blessing travels farther than a rich man's curse!'"

"'A blow should leave a mark!' that was old Cornel's way."

"'A man should know how to swear without losing his temper!' that's what Cornel would say if he was here now."

"You are a smart fellow at a bargain; so was Cornel Kilderbee—but then he would always help a man to get a living."

"Don't be after keeping too many irons in the fire. The only Carlton Cross man who could do four things in really tip-top style was Cornel Kilderbee. He could make money, crack jokes, brew punch, and play the fiddle; but then he had a cork leg."

"So you're like Cornel Kilderbee, and have an ugly tongue with a rough side to it, have you? But his tongue had a smooth side for those who wished him well."

In like manner the stranger, paying his first visit to the Border, does not pass many days in Carlton Cross without coming upon conclusive testimony that this pungent speaker of homely wisdom loved his practical joke.

It may be that having put up at the "Cat and Gridiron," the old head-quarters of the Border radicals, the stranger, on eating his first dinner in the chief parlor of that antique hostelry, will ask the meaning of a remarkable picture that hangs over the fire-place of the aromatic and not luxurious room.

The picture represents two middle-aged men, sitting on slight and unstable chairs, in the middle of a chamber the proportions of which are indicated by lines that declare the artist's manly disregard for the laws of perspective. Each of the middle-aged men deserves attention—the one, an agriculturalist of florid complexion and extensive girth, being chiefly remarkable, so far as costume is concerned, for the magnitude of the watch-chain and seals that dangle from his fob; the other, dressed in a high-collared, brass-buttoned, swallow-tail blue coat, tights, and buckled shoes, being noticeable for the depth and amplitude of his white neck-tie, the uncompromising size of his pigtail, and the expression of gleeful smartness that pervades his sharp, thin features. But the most remarkable point in this picture is that—while the blue-coated gentleman has his right foot in a keeler of boiling water, the ebullient condition of the fluid being indicated by a puff of vapor upon the canvas, and seems greatly to enjoy the heat—the agriculturalist sits upon his high chair, doubled up with agony caused by a vain endeavor to imitate his friend and keep a bootless foot in the steaming tub. The reader's imagination must furnish the details of the picture.

The "Cat and Gridiron" has a landlord of jolly aspect and rubicund visage—about the last host of the ruddy, jovial, over-eaten, old-fashioned type of inn-keepers who have become merely traditional characters in the England of these abstemious times; and if any stranger should ask the "Cat and Gridiron's" host for the particulars of the incident commemorated in this work of art, that fat and laughter-loving entertainer of men with purses in their pockets will do his best to satisfy a not unreasonable curiosity, and with many chuckles and boisterous guffaws, as though he had never told the story before—indeed, as though he were not telling the story himself, but were hearing it for the first time from the lips of another man—will answer in this wise:

"That gentleman, Sir, with the big watch-seals and rather more stomach than he knows how to carry, is Mr. Pratt, of Homerton Grange; leastwise, it was him, only as he's been dead these thirty year—died of a 'plexy—'t carn't exactly be said to be him now. But he was a great man in his day, and did a sort in pigs—yes, he did, Sir. His was all to nothing the best breed in these parts; and it is so still, although there's a fashion come up for shorter snouts. Well, Sir, t'other genelman was a rare man, Mr. Cornel Kilderbee: that's how he was always dressed—Lor' bless you, I remember him well enough. Blue coat, brass buttons, pigtail, gaiters in winter, stockings in summer, black tights the whole year round. There's a sort would think the like of him a Guy nowadays, but he was a proper genelman, he was, none more so. And, Lor', what a man he was for doing things; he did every thing! he used to sing songs, play the fiddle, make speeches, and keep things lively. Well, Sir, Mr. Pratt, of Homerton Grange, was a great man for pigs, but not much else in the way of intellect: now Mr. Kilderbee was at the top of the wine trade in these parts, and knew the length of every man he clapt eyes upon. Mr. Kilderbee was always going up to town on business, about wine and what not; and one day he returned to Carlton Cross after he'd been away for a many weeks. Mind, Sir, I'm speaking now of what I can't remember, for I wasn't born when Mr. Kilderbee returned after a many weeks. I tell it to you as I have heard it from my father, who was landlord of the 'Cat and Gridiron' before ever I was born. At the first market-supper after his return Mr. Kilderbee got a-talking with Mr. Pratt, of Homerton. Mr. Pratt was given to carry things rather high, on account of his pigs; and Mr. Kilderbee owed him a turn for something he'd said at Market Cross. So the long and short of it was, having got to high words in the presence of a full company, Mr. Pratt offered to fight Mr. Kilderbee; at which Mr. Kilderbee says, 'No, Pratt,' says he, 'I won't fight, for it's against my principles to fight; but, to show you I'm not afraid to bear pain, and *can* bear pain better than you, I'll tell what I'll do. We'll have a tub of biling water brought in this room, and each of us shall put his right foot in it, sitting together side by side; and I'll bet you twenty guineas that, for all your brag about your courage, you'll take your foot out of the water before I do.' Now Mr. Pratt, of Homerton, was a good one for a bet, and, what's more, his blood was up. So he says 'done,' and Mr. Kilderbee says 'done;' and they jine hands. In another five minutes the tub of biling water is put down in the middle of the market-room, which was extra crowded by people who had heard what was up, and of course wished to see the end of the wager. The feeling ran against Mr. Pratt, of Homerton, for he was apt to be rather high and mighty about his pigs. 'There goes my shoe,' says Mr. Kilderbee, putting it off; 'and now, Pratt, you put off that top-boot of yours, and then we'll try how hot it is through our stockings.' Mr. Kilderbee was in first by a several seconds, and took all quiet, though sure-lie he nipped his lips together a bit. As soon as Mr. Pratt had got his foot out of his top-boot he dipped it into the water—but he didn't keep it there for long. He howled, and yelled, and halloed, and screeched out for help. 'Call a doctor!' he screeched. And all the while there sat Mr. Kilderbee, all calm and quiet, and enjoying himself. 'Landlord,' says he to my father, with a smile, 'get some more boiling water. What's in this tub seems rather chilly.' 'Cornel Kilderbee,' roars Mr. Pratt, wholly scared out of his senses and yet purple with rage, 'you're bewitched!—you're an imp of hell!—it's done by neckoromancy!—you're in league with the devil!' 'No, Pratt, no; not quite so bad as that,' says Mr. Kilderbee, softly and mocking-like, still keeping his foot in the water—'I am not in league with the devil, *but I've got a cork leg!*' By gorms, Sir, how all the market-room busted and roared with laughter, and how Mr. Pratt, of Homerton, swore and *rove*, just for all the world like a Bedlamite in a coal-cellar. And, the more he swore and *rove*, the more the whole market-room busted and roared. And, Sir, what Mr. Kilderbee said was just the truth. I told you as how he had been a goodish spell of time in London just before this wager came off. Now, while he was in London he had met with an accident in being knocked down by a cart which broke his leg; and after that the surgeons had cut off his leg below the knee, they fixed him up with a cork leg and foot, made so wonderfully neat, that, when he wore his stockings and buckled shoes, no one could see any difference atwixt the natteral and the compo limb. You see, he hadn't wrote home any thing about his mishap, and so there wasn't a blessed soul in the market-room that could make out how it was that he bore the hot water without even a-flinching. But you may believe me, Sir, the market-room busted and roared; and Mr. Pratt, of Homerton, didn't show again in the market-room until he had been set up once more by his pigs getting a sort more prizes."

SOCIABLE SILENCE.

THERE is a silence which is felt to be sociable, when the silent associates are tried and trusty friends. Wherever, in fact, there is implicit confidence, and an underlying sense of general sympathy, it is often a relief to be able to hold one's peace without any risk of misapprehension. Whereas, with a comparative stranger, one puts on company manners, and has to keep up the shuttle-cock of colloquial inanity with all one's battle-door might. Every body who has friends must have felt this; and though—nay, because the feeling is a common one, it may be interesting to show by examples how it has been expressed in literature.

Old friends, remarks Horace Walpole, in one of his letters, are the great blessing of one's later years—half a word conveys one's meaning. He makes this remark in reference to the loss of his intimate friend Mr. Chute, whom he used to see oftener than any one, and to whom he had recourse in every difficulty. "And him I loved to have here, as our friendship was so entire, and we knew one another so entirely, that he alone was never the least constraint to me. We passed many hours together without saying a syllable to each other; for we were both above ceremony."

For those who have managed that things shall run smoothly over the domestic rug, says the author of "Orley Farm," there is no happier time of life than the long candle-light hours of home and silence. "No spoken content or uttered satisfaction is necessary. The fact that is felt is enough for peace."

One thinks of Dr. Johnson in his last illness, visited by Malone, and proving so unusually silent that the visitor rose to leave, believing him to be in pain, or incommoded by company. "Pray, Sir, be seated," Johnson said. "I can not talk, but I like to see you there." Indeed, great talker in every sense as the doctor had been in his prime, he was never insensible to the value of sympathetic silence. During his tour to the Hebrides, his companion, Boswell, took the liberty one evening of remarking to Johnson that he very often sat quite silent for a long time, even when in company with a single friend. "It is true, Sir," replied Johnson. "Tom Tyers described me the best. He once said to me, 'Sir, you are like a ghost; you never speak till you are spoken to.'"

Elia accounts that to be but an imperfect solitude which a man enjoys by himself, and applauds the sense of the first hermits when they retired into Egyptian solitudes, not singly, but in shoals, "to enjoy one another's want of conversation. The Carthusian is bound to his brethren by this agreeing spirit of incommunicativeness." In secular occasions, Elia adds, what so pleasant as to be reading a book through a long winter evening, with a friend sitting by—say a wife—he, or she, too (if that be probable), reading another, without interruption, or oral communication. "Can there be no sympathy without the gabble of words?.....Give me, Master Zimmermann, a sympathetic solitude."

One of the most popular of French authors comments, in his autobiography, on the analogy he professes to have observed between the two races of sailors and forest-rangers, and tells, for instance, how the mariner or the woodman will remain by the side of his best friend, in the one case on the ocean, in the other deep in the forest, without exchanging a single word. But as the two entertain the same train of ideas—as their silence has been no more than a long tacit communion with nature, "You will be astonished to find that, at the proper moment, they have but to exchange a word, a gesture, or a glance, and they will have communicated more to each other by this word, this gesture, or glance of the eye, than others could have done in a long discourse."

Mr. Shirley Brooks, in his last and best novel, says: "It is a happy time when a man and a woman can be long silent together, and love one another the better that neither speaks of love. A few years later, and silence is perhaps thought to mean either sorrow or sulks."

The young lover in Mr. Disraeli's "Love Story," expressly so called, apologizes to Henrietta Temple for a long term of significant silence with the candid avowal that he's afraid he's very stupid. "Because you are silent?" she asks. "Is not that a sufficient reason?" he submits. "Nay, I think not," replies Miss Temple; "I think I am rather fond of silent people myself; I can not bear to live with a person who feels compelled to talk because he is my companion. The whole day passes sometimes without papa and myself exchanging fifty words; yet I am very happy; I do not feel that we are dull."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A MAN passing through a gateway in the dark hit his nose against the post. "I wish that post was in h—l," said he. "Better wish it somewhere else," said a by-stander; "you might run against it again."

A minister of Indianapolis proposes that hereafter, instead of saying, "Let us sing the Doxology," the minister say, "Let us put on our over-coats, adjust furs, slip on gloves, grab our hats, look to the Lord, and be dismissed."

I'D BE A FARMER'S WIFE.

I am a wild and laughing girl, just turned of sweet seventeen,
As full of mischief and of fun as ever you have seen,
And when I am a woman grown, no city beau for me;
If ever I marry in my life, a farmer's wife I'll be.

I love a country life; I love the joyous breeze;
I love to hear the singing birds among the lofty trees;
The lowing herds, the bleating flocks, make music sweet for me;
If ever I marry in my life, a farmer's wife I'll be.

I love to see the chickens skip, I love to milk the cows,
I love to see the farmer's boys a-whistling at the plows;
And fields of corn and waving grain are pleasant sights to me;
If ever I marry in my life, a farmer's wife I'll be.

Let other girls, who love it best, enjoy the gloomy town,
'Mid dusky walls and dusky streets to ramble up and down;
But flowery banks, and shady woods, and sunny skies for me;
If ever I marry in my life, a farmer's wife I'll be.

A Connecticut farmer's wife, who was noted for a keen eye to the financial, on being told by her husband, as he came home from church meeting, that he had been elected deacon, eagerly inquired: "But how much money will you get by it?"

CUSTOMER. "A slight mourning hat-band, if you please?"
FASHIONABLE HATTER. "What relation, Sir?"
CUSTOMER. "Wife's uncle."
HATTER. "Favorite uncle, Sir?"
CUSTOMER. "Um—well—yes."
HATTER. "Mentioned in the will, Sir?"
CUSTOMER (*bitterly*). "No such luck."
HATTER (*to his clerk, briskly*). "Couple o' inches, Tim."

The following can be read so as to make sense, but it takes a cute individual to find out how. Just try it:

I thee read see that me,
Love is up will I'll have
But that and you have you'll
One and down and you if.

A letter was recently received at the Boston Post-office, the address upon which gave considerable trouble to the clerks. Finally it was deciphered as "Jeamkey Blaine" (Jamaica Plain), and it was forwarded to that place.

"I stand," said a Western stump orator, "on the broad platform of the principles of '98, and palsied be my arm if I desert 'em." "You stand on nothing of the kind," interrupted a little shoemaker in the crowd; "you stand in my boots, that you never paid me for, and I want the money."

The following is the negro's definition of a gentleman: "Massa make de black man workee—make de horse workee—make de ox workee—make ebery ting workee, only de hog—he no workee: he eat, he drink, he walk 'bout, he go to sleep when he please—he liff like a gentleman."

An old lady, reading an account of a distinguished old lawyer who was said to be the father of the New York bar, exclaimed: "Poor man! he had a dreadful set of children!"

SPRING-TIME.

1. Shopping brisk. Utter prostration of the Dry-goods Clerk.

2. Religion buds forth afresh with the flowers of May; or is it those Spring Bonnets?

3. CRUSTY INDIVIDUAL.—"Snow and mud no sooner out of the streets than worse nuisances get into them!"

"So here I am between two tailors," cried a bean at a public table where a couple of young tailors were seated, who had just commenced business for themselves. "True," was the reply, "we are beginners, and can only afford to keep one *goose* between us."

A story is told of a jolly good fellow who resided in Chicago about four years, and while on an Eastern visit was asked how he liked the water out West. "By George, Mr. ——," said he, after a moment's reflection, "I never thought to try it!"

"I wish, Sally," said Jonathan, "that you were *locked* in my arms and the key was lost."

A woman who inquired at a Broadway book-store for "Crabbe's Synonyms," was told by the new clerk that they didn't keep shell-fish.

This epitaph is said to be taken from a stone in an old Connecticut grave-yard:

"Here we be
He and me
Twenty he
Forty she."

A little girl, just past her fifth year, while chattering about the beaux that visited two of the other sex in the same house of more mature age, being asked, "What do you mean by beaux, Annie?" replied "Why, I mean men that have not got much sense."

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NEW YORK HOUSE OF REFUGE ON RANDALL'S ISLAND.—SKETCHED BY W. H. DAVENPORT.—[SEE PAGE 333.]

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THE CROWN PRINCE OF ITALY AND HIS BRIDE.

HOUSE OF REFUGE ON RANDALL'S ISLAND.

WE have before given in this journal articles and engravings illustrating the several organized charities of this city which have for their purpose the assistance of children. One of the principal and most beneficial of these has for its aim also the reformation of children who have by circumstances, more than inclination, been led into a career of crime. The House of Refuge on Randall's Island, which we illustrate opposite, is sustained by the city, and its occupants are the boys and girls who are arrested as criminals, and sent here instead of to the Penitentiary, at the discretion of the judge, who may take their youth and other extenuating circumstances into consideration.

Once in the House of Refuge they are put to work for the term of their sentence. The shoe shops employ the majority of the boys, and our engraving illustrates a number of them at work. The smaller boys work in the hoop-skirt factory under female supervision, and in the wire shops, where they grow skillful in weaving sieves, traps, strainers, etc., etc.

There are now about one thousand children in the House, and the numbers are on the increase. The Report of the Commissioners of Public Charities and Corrections shows that, during the year 1866, 12,890 prisoners were sent to the Island, and most of these to the House of Refuge, but for short terms only.

The contracted space is to be enlarged, and it is proposed that a school-ship should be established, in which the boys might be trained for the merchant navy.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE IN ITALY.

THE marriage of the Crown Prince HUMBERT of Italy, eldest son of King VICTOR EMANUEL, to his first cousin, Princess MARGARET of Savoy, daughter of the King's brother, the late Duke of

PRIMITIVE STYLE OF THRESHING WHEAT IN ITALY IN 1868.—[SEE PAGE 334.]

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Genoa, took place on April 22. The virtues and accomplishments of the bride have greatly endeared her to the people of her native Piedmont. Since the death of her father, in 1855, which was a severe affliction to VICTOR EMANUEL, happening at the same time with the deaths of his wife and mother, this young Princess has been educated in retirement at Stresa, on the Lago Maggiore, under the care of her mother, the widowed Duchess of Genoa, who some time afterward entered into a second marriage, espousing no one of sovereign rank, but the Marquis DI RAPALLO, a Piedmontese nobleman, formerly aide-de-camp to her first husband. The Duchess of Genoa, it may be remarked, is a daughter of the present King JOHN of Saxony. A taste for intellectual and literary pursuits seems to be hereditary in this family, and one of the best German translations of DANTE is the work of the King of Saxony. The mental culture of his granddaughter, whose father, the late Duke of Genoa, was likewise a good scholar, has been worthy of her future position as the Queen of Italy. She passed all the summer and autumn of last year at Dresden. The bridegroom, Prince HUMBERT, or, as the Italians write his name, OMBERTO, is a young man of promising disposition, who behaved with signal courage in the battle of Custoza.

It may be remembered that he was to have married, since the peace with Austria, the Archduchess MATILDA, a niece of the Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH. The dreadful death of that young lady, by her dress accidentally catching fire, which happened about a twelvemonth ago, prevented the first matrimonial plans on his behalf from being put in execution.

It may be interesting to our lady readers to know that the bride was dressed in white, low-necked, with bertha crossed and the apron and sash now the style, a white silver-starred veil flowing round her dark hair, arranged in tight *chignon* curls about her head. They will also be delighted to read the following description of a portion of a toilet-set presented to her by the city of Turin: "It is a real bijou, composed of 14,000 drachms of finest gold, 880 of lapis lazuli, and 2768 precious stones. The casket is square, executed in the sixteenth century style, and is in solid gold. The cover rests on a slight cornice, and is surmounted by a slight figure 15 centimetres in height. In the centre of each of the four sides is the Cross of Savoy in mosaic; *i. e.*, the cross is formed of pearls on a red ground of rubies, encircled by a gold rim. Around these crests are various ornaments—eagles' heads, oak-leaves, and a ribbon with the letters F. F. E. R. T., to indicate the old knightly order of the Annunziata; above these helmets, crowns, and garlands, to denote the gradual progress of the House of Savoy from the year 1000 up to the present time. Between the medallions and the angles of the casket are 24 stars of lapis lazuli, set in a sort of running ribbon which twines round the casket, and in the midst of exquisite mosaic is studded with 352 pearls and 4 large emeralds; on the rounded corners are rosettes of gems, pearls, and diamonds, and 4 Oriental sapphires."

THRESHING WHEAT IN ITALY.

IT is almost incredible that the engraving on page 333, showing the mode of threshing wheat as practiced in Italy, is taken from a photograph of an actual scene in the year of grace 1868. Nevertheless such is the case, and at this date the wheat of all Italy is threshed in the primitive manner there indicated. Nothing we could say in words would so graphically describe the benighted condition of Italy, and, indeed, that of a great number of the European States under Catholic rule. The lack of enterprise and invention, as well as the lax morality and general ignorance of all Catholic countries of the Old World, can be readily traced to the prevailing religion and the blighting influence of the Roman Catholic priesthood.

THE MOST INTELLECTUAL CITY OF EUROPE.

KÖNIGSBERG—the Amber City—capital of Eastern Prussia—the city of contradictions—home of the Teutonic Knights and of the modern democrats—city of Father Fritz and of Immannel Kant—cradle of religious enterprise and of philosophical utilitarianism—scene of the coronation and of the Four Questions—fortress of the old Prussia and of the new Germany—is a city of peculiar situation and peculiar genius. The first fact about it to strike a stranger is its extraordinary isolation. An old saying puts the case that the Amber City should be to its people all in all, since it lies, not only out of Germany, but out of the world. "A good place for wolves," was Father Fritz's verdict on the royal and sacred city in which he had come to be crowned.

Königsberg has been called the Venice of the North—a name not only wide of the mark, but far wider from the mark than is usual in such comparisons. It is, in fact, absurd. Venice is a city of gold and marble, of domes, and palaces, and campaniles; a city which is warm in tone, and high in color; a city washed by the sea; a city glowing in a southern sun by day, and gleaming under southern stars by night. Königsberg lies in a realm of mist, through which, for half the year at least, neither sun nor star can pierce.

"Eight months of mud, four months of moths," was a neat description given of the climate of Ost Preussen by one who knew it only too well. The city stands on the banks of a stream—the Pregel—which soaks and slips into the place by two main channels, winding and widening into breadths and marshes of frozen sea. When it is not river it is pond. One-sixth of the whole city, within the walls, is water; the surface of which is covered with broken and floating ice for nearly half the year. Much snow comes down, and the warmer air from the Baltic melts this snow into slush. "In Königsberg," said a friendly native, "we have our seven winters. First we have rain and hail; then we have snow and mud; next we have sleet and slush; this brings us to our comfortable mid-winter, when the mercury sinks to forty degrees of frost; the country gets open, and we can sledge from the Lang Gasse to Pillau by the firm ice of the Frische Haf." In these bright days of winter-frost the city is seen at its best. The streets are free from mud, the quays are silent, and the ships are locked in ice. A layer of frozen snow lies thick on the ground, over which the sledges glide with their muffled drivers and their silvery bells. At night the stars come out—the faint and frosted stars of a northern zone. In their red light, as in that of the moon, the Gothic spires and towers of the city gain a touch of beauty; but the beauty is not that of the luminous and artistic city on the sea.

Königsberg is a city of bridges, water-ways, and ships; of narrow alleys and gabled fronts; but here again the resemblance ends. Every street has its own quaintness, every bridge its own story. Here a spire, and there a gable, makes a picture. In one place a narrow alley stops the way, and round the corner a broad expanse of water charms the eye. Now you have wharves and masts, anon you come suddenly on fountains and flower-beds. Open places abound with statues of Prussian sovereigns. Walls of enormous sweep, embattled with tower and bastion, surround the city. A third of the city within these walls is grass-field and garden. Those who are native to the province find it so pleasant and picturesque (as compared against the country round it surely is) that they do not fear to describe it to a stranger as a paradise on earth.

Beyond all question Königsberg is a city of much intellectual warmth. Perhaps it would hardly be flattery to say it is the most intellectual place in Europe, since it is the head-quarters of German learning. Every one here is more or less a scholar. The children of a brewer in Königsberg are better instructed than the children of a state-councilor in Berlin. In this city all the young people seem to be going to school; girls no less than boys. "In our new Germany," said a medical professor, "we shall put the girls in line with the boys; teach them the same things; let them work for the same degrees. Our young women are better grounded than their sisters in any part of Germany." Königsberg is full of institutions; learned institutions, official institutions, popular institutions. It has its university, three gymnasia (colleges); several high schools, many lower schools, both for boys and girls; and a great number of private schools; so many that there seem to be two or three schools in every street.

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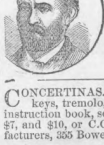
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Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: LA GRANGE, OHIO, January 14, 1868.

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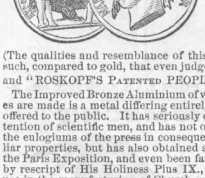
PARIS, 1867.



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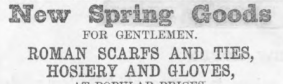

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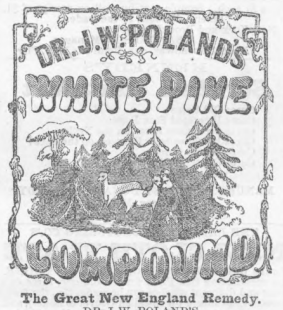

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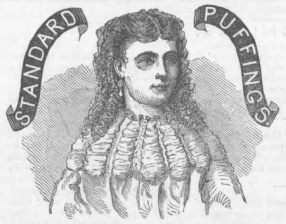

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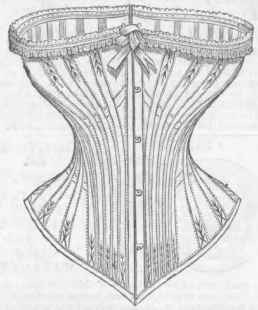

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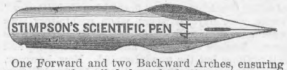

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

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COLUMBUS EXPLAINING HIS DISCOVERY OF AMERICA TO KING FERDINAND AND QUEEN ISABELLA.—DRAWN BY JOHN GILBERT.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

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CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

WE give on the preceding page an engraving from the pencil of the celebrated artist, JOHN GILBERT, of "COLUMBUS explaining his discovery of America to King FERDINAND and Queen ISABELLA of Spain." The story of COLUMBUS is, of course, familiar to all the readers of the *Weekly*, and any explanation of the picture is therefore unnecessary. The scene chosen by Mr. GILBERT for illustration is that famous one in history which took place at the palace of FERDINAND on the return of COLUMBUS after his first voyage, during which he displayed his charts and diagrams, and completely confounded the astronomers whom he had astonished by his views previous to sailing.

AN OLD SOLDIER'S OPINION.

I'm a plain old soldier who fought in the ranks,
One arm gone and this ugly scar;
With nothing except my country's thanks,
Not even a chevron or a bar;
Though I fought as well as most of 'em did,
Loaded, and fired with as true an aim:
But then, you see, the fact of it is,
We are not all of us born to fame.

An army of captains would hardly do,
With all to command and none to obey;
I'm proud of wearing the army blue—
Proud of it now to this very day.
Though the cruel war is over and done,
And I've laid aside my soldier-dress,
Trust in the truth of what I say,
My love for our cause is none the less.

Think you, of men who have fought and bled
On common ground that is dear to each,
Where foe with foe have lain stiff and dead,
That of itself should widen the breach?
My notion is, and I think I'm right,
There seldom was cause of quarrel yet,
Since the time of Noah, betwixt man and man,
That one or both of 'em couldn't forget.

I may be wrong; but that's not the point
With a little patience I'll soon get at:
My tongue, like the times, is out of joint,
And wags a little this way and that.
The point is this: now the country's saved,
Who is the man, of all, to-day,
Fitted the best to take the chair?
To put the thing in a plain, straight way.

We've many among us, good men and true,
Civilian and soldier, that I'll own;
But the fact is plain to both me and you,
There is always *one*, as the world has shown—
Always one more than all the rest;
Some model, you see, of the human race,
Moulded by Nature, the mother of all,
Fashioned and fitted for some high place.

There was Washington—take for example him;
And old Napoleon, the boast of France;
England's Wellington, stern and grim—
Men not made by a freak of chance.
But to come right down to the present day,
There's Grant; now tell me where can you find
A man for President fitter than he?
Or so it seems at least to my mind.

When the war had lasted for four long years,
With little hope of a speedy end,
And thousands of eyes were wet with tears
For the loss of husband, brother, or friend—
While the town of Richmond still held out,
Publishing wide our sore disgrace,
From the glorious West he took command,
And proved himself the man for the place.

Now that's the drift of my talk, do you see?
If I'm not quite clear it's my fault, that's all;
For every crisis there needs must be
One man, the right one, to answer the call.
Here we have him in Grant, as we had before,
And it's my opinion he can't well miss;
The people are for him, he's their choice,
So what better proof could there be than this?

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1868.

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PARTY TERRORISM.

A THOUSAND-FOLD more important to the welfare of this country and to human liberty than the removal of any President, for any offense whatever, is the conscientious discharge of duty by public men. Party-spirit, inflamed into ferocity, lost to reason and the moral sense, is the perpetual menace of free institutions. We are at this moment seeing it in its worst aspect. The point of national interest and concern has suddenly changed. It is not whether the President shall be removed—it is whether public men shall be honest.

Our history has given us the most fearful and memorable example of the perils of party-spirit in the career of the Democratic party, beginning with the claim of the rights of man, and ending in a desperate struggle to overthrow the best of governments for the purpose of perpetuating human slavery. The party behest was the only rule of action allowed, and the party order was issued by the most unscrupulous of party leaders. "I would vote," said one of the Democratic orators, "for the Devil himself if he were the regular nominee." The party drill was marvelous. The rule of the Democratic party became almost a tradition. There were those who really supposed that any effort to throw off its supremacy was hopeless. In 1856 Mr. SEWARD made a speech at Detroit, one of the few that he made during the FREMONT campaign, in which he showed in startling detail the absolute possession of every part of the Government by the Democratic party and its policy. Every little rural Northern and Western Post-office was an outpost of Slavery, which was then the Democratic party policy. Every Custom-house berth was a point of advantage for it. Every committee of both Houses of Congress was controlled by it. Unquestioning fidelity to it was the tenure of national office every where. All the patronage, and prestige, and habit of the Government were with the Democratic party and its policy. Men, it was reluctantly thought by many, must always as a mass be ignorant, and their moral sense must be torpid. Trade also is timid, and we are an enormously trading and prosperous people. Moreover, there are constitutional doubts and perplexities, and what on earth can you do with millions of foreign and degraded slaves? So the Democratic party and its policy of Slavery seemed to be as firmly fastened upon the country as the Old Man of the Sea upon Sinbad's shoulders.

But in 1848 the break had begun. Democrats of strong convictions grew restive under the party despotism. They would not be yoked to fetch and carry for slavery, and protested that they would not submit to a party rule that preferred docile acquiescence in the interested whims of certain leaders to honest independence of thought. These men left the party, and took with them its hereditary prestige. From that moment the party policy became even more violent, and unreasonable, and inhuman. The extreme Southern leaders prescribed a still more revolting course; and the party which, in 1856, was in supreme possession of the Government, in 1860 was thrown out of power, and for four years was engaged in a war of malignant hate upon the Government and its principles; the Southern wing in arms, and the Northern wing embarrassing in every way, as a party, the methods pursued by the Government for its salvation.

Any party which is so abandoned to party-spirit as to ostracize and slander those of its friends who honestly differ upon points of detail and method, while they sympathize with the great party aims, will necessarily fall to pieces. Parties undoubtedly are essential in a free Government. Unquestionably every man must make his choice between one or the other. But there are times when party-spirit is so fierce, and the character of party leaders so destructive of moral confidence, that a man can act heartily with neither. And when there are many men who feel so the formation of a new party is at hand.

It is a profound and perilous mistake, made by many citizens, that they must support their party under all circumstances lest the party should lose ground and be defeated. A defeat is often the best possible event that can occur. For we must remember that under our system we are in the hands of certain party managers who presume, upon the theory that the party nominations will be supported in any case, to nominate bad and unworthy men. Now, no Government is safe, liberty is not safe, nothing is safe, in the hands of bad and unworthy men. And the only way in which the party managers can learn that truth, and understand that honest men will not vote for dishonest men, is to suffer the dishonest men of our own party to be beaten. And what is true of honesty is true of policy. An unwise policy must be criticised in the same way. Otherwise certain party leaders will dictate their crude, or furious, or corrupt will as the party policy, and depend upon whipping in the voters by slander, denunciation, and vituperation.

Of course it is often difficult to say what really is the party policy, because there is no universally recognized supreme party authority. It is generally held in this country that the platform of a national convention is the standard of party faith. But between the assembly of such conventions there is generally some legislative policy which is accepted as a party measure. Such, for instance, were the Civil Rights Bill and the Reconstruction Bill. But whatever the authority may be the tone of the party can be maintained only by the individual independence of the members. For then only such measures as are sure to command the assent of the whole are likely to be proposed, and only such men as are honest and capable to be nominated. It was said of the old Whig party that it could not count upon its own members in a pinch, and that it had no daring. This was merely to say that it was partly composed of men who valued conscience and country more than party. You could *not* count upon such men if the Devil were the regular nominee, and party managers did *not* dare to propose what might be repugnant to many partisans. In a certain way the charge of timidity was true. The Whigs did not dare to adopt a strong anti-slavery policy, and went to pieces. But the Democrats did dare to adopt a strong slavery policy, and were equally destroyed. Mere daring is cheap. The important point is not to dare to do, but to dare to do right.

This country is now undergoing one of its severest trials in the effort to crush the individual conscience by party terrorism. But as we show elsewhere there are enough sagacious and influential members of the party to protest against so fatal a course, and to prevent the party of liberty from destroying by general consent the most sacred and essential rights of free citizens of a free nation.

THE DECISION.

THE vote upon the eleventh article shows that the President will be acquitted. The adjournment until after the Chicago Convention was doubtless for the purpose of obtaining a solemn demand of conviction from the authorized representatives of the party throughout the country assembled in Chicago. If this were the purpose, it seems to us most unwise.

Suppose it to be successful. Suppose the Chicago Convention to insinuate, with the *Tribune*, that the Republican Senators who vote according to their convictions are infamous scoundrels who have been bought with money; or with the Philadelphia "boys in blue," to resolve that "JAMES W. GRIMES, WILLIAM P. FESSENDEN, and LYMAN TRUMBULL, purporting to represent the loyal people of the United States, as well as Iowa, Maine, and Illinois, prompted by malice, jealousy, disappointment, and perhaps baser motives which we blush to name, have conspired together to place the Government, which we have saved from her armed foes, absolutely in control of its rebel enemies: that such a crime is far more heinous than the surrender of an outpost to the enemy, and no punishment would express our utter detestation of the three recreants who are to-day branded with an infamous notoriety: and that it is far better to have died, as Senator HOWARD was willing to do, rich in the esteem of his countrymen than to live a degraded outcast and friendless like JAMES W. GRIMES, WILLIAM P. FESSENDEN, and LYMAN TRUMBULL." Suppose this kind of resolution adopted by the Chicago Convention and sent to each Republican Senator. Suppose that thereupon Senators GRIMES, TRUMBULL, FESSENDEN, ROSS, HENDERSON, VAN WINKLE, and FOWLER vote for conviction upon every article, and the President consequently to be removed. Would the decision have any moral force? Would the Republican Party have strengthened itself? Would the Senators mentioned be more worthy of respect, or would they be more respected than they are now? Would not such a decision justly excite the derision of the world and the contempt of history?

Or suppose that, refusing to perjure themselves directly, these Senators resign and withdraw, thus securing the conviction of the President, what is that but a shrinking from duty which is really indirect perjury? They have sworn to do a certain duty conscientiously, and they recoil from it because of intimidation, and recoil in a manner which, by their action, procures a result that they believe to be contrary to law and subversive of justice. Can they escape their own condemnation or hope to elude that of those who look to them to stand fast at all costs for the moral freedom of the Senate, and for judicial integrity?

We observe that Ex-Governor ISRAEL WASHBURNE, of Maine, at a meeting in Portland, in speaking of Mr. FESSENDEN, asked—with perfect courtesy, however—whether it might not be possible that one man was wrong and seventy-five thousand men right? Surely Mr. WASHBURNE upon reflection will see that he has not fairly stated the situation. Is Mr. FESSENDEN the mouth-piece of seventy-five thousand men of Maine, or is he a sworn judge in a particular case? Is he merely in this matter a representative of the men of Maine who are hostile to the President, or is he a representative of the State under oath to do justice according to the evidence? Does not Mr. WASHBURNE see that when we resolved to resort to impeachment we renounced the removal of the President as a political or party measure, and aimed to accomplish it by judicial methods? We engaged ourselves in honor to abide by those methods; and if, fearing their failure, we attempt to coerce the court, we degrade our cause and rob our success of all its meaning.

The Chicago Convention will have adjourned when this paper is issued. The pressure upon it will be enormous to put the party in a false position. But we believe that there will be good men enough among its members to reflect that some victories cost too dear. A verdict extorted by a pistol held at the head of the judge is not very valuable. Should this truth be forgotten in the heat of the crisis, should the counsel of passionate rather than of sensible men prevail, and the Convention pass a resolution of censure upon the Republican Senators who are unable to believe that Mr. STANTON stands within the Tenure-of-Office Act, we shall regard it as the expression of a momentary frenzy which the delegates themselves will some day most profoundly regret, and which will not be justified by the feeling of the most truly intelligent and earnest Republicans.

But the duty of the Senators, with whom we indeed differ, will be only the plainer. They must follow their sincere convictions, conscious that in so doing they maintain the only permanent principle of a free government; and their task will be the more difficult because they will maintain it against the cry of the party which is its natural protector.

THE OATH AND THE EVIDENCE.

DURING the unparalleled excitement over the result of the Impeachment it has been asserted that true statesmanship requires the removal of the President, and that true statesmen would not go mousing about to see exactly what their oaths demand. Impeachment, it is said, and the word is used as meaning conviction and removal, is not only statesmanship but justice and peace. So it is, if it be lawfully accomplished, not otherwise. The assertion as made assumes one thing, that when a President is obnoxious to the party in power and it can control a vote of two-thirds, he should be removed. This may be advisable. The liberties of the citizen may be as secure under such a system as they are under ours. But that is not the question. It is *not* our system, and it can not be made so without the destruction of the peculiar safeguards which make in great measure the excellence of our system.

We have been earnest advocates of Impeachment. It seems to us that the President has deliberately violated the law, and under the circumstances it is clear to us that no good intention can be inferred. The precedent of his offense is perilous, and we think that the necessary facts are established that the President has committed the offense which the Constitution contemplates in providing for impeachment, and that he ought therefore to be removed.

But we are not the official judges—our party is not the judge—and still less are the official accusers the judges. The Constitution provides the judges, and they take an especial oath. But they do not sit as judges upon the President's political career. Their oath expressly forbids them to do that by binding them to render a judgment according to the evidence offered upon specific charges. If those charges are loosely drawn, if they are not sound in law, if they are unsupported by evidence, it is the accusers not the judges who are responsible. If the accusers have been too eager, if they have taken counsel of passion instead of reason, it is they, not the judges, who have been in error.

That ANDREW JOHNSON has betrayed the party that elected him, that he has lamentably perplexed and delayed reconstruction, that he is virtually in alliance with those who hope to defeat the legitimate consequences of the war, and is, therefore, an enemy of peace and the Union, we have never doubted, and have always steadily maintained. But the intelligence of the Republican party, although acknowledging all this, yet held that impeachment upon the general fact of his delaying and perplexing reconstruction was inexpedient. The House of Representatives, by an immense Republican majority, ratified this view. But when the President attempted the removal of Mr. STANTON it was felt that he had now committed such an act as would justify the solemnity of Impeachment, and the same House, by a unanimous vote of the party, impeached.

But why did they wait until this particular action? Because they knew that there was but one constitutional method of removing the President, and that was by a judicial investigation of specific charges to be supported by evidence; the Managers, upon the part of the House, being the prosecuting counsel; the President's lawyers, the defense; and the Senate, with the Chief Justice presiding, "sitting" "to try" the impeachment. It is not the Senate, as a legislative or political body, that so sits, but the Senate as a court or judicial body specially sworn to decide upon certain charges according to the evidence: not according to "statesmanship," not according to its conviction of the general offenses of the President, not according to its view of party exigencies or of political necessities, but according to the evidence. If, in the judgment of the Senators, the evidence be insufficient, if the specific charges are not honestly proved, they are bound by every consideration of justice and honor and the public peace to render a verdict accordingly. If they should decide that although the evidence, according to which they were sworn to judge, was insufficient, yet that they would find the President guilty because he was bad enough to have done what was charged, they would be guilty of the plainest perjury, and every public trust would be just as much imperiled in their hands as in those of the President, whom they would convict against their oaths.

The theory that impeachment or conviction is statesmanship, justice, and peace, assumes that perjury is a virtue. The removal of the President may, indeed, be justice and peace, but his removal by unjust means is not justice, and his exclusion by a false verdict is not peace. A Senator who is sworn to find according to the evidence, but who disregards the evidence and convicts upon a general dissatisfaction with the President, renders a false verdict, and removes him by unjust means; and if he yields to the clamor of his party, and deliberately prostitutes his sincere conviction to popular dictation, he not only fatally disgraces himself, and demoralizes the public conscience, but he betrays civilization.

If the Constitution meant that a two-thirds vote of the Senate should remove the President, it would say so. But when it provides that he shall be removed only after proper trial

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and the presentation of evidence upon distinct charges against which he may defend himself, it forbids his removal in any other manner whatever. The moment, therefore, that party coercion of the Senate is attempted, every man who believes that our system is in nothing wiser than in this very point, will resist the attempt to overthrow it. The process of Impeachment is a foolish and cumbrous farce if the Senate may remove the President without proved charges; and if it can not, although party threats and the vilest vituperation may ruin a Senator politically, and may even kill him by the mental struggle to which they subject him, yet they can not make the evidence more conclusive, and they can not absolve him from his oath to decide according to the evidence alone.

POLITICS AND STOCK SPECULATIONS.

MOST brokers and stock-jobbers have promised themselves an unusual amount of business the coming season, to grow out of fluctuations in the market occasioned by the excitement of the Presidential canvass and other disturbing causes. They allotted upon the decision of the High Court of Impeachment to create no little speculative activity; and they now turn their eyes anxiously toward the Republican Convention at Chicago, to catch, if possible, some inkling of the results to follow its deliberations. All the vital questions of finance and political economy depend so nearly upon the decisions of that august representative body that they can not remain unaffected by its action. Then there is some anxiety to know what course President JOHNSON will pursue—whether his administration, during the brief remainder of his term, will be more in accord with the common sentiment of Congress and the country, or whether he will venture to provoke new issues, to the great public detriment; whether he will retain his present Cabinet, or appoint new, reliable, and more acceptable advisers, in whom all parties may have confidence.

Besides these queries, which naturally occupy the minds of those whose pockets are especially sensitive to disturbing influences, there are minor questions which are equally potent to affect the gold and stock markets. It is important to know whether or not Secretary M'CULLOCH is to have a successor, and whether his policy is to be changed; whether or not there is to be any further inflation of the currency or extraordinary sales of gold; what is to result from the caprice of the two mighty Railroad Kings who have combined their forces and now hold powerful sway on 'Change; what the cliques are to do who are holding stocks at inordinate and fictitious prices; what, in a word, is to come of the thousand and one supposable cases that may happen in the course of the summer to turn the price of gold, or direct the golden tide that alternately flows from purse to purse.

We don't think the mercantile world is as nervous upon these points as the brokers are. Hitherto, general trade has not been greatly interfered with by the quarrel between Congress and the President, nor by the suspense in regard to the result of the impeachment trial. The summer season is always dull, and the one approaching will not differ materially from its predecessors. Experiment has taught us not to gather too much alarm from the threatening attitude of mere politicians. We are not to apprehend war on the Fisheries question, nor repudiation, nor factious strife, nor any of those evils which are so often presaged by political birds of illomen. There must arise causes less superficial than now appear if we are to suffer serious calamity. The banks are in position of tolerable strength; and the money-market is comparatively easy, with the prospect of greater ease before the middle of summer. Nor do we think that the brokers and stock speculators are to reap any richer harvests than the mercantile community. They may succeed in making enough money to buy a square meal daily, which is as much as they have done for three years, save when the spirits of DREW or VANDERBILT came down in pity to stir up the "pools" around which the halt and the maimed continually hover. But their chances for realizing large profits are very doubtful. Their calculations failed on the impeachment question, and will probably do so in other instances.

It is true that the acquittal of President JOHNSON has created a profound sensation both at home and abroad; but its effect has been rather to quiet the country than disturb it. It appears to have been accepted with favor by all parties except the extreme Radicals. What the country needs is rest and peace. It is better to allay strife than to unnecessarily create grounds for strife. We wish to be relieved of this long-continued and unbearable suspense. We wish to see such a platform adopted at Chicago as will put at rest forever the vexed questions of suffrage, tariff, repudiation, reconstruction, and the rest. We wish to see some definite policy adopted, upon which all loyal and conservative men can harmoniously unite—something looking more to the best interests of the country than those of mere party. If such a platform could be drawn up, it would not only elect the Republican candidate by a large majority, but insure a return of prosperity and business activity, with large profits not only to the brokers of Wall Street but to all departments of trade and commerce. As for merely speculative gains, which grow out of popular mistrust and general derangement, we hope and believe that the day for them has passed. If peace will only spread her wings over the land, we care not how many stock-gamblers cry out with the vexation of disappointment.

PARTY GOOD SENSE.

WE are very glad to record that there are many of the most influential of the Republican journals which refused to join in the effort at partisan dictation of the verdict in the Impeachment trial.

The Providence *Journal*, speaking for the Rhode Island Senators, said, "They will alike scorn with indignation the base imputation implied in the telegram quoted above [General SCHENCK'S] that they are capable of prostituting the 'impartial justice' to which they are solemnly pledged, under any amount of pressure from 'resolutions, letters, and delegations.'"

The Chicago *Tribune* declared with perfect truth: "A party can always afford to take the consequences of the conscientious performance of a judicial duty."

The Boston *Advertiser* said of Mr. FESSENDEN: "We are bound to concede his right to judge for himself, and to respect his exercise of the right."

The Hartford *Courant*, edited by Ex-Governor HAWLEY, one of the truest of Republicans, said: "When such lawyers, men of honor, and sound Republicans as TRUMBULL and FESSENDEN, pronounce against the articles as they are drafted, and under a law whose construction admits of doubt, we are not going to join in denouncing them as apostates and traitors."

The Chicago *Post* remarks: "The effect of his impeachment and deposal, if secured by partisan effort, would be a graver calamity than any that he can inflict. No man can calculate the consequences of such a blow at the permanence of our institutions."

The Bridgeport (Connecticut) *Standard* says: "Not only are we prepared to receive with entire equanimity that verdict whatever it may be, but we trust that when it is recorded, for the instruction and guidance of the nation in future years, the record may be an everlasting witness that full and impartial justice has been done."

The Cincinnati *Commercial* also very truly remarks: "The Republican party is strong; but it can not afford to drive out as traitors all who disagree with the opinions that are most noisily expressed by the most excitable of its members."

It is a matter of congratulation also, that the Union League Club of New York again exposed themselves to the peril of public denunciation by Mr. GREELEY as "blockheads and dunces," by refusing to pass resolutions stigmatizing eminent Republican Senators as Benedict Arnolds and Judas Iscariots because they faithfully observed their oath as judges. The President, JOHN JAY, in a speech admirable for its wisdom and temper and very pregnant allusion, remarked that "those, who, during the thirty years' anti-Slavery struggle, have contended with MILTON for 'the right to know, to utter, and to argue freely above all liberties,' are not likely to deny to others, especially when acting under the sanction of an oath, an equal freedom."

These are all indications that the sober sense of the party condemns not only as a flagrant offense against common decency, but as a serious blunder in party tactics, such attempts as that of General SCHENCK'S telegram of the New York *Tribune*, and of Mr. CHARLES S. SPENCER'S resolutions to overawe the Senate of the United States in the discharge of a judicial duty.

RESTORATION.

BY a vote of 108 yeas to 35 nays the House of Representatives has admitted the States of North and South Carolina, Louisiana, Georgia, and Alabama, to representation in Congress, upon condition that their Legislatures ratify the fourteenth amendment to the Constitution, and that there shall never be any discrimination in the right of voting in those States against any citizen or class of citizens of the United States. The representatives are to be admitted whenever the President shall proclaim the adoption of the amendment by the State Legislatures, and it is made his duty to do it within ten days after receiving official information of the fact. There was a motion to except Alabama from this bill upon the ground that she had not conformed to the act of March 2, 1867, as the preamble states. But the motion was defeated, and although the Constitution of Alabama has not received a vote of a majority of the registered voters, it is now the fundamental law of the State. The requirement of such a majority was undoubtedly a mistake. But it was nevertheless a condition of the law, and to declare that it has been observed is no less a mistake. It is an unnecessary untruth.

With that exception there is no doubt that the Constitutions of the States in question are more truly Republican, and are adopted by a more general consent of the people, than any Constitutions these States have ever had. They are not widely different, as we have heretofore shown, from the Constitutions of most of the States; and with resolute determination the people of the lately disorganized part of the country may rapidly establish their prosperity. The main condition of this result must be their conviction that the principle of reconstruction is settled, and that the whole subject is not to be reopened. Nor can any thing secure this conviction so surely as the election of General GRANT by an overwhelming majority. Just as the re-election of LINCOLN in 1864 was the condition of a real peace, so is the election of GRANT in 1868. Had the Democrats been able to carry the country four years ago, the national disaster would have been unspeakable. Could they succeed now, the calamity would be immeasurable. All the elements of hostility to the Union, to equal rights, to the national honor; all the instincts of ignorance, of the hatred of race, and of class privilege, are combined under the name of Democracy. The candidate of the Tammany Convention of 1868 will bear the standard of a most perilous reaction.

If we would enable the States, that after their desperate effort to destroy us all are now restored to the Union, to become safe and thrifty members of the family, we must show them by the triumphant election of GRANT that we, not they, have prevailed, and that their "cause" is not only a lost, but a hopelessly lost cause.

MURDER IN A MASK.

WE have so seldom of late found occasion to praise the actions of the Secretary of State that we observe with peculiar pleasure that he has asked the recall of the two attachés of the Foreign Legation who were concerned in the duel with Mr. LAWRENCE, the Minister of the United States to Costa Rica; and we understand that he has also signified to that gentleman that his resignation would be promptly accepted. It is quite time that the Government should express in its special action the better feeling in regard to the barbarism of dueling. The custom has lingered in this country under the shade of the peculiar views of social honor that sprang from the system of slavery. But the essential atrocity of the practice removes it, in the light of our intelligence and civilization, very little from murder. The possible advantage of a system of summary and possibly mortal punishment for an unbridled tongue is more than overborne by the folly of a system which gives the worst of men the right of calling the best to an ordeal which determines nothing but skill in the use of deadly weapons.

It is shameful that this practice has not long ago wholly disappeared before the universal reprobation of intelligent and sensible men; and that the foolish youth who are inclined to resort to it as a settlement of quarrels have not been expelled from honorable society. Pray, if it be disgraceful to cheat at cards, why is it not disgraceful for a man who is a good shot to tweak the nose of one who is not, knowing that a duel will result? Why should a scoundrel who is a sure shot be allowed to give the lie at his pleasure to one who is not? Yet the practice of dueling gives him that immunity. It is a practice which prevails most among men of the least true honor, and one to which, if intelligent men condescend, they feel it necessary to explain and defend their conduct. It is very properly made a penal offense by modern civilized law, and in requiring the resignation of an officer of the Government who has violated the law, although not in a manner to subject him to legal penalties, the Secretary of State pays a proper tribute to the good sense and moral sentiment of the country.

POLITE LETTERS.

TWO or three weeks since, when the *World* was lecturing the *Tribune* upon the courtesy of the press, we quoted from the *World* its Washington correspondent's personal description of General BUTLER as an illustration of the practice of a paper that preached so loudly. But truth compels us to say that the *Tribune's* Washington correspondent has surpassed that of the *World* in his own direction. In speaking of the appearance of the Senate upon the day after the postponement, the correspondent says:

"TRUMBULL, FESSENDEN, and GRIMES, 'poor GRIMES!' were more conspicuous than ever before. The infamous notoriety which they had obtained made every stranger ask to have them pointed out to him. They sat alone in their seats. Nobody who had the least regard for his reputation ventured near them. Can one touch pitch and not be defiled? seemed to be the unanimous sentiment. GRIMES curled himself up on his seat, as mean, repulsive, and noxious as a hedgehog in the cage of a traveling menagerie; and so they sat, the target of scoffs, while five hundred lorgnettes were scanning their faces for some indication in their facial lines of the deep, dark treachery of their hearts. TRUMBULL smiled. How different his look from that of the light, fresh boy—his son it may be—whom he caressed. FESSENDEN busied himself with his correspondence. Indignant New Englanders asked, What has New England done that she should have such a representative?"

Nothing could be more disgraceful to the character of the press, and nothing, therefore, more fatal to its influence than the manner in which the *World* has recently spoken of General BUTLER and the *Tribune* of the Republican Senators who would not violate their oath. No newspaper deserves to have influence, and among honorable men it will not have it, which personally maligns its political opponents. Sarcasm and ridicule are legitimate weapons. But charges of corruption are not sarcasm, and personal caricature in a grave political debate merely makes him who stoops to it contemptible.

DOMESTIC RESERVE.

"THERE should be no secrets between man and wife" may be a good general law, but, like many laws, it admits of exceptions. There is a great deal of daily household occurrence which wives who desire—and what good wives do not?—to promote the comfort of their husbands should keep to themselves.

Fagged with the day's work in the bank, the counting-house, the law-office, and the shop, the husband returns to his boiled mutton and turnips, and expects, as he requires, refreshment for body and mind. It is accordingly no little disappointment to him, on turning the latch-key and entering the hall, to meet a sobbing wife, and hear her lugubriously exclaiming, "Oh! my dear! what d'ye think, BRIDGET has dropped the china sugar-bowl," or "MARY, the cook, has burnt a hole in the sauce-pan," or "ANNE ELIZA, the little wretch, has spilled the ink all over her best dress," or "BOBBY has burst his trowsers," or "Baby, the darling, was choked until he was black in the face while supping his pap." These more or less inevitable mischances of every household are not beyond the philosophy of any ordinary wife to bear and her capacity to remedy. Mrs. SMITH can not, it might be supposed, require the sympathy of Mr. SMITH to assuage her grief for the rupture of BOBBY'S trowsers, or his aid or advice in applying the necessary patch. Why then torment him with a lugubrious recital of the details of the occurrence? He is irritable, perhaps, as most fatigued and hungry men, and women too, are during that most trying half hour before dinner, and wishing a thousand times Mrs. SMITH'S mournful communications to the ——, finally says so. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ*, thence that sputtering and crying, with all other incidents of the usual "domestic scene." Mr. S. faced by Mrs. S. in a perpetual pet, of course loses all appetite for the mutton and turnips, and next day makes sure of a dinner by taking it at DELMONICO'S, and don't come home till morning. This soon becomes a habit, and Mrs. S. has at last a real cause for sorrow, about which, however, she is apt to be less communicative. The happiness of a household has often been thus destroyed. It is some frivolous thing which in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred is the original cause of domestic anarchy. It would be well for wives to use a little more reserve, and keep the petty annoyances of their homes to themselves. It will be said, of course, that husbands should not be worried by such trifles. Granted; but they are. Until they become wiser the fact will remain, and be worthy of serious consideration.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

THE HOUSE, on May 14, by a vote of 108 yeas to 35 nays, passed the bill to admit the States of North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Louisiana. This and the bill to admit Arkansas are now before the Senate.

NEWS ITEMS.

Mr. Peter Cooper and others are organizing a society for the purpose of devising and executing means to elevate and protect the Indians of the United States and Territories.

Mr. Henry Bergh has been lecturing in favor of horse-flesh as food. The Farmer's Club, before whom the lecture was made, while recognizing the old adage, "Every one to his taste," tabled a resolution recommending its use on the table of the Club.

The Mississippi Constitution is to be voted on on June 23.

Preparations are busily making for the laying of another telegraph cable between Havana and Key West. The United States steamer *Gettysburg* is now engaged in sounding for a cable to connect Panama with the United States.

FOREIGN NEWS.

QUEEN VICTORIA says she is willing to give up her interest in the Irish Church.

China is not the only Empire which is giving way to the influence of European and American civilization. In opening the Turkish Council of State on May 11 the Sultan said that the time had come when Turkish manners and customs must yield before and conform to European civilization.

We are likely to have trouble with Hayti. President Salnave has escaped from Cape Haytien and arrived in Port au Prince. He used violent threats to the American and other foreign Consuls, and many Americans were shot at and robbed, being finally compelled to seek shelter at the American Consulate. Some of the citizens were arrested and ordered to be shot. The American Consul sent to Havana for an American man-of-war and to Jamaica for a British war vessel. The steam gun-boat *Phœbe*, belonging to the British Government, immediately sailed from Jamaica to his assistance. The revolution had spread all over the country, nearly the whole of which is now in arms against Salnave.

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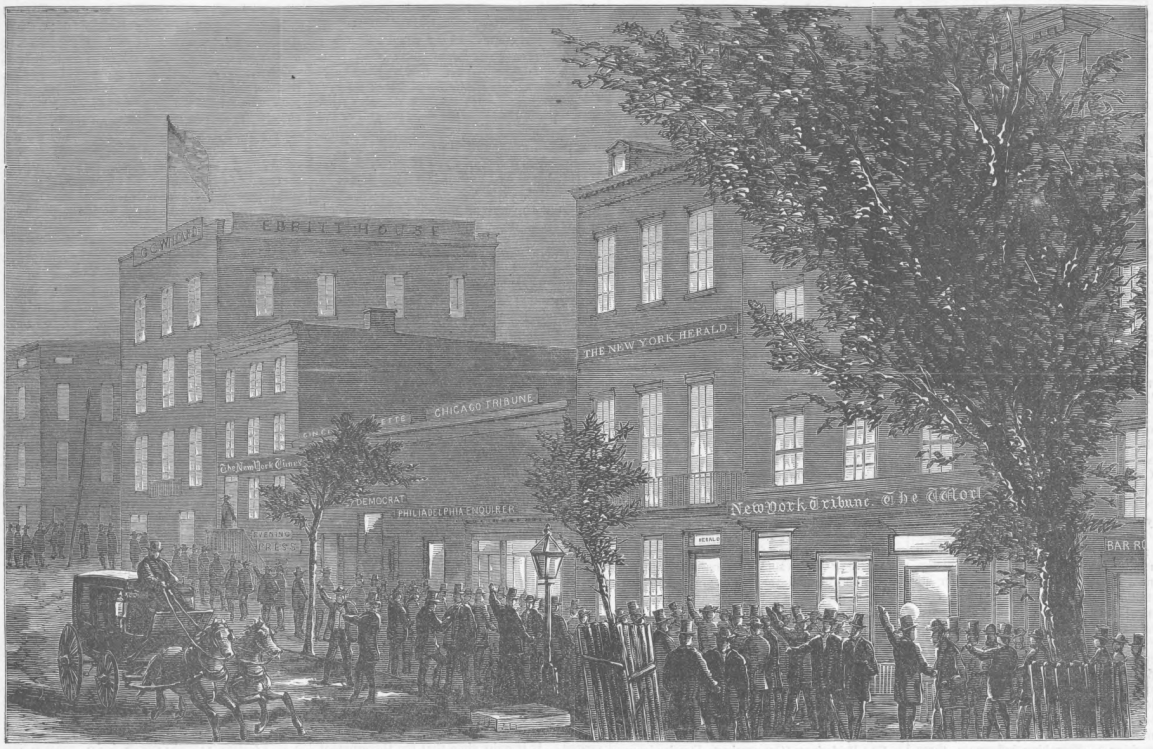
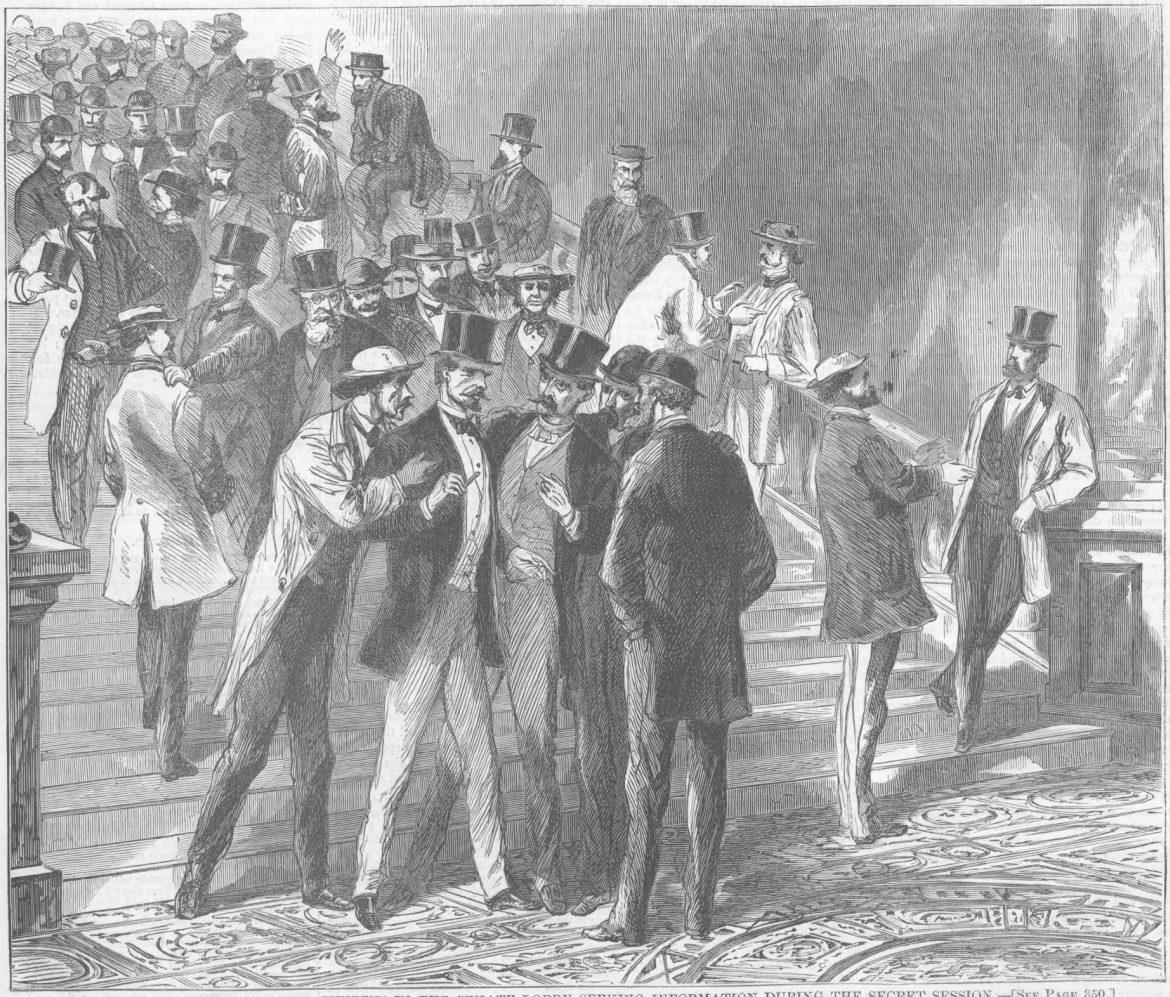


IMPEACHMENT—SCENE IN "NEWSPAPER ROW," WASHINGTON, ON THE NIGHT AFTER THE VOTE.—SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 350.]



IMPEACHMENT—REPORTERS AND CITIZENS IN THE SENATE LOBBY SEEKING INFORMATION DURING THE SECRET SESSION.—[SEE PAGE 350.]

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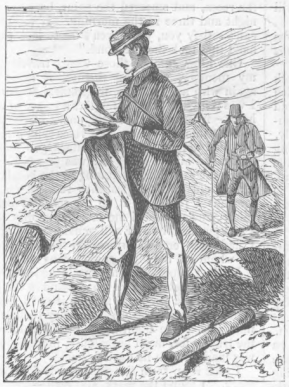
THE MOONSTONE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

Printed from the Author's Manuscript.

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.



CHAPTER II.

"BETTEREDGE!" I said, pointing to the well-remembered book on his knee, "has Robinson Crusoe informed you, this evening, that you might expect to see Franklin Blake?"

"By the lord Harry, Mr. Franklin!" cried the old man, "that's exactly what Robinson Crusoe has done!"

He struggled to his feet with my assistance and stood for a moment, looking backward and forward between Robinson Crusoe and me, apparently at a loss to discover which of us had surprised him most. The verdict ended in favor of the book. Holding it open before him in both hands, he surveyed the wonderful volume with a stare of unutterable anticipation—as if he expected to see Robinson Crusoe himself walk out of the pages and favor us with a personal interview.

"Here's the bit, Mr. Franklin!" he said, as soon as he had recovered the use of his speech. "As I live by bread, Sir, here's the bit I was reading the moment before you came in! Page one hundred and fifty-six as follows:—'I stood like one Thunder-struck, or as if I had seen an Apparition.' If that isn't as much as to say: 'Expect the sudden appearance of Mr. Franklin Blake'—there's no meaning in the English language!" said Betteredge, closing the book with a bang, and getting one of his hands free at last to take the hand which I offered him.

I had expected him, naturally enough under the circumstances, to overwhelm me with questions. But no—the hospitable impulse was the uppermost impulse in the old servant's mind, when a member of the family appeared (no matter how!) as a visitor at the house.

"Walk in, Mr. Franklin," he said, opening the door behind him, with his quaint old-fashioned bow. "I'll ask what brings you here afterward—I must make you comfortable first. There have been sad changes since you went away. The house is shut up, and the servants are gone. Never mind that! I'll cook your dinner; and the gardener's wife will make your bed—and if there's a bottle of our famous Latour claret left in the cellar, down your throat, Mr. Franklin, that bottle shall go. I bid you welcome, Sir! I bid you heartily welcome!" said the poor old fellow, fighting manfully against the gloom of the deserted house, and receiving me with the sociable and courteous attention of the by-gone time.

It vexed me to disappoint him. But the house was Rachel's house now. Could I eat in it or sleep in it after what had happened in London? The commonest sense of self-respect forbade me—properly forbade me—to cross the threshold.

I took Betteredge by the arm and led him out into the garden. There was no help for it. I was obliged to tell him the truth. Between his attachment to Rachel and his attachment to me he was sorely puzzled and distressed at the turn that things had taken. His opinion, when he expressed it, was given in his usual downright manner, and was agreeably redolent of the most positive philosophy I know—the philosophy of the Betteredge school.

"Miss Rachel has her faults—I've never denied it," he began. "And riding the high horse, now and then, is one of them. She has been trying to ride over *you*—and you have put up with it. Lord, Mr. Franklin, don't you know women by this time better than that? You have heard me talk of the late Mrs. Betteredge?"

I had heard him talk of the late Mrs. Betteredge pretty often—invariably producing her as his one undeniable example of the inbred frailty and perversity of the other sex. In that capacity he exhibited her now.

"Very well, Mr. Franklin. Now listen to me. Different women have different ways of riding the high horse. The late Mrs. Betteredge took her exercise on that favorite female animal whenever I happened to deny her any thing that she had set her heart on. So sure as I came home from my work on these occasions, so sure was my wife to call to me up the kitchen stairs, and to say that, after my brutal treatment of her, she hadn't the heart to cook me my dinner. I put up with it for some time—just as you are putting up with it now from Miss Rachel. At last my patience wore out. I went down stairs, and I took Mrs. Betteredge—affectionately, you understand—up in my arms, and carried her, holus-bolus, into the best parlor, where she received her company. I said, 'That's the right place for you, my dear,' and so went back to the kitchen. I locked myself in, and took off my coat, and turned up my shirt-sleeves, and cooked my own dinner. When it was done I served it up in my best manner, and enjoyed it most heartily. I had my pipe and my drop of grog afterward; and then I cleared the table, and washed the crockery, and cleaned the knives and forks, and put the things away, and swept up the hearth. When things were as bright and clean again, as bright and clean could be, I opened the door and let Mrs. Betteredge in. 'I've had my dinner, my dear,' I said; 'and I hope you will find I have left the kitchen all that your fondest wishes can desire.' For the rest of that woman's life, Mr. Franklin, I never had to cook my dinner again! Moral: You have put up with Miss Rachel in London; don't put up with her in Yorkshire. Come back to the house."

Quite unanswerable! I could only assure my good friend that even *his* powers of persuasion were, in this case, thrown away on me.

"It's a lovely evening," I said. "I shall walk to Frizinghall, and stay at the hotel, and you must come to-morrow morning and breakfast with me. I have something to say to you."

Betteredge shook his head gravely.

"I'm heartily sorry for this," he said. "I had hoped, Mr. Franklin, to hear that things were all smooth and pleasant again between you and Miss Rachel. If you must have your own way, Sir," he continued, after a moment's reflection, "there is no need to go to Frizinghall to-night for a bed. It's to be had nearer than that. There's Hotherstone's Farm, barely two miles from here. You can hardly object to *that* on Miss Rachel's account," the old man added, slyly. "Hotherstone lives, Mr. Franklin, on his own freehold."

I remembered the place the moment Betteredge mentioned it. The farm-house stood in a sheltered inland valley, on the banks of the prettiest stream in that part of Yorkshire; and the farmer had a spare bedroom and parlor, which he was accustomed to let to artists, anglers, and tourists in general. A more agreeable place of abode, during my stay in the neighborhood, I could not have wished to find.

"Are the rooms to let?" I inquired.

"Mrs. Hotherstone herself, Sir, asked for my good word to recommend the rooms yesterday."

"I'll take them, Betteredge, with the greatest pleasure."

We went back to the yard, in which I had left my traveling bag. After putting a stick through the handle and swinging the bag over his shoulder Betteredge appeared to relapse into the bewilderment which my sudden appearance had caused, when I surprised him in the bee-hive chair. He looked incredulously at the house, and then he wheeled about, and looked more incredulously still at me.

"I've lived a goodish long time in the world," said this best and dearest of all old servants—"but the like of this I never did expect to see. There stands the house, and here stands Mr. Franklin Blake—and, Damme, if one of them isn't turning his back on the other, and going to sleep in a lodging!"

He led the way out, wagging his head and growling ominously. "There's only one more miracle that *can* happen," he said to me, over his shoulder. "The next thing you'll do, Mr. Franklin, will be to pay me back that seven-and-sixpence you borrowed of me when you were a boy."

This stroke of sarcasm put him in a better humor with himself and with me. We left the house, and passed through the lodge gates. Once clear of the grounds, the duties of hospitality (in Betteredge's code of morals) ceased, and the privileges of curiosity began.

He dropped back, so as to let me get on a level with him. "Fine evening for a walk, Mr. Franklin," he said, as if we had just accidentally encountered each other at that moment. "Supposing you had gone to the hotel at Frizinghall, Sir?"

"Yes?"

"I should have had the honor of breakfasting with you to-morrow morning."

"Come and breakfast with me at Hotherstone's Farm, instead."

"Much obliged to you for your kindness, Mr. Franklin. But it wasn't exactly breakfast that I was driving at. I think you mentioned that you had something to say to me? If it's no secret, Sir," said Betteredge, suddenly abandoning the crooked way, and taking the straight one, "I'm burning to know what's brought you down here, if you please, in this sudden way."

"What brought me here before?" I asked.

"The Moonstone, Mr. Franklin. But what brings you now, Sir?"

"The Moonstone again, Betteredge."

The old man suddenly stood still, and looked at me in the gray twilight as if he suspected his own ears of deceiving him.

"If that's a joke, Sir," he said, "I'm afraid I'm getting a little dull in my old age. I don't take it."

"It's no joke," I answered. "I have come here to take up the inquiry which was dropped when I left England. I have come here to do what nobody has done yet—to find out who took the Diamond."

"Let the Diamond be, Mr. Franklin! Take my advice, and let the Diamond be! That cursed Indian jewel has misguided every body who has come near it. Don't waste your money and your temper—in the fine spring-time of your life, Sir—by meddling with the Moonstone. How can *you* hope to succeed (saving your presence), when Sergeant Cuff himself made a mess of it? Sergeant Cuff!" repeated Betteredge, shaking his forefinger at me sternly. "The greatest police-man in England!"

"My mind is made up, my old friend. Even Sergeant Cuff doesn't daunt me.—By-the-by, I may want to speak to him, sooner or later. Have you heard any thing of him lately?"

"The Sergeant won't help you, Mr. Franklin."

"Why not?"

"There has been an event, Sir, in the police-circles, since you went away. The great Cuff has retired from business. He has got a little cottage at Dorking; and he's up to his eyes in the growing of roses. I have it in his own handwriting, Mr. Franklin. He has grown the white moss-rose, without budding it on the dog-rose first. And Mr. Begbie the gardener is to go to Dorking, and own that the Sergeant has beaten him at last."

"It doesn't much matter," I said. "I must do without Sergeant Cuff's help. And I must trust to you, at starting."

It is likely enough that I spoke rather carelessly. At any rate, Betteredge seemed to be piqued by something in the reply which I had just made to him. "You might trust to worse than me, Mr. Franklin—I can tell you that," he said, a little sharply.

The tone in which he retorted, and a certain disturbance, after he had spoken, which I detected in his manner, suggested to me that he was possessed of some information which he hesitated to communicate.

"I expect you to help me," I said, "in picking up the fragments of evidence which Sergeant Cuff has left behind him. I know you can do that. Can you do no more?"

"What more can you expect from me, Sir?" asked Betteredge, with an appearance of the utmost humility.

"I expect more—from what you said just now."

"Mere boasting, Mr. Franklin," returned the old man, obstinately. "Some people are born-boasters, and they never get over it to their dying day. I'm one of them."

There was only one way to take with him. I appealed to his interest in Rachel and his interest in me.

"Betteredge, would you be glad to hear that Rachel and I were good friends again?"

"I have served your family, Sir, to mighty little purpose, if you doubt it!"

"Do you remember how Rachel treated me before I left England?"

"As well as if it was yesterday! My lady herself wrote you a letter about it; and you were so good as to show the letter to me. It said that Miss Rachel was mortally offended with you for the part you had taken in trying to recover her jewel. And neither my lady, nor you, nor any body else could guess why."

"Quite true, Betteredge! And I come back from my travels, and find her mortally offended with me still. I knew that the Diamond was at the bottom of it last year; and I know that the Diamond is at the bottom of it now. I have tried to speak to her, and she won't see me. I have tried to write to her, and she won't answer me. How, in Heaven's name, am I to clear the matter up? The chance of searching into the loss of the Moonstone is the one chance of inquiry that Rachel herself has left me!"

Those words evidently put the case before him as he had not seen it yet. He asked a question which satisfied me that I had shaken him.

"There is no ill-feeling in this, Mr. Franklin, on your side—is there?"

"There was some anger," I answered, "when I left London. But that is all worn out now. I want to make Rachel come to an understanding with me—and I want nothing more."

"You don't feel any fear, Sir—supposing you make any discoveries—in regard to what you may find out about Miss Rachel?"

I understood the jealous belief in his young mistress which prompted those words.

"I am as certain of her as you are," I answered. "The fullest disclosure of her secret will reveal nothing that can alter her place in your estimation, or in mine."

Betteredge's last-left scruples vanished at that.

"If I am doing wrong to help you, Mr. Franklin," he exclaimed, "all I can say is—I am as innocent of seeing it as the babe unborn! I can put you on the road to discovery, if you can only go on by yourself. You remember that poor girl of ours—Rosanna Spearman?"

"Of course!"

"You always thought she had some sort of confession, in regard to this matter of the Moonstone, which she wanted to make to you?"

"I certainly couldn't account for her strange conduct in any other way."

"You may set that doubt at rest, Mr. Franklin, whenever you please."

It was my turn to come to a stand-still now. I tried vainly, in the gathering darkness, to see his face. In the surprise of the moment, I asked a little impatiently what he meant.

"Steady, Sir!" proceeded Betteredge. "I mean what I say. Rosanna Spearman left a sealed letter behind her—a letter addressed to *you*."

"Where is it?"

"In the possession of a friend of hers at

"'MR. BETTEREDGE,' SHE SAID, WITHOUT TAKING HER EYES OFF ME, 'MENTION HIS NAME AGAIN, IF YOU PLEASE.'"

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Cobb's Hole. You must have heard tell, when you were here last, Sir, of Limping Lucy—a lame girl, with a crutch."

"The fisherman's daughter?"

"The same, Mr. Franklin."

"Why wasn't the letter forwarded to me?"

"Limping Lucy has a will of her own, Sir. She wouldn't give it into any hands but yours. And you had left England before I could write to you."

"Let's go back, Betteredge, and get it at once!"

"Too late, Sir, to-night. They're great savers of candles along our coast; and they go to bed early at Cobb's Hole."

"Nonsense! We might get there in half an hour."

"*You* might, Sir. And when you did get there you would find the door locked." He pointed to a light, glimmering below us; and, at the same moment, I heard through the stillness of the evening the bubbling of a stream. "There's the Farm, Mr. Franklin! Make yourself comfortable for to-night, and come to me to-morrow morning—if you'll be so kind?"

"You will go with me to the fisherman's cottage?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Early?"

"As early, Mr. Franklin, as you like."

We descended the path that led to the Farm.

CHAPTER III.

I HAVE only the most indistinct recollection of what happened at Hotherstone's Farm.

I remember a hearty welcome; a prodigious supper, which would have fed a whole village in the East; a delightfully clean bedroom, with nothing in it to regret but that detestable product of the folly of our forefathers—a feather-bed; a restless night, with much kindling of matches and many lightings of one little candle; and an immense sensation of relief when the sun rose and there was a prospect of getting up.

It had been arranged overnight with Betteredge that I was to call for him, on our way to Cobb's Hole, as early as I liked—which, interpreted by my impatience to get possession of the letter, meant as early as I could. Without waiting for breakfast at the Farm I took a crust of bread in my hand and set forth, in some doubt whether I should not surprise the excellent Betteredge in his bed. To my great relief he proved to be quite as excited about the coming event as I was. I found him ready and waiting for me, with his stick in his hand.

"How are you this morning, Betteredge?"

"Very poorly, Sir."

"Sorry to hear it. What do you complain of?"

"I complain of a new disease, Mr. Franklin, of my own inventing. I don't want to alarm you, but you're certain to catch it before the morning is out."

"The devil I am!"

"Do you feel an uncomfortable heat at the pit of your stomach, Sir? and a nasty thumping at the top of your head? Ah! not yet? It will lay hold of you at Cobb's Hole, Mr. Franklin. I call it the detective-fever; and *I* first caught it in the company of Sergeant Cuff."

"Ay! ay! and the cure in this instance is to open Rosanna Spearman's letter, I suppose? Come along, and let's get it!"

Early as it was, we found the fisherman's wife astir in her kitchen. On my presentation by Betteredge good Mrs. Yolland performed a social ceremony, strictly reserved (as I afterward learned) for strangers of distinction. She put a bottle of Dutch gin and a couple of clean pipes on the table, and opened the conversation by saying: "What news from London, Sir?"

Before I could find an answer to this immensely comprehensive question an apparition advanced toward me out of a dark corner of the kitchen. A wan, wild, haggard girl, with remarkably beautiful hair, and with a fierce keenness in her eyes, came limping up on a crutch to the table at which I was sitting, and looked at me as if I were an object of mingled interest and horror, which it quite fascinated her to see.

"Mr. Betteredge," she said, without taking her eyes off me, "mention his name again, if you please."

"This gentleman's name," answered Betteredge (with a strong emphasis on *gentleman*), "is Mr. Franklin Blake."

The girl turned her back on me and suddenly left the room. Good Mrs. Yolland, as I believe, made some apologies for her daughter's odd behavior, and Betteredge (probably) translated them into polite English. I speak of this in complete uncertainty. My attention was absorbed in following the sound of the girl's crutch. Thump-thump up the wooden stairs; thump-thump across the room above our heads; thump-thump down the stairs again—and there stood the apparition at the open door, with a letter in its hand, beckoning me out!

I left more apologies in course of delivery behind me, and followed this strange creature—limping on before me faster and faster—down the slope of the beach. She led me behind some boats, out of sight and hearing of the few people in the fishing-village, and then stopped and faced me for the first time.

"Stand there," she said. "I want to look at you."

There was no mistaking the expression on her face. I inspired her with the strongest emotions of abhorrence and disgust. Let me not be vain enough to say that no woman had ever looked at me in this manner before. I will only venture on the more modest assertion that no woman had ever let me perceive it yet. There is a limit to the length of the inspection which a man can endure, under certain circumstances. I attempted to direct Limping Lucy's attention to some less revolting object than my face.

"I think you have got a letter to give me," I began. "Is it the letter there in your hand?"

"Say that again," was the only answer I received.

I repeated the words, like a good child learning its lesson.

"No," said the girl, speaking to herself, but keeping her eyes still mercilessly fixed on me. "I can't find out what she saw in his face. I can't guess what she heard in his voice." She suddenly looked away from me, and rested her head wearily on the top of her crutch. "Oh my poor dear!" she said, in the first soft tones which had fallen from her in my hearing. "Oh my lost darling! what could you see in this man?" She lifted her head again fiercely, and looked at me once more. "Can you eat and drink?" she asked.

I did my best to preserve my gravity, and answered, "Yes."

"Can you sleep?"

"Yes."

"When you see a poor girl in service do you feel no remorse?"

"Certainly not. Why should I?"

She abruptly thrust the letter (as the phrase is) into my face.

"Take it!" she exclaimed, furiously. "I never set eyes on you before. God Almighty forbid I should ever set eyes on you again."

With those parting words she limped away from me at the top of her speed. The one interpretation that I could put on her conduct has, no doubt, been anticipated by every body. I could only suppose that she was mad.

Having reached that inevitable conclusion, I turned to the more interesting object of investigation which was presented to me by Rosanna Spearman's letter. The address was written as follows:—"For Franklin Blake, Esq. To be given into his own hands (and not to be trusted to any one else), by Lucy Yolland."

I broke the seal. The envelope contained a letter: and this, in its turn, contained a slip of paper. I read the letter first:

"SIR,—If you are curious to know the meaning of my behavior to you, while you were staying in the house of my mistress, Lady Verinder, do what you are told to do in the memorandum inclosed with this—and do it without any person being present to overlook you. Your humble servant, ROSANNA SPEARMAN."

I turned to the slip of paper next. Here is the literal copy of it, word for word:

"Memorandum:—To go to the Shivering Sand at the turn of the tide. To walk out on the South Spit, until I get the South Spit Beacon, and the flag-staff at the Coast-guard station above Cobb's Hole in a line together. To lay down on the rocks, a stick, or any straight thing to guide my hand, exactly in the line of the beacon and the flag-staff. To take care, in doing this, that one end of the stick shall be at the edge of the rocks, on the side of them which overlooks the quicksand. To feel along the stick, among the sea-weed (beginning from the end of the stick which points toward the beacon), for the Chain. To run my hand along the Chain, when found, until I come to the part of it which stretches over the edge of the rocks, down into the quicksand. *And then, to pull the chain.*"

Just as I had read the last words—underlined in the original—I heard the voice of Betteredge behind me. The inventor of the detective-fever had completely succumbed to that irresistible malady. "I can't stand it any longer, Mr. Franklin. What does her letter say? For mercy's sake, Sir, tell us what does her letter say?"

I handed him the letter and the memorandum. He read the first without appearing to be much interested in it. But the second—the memorandum—produced a strong impression on him.

"The Sergeant said it!" cried Betteredge. "From first to last, Sir, the Sergeant said she had got a memorandum of the hiding-place. And here it is! Lord save us, Mr. Franklin, here is the secret that puzzled every body, from the great Cuff downward, ready and waiting, as one may say, to show itself to *you!* It's the ebb now, Sir, as any body may see for themselves. How long will it be till the turn of the tide?" He looked up, and observed a lad at work at some little distance from us, mending a net. "Tammie Bright!" he shouted, at the top of his voice.

"I hear you!" Tammie shouted back.

"When's the turn of the tide?"

"In an hour's time."

We both looked at our watches.

"We can go round by the coast, Mr. Franklin," said Betteredge, "and get to the quicksand in that way, with plenty of time to spare. What do you say, Sir?"

"Come along."

On our way to the Shivering Sand I applied to Betteredge to revive my memory of events (as affecting Rosanna Spearman) at the period of Sergeant Cuff's inquiry. With my old friend's help I soon had the succession of circumstances clearly registered again in my mind. Rosanna's journey to Frizinghall, when the whole household believed her to be ill in her own room—Rosanna's mysterious employment of the night-time, with her door locked and her candle burning till the morning—Rosanna's suspicious purchase of the japanned tin case and the two dogs' chains from Mrs. Yolland—the Sergeant's positive conviction that Rosanna had hidden something at the Shivering Sand, and the Sergeant's absolute ignorance as to what that something could be—all these strange results of the abortive inquiry into the loss of the Moonstone, were clearly present to me again when we reached the quicksand, and walked out together on the low ledge of rocks called the South Spit.

With Betteredge's help I soon stood in the right position to see the Beacon and the Coast-guard flag-staff in a line together. Following the memorandum as our guide, we next laid my stick in the necessary direction, as neatly as we could, on the uneven surface of the rocks. And then we looked at our watches once more.

It wanted nearly twenty minutes yet of the turn of the tide. I suggested waiting through this interval on the beach, instead of on the wet and slippery surface of the rocks. Having reached the dry sand I prepared to sit down; and, greatly to my surprise, Betteredge prepared to leave me.

"What are you going away for?" I asked.

"Look at the letter again, Sir, and you will see."

A glance at the letter reminded me that I was charged, when I made my discovery, to make it alone.

"It's hard enough for me to leave you at such a time as this," said Betteredge. "But she died a dreadful death, poor soul! and I feel a kind of call on me, Mr. Franklin, to humor that fancy of hers. Besides," he added, confidentially, "there's nothing in the letter against your letting out the secret afterward. I'll hang about in the fir plantation, and wait till you pick me up. Don't be longer than you can help, Sir. The detective-fever isn't an easy disease to deal with, under *these* circumstances."

With that parting caution he left me.

The interval of expectation, short as it was when reckoned by the measure of time, assumed formidable proportions when reckoned by the measure of suspense. This was one of the occasions on which the invaluable habit of smoking becomes especially precious and consolatory. I lit a cigar, and sat down on the slope of the beach.

The sunlight poured its unclouded beauty on every object that I could see. The exquisite freshness of the air made the mere act of living and breathing a luxury. Even the lonely little bay welcomed the morning with a show of cheerfulness; and the bared wet surface of the quicksand itself, glittering with a golden brightness, hid the horror of its false brown face under a passing smile. It was the finest day I had seen since my return to England.

The turn of the tide came before my cigar was finished. I saw the preliminary heaving of the Sand, and then the awful shiver that crept over its surface—as if some spirit of terror lived and moved and shuddered in the fathomless deeps beneath. I threw away my cigar and went back again to the rocks.

My directions in the memorandum instructed me to feel along the line traced by the stick, beginning with the end which was nearest to the beacon.

I advanced in this manner more than half-way along the stick, without encountering any thing but the edges of the rocks. An inch or two further on, however, my patience was rewarded. In a narrow little fissure, just within reach of my forefinger, I felt the chain. Attempting, next, to follow it by touch in the direction of the quicksand, I found my progress stopped by a thick growth of sea-weed—which had fastened itself into the fissure, no doubt, in the time that had elapsed since Rosanna Spearman had chosen her hiding-place.

It was equally impossible to pull up the sea-weed or to force my hand through it. After marking the spot indicated by the end of the stick which was placed nearest to the quicksand, I determined to pursue the search for the chain on a plan of my own. My idea was to "sound" immediately under the rocks, on the chance of recovering the lost trace of the chain at the point at which it entered the sand. I took up the stick and knelt down on the brink of the South Spit.

In this position my face was within a few feet of the surface of the quicksand. The sight of it so near me, still disturbed at intervals by its hideous shivering fit, shook my nerves for the moment. A horrible fancy that the dead woman might appear on the scene of her suicide to assist my search—an unutterable dread of seeing her rise through the heaving surface of the sand and point to the place—forced itself into my mind, and turned me cold in the warm sunlight. I own I closed my eyes at the moment when the point of the stick first entered the quicksand.

The instant afterward, before the stick could have been submerged more than a few inches, I was free from the hold of my own superstitious terror, and was throbbing with excitement from head to foot. Sounding blindfold, at my first attempt—at that first attempt I had sounded right! The stick struck the chain.

Taking a firm hold of the roots of the sea-weed with my left hand, I laid myself down over the brink, and felt with my right hand under the overhanging edges of the rock. My right hand found the chain.

I drew it up without the slightest difficulty. And there was the japanned tin case fastened to the end of it.

The action of the water had so rusted the chain that it was impossible for me to unfasten it from the hasp which attached it to the case. Putting the case between my knees, and exerting my utmost strength, I contrived to draw off the cover. Some white substance filled the whole interior when I looked in. I put in my hand and found it to be linen.

In drawing out the linen I also drew out a letter crumpled up with it. After looking at the direction, and discovering that it bore my name, I put the letter in my pocket and completely removed the linen. It came out in a thick roll, moulded, of course, to the shape of the case in which it had been so long confined, and perfectly preserved from any injury by the sea.

I carried the linen to the dry sand of the beach, and there unrolled and smoothed it out. There was no mistaking it as an article of dress. It was a night-gown.

The uppermost side, when I spread it out, presented to view innumerable folds and creases, and nothing more. I tried the undermost side next, and instantly discovered the smear of the paint from the door of Rachel's boudoir!

My eyes remained riveted on the stain, and my mind took me back at a leap from present to past. The very words of Sergeant Cuff recurred to me, as if the man himself was at my side again, pointing to the unanswerable inference which he drew from the smear on the door:

"Find out whether there is any article of dress in this house with the stain of the paint on it. Find out who that dress belongs to. Find out how the person can account for having been in the room, and smeared the paint, between midnight and three in the morning. If the person can't satisfy you, you haven't far to look for the hand that took the Diamond."

One after another those words traveled over my memory, repeating themselves again and again with a wearisome, mechanical reiteration. I was roused from what felt like a trance of many hours—from what was really, no doubt, the pause of a few moments only—by a voice calling to me. I looked up, and saw that Betteredge's patience had failed him at last. He was just visible between the sand-hills, returning to the beach.

The old man's appearance recalled me, the moment I perceived it, to my sense of present things, and reminded me that the inquiry which I had pursued thus far still remained incomplete. I had discovered the smear on the night-gown. To whom did the night-gown belong?

My first impulse was to consult the letter in my pocket—the letter which I had found in the case.

As I raised my hand to take it out I remembered that there was a shorter way to discovery than this. The night-gown itself would reveal the truth; for, in all probability, the night-gown was marked with its owner's name.

I took it up from the sand and looked for the mark. I found the mark, and read—

MY OWN NAME!

There were the familiar letters which told me that the night-gown was mine. I looked up from them. There was the sun; there were the glittering waters of the bay; there was old Betteredge, advancing nearer and nearer to me. I looked back again at the letters. My own name. Plainly confronting me—my own name.

"If time, pains, and money can do it, I will lay my hand on the thief who took the Moonstone"—I had left London with those words on my lips. I had penetrated the secret which the quicksand had kept from every other living creature. And, on the unanswerable evidence of the paint-stain, I had discovered Myself as the Thief.

PATTY'S MISTAKE.

YOU would never have dreamed it, never in the world; but my sister Patty was really one of the most impulsive persons I have ever met! She was always plunging headlong into some scheme that seized upon her fancy, or into which some designing person, knowing her weakness, had inveigled her. Itinerant impostors with eyeless needles, pins as pointless as the jokes of a would-be wit, shoe-laces from which the tags departed upon the first trial—all these seemed to land at our door and victimize Patty.

You will perhaps smile as you read this; so may I; but true tears shine in my eyes as well. I glance at this sister of mine as she sits with the fire-light glinting on her busy needle, darning with consummate patience the most trying orifices in the stockings of the writer. Who but she could make those gaping holes neat and presentable? You would hardly imagine, from her face, what sort of a person she might be; for the lines are very clear and quiet, the eyes tender, gray, the whole expression that of peace rather than repose—the peace that "passeth all understanding." But then the mouth? If you would read character with any degree of accuracy, always observe the mouth. My sister's is as sensitive as that of a child—just as eager, just as credulous, as full of faith. But never, never around any child's mouth is such an expression of pathos, of yearning. Ah! never such a record of deep suffering patiently borne as stands written in lines of untold loveliness about the sweet mouth of this, my elder sister.

You will understand, then, why it was that the little urchins in the street asked her for "pennies," and put out their hands, frosty, red as winter apples with the cold, sure that the penny would be forthcoming. You will understand why it was that people who were sick or in trouble always sent for Patty.

She knew as well as any body that people imposed upon her; but then she liked them none the worse for it: the main idea that animated her life was that of "helping other people along." Let her help you in some way, and she was the obliged party, and felt grateful to you for the privilege. Perhaps there had been a time when her life had held other hopes besides these; a beautiful season, when it was early spring-time with her heart, when the birds sang, and the violets bloomed in sunlight. The birds had stopped their singing, maybe, and if the violets bloomed, one guessed it was above a grave; but since she said nothing of all this neither shall I, except as I must tell the story of what befell us in our quiet home.

It was a very quiet home, in a little country town, where we had always lived. Our house was a rambling, old-fashioned affair, built by my father years ago. There had been plenty of birdlings in the nest, but they were all gone now, only Patty and myself left. So we lived in the old rookery still; poor as church mice we were, but we contrived to be happy after a fashion of our own. We made roaring fires in the old-fashioned grates, but what became of the heat it was hard to say; I suppose it all went up the chimney, just where it wasn't wanted. So Patty

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and I wrapped shawls around ourselves, and made light of the matter. The doors, too, wanted to be re-hung of a cold winter's day; how the draughts came in, biting one's feet! and if it snowed what white flakes would drift in through the cracks, and lodge in the great, barn-like entries! Well, well; this was all very healthy, laughed we; plenty of fresh air, at all events.

This philosophy answered the purpose until one afternoon—I sha'n't say one *unlucky* afternoon, because that's a bad expression, and, besides, the sequel proved otherwise. One afternoon, then, I let Patty proceed alone to the one scene of dissipation in which we permitted ourselves to indulge, viz.: that useful branch of festivity known as "the "Dorcas Meeting." I saw her depart with misgivings; it was an uncommon thing for us to be separated at any time, especially on these occasions; but how could I help myself? Marian, our plump little maid-of-all-work—a misnomer in this instance, as Patty and myself did all the work worth speaking of—had been sent for—wanted at home. There were various odds and ends to be attended to, so, as I was the youngest, I got the reticule, put in thimble, scissors, etc.—I always attended to these small items—and dispatched Patty to the field of action. If I had dreamed for a moment what the result would be!

Patty came home from the meeting a trifle earlier than usual, and with her bonnet edged a little bit to one side, as if it had been put on in a fit of desperation; just as a man, under similar circumstances, claps his hat close down over his eyes.

"Elizabeth, I've done it!" was her exclamation, as she entered.

"Done what, Patty?"

"I expect you'll be amazed."

"Patty, you haven't gone and invited that Dorcas Society to meet here? I can't—I won't believe that!"

"Elizabeth, that's exactly what I have done; and now, all that's left to us is to make the best of it."

I was simply confounded. For a space silence reigned; then I opened a solemn battery, as follows:

"Patty, have you considered that we want a new stair-carpet, that we haven't chairs enough, or plates enough, or cups enough? Have you considered that the back-room up stairs hasn't any carpet at all on it, good, bad, or indifferent?"

"I've been expecting all the time we should have been able to buy one," interpolated my victim.

"All very well, Patty; but the time hasn't come yet when we have had any money to spare, and I don't know when it will! Have you considered that we live in an old barn of a house, with fires that won't warm it, that we've got no rugs in the parlors, and nothing as it ought to be?"

"The parlor carpets are very pretty, though, Elizabeth," said my poor sister, in a voice that quivered.

"But while you were about it, why did you pick out the coldest weather? and why did you select our house after that of Mrs. Rawlins, who is rich, who is splendid, who has every comfort and luxury?" ended I, jumbling every thing together, as women will when they wish to be especially aggravating.

I say I "ended" thus. For the truth was, that as I regarded my sister, I beheld large, round tears, betokening extreme distress, falling down her cheeks.

I made a rush then, threw my arms around her neck, and exclaimed, "Patty, stop crying, and I'll not say a word more. Just tell me how it came about?"

"There was no other place for it—I mean the Society—to meet. And I—and I thought they all looked at me, and in a moment of desperation I said we'd have it, and they all took it up at once."

"Of course, curiosity," I muttered.

Then I grew desperate too, and said, defiantly, "Well, let them come!" as if the members of the said meeting, one and all, were a set of vampires, or ghouls, or dreadful savages of one sort or another.

Then Patty and I sat down and talked the matter over as to the hows and wherefores, so that we might not be disgraced and put to open shame.

Should we set a regular tea-table, or should we pass the tea round? The latter carried the day. It was an innovation, to be sure, for the time-honored custom was, at a given signal from the lady of the house, to proceed in solemn state down stairs to a table set forth with frigid splendor, in its "company" silver, china, etc., which we surrounded in silence—a feminine conclave, without one masculine present to stimulate conversation, or give zest to the meal; in my heart I always sympathize with a man when he declares that he abhors "tea-parties."

This point settled, another difficulty dawned upon us. "Elizabeth, we have no silver."

I stared at Patty, then said, with some degree of bitterness: "You're to blame for that, you know; you would sell the silver—our mother's silver—to pay our father's debts."

"I know it. I had no choice. We are poor enough, but then we are honest. We owe no human creature a farthing—always remember that, Elizabeth."

"Patty, I never could find out who bought that silver."

A grave look came into my sister's eyes, a very gentle flush into her cheek; I knew what she was thinking of when she looked so; or, rather, I always had known heretofore, but I was puzzled now.

"I have sometimes thought," said she, with a quiver in her voice, "that perhaps somebody we knew had purchased it, and that some time or another I should have money enough to buy it back."

"Dear me, that's just like you!" sighed I.

Poor dear Patty! she was always having visions of this kind. She had keen æsthetic tastes, loved the beautiful so dearly. She was all the time illuminating our poverty with the thought of some golden period that should presently arrive, when all her pet ideas could be carried out, and our home made the earthly paradise she would have it become. What beautiful flowers she would have, what charming nicknacks, such as all women love. Oh, it was as good as a novel to listen to her dreamings! No child over a fairy-book ever pictured such delights as Patty. For to us all these things seemed wildly beautiful, because beyond our reach; we could hardly realize that to many people they were everyday matters, nothing heeded, nothing thought of, never worth a moment of thanksgiving to Him who had created this love for the beautiful in the soul made after His own image!

The next day was Sunday. I watched Patty in church, and could see that, notwithstanding the time and place, the Dorcas Meeting was the uppermost thought in her mind. I knew by the wrinkles in her forehead the exact calculation she was making, and as she glanced over at the Rawlins's pew, I knew she was devoutly hoping that the portly figure of Mrs. Rawlins would be absent from the next meeting. For we poor folk all dreaded the splendid Mrs. Rawlins, and wished to steer clear of her, as little minnows try to keep out of the way of the larger fish. Dear me! this magnificent lady might dispatch poor little us at a mouthful—her splendor engulfed every thing as in a maelstrom.

The next day we sat in our back-parlor, striving to be very cheerful; but I think we both felt as if our hearts were freighted with lead, instead of the lively currents that were wont to ebb back and forth.

Patty had just said, "Never mind, Elizabeth, it's always darkest just before day," when the door-bell chirped after a comical fashion it had of its own, and Marian let in the sweetest girl in all the town—Alice Starbright.

The face carried out the name. Surely no star ever gleamed more sweetly upon any wanderer, leading him toward rest and comfort, than did this of Allie's, always smiling, always tender, bright. Ay, even now, though she wore garments of deep mourning. She had lost her father only a month ago, yet for all that the shadow of her grief was suffered to rest upon no other heart—the cross had been sent to her alone, and she bore it with a gentle bravery most beautiful to see.

Patty kissed the lovely girl-face first on one cheek, then on the other, then gave way to me with that light flush on her cheek, and that intent look in her eyes that Allie's coming always brought to her countenance. Allie's father had once upon a time been my sister Patty's lover; and with her to love once was to love always.

"So you're going to have the Dorcas Meeting here?" was Allie's first greeting.

"Yes," we answered, striving to look cheerful with all our might.

"I heard of it last week," continued Allie, laughing.

"Of course," grumbled I; "every thing of that kind travels fast—bad news especially."

Allie laughed again. It wasn't like her to be unsympathetic, but she seemed delighted with that soft, sweet delight she always showed when she was going to make somebody happy.

"Let's see. It's to meet to-morrow afternoon. Cake all made?"

"Yes, indeed," said Patty, with that bright, tender glow on her face she always wore for Allie.

Then she must needs bring a plate of cakes for Allie to taste—crisp, home-made biscuits, such as only Patty could make; crumpets, delicate brown, melting in one's mouth; and frosted sponge-cake.

"These are all fit for a queen," said Allie, tasting, with gusto.

"Yes," cogitated Patty, "the cake will answer, if the rest only matched."

"I've got a favor to ask," said Allie, growing grave all at once. "You're not either of you used to Dorcas Meetings. Now I know just the *modus operandi*. Aunt Mary is ill, and wants to see you both ever so much. Now you go there in the morning, and don't get back here until the afternoon, just about dusk, say; the people do not come before then, and if I don't have every thing in beautiful order my name's not Alice Starbright!"

At first we declared this to be impossible; but Allie coaxed, and then Patty gave in. I followed suit, for I began to see there was something beneath it all. When she had attained her object, Allie ran away, but I noticed before she went that she nestled close up to Patty, and kissed her many, many times.

The next morning found us on our way to Aunt Mary's. Patty, who was never more at home than when she was going to a sick-room, carried a little brown basket on her arm. How many pilgrimages that little brown basket made in the course of the year! and what comfort it always held for invalids!

The day slipped away, Patty as busy as a bee, setting things to rights, and making Aunt Mary comfortable in every direction, until the shadows began to fall and grow deeper. Then we trudged home again, in a queer mood both of us.

What a sweet face it was that met us at the door—that led us in—and to such a transformation! Wonder of wonders! what did it all mean? In the old-fashioned grates, leaping, dancing fires cracked and sparkled, and before them glowed crimson rugs of softest velvet. In the windows swung moss baskets of trailing creepers and bright-hued blossoms. On the oaken side-board gleamed, most wonderful of all, our mother's silver!

Patty knew it at once. She ran to it, she kissed each separate piece, and gave it a little hug of delight. Then I knew how much it had cost her to part with it, how proud and pure the honor that would let no stain be left upon our father's memory.

Allie drew us to the fire, and, one hand in each of ours, said:

"Dear friends, you will not refuse me the comfort of pleasing you? How dear you both are I can not tell; how dear one of you must ever be to me, I can only show in deeds. Before my father died he told me the story. How dear Patty had been to him; how she was to have been my mother. I think he loved her all through these years. He told me, too, that he had bought the silver, but dared not offer it in his lifetime; he knew Patty too well for that; when he was dead and gone, she would take it from his daughter, and keep it for the father's sake."

By this time Allie and I were both crying. Patty shed no tears, but smiled softly, sweetly, brightly, as the angels may, then held out her arms to Allie Starbright. Allie nestled in them. She had lost her mother years ago, and now that her father had gone, there was no room for empty gossip—Patty could be her mother in very deed and truth.

Perhaps you may ask why Patty and Joseph Starbright, Allie's father, had never got married. I can not tell you; it seems to me that hearts that are dearest in this world are forever held apart. God help us all! how we drift away from those we prize the fondest! Hush! there is no loss even here. Remember, we are only children, the best of us, and what we would soil or mar God puts out of reach for the present. Trustful hearts, we shall have it all back again by-and-by.

The meeting came and enjoyed itself wonderfully, and staid later than it had ever staid at any body's before. The fires warmed the sitting-rooms, the young people played their old-fashioned games with the best grace imaginable, and the dreaded Mrs. Rawlins staid at home.

So, after all the worriment, the cogitations, the tears, the end of Patty's Mistake was unmitigated delight. From henceforward I never mean to worry any more. It's wicked, and a waste of time besides. For there's a best to every worst, and where the shadows fall the thickest it's a sure sign that there the light is brightest!

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE report on silk and silk manufactures, by Mr. Elliot C. Cowdin, United States Commissioner to the Paris Exposition, is full of exceedingly interesting facts. The entire report is eminently worthy of a careful reading. Among the topics concisely discussed are the rise and progress of silk industry in the United States, in France, England, and other European countries, as well as in Asia and Africa; the rearing of silk-worms; the state of the silk-worm malady, and the remedies proposed; and various specialties embraced by silk industry in the Exposition, and in practice. By a careful analysis given, it appears that the manufacture of silk, as it exists in countries the most advanced in the art, embraces seven special branches of industry, namely: the rearing of the silk-worms; the filature, or reeling of the silk from the cocoons; the throwing, or spinning of the silk thread; the dyeing of the silk; the preparation of the silk threads for the loom; the weaving of silk goods; the spinning of waste silk.

America can hope to excel in these industries whenever she resolutely wills it, and devotes to them that energy and skill which have placed her in the first rank among nations for certain of her inventions and manufactures. In regard to the spinning and dyeing of the silk, utilizing silk waste, and the automatic weaving of plain stuffs the United States may, without difficulty, make and keep a high position among the more experienced nations of Europe.

In regard to the specialties of rearing the silk-worms, reeling the cocoons into raw silk, and the weaving of figured goods, time will be necessary to obtain the experience requisite to complete success. Yet many sections of the United States have been proved to be admirably adapted to the growth of the mulberry-tree; and there is every reason to hope that the epidemic prevailing among silk-worms in European countries will not extend to our own. The reeling of the cocoons into raw silk constitutes, perhaps, one of the processes the most difficult to teach, and especially in localities wanting in experience in this particular branch of silk industry. The superiority of the French and Italian silks over Asiatic silks is greatly owing to the perfection of reeling. The success of this process depends in a large measure upon the care and watchfulness of the attendant, especially so far as the perfection of the product is concerned. Nevertheless, the country which produces the most skillful and careful spinners of wool and cotton manufactures will not despair eventually of arriving at the successful production of the many kinds of silk goods so clearly within its province.

Though long and patient study will be necessary to produce articles of sufficient novelty and artistic skill to compete with European industry, yet a most successful beginning has been made, and progress is rapid. The prospect is that before long this important industry will be firmly established and diligently prosecuted in many sections of our country.

In general, about this time of year, we have ominous croakings from all parts of the land that the fruit crop will be "unusually" meagre—the peach-buds have been nipped by the frost, apples look poorly, pears are blighted, and berries of all kinds winter-killed—are the current rumors. But this year, strange to say, although the season has been backward, a good report is brought from various sections of the country. Strawberries, raspberries, and blackberries bid fair to yield abundantly, only we must be patient for their coming, for the warm days have been shy of appearing thus far. Peaches and apples, as well as other fruit, give fair promise of a good crop.

One of the daily newspapers comments very sensibly upon "The Woman's Club" organized in this city, in connection with the opening speech of its President. Among other things it remarks that there really does not seem to be the least objection to such a club, "except that it appears to us that a club-house open to both ladies and gentlemen would be the more sensible as well as the more delightful institution. It is not for us to obtrude our opinion, but we are inclined to think that a mixed club of men and women, with an elegant house, attractive library, well-appointed reading-room, and a smoking-room at the very top of the building, is rather to be desired than an exclusive society of ladies, from which we sterner creatures are regularly locked out." Very true, indeed—an exceedingly reasonable "opinion." But is it not a little singular that none of the "sterner creatures" above mentioned ever discovered that a "club-house open to both ladies and gentlemen" would be a sensible institution until an exclusive "Woman's Club" was established? If an "elegant house" had been thrown open to women, and they cordially invited to participate in its advantages with the gentlemen, perhaps they would not have taken the trouble to organize a club of their own.

There is now on exhibition in London a "blue horse," which is fourteen and a half hands high, and has no trace of hair on any part of its body. Its skin is smooth and delicate, feeling to the touch like India rubber, and very warm, and forms in curious wrinkles when the animal moves. It is of a purplish gray color over the greater part of the body; its face is buff, and there is a large patch of the same color extending over half the back, with numerous blotches; the tail resembles that of a pig. At a distance it looks as if formed of some variety of rare Oriental marble. It was obtained by a merchant on the Gaboon River, and is about eight years old. When first captured it was entirely blue, with the exception of one foot; but the blue color has gradually diminished since it was brought to England.

The Memphis *Post* gives an interesting sketch of an enterprising colored man by the name of Latting, who was born a slave in Chicot County, Arkansas, and is now the owner of nearly nine hundred acres of rich land in that vicinity. When twenty-eight years of age he bought his own freedom and that of his wife for fifteen hundred dollars. Having been allowed to hire his time, he had then accumulated some little money, and in two years was enabled to pay off the entire sum. He then learned the trade of a gin-wright, and at the same time attempted to learn to read. When he had mastered his trade he determined to educate himself, and went to school at Oberlin, Ohio. Having obtained a good business education, he moved to Chatham, Canada West, and bought three farms, in three different townships, besides a house and lot in the village of Chatham. In 1864 he went to St. Louis to hunt up his relatives, having sold most of his real estate. He opened an eating-house in Cairo, in which he made money, and finally bought a valuable plantation near the mouth of the St. Francis River. Mr. Latting is quiet and unassuming, values his word, and pays his debts. His career is certainly a cheering encouragement to every colored man who will be honest, industrious, and enterprising.

A foolish controversy has been going on for two years past in a New England town over a matter originally not exceeding twenty-five cents in value. Fifteen hundred dollars have already been expended in the courts about it, and no prospect as yet of settlement. The parties are said to be church-members, and wealthy; but it would seem from report that religion does not enter into their business relations.

In a discourse recently delivered at the New England Church in this city, upon the practicability of serving God acceptably in the ordinary business of life, the preacher remarked: "The other day a young man told me that one evening after he had started to go to his business he recollected that it was the night appointed for the prayer-meeting. And a contest arose in his mind whether he should go to his place of business and serve the world, or to the prayer-meeting and serve Christ; but at length he concluded to go to the prayer-meeting. Perhaps this young man was right, in this instance, to attend the prayer-meeting. It is often right to go to the prayer-meeting. But one thing is certain, if your business is serving the world, and attending the prayer-meeting is serving Christ, and the two are continually interfering, you need either to apply yourself to recasting your business until it harmonizes with your religion, or else to remodel your conception of religion until its exercises shall aid and strengthen you in the duties of your business."

From recent reports it appears that there are now about 17,000 pupils gratuitously educated in the municipal schools of Naples. In 1861 only 3000 were thus educated.

Although great natural advantages are afforded in the United States by the vast area of unoccupied land and the variety of flower blossoms, yet comparatively nothing has been done in the matter of distilling perfumes from flowers grown on American soil. In Italy, Greece, and Sicily large tracts of land are given up to the exclusive cultivation of flowers of all varieties, from which the manufacturers of perfumery in Paris and London procure the delicate and aromatic odors which give the desired staple *bouquet* to their dainty distillations. These extensive flower farms of Southern Europe furnish employment for thousands of persons, especially women, and annually net thousands of dollars to the cultivators. But in this country, as a general thing, all the ingredients used in the manufacture of perfumery are imported. Perfumers complain that there is no sale for articles which are known to be manufactured here, although often they are better and cheaper than those offered to the general public in large European cities. So foreign bottles are imported in many cases, and filled with home distillations. Yet there are a few American firms which are prominent as manufacturers, and their colognes and other perfumes have become justly celebrated. With fine, imported ingredients the American manufacturer guarantees to produce articles in every way equal to those in the French and English market. And it is understood that distillation from our own flowers is a matter under consideration, and to a limited extent experiments are being tried. As we have blossoms wholly unknown in Europe, strange and delightful essences might be the result of careful experiment.

A Paris restaurant has obtained a rarity in the shape of edible nests from China. The nests are quite white, take their owners two months to build, and cost about a franc each in China. They are gathered twice a year, and taken away before the eggs are deposited. About thirty millions are annually exported.

Much more capital is invested by New York merchants in foreign fruits and nuts than is generally supposed. These commodities come to us in all shapes from all parts of the world. The best raisins come from Malaga; which place also sends us lemons and figs. Sicily also produces lemons, and Smyrna and Naples produce figs. Oranges come from Sicily and the West Indies. The best dates come from Africa, though a few are brought from Arabia. Olives come from Spain and France. Spanish olives are regarded as the best. Prunes come from France and Turkey. Pine-apples, pomegranates, bananas, and cocoa-nuts come from the West Indies. The best pecan nuts are brought from Texas; and pea-nuts from Africa, Virginia, and the Carolinas. Filberts come from Naples, Barcelona, and Sicily, and South America sends us Brazil nuts. Languedoc and Spain produce almonds for our market. The best are what are termed "Princess paper shells." The so-called English walnuts come from France and Italy. Currants are brought from the Grecian Isles; and it is said that raisins and currants are imported in larger quantities than any other foreign fruits.

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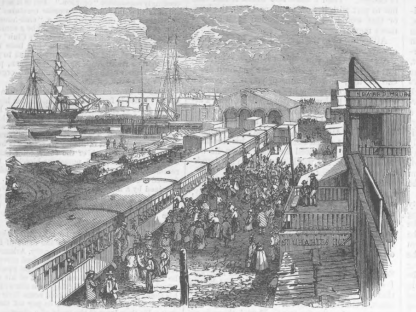
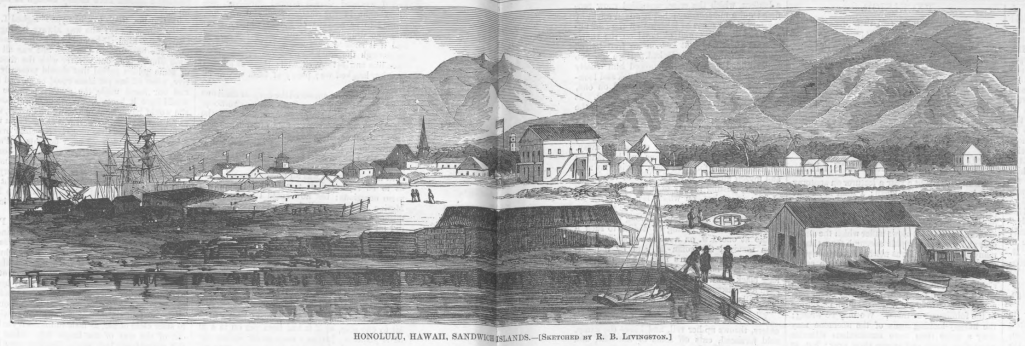
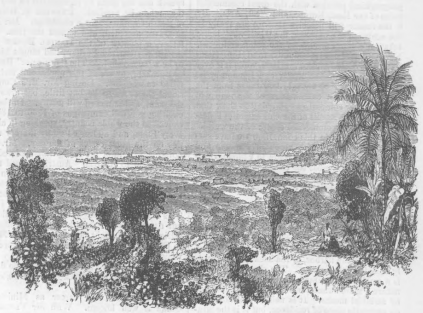


ASPINWALL, NEW GRANADA, CENTRAL AMERICA.



HONOLULU, HAWAII, SANDWICH ISLANDS.—(SKETCHED BY R. B. LIVINGSTON.)

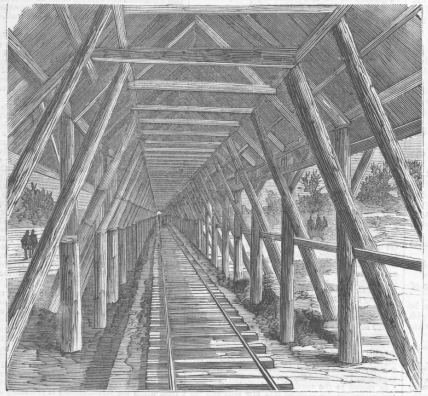


PANAMA, NEW GRANADA, CENTRAL AMERICA.

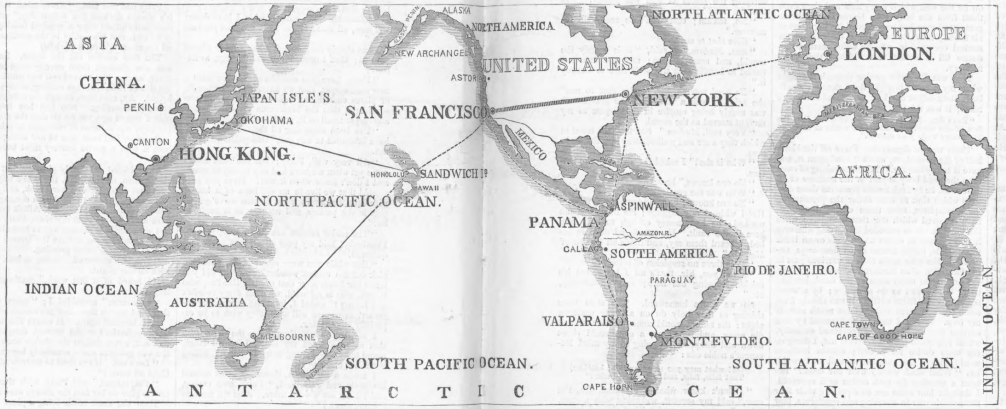
COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF NEW YORK.

THE union of the Oldest Empire and the Youngest Republic—the richest of uncivilized and the most enterprising of civilized nations—is almost a fact accomplished by the peculiar diplomatic relations established through the agency of Hon. ANSON BURLINGAME and the commercial changes daily occurring in consequence of the extension of the Pacific Railroads. These and other events have been for some time past combining to bring the people of China and the East and America into freer and more intimate diplomatic and commercial relations. And some of these events are tending, also, to extend and increase the importance of our relations with Europe. The United States have become the great highway between Western Europe and Eastern Asia; and New York is rapidly becoming the "world's great mart"—the centre of the commercial world. Our own vast empire rapidly increasing in population and developing in wealth, natural commerce, manufactures, and agriculture; indeed, it is becoming apparent that the whole Pacific coast must soon become ours, thus extending our actual territory. The immigration to the Pacific coast of the United States from China and India bids fair to rival that to its Eastern borders from Europe; and at this moment there are 10,000 Chinese laborers actively engaged on the Pacific Railroad in bringing their country nearer to our own. In two years more, it is safe to say, New York will be within 26 days of Hong Kong, thus establishing a route for trade and travel shorter by more than a fortnight than the swiftest route now existing, that by way of Aspinwall and Panama.

In view of the increasing importance of our new diplomatic arrangements and the revolutionizing of our commercial relations with China and the East, we have given on this page an outline map of a portion of the world, showing at a glance the relation

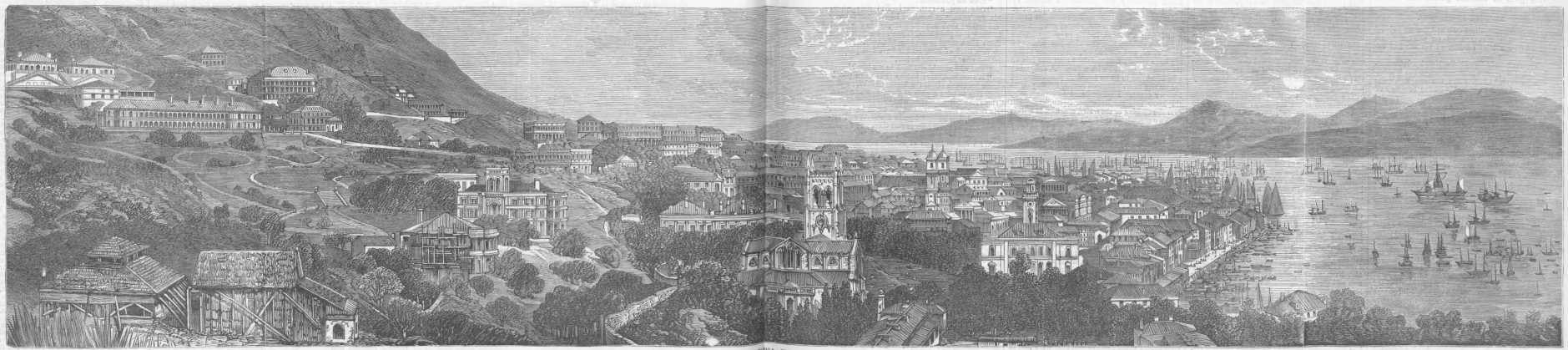


SNOW SHED ON THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD.



MAP OF THE WORLD ON MERCATOR'S PROJECTION, SHOWING THE GEOGRAPHICAL RELATION OF NEW YORK AND THE REST OF THE UNIVERSE.

SURVEYING FOR THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD IN HUMBOLDT PASS.



CITY OF VICTORIA, HONG KONG, CHINA.

COMMERCIAL AND GEOGRAPHICAL RELATION OF NEW YORK TO EUROPE AND ASIA, WITH VIEWS OF HONG KONG, HONOLULU, ASPINWALL, PANAMA, AND ON THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.

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which New York bears in regard to distance and geographical position with the great commercial cities of *our* East, Europe, and West, Asia. By it the reader will perceive that we are really in the centre of the universe, the "half-way" house between either extreme of the same continent. New York is about 10,000 miles from Hong Hong by way of San Francisco overland, while it is over 13,000 by way of Aspinwall; and London by its shortest route is at least 17,000 miles from the same point. An examination of the map will suggest other comparisons all going to show that the present metropolis of the United States is destined to be the commercial centre of the world.

As of interest in this connection we have surrounded this map with views of Panama and Aspinwall on the present route to China; views on the railroad across the continent, and a large view of Hong Kong, while on another page will be found also a portrait of Mr. BURLINGAME.

ASPINWALL AND PANAMA.

Aspinwall owes its existence to the railway company, by whom it was founded, with the sanction of the Government of New Grenada, fourteen years ago. It is situated in the Bay of Colon, and the harbor, or roadstead, is frequently called by that name. The site of Aspinwall is a small island named Manzanilla, which is by nature a mere swamp, but has been consolidated by artificial means. It is neither a healthy nor an agreeable place of residence, but it is the principal "gate to the Pacific" which has yet been opened; the transit from one ocean to the other by the ordinary trains being accomplished in four hours, a distance of sixty miles, to the town and port of Panama, which is the corresponding railway terminus on the western coast of the isthmus. Panama is a city of more importance and pretension than Aspinwall. It has a larger population (about 7000) but its trade is small, its harbor not very extensive, though perhaps ample, and it labors under the same difficulties as Aspinwall in regard to unhealthy location.

CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD.

Our engravings on the Central Pacific Railroad are intended to show some of the difficulties of building and running it. The first shows the dangers and toils of the civil engineers in surveying in one of the mountain defiles known as Humboldt Pass. The second illustrates the structure by means of which the road is protected from the avalanches of snow and ice which are frequent in the Cascade and Rocky Mountain ranges. Many miles of the Central Pacific Road have been covered by these snow sheds.

VICTORIA, HONG KONG.

Hong Kong is a small island on the Chinese coast, which was ceded to Great Britain on the conclusion of the treaty of 1842, and Victoria, which we illustrate, is its capital. Hong Kong is mainly a factory for British commerce in China, and a military station for the protection of British and other foreign interests in that colony. The Government is sustained by Great Britain, but its commerce is open to all civilized nations. The total population is only about 130,000, of whom 100,000 live in Victoria (and in boats in the harbor); but to this little place comes much of the commerce of China. The value of the exports from Hong Kong is very great, forming a not insignificant proportion of the whole export trade of China; but tables of exports have been kept only of those sent to Great Britain. This fraction of the export trade of Hong Kong amounted, in 1864, to $14,409,645 in gold, against an import trade of $8,094,335.

Many of the Government buildings of Victoria are of a most imposing character, and the residences are substantial and often elegant. Our view gives an excellent general idea of the city.

MINISTER BURLINGAME.

To accompany these cuts and the portrait of Hon. ANSON BURLINGAME on page 348, we give below a brief account of his life and career.

He was born in New Berlin, New York, November 14, 1822. His father moved to the "Western Reserve," Ohio, when the son was quite small, and from there to the (then) Territory of Michigan. He entered the Detroit Academy and the branch University of Michigan at Detroit, and went through the regular course, making an impression by his oratorical powers. From there he entered the Harvard University Law School, under Justice STORY; took the degree of LL.B., and opened an office at the Old State House, Boston, the firm being BRIGGS & BURLINGAME, the Mr. BRIGGS being a son of the late Governor BRIGGS of Massachusetts.

During the political campaign of 1848 Mr. BURLINGAME entered upon political life, taking an active part in the Free Soil movement, and finally became a member of the Republican party. Shortly after he graduated from the Law School he was sent to the Massachusetts Legislature as Senator, and was Chairman of the Committee appointed to conduct KOSSUTH through New England, and was subsequently elected a member of the Constitutional Convention from the town of Northboro', although he lived at Cambridge. Governor BOUTWELL, CHARLES SUMNER, and R. H. DANA, Jun., were elected at the same time, according to the old English borough system. Mr. B., advancing rapidly, was sent to Congress in 1853 from Boston and Cambridge, and served six years as a member of the House of Representatives. He took part in the contest which resulted in the election of N. P. BANKS as Speaker. When CHARLES SUMNER was assaulted, Mr. B. got the floor, and made his celebrated denunciation of that infamous act in that never-to-be-forgotten speech. Smarting under the wrongs of Massachusetts, he threw down the glove to the pro-slavery men of the South, and declared himself ready to defend freedom of speech and the State he represented on any field they might be assailed. PRESTON S. BROOKS, of South Carolina, sent a challenge. Mr. BURLINGAME accepted, and named the rifle. His father, a pioneer of the DANIEL BOONE type, though a stern old Puritan, had taught his son to be a "dead shot." The "fire-eater" BROOKS was probably aware of this unpleasant fact, and failed to respond. During Mr. B.'s Congressional career he spoke but little, but always to the point, as the record will testify. During the exciting political campaigns of 1856 to 1860 he canvassed the whole country, speaking in almost every State, and addressed many literary societies on the great topics of the day. Mr. LINCOLN, shortly after his inaugural, tendered him the mission to Austria. Austria refused to receive him, because he was instrumental in raising the mission to Sardinia from the second to the first class, thus recognizing that great idea of Count CAVOUR'S, "the unification of Italy." This act of Austria might have been questioned; but as the United States had a war at home to settle, it was thought better to transfer Mr. B. to China, and attend to Austria at a more convenient time.

In 1847 Mr. BURLINGAME married the daughter of Hon. ISAAC LIVERMORE, of Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Mr. BURLINGAME'S career as Minister to China is well known. With Sir FREDERICK BRUCE, Mr. BERTHENY, now at Washington, Mr. BALLERZECH, the former, and Mr. VLANGALLY, the present Russian Minister, he laid the foundations of the "co-operative policy" now adopted by the chief Treaty Powers, and sustained by their present representatives at Pekin. This policy substitutes fair diplomatic action for the old doctrine of force, guarantees the autonomy of China, and proposes co-operation on all material matters in this Empire. He made the draft of this co-operative policy, which received the assent of his colleagues as an authoritative history and exposition of it. He drew up an elaborate paper giving a construction of the different treaties upon a great number of hitherto doubtful points. This received the approval of his colleagues. He led the opposition to the "Concession Doctrine," under which it was proposed to take concessions of land at the different Treaty ports. This, if persisted in, would have led to the disruption of China. This view has been sustained by the Treaty Powers also. At the request of Mr. BURLINGAME Confederate pirates were excluded from Chinese waters. He was made referee in the LAY-OSBORN difficulty; and he settled it to the satisfaction of England and China.

He induced the Chinese Government to employ an American geologist, RAPHAEL POMPELLY, who has demonstrated that the coal-mines of North China are of great extent and abound in coal of superior quality. Through the same enlightened influence, WHEATON'S "Elements of International Law" have been translated into Chinese by the Rev. W. A. P. MARTIN, D.D., published at the expense of the Imperial Government, and adapted as a national text-book. Mr. BURLINGAME proposed, some time since, that an American College should be established at Pekin, using for the purpose the "Indemnity Fund." Our Government has approved of this, but Congress has not yet acted. The Chinese, however, at the suggestion of ROBERT HART, Inspector-General of the Imperial Maritime Customs, have opened a college, of which the venerable SEU-KI-OU, the eulogizer of WASHINGTON, is the Chinese, and Dr. MARTIN, the foreign, head.

The great cause of missions has found in Mr. BURLINGAME an ardent supporter, and has advanced from the South far beyond the "Great Wall;" and now the good seed is planted in the broad plateau of Mongolia among the named tribes of that vast region. The first grant of a submarine telegraph connecting the Treaty ports from Canton to Tien-tsin, was made to Mr. BURLINGAME in 1865. Under the corporative policy the trade of China has advanced from $82,000,000 to $300,000,000. Several hundred foreigners have been taken into the Chinese Civil service; and, under the direction of Mr. HART, they are doing much to civilize China.

The greatest step, however, in the interests of civilization is the request of the Chinese to Mr. BURLINGAME to represent them at the Courts of all the Treaty Powers. Sir RUTHERFORD ALCOCK said: "It is the greatest compliment ever paid to any man, and Mr. BURLINGAME deserves it." Mr. BURLINGAME was on the point of visiting the thirteen Treaty ports and then returning to the United States. Prince KUNG had invited him to a farewell banquet, and during the ceremonies said: "Will your Excellency represent us officially as well as non-officially at the Courts of the Treaty Powers?" Mr. BURLINGAME supposed it was a graceful Chinese compliment, said that he would represent them unofficially as a friend, and the conversation passed into other channels. He was very much surprised when Mr. BROWN, the Chinese Secretary of the English Legation, called on him a few days after with a formal proposition from the Prince Regent KUNG tendering him the mission. Mr. BURLINGAME, after very serious consideration and grave consultation with his friends, determined to accept it. He instantly communicated all the facts to his colleagues. They very kindly approved and rejoiced at this progressive step taken by China. Prince KUNG came in solemn state to the United States Legation and presented the Imperial decree, which bears date November 26, 1867, and is written on heavy yellow parchment, wrapped in yellow brocade satin, the Imperial color, and encased in a yellow box. He has given him the title of Embassador, and clothed him with the most ample powers.

EXCELSIOR.

PUT out thy talents to their use—
Lay nothing by to rust;
Give vulgar ignorance thy scorn,
And innocence thy trust.
Rise to thy proper place in life—
Trample upon all sin,
But still the gentle hand hold out
To help the wanderer in.
So live, in faith and noble deed,
Till earth returns to earth—
So live, that men shall mark the time
Gave such a mortal birth.

EPISODE IN A SURGEON'S LIFE.

I HAD been about a year a lecturer on anatomy in a large town in the north; I shall not name it, as the events I am about to relate really happened, and some might recognize them. At the date of their occurrence I was suffering from one of those heaven-sent blows under which the strongest and most philosophic succumb for a time—many forever. As I was neither strong nor philosophic, the greatest affliction man can suffer passed over me, and left me walking, eating, sleeping, but in the manner of those animals to which we anatomists attribute little or no self-consciousness in their actions, and no pleasure in the fulfillment of them. We may be wrong; the hungry-looking arms of the anemone may obey a more than mere unconscious stimulus when they touch and secure their prey; but, at all events, man, who possesses all the nervous organization for being, doing, and suffering, is in as doubtful a case when in such circumstances as those to which I allude.

I was sitting one snowy December night, with my cigar and Cicero's Letters to Atticus, trying to pass the time, to keep my eyes from that shadow on the wall which every now and then drew them from the large folio leaves on which the great good man has unburdened his big heart to his friend; often, too, the empty chair beside me seemed occupied by a figure which seemed substance till I looked, then shadow, then mere memory.

Thus was I wearily getting through the night when my servant brought me a note—a small, long, black-edged envelope, addressed in a lady's hand; it was this:

"DEAR SIR,—Is it possible to take a cast from the face of one who has lain for two weeks in a coffin? The bearer waits your answer."

There was no signature. I tore off the blank half of the note-sheet, wrote "Yes" upon it, and gave it to my servant. The mere taking of casts from the dead body is part of the business of an anatomist, he by such means preserves those outlines which sink so soon under the pressure of the atmosphere, after those chemical changes have occurred which our tissues undergo when the spirit leaves us stranded here, lying wherever it may chance to desert us, in beds or on bleak waste lands, inside houses or on door-steps, until our bodies take again their mysterious part in the formation of an immortal being.

I had taken many casts of the dead, but had never been asked to do so before; by a small note in such delicate writing, it was clearly from some one oppressed with feelings much akin to my own. She is, I thought, influenced by that curious perplexity, or that perplexed curiosity, we all feel about our dead. It is not, I thought, the mere desire for a cast; human instincts would answer her question as well as I could, but "What shall we do with our dead?" has been a question for each nation as it appeared. I thought how some are now passing their four thousandth year in swathing and cerements, how others are lying in catacombs, gazed on by curious visitors, who seem to think death but a mere national peculiarity and passion. I thought of others, useless in their lives, who are after death noble monuments, built up for usefulness in the minds of men. I thought, too, of the first time I had seen a funeral, it was in mid-Atlantic; the moon shining now and then past masses of black cloud, and the large ocean steamer plunging bows under; how the dead man was laid on the sponson, covered with a flag. A clergyman who happened to be on board as passenger read the service as we clustered round, holding on as best we could. I remembered how the words, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," rang out over the rushing of the water, and how in a little time we committed the body to the deep, till the sea shall give up her dead. Then I thought of dust I had worshiped which had returned to dust, and yearned for the time when mine too should commingle with its first elements.

I was aroused from this half-asleep condition by another ring, and presently another note in the same hand:

"SIR,—Will you be at —— Cemetery in one hour from *now*, and bring with you what you think necessary for taking a cast? All expenses will be paid; no explanations are needed."

"An hour!" I exclaimed; "who ever took a cast in a cemetery at one o'clock in the morning? It may be a misdemeanor, for all I know; it may be a hoax, most likely. No, it is, in all probability, what I thought at first. Here, too, is a poor broken-hearted one, doing what I would do were it in my power. Who am I to set difficulties in her way or question the wisdom of her proposal?" So calling my servant, we took a small bag of plaster of Paris, a tin basin, iron spoon, oil, and all the other necessaries, and started. A cab was waiting for us at the corner of the street, which dragged us slowly through the snow to the cemetery. Another cab was standing at the gate, out of which two ladies stepped. I could just see that they were tall, in deep mourning, and closely veiled. One, who seemed considerably the elder, addressed me politely, and gave all directions. We walked along the trim gravel-walks, a man preceding us with a lantern, which the crisp, unsullied snow rendered quite unnecessary; but it added a sort of mystery to the scene as it shone on the stiff ungainly monuments, and glittered on the snow-covered shrubs, and at last on an iron-barred gate, which the man unlocked. Here the two ladies glided past us and followed him closely till, after a reference to his pocket-book and looking at several coffins, he laid his hand on one, and signed to my man to come and assist. It was soon pulled down and placed upon the trestles; it had neither name nor date as is usual, but the man seemed confident he was right in his selection. Then there was a burst of grief, and the elder lady drew her companion away. The man placed a screw-driver and his lantern on the coffin and followed them, leaving my man and myself alone. It was a place of very weird aspect, consisting merely of a long gallery with shelves in niches, on which lay coffins of all shapes and sizes. I am not a nervous man—my days have been spent much among the dead—but I confess to a feeling of dislike to such a studio at one A.M. on a winter morning. We soon removed the coffin-lid, and by the lantern's light saw a man's face, a sharp outline, waving black hair, a noble forehead, high nose, long black beard and mustache. He must have been a handsome fellow, not above thirty. But how hollow were the cheeks, and how wasted the large, long, manly hand!

A rustle of a woman's dress and the tall lady enters, throws up her veil, and kisses the damp, cold forehead, cuts off some of the hair, and vanishes. We take the cast, close the coffin; it is again hoisted on to a shelf, and, the cold and tedious business over, I am glad to leave the place. Again the dark figure of the elder lady comes toward us, looking taller than ever as her black garments contrast with the snow. She now addressed my servant, who was carefully carrying the pieces of still wet plaster. "Is that the cast?"

"No, ma'am; cast won't be ready till to-morrow."

"Give *that to me*."

"But, Madam," I said, "it is merely the mould, and scarcely firm; any one unaccustomed to handle such things is sure to destroy it."

"Be good enough, Sir, to give that to me," she said, in such a voice that the gravel-walk was nearly being umpire in the dispute as my servant started at the sound.

"Very well, Madam." She took the towel in which they were and walked away into the darkness.

"Who is she?" I asked the man with the lantern.

"No one knows," he said.

"Who was the gentleman?"

"No one knows; he came one evening to —— Hotel without any luggage; his linen was not marked; he had money enough to bury him here in the vault. He was found dead in his bed, I heard them say, and that's all I know of *him*, Sir."

"Was there no suspicion of suicide?"

"I tell you, Sir, that's all *I* know, but it's suicide stopping out here; so good-morning, Sir."

So we drove homeward. The stars were shining as they only do on a frosty northern night; the aurora would sometimes flicker and die away, and sometimes a star would shoot down and disappear, bringing to my mind Béranger's noble ode:

"Oh! what may yon shooting light betoken,
That falls, falls, and is quenched afar?"

"I don't know what it betokens, Sir, I'm sure," said my servant, wakening with a start, "but I expect no good. That old girl knows more than she seems."

"How do you mean?"

"*She* want a cast, Sir! Not she; when, Sir, you've seen as much as I have, you'll know 'em better; she's lived long enough in the world to know that piece-moulds can't be handled like that: she wanted to see him, Sir, only. If she's so very fond of him, let her have him properly looked after according to law."

"But why should she wish to see him?"

"It's curious, Sir; but so it is when people know too much about the deaths of other people, they like to take a peep at them now and then. There was Bill Simmonds, who killed the peddler. He covered him up, and would never have been suspected, but he would go in the night and uncover him, to see if he was still there; so he was caught, and—— Here's home, Sir."

With the exception of having my interest a little excited by an advertisement in the *Times*, describing a gentleman who had never returned from a journey to the north, and whose features seemed to resemble those of some one I had once seen, I couldn't remember where, the incident just narrated faded from my memory as the ever-varying pursuits of my daily life occupied my mind. The spring was approaching, and the long winter session drawing to a close, when I got the following note from the medical man whose duty it is to conduct such investigations:

"DEAR ——: Will you oblige me by coming to my house at 3 P.M. to-day, as I wish you to conduct the p.-m. examination of a case of suspected poisoning? Yours ever, G——."

I desired my trusty John to bring the necessary instruments, and went to join my friend. His carriage was at the door. We got into it, and John mounted the box.

"What street is it in, G——?" I asked.

"No street, only the cemetery. The body has been buried, or rather vaulted, for several months. There is no need to remove more than what is absolutely necessary for purposes of analysis. You don't mind?"

"Not I. What is the case?"

"Sure I don't know; most likely nothing at all, but it seems a man died in an hotel, and died

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without medical advice; he never had time, it would seem, and he was unclaimed; but as he left they sent him here. He had some money, I suppose, else you'd have seen him in the rooms."

"You take things coolly here."

"What's the use of making a fuss after a man's dead? However, his friends have traced him, and I am desired to see into it. I was very busy, didn't even ask his name; it will be in the warrant for exhumation, though."

All this time I was puzzling my brains as to how all this seemed so familiar to me, and I was just going to say as much to G—— when I looked up and saw John's face looking back through the window behind the coachman with the most comical expression of perturbation I ever saw on human countenance. In an instant the whole midnight scene at the cemetery returned to my mind; and what I had attached so little importance to then as almost wholly to forget, I now remembered in its every detail. I need not go over the old story; all was the same except that the spring flowers were rustling in the May-day breeze, and children were playing hide-and-seek among the head-stones and evergreens. The rest was the same, as the same man brought the same lamp, and he and my servant pulled down the same coffin in the same way and put it on the same trestles. This being a legitimate proceeding the regular attendant removed the lid, and I could see but little change in the face so far as decomposition was concerned — there was only an excessive amount of moisture about the face, and the grave-clothes seemed as if they had been wrung out of water. G—— was busily noting down the general appearances when he exclaimed, looking at the white particles sticking about the hair, "Holloa! they've been taking a cast of this."

The murder was out; so I said, "Yes, I did with our friend John here."

"*You?*"

"Yes; John and I in December."

"Before interment, of course?"

"Not a bit; just where you are now."

G—— cast a look at the man, as much as to say, "You may go home and pack up any movables you may care to take with you." He said nothing more to me, who had already begun my part of the revolting business; but I could hear mutterings, not loud but deep, of "unscrupulous," "unwarrantable," etc., etc., which I knew were inspired by thoughts of myself.

After our business was over, and the coffin, of which I was now perfectly weary, again hoisted to its shelf, we drove home, talking of indifferent matters, and went our several ways. A country engagement prevented my seeing G—— for a couple of days, and, indeed, not then; for on my return a message awaited me to call at one of the hotels. I went as soon as possible, so that I might get my work for the day quite over, and have a long rest.

"Who is it wants me?" I asked the waiter.

"A lady, Sir—No. 15." And he showed me in.

She certainly did not hurry herself, and I had plenty of time to look about me before any one appeared. At last a lady entered the room with, it seemed to me, some show of recognition, and her voice at least sounded familiar to my ears. She was tall, and dressed in that mixture of black silk and black crape which is so becoming to tall women. Her hair was black, just sprinkled with gray; her eyes were black, with brows and lashes to match; they were set too near the nose for perfect beauty; her other features were perfect, though the lips were rather too thin; her complexion was dazzling white, or rather transparent, like French china. Just over the molar bones there was a *soupçon* of pink—her hands long, lean, and white—the same unnatural white.

"You don't remember me, Mr. Jones?"

"Indeed I have not that pleasure."

"Ah, you doctors have so much to think about. Are you stronger than you were in the winter?"

"Thank you, I am much better."

"I'm so glad to hear it. You passed me today in a carriage. Where were you going? To do some horrid operation, I suppose."

"Not exactly."

"You don't expose yourself to cold night air as you used to do, I hope."

"No more than I can help. Why?"

"Oh, nothing; just something to say."

That was quite evident; so I began to look at my watch, which she noticed, and said,

"You'll take tea with us, won't you? My niece will be in directly. She wasn't well, and lay down for a little. We have been traveling about a good deal lately. We were in Glasgow, and saw Madeline Smith's window. What a long arm L'Angelier must have had to reach to it for his chocolate!"

"Yes, poor fellow. What a fearful end his was!"

"Are the traces of arsenic easily discovered?"

"Very."

"And antimony?"

"And antimony; indeed all metallic poisons are easily discovered."

"Then what are used which so often baffle even the most expert chemists?"

"Chiefly vegetable poisons—what are called the vegetable alkaloids; in other words, the active principles of such drugs as strychnine, from nux vomica; but poisoners like Palmer, for instance, are convicted on symptoms characteristic of these poisons."

Here an involuntary yawn interrupted the progress of my lecture, but taking for granted that my patient was the young lady, I waited; the tea-tray was brought in, and my companion left the room; she presently returned with a much younger lady, about twenty-five apparently, dressed in bluish gray, a sort of half-mourning. She had a perfect face and figure, her eyes had an almost unearthly lustre, and her complexion was the same French china white as her aunt's. Her lips had not the full rosy color of women at her age, and she walked like one who had suffered a long illness; but her manner was marked by vivacity, as her countenance was by intelligence. But that glistening eye of hers would not keep still; it wandered round the room more like a wild bird's than a young lady's. "I'll leave you two for a little," said the elder, and now I became more reconciled to my detention. After giving her a chance of beginning again, I said, "You don't look much like an invalid."

"I am not exactly an invalid, but my aunt seemed anxious for me to see a doctor."

"Do you feel very weak?"

"Oh, *so* weak!"

"Are you ever sick?"

"Always sick."

"Any pain in your limbs?"

"When I walk, such an aching!"

These short answers evidently fatigued her, and she asked for water.

"Does it hurt you to swallow?"

"No, only my throat is so hot."

And so she went on to tell me how she had been losing strength for several months—how her aunt had been so good to her; and, in answer to my questions, she said she had suffered much grief in the winter, when a dear friend had died. "Where?" I asked. "Oh, here in this town. He was traveling about, and he died in an hotel. He had been traveling with them till within two or three days; but he was not well, so he staid behind to rest, and died, and—" Here she stopped, for a rustle in the adjoining room told that a third person, that nuisance in all medical consultations, was approaching; we changed the subject, the elder lady came in and made tea; I wrote a prescription and got up to go away, but was requested to step into the next room and tell the elder lady what my opinion was. "It seems to me merely debility, and an irritable mucous membrane. She has been depressed in spirits; what have you given her?"

"Nothing," was the answer.

"Then I'll call the day after to-morrow and see how she gets on with this."

And I left; but the well-known back of a "Churchill's Manual" caught my eye as I passed out. "So you study Taylor's book," I said to her; "is not this rather ghastly reading for a lady?"

"Not I," she answered, quickly. "I suppose some predecessor of ours in this room must have forgotten it. Come and say Good-night to Kate."

I was very tired that night; there is nothing *so* tiring as the work of a medical man. Few of the cases which present themselves to him have any extraordinary interest—and, indeed, the anxiety which these involve is scarcely compensated by the accompanying fees or *éclat*. The most fatiguing part, however, is the constant endeavor to appear concerned about trivial ailments, and the striving to be on good terms with your fellow-practitioners, who you know detest you heartily. Yes, I was very tired as I trudged down the hill to my solitary abode. I vainly tried to read, and at last flung myself on the sofa. I must have been asleep for several hours, as it was quite dark when I awoke, feeling as I never remembered feeling before. "What a fool I am," I thought, "for sleeping on the sofa! Here I've got a sore throat and the rheumatism, and will be useless to-morrow." Then I dozed off again, and, as is often the case when tossing restlessly about seeking for sleep, I sat up and tried to read, and gave it up, looked over my case-book, wrote a few lines and lay down again, oppressed by a feeling of weariness words can not express. My thoughts would dwell in a dreamy way on my new patient. Where had I seen her aunt? how account for her odd manner, to me apparently so contradictory to her apparently reserved manner; and what could she have been reading in Taylor? Did she think I was going to believe she had not read him? Did I— Oh, what was that? — that awful pain that shot through me, and passed away in a minute. It took my breath away, and for some time I sat on the sofa and wiped the perspiration from my face. Again, again it came; my throat felt as if on fire, my eyes as if cayenne pepper had been dusted into them, and all accompanied by such fearful nausea as utterly deprived me of what is termed vulgarly "pluck." Death seemed to stare me in the face; I felt the seriousness of solitude in earnest then. The gray light of morning came in at last, and found me lying more dead than alive on the carpet with my head on the sofa, but the pains were less severe. How I rejoiced when I heard the carts going about the street! and some movements down stairs told me that my trusty John was making his toilet, and would soon be up stairs. All my efforts to reach the bell-rope had only ended in cramps and powerlessness.

As soon as I could I sent John for Dr. G——, who was quickly with me. He questioned me as to what I had eaten, and we both concluded that during my country visit I had taken something to disagree with me. He administered some remedies, and kindly sat by my bedside for a time, and diverted my thoughts by conversation. "By-the-way, Jones, if you are well enough, you must come round to my place and see some of that friend of yours tested."

"What have you found?"

"What have we *not* found?—arsenic and antimony in every organ of the body, especially antimony. How he could have lived an hour with so much even in his blood I can scarcely say, unless he took it little by little. By-the-way, have you got 'Taylor?' if you have, I want to look at it a moment."

"It's in the next room; ring the bell."

He rang, and John fetched the book, which reminded me of my patient at —— Hotel, so John was sent up with an apology for my not being able to make the promised visit. On his return Dr. G—— was gone, and I was glad to have even John to talk to, as my eyes were still too sore to read.

"I gave your message, Sir, and to whom do you think?—to the old one, and she knew me, she did, and she asked how you was, Sir, and if you were better. Who told *her* you had been ill?" (I may here mention that doctor's illnesses are always kept a secret.)

"Whom on earth do you mean, John?"

"The old one, Sir, as made me give up the piece-mould last winter in the cemetery."

Now the whole story flashed back upon me, and horrible doubts and terrors possessed me as I thought of my own escape, and the fair girl in that dreadful woman's power. I crawled out of bed as well as I could, and with John's help dressed and sent for a cab. We drove up to —— Hotel. The old lady was out, and my patient was in bed. The hotel servants knew and at once admitted me. The poor girl was lying back with her pale face bathed in perspiration, and her long hair lying in dank masses on the pillow. Her eyes were even more glistening and restless than on my last visit, and occasionally an expression of agony she strove in vain to conceal passed across her face. By her side was a table, on which were a wine-glass half full of what seemed pure water, and a saucer of currant jelly.

"Oh, doctor," she said, "aunt thought you weren't coming. Your medicines are here, I haven't begun them yet. Aunt left me this to take, but it always makes me *so* sick, I'm putting it off as long as possible."

"Your aunt has no business to give any medicines which I have not ordered. Chambermaid, tell my servant to speak to me. John, take this note to its address as quick as you can."

I penciled:

"DEAR G——: Come at once with John, and bring the handiest thing you've got for testing antimony and arsenic in solution. J."

I calculated on having at least an hour to ourselves in the sitting-room before the aunt could return from the distant suburb she had gone to. In an incredibly short space of time G—— was sitting at her writing-table, while I, pretending the fidgetiness of an invalid, kept prowling about in search of drugs, taking an occasional anxious look at G——, who was patiently examining the water in the wine-glass.

He had placed a few drops on a slip of glass, and was allowing it slowly to evaporate. Some more of it he poured into a test-tube, cautiously dropping into the latter dilute nitric acid; as he did so a white cloud appeared in the previously limpid fluid, which sank to the bottom of the tube. He continued to add the acid, and the fluid became as limpid as before. "What was that?" I asked.

"I'm not sure, but I think subnitrate of antimony," said the cautious man. "Let's try again. Give me that bottle of dilute tartaric acid." He again half filled a test-tube from the wine-glass, and, as it is technically termed, threw down the white precipitate with the dilute nitric acid. He now added some of the tartaric acid, and the precipitate disappeared. "Now let's try another while that glass dries," said he; and filling another tube, he dropped in some ferro-cyanide of potassium. The fluid remained unchanged. "Now for the glass;" and he lifted the slip from which the water had evaporated, and left a thin coating of something which he examined carefully through a lens, and then handed to me. I could distinctly see the little tetrahedral crystals of tartar emetic. We had now seen enough to entitle us to obtain legal protection for the poor girl. G—— tried some more tests, and occasionally jotted down a few notes, when a silk dress rustled along the passage toward the bedroom. Our door was ajar, but it passed, and we heard her ask, "Dr. Jones been here? Did you take your medicine? Where's the glass?" The bedroom door then shut, and directly after, ours was thrown wide open, and the elder lady had advanced several steps into the room before she observed us. She had not read "Taylor on Poisons" for nothing; her glance took it all in, from the spirit lamp to the bits of glass over which G—— was poring with a lens. But her bloodless face betrayed no inward emotion as she bowed to each of us, and said she would return in a moment.

"Who is that?" said G——.

"*That!*" I croaked, through my still sore throat; "that's the aunt, and the elder of the two ladies I met at the cemetery."

I had not finished when the rotten bell-rope came down with G——'s violent pull, and then we rushed along the passage, and I could hear him shouting to "stop that lady who's going out." I tried to follow, but sank back into my chair from weakness. Lest the invalid should be alarmed I went into her room. She was shaking with terror, and begged me not to leave her.

"Don't you like your aunt, then?"

"She's not my aunt," said she, "but she told me to call her so. She was to travel with me, my guardians said. She's always reading that dreadful book."

Dr. G—— returned; the old experienced bird had fled, but detectives were seeking for her already, and descriptions of her were flashing along the wires. A good nurse was sent to my patient, who was for the future under our medical care. Of course we communicated with her guardians, and very soon she was surrounded by loving friends.

The police, though unsuccessful in their search after the elder woman, took upon themselves to break open her boxes and writing-desk. In the latter they found a letter in a disguised handwriting—a letter that seemed a confession of betrayal, at the same time that it defied the person to whom it was addressed, and read as if she had threatened revenge.

Experts declared the writing to be that of the murdered man; and putting all the dark facts together, we concluded that the poisoner had been actuated by jealousy and revenge. The man had been attracted by the fair young girl, and had thus roused the stormy passions of a cruel woman.

Bearing in mind the precarious condition of the invalid, those dark conjectures were never revealed to her. Indeed, the shock to myself was great, and it was mournful to see my patient fading away.

"How changed you are!" she said to me as we met one day in the cemetery.

"And you, you ought not to be out?"

"It makes no difference," was her answer, "except that I seem to suffer more indoors. And it can't last long; and," she continued, "you know we got him put there," pointing to the grave she had left.

They now rest together. "Bury me beside him," were her last words. It was done.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

MEDICAL INTELLIGENCE.—Surely if a Medical Quack can be called a woman because he's a *Charlotte Anne*, a Chemist might be called a Ditto, as he is an *Anne Eliza* (Analyzer).

FITS THAT ARE NOT FATAL TO ACTORS—Bene-fits.

TO CATCH YOUR OWN SHADOW.—To do this trick well you must drink two pints of whisky on a moonlight night, then start for home, observing your shadow at full length before you. Jis' drop flat on your face, lettin' your nose go two inches in the ground, so as to make the shadow secure. Lie there till placed in a wheel-barrow by a policeman who feels it his duty to take you home.

"Madam," said a husband to his young wife, in a little altercation, which will spring up in the best regulated families, "when a man and his wife have quarreled, and each supposes the other at fault, which of the two ought to advance toward a reconciliation?"

"The best-natured and wisest of the two," said the wife, putting up her mouth for a kiss, which was given with an unction. She was the conqueror.

MAY BE HEARD EVERY WHERE.—"Songs without Words"—a remarkable performance; but perhaps a still more wonderful feat is playing upon words.

CURE FOR CREAKING.—The most infallible way of preventing a kitchen-door from creaking is said to be to engage a servant-girl whose sweet-hearts come to the house to see her.

WANTS.

Music of the spheres with original score.
The cap of a climax.
The musket and powder-horn of a shooting star.
The march of mind, arranged for a full orchestra, with trumpet obligato by Fame.
Some bristles from the last brush with the rebels.
Some sand from Time's hour-glass.
The iron from the plane of the ecliptic.
Some tenpenny nails made from fragments of the Iron Duke.
A finger-post from the road to ruin.

ARTIFICIAL BABIES FOR TRAVELERS.

Armed with an Infant one is admitted to First-class Cars and Saloons.

The tariff of prices is as follows:
Common traveling infants, yielding intermittent cries of fear, and capable of being put into the pocket, $2 50.
Second-class, crying not too loudly, but lamentably and insupportably, $5.
Third-class, full squaller, with a very piercing and aggravating voice of five octaves, $10.
The same, arranged as a prompt repeater, $12.
Fifth-class, first quality, capable of continued squalling, $15.

The young fellow who engaged himself to half a dozen young women is undoubtedly a beau of promise.

Some wretch of an editor says that another twist to the present mode of "doing up" the ladies' hair would take them off their feet.

THE AGE OF LOVE.

"Prithee, tell me, Dimple Chin,
At what age does love begin?"

"Oh!" the rosy lips reply,
"I can't tell you if I try.
'Tis so long I can't remember:
Ask some younger miss than I!"

"Tell me, oh, tell me, Grizzled-Face,
Do your heart and head keep pace?
When does hoary love expire?
When do frosts put out the fire?"

"Ah!" the wise old lips reply,
"Youth may pass, and strength may die;
But for love! I can't foretoken;
Ask some older sage than I!"

"I have passed through many hardships," as the schooner said after sailing through a fleet of iron-clads.

TO UGLY WOMEN.—A young man who has run through all his property, but now sees the error of his ways, and is a reformed character, wishes to marry and settle. He would wish to settle any fortune that his wife might bring with her on herself, with remainder in the hands of trustees to the survivor for life. Any lady of strictly moral and religious principles and an affectionate temperament, whose inclination for holy matrimony has, notwithstanding peculiar affluence (say $100,000), been opposed by disadvantages of personal appearance, may secure a fond husband, who is considered very handsome, but, being himself indifferent to externals, regards only those qualities in a married partner that are truly valuable.

DREAMS.

To dream of a millstone about your neck is a sign of what you may expect if you marry an extravagant wife. It is very lucky to dream that you pay for a thing twice over: since ever afterward you will probably take care to have your bills receipted. For a person in embarrassed circumstances to dream that he is arrested is very fortunate, for it is a warning to him on no account to accept a bill. To dream of fire is a sign that—if you are wise—you will see that all the lights in your house are out before you go to bed. To dream of having a great number of servants is madness.

PRETTY GIRL to CHARLES. "Charley, how far is it round the world? Isn't it twenty-four thousan—"

CHARLES (*who adores pretty girl and put both arms around her*). "That's all a mistake my love; it is only about twenty-four inches."

She was all the world to him.

A little girl worn out by a long sermon, observing the preacher gathering himself for the introduction of another "point," exclaimed, "Oh, mother! he is not going to quit at all! He is swelling up again!"

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HON. ANSON BURLINGAME, MINISTER FROM CHINA.—[SEE PAGE 346.]

PRINCE ALFRED OF ENGLAND.

PRINCE ALFRED OF ENGLAND.

THE attempt on the life of PRINCE ALFRED, Earl of Kent and of Ulster, though better known as the Duke of Edinburgh, and perhaps still better known as "The Sailor-Prince of England," has been condemned far and wide in this country, where the horror of assassination is so great, although our disregard of human life is held by our transatlantic cousins to be such a serious fault of our character.

The Prince, whose portrait we give on this page, is, as every one knows, the second son of QUEEN VICTORIA, and is now nearly twenty-four years of age, having been born, at Windsor Castle, on August 6, 1844. He was educated at the

"BROUGHT TO EARTH"—A VIRGINIA DEER-HUNT.—DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.—[SEE PAGE 349.]

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University of Edinburgh and a Bonn, and was created LL.D. on the occasion of his opening the Museum of Science and Arts in the Scottish capital. He entered the Navy in August, 1858; became Lieutenant in 1863, and Captain in 1866. He served on board the *Euryalus*, 1858–61; the *St. George*, 1861–63; the *Racoon*, 1863–66; and was appointed to the command of the *Galatea* in January, 1867, and proceeded on a voyage to the Australian colonies shortly afterward—a voyage which he was still prosecuting at the time the attempt on his life was made.

THE DEER-HUNT.

A FAVORITE mode of hunting the deer as practiced in Virginia is handsomely illustrated in our engraving on the preceding page. The haunts and "runs" of the animal are well known; some of the best marksmen of the hunters post themselves at points near which the deer is likely to pass when started, while the mounted hunters and dogs prepare to start the game and drive it toward the concealed marksman. A well-aimed rifle shot serves to bring the game to earth.

M. JULES FAVRE.

ON Thursday, April 23, M. JULES FAVRE took his seat in the French Academy. Seven hundred distinguished persons were waiting to receive him, and to listen to his eulogium on his predecessor, M. COUSIN. His speech, which was a long one, was in part devoted to proving that Christianity, political liberty, and philosophical liberty conduce to the support of one another and to the prosperity of states. He recalled the time when, a timid student, he had listened to the lectures of COUSIN, and the incredulity, the fear, with which he should then have heard that he was one day destined to take the place of that great thinker among his illustrious associates.

JULES GABRIEL CLAUDE FAVRE, advocate, politician, and now member of the Academy, was born on March 31, 1809. He was engaged in prosecuting his studies for the Bar when the Revolution of July, 1830, broke out, in which he took an active part. Shortly afterward he commenced the practice of his profession. The independence of his character, the bitter irony of his address, and the radicalism of his opinions, early made him a reputation. From that year to the present time he has been in the Press, in the different National Assemblies, and at the Bar the consistent champion of liberal opinions. After the Revolution of February, 1848, he became Secretary-General of the Ministry of the Interior, and was the author of the famous circular to the Commissioners of the Provisional Government, as well as of the "Bulletins" of the same year. He also officiated for some time as Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs. He voted for the prosecution of MM. LOUIS BLANC and CAUSSIDIERE for their complicity in the insurrection of June, 1848; he refused to join in a vote of thanks to General CAVAIGNAC, and opposed the expedition to Rome of December, 1848. He became the strenuous opponent of LOUIS NAPOLEON after the latter's election to the Presidency, and leader of the Montagne on the flight of LEDRU ROLLIN. Elected after the *coup d'état* of 1851 to the General Council of the "Loire et Rhone," he refused to take the oath to the new Constitution. His defense of ORSINI in 1858 created a great sensation by its boldness and eloquence. In the same year he became a member of the Legislative Body, since which time he has distinguished himself by his speeches against the law of "deportation," the war with Austria in 1859, in favor of complete liberty of the press, and generally as a determined opponent of the Imperial rule, and a supporter of liberty and progress.

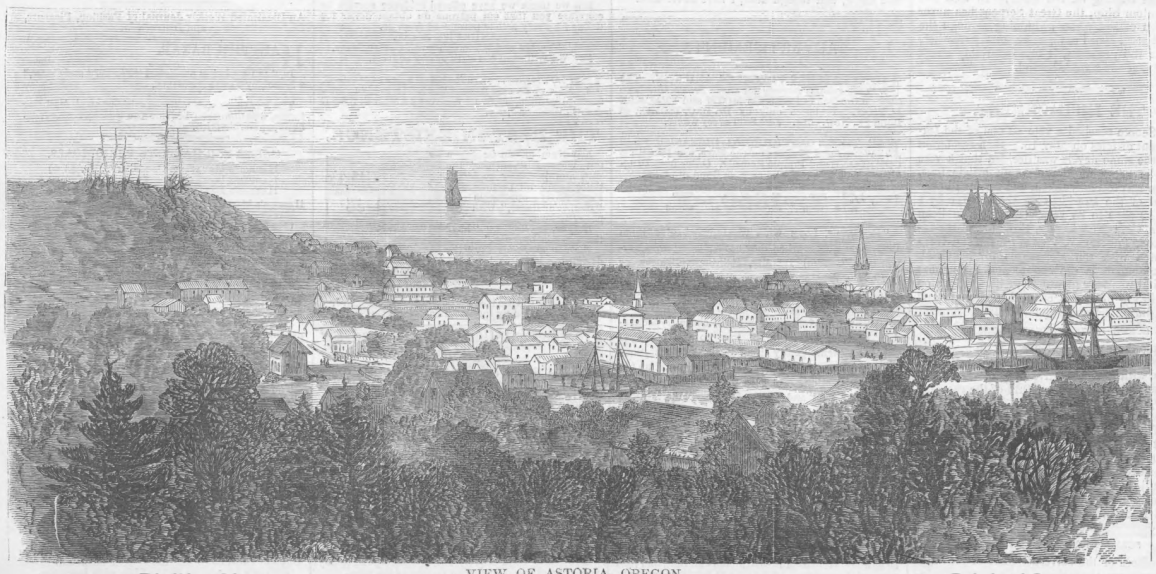
M. JULES FAVRE, OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

ASTORIA.

ASTORIA, Oregon, a view of which we give on this page, was the first trading-post established by the expedition of fur traders sent out by JOHN JACOB ASTOR about the year 1810. It is situated about ten miles from the mouth of the Columbia River, and is important only in a commercial sense.

THE SEA-SERPENT IN ALL AGES.

THE belief in the existence of a monstrous sea-serpent is very ancient. It appears first to have originated among the Chinese, and from them to have spread through nearly every nation of the civilized world, from the tropics to the Arctic regions. The first European account which pretends to rest on any positive evidence is that given by an Austrian residing at Leritz. This story relates that a fisherman bathing in the Danube with some companions, took it into his head to dive down in a part of the river which was very deep; but not appearing again, his companions threw their nets for him, and after several vain attempts, at last succeeded in bringing up his body, with one arm and one leg entangled in the root of an old tree. As they were endeavoring to disengage the body in order to take it into the boat, they saw a serpent of prodigious size fixed to the left breast of the corpse, which so terrified them that they cried out. Upon this the monster



VIEW OF ASTORIA, OREGON.

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left his prey, and after hissing in a most terrible manner, tirew himself again into the river. The next account which claims attention is that of Mr. Fisher, an Icelandic traveler, in 1829. He states that when returning from Endelare to Horseus, the man who was steering his boat, observing that he took a great interest in natural history, told him the following tale:—He said that about two years ago, he and a companion were fishing near Thunoe, when they observed the head of a large animal lying quietly on the surface of the sea close to the boat. The head was like that of a seal, but they immediately perceived it was not one. A gull flew toward the animal as they were looking at it, and made a pounce upon it, when the huge creature raised its body at least three fathoms high, or about eighteen feet into the air, and the bird flew away in terror. They said they had time, before it disappeared, to notice that the monster had a red throat, and that its body was about twice the thickness of a boat-mast.

The next account we meet with is much more circumstantial, and much less legendary than either of the other two. It is in the shape of an extract from the log-book of Captain L Blyl, of the bark *Hendrix Ido*, bearing date, October 8, 1833, and is as follows:

Sailing in South Atlantic in latitude 27° 27′ North, and longitude 14° 51′ East, perceived on July the 9th of this year, between twelve and one in the afternoon, a dangerous sea-monster, which during nine days constantly kept alongside of us to latitude 37° 55′ South, and longitude 42° 9′ East. This animal was ninety feet long, and twenty-five to thirty feet broad; and every now and then it struck the ship with such force as to make it vibrate. The monster blew much water, which spread an unpleasant stench over the deck. Fearing that the animal might injure the rudder, I did my utmost to get rid of it, but without success.

After it had received more than one hundred musket-balls, a harpoon, and a long iron bar, blood was seen to flow from its various wounds, so that at last, from loss of blood, the monster could swim behind the vessel no longer, and we were delivered from it.

It will be at once perceived that this account is much more worthy of belief than any previously mentioned.

The next account of the sea-serpent having been seen is in the year 1849. This account is remarkable from being well attested, and from having given rise to an angry controversy. The whole of the story would be too long for insertion here; the serpent was seen by Captain M'Quhœ, and other officers of Her Majesty's ship *Daedalus*, in latitude 24° 44′ South, and longitude 9° 22′ East.

Captain M'Quhœ's account was replied to by no less a person than Professor Owen, who argued that Captain M'Quhœ had been mistaken as to the size of the animal he saw, and that it could not possibly have been a serpent, but was most probably a seal. This letter was answered by the Captain, who again reiterated his statements, and was positive the animal was a serpent. Other letters followed, and of course, as neither party would yield, the matter still rests where it was.

The sea-serpent has been reported several times since that date; the last time in 1863. If human testimony could be relied on, the existence of this great monster must be regarded as proved. In the Scandinavian countries it has been a subject of popular belief from the earliest ages that a great monster, similar to a serpent, which they call "The Kraken," swims in the ocean. Sometimes this has been substantiated by actual narratives of its appearance. The more modern instances which I have glanced at have frequently been attested, not only by sailors, who are proverbially credulous, but by passengers and others. But if such an animal exists, it is, as Professor Owen justly says, most extraordinary that of the hundreds which must have lived and died in the ocean since the creation, not a single vestige, not a bone nor a tooth, has ever been cast on shore, as far as the most diligent search and investigation has hitherto shown. Nor, strange to say, as would naturally have been expected, has the dead body of one ever been seen floating on the water. In fact, like the Phantom Ship, the Great Serpent has never been seen except when swimming through the water at great speed in foggy or stormy weather, and, like the phantom, it has invariably swept past, leaving not a trace behind.

THE IMPEACHMENT.

THE Senate reached a vote on one of the Impeachment articles on May 16. By a resolution offered the same day it was decided that a vote should be taken on the eleventh article first. The vote was formally taken, and resulted in the acquittal of the President on that charge by a vote of 19 nays to 35 yeas. Seven Republican Senators, viz.: FESSENDEN, FOWLER, HENDERSON, ROSS, TRUMBULL, VAN WINKLE, and WILLEY voted with the Democrats for acquittal. The excitement in the Senate and throughout the capital was very great. Our illustrations on page 340 are of scenes enacted in the city and Capitol during the closing hours of Impeachment.

SCENE IN THE SENATE LOBBY.

During the secret session which immediately preceded the vote the lobby of the Senate was crowded with Representatives, reporters, and citizens anxious to learn the nature of the speeches made by the several Senators. Every hall and corridor, every stairway and lobby, and every yard of tenable space from the rotunda to the farthest corner of the Senate wing was occupied. The hungry crowd was "voracious for news." Occasionally a Senator came out to get his lunch at the adjoining refreshment saloon. He was at once surrounded by his friends, and scrap by scrap the news was wrenched from his reluctant lips.

SCENE IN NEWSPAPER ROW.

The offices of the correspondents of the various newspapers throughout the country are located under the Ebbitt House, in Fourteenth Street, and to this focus of news the crowd tended on the night after the vote had been taken. The sidewalk on Newspaper Row was blockaded during the whole evening by anxious searchers after news, and the offices of the New York papers, and that of the Cincinnati *Gazette* agent were crowded until midnight. But as it is the duty of the correspondent to collect news of the many and dispense it only to his editor, the crowd became the dispenser of rumors rather than the recipient of facts.

"A SURPRISE."

"She is dead!" they said to him. "Come away;
Kiss her! and leave her!—thy love is clay!"

They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair;
On her forehead of stone they laid it fair:

Over her eyes, which gazed too much,
They drew the lids with a gentle touch;

With a tender touch they closed up well
The sweet thin lips that had secrets to tell;

About her brows and beautiful face
They tied her veil and her marriage-lace;

And drew on her white feet her white silk shoes—
Which were the whitest no eye could choose!

And over her bosom they crossed her hands;
"Come away!" they said—"God understands."

And then there was Silence—and nothing there
But the Silence—and scents of eglantere,

And jasmine, and roses, and rosemary;
And they said, "As a lady should lie, lies she!"

And they held their breath as they left the room,
With a shudder to glance at its stillness and gloom.

But he who loved her too well to dread
The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead—

He lit his lamp, and took the key,
And turned it!—Alone again—he and she!

He and she; but she would not speak,
Though he kissed, in the old place, the quiet cheek.

He and she; yet she would not smile,
Though he called her the name she loved erewhile.

He and she; still she did not move
To any one passionate whisper of love.

Then he said, "Cold lips! and breast without breath!
Is there no voice?—no language of death?

"Dumb to the ear and still to the sense,
But to heart and soul distinct—intense?

"See, now—I listen with soul, not ear—
What was the secret of dying, Dear?

"Was it the infinite wonder of all,
That you ever could let life's flower fall?

"Or, was it a greater marvel to feel
The perfect calm o'er the agony steal?

"Was the miracle greatest to find how deep,
Beyond all dreams, sank downward that sleep?

"Did life roll backward its record, Dear,
And show, as they say it does, past things clear?

"And was it the innermost heart of the bliss
To find out so, what a wisdom love is?

"Oh, perfect Dead! oh, Dead most dear!
I hold the breath of my soul to hear!

"I listen; as deep as to horrible hell,
As high as to heaven!—and you do not tell!

"There must be pleasures in dying, Sweet,
To make you so placid from head to feet!

"I would tell you, Darling, if I were dead,
And 'twere your hot tears upon my brow shed.

"I would say, though the angel of death had laid
His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid.

"You should not ask, vainly, with streaming eyes,
Which of all deaths was the chiefest surprise—

"The very strangest and suddenest thing
Of all the surprises that dying must bring."

Ah! foolish world! Oh! most kind Dead!
Though he told me, who will believe it was said?

Who will believe that he heard her say,
With the sweet soft voice, in the dear old way?

"The utmost wonder is this—I hear
And see you, and love you, and kiss you, Dear:
"And am your Angel who was your Bride:
And know, that though dead, I have never died."

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From the New York Tribune of May 2.
To the Editors of the New York Tribune:
GENTLEMEN:—We have this day received from S. R. Niles, Esq., Newspaper Advertising Agent, of this city, a letter from your establishment, making some inquiries as to the manner in which our business is conducted. To your inquiries we respond as follows: That our business is not a gift-enterprise concern; that we are engaged in a legitimate, straightforward business, and do not deviate from the plan as advertised in our circular. In order to satisfy you as to the nature and extent of our business, we give you a statement of our sales for November, 1867.
Amount of sales for November, 1867, according to sworn returns made to the United States Assessor, $104,711 (*one hundred and four thousand seven hundred and eleven dollars*). Number of orders received by mail and express, 7000—in sums varying from $1 to $200. The orders were received from, and the goods sent in return to, places all the way from the "Hub" to Nebraska, including the village of New York. We also give you a list of some of the articles SOLD BY US for one dollar during the month of November, as taken from our books:
1497 Pieces Brown and Bleached Sheeting, average 45 yards to a piece, retail price 20 cents per yard.
56 Wool Long Shawls.
59 Pairs Wool Blankets.
515 Dozen Worsted Breakfast Shawls, retail price $2.
20 Cashmere Long Shawls.
172 Pairs Gents' Calf Boots.
5 Pieces of Wool Carpeting, 20 yards each.
11 Pieces Black Silk, 14 yards each.
48 Silver Hunting-case Watches.
1192 Wool Square Shawls.
1404 Pieces Hemp Carpeting, 25 yards each.
5 Silver-plated Tea Services of 6 pieces each.
1476 Silver-plated Castors.
1492 White Quilts.
If additional proof is desired as to the equitable manner in which we fulfill our promises, and of the satisfaction given our patrons thereby, we shall gladly furnish reference to those who have received these goods from us. In the month of September, 1867, we made a contract for 1000 dozen of Breakfast Shawls, to be delivered in such quantities as we might wish them. These shawls are the same quality of goods as those sold by jobbers at wholesale for $15 a dozen; and when sold at retail have been sold in Boston and New York at $2 each. By taking so large a quantity we obtained them at a price which permits us to sell them at $1 each, and leaves us a small profit. Every article we offer for sale is obtained in a similar manner. In domestics our House absorbs the *entire production* of one factory.
But we think we have offered evidence enough to convince you that our patrons do obtain dollar for dollar for every article purchased from us.
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CONTENTS:
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ILLUSTRATIONS.—Signal Rock, Lookout Mountain.—General Hooker, the Hero of Lookout Mountain.—Hooker's Position in Lookout Valley.—The "Palisades" of Lookout Mountain.—Plan of the Battle of Lookout Mountain.—Rebel Works on the Side of the Mountain.—Ruins of the White House.—Rebel Works at the White House.—Scaling the Palisades.—Raising the Flag on the Summit.—"Camp Harper's Weekly," and its Garrison.—Rebel Flag-Staff on Lookout Mountain.—The Devil's Pulpit.—Hooker's Position in Lookout Valley.—Saddle Rock.—Lula Lake.—Lula Falls.
SPRING-TIME.
AMONG THE ANDES OF PERU AND BOLIVIA. By E. G. SQUIER.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Shrine of Nuestra Señora de Copacabana, Bolivia.—View of the Bay of Copacabana, Lake Titicaca, Bolivia.—Seats cut in the Rock at Copacabana.—The "Bath of the Incas," Copacabana.—View from the "Ladera," Island of Titicaca in the Distance.—Balsa Navigation on Lake Titicaca.—Plan of Ancient Buildings at the Landing, Island of Titicaca.—Niche in Ruins at Landing, Island of Titicaca.—The Sacred Rock of Manco Capac.—Pila or Fountain of the Incas, Titicaca.—Side View of "Palace of the Inca," Island of Titicaca.—Ground-Plan of "Palace of the Inca," Island of Titicaca.—Island of Coati and the "Crown of the Andes," from Esplanade of Palace of the Incas.—Plan of Second Story of Palace.—Chambers in the "Palace of the Inca."—The Inca's Chair.—Chulpas or Burial Towers, Acora, Peru.—Ancient Sepulchres, Acora, Peru.—Plan of Square Chulpa.—Section of Square Chulpa.—Plan of Round Chulpa.—Section of Round Chulpa.
IMMORTAL.
SHOOTING STARS, DETONATING METEORS, AND AEROLITES. By Prof. ELIAS LOOMIS.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Meteor with a Fiery Train.—Meteor which Burst with an Explosion.—The Number of Meteors at Greenwich, November, 1866.—Meteoric Paths, November, 1866.—The Number of Meteors at New Haven, November, 1867.—Orbit of the November Meteors.—Orbit of the third Comet of 1862.—Path of the Tennessee Meteor, August 2, 1860.—Meteor with a long Train.—Form of the Train after Three Minutes.—Form of the Train after Sixteen Minutes.—Path of Weston Meteor, December 14, 1807.—Melbourne Aerolite.—Otumpa Aerolite.—Santa Rosa Aerolite.—La Caille Aerolite.—Lockport Aerolite.—Structure of Bohemian Aerolite.—Structure of Texas Aerolite.
DAYBREAK.
MILLY'S MISHAPS.
THREE VIEWS OF THE SAME THINGS.
THE LOOT OF LUCKNOW.
TRINITY SEASON.
DRAWING BUREAU RATIONS.
THE NEW TIMOTHY.—PART II.
MARTHA'S VINEYARD.
THE WOMAN'S KINGDOM: A LOVE STORY. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." ILLUSTRATIONS.—Forebodings.—The Two Women.—Julius and Edna.—Mrs. William Stedman.—Husband and Wife.
ENGLISH PHOTOGRAPHS BY AN AMERICAN.
WOMAN'S BEAUTY: HOW TO GET AND KEEP IT.
THE BALTIMORE PLOT TO ASSASSINATE ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
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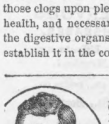

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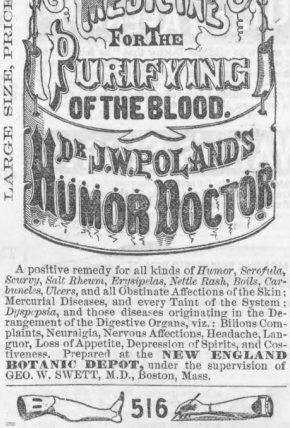

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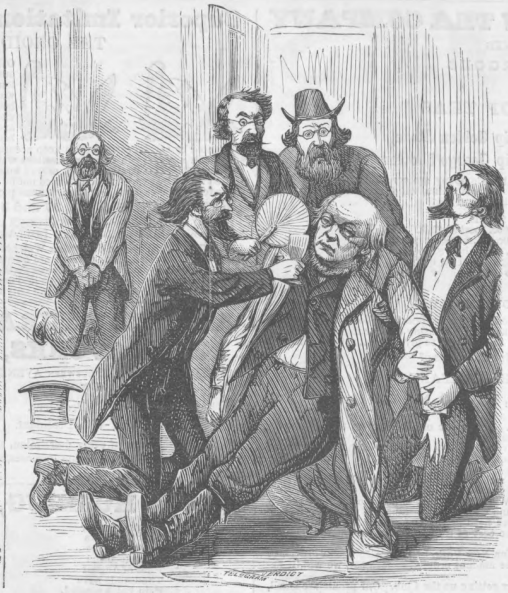

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notorious official incapacity and corruption and consequent evasion which now prevails.

Mr. JENCKES very properly counts upon the enormous gain both in the economy and the character of the public civil service by introducing the same sentiment of honor and *esprit de corps* that prevail in the service of arms. "Who," he asks, "ever loads his declamations with cases of peculation among the officers of the army and navy? Who ever charges them with connivance at stealing? Who thinks of exacting bonds of an admiral or sureties from the commander of a department? And why? Because their honor and the good of the service are one. The admiral of a fleet may disburse more than the collector of a port receives; but how different is the position of each in the national service! I desire to see the collector of a port or of a district raised to an equal position to that of a general or a commodore." This is certainly not an extravagant desire; and unless we are willing to admit that ignorance and rascality combined with party devotion are qualifications for a multitude of the most important public employments, we shall cordially agree with Mr. JENCKES, and see that the way to begin the reform is to prescribe by law qualification of character and capacity.

The Civil Service Bill contemplates a truly conservative policy. We do not mean the conservatism of Tammany Hall, the City Hall, and the Ring, but the conservatism of economy, prudence, and intelligence. The other conservatism, of the Tammany and Mozart school, is intrenched in ignorance and consequent corruption and extravagance. There are few propositions against which it would more zealously struggle than against that of Mr. JENCKES; for imagine the consternation that a practical enforcement of the Jeffersonian principle of capacity and honesty in every grade of the public service would produce among the office-holders and seekers who call themselves Democrats, because they vote the ticket which the Ring dictates and Tammany proclaims! But the bill would immensely strengthen the foundations of the Government by stimulating education and making official fidelity and industry essential. It would palpably reduce taxation and help to pay the debt. It would remove much of the dangerous bitterness from our political contests, and elevate them from a scramble for the spoils into a contest of principles. There is no bill before Congress of more vital importance, and we hope for the speedy passage of a law that can not be plausibly opposed.

THE REPUBLICAN PLATFORM THE HOPE OF THE SOUTH.

IN adopting the resolutions of CARL SCHURZ, of which we have elsewhere spoken, the Republican party has shown its earnest desire to complete the harmonious restoration of the Union, and to aid the Southern States in contributing once more to the general prosperity. The action of the Convention was both politic and magnanimous. The value of the products of those States to the common welfare was so great, as is well known, that the Secessionists counted upon it as a lever to induce the recognition and persuade the alliance of foreign Powers.

The natural resources of the Southern States are greater than those of the North, and the products far more varied in character. But those resources have never been developed as they might have been. Lands have been allowed to run to waste and wear out from lack of proper tillage, and, when cultivated, made to yield but a small part of what they might have produced by the employment of suitable agricultural implements under a profitable and proper system of labor. Still, if the South could make so fair a showing under its shuffling and negligent slave system, what an overflowing measure of abundance might be exacted from it if its farming population would devote themselves to their labor, regardless of color, with the same energy and well-directed application which characterize the North!

Already we perceive a marked improvement in these respects that is truly encouraging for the future. The industrial disorganization occasioned by the rebellion is being compensated by the introduction of fertilizers and labor-saving implements, and increased industry among the whites. This assertion is not applicable to all sections of the South, but it is true of very many. We have such encouraging assurances of the industrial condition of various States or parts of States as may well excite surprise when all the difficulties of the case are considered. For instance, a Georgia editor informs the New York *Times* that the gross proceeds of last year's crops in that State, including cotton, corn, wheat, and rice, are very nearly as large as formerly. The cotton crop alone yielded over $30,000,000. Factories also are yielding large dividends. In other States the work of recuperation is in an advanced state of progress; and it only needs the fostering care and judicious assistance of the Republican party and a Republican administration to bring back again the "flush times" of which we were once so fond of speaking.

The South is surfeited with politics for the present. It doubtless prefers to prove the sincerity of the party in power rather than trust the promises of those outsiders who have nothing to lose, but every thing to gain. What it specially needs, is to have the machinery of business adjusted and at work in its proper grooves.

Now let Congress wisely, not rashly, respond to the pledges of the party Platform, and nothing can prevent the triumphant election of the unexceptionable ticket now before the people.

LATEST FROM CHINA.

Mr. BURLINGAME, the chief of the flowery Embassy, in his speech at San Francisco, very diplomatically said nothing. But he explained that it would be highly improper for him to reveal any of the secrets of his mission until he reached the seat of Government. So he merely stated, in the pleasantest way, that his mission meant progress. It meant the closer intimacy of China with other nations, and a consequent better international understanding. He drew a good picture of the ancient empire, the original inventor of so many of the glories of civilization, descending and hobnobbing with the mere mob of modern "peoples." Mr. BURLINGAME was gracious and fluent as he always is, and he justified by his reticence the wisdom of TUNCHE, the brother of the sun, the cousin of the moon, and the great grandfather of the fixed stars, in selecting him as embassador to the Great Powers.

Apart from the humors of the event there is remarkable significance in the presence of the Chinese Embassy here so soon after that of the Japanese. Reluctant Asia begins slowly to wheel into line. Geographical remoteness and obscurity are disappearing. The inventions which China has fostered are destroying the seclusion which seemed almost a Chinese religion. And now the oldest and most disdainfully exclusive of empires selects a citizen of the young republic to be her messenger to the nations which she has hitherto declined to recognize in the usual manner. Of course there are many speculations upon the probable purpose of the mission. There is something so improbable in the supposition that the Chinese Government, without urging, suddenly resolved to open friendly communication with other nations by means of a foreigner, that it is more plausible to assume the embassy to be a foreign suggestion. We observe, accordingly, that it has been attributed to Mr. HART, the Inspector-General of Marine Customs—a suggestion which a correspondent of the *Tribune* says "we know was not the case," denying that the idea of the embassy was due to any foreigner. The same authority is of opinion that one chief object of the mission is the negotiation of a loan. This, however, is not so very unusual an object as to demand the veil of mystery. It is not very supposable that Mr BURLINGAME is going about among the Great Powers to cheapen a loan by promise of commercial advantages. Besides, it is useless, for the Chinese empire could as easily have staid at home, and have invited proposals.

If, again, the object were to enter into "the federation of the world," why send a single embassador, and he a foreigner, to travel from state to state, instead of sending a minister to every state that maintained one in China? Or is there some immense secret about tea to be gently broken to mankind? Is the advice of civilization sought upon the subject of queues? Are the Chinese women asserting their right to unlimited feet? Are rats to be discarded for horses as food? These are natural questions. But we must have patience. Even the Chamber of Commerce must have patience; and if it dines Mr. BURLINGAME before he goes to Washington, it must content itself with flowers instead of fruit. Meanwhile it is pleasant to know that a countryman of ours, by his ability and courtesy, had so commanded the respect and confidence of the Chinese Government that it selected him for so imposing and probably so important a task.

THE ENGLISH CRISIS.

THE remarkable notice by an Irish Member of Parliament of a motion to inquire why the Ministry had not advised the Queen to abdicate, if her health did not permit her to remain in the capital, is really a blow at Mr. GLADSTONE. For many of the members will suddenly ask themselves—and we mistake Mr. DISRAELI if he does not ask them—why that is not the logical conclusion of the Liberal policy. Separate Church and State in Ireland, and you have smoothed the way for a separation in England. But when the mind of the people is once fixed upon the essential reason of such relations, and upon the philosophy of government, a point always carefully avoided in English political discussion—should the people not ask, why have an hereditary executive?

Indeed, when the glamour of royalty is gone, and the king has become merely "an hereditary executive," the crown is in great peril, not of being knocked off, but of falling off. The reason of the thing has expired. It has become an economical and other computation. The only question remaining is, how do we secure the most order most cheaply? No one who watches the course of English politics can escape seeing that such a question is becoming yearly more imminent. In every way the prestige of the crown disappears, and if the Queen were to die to-morrow there would be delay and a decided want of enthusiasm in the cry *Vive le Roi!*

The truth is, that while the Queen by her mild, maternal, and amiable character shields the crown from incisive criticism, her son, the Prince of Wales, invites and compels it. A youth without parts and of no promise, devoted to theatres, clubs, and much more questionable resorts, he offers nothing that can for a moment divert the searching question, what is the use of him? To the general intelligence of the British people it must be more and more impossible to answer the question, as they see the Prince lounging at White's, or roaring out the cider-cellar lyrics, or dancing at the *Jardin Mabille*, while the Princess ALEXANDRA sits silent and sad at home, why do we pay such enormous sums to maintain this young gentleman and the system of which he is a part? Do we need this pageant of royalty any longer?

Indeed, if what is currently reported and generally believed, both of the Prince of Wales and of his younger brother the Duke of Edinburgh, be true, the regard of the English people for the regal system will be very much relaxed when they are its conspicuous representatives. A young man like the late Archduke MAXIMILIAN, who had an interest in affairs of state and intelligence sufficient to guide him to conduct that should endear him personally to the people and thereby protect the monarchy, would have made a very different use of the opportunities offered to an English Crown Prince. Such a man would not have found it impossible to create an immense and resistless loyalty in Ireland by identifying himself with fundamental Irish reforms, and residing long and familiarly in the country. The late visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to "the brightest gem of the sea" shows how readily touched the heart of the race is, and how flexible it would be under skillful treatment.

The British heir-apparent seems to reproduce the tastes and general conduct of the late lamented Prince Regent, without his opportunities and companions. Prince ALBERT EDWARD, indeed, lives only forty years later than his grand-uncle, Prince GEORGE, but there is a century of progressive intelligence between their epochs. GEORGE IV. had all the advantage of the immense reaction toward royal privilege of his father's reign, and of that which followed the French Revolution. ALBERT EDWARD lives when the great Republic has revealed the power of popular government, and when the principle of that government carries fundamental reforms in England. The real tenacity of the system upon the hearts of the people will be tested by the Prince, who can have no other hold of them.

The British system has not been strengthened by the late extraordinary course of Mr. DISRAELI in endeavoring to put the Queen forward as an active agent in politics. It is too much to expect that a man who has been struggling for sixty years to reach a lofty station will consent to be driven from it forever in a fortnight. And the antecedents of the Prime Minister should have assured every body that he would hardly hesitate to strain the system to save himself. The British crisis is most remarkable, and not even the excitement of our own can destroy the interest with which events in England must now be contemplated.

DEMOCRATIC "PEACE AND VIRTUE."

IN speaking of the Congressional plan of reconstruction under which the late rebel States are returning to the Union, a Democratic paper says: "Whether that policy will stand depends on the result of the Presidential election; and it is not yet clear that the country will consent to maintain great permanent armies in the South to uphold a policy which its white population abhors." This is a plain declaration that if the Democratic party succeed it will reopen the whole question of reconstruction and undertake a policy which will disfranchise the loyal colored voters, and place the political power in the hands of the late rebels.

It is with this understanding that General BEAUREGARD, one of the most offensive of the rebel leaders, wrote last year that the Southern people—meaning those who favored the rebellion—"must submit, but with that calm dignity becoming our manhood and lost independence. .....A futile resistance would only cause our rivets to be driven closer." But, looking to a possible Democratic ascendency, he adds: "Our people should understand that the Radicals can remain in power only so long as the public excitement is kept up." He thinks they will disappear "when peace and virtue are restored to the country." That is, when VALLANDIGHAM, the SEYMOURS, and the modest and truthful BEAUREGARD come into power.

With the same understanding General N. B. FORREST, another rebel general, speaks of the army of "the Confederacy" as the "true representatives of the greater portion of the Constitution men of the States," and adds: "The only hope of a restoration of a good government in this country is the success of the National Democracy in the next presidential campaign." This is precisely what the newspapers and orators of the rebellion used to say during the war. There would be no good government until the party that thought the war a failure succeeded.

It is not surprising that FORREST and BEAUREGARD cling to their "lost cause," nor that they befriend the party that, as a party, did what it could to serve their cause. Neither is it surprising that the papers of that party are in favor of intrusting the political control of the Southern States to Messrs. BEAUREGARD, FORREST, QUANTRELL, & Co. But it would be a little surprising if the loyal American people, who have no sympathy for that cause, should turn from the great captain of their glorious victory over it, to honor and trust the men and the party who loaded the country with its heavy debt and filled its homes with mourning.

The Republican party declares that every man, white or black, in the late rebel States shall have his own rights; the Democratic party insists that the white men in those States shall have their own rights and all those of the colored men too. BEAUREGARD and FORREST cry Amen. They are of opinion that that is "peace and virtue." And if they and their Democratic friends could only succeed, that is the "conservatism" which they would introduce.

BITING A FILE.

LAST autumn when the New York *World* hoped that somehow or other General GRANT might be seduced from the plain patriotic path of duty, it said of him:

"*Of the steadiness and stanchness of General Grant's patriotism or the uprightness and solidity of his character, no man in the country doubts or affects to doubt..... On the score of loyalty and solid public services no man in the country can come into competition with this illustrious soldier.*"

Now that he has been nominated for the Presidency upon a platform of equal rights the *World* gives this biography of him:

"This man has been nominated for President by the Chicago Convention. The facts of his life are: Born at Point Pleasant, Ohio, April 27, 1822, entered West Point in 1837, graduated, 1843, a second lieutenant, and resigned, in 1853, a captain. In 1854 was applicant for a clerkship to the Prothonotary of St. Louis. The application was rejected 'for want of capacity.' He then went to Galena, and became a tanner. In August, 1861, he entered the Federal army as a captain, was tranferred to the regular service, where he still remains."

It also says: "We challenge inquiry into the grounds of General GRANT's fame as a soldier."

Union soldiers and sailors will observe that this is the way in which a paper, which four years ago stood upon the platform that the war was a failure, now speaks of the man who defeated its hopes and brought rebellion to an unconditional surrender. And the manner in which it spoke of him when it thought that its party could use him, and now when it has discovered that it can not, reveals the exact value of its praise or censure. Another illustration of a viper biting a file was FRENEAU's *National Gazette* slandering WASHINGTON.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ACTION in both Houses during the dates embraced in our news has been confined almost exclusively to the inquiry which was then being made into alleged bribery of certain Senators in the Impeachment matter. A portion of the report of the House Committee was read on May 25, but for the purpose only of obtaining the order of the House for the arrest of Charles W. Wooley, a refractory witness.

The Deficiency Bill, appropriating $2,000,000 was passed by the House on May 25.

NEWS ITEMS.

Official dispatches received at the Navy Department state that the *Monongahela* has finally been gotten off from the beach at St. Croix, where she was stranded by the tidal wave accompanying one of the earthquakes last fall.

Four acres of apparently solid ground in Hamilton County, Florida, recently sunk to the depth of fifty feet, the pit thus formed being gradually filled with water.

A collision occurred on the New York and Erie Railroad, near Callicoon, on May 23, by which one man was killed and another severely injured. A misplaced switch occasioned the trouble.

A gang of bold robbers on the night of May 23 seized upon the engine and express car of a railroad train at Seymour, Indiana, disengaged them from the train, and, while in rapid motion, threw the expressman out of the window, and robbed three safes in charge of the Adams Express Company of over $40,000.

A heavy snow-storm fell in San Antonio, Texas, on the 19th of May, destroying property to the value of half a million dollars, besides killing several persons.

The Union Pacific Railroad has been opened to business six hundred miles beyond Omaha, Nebraska. Sixty miles have been built this spring, and a larger force of laborers than ever is at work on the road.

FOREIGN NEWS.

MORE outrages on Americans in Hayti are reported. Mr. J. B. Hepburn, of Virginia, was shot on May 5, and the house of a Mrs. Hamilton was riddled by bullets although the American flag was over the door. Salnave has declared himself Dictator, but the revolutionists have surrounded him in Port-au-Prince. Two English vessels are there to protect foreigners. The United States steamer *De Soto* had left Port-au-Prince, being short of provisions, and the American Consul had telegraphed to Washington for help. The English commander had threatened to bombard Port-au-Prince if Salnave did not respect the rights of foreigners.

The capture of Carababy proves to have been an abandonment. Only Quaker guns were found in it.

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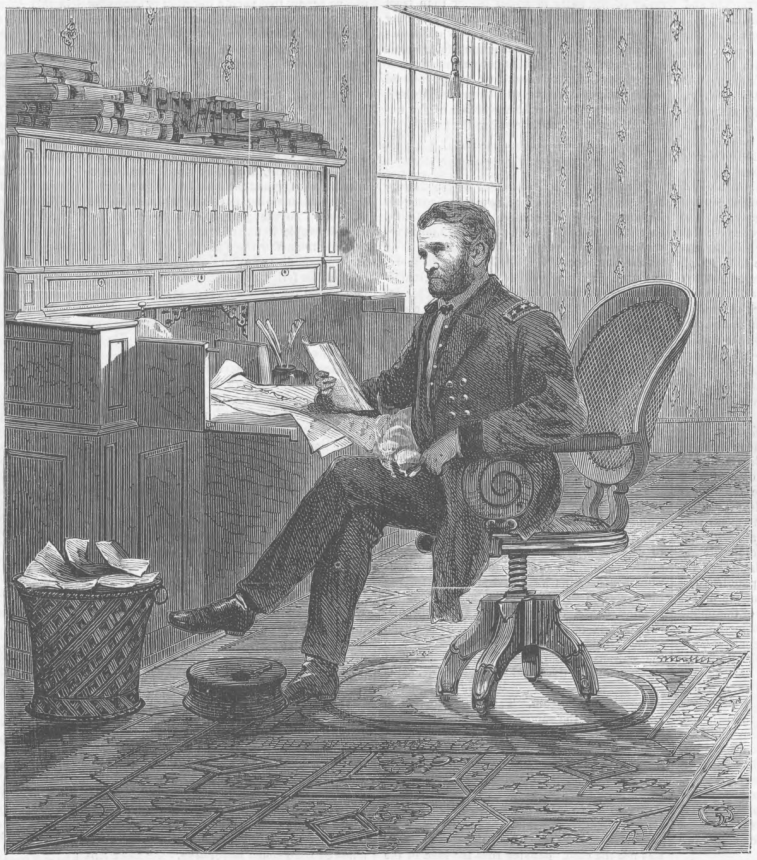
THE REPUBLICAN NOMINEES.

THE Republican Convention, which met at Chicago on May 20, nominated as its candidates for President and Vice-President General ULYSSES S. GRANT of Illinois, and SCHUYLER COLFAX of Indiana. We give elsewhere a full account, with illustrations, of the Convention.

We present on this page accurate portraits of the chosen candidates of the party. With the military history of General GRANT all our readers are familiar; in regard to his political antecedents very little is known, and his letter accepting the nomination will be the first positive expression of his convictions on the subject. It may be presumed, however, from a remark made by General GRANT on the reception of the news of his nomination, that they are in accordance with the principles of the platform. The General received the news of his nomination in his office at the Head-quarters of the Army, in Washington, the first announcement being made by Secretary STANTON, Congressmen HOOPER, AMES, and others. He at once inquired about the platform, and, on being handed a synopsis, he carefully read it, saying, after two or three minutes' consideration, "That is good." He afterward said that he was particularly pleased with the declaration against any form of repudiation. He remained at his room in Army Head-quarters through business hours, as illustrated in our engraving, reading in the course of the afternoon a large number of congratulatory telegrams.

The political convictions and career of Mr. COLFAX are as well known as the military life of the head of the ticket. In early life he was the editor of a paper at South Bend, Indiana, and in this sheet, as in many political speeches which he made about the same time, he was persistent in the advocacy of Whig doctrines and free-soil principles. He was in the Convention which in 1850 framed the present Constitution of Indiana, and strongly opposed the adoption of the clause prohibiting free colored men from settling in the State. In his whole course in Congress he has been a warm advocate of equal rights; and, as the Speaker of the Thirty-eighth, Thirty-ninth, and Fortieth Congresses, has, by his tact, decision, and general urbanity, "won golden opinions from all sorts of people."



GENERAL GRANT AT ARMY HEAD-QUARTERS.—[SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.]

POPULAR ZOOLOGICAL ERRORS.

IT is curious that so much dislike should surround so inoffensive an animal as the hedgehog; and equally so, that every charge brought against it is erroneous. It is a firmly rooted belief in the minds of farmers that hedgehogs suck the milk from the cows when they are lying at night in the meadows. It is almost inconceivable how so absurd a notion as this should have gained ground, for any person who has ever looked at the mouth of a hedgehog must have seen that it would be physically impossible for the animal to suck a cow. In the first place, the mouth is much too small to enable it to grasp the teat; and in the second, the jaws are armed with a number of sharp, pointed teeth, so that if the hedgehog ever made the attempt, the pain caused would be such that the cow would immediately rise and thus get rid of its tormentor. Another equally strange superstition connected with the hedgehog is that it can never be poisoned. What the peculiar condition of the coats of the hedgehog's stomach is which gives it this desirable immunity no one has ventured to state; but the supposed fact is extensively and firmly believed. The cause of this belief has doubtless been the fact that the hedgehog, in common with some other animals, can resist the attacks of poisonous snakes. But as snake poison is peculiar in that it acts solely on the blood and not internally, the fact of any animal possessing a peculiar immunity from being poisoned in that particular manner will not by any means prove that it can not be poisoned by any of the more common modes with which we poor humans are, unhappily, too familiar.

The toad is accused of having the power of casting the evil-eye. How this absurd notion ever gained ground it is difficult to say, for so far from casting around malignant glances, it is so shy it will scarcely look any one in the face. The toad was also said to contain within its skull a stone, the possession of which would confer upon a human being the magical power of rendering himself invisible, together with many other rare and much to be prized gifts. Many were the unfortunate toads which fell victims to would-be wizards in their search after this wondrous stone. And now, in the cabinets of the curious virtuosi, may be found preserved stones which had been in ancient times supposed to have been extracted from the heads of toads. These, however, have proved on examination to be in most cases portions of one of those curious concretions called bezoar stones, and, in some, merely fragments of polished coprolite. The belief, however, that the toad is poisonous has, unlike the other popular superstitions connected with that animal, some foundation in fact. There is no doubt that the surface of the skin of the toad secretes a slightly irritating mucus calculated to protect it from the attacks of a dog or any other animal which seizes its prey in its mouth.

ULYSSES S. GRANT, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

SCHUYLER COLFAX, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR THE VICE-PRESIDENCY.

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THE MOONSTONE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

Printed from the Author's Manuscript.

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.

CHAPTER IV.

I HAVE not a word to say about my own sensations.

My impression is, that the shock inflicted on me completely suspended my thinking and feeling power. I certainly could not have known what I was about when Betteredge joined me—for I have it on his authority that I laughed, when he asked what was the matter, and, putting the night-gown into his hands, told him to read the riddle for himself.

Of what was said between us on the beach I have not the faintest recollection. The first place in which I can now see myself again plainly is the plantation of firs. Betteredge and I are walking back together to the house; and Betteredge is telling me that I shall be able to face it, and he will be able to face it, when we have had a glass of grog.

The scene shifts from the plantation to Betteredge's little sitting-room. My resolution not to enter Rachel's house is forgotten. I feel gratefully the coolness and shadiness and quiet of the room. I drink the grog (a perfectly new luxury to me, at that time of day), which my good old friend mixes with icy-cool water from the well. Under any other circumstances the drink would simply stupefy me. As things are it strings up my nerves. I begin to "face it," as Betteredge has predicted. And Betteredge, on his side, begins to "face it" too.

The picture which I am now presenting of myself, will, I suspect, be thought a very strange one, to say the least of it. Placed in a situation which may, I think, be described as entirely without parallel, what is the first proceeding to which I resort? Do I seclude myself from all human society? Do I set my mind to analyze the abominable impossibility which, nevertheless, confronts me as an undeniable fact? Do I hurry back to London by the first train to consult the highest authorities, and to set a searching inquiry on foot immediately? No. I accept the shelter of a house which I had resolved never to degrade myself by entering again; and I sit, tippling spirits and water in the company of an old servant, at ten o'clock in the morning. Is this the conduct that might have been expected from a man placed in my horrible position? I can only answer, that the sight of old Betteredge's familiar face was an inexpressible comfort to me, and that the drinking of old Betteredge's grog helped me, as I believe nothing else would have helped me, in the state of complete bodily and mental prostration into which I had fallen. I can only offer this excuse for myself; and I can only admire that invariable preservation of dignity, and that strictly logical consistency of conduct which distinguish every man and woman who may read these lines, in every emergency of their lives from the cradle to the grave.

"Now, Mr. Franklin, there's one thing certain, at any rate," said Betteredge, throwing the night-gown down on the table between us, and pointing to it as if it was a living creature that could hear him. "*He's* a liar, to begin with."

This comforting view of the matter was not the view that presented itself to my mind.

"I am as innocent of all knowledge of having taken the Diamond as you are," I said. "But there is the witness against me! The paint on the night-gown, and the name on the night-gown are facts."

Betteredge lifted my glass and put it persuasively into my hand.

"Facts?" he repeated. "Take a drop more grog, Mr. Franklin, and you'll get over the weakness of believing in facts! Foul play, Sir!" he continued, dropping his voice confidentially. "That is how I read the riddle. Foul play, somewhere—and you and I must find it out. Was there nothing else in the tin case when you put your hand into it?"

The question instantly reminded me of the letter in my pocket. I took it out, and opened it. It was a letter of many pages, closely written. I looked impatiently for the signature at the end. "Rosanna Spearman."

As I read the name a sudden remembrance illuminated my mind, and a sudden suspicion rose out of the new light.

"Stop!" I exclaimed. "Rosanna Spearman came to my aunt out of a Reformatory? Rosanna Spearman had once been a thief?"

"There's no denying that, Mr. Franklin. What of it now, if you please?"

"What of it now? How do we know she may not have stolen the Diamond after all? How do we know she may not have smeared my night-gown purposely with the paint—?"

Betteredge laid his hand on my arm, and stopped me before I could say any more.

"You will be cleared of this, Mr. Franklin, beyond all doubt. But I hope you won't be cleared in *that* way. See what the letter says, Sir. In justice to the girl's memory, see what the letter says."

I felt the earnestness with which he spoke—felt it almost as a rebuke to me. "You shall form your own judgment on her letter," I said, "I will read it out."

I began—and read these lines:

"Sir—I have something to own to you. A confession which means much misery may sometimes be made in very few words. This confession can be made in three words. I love you."

The letter dropped from my hand. I looked at Betteredge. "In the name of Heaven," I said, "what does it mean?"

He seemed to shrink from answering the question.

"You and Limping Lucy were alone together this morning, Sir," he said. "Did she say nothing about Rosanna Spearman?"

"She never even mentioned Rosanna Spearman's name."

"Please to go back to the letter, Mr. Franklin. I tell you plainly, I can't find it in my heart to distress you, after what you have had to bear already. Let her speak for herself, Sir. And get on with your grog. For your own sake, get on with your grog."

I resumed the reading of the letter.

"It would be very disgraceful to me to tell you this, if I was a living woman when you read it. I shall be dead and gone, Sir, when you find my letter. It is that which makes me bold. Not even my grave will be left to tell of me. I may own the truth—with the quicksand waiting to hide me when the words are written.

"Besides, you will find your night-gown in my hiding-place, with the smear of the paint on it; and you will want to know how it came to be hidden by me? and why I said nothing to you about it in my lifetime? I have only one reason to give. I did these strange things because I loved you.

"I won't trouble you with much about myself, or my life, before you came to my lady's house. Lady Verinder took me out of a reformatory. I had gone to the reformatory from the prison. I was put in the prison, because I was a thief. I was a thief, because my mother went on the streets when I was quite a little girl. My mother went on the streets, because the gentleman who was my father deserted her. There is no need to tell such a common story as this, at any length. It is told quite often enough in the newspapers.

"Lady Verinder was very kind to me, and Mr. Betteredge was very kind to me. Those two, and the matron at the reformatory are the only good people I have ever met with in all my life. I might have got on in my place—not happily—but I might have got on, if you had not come visiting. I don't blame *you*, Sir. It's my fault—all my fault.

"Do you remember when you came out on us from among the sand-hills, that morning, looking for Mr. Betteredge? You were like a prince in a fairy-story. You were like a lover in a dream. You were the most adorable human creature I had ever seen. Something that felt like the happy life I had never led yet leaped up in me the instant I set eyes on you. Don't laugh at this, if you can help it. Oh, if I could only make you feel how serious it is to *me!*

"I went back to the house, and wrote your name and mine in my work-box, and drew a true lovers' knot under them. Then, some devil—no, I ought to say some good angel—whispered to me, 'Go, and look in the glass.' The glass told me—never mind what. I was too foolish to take the warning. I went on getting fonder and fonder of you, just as if I was a lady in your own rank of life, and the most beautiful creature your eyes ever rested on. I tried—oh dear, how I tried—to get you to look at me. If you had known how I used to cry at night with the misery and the mortification of your never taking any notice of me, you would have pitied me perhaps, and have given me a look now and then to live on.

"It would have been no very kind look, perhaps, if you had known how I hated Miss Rachel. I believe I found out you were in love with her before you knew it yourself. She used to give you roses to wear in your button-hole. Ah, Mr. Franklin, you wore *my* roses oftener than either you or she thought! The only comfort I had at that time was putting my rose secretly in your glass of water in place of hers—and then throwing her rose away.

"If she had been really as pretty as you thought her, I might have borne it better. No; I believe I should have been more spiteful against her still. Suppose you put Miss Rachel into a servant's dress, and took her ornaments off—? I don't know what is the use of my writing in this way. It can't be denied that she had a bad figure; she was too thin. But who can tell what the men like? And young ladies may behave in a manner which would cost a servant her place. It's no business of mine. I can't expect you to read my letter if I write it in this way. But it does stir one up to hear Miss Rachel called pretty, when one knows all the time that it's her dress does it, and her confidence in herself.

"Try not to lose patience with me, Sir. I will get on as fast as I can to the time which is sure to interest you—the time when the Diamond was lost.

"But there is one thing which I have got it on my mind to tell you first.

"My life was not a very hard life to bear, while I was a thief. It was only when they had taught me at the reformatory to feel my own degradation, and to try for better things, that the days grew long and weary. Thoughts of the future forced themselves on me now. I felt the dreadful reproach that honest people—even the kindest of honest people—were to me in themselves. A heart-breaking sensation of loneliness kept with me, go where I might, and do what I might, and see what persons I might. It was my duty, I know, to try and get on with my fellow-servants in my new place. Somehow, I couldn't make friends with them. They looked (or I thought they looked) as if they suspected what I had been. I don't regret, far from it, having been roused to make the effort to be a reformed woman; but, indeed, indeed it was a weary life. You had come across it like a beam of sunshine at first—and then you too failed me. I was mad enough to love you; and I couldn't even attract your notice. There was great misery—there really was great misery in that.

"Now I am coming to what I wanted to tell you. In those days of bitterness I went two or three times, when it was my turn to go out, to my favorite place—the beach above the Shivering Sand. And I said to myself, 'I think it will end here. When I can bear it no longer, I think it will end here.' You will understand, Sir, that the place had laid a kind of spell on me before you came. I had always had a notion that something would happen to me at the quicksand. But I had never looked at it, with the thought of its being the means of my making away with myself, till the time came of which I am now writing. Then I did think that here was a place which would end all my troubles for me in a moment or two—and hide me forever afterward.

"This is all I have to say about myself reckoning from the morning when I first saw you, to the morning when the alarm was raised in the house that the Diamond was lost.

"I was so aggravated by the foolish talk among the women servants, all wondering who was to be suspected first; and I was so angry with you (knowing no better at that time) for the pains you took in hunting for the jewel, and sending for the police, that I kept as much as possible away by myself, until later in the day, when the officer from Frizinghall came to the house.

"Mr. Seegrave began, as you may remember, by setting a guard on the women's bedrooms; and the women all followed him up stairs in a rage, to know what he meant by the insult he had put on them. I went with the rest, because if I had done any thing different from the rest, Mr. Seegrave was the sort of man who would have suspected me directly. We found him in Miss Rachel's room. He told us he wouldn't have a lot of women there; and he pointed to the smear on the painted door, and said some of our petticoats had done the mischief, and sent us all down stairs again.

"After leaving Miss Rachel's room, I stopped a moment on one of the landings, by myself, to see if I had got the paint-stain by any chance on *my* gown. Penelope Betteredge (the only one of the women with whom I was on friendly terms) passed, and noticed what I was about.

"'You needn't trouble yourself, Rosanna,' she said. 'The paint on Miss Rachel's door has been dry for hours. If Mr. Seegrave hadn't set a watch on our bedrooms, I might have told him as much. I don't know what *you* think—*I* was never so insulted before in my life!'

"Penelope was a hot-tempered girl. I quieted her, and brought her back to what she had said about the paint on the door having been dry for hours.

"'How do you know that?' I asked.

"'I was with Miss Rachel and Mr. Franklin all yesterday morning,' Penelope said, 'mixing the colors, while they finished the door. I heard Miss Rachel ask whether the door would be dry that evening, in time for the birthday company to see it. And Mr. Franklin shook his head, and said it wouldn't be dry in less than twelve hours. It was long past luncheon-time—it was three o'clock before they had done. What does your arithmetic say, Rosanna? Mine says the door was dry by three this morning.'

"'Did some of the ladies go up stairs yesterday evening to see it?' I asked. 'I thought I heard Miss Rachel warning them to keep clear of the door.'

"'None of the ladies made the smear,' Penelope answered. 'I left Miss Rachel in bed at twelve last night. And I noticed the door, and there was nothing wrong with it then.'

"'Oughtn't you to mention this to Mr. Seegrave, Penelope?'

"'I wouldn't say a word to help Mr. Seegrave for any thing that could be offered to me!'

"She went to her work, and I went to mine.

"My work, Sir, was to make your bed, and to put your room tidy. It was the happiest

"HE TOOK A SLIP OF PAPER FROM HIS POCKET, AND HANDED IT TO BETTEREDGE."

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hour I had in the whole day. I used to kiss the pillow on which your head had rested all night. No matter who has done it since, you have never had your clothes folded as nicely as I folded them for you. Of all the little nick-nacks in your dressing-case, there wasn't one that had so much as a speck on it. You never noticed it, any more than you noticed me. I beg your pardon; I am forgetting myself. I will make haste, and go on again.

"Well, I went in that morning to do my work in your room. There was your night-gown tossed across the bed, just as you had thrown it off. I took it up to fold it—and I saw the stain of the paint from Miss Rachel's door!

"I was so startled by the discovery that I ran out, with the night-gown in my hand, and made for the back stairs, and locked myself into my own room, to look at it in a place where nobody could intrude and interrupt me.

"As soon as I got my breath again I called to mind my talk with Penelope, and I said to myself, 'Here's the proof that he was in Miss Rachel's sitting-room between twelve last night and three this morning!'

"I shall not tell you in plain words what was the first suspicion that crossed my mind when I had made that discovery. You would only be angry—and, if you were angry, you might tear my letter up and read no more of it.

"Let it be enough, if you please, to say only this. After thinking it over to the best of my ability, I made it out that the thing wasn't likely, for a reason that I will tell you. If you had been in Miss Rachel's sitting-room at that time of night, with Miss Rachel's knowledge (and if you had been foolish enough to forget to take care of the wet door) *she* would have reminded you—*she* would never have let you carry away such a witness against her as the witness I was looking at now! At the same time, I own I was not completely certain in my own mind that I had proved my own suspicion to be wrong. You will not have forgotten that I have owned to hating Miss Rachel. Try to think, if you can, that there was a little of that hatred in all this. It ended in my determining to keep the night-gown, and to wait, and watch, and see what use I might make of it. At that time, please to remember, not the ghost of an idea entered my head that *you* had stolen the Diamond."

There, I broke off in the reading of the letter for the second time.

I had read those portions of the miserable woman's confession which related to myself with unaffected surprise, and, I can honestly add, with sincere distress. I had regretted, truly regretted, the aspersion which I had thoughtlessly cast on her memory before I had seen a line of her letter. But when I had advanced as far as the passage which is quoted above I own I felt my mind growing bitterer and bitterer against Rosanna Spearman as I went on. "Read the rest for yourself," I said, handing the letter to Betteredge across the table. "If there is any thing in it that I *must* look at you can tell me as you go on."

"I understand you, Mr. Franklin," he answered. "It's natural, Sir, in *you*. And, God help us all!" he added, in a lower tone, "it's no less natural in *her*."

I proceed to copy the continuation of the letter from the original, in my own possession.

"Having determined to keep the night-gown, and to see what use my love or my revenge (I hardly know which) could turn it to in the future, the next thing to discover was how to keep it without the risk of being found out.

"There was only one way—to make another night-gown exactly like it, before Saturday came and brought the laundry-woman and her inventory to the house.

"I was afraid to put it off till the next day (the Friday); being in doubt lest some accident might happen in the interval. I determined to make the new night-gown on that same day (the Thursday), while I could count, if I played my cards properly, on having my time to myself. The first thing to do (after locking up your night-gown in my drawer) was to go back to your bedroom—not so much to put it to rights (Penelope would have done that for me, if I had asked her) as to find out whether you had smeared off any of the paint-stain from your night-gown on the bed, or on any piece of furniture in the room.

"I examined every thing narrowly, and, at last, I found a few faint streaks of the paint on the inside of your dressing-gown—not the linen dressing-gown you usually wore in that summer season, but a flannel dressing-gown which you had with you also. I suppose you felt chilly after walking to and fro in nothing but your night dress, and put on the warmest thing you could find. At any rate, there were the stains, just visible, on the inside of the dressing-gown. I easily got rid of these by scraping away the stuff of the flannel. This done, the only proof left against you was the proof locked up in my drawer.

"I had just finished your room when I was sent for to be questioned by Mr. Seegrave, along with the rest of the servants. Next came the examination of all our boxes. And then followed the most extraordinary event of the day—to *me*—since I had found the paint on your night-gown. It came out of the second questioning of Penelope Betteredge by Superintendent Seegrave.

"Penelope returned to us quite beside herself with rage at the manner in which Mr. Seegrave had treated her. He had hinted, beyond the possibility of mistaking him, that he suspected her of being the thief. We were all equally astonished at hearing this, and we all asked, Why?

"'Because the Diamond was in Miss Rachel's sitting-room,' Penelope answered. 'And because I was the last person in the sitting-room at night!'

"Almost before the words had left her lips I remembered that another person had been in the sitting-room later than Penelope. That person was yourself. My head whirled round and my thoughts were in dreadful confusion. In the midst of it all, something in my mind whispered to me that the smear on your night-gown might have a meaning entirely different to the meaning which I had given to it up to that time. 'If the last person who was in the room is the person to be suspected,' I thought to myself, 'the thief is not Penelope but Mr. Franklin Blake!'

"In the case of any other gentleman I believe I should have been ashamed of suspecting him of theft almost as soon as the suspicion had passed through my mind.

"But the bare thought that YOU had let yourself down to my level, and that I, in possessing myself of your night-gown, had also possessed myself of the means of shielding you from being discovered, and disgraced for life—I say, Sir, the bare thought of this seemed to open such a chance before me of winning your good-will, that I passed blindfold, as one may say, from suspecting to believing. I made up my mind, on the spot, that you had shown yourself the busiest of any body in fetching the police, as a blind to deceive us all; and that the hand which had taken Miss Rachel's jewel could by no possibility be any other hand than yours.

"The excitement of this new discovery of mine must, I think, have turned my head for a while. I felt such a devouring eagerness to see you—to try you with a word or two about the Diamond, and to *make* you look at me, and speak to me, in that way—that I put my hair tidy, and made myself as nice as I could, and went to you boldly in the library where I knew you were writing.

"You had left one of your rings up stairs, which made as good an excuse for my intrusion as I could have desired. But oh, Sir! if you have ever loved, you will understand how it was that all my courage cooled when I walked into the room and found myself in your presence. And then, you looked up at me so coldly, and you thanked me for finding your ring in such an indifferent manner that my knees trembled under me, and I felt as if I should drop on the floor at your feet. When you had thanked me you looked back, if you remember, at your writing. I was so mortified at being treated in this way that I plucked up spirit enough to speak. I said, 'This is a strange thing about the Diamond, Sir.' And you looked up again, and said, 'Yes, it is!' You spoke civilly (I can't deny that); but still you kept a distance—a cruel distance between us. Believing, as I did, that you had got the lost Diamond hidden about you while you were speaking, your coolness so provoked me that I got bold enough, in the heat of the moment, to give you a hint. I said, 'They will never find the Diamond, Sir, will they? No! nor the person who took it—I'll answer for that.' I nodded, and smiled at you, as much as to say, 'I know!' *This* time you looked up at me with something like interest in your eyes; and I felt that a few more words on your side and mine might bring out the truth. Just at that moment Mr. Betteredge spoiled it all by coming to the door. I knew his footstep, and I also knew that it was against his rules for me to be in the library at that time of day—let alone being there along with you. I had only just time to get out of my own accord before he could come in and tell me to go. I was angry and disappointed, but I was not entirely without hope for all that. The ice, you see, was broken between us—and I thought I would take care, on the next occasion, that Mr. Betteredge was out of the way.

"When I got back to the servants' hall the bell was going for our dinner. Afternoon already! and the materials for making the new night-gown were still to be got! There was but one chance of getting them. I shammed ill at dinner; and so secured the whole of the interval from then till tea-time to my own use.

"What I was about while the household believed me to be lying down in my own room, and how I spent the night, after shamming ill again at tea-time and having been sent up to bed, there is no need to tell you. Sergeant Cuff discovered that much if he discovered nothing more. And I can guess how. I was detected (though I kept my veil down) in the draper's shop at Frizinghall. There was a glass in front of me at the counter where I was buying the long-cloth; and—in that glass—I saw one of the shopmen point to my shoulder and whisper to another. At night again, when I was secretly at work, locked into my room, I heard the breathing of the women servants who suspected me outside my door.

"It didn't matter then; it doesn't matter now. On the Friday morning, hours before Sergeant Cuff entered the house, there was the new night-gown—to make up your number in place of the night-gown that I had got—made, wrung out, dried, ironed, marked, and folded as the laundry-woman folded all the others, safe in your drawer. There was no fear (if the linen in the house was examined) of the newness of the night-gown betraying me. All your underclothing had been renewed when you came to our house—I suppose on your return home from foreign parts.

"The next thing was the arrival of Sergeant Cuff; and the next great surprise was the announcement of what *he* thought about the smear on the door.

"I had believed you to be guilty (as I have owned) more because I wanted you to be guilty than for any other reason. And now, the Sergeant had come round by a totally different way to the same conclusion as mine! And I had got the dress that was the only proof against you! And not a living creature knew it—yourself included! I am afraid to tell you how I felt when I called these things to mind—you would hate my memory forever afterward."

At that place Betteredge looked up from the letter.

"Not a glimmer of light so far, Mr. Franklin," said the old man, taking off his heavy tortoise-shell spectacles, and pushing Rosanna Spearman's confession a little away from him. "Have you come to any conclusion, Sir, in your own mind, while I have been reading?"

"Finish the letter first, Betteredge; there may be something to enlighten us at the end of it. I shall have a word or two to say to you after that."

"Very good, Sir. I'll just rest my eyes, and then I'll go on again. In the mean time, Mr. Franklin—I don't want to hurry you—but would you mind telling me, in one word, whether you see your way out of this dreadful mess yet?"

"I see my way back to London," I said, "to consult Mr. Bruff. If he can't help me—"

"Yes, Sir?"

"And if the Sergeant won't leave his retirement at Dorking—"

"He won't, Mr. Franklin!"

"Then, Betteredge—as far as I can see now—I am at the end of my resources. After Mr. Bruff and the Sergeant, I don't know of a living creature who can be of the slightest use to me."

As the words passed my lips some person outside knocked at the door of the room.

Betteredge looked surprised as well as annoyed by the interruption.

"Come in," he called out irritably, "whoever you are!"

The door opened, and there entered to us, quietly, the most remarkable-looking man I had ever seen. Judging him by his figure and his movements, he was still young. Judging him by his face, and comparing him with Betteredge, he looked the elder of the two. His complexion was of a gipsy darkness; his fleshless cheeks had fallen into deep hollows, over which the bone projected like a pent-house. His nose presented the fine shape and modeling so often found among the ancient people of the East, so seldom visible among the newer races of the West. His fore-head rose high and straight from the brow. His marks and wrinkles were innumerable. From this strange face eyes, stranger still, of the softest brown—eyes dreamy and mournful, and deeply sunk in their orbits—looked out at you, and (in my case, at least) took your attention captive at their will. Add to this a quantity of thick closely-curling hair, which, by some freak of Nature, had lost its color in the most startlingly partial and capricious manner. Over the top of his head it was still of the deep black which was its natural color. Round the sides of his head—without the slightest gradation of gray to break the force of the extraordinary contrast—it had turned completely white. The line between the two colors preserved no sort of regularity. At one place, the white hair ran up into the black; at another, the black hair ran down into the white. I looked at the man with a curiosity which, I am ashamed to say, I found it quite impossible to control. His soft brown eyes looked back at me gently; and he met my involuntary rudeness in staring at him, with an apology which I was conscious that I had not deserved.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I had no idea that Mr. Betteredge was engaged." He took a slip of paper from his pocket, and handed it to Betteredge. "The list for next week," he said. His eyes just rested on me again—and he left the room as quietly as he had entered it.

"Who is that?" I asked.

"Mr. Candy's assistant," said Betteredge. "By-the-by, Mr. Franklin, you will be sorry to hear that the little doctor has never recovered that illness he caught, going home from the birth-day dinner. He's pretty well in health; but he lost his memory in the fever, and he has never recovered more than the wreck of it since. The work all falls on his assistant. Not much of it now, except among the poor. *They* can't help themselves, you know. *They* must put up with the man with the piebald hair, and the gipsy complexion, or they would get no doctoring at all."

"You don't seem to like him, Betteredge?"

"Nobody likes him, Sir."

"Why is he so unpopular?"

"Well, Mr. Franklin, his appearance is against him, to begin with. And then there's a story that Mr. Candy took him with a very doubtful character. Nobody knows who he is—and he hasn't a friend in the place. How can you expect one to like him after that?"

"Quite impossible, of course! May I ask what he wanted with you when he gave you that bit of paper?"

"Only to bring me the weekly list of the sick people about here, Sir, who stand in need of a little wine. My lady always had a regular distribution of good sound port and sherry among the infirm poor; and Miss Rachel wishes the custom to be kept up. Times have changed; times have changed! I remember when Mr. Candy himself brought the list to my mistress. Now it's Mr. Candy's assistant who brings the list to me. I'll go on with the letter, if you will allow me, Sir," said Betteredge, drawing Rosanna Spearman's confession back to him. "It isn't lively reading, I grant you. But, there! it keeps me from getting sour with thinking of the past." He put on his spectacles, and wagged his head gloomily. "There's a bottom of good sense, Mr. Franklin, in our conduct to our mothers, when they first start us on the journey of life. We are all of us more or less unwilling to be brought into the world. And we are all of us right."

Mr. Candy's assistant had produced too strong an impression on me to be immediately dismissed from my thoughts. I passed over the last unanswerable utterance of the Betteredge philosophy, and returned to the subject of the man with the piebald hair.

"What is his name?" I asked.

"As ugly a name as need be," Betteredge answered, gruffly. "Ezra Jennings."

PEGGY'S WINDOW.

IT was insignificant enough in itself, but every thing has value not for what it *has*, but for the use which it makes of what it has; and there was a great deal seen through Peggy's window.

First, one looked straight out upon a plat of grass spotted in with dandelions; and beyond, at the waters of a wide lake where busy ships came and went; while between the green grass and the blue water ran a broad street, where all day long and far into the night heavy wagons, handsome carriages, and crowded coaches went to and fro; and along the edge of the bluff that looked down on the lake children played, and lovers walked under the lindens in summer evenings.

All this and a great deal more Peggy saw as she sat in her low willow chair by this window, that opened level with the ground; for Peggy's kitchen was in the basement of an ancient-looking house, built up of cobble-stones and mortar; a house that was new when the broad, busy street before it was only a bridle-path. This was the reason of the strip of yard in front and the deep garden behind, bought when land was plenty and low along what had since grown into the principal avenue of a crowded city.

Every day, precisely as the Cathedral clock struck three, Peggy came to her window, with a red mitten in her hand, and a green barége turban on her head. And here she sat until the clock went six, knitting the mitten, and looking through the small, clean panes at the passing world, which was her daily newspaper and her daily gossip; for Peggy never read, and she never spoke excepting when somebody asked her a question—nor then, if a nod or a shake of the head would possibly answer.

The clock was yet on the stroke of three one showery May afternoon when an emigrant ship sailed by "to its haven under the hill," and an hour later the passengers went past the window in scattered groups of quaint, bewildered men and women. Foremost among them and quite by himself was a young Welshman, blue-eyed, curly-haired, and full of resolute life and honest will.

It was not many days before he passed again, and just against Peggy's window a man with a vast deal of presence and manner met him.

"Ah, Apdallas! I was looking for you," he began. "I heard from my brother that you had arrived, and I have the impression you are just the man I want to see."

Then standing, solid and self-assured, with his gold-headed cane and his shining boots, Mr. Snowdoun began to talk—after the manner of men—all around the subject he wished to hit; till circling closer and closer, like a leaf in an eddy, he brought up at last at the object of his conversation. It appeared then that he wished to go into some kind of iron-works, but, with capital and brains, he had no practical knowledge of the business. It appeared also that young Apdallas, who had no capital, had just this desirable knowledge, having worked in iron-mills all his days, and known them thoroughly from beginning to end. Mr. Snowdoun had no need of any lengthy talk to find this out, and he knew perfectly well before he began that the interview would end in a union of Apdallas's experience with his money; yet Peggy had knit into her seam-needle, rolled up her mitten and gone away, long before he had come to the point of taking out his prosperous-looking memorandum-book and writing an agreement for young Apdallas to sign. Therefore only the window looked out upon the closing of the interview, that resulted after some months in several high, conical furnaces down on the lake-shore, whose tops came up above the bank and glared all night long with their burning eyes at Peggy's window.

One evening, a whole year after he first sailed into my story, Apdallas, sitting upon the wooden carriage-steps under the elm-tree in front of the window, took a letter from his pocket; and as he opened it a picture fell to the ground—the face of a young girl, rather bold perhaps, but very sensible and very sweet. The letter that inclosed it was like the face.

"My mother is dead now," it said, "my brother is married and needs me no more, and I write to ask you if there is any place and work for me in America. Your cousin, Charlotte Chisholm, who is a very good friend of mine, tells me you have found it to be a country where there is much to do and where every one may work, making themselves a place and a home. So may I give you the trouble to say if I would risk any thing in going a stranger to a strange land?"

This letter, signed "Ursula Fitzgibbon," was the first incident softer than iron that had fallen into Apdallas's life since he landed in America; he read it with a gentle stirring at his heart, and like April in a lilac bough.

A week later Peggy, through her window, saw him post a letter in the mail-box across the street. It was directed to "Miss Ursula Fitzgibbon, Carrighal, Wales," and was not the last of many that flew on yellow wings from that same letter-box across the sea.

All the while the light from the blast-furnaces shone brighter and brighter, for ore was plenty and iron was dear. So weeks came in and weeks went out, stretching themselves into months and then years, until, on a midsummer evening, just as the furnace-fires had begun to paint Peggy's poor little window a glowing crimson, turning it into something far more gorgeous than the stained altar-window at the Cathedral, another emigrant-ship sailed by, and the red glare was reflected from the window upon the face of a girl who stood upon deck looking off at the city. At the

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same time Apdallas passed in his best blue suit, going down to the boat-landing; and then by-and-by he came back in a carriage with the brave, honest face of Ursula Fitzgibbon beside him.

Now Peggy's window held itself at such a convenient angle that it looked as many ways as the wind blows, all at once, in any lake country; and among other sights it saw a peaked-roofed brick cottage, tangled over with trumpet-flowers and Michigan roses. And at the door of this house it saw Apdallas and the girl go in. For a little time they were lost to view, but directly somebody lighted the gas in the front parlor, and Peggy, coming to close her shutters just then, saw between the lace curtains of the long, open window Arthur Apdallas and Ursula Fitzgibbon kneeling side by side, while the white-haired rector stood before them with book and gown. And thus it was Ursula Fitzgibbon found her "work and place and home."

After that Mr. and Mrs. Apdallas often walked past together of summer evenings, stopping to sit and talk upon the carriage-steps under Peggy's elm-tree; and all the time the hot-mouthed furnaces, like wise old alchemists, were tirelessly turning iron ore all into gold for the fortunate pockets of their proprietors. Until, almost before they knew it, the firm of Snowdoun & Apdallas was among the wealthiest of that wealthy city.

At last Peggy, at her knitting, began to watch from her window a handsome stone-house going up on the margin of the bank that looked down on the lake. A house with gable and dormer and bay and oval and French windows; with all manner of quaint and fanciful architecture, as though it embodied memories of some strange, foreign land. Yet, withal, with a look of solid magnificence that of a certainty embodied solid wealth.

Finally it was finished and furnished with unbounded splendor, and then, one day, Mr. and Mrs. Apdallas went between the great stone lions that guarded the carved doorway, and took possession of their new home.

Several years have come and gone since then, and as Peggy sits to-night looking through her window she sees in the twilight children at play under the portico of the great house opposite, and behind them, in the stately doorway, she sees Mrs. Ursula Apdallas watching them with motherly gladness, while her husband smiles down upon the handsomest wife in the whole city with satisfied pride and love. And thus for once wealth and worthiness and happiness are joined hand in hand.

A PRESENTATION AT THE VATICAN.

ONE of the weaknesses of Americans abroad is to seek presentation to crowned heads. Our ministers at London, Paris, Vienna, and other Continental capitals are "bored to death"—to use the common expression—with requests for introduction at Court. By European etiquette any person presented to a sovereign must be of sufficient rank to be eligible to an introduction at his own Court. This rule works well enough in the case of subjects of all monarchical governments, whether absolute or limited, as the number of persons entitled to presentation is not large. But when applied to Americans it is very unsatisfactory; every man and woman among us is entitled to visit the White House and shake hands with the President. Probably our Republican Court receives more visitors every month than the sovereigns of England, France, Russia or any other first-class Power in a whole lifetime. We carry our Republicanism with us when we go abroad—quite as much as the Englishman carries his insularity—and one thing that we remember above all others is, that we are eligible to a state presentation at home, and therefore must have the same right abroad.

Woman, lovely woman—especially if of the class of *nouveau riche*—is quite as keen on the scent for royalty as her bearded and bigger half. To enter the penetralia of a palace and gaze upon the features of its presiding genius she will undergo any torture of body, mind, milliner, or bank account. Nay, she will even submit to array herself after a prescribed form, while at home she would laugh to utter refusal all dictation in the matter of dress. Husband, father, or big brother who may be traveling with her is kept in metaphorical hot water until he secures the desired invitation to Court, or is positively refused all admission. When she has been in the presence, and actually received the hundredth part of a smile from the august face, how perfect is her happiness, and with what ineffable contempt and scorn she ever after regards those who were rejected! A presentation at a Royal or Imperial Court is an event to be talked about on all convenient—and many inconvenient—occasions for the rest of her natural life.

Customs differ at the various European Courts, some of them being more easy of access than others. Some admit male civilians in ordinary evening dress, while others require that they shall be arrayed in uniform or in the prescribed costume of the Court. At the Palace of the Tuileries it is both interesting and amusing to witness the movements of some of our aspirants to distinction who are arrayed in uniform for the first time in their lives. Their suits fit them uneasily; they are generally too large or too small; their swords dangle between their legs, and occasionally trip them up; their cocked hats are inconvenient to dispose of, and altogether they appear like organ-grinders' monkeys in new jackets. As the presentation generally consists of standing in a row while His Majesty walks through the apartment, and hears the names of the visitors read, as an overseer calls the roll of his hod-carriers, there is a suspicion in the minds of many, as with the boy who studied the alphabet, that it is hardly worth while to go through so much to accomplish so little.

His Holiness, the Pope, is more easily accessible than most of the kingly and imperial personages of Europe, and especially so to Americans. Every little while there is an opportunity for presentation at the Vatican, and it is not required, as elsewhere, that application shall be made through the embassador of one's country. The leading bankers of Rome can procure invitations, and they generally do it by wholesale. They send lists of whatever names are registered, and I suspect they often procure a few dozens of papers in blank, to be filled up by themselves. The invitation specifies the dress to be worn on the occasion. Gentlemen must be in evening costume, with white cravats, while ladies must wear black dresses and veils, with no bonnets. I believe the costume is varied at times, and of late years it is less rigidly insisted upon than formerly.

Happening in Rome last year during Holy Week I found there was to be a Papal audience, and, on application to my banker, I received a ticket of invitation. At the appointed hour—4 P.M.—I rode to the Vatican, and passed under the colonnade of St. Peter's to the broad stairway that led to the audience-room. The harlequinish-looking soldiers called "the Pope's Own" (which the American Bishops have been requested to replace by a thousand good Americans) were ranged near the entrance at the foot of the stairway, and formed a close line through which no one unprovided with a ticket was allowed to pass. At the head of the stairway were chamberlains of the Pope's household, performing the easy, though necessary, duty of fingerposts to indicate the way. Winding along several passages of that huge building (it is said to contain four thousand rooms) there was a goodly number of visitors about, as one usually finds the crowd at a theatre door five minutes before the performance begins. I was escorting two ladies who hesitated to ride bareheaded from the hotel to the Vatican. Our *valet de place* accompanied us to the foot of the broad stairway, where he took possession of our superfluous garments, and waited until our return.

The last of the line of chamberlains stood at the door of a long and narrow apartment—proportioned more like a rope-walk or bowling-alley than any thing else I think of—where we were to await His Holiness. When I entered there were three or four hundred persons in the room, and before the time of presentation came the number had increased to a thousand. I think at least four-fifths of the assemblage were Americans and English, in the proportion of six to one. A few of the former had managed to evade the regulations and were arrayed in frock-coats, but their number was very small. There was a fair sprinkling of children, every mother being anxious that her darlings should receive the Papal blessing. Many brought rosaries and crosses to be made sacred by the presence of the Holy Father. Some carried them on their necks to the number of a dozen or more; others held them in their hands; and others were so liberally supplied that they brought them in bags or baskets. Near me stood a woman whom I have since met on Broadway. She held on her arm a basket large enough for a bachelor's marketing, and had it stuffed full of rosaries and other treasures of the Catholic heart. Several dealers in these articles had an eye to business, and secured the blessing of a large quantity of their wares. These would be sold at an advance of fifty per cent. over regular prices, and return a handsome profit to the enterprising merchant.

Many young priests, who had come from the interior of Italy to attend the ceremonies of Holy Week were in the assemblage, and wore an air of meek devotion while waiting the coming of the man who represented to them God upon earth. Several of them carried small crucifixes for which they sought the blessing, and would, no doubt, worship in the future with an increased faith.

There was a hum of conversation—chiefly in Anglo-Saxon—during the time we awaited the arrival of the Pope. There were but few seats—only a single bench on each side of the room—so that the great majority were obliged to stand. By-and-by the hum suddenly increased, and then sank almost to silence. All eyes were turned toward a door at one end of the long hall, and as it swung open we saw His Holiness entering. Preceded by two Cardinals—one of them the famous Antonelli—and by several chamberlains, he advanced along the apartment, one side of which had been kept vacant. Ordinarily, there should have been but a single line of visitors, but on this occasion the front was every where from four to a dozen deep, and not arranged in regular order. Nearly every body knelt—a few sturdy anti-Catholic Americans remaining firmly upon their feet, and some compromising with their consciences by dropping on one knee. At first the chamberlains took the ticket of each person and announced the name upon it; but as this delayed matters somewhat, they very soon contented themselves with announcing only those who bore titles of some kind or had more than ordinary distinction. As my name happened to bear a military prefix, and was followed by the magic words, "*Etats Unis*," I received special attention from the chamberlain who took my ticket, and consequently from His Holiness, Pius IX.

The Pope is a finely-preserved old man, and appeared as if good for ten years more of temporal power. His face is pleasing, and when I saw it there was a kindly smile that overspread it, and was well calculated to win admiration. He was dressed in the white costume familiar to all who have studied his picture, or are at all acquainted with the ordinary vestments of the Romish Church. He appeared to have special fondness for children, and bestowed his blessing upon them more liberally than upon adults. One of my lady companions took her little daughter to the presentation, and was greatly delighted at the attention she received.

Somehow the stiff-kneed Americans were frequently in the front rank, greatly to the annoyance of the more reverent ones in the rear. I presume that several were brought down who firmly resolved before going there that they would not kneel on any account. One rigid Puritan told me the next day that he had determined beforehand he would never kneel to the Pope or any other man; but the repeated cries of "*a genoux*," "*a genoux*," and the reluctance to wound the feelings of the Catholics present had been too much for his spirit.

After passing in front of the assemblage the Pope went to a sort of desk or pulpit, about midway of the hall, where he made a prayer and a short address, both in the French language, which he speaks with fluency and correctness. The address was in no way sectarian, but a wholesome, moral lecture fitted to any people professing Christian faith. Then followed his blessing and benediction, to which all bowed in silence, and then filed slowly to the outer air.

"ONLY A HEADACHE."

WHEN a man is a middle-aged man—what in these days is called "quite a young man"—he is in the height of his physical strength, while his mental vigor is still strengthening and increasing—a vigor, in many instances, susceptible of being strengthened and increased to the very last. A man then is, or ought to be, in the full flush of his powers, with added resources of every kind, and acquired skill and mastery over them. The sickness and languor of early years are left behind, and not much thought is given to the physical ills that may be screened by the curtain of the future. Men rarely pause to consider a wonderfully prolonged exemption from the sharper phenomena of suffering. Still, the healthiest life is not ordinarily free from touches of human ills. The middle-aged man, in the full tide of occupation, in the broad stream of his energies and activities, may be exempted from the presence of positive malady, but he is peculiarly liable to headaches.

Full and well-regulated employment is both the duty and the real happiness of a man. Men who can not get the full occupation they want are unhappy, whereas they might well derive consolation from the fact that they already possess that leisure which is often the busy man's chief aim in life, and that they are released from the perils and responsibilities which an overcrowded life presents. The successful man is often pre-eminent for failures. That man is to be pitied who is so very successful in his business that he has no time for literature and art; grudges evening parties; can rarely get a week's shooting, and scarcely ever a month's vacation. There is a time when a busy man's time is exceedingly valuable. The temptation is almost overwhelming to him when he finds that he can coin his minutes into dollars. Then the poor fellow sacrifices the real good of his life for the means of living. A great power of acquiring often disqualifies a man for expending.

The result of the multiplicity of engagements is, often enough, a headache. The headache has its uses in the economy of things. It accomplishes one of the benevolent intentions of pain, in giving a man a hint and forewarning that the delicate machinery of the brain is overtaxed. Sometimes a man works himself into a position, or a position has come upon him, to grapple adequately with which is really beyond his power; and even an active business man who delights in business will be dismayed by the accumulation of his correspondence and the multiplicity of his engagements. The speedy result of the frightful burden of cares borne by many men is anxious and haggard faces. So it is even with successful men, the lawyer or physician in full practice, the author in the full tide of literary success. Then a nervous headache very commonly sets in. A man ought to take this as a hint, not exactly that he should knock off work, but that he should take it more judiciously. A great deal depends upon arrangement. There are persons who, amidst a variety of engagements, begin with the least important and work their way to the most important, resembling the architects of Laputa, who begin with the roof in the air, and work downward to the foundation in the ground. That is a mistake. When you have arranged your business in the order of importance, the great thing is not to attempt too much, but to do things one at a time. Canning was greatly impressed with this notion. We find him writing to a friend: "Pozzo told me a story one day which was new to me, and made a strong impression on me. 'Such a person,' said one of the speakers in the dialogue, 'was a great man; but how did he manage to do so many great things in his life?' 'By doing them,' was the answer, 'one after the other.'" Again, one ought to remember that, within certain limits, a man may be as busy as he likes, but outside those limits he has no business to be busy. A man ought never to allow himself to be so occupied that he becomes dyspeptic; that he can not play with his children and make love to his wife; that he can not thoroughly enjoy a book; that he can not attend to those higher thoughts that keep the life of intellect and spirit sweet and wholesome. However excited Sir Robert Peel might have been with parliamentary strife, he always made a point of reading some religious work for half an hour before he went to bed. Bishop Horne, writing to a friend, said, "The doctors wish me to have an illness, but I desire to leave that matter to God's goodness. I read a page or two of Bozzy every night, and my sleep is sweet after it." But it is so hard to make people renounce the shadow and grasp the substance. A chronic headache would, perhaps, bring them to a better mind.

Our headaches may be turned to some ethical account, first, by taxing our ingenuity how to avoid them; and next, our self-denial, by surrendering the tempting circumstances that induce them. They are a penalty for the exertion that has tired, a safeguard against exertion that will kill. Perhaps it may be arguing on too scanty an induction, but it often seems that the more acute the intellect the greater is the liability to nervous headache. One who is, perhaps, the most brilliant writer of the present day obtains the commiseration of all his friends for his dreadful headaches. We have all heard of Sydney Smith's wit and hilarity, but Sydney Smith was also subject to fits of deep depression, of which the public has heard little or nothing. Perhaps there are cares and anxieties which will morbidly fasten on the brain, and we find it impossible to shake them off. With all our philosophy and management, we may not be able at times to ward off a violent headache; but a word to the wise is sufficient; and if those subject to this evil will study the causes and consequences, and follow the teachings of reason, they may expect, at least, a modification of their headaches.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

VISIBLE NOISE—Plymouth Sound.

THE PERFUMER OF THE WORLD—The centre of the earth.

ON AN UMBRELLA.

I had a new, a cherished silk umbrella,
Which I with care concealed behind the rack,
Until one night a friend—a thoughtless fellow—
Desired its use, and never brought it back!
This friend upon my sister had been calling—
That was all right; but when he rose to go,
And reached the door, behold! a rain was falling;
So my umbrella went along with beau!

There, snug in bed, unconscious of the sorrow
In all its bitterness to be revealed
To my unhappy gaze upon the morrow
(A sorrow time, alas! has never healed)—
There, snug in bed, I lay, and, smiling, hearkened
To the remorseless patter of the rain:
Why, let it pour, and let the sky be darkened!
I was prepared, so why should *I* complain?

Ah! that sad morn when, breakfast being over,
I took my hat, approached the faithful stand,
To draw my dear umbrella from its cover,
And no umbrella met my eager hand!
'Twas gone. My sister soon explained the reason:
"You were not out last night, my dear, you know,
And as he was a-coughin' and a-sneezin'
When he went home, I—lent it to—my beau!"

It went, it staid. I never saw it after,
Though days, and weeks, and months have passed away.
Nay, gentle reader, check, I pray, your laughter—
My fate may be your own some rainy day!
I mourn my loss as though it were a brother,
Or, what perhaps is better, a sweet wife!
One thing is sure—I'll never get another,
But rather go umbrella-less through life.

RULES FOR BECOMING A MILLIONAIRE.

You must devote your life to the getting and keeping of other men's earnings.

You must eat the bread of carefulness, and you must rise early and lie down late.

You must care little or nothing about other men's wants or sufferings or disappointments.

You must not mind it, that your great wealth involves many others' poverty.

You must not give away money except for a material equivalent.

You must not go meandering about Nature, nor spend your time enjoying air, earth, sky, and water, for there is no money in it.

You must not distract your thoughts from the great purpose of your life with the charms of art and literature.

You must not let philosophy or religion engross you during the secular time.

You must not allow your wife or children to occupy much of your valuable time or thoughts.

You must never permit the fascinations of friendship to inveigle you into making loans, however small.

You must abandon all other ambitions or purposes; and, finally,

You must be prepared to sacrifice ease and all fanciful notion you may have about tastes and luxuries and enjoyments during most, if not all, of your natural life.

A little fellow of some three summers had presented to him three little sugar dolls. As he had already stuffed more than was proper, his mamma had made him promise that he would eat no more. A solemn engagement was entered into to that effect, but in a few moments the mother discovered that one of the dolls was gone. She scolded, and received the following irresistible explanation:

"I was obliged to eat one up. There was the papa, the mamma, and the little boy."

"Well, why should you eat one?"

"The little boy was so disobedient."

A young lady—a sensible girl—gives the following catalogue of different kinds of love: "The sweetest, a mother's love; the longest, a brother's love; the strongest, a woman's love; the dearest, a man's love; and the sweetest, longest, strongest, dearest love, a 'love of a bonnet.'"

SIZE AND SEMBLANCE.—A photographer in one of the country towns in Massachusetts was recently visited by a young woman, who, with sweet simplicity, asked: "How long does it take to get a photograph after you leave your measure?"

RULES FOR PUNCTUATION.

By an Ancient Printer.

"I set up as long as I can hold my breath, then put in a comma; when I gape I insert a semicolon; when I sneeze a colon; and when I want to take another chew of tobacco I insert a period." We can not withhold these rules, so admirable in their simplicity, from the public.

They sat upon the front-door mat,
Where softly shone the moon,
And listened to the music that
Came from a beer saloon.

His manly arm did round her twine,
Their lips in kisses met;
And when he asked "Wilt thou be mine?"
She said "I will, you bet!"

One day at the table of the late Mr. Pease (Dean of Ely), just as the cloth was being removed, the subject of discourse happened to be that of an extraordinary mortality among the lawyers. "We have lost," said a gentleman, "not less than six eminent barristers in as many months." The dean, who was quite deaf, rose as his friend finished his remarks, and gave the company grace: "For this and every mercy the Lord's holy name be praised."

It is asserted that a man with glass eyes can't real eyes (realize) any thing.

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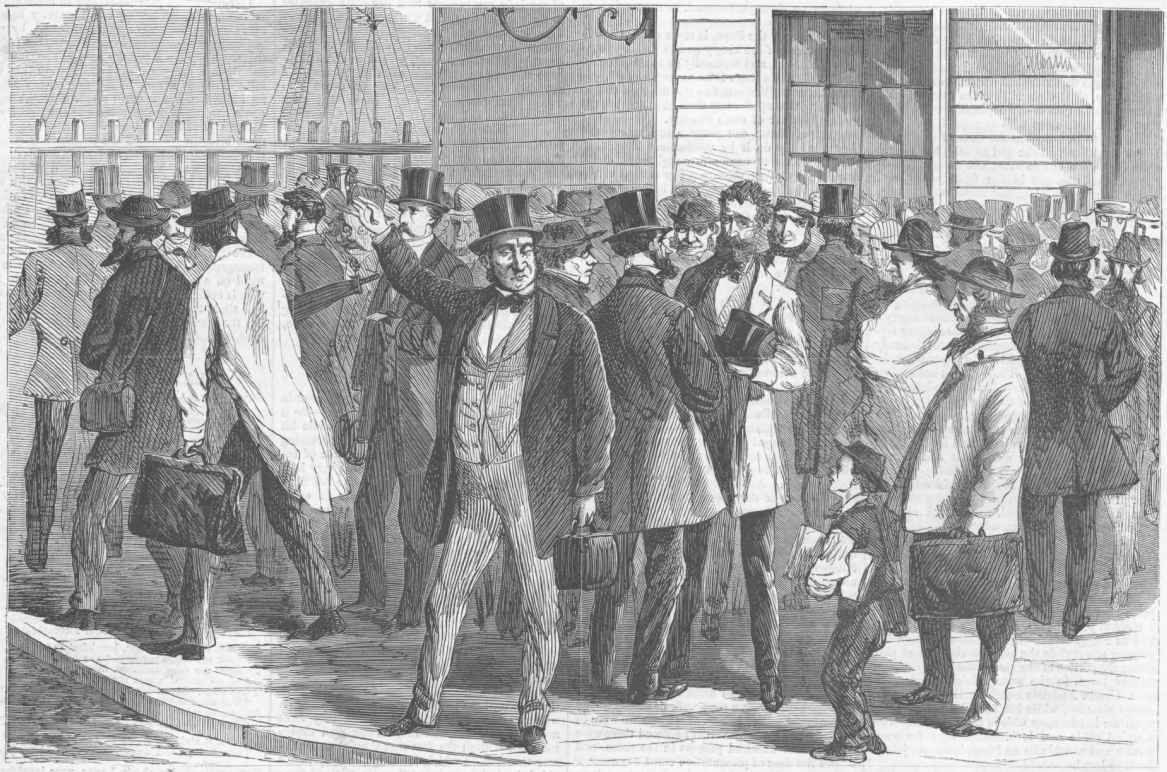
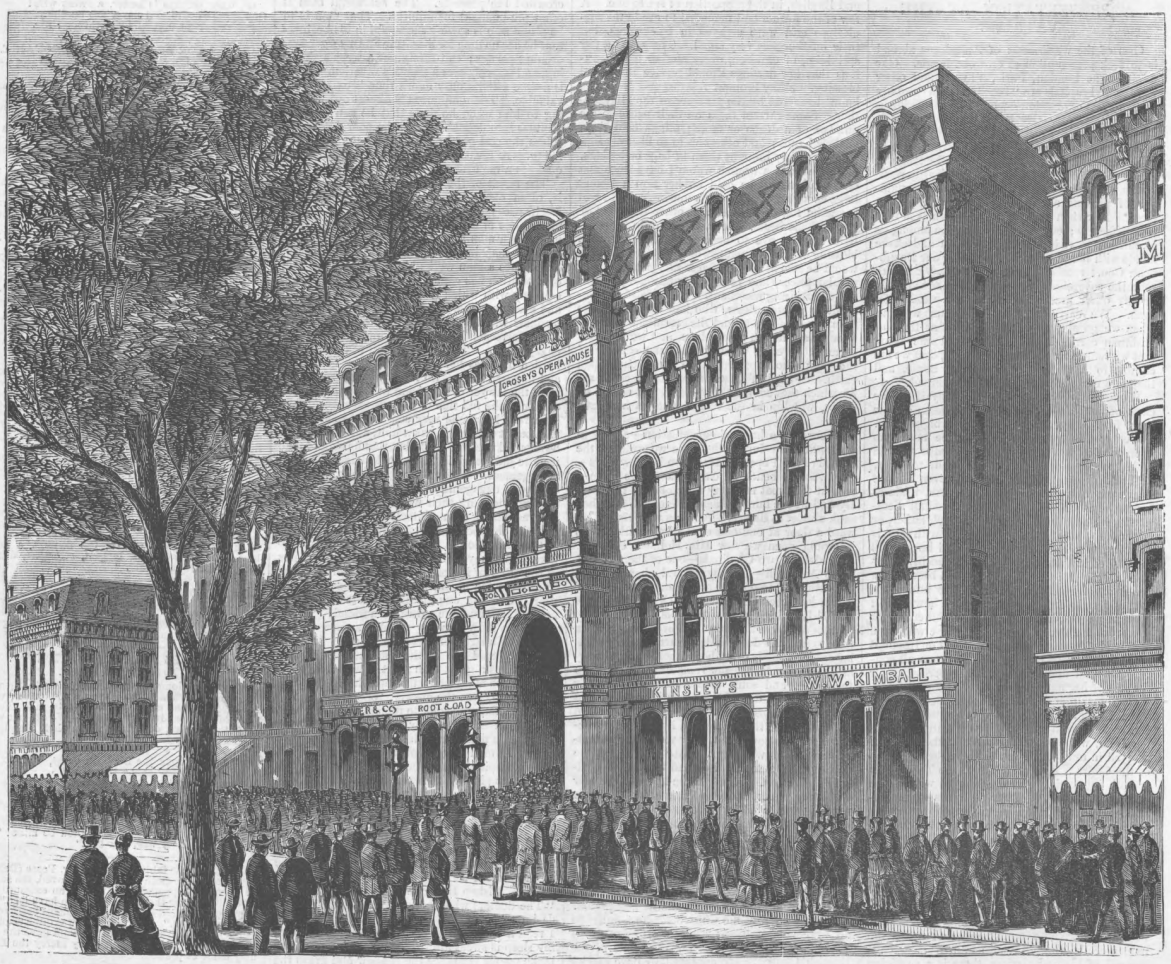


ARRIVAL OF DELEGATES TO THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION AT CHICAGO.—SKETCHED BY W. B. BAIRD.—[SEE PAGE 362.]



EXTERIOR OF CROSBY'S OPERA-HOUSE, CHICAGO.—[SEE PAGE 362.]

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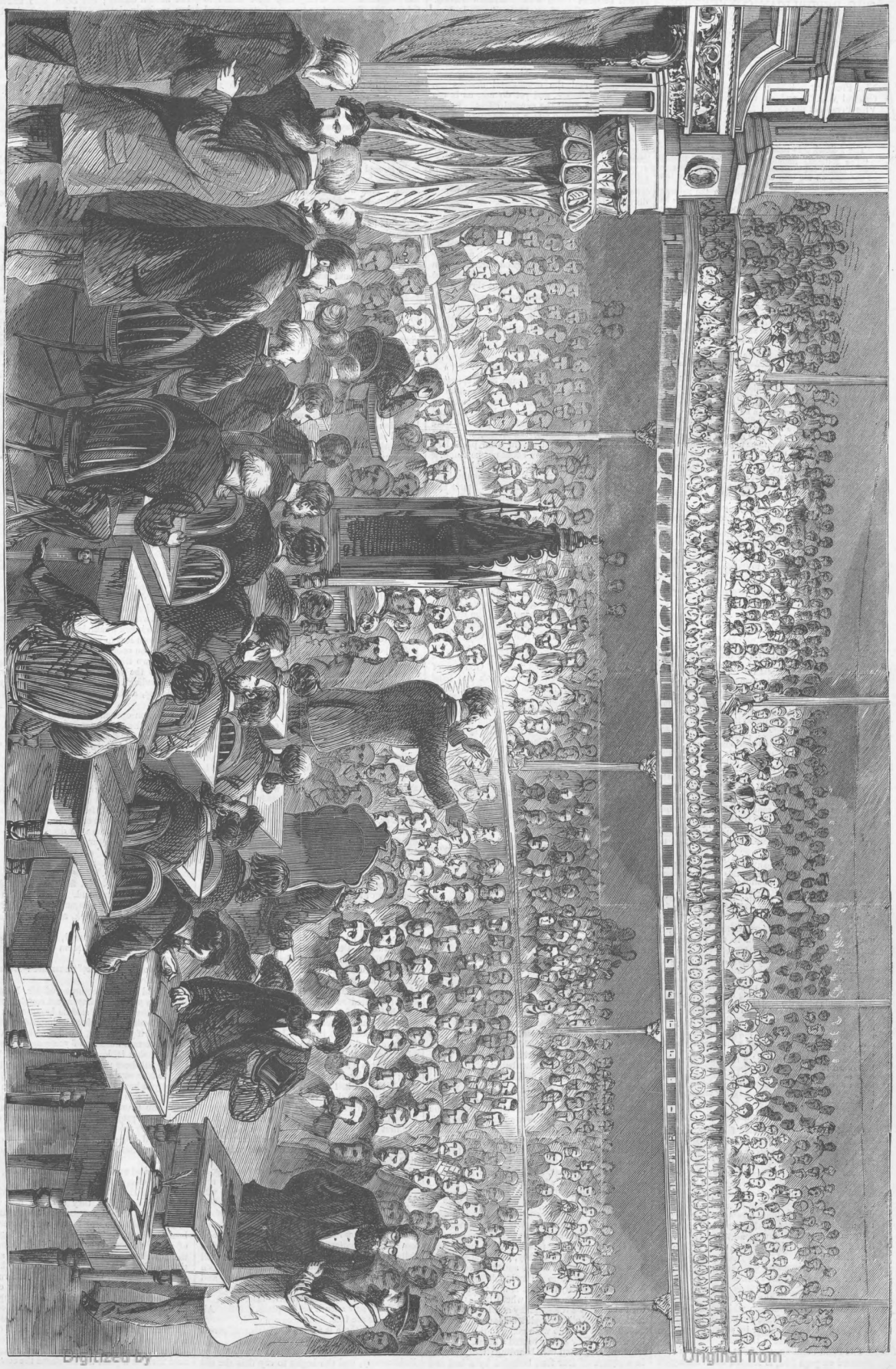

THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION IN SESSION.—VIEW FROM THE STAGE.—[SEE PAGE 362.]

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THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

THE six hundred and fifty delegates to the National Convention of the Republican party met at Chicago on May 20, and after adopting a brief but clear and explicit platform nominated General ULYSSES S. GRANT and Hon. SCHUYLER COLFAX as its candidates for President and Vice-President. There was no opposition to General GRANT, and on the fourth ballot for Vice-President the choice for Mr. COLFAX was nearly unanimous.

THE PLATFORM.

The following is the platform as adopted:

"The National Republican Party of the United States, assembled in National Convention in the city of Chicago, on the 20th day of May, 1868, make the following declaration of principles:

"1. We congratulate the country on the assured success of the reconstruction policy of Congress, as evinced by the adoption, in the majority of the States lately in rebellion, of Constitutions securing equal civil and political rights to all; and it is the duty of the Government to sustain those Constitutions and to prevent the people of such States from being remitted to a state of anarchy.

"2. The guarantee by Congress of equal suffrage to all loyal men at the South was demanded by every consideration of public safety, of gratitude, and of justice, and must be maintained, while the question of suffrage in all the loyal States properly belongs to the people of those States.

"3. We denounce all forms of repudiation as a national crime, and the national honor requires the payment of the public indebtedness in the utmost good faith to all creditors at home and abroad, not only according to the letter but the spirit of the laws under which it was contracted.

"4. It is due to the labor of the nation that taxation should be equalized and reduced as rapidly as the national faith will permit.

"5. The national debt, contracted, as it has been, for the preservation of the Union for all time to come, should be extended over a fair period for redemption; and it is the duty of Congress to reduce the rate of interest thereon whenever it can be honestly done.

"6. That the best policy to diminish our burden of debt is to so improve our credit that capitalists will seek to loan us money at lower rates of interest than we now pay, and must continue to pay, so long as repudiation, partial or total, open or covert, is threatened or suspected.

"7. The Government of the United States should be administered with the strictest economy, and the corruptions which have been so shamefully nursed and fostered by ANDREW JOHNSON call loudly for radical reform.

"8. We professedly deplore the untimely and tragic death of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, and regret the accession of ANDREW JOHNSON to the Presidency, who has acted treacherously to the people who elected him, and the cause he was pledged to support—who has usurped high legislative and judicial functions—who has refused to execute the laws—who has used his high office to induce other officers to ignore and violate the laws—who has employed his executive powers to render insecure the property, the peace, liberty, and life of the citizen—who has abused the pardoning power—who has denounced the National Legislature as unconstitutional—persently and corruptly resisted, by every measure in his power, every proper attempt at the reconstruction of the States lately in rebellion—who has perverted the public patronage into an engine of wholesale corruption, and who has been justly impeached for high crimes and misdemeanors, and properly pronounced guilty thereof by the vote of thirty-five Senators.

"9. The doctrine of Great Britain and other European Powers, that because a man is once a subject he is always so, must be resisted at every hazard by the United States as a relic of the feudal times, not authorized by the law of nations, and at war with our national honor and independence. Naturalized citizens are entitled to be protected in all their rights of citizenship as though they were native born; and no citizen of the United States, native or naturalized, must be liable to arrest and imprisonment by any foreign Power for acts done or words spoken in this country; and if so arrested and imprisoned it is the duty of the Government to interfere in his behalf.

"10. Of all who were faithful in the trials of the late war there were none entitled to more especial honor than the brave soldiers and seamen who endured the hardships of campaign and cruise, and imperiled their lives in the service of the country. The bounties and pensions provided by the laws for these brave defenders of the nation are obligations never to be forgotten. The widows and orphans of the gallant dead are the wards of the people, a sacred legacy bequeathed to the nation's protecting care.

"11. Foreign emigration, which in the past has added so much to the wealth, development and resources, and increase of power to this nation, the asylum of the oppressed of all nations, should be fostered and encouraged by a liberal and just policy.

"12. This Convention declares itself in sympathy with all the oppressed people which are struggling for their rights."

The following resolutions were also adopted unanimously, and are added to the declaration of principles:

"*Resolved*, That we highly commend the spirit of magnanimity and forgiveness with which the men who have served in the rebellion, but now frankly and honestly co-operate with us in restoring the peace of the country and reconstructing the Southern State Governments upon the basis of impartial justice and equal rights, are received back into the communion of the loyal people. And we favor the removal of the disqualifications and restrictions placed upon the late rebels in the same measure as the spirit of loyalty will direct, and as may be consistent with the safety of the loyal people.

"*Resolved*, That we recognize the great principles laid down in the immortal Declaration of Independence as the true foundation of Democratic government; and we hail with gladness every effort toward making these principles a living reality on every inch of American soil."

ARRIVAL OF DELEGATES.

The Convention was called for May 20; but for several days before that time delegates and others interested in the proceedings began to arrive in the city. It was estimated that 25,000 persons were in attendance on the Convention, although the Opera-house, which had been selected for the use of the Convention, would hold only about 2500 spectators in addition to the delegates. The various hotels were crowded to suffocation, although they had run up their charges to $20 per day in anticipation of the crush. Our engraving on page 360, of one of the principal depôts of the city emptying itself of delegates and spectators, will give the reader an idea of the nature of the rush.

THE OPERA-HOUSE.

Crosby's Opera-house, in which the Convention was held, is the finest public building in the West, and only excelled for its peculiar purposes by Pike's Opera-house in this city.

The main building, the front of which is represented on page 360, is located on Washington Street, between State and Dearborn streets. The view is taken from State Street, looking west. The building has a front on Washington Street of one hundred and forty feet; is four stories high, with a Mansard roof, and the architecture is Italian. It is built of marble quarried within forty miles of Chicago. The front of the building combines simplicity with massiveness, and the ornamental designs are sufficiently elaborate, and yet do not, as is too often the case, spoil the general effect. In the centre is a projection which is twenty-three feet wide, through which is an arched entrance to the building. Upon the parapet above this entrance are placed four statues, representing respectively Painting, Sculpture, Music, and Commerce. Higher in this same central projection are two large figures representing Music and the Drama. These are placed one on each side of an elaborate dormer window.

PRESIDENT OF THE CONVENTION.

The Convention was regularly organized on May 20 by the selection of General JOSEPH R. HAWLEY, ex-Governor of Connecticut, as permanent President. We give a good portrait of him on page 364. General HAWLEY entered the volunteer army in 1861 and fought through the war, receiving, as a reward for his personal gallantry and devotion to the cause, the rank of Brigadier-General. On his return to Connecticut he was put in nomination by the Republican party for the Governorship, and elected to that office by a large majority.

THE CONVENTION IN SESSION.

Our large engraving on page 361 represents the Convention in session for the transaction of business. General HAWLEY is represented on the stand addressing the assembled delegates and spectators. Many thousands of persons were prevented from entering the house, while the 2500 or 3000 who did get in were packed so closely that standing room could not be found.

On the nomination of General GRANT by General JOHN A. LOGAN, the wildest enthusiasm prevailed; but when, after the roll of States had been called, the President announced that General GRANT had been nominated without opposition and without a dissenting vote, the vast audience rose to their feet, and cheer upon cheer was given for the nominee. The men, in their excitement, threw up their hats, yelled, and cheered; the women waved their handkerchiefs, and the band sent forth the sweet strains of a patriotic air.

During this excitement a scene was shifted at the rear of the stage representing General GRANT stationed on one of the pedestals of the front of the White House, on which was inscribed, "Republican nominee of the Chicago Convention, May 20, 1868." The other vacant pedestal was inscribed, "Democratic nominee, New York Convention, July 4, 1868." The Goddess of Liberty stood between the two with one hand pointing to GRANT, and the other to the vacant pedestal, and above all were the words, "*Match him.*" In the height of the excitement a dove, painted in red, white, and blue, was let loose, and it flew forth and back from the stage over the heads of the assemblage.

RECEPTION OF THE NEWS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

From all parts of the Union come indications of the popularity of the ticket in the enthusiasm of the people for the nominees. In various cities of the country the announcement of the nomination was greeted with the firing of guns, while throughout the country the news was circulated not less thoroughly if with somewhat less rapidity. One of our artists sends us a sketch of the reception of the news in the country, which we give on page 364.

WHERE IS IT?

IT was an imprudent marriage! Every body said so! Nobody could have dreamed of such a thing! "What Ruth saw in John, a penniless clerk," her friends did not know. "What John saw in Ruth, a girl with no money to help out his eight hundred a year," his friends would not pretend to say. How they were to live nobody knew. Society washed its hands of them. They had married for no better reason than that they loved, and as they had sown so must they reap.

Still, they were a pleasant couple to see. He was so kindly, she was such a little bud of a woman, and both believed so thoroughly in the baby, though it was an imprudent baby. Not that it had done any thing very decided. How could it, poor dear, when it had not yet discovered whether its little fat hands were its own or let down to it on a string? but all babies not born under the shadow of their own roofs are Pariahs and Nuisances. They are advertised against in the newspapers by the severe people who only receive adults. They are argued out of the right to their own existence by the political economist, and proved to be Wrongs, and Evils, and Disgraces, and Heaven knows what other dreadful things, in large capitals. This, in a general way, while, in an individual way, you must remember the people, who had your good at heart, and who came and wagged their heads in solemn disapprobation over your babies' unconscious cradles; and it is only another proof of Ruth and John's inability to reason that they, as I said, believed in their baby, and fondled and cuddled it, and fed it, and talked to it, and exhausted themselves to amuse it, thought it was the best baby ever seen in a steam-car, where babies usually turn vicious, lest it should cry and let itself down to the level of other people's babies.

John and his wife were going to the inaccessible wilds of New Jersey to find a home, as people who were disgusted with boarding: that is, living in a square of four feet, bounded by a bed and washing-stand, and eating they were afraid to think what, disguised as hash and stews. And they assert that they procured tickets and seats in the cars of a certain well-known Jersey road. But this is impossible, as the story of their subsequent adventures will prove.

First, as I have said, they addressed themselves to Baby; but, even while engaged in this arduous task, it occurred to them both that "something or other" was wanting. When Baby fell asleep they discovered that the missing "something" was the usual bumpety bump! with which our railway-coaches bounce over the rails. The train shot forward, smoothly, like a ray. The missing, "or other," was the dust. The air circulated in the cars through water. Nobody panted or gasped, and nobody became the under stratum of an upper crust of cinders and ashes. This was scarcely traveling, and Ruth and John, who seldom get a holiday, felt vaguely disappointed, as if cheated out of some of their traveling perquisites.

Furthermore, the train on which John and Ruth say that they started is down on the time-tables as a way-train. This train made no stop till it reached its terminus, which is a town called Juneroseville; and how John and Ruth can still persist that they traveled on the well-known railway, when there is no such station on the time-tables of the W. K. R. R., I am at a loss to understand. However, as the train stopped there, though the name was new to them, our young people did not see how they could avoid getting out. So they got out! with the Baby, the lunch-basket, the traveling-bag, the tmetable, the umbrellas, and Ruth's cloak.

Ruth carried the Baby, awake and hungry. John carried the other incumbrances; and, of course, they looked about eagerly for the little den usually known as the railway station, but no little den met their view. In the place where it should stand somebody had erected a cottage of one story, surrounded by a wide piazza. About this cottage was a garden with well-kept walks and such fine flowers in its windows that Ruth and John felt positively aggravated. What right had any man to parade his home comforts and coziness under the very eyes of tired, hungry, and vagabondish travelers?

"Nice place!" growled John. "Sun broiling, and not even a platform on which to lay down your bundles."

"Yes," piped Ruth, "but what is that over the door this way? It looks like 'Ladies' Room.' John, I believe that this is the station."

"Nonsense!" answered John; but Ruth was right. It was the station. Oh, what a delightful discovery for people who had a Baby, and a traveling-bag, and a lunch-basket, and cloaks, and umbrellas, and the time-table!

Before going further I will say here that I do not expect what I am about to tell will be believed. I do not believe it myself. I have never seen it, and nothing less than the testimony of my own senses would convince me on such a point. I only repeat what was told to me, and at the express desire of my young friends, Ruth and John.

They say that this one-story cottage proved to be actually a railway station, as I have already declared, and that on the ladies' side it was divided into two apartments. The outer was cool, scrupulously clean, and furnished with an abundance of comfortable chairs, and ice-water, and that its windows were filled with fine plants. The inner apartment was a dressing-room. It had sofas, easy-chairs, a large mirror, and plenty of water, soap, and towels. Out of this opened a third door, over which was written "For Children and Babies." It was carpeted, and contained a bath, several rocking-chairs, a cradle, and two or three little berths ranged one above the other.

The coolness, the cleanliness of all this, and the scent of roses rose up to meet our tired people like a welcome. They looked about them, first in bewilderment. Then Ruth, still half afraid that this after all might prove somebody's house, slipped into the dressing-room, and was much surprised to find that water actually ran out of the pipes into the deep, clean, marble basins, because at most stations the pipes are superior to any such weakness. But when she saw the cradles, and the bath, and the cool, carpeted, flower-scented room, for the bathing, feeding, and hushing of hot, hungry, maddened babies, and tired, candy-smeared, woeful children, she uttered a scream that brought John to her side in an instant; for to tell the truth, he had his suspicions of all this cleanliness and flower-show.

"What is it?" cried John, and then stood staring; he finally delivered himself as follows:

"Well, Ruth, I know of one railway-station at least where the Company seems to suspect that their travelers may be Christians, and provides them with towels and water. But this is the first institution of any kind where I ever saw a Baby's existence recognized as a fact. Every where else you feel as if a Baby was something that the law does not allow, and you must smuggle it along as well as you can, and take your chances. This Juneroseville must be an uncommon place, a wonderful place, Ruth! I was wondering what I could do with you and Baby! But you can stay here and make Baby comfortable, and I will find a place where we can dine."

Ruth took off her bonnet and Baby's cap, and sank into a comfortable arm-chair. Baby soon fell asleep, and placing him in the cradle she fell asleep on a sofa. When John came back both the little woman and her Baby had a nap, and were fresh, washed, and brushed, and in high spirits. John was in high spirits also.

"Never saw such a pretty place, Ruth. All the houses are fine, and there are gardens every where; and there is a Ladies' Restaurant across the street, where we can dine."

Ruth quaked at the word dine. They had so little money, and she began to say that she did not need a dinner; but John, who understood her perfectly, interrupted her with the bill of fare.

"Coffee for two, six cents; rolls for two, four cents; steak (porter-house), eighteen cents; lettuce, two cents; peas, four cents; strawberries, six cents.

"Either we are about to eat the worst dinner that we have ever seen," said Ruth, handing back the bill, "or these people are crazy."

"My opinion," returned John, picking up the Baby. "But we can go and see."

Ruth followed, sniffing with secret scorn; she knew the ways of the world, and what to expect from such a programme.

Judge, then, of her surprise. The steak was tender, the rolls and butter delicious. The fruit and vegetables fresh, and the coffee as good as Ruth herself could make. Perplexity grew on our young friends. Were the Juneroseville-ites mad as their station and restaurant seemed to proclaim? They were discussing the probabilities, in a low voice, when John saw a familiar face—Jem M'Mahon's.

To see M'Mahon was quite as surprising as the dinner. Five years ago he had contracted an imprudent marriage; married a very good and accomplished girl, who was only a teacher, and sunk entirely out of society. Some said that he was living in South America, and more that he was dead. Yet here he was in Juneroseville, unchanged, except that he was stouter and jollier than of old, and had the air of a thriving man upon him. And he knew John in an instant; and having been introduced to "my wife," and after scanning her fresh face and trim figure a little he said:

"I beg pardon, John, but are you not another imprudent couple?"

Ruth reddened, and John laughed.

"Why, yes," he said, slowly. "I suppose that we are; or, at least, our friends think so."

"Then you are in the right place, returned M'Mahon, with great animation. "Pray come home with me. Mrs. M'Mahon will be charmed to see you."

"What will come next?" thought Ruth, bundling up herself and the baby.

A carriage was waiting without.

"So you keep your carriage," observed John, not without something like envy.

M'Mahon smiled.

"*We* keep our carriage, my dear fellow. Several of them, in fact. I will explain by-and-by. Here is my house."

It was one of the massive, handsome structures of which Juneroseville seemed to be composed. John looked at it with a sort of gaping, open-mouthed wonder. For how could M'Mahon have laid up so much wealth in the five years in which he had been lost to society?

M'Mahon opened the door, and they followed him up two flights of stairs. The flights were long, but the stairs were wide and easy, with many landings. Ruth observed that they were of marble, and beautifully kept, and wondered the more.

M'Mahon opened a door and led them into a handsome drawing-room, saying,

"This is our floor."

"Your floor! there are other families?"

"Yes, certainly."

Ruth's veneration for M'Mahon sank at once. He was living in a tenement-house after all. She looked about the drawing-room. It was furnished in fine taste. It had pictures and busts that she had desired all her life. The remaining rooms, Ruth saw, were a sort of sewing-room and library united, and bedrooms with deep closets.

"But where is your kitchen?" asked Ruth.

"We have none," answered her host.

"But how can you wash and bake?"

"We do neither."

Ruth looked soberly, first at Mr. M'Mahon and then at her husband. She thought that he was playing off some impertinent jest. M'Mahon understood the look, and brought forward chairs.

"Pray sit down," he said, earnestly, "and let me explain what must seem to you like inventions."

"I should think so," murmured Ruth; but she sat down.

"I said to you," commenced Mr. M'Mahon, "that, as you are an imprudent couple, you were in the right place. I said so because this entire town is built and sustained by imprudent couples, of which, if you please, I will sketch the history.

"A certain number of years ago several imprudent, that is, love matches, happened at one time. All these persons were friends. They attempted to settle themselves, and found, as no doubt you have done, what a small place is reserved in this large world for people, who like them are poor, and yet are burdened with the habits and prejudices of refinement and education. They tried the usual resource, a boarding-house, till disgusted, and quite agreed that this method of life destroyed the stomach and the morals."

He looked at Ruth, who looked at John, rather doubtful where all this was leading.

"It was then," continued M'Mahon, with evident relish, "that they said we are young, strong, and intelligent. It is impossible that there should be no way for us out of poverty and boarding-houses. This speech was the beginning of many anxious debates and discussions, and these discussions ended here; though at that time, as you may suppose, there was nothing of what you see now about you; only a farm, and a rambling old farm-house, of which our couples took possession. A share in it was appointed each family, and as disputes and difficulties must arise, a committee was appointed to settle them. The rent divided among so many was, of course, a mere song. They raised their own vegetables, and sent a portion of them to market, where they sold their at a price not far above the cost. The

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wages of house-servants, and farm-laborers were divided among them like the rent; also the small profits. A short experience in buying and selling decided them to establish a market and grocery for themselves. They bought at wholesale, and sold to outsiders at a small advance. Each family lived thus at one-third of the usual cost, and derived a small profit from the steadily increasing business. From this small beginning sprang all this flourishing town."

"Indeed," remarked John, seeing that he was expected to say something.

"Hundreds of 'imprudent couples' have joined us, at one time and another," continued M'Mahon, enthusiastically. "The old farm-house vanished long ago, before the first of such buildings as this. By uniting our salaries and our profits we have surrounded ourselves with elegances as well as luxuries. We have our common restaurant, that at which you dined. We order from there whatever dinners are on the card for that day, and get them at cost price, while we are actually making money on it, for all our institutions are sure to attract custom, because of the honesty which is our policy, and the small profits. In the same way we have several laundries in operation. That dread and terror of housewives, washing-day, and dinners are spared our wives, who retain their youth and health. We have also various stores established, which I think solve the problem of getting the best living at the cheapest rate."

"All very fine!" answered John, skeptically; "only it sounds a little too much like a fairy-tale, just at the end, where all the good get rewarded, you know."

"There is reason in it any way," said M'Mahon, determinedly. "See here. I want to send my girl to school, where she can receive the education of a lady; but I can not pay thirty dollars, or forty or more, a quarter. But there are three hundred of us who do or will want such schooling. Say each of us contributes ten dollars a quarter. That is three thousand dollars a quarter to run a school. Say we contribute only five dollars. That is fifteen hundred dollars a quarter.

"Or again, I like to read rare and expensive books. I am unable to buy them. But we all want to read, and we put what we can spare together, and we get a library—the finest one in the United States; and a museum, the only one worth the name. Why should not the story read better when you set about life in the right way. Take your own case. What have you got against you? Your prejudices. You would not be what you are without them; but it will cost you more to shelter, clothe, and feed them than yourself. Next your poverty. You have exactly enough to live on, so long as you never have a day's ill health or slacken in your economy. In such a position you can never get ahead. You can only keep even. Some slight mischance happens, and you fall behind, and you can not get up again, for you have nothing out of which to draw the extra strength. All the chances are against you, pulling your cart up hill. All the chances are for us, pulling our cart up hill. We divide the strain. If one trips we pull him up. We are sure of reaching the top, and shall make some money besides by drawing some load up in it. Do you see?"

"Why, yes; that sounds reasonable," returned John; "but how did you come here?"

"By accident, as you have done; but I was so well pleased with what I saw that I have never gone back. You will like the people. They are human, like the rest of the world; but they are restrained and controlled by the fact that each man is a property-owner, and has a share in every public institution."

"Yes, that sounds reasonable also," replied John, evidently meditating. "At least it would do no harm to try. We have nothing to lose. But we must go back to-night."

"Better decide at once to stay," urged M'Mahon. "Why not? You have your wife and child here."

"Oh! but our clothes and things," cried Ruth, horror-stricken.

M'Mahon eyed her pityingly, and rose.

"You had better stay; but, if you must go, there is the whistle. You can just catch the train."

"Thank you," said John. "I won't say good-by. I shall see you to-morrow."

"Good-by," said M'Mahon, meaningly. "You should have staid."

And perhaps they should, for they have never found Juneroseville since. It is not on any of the railway routes, or in the maps, or the guide-books. Nobody ever heard of it, and nobody believes in it. Still John has not lost hope, but desires me to ask the public for the whereabouts of Juneroseville, and adds that all information will be thankfully received by John and Ruth.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE sufferings of the Cretan refugees have awakened the deepest sympathy throughout Christendom, and some substantial relief has been sent to the thousands who were perishing. We scarcely realize the fact that more than forty thousand women, children, and feeble old men have been taken from Crete by European vessels and landed upon neighboring islands, or upon the shores of Continental Greece, to protect them from the atrocities of the barbarous Turks. They fled famishing, penniless, and half clad, and are dependent upon the charities of the world, for the Greeks are too poor to take care of such a multitude.

The island of Crete, called Candia by the moderns, is the largest and most beautiful of the Grecian Archipelago. It is about one hundred and sixty miles long by nearly thirty broad. A range of lofty and rugged mountains runs through the centre, from east to west. These send out spurs northward and southward, which extend nearly to the shore, thus breaking up the land into picturesque variety. The mountains and hills, being calcareous, abound in caves and grottoes, some of which are large and beautiful, but very intricate. Its climate is so mild, its skies so soft, its waters so sweet, its soil so rich, its productions so abundant, and all its natural conditions so favorable to human life and enjoyment that the ancients called it "The Island of the Blessed." Between the mountain-spurs, and along the shores, are plains and broken country of marvelous fertility. Oranges, lemons, figs, and other luscious fruits grow plenteously on the plains; the vine clambers the hills and the mountain-sides; and olive orchards spread over the whole island. Aromatic plants abound, and in the groves are many beautiful birds of song. The Turkish invaders of this beautiful land have inflicted insult, humiliation, and barbarous violence upon the inhabitants—particularly upon women and children. And when the insurrection broke out in August, 1866, the Cretans hurried as many of the helpless as was possible away from their brutal oppressors, so that, for the most part, only fighting men might remain to carry on the dreadful struggle for independence. A few heroic women refuse to leave their husbands, and defend, with them, the interior of the island.

The contributions to the Cretans have been productive of immediate good. Food and clothing have been distributed, not only among the exiles, but even in the mountains of Crete: and at this moment thousands of mothers and children are kept from cold and nakedness by garments made by the hands of American women. And many despairing hearts have been gladdened and strengthened by such substantial evidence of genuine sympathy. Schools have also been established among the refugees, sewing and knitting supplied to many of the women, and efficient arrangements have been made to diminish the evils of their peculiar condition. This rebellion against Mohammedan barbarism is regarded as having an important bearing upon Christian civilization; and thus the plea of the suffering has a double claim on the Christian public.

A singular fish is found in great numbers in the coast rivers of Alaska. It is about eight inches long, transparent, and the most fat of all the finny tribes. This fat, however, has not the oily, rancid taste of other fish, but is like fresh lard. When these fish are dried, the Indians often turn them to a novel and practical account—burn them in the place of candles. They give a clear, brilliant light, and are not liable to be blown out by the wind. Mr. Manson, the Superintendent at Fort Simpson, says that the tail should be lighted instead of the head, and that each fish will last about fifteen minutes.

A newspaper of Santiago, Chili, relates a wondrous story of a gigantic bird which made its appearance in the air one evening about five o'clock, in the presence of a group of miners. It is described as being of immense size with a monstrous head in shape like a grasshopper, with great, brown wings, with enormous eyes wide opened and brilliant as stars, and covered with something like hair or bristles; the body, lengthening itself out like that of a serpent, was covered with brilliant scales, which emitted metallic sounds as the strange animal moved itself along. The superstitious believed that it was the devil in person, while others recollected having been witness, some years ago, in the same place, of the passage of a similar monstrous bird.

Brigham Young has planted one hundred and fifty acres of mulberries for himself; and other dwellers in Salt Lake City are following his example. The mulberry flourishes in that soil and climate, and will be a valuable production.

Among the latest bits of news we learn that the only business which has been thriving in Boston of late is the umbrella trade—that artificial hair is now made in Paris from bark—that Chinamen in California are fattening rats for the table—that the latest style is to hitch parasols to the side like swords—that the most recent fashion for ladies' sleeves resembles the wings of angels—that at a recent election for trustees in a church at Harlem five ladies cast votes without doing any harm; and that a learned German theologian has estimated that there are 44,435,556 devils.

Some rather irreverent versifier publishes "*Mrs. Judge Jenkins*," which he announces as the only genuine sequel to Whittier's "Maud Muller." The concluding couplets will indicate what this revised edition of the story is, and what was the "sequel:"

Alas for maiden! alas for Judge!
For the sentimental—that's one-half "fudge."
For Maud soon thought the Judge a bore,
With all his learning and all his lore;
And the Judge would have bartered Maud's fair face
For more refinement and social grace.
If, of all words of tongue and pen,
The saddest are, "It might have been,"
More sad are those we daily see,
"It is, but hadn't ought to be."

Prussia, which country has but recently adopted the use of postage stamps, disposed of no less than 69,661,070 during the past year, thereby realizing a sum of $2,759,622.

The Bronze Gallery of Messrs. Tiffany & Co., constantly replenished by the choicest productions of French and other foreign articles, is a favorite resort for connoisseurs, and is deservedly one of the attractions of the metropolis. In 1852 this firm commenced the manufacture of Bronze Gas Fixtures; and experience has shown that they are much more exactly and durably constructed than the foreign productions. It is said that Tiffany & Co. are the largest manufacturers of sterling silver-ware in the country. No article of jewelry except of the standard purity of metal (eighteen-carat gold) is permitted to leave their house, it being a positive business rule that all productions shall be of guaranteed excellence. An extensive Designing Room is connected with both the Jewelry and Silver-ware departments, and the designers have constantly on hand the freshest authorities in the way of theory and illustration. The growing fastidiousness of public taste is constantly requiring something out of the common range in the way of ornamentation, and the resources of the Designing Department are called into active requisition.

A chemist at Lyons has just poisoned two young ladies—by mistake, of course, giving them an infusion of belladonna instead of some other medicine. There is cause for apprehension, in the case of one of them, that the result may be fatal. The *Galignani Messenger* states that about ten years ago a similar error was committed by one of the first *pharmaciens* in Paris, the victim being the Italian *tragedienne* Adelaide Ristori, who was saved with much difficulty. Carelessness on the part of chemists is unpardonable, as the general public are so completely powerless in their hands. We shut our eyes and open our mouths and take what the doctor orders, and the chemist chooses to send us, in entire confidence. In bluff King Hal's reign an Act provided a very refined punishment for poisoners, viz., boiling to death. It was passed in consequence of the Bishop of Rochester's cook having poisoned seventeen persons, two of whom died. One hundred and seventy Roman ladies were publicly executed, 331 B.C., for poisoning their husbands. In the seventeenth century the woman Tofania confessed to having been a party in poisoning 600 persons. Her poison was called *aqua tofana*, and was sold in small flat vials. The effect not being sudden, and the poison being as clear as water, no suspicion was caused for a long time.

An exact calculator has made an estimate based upon the salaries paid to ministers, and the number of sermons preached, and arrives at the conclusion that the average price paid for a sermon, to take the country through, is only *three cents apiece!*

From a letter dated "Paris, April 19," we make the following quotation:

"Having noticed an article in your *Weekly* for March 28, relative to the boring of an Artesian well on Colt's estate in Hartford, I have thought fit, as subscriber to your *Weekly*, and knowing the interest which you take in all industrial enterprises, to mention a few Artesian wells in France.

"The deepest well of this kind in France and probably in Europe, is at the Marine Hospital at Rochefort, made by the well-known firm of Messrs. Degousée, Charles Laurent & Co., of this city. This well was begun with the intention of obtaining fresh water for the use of the hospital. It was commenced at a diameter of 14 inches, and finished at 8 inches. After having bored to the depth of 2782 feet they reached hot mineral water, the temperature of which is 40 degrees centigrade, and will probably be used for bathing and other purposes by the hospital. Another well has been commenced, and is now boring at a quarter known as "La Chapelle" in Paris. It was commenced at a diameter of 5 feet 10 inches, and has attained the depth of 1235 feet. The actual diameter is 4 feet 4 inches, and boring is advancing at the rate of more than three feet per day through chalk.

"The French Government has caused a large number of these wells to be bored in Algiers, but the two above-mentioned are really worthy of notice."

It is stated that there is in operation in Chautauqua County, New York, a minkery, sufficient in size to accommodate a hundred of these animals; and it is believed that when the propagation of the mink is carried on extensively it will become a very profitable business. The animals must be taken when young, and domesticated. The expense of feeding is merely nominal, and the necessary arrangements simple.

ILLUMINATING OUR INNER SELVES.

THE Chinese sword-swallowers at the Paris Exhibition were extraordinary performers in their way, but at this epoch of progress they have soon been distanced. Swallowing a sabre, at present, is nothing. The fashion now is to swallow a lighted lantern and brilliantly illuminate your inner man. You then become a living and walking gas-light; that is all.

It is evident that swallowing a lantern is only one remove in advance of swallowing a sword. Now there happen to be little electric lanterns which give light without burning. They are called Gessler's tubes, and are small glass cylinders, either empty or filled with azote, hydrogen, or carbonic acid gas, through which a voltaic current is made to pass. The tubes become sufficiently luminous to allow you to read printed letters held at several inches distant from them. When this miniature lantern is introduced into a stomach, the skin is transparent enough to permit your seeing the interior of the animal. There is no need for people to live in glass-houses, for they are hereby transformed into glass-houses themselves. Their domestic secrets are rudely divulged; and Diogenes would be delighted to find that, instead of a mere superficial outside view of his much desiderated honest man, he can now, with the newly-invented lantern, look a person through and through.

The experiment, which may be considered exceedingly curious until something still more strange is started, is only an extended copy of what has been practiced in medical art for some years past. For instance, there is the Ophthalmoscope, or Eye-inspector, of the German philosopher Helmholtz, a small instrument by means of which the interior of the eye being lighted up, it is possible to explore successfully the deepest portions of that intricate organ. Other instruments assist in the examination of divers internal parts of the human body. Not the least remarkable of these inquisitive apparatuses is the Laryngoscope, invented by a German physician named Czermak, for the inspection of the respiratory passages and the mechanism which produces the voice.

The vocal organ in man (which Dr. Tyndall truly describes as the most perfect of reed instruments) is placed at the top of the windpipe, the head of which is adjusted for the attachment of certain elastic bands, called "vocal chords," which almost close the aperture. When the air from the lungs is forced through the slit which separates these vocal chords, they are thrown into vibration. By varying their tension the rate of vibration is varied, and the sound changed in pitch. The sweetness and smoothness of the voice depend on the perfect closure of the slit of the glottis at regular intervals during the vibration.

The vocal chords may be illuminated and viewed in a mirror placed suitably at the back of the mouth. Dr. Tyndall once attempted to project M. Czermak's larynx upon a screen in his lecture-room, but with only partial success. The organ may, however, be viewed directly in the Laryngoscope, its motions, both in singing, speaking, and coughing, being strikingly visible. The roughness of the voice in colds is due, according to the aforesaid Helmholtz (learned in Acoustics), to mucous flocculi, which get into the slit of the glottis, and which are seen by means of the Laryngoscope. The squeaking falsetto voice with which persons are afflicted, the same Helmholtz thinks may be produced by the drawing aside of the mucous layer which ordinarily lies under and loads the vocal chords. Their edges thus become sharper, and their weight less; while their elasticity remaining the same, they are shaken into more rapid tremors. The promptness and accuracy with which the vocal chords can change their tension, their form, and the width of the slit between them render the voice the most perfect of musical instruments.

The order of the day, therefore, is that we should be able to see every thing, without exception. If we can look an animacule through and through by means of transmitted light; if, in the same way, we can behold the blood circulating in the tail of a tadpole or the foot of a frog, with all the minute vessels thereto pertaining, why should we not do so with larger animals, with our own proper selves? It is merely a question of degree. With a sufficient intensity of illuminating power there is no knowing what may not become transparent. And, in fact, a distinguished hygienist, M. Foussagrives, of Montpellier, attempted to render the internal viscera of our body visible by transmitted light. They were to be exhibited to by-standers as animated and most interesting transparencies. M. Brück, a German medical man, followed up the same line of research. Finally, at the Medical Congress of 1867, M. Milliot, a French physician residing at Kiew, gave an approximate solution of the problem.

His Splanchnoscope (or instrument intended to render the viscera internally visible) has been tried with success. It is in principle simply a Gessler's tube, or, more strictly speaking, a modification of the apparatus described in special treatises under the title of Mindeldorf's tube. At one of the meetings of the Congress, M. Milliot introduced his lantern into the stomach of a dog by means of an œsophagian probe. Through the skin, thus rendered transparent, the spectators were able to distinguish perfectly the interior of the dog's stomach in all its details. The experiment was tried a second time on the person of a cat; and it has quite recently been repeated in M. Henri de Parville's presence, the scientific collaborateur of the *Constitutionnel*. M. Milliot has likewise introduced a tube more than a yard in length into a man's œsophagus; and the internal membrane of this deep-seated organ became perfectly distinguishable.

Cui bono? What is the good of all this? is a very natural question to ask. And, in truth, its utility is not very apparent. The system of internal lighting up having, however, been invented, its useful application will probably come afterward. Meanwhile, it will decide whether an absent dress-maker, while thinking where her Highland laddie has gone, has swallowed needles and pins instead of sauce piquante. It may settle the question whether Master Tommy or the cat has emptied all the pots of strawberry jam. At worst, it will be a formidable rival to sword-swallowing and Japanese feats of dexterity. Perhaps even next season's pantomime will give us a "pas brilliant," danced by human glow-worms shining with all their might and main, and followed up by a new edition of the Feast of Lanterns, with effects which no Chinese stage-manager ever dreamed of.

HON. DANIEL M. DURELL, OF LOUISIANA.

THE subject of this sketch was born in the town of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in the year 1811. He entered Harvard University in the year 1827, and throughout his four-years' course was remarkable for his eager desire for general literature, especially that of the old masters. Here it was that he laid the broad and deep foundation for his vast and varied learning. After graduating he studied law in the office of his father, Hon. DANIEL M. DURELL, who had then removed to Dover, for two years, when under the auspices of Mr. POLK, afterward President, he went to New Orleans and commenced the practice of the law.

His twenty-five years' life in New Orleans prior to the rebellion may be briefly stated. It was the old narrative presenting a trial under which the pluck of most men yields—namely, that of large capacity and unfitting opportunity. With an ardent love for mankind, and a keen perception of the derangement and demoralization wrought by slavery, he saw little in Southern society or institutions with which he felt a sympathy. He therefore devoted himself almost exclusively to the study of books. In the conduct of his cases he was noticeable for the thoroughness with which he searched all the lore of the law for precedent or authority, but especially for the unrelenting grasp with which he clung to the great principles which they embodied. Once or twice he was drawn into the conduct of public affairs. He was the author of the present charter of the city of New Orleans, which was adopted in 1856, and which as a municipal constitution is, in all its details, a model; and now and then he made a draft of a statute, striking at some evil or introducing some good, which the public mind at first opposed, gradually traveled up to, and ultimately adopted. He made, in 1854, a vigorous effort to ally the South more closely with the great and free West, and for this purpose prepared and published a pamphlet of most elaborate statistics showing the connection and mutual dependence of the two sections. But for the most part he lived in a world of laborious and wide-reaching study.

The result of all this was that the year 1862 found him a most extensively and profoundly read lawyer, conversant to an extent allotted to but few men with literature and history, and not only fresh in his reading of the ancient classics, but also a thorough scholar in the French, German, and Spanish.

The year 1862 brought General BUTLER to New Orleans, and developed that this man of books had not read in vain, but had nurtured in his heart of hearts a reverence for the grandeur and beneficence of free institutions as represented by the Federal Government. This quality, together with manifest ability to understand men and judge of measures, led the commanding general to place him at the head of the Bureau of Finances of that prostrated and depleted city. To say that he re-established its credit does not do him justice; he re-established it swiftly and by methods which enabled it in its emptiness and absence of commerce to meet its liabilities with a promptness not surpassed in its extreme prosperity.

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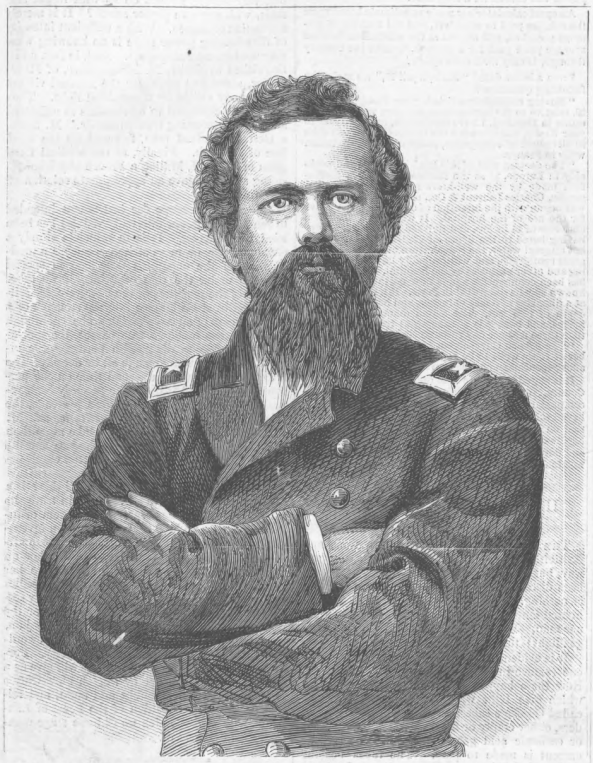
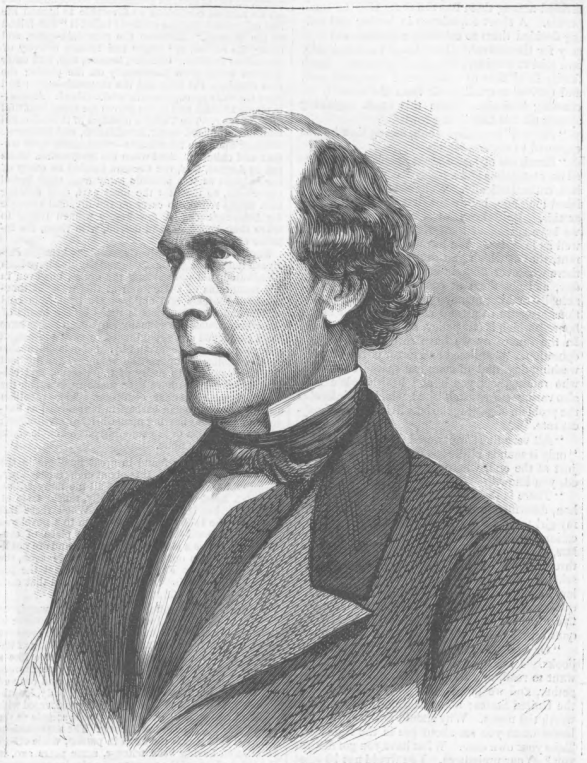


GENERAL JOSEPH R. HAWLEY, PRESIDENT OF THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.—[SEE PAGE 362.]



HON. DANIEL M. DURELL, OF LOUISIANA.

June, 1863, saw him placed upon the Bench of the United States District Court, where, sitting unaided both as District and Circuit Judge, were cast upon him the whole of Chancery, Common Law, and Admiralty Jurisdiction, together with the construction and application of the non-intercourse and confiscation acts and the settlement of the numerous delicate questions arising under the law of nations, on land and sea, in time of civil war. Truly these were the labors of Hercules, and performed, too, in the midst of a community for the greater part bitterly unfriendly to the Government whose interests he guarded and whose laws he enforced. But with firmness and kindness to all, following Lord BACON'S precept to Judges, he "raised the valleys and took down the hills." Not cumbering himself with authorities, except those of the leading cases, which seemed ineffaceably branded upon his mind, patient beyond praise in

READING THE NEWS OF THE NOMINATION OF GENERAL GRANT IN THE COUNTRY.—SKETCHED BY W. B. BAIRD.—[SEE PAGE 362.]

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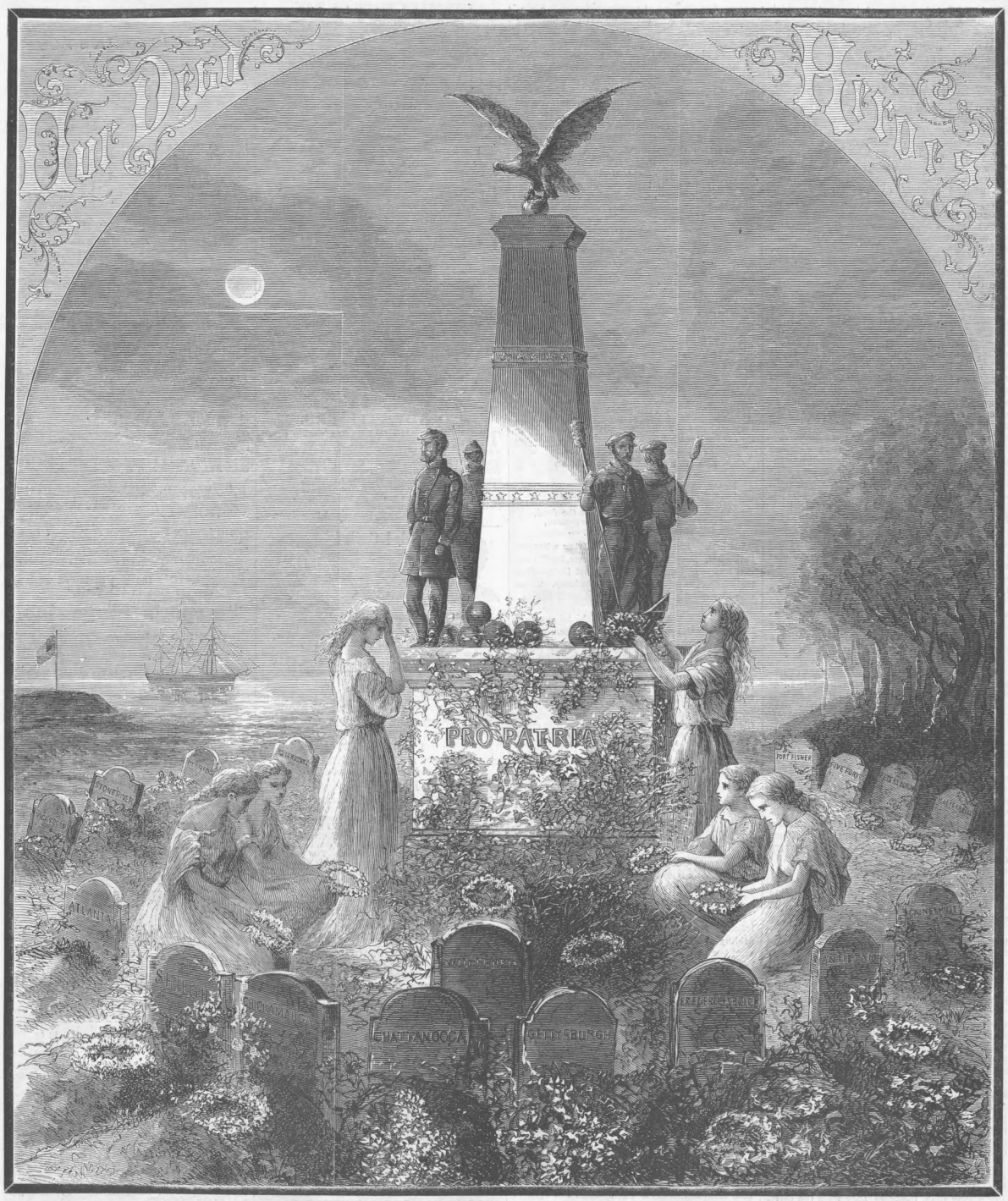

HONORING OUR DEAD HEROES.

listening to well-digested and suggestive argument, curt to severity when sophistry would seek to pervert facts or principles, with a memory which seems never to have let go any material fact, he has unwearicdly and exhaustively analyzed the perplexing questions brought before him, and with gigantic strength and upon broadest grounds solved them, until political foes listening to his luminous reasoning—so simple that a child could comprehend it—were compelled to admit its conclusiveness. "His very statement is argument; his inference seems demonstration." The common-sense justice of a case being always to him its atmosphere, he rests his decision upon principles which, when enunciated by him, are so evident that the wonder is that any one should have missed them. The force of his influence as Judge has changed the manner of reasoning, and more or less the practice in his own courts, and indirectly those of the State courts of Louisiana. For while he has preserved all the spirit of equity with which the civil law abounds, he has substituted, and prepared the way to substitute, for its looser methods the more clearly defined forms and modes of the common law.

The spring and summer of 1864 placed upon him fourfold duties of great magnitude. He was acting-Mayor of the city of New Orleans; he sat daily as Judge in his own thronged courts; he sat as Chief of the Finance Bureau, and from the chaos which had there reigned was steadily evoking system; and he presided over the Constitutional Convention of 1864, assembled under the orders of President LINCOLN, and largely through the weight of his personal character, notwithstanding their turbulence and acrimony in discussion, secured harmonious and, in a high degree, wise action in the Constitution promulgated; and as executive officer, financier, statesman, and jurist made his official duties appear rather as ornaments than burdens. He passed from one to the other as readily as a master musician changes the air or the strain—not perplexed by even these multiform demands—and performing all with wondrous ease and consummate ability.

It is unfortunate for the profession that his decisions have as yet not been reported. Involving as they do so wide a range of subjects, reached with such intellectual strides and elaborated with such research and learning, they are worthy of the age which produced a MARSHALL, and would be invaluable as a permanent element of American jurisprudence.

There is to be derived from his experience a lesson for the young and aspiring. The twenty-five years of his retirement, instead of being wasted in idleness or frivolity or mean pursuits, were day and night assiduously devoted to drawing from the sources of law and literature, what has proved a magnificent preparation for the high career toward which he was possibly unconsciously but surely advancing, and which he now finds to be powerful auxiliaries, all the tributes which he so patiently and earnestly levied from the whole realm of reading. Let, then, native talent take courage and labor without cessation or weariness for the opportunities which, though unseen and undeveloped, near or far off, God by his appointments ever vouchsafes to the great and greatly industrious.

HONORING OUR DEAD HEROES.

THE 30th of May was appointed, by General JOHN A. LOGAN, commanding the Grand Army of the Republic, as a day on which the late soldiers of the Union belonging to that organization should unite in strewing with flowers or otherwise decorating the graves of their comrades who fell in the late war. In this observance no form of ceremony was prescribed, but each Post of the Grand Army was urged to arrange in its own way such fitting service and testimonial of respect as circumstances would permit. "Let us," said General LOGAN, in his address, "at the time appointed gather around their sacred remains and garland the passionless mounds above them with the choicest flowers of spring-time; let us raise above them the dear old flag they saved from dishonor; let us in this solemn presence renew our pledges to aid and assist those whom they have left among us a sacred charge upon a nation's gratitude, the soldier's and sailor's widow and orphan."

It is hoped and believed that this ceremony

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thus inaugurated may grow into a custom which will be kept up from year to year. Our engraving on the preceding page, from a design by CHARLES PARSONS, is intended to commemorate the order, and as a tribute to our fallen heroes.

HOW SURNAMES CAME INTO USE.

IN primitive and scanty communities men neither received nor required more than a single name apiece. There is no reason to suppose that this name ever consisted of a word arbitrarily chosen, and conferred without object as a mere appellative. It expressed either some fact relative to the birth or personal appearance of the newly-born child, or—perhaps more commonly—some aspiration as to the infant's future character or career on the part of the parents. Such names as were originated in the latter manner would naturally enough be closely associated with the religious belief of those who chose them.

The mythology of the ancient Teutons and their nomenclature were intimately connected. The deities whom they dreaded and worshiped, and the heroic qualities which they attributed to those deities, supplied a large proportion of their personal titles. Their simple root names, however, were soon to a great extent merged in combinations, although among our monosyllabic surnames at the present time some are to be found which are held to have come down to us unaltered from the highest Teutonic antiquity. The combinations adopted were frequently suitable and suggestive. But this can not be said of all, or even of most of them. In the course of time names were conjoined with but little regard to appropriateness, being evidently the titles of different heroes, who had been invested with appellations denoting various and sometimes incongruous qualities. So that at an early period the influence of actual persons upon the nomenclature of our progenitors began to assert its superiority over that of regard for titular propriety; in other words, the power of human association soon superseded the love of verbal consistency. It is interesting to note in the Teutonic names the prominent homage paid to work and will, to the virtues of firmness and determination; and while we contrast these titles with the more highly romantic and poetical denominations of the Kelt, we can not fail to recognize in the two classes of names the early manifestation of those diverse qualities which have appropriated to the races their widely different *rôles* in the drama of history.

But the single personal name was sufficient only under the most primitive conditions of human life. Growing numbers rendered the frequent repetition of similar titles unavoidable, and further methods of distinction became necessary. In common with most other races, the Anglo-Saxons resorted to two or three simple means for meeting the necessity. Men came to be called the *sons of their fathers*, while personal peculiarities originated nicknames, which also sometimes served to distinguish individuals. The situation of a man's residence, or his occupation, moreover, frequently supplied a description of him which answered, to a certain extent, as an additional name. There must have been, however, in the generality of cases, a great deal of uncertainty attendant upon the use of these modes of distinction. And even in those instances in which the second title, from being constantly applied, answered most of the ends of a modern surname, it related to the individual only, and involved nothing like a system of *family* nomenclature.

The first movement toward distinctive family titles seems, indeed, to have been made in a different direction, and to have consisted not in the adoption of a second name at all, but in the modification of the personal or fore-name. A prefix was selected, which was made common to the appellations of all the members of a family; and with this prefix the different and distinguishing terminations were compounded. Æthel-, Æd-, and Ælf- were prefixes of this description; and these, with many other similar ones, were employed in a great variety of combinations. This system, however, was but rarely employed, and was not even perfectly carried out by those who in a measure adopted it.

The year 1000 has been mentioned as the probable period at which surnames—in the present acceptation of the word—were first regularly employed. To the Normans belongs the credit of having instituted them.

The feudal system naturally tended to create surnames out of landed possessions, and at the same time to limit their use to the upper classes. For a long time, therefore, they were the privileged titles of the few, and not the means of family distinction employed by the people in general. It may be said that five centuries elapsed from the date of their importation to that of their general adoption throughout the country—during which interval they were but slowly spreading downward through society. It is difficult now to follow closely the gradual process by which the ancient forms of designation became, as it were, crystallized into the consistency of permanent and hereditary surnames; but it is certain that a large proportion of our family titles of today are substantially identical with the mere descriptive terms used to distinguish individuals, from the early years of Anglo-Saxon history downward. Thus it has happened that names representing mere personal caprice and popular fancy have taken their places among those originated in more regular ways, and that the patronymics, the titles derived from lands, from situation of residences, from trades and qualities, have been handed down to us amidst a heterogeneous multitude of other appellations, which, as we have seen, are surprising from their variety, and often perplexing from their extreme oddness. The process by which the ancient personal names of pre-Norman times have been perpetuated in the form of surnames demands a moment's separate consideration. It was probably a not uncommon practice among such of the Anglo-Saxon race as were enabled by their energy of character to obtain their deliverance from serfdom under Norman rule, and to regain something of the social position which they had lost at the Conquest, to recur, in choosing their family name, to the honored title of some ancestor of their own. Had it not been for this loving adoption of ancestral names we should probably find among those of our family denominations which follow the patronymic form scarcely any thing of a Saxon character; for by the time that surnames were beginning to come into general use the old Saxon baptismal appellations had mostly given way to the Johns, Jameses, Thomases, Williams, and Roberts of Norman introduction.

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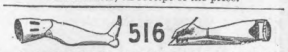
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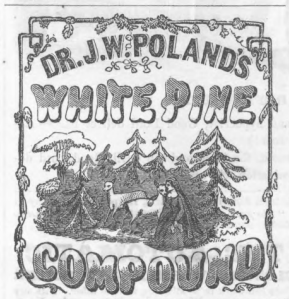

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7. A Member who has paid his premium in cash for a number of years, may, if circumstances require it, pay subsequent premiums wholly in notes until the amount of the notes equals the "value of the policy," or may at any time borrow of the Company the "surrender value of his policy," and thus frequently save his policy from lapsing, or help himself over some temporary difficulty.
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XII.—No. 598.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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PARADE OF THE BROOKLYN SUNDAY-SCHOOL CHILDREN, MAY 26, 1868.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

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THE BROOKLYN SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

THE Sunday-school teachers and children of Brooklyn are accustomed each spring to celebrate the anniversary of their Union by a parade; and it is this custom and procession which we illustrate on the preceding page. The Union which is thus celebrated took place in 1829, and was formed in the hope of thereby increasing the power of the schools for good. The Union at this time embraces 112 schools, and about 25,000 children, nearly all of whom were in the procession on May 26, the thirty-ninth anniversary of the Union.

The children early assembled at their respective schools, and after a few hymns and short speeches were marshaled for the parade. Our illustration represents the scene on Montague Terrace. A thousand banners were borne along in the various lines, many of them bearing mottoes quoted from passages in the New Testament, and bearing the titles of the schools and classes in which they were carried. Every school bore a beautiful silk national flag. From the City Hall floated the national and city flags, and from the County Court-House waved its fine new flag, greeting the children passing that way as they hurried to their places of meeting. Just before breaking up the children were provided with cakes, lemonade, ice-cream, and confectionery, which they appeared in every case to enjoy most thoroughly.

THEODORE WINTHROP.

KILLED AT GREAT BETHEL JUNE 10, 1861.

How often in the strange old days,
Before the war's sharp summons blew,
We strolled through all these woodland ways,
While loud the bluebird sang and flew!

How gayly of a thousand things
We talked; and rustling through the leaves,
We sang the songs of other springs,
And dreamed the dreams of summer eves!

To this bold height our footsteps came,
Our eyes beheld that distant sea;
To-day I sit and call his name,
And know he will not answer me.

O friend, beyond this voice of mine,
Beyond these eyes, this baffled hand,
Immortal in a youth divine,
I see thy gracious figure stand.

We do not count each other lost,
Divided though our ways may be;
Two ships by different breezes tost,
Still sailing the familiar sea.

No cloud of death can long obscure,
Nor touch with any doubt or fear,
The love that keeps the old faith pure,
Contented whether there or here.

STATEN ISLAND, *June*, 1868. G. W. C.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1868.

THE CHIEF JUSTICE AND THE PRESIDENCY.

IN politics as in matrimony nothing should be surprising. The constant reports from Washington of the efforts to make the Chief Justice a Democratic candidate for the Presidency—the announcement from Albany that Mr. SEYMOUR gives the proposition "respectful consideration"—the public approbation of Captain RYNDERS, who "knew him when he was a Democrat," and who knows that "he is now a State-rights Democrat, and is sound on the currency question"—the advocacy of D. W. VOORHEES—the reported sudden popularity of Mr. CHASE among Virginia Conservatives—Mr. CHASE's conspicuous and consuming passion for the Presidency, and the utter bewilderment of the Democratic party in presence of the nomination of GRANT and COLFAX, and of the singularly sagacious action of the Chicago Convention, combine to give importance to a suggestion that would otherwise seem absurd.

Mr. CHASE's public career is identified with the Anti-slavery movement. He was one of the Republican chiefs who utterly baffled the Democratic policy, and overthrew the Democratic party. He originated the financial system of the war, which the Democratic party opposed. He was one of the earliest and frankest supporters of equal suffrage in the Southern States. He is the President of the American Freedmen's Commission. He does not favor any principle or policy which the Democratic party has recently professed; and yet some of the managers of this party whose double cry is repudiation and "Down with the nigger: this is a white man's government!" are trying to compass Mr. CHASE's nomination, which HORATIO SEYMOUR will respectfully consider, and Captain RYNDERS cautiously approves. Could there be any more imposing proof of the utter demoralization of that party, and of its consciousness of the hopelessness of nominating any Democrat against General GRANT?

But the arrangement could not be completed without an understanding. What must that understanding be? Mr. CHASE is, like Mr. SUMNER, politically identified with the negro. Would or could the Democratic party pretend to be the friend of justice to the colored race? It is impossible. Could Mr. CHASE deliberately renounce his fidelity to it? It is equally impossible. What, then, could be done? What is always done when two differing parties are anxious to agree in a common policy? There is a compromise. Suppose the proposition made that the negro is really out of politics; that he is emancipated, has his civil and political rights, is a citizen of reconstructed States, and need not, therefore, be mentioned. Suppose that, upon the presumption of a restored Union, the whole reconstruction problem is considered settled, and a platform of State rights, with planks resounding with retrenchment, reform, a specie currency, and universal amnesty be adopted, and Mr. CHASE placed upon it. In that case he would say nothing against his colored friends; the Democracy would say nothing against reconstruction. The past would be left to bury its dead, and the future alone would be consulted. Is such a compromise probable?

No! There is nothing in the history of the Democratic party, nor in the character of its adherents, which favors the possibility of such an understanding. Its conventions every where insist upon the white man's government; the party organs declare that Congressional reconstruction shall not stand if the Democracy can carry the country; and the prejudice and ignorance of the party, which are essential to its success, could not be aroused without the appeal to the most contemptible of passions. Moreover, the Democratic party has not shown the least tendency or desire to be taught by events. It fights as furiously for the corpse of slavery as it did for slavery living and powerful. It went to Chicago toward the end of the war, after three years' experience of the resolution and spirit of the people, and sneered at their efforts, and advised surrender to the rebellion. It sees the steady logic of history, the restoration of the Union upon the American principle of equal rights, and merely snarls that if it could only get into power it would undo the work and give political rights exclusively to the rebel class. This is not a party that will be wiser in 1868 than it was in 1864. It is as likely to declare for repudiation now as it did for surrender then. It will not nominate a "Conservative," but a Democrat, counting upon Conservative support, as of course. And whether that Democrat shall be a Copperhead, a secessionist, and a repudiator, like PENDLETON, or a soldier like HANCOCK, is a question for the factions of the party to settle.

Whatever the demoralization of the party, therefore—whatever the respectful consideration of a gentleman whose refusal to be himself a candidate is treated by his own party as purely Pickwickian—whatever the wishes of the Chief Justice, the reports of which we speak, the efforts, and the astute editorials, the nomination of Mr. CHASE is not probable. If it could be made it would not divert Republican votes from General GRANT, and it would not unite Democratic votes and differences. For the Chief Justice himself it would be no honor. Indeed, is the use of his name in all kinds of wretched political intrigues altogether an honor? Is it no stain upon that name, that after service so illustrious and fidelity so conspicuous, it should be hawked about—with his consent if not with his wish—among Tammany ring-masters and Pewter Mug bummers?

GRANT AND THE POPULAR WILL.

GENERAL GRANT said in his brief and modest speech accepting the nomination for the Presidency, that if he were elected he should have no policy of his own to interpose against the will of the people. This is a simple recognition of the fact that under our system the people govern. It is in general an admitted truth, but the course of President JOHNSON has made its pointed re-statement necessary. The President, although he is constitutionally only the chief executive, has endeavored in every way to dictate the laws and to impose upon the country, despite its chosen representatives, his will as the national policy. And in this extraordinary, revolutionary, and disastrous course he has had the applause and support of the Democratic party.

General GRANT, therefore, very properly recurs to the principles of the government. He believes that the people make laws through Congress, and execute them through the President. He does not believe that they elect two authorities to thwart and perplex each other. And although the Constitution conservatively provides that the one may, under certain circumstances, veto the will of the other, it is only for the purpose that, upon reconsideration, and by a two-thirds vote, the will of the other may be fairly proved, upon a disputed point, to be undoubtedly the will of the people. That being ascertained, the power of the Executive veto is exhausted, and his duty is to execute the law or to resign.

Had President JOHNSON recognized this fundamental principle of the Constitution of which he so constantly speaks, and followed it in spirit as well as in letter, the contest with Congress which he has so obstinately waged to the immense injury of the public welfare would have been avoided. A President elected for four years who assumes to be the exponent of the popular will against representatives elected every two years commits an act of preposterous folly. Even if his function were legislative this would be so—when it is executive merely it is only the more evident. The question of President JOHNSON's administration has been reconstruction. It was in its very nature a legislative question. But he endeavored to take it wholly into his own discretion, and actually denied in words the authority of Congress to deal with it at all. Had he denied it in acts he would have been summarily removed by the authority he affected to despise.

It is indispensable, therefore, that people should know whether their will expressed through representatives chosen for that purpose is to prevail, or whether the will of an officer chosen by them for another purpose is to be the government. If it be the former, then there will be unity, harmony, peace, and rapidly increasing national prosperity. If it be the latter, the fierce and agitating contest of the JOHNSON administration will be renewed. In one quiet sentence General GRANT expresses his view of the subject, which is that of the American principle of popular government and of the Constitution. With them he declares for harmony, peace, and prosperity, and against the disorganizing doctrine which President JOHNSON has practiced and which the Democratic party has approved. The few words which the General has spoken commend him only more closely, if that were possible, to the respect and confidence of intelligent and loyal men.

EDWIN M. STANTON.

SENATOR EDMUNDS, of Vermont, upon the day after Mr. STANTON's withdrawal, presented the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, By the Senate and House of Representatives, that the thanks of Congress are due, and are hereby tendered to EDWIN M. STANTON, for the great ability, purity, and fidelity to the country with which he has discharged the duties of Secretary of War, as well amidst the open danger of a great rebellion as in the later period, when assailed by the opposition inspired by hostility to the pacification measures adopted by Congress for the restoration of a real and permanent peace."

This is an expression of gratitude in which the loyal heart of the country will most warmly unite. Mr. STANTON's services have been very great, and will be always most honorably remembered. From the moment that he assumed the direction at the War Department there was a clear perception, an inflexible will, a fertility of resource, an organizing and administrative force whose essential value to the triumphant prosecution of the war can not be overestimated. Diligent and faithful, laboring to the very verge of dangerous illness, the centre of a system of affairs as extended and complicated as any minister had ever to manage, Mr. STANTON never sought notoriety, and was known chiefly by the great events whose progress ended in universal and unconditional triumph.

The time demanded peremptory action, his position exposed him to the suspicion and hostility of every form of the most sensitive jealousy; the shadow of every failure fell black upon his Department; but with an unquailing tenacity and dauntless energy, resolved that every man in the country if need be, and if it depended upon him should be, called into service, Mr. STANTON never doubted, and inspired in others the profoundest confidence. When President LINCOLN was murdered it was the Secretary of War who, for a time, seemed to be the Government, nor was there any body in the country who did not feel that Mr. STANTON was the man whom all would have selected for that exact emergency.

It is since the war that Mr. STANTON's conduct has been most severely criticised. It is complained that he remained in the War Department against the wishes of the President. So he did; but not against the wishes of the country. It was declared that his position was disgraceful, indecent, indelicate toward the President. But the question was not of delicacy to the President, but of duty to the country. When Mr. STANTON discovered that the President was a man who was betraying the principles that had elected him, and that he was endeavoring under the name of a policy of reconstruction to baffle the results of the war, his course was taken, and taken as it should have been. He resolved to remain so long as he could lawfully do so. He may have had doubts of the constitutionality of the Tenure-of-Office Act; but when it became a law he acknowledged its force, and his post having become a most important point in the defense of the liberties of the citizen against the efforts of the President, he could not leave it until compelled to do so.

When, however, the Senate decided that the appointment of General THOMAS as *ad interim* Secretary was not a high crime and misdemeanor, it certainly seemed to determine that it was not a violation of law, or at least that no violation had been proved. In view of the express declaration of Senator SHERMAN and other Senators during the debate upon the passage of the Tenure Act, that the Secretary of War was not included in its terms, it is not surprising that upon the Impeachment verdict Mr. STANTON felt that the vote confirmed that view, and that he ought to relinquish his office. He chose not to resign, and not to recognize the appointment of General THOMAS, and placing all the papers of the Department in the hands of the Adjutant-General, subject to the order of the President, he retired.

Yet in his retirement, whatever its precise form, he is followed by the grateful regard of the country—a regard which tradition will perpetuate, and which recent events have not diminished. The duty that he discharged in resisting rebellion in the Cabinet of JAMES BUCHANAN he has continued to discharge in resisting treachery under every form in that of ANDREW JOHNSON. He has few of the arts that conjure ordinary popularity; but Mr. STANTON's name will be forever associated with those of LINCOLN and GRANT at the most critical and sublime period in our history.

A PARTY VIEW.

THE papers report that Senators WADE, CHANDLER, CATTELL, and some others left a caucus of their party brethren because six of the Republican Senators who voted for the acquittal of the President were present.

Surely these Senators and the sensible men of the party ought to ask themselves whether this policy is wise. Suppose that its logic had prevailed at Chicago. Suppose that Mr. WADE had been nominated for President and General BUTLER for Vice-President, with the understanding that Mr. STEVENS was to be Secretary of the Treasury, Senator CHANDLER Secretary of War, and that the other offices were to be filled in the same manner. Suppose, further, that Senators FESSENDEN, TRUMBULL, and GRIMES had been denounced in the platform as "infamous," and solemnly expelled, so far as they could be, from the fellowship of the party, would the Republican prospect of success in the Presidential election be more or less promising?

It seems to us after the National Convention of the party has deliberately refused to repudiate the Senators in question, that Mr. WADE and Mr. CHANDLER and Mr. CATTELL have no right, as party men, to refuse them the party fellowship; and should their conduct be widely followed, should the Senators who honestly voted for acquittal upon the evidence, and those who maintain the duty of conscientious public action as paramount to obedience to certain party associates be thrust from party sympathy, what can possibly be gained but a reduced vote and an imperiled success?

Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS said, upon the floor of the House, as reported, that he did not think a little perjury would hurt the Senators. Is, then, a little perjury in the discharge of public duty to be also a party test; and must all who are unwilling to perjure themselves a little prepare to depart from Republican fellowship?

This seems to us mere childish folly. Mr. WADE is a stern and stanch Republican, whose position has never been obscure, and whose speech in the very beginning of the rebel tempest in Congress in the winter of 1860–61 was a calm and brave assertion of the principles that the war maintained. Such services are not to be forgotten. But the cause demands every kind of service. If Mr. CHASE is unwilling, from whatever reason, longer to act with the great party with which his name is most honorably identified, let us hope that Mr. WADE will not yield to any impulse, however natural and pardonable it may seem, which will make his political associates regret his action. The cause of true liberty and civilization in this country is now intrusted to the Republican party and its candidates. Whoever will support them is not to be repelled because of differences upon points not vital, and which the national party authority has refused to adopt as articles of party faith. We gladly record that this truth was recognized by the great ratification meeting at the Cooper Institute in New York by the omission from the resolutions of all denunciation of the dissenting Senators.

JUDGED BY ITSELF.

WE should not again have alluded to the late flagrant offenses of the New York *Tribune* against public morality if it had not attempted to escape the censure of intelligent men by sneering that some people would have nothing to do if there were no *Tribune* to abuse, and by swallowing its own words with the assertion that it never uttered them. A charge is not disproved because it may be repeated to a proverb. DICK TURPIN was not less a thief because his name is the synonym of robber. Let the *Tribune* be judged by itself.

After the first vote was taken, the *Tribune* said:

"We concede the right and the duty of each Senator to vote (however mistakenly) as he saw fit."

Let us see in what way it had conceded this right. It headed its article upon the opinion of Senator GRIMES, "JUDAS's thirty reasons." It said of him:

"We have had BENEDICT ARNOLD, AARON BURR, JEFFERSON DAVIS, and now we have JAMES W. GRIMES."

"He is governed by nothing but passion and chagrin."

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"....Make him an example to renegades for all time to come."

"GRIMES is dead."

The gross ribaldry of the Washington correspondent of the *Tribune*, in speaking of Senator GRIMES, we shall not again reproduce. It was a disgrace to American journalism.

In its series of articles before the vote, and intended to influence the verdict, it said:

"To presume that any Republican will deliberately vote to acquit Mr. JOHNSON is to assume that hitherto his course has been a fraud. The cant we hear about the responsibility of an oath is absurd."

"No Republican can vote against it [conviction] without making himself infamous."

"If JOHNSON is acquitted then the whole course of these men is a lie, and their deception is infamous."

"If they have been honest in this, then impeachment is as sure as the sun."

"Any Republican vote but one of impeachment is therefore a lie."

"The Republican who votes against it seeks a lot with the men who have warred and plotted for the destruction of the Republic."

"The Republican Senator who rises in his seat tomorrow and votes not guilty virtually says, 'I am the same as ANDREW JOHNSON....His deeds are my deeds; his speeches are my speeches....The massacres in New Orleans and Memphis....now receive my commendation'...Republican Senators....may well pause before, by their votes, they write their names with the infamous and degraded men who in times of national trial sought to betray their country."

"If BENEDICT ARNOLD were a Senator to-day, elected by Republican votes, and moved by dissatisfied ambition, or a morbid, insatiate greed of office, we should hear of him, highly impressed with the sacredness of the President's office, eager to discuss the question of the President's intent, and painfully conscious of the responsibility of his oath. A decisive amount of money would finish him."

This is a specimen of the tone of a series of articles of the *Tribune* before the verdict. After the vote it said that it conceded the right and the duty of each Senator to vote (however mistakenly) as he saw fit. The statement is not true, and the proof is in the words we have quoted.

When the Senate finally adjourned as a Court of Impeachment the *Tribune* called the judgment "a tainted verdict." It meant by this that it was a verdict obtained by corrupt means: by influences not addressed to the reason or conscience of the Senators. It said: "All we know is that money was used to secure the acquittal of the President." If this assertion be true, and there is a Committee of the House and one of the Senate now engaged in the investigation, there is no doubt that any Senator whose vote was influenced by improper considerations will be promptly expelled and forever disgraced.

But improper influences are of more than one kind. Men are influenced by their fears, by threats, by denunciations; they are bribed by their ambition. There is no moral difference between the honesty of one man whose vote is bought with money and that of another who, scorning money, yields to promise and place. It was not with guineas only that Sir ROBERT WALPOLE and Lord NORTH corrupted Parliament. Now the *Tribune*'s constant reiteration of the guilt of "Republican" Senators who voted according to their sense of duty; its summons to the party in Iowa to make an example of Mr. GRIMES as a renegade; its warning that Republican Senators who did not vote to convict must expect to be ranked with rebels and look for promotion outside of the party; its assertion that a Republican vote for acquittal was a lie; that the Republican party speaking by its papers, its orators, and its conventions, was a unit for impeachment, were all parts of a palpable and shameful attempt to influence a judicial decision by motives of political interest and ambition; an attempt intended to reach and affect men whom the *Tribune* knew that money could not buy, but whom political ambition might seduce or party censure terrify. Could this effort, which was as much an attempt at corruption as that made with money by the Astor House ring, have succeeded in carrying the vote of Mr. FESSENDEN or of Mr. TRUMBULL or of Mr. GRIMES against his sincere conviction, the verdict of the Senate would have been as much "tainted" as the *Tribune* declares it to be now, and a Senate controlled against its judicial oath by party terrorism would have deserved the doom which any Senator known to be bought with money is sure to meet.

This is not, as the *Tribune* affects to suppose, "a fine frenzy." It is the verdict of the great body of honorable and intelligent citizens upon its recent immoral course, to which we hope to have no further occasion to allude. But, in the interest of Liberty, which has its surest bulwark in the moral sentiment and in that of the Republican party, which maintains liberty and justice, we shall not fail to expose every such betrayal both of the cause and the party, especially when made by an influential journal.

THE LETTERS OF ACCEPTANCE.

THE letter of General GRANT, accepting the nomination, is brief, dignified, and simple. He approves the resolutions of the Convention, and promises, if elected, that his endeavor will be to give peace and protection to the country—a promise which, from him, is not a mere unmeaning phrase. He is one of the men whose words are things. The General does not undertake to prescribe a policy. He declares that the President must be free to execute the will of the people. This, as we have elsewhere intimated, is the true doctrine of our Government, and it is the one upon which the Republican party has constantly insisted in the contest with President JOHNSON. The General does not enter into detail, but states his belief that the resolutions of the Convention express the sentiment of those who sustained the Government during the war, and accepts the nomination in the spirit in which it is offered.

WASHINGTON, *May* 29, 1868.

To General Joseph R. Hawley, President National Union Republican Convention:

In formally accepting the nomination of the National Union Republican Convention of the 21st of May instant, it seems proper that some statement of views beyond the mere acceptance of the nomination should be expressed. The proceedings of the Convention were marked with wisdom, moderation, and patriotism, and, I believe, express the feelings of the great mass of those who sustained the country through its recent trials. I indorse the resolutions. If elected to the office of President of the United States, it will be my endeavor to administer all the laws in good faith, with economy, and with the view of giving peace, quiet, and protection every where. In times like the present it is impossible, or at least eminently improper, to lay down a policy to be adhered to, right or wrong, through an administration of four years. New political issues, not foreseen, are constantly arising; the views of the public on old ones are constantly changing, and a purely administrative officer should always be left free to execute the will of the people. I always have respected that will, and always shall. Peace, and universal prosperity its sequence, with economy of administration, will lighten the burden of taxation, while it constantly reduces the national debt. Let us have peace.

With great respect, your obedient servant,

U. S. GRANT.

Mr. COLFAX writes at greater length, and with more ardor. He enters into a brief survey of the reconstructive legislation of Congress, which he heartily justifies; applauds the impregnable position of equal rights upon which the Republican party is planted; warmly approves the declaration in favor of foreign-born citizens; and briefly and eloquently recapitulates the good works of the party. It is a glowing, characteristic letter, but rather too long for our space.

With two such men how enthusiastically and confidently the great party of liberty and justice and progress enters upon its campaign! But we must not forget that enthusiasm will not supply the want of organization, nor confidence of hard work. Let the country be as thoroughly canvassed as it was in 1864, that the victory may be as signal. Our line of battle should be fully formed while the enemy is deciding under which commander it will be defeated.

THE PLATFORM AND REPUDIATION.

Mr. CARY in Congress, and a great many Democratic journals, insist that the declaration of the Chicago Convention in regard to the payment of the debt is vague and intentionally delusive. Mr. CARY, who is a repudiator, offered a resolution covering the position taken by General BUTLER last summer, which is an attempt by an apparently fair literal reading of the law to pay part of the debt in paper, or, in a word, not to pay the whole of it in gold. Congress very promptly declined to entertain the suggestion.

There has been no more doubt in any honest mind of the meaning of the Chicago resolution than of the intention of the law itself. The honest opinion of the country has always been that the Government meant to pay in gold dollars the dollars it borrowed. Every body knows that, had the law been explained at the time as meaning payment in paper, the loans could not have been raised. Mr. CHASE, and Mr. M'CULLOCH, and all the agents of the Department, explained when the question was raised that the intention was as honorable as could be imagined. The foreign holders took their share of the loan upon the same understanding.

Therefore, when the resolutions of the Convention emphatically declared that the spirit as well as the language of the law must be respected, there was but one interpretation fairly possible. The doctrine of General BUTLER was built upon a verbal quibble. It was an ingenious lawyer's plea. It was pettifogging, not statesmanship. The ringing, prolonged, and immense cheering with which the Convention saluted the reading of the resolution showed how true were the heart and the conscience of the party, and the skillful sophistries that had been hung like cobwebs around the subject were instantly and forever dispersed. But the party that sees repudiation lying like a lion in its path could not bear to think that its opponent had already disposed of it, and have made a few feeble struggles to show that when the Convention said honesty it meant knavery.

The subject, however, was put even beyond the cavil of party malignity in the eloquent and truly inspiring and honorable speech of General HAWLEY in announcing the nomination to General GRANT. "You will see," said he, "that the Convention believes that integrity, simplicity, and economy in governmental affairs are the duties of good citizens and honorable men. It makes the strict fulfillment of national obligations a point of honor never to be waived. *What the civilized world recognizes as full and final payment is the only payment the Union party will ever consent to tender.*"

There is no mistaking such words. They are indeed the authorized interpretation of the resolution, although such interpretation is not necessary. The resolution so interpreted General GRANT approves. The Republican party approves it. Honest men every where approve it. It is in harmony with the honorable instincts of human society. Any other view of it would be a disgrace to the United States and a disaster to civilization.

TRICKS UPON TRAVELERS.

WE warn all travelers who buy in New York tickets to Chicago by the sleeping-cars upon the Pennsylvania Central Railroad to look closely and be very sure that they are not deceived. A passenger recently bought a state-room of three berths upon a particular train, and upon presenting herself at the hour, showing her ticket, and asking for her room, was shown into a room with six berths, half of which were occupied. To her remonstrance the guard said that that was her place, and if she wished to be alone with her companions, she might pay eight dollars more, which, finding that there was no alternative, she did. When complaint was made at the office in the Astor House the agent claimed the right to sell half a state-room for a whole one, and remarked that in this particular instance he happened to forget to mention that it was only the half, which was the more remarkable, as the buyer distinctly stated that a whole state-room was wished, in which the travelers might be entirely secluded. If some disinterested person should call the proceeding a wretched swindle, we really do not see what satisfactory answer could be made to him. And to avoid the consequences arising from this extremely defective memory, we again advise Western travelers not to buy their tickets over the Pennsylvania Central Railroad at the office in the Astor House.

Since this illustration of lapse of memory came to our knowledge we have received the following from one who travels constantly:

"SIR,—It is so very human to err that it is not surprising that mistakes happen daily where care is taken to prevent them; but it *is* surprising that in the matter of petty swindles (mistakes!) upon travelers so little is done by those interested to prevent it. Here is a case in point: Recently in a sleeping-car I engaged a berth. The price was $1—for I have frequently been over the route—but when I came to pay the conductor it had suddenly risen to $1 50. Here is another case: Going from Syracuse to Albany I entered the saloon-car, previously asking the *train* conductor the extra rate. 'Fifty cents,' was the reply. When I went into the car the porter was extracting some boiled beets from a sort of chest for his dinner. Upon asking him the fare he replied promptly, bolting a piece of beet, 'One dollar.' Upon my suggesting to him that he was possibly mistaken he reflected very earnestly for a moment, and then, with a charming frankness, responded, 'Oh yes! it's fifty cents.' As I said before, Sir, mistakes will happen, but I do not like to be the victim of them. It would be more satisfactory to travelers, and quite as remunerative to corporations, if printed rates of fare were conspicuously posted in every sleeping-car or other public conveyance, so that people would know what was right. If they desired to give the conductor fifty cents extra for his poor mother, that would be an act of charity which no one would raise a voice against.

"The instances above given are only two of many which call for correction. It is easily done in them, and that is a reason why it should be. E. P. W."

SIGNS OF CIVILIZATION.

Mr. A. GALLATIN LAWRENCE, United States Minister to Costa Rica, having violated the act of Congress forbidding dueling within the District of Columbia, has been superseded by the nomination of a successor. The Secretary of State has also advised the Prussian Minister that Baron VON KUSSEROW, the Secretary of Legation, and Count LOTEUM, an attaché, have been guilty of the same violation of law, and has requested that the fact be communicated to the Prussian Government, that the Baron and the Count may be made sensible of its displeasure.

This is another dying gasp of Middle Age barbarism in Washington. Slaves are no longer sold there, and efforts at mutual murder are punished. Shall we not now have some exquisite Jeames bewailing the decline of the "social tone" of Washington, and lamenting the delightful days when "chivalry" was supreme?

POOR WHITES AND BLACKS.

IN a late generalization we incorrectly estimated the number of Freedmen who had received national aid, and we are very glad to publish the following correction by a most competent authority:

"GREENVILLE, ALABAMA.

"....The charity of the nation has been bestowed almost entirely through the agency of the Freedmen's Bureau. My own knowledge of facts, gained while serving as an officer of the Bureau for three years, is wholly at variance with your statement. It has been a rule of action in the two Sub-Districts of Alabama, which have been successively under my control, embracing in all fourteen counties, to issue supplies to none of the negro population but those incapable of earning a livelihood by reason of actual disability, temporary or permanent. More than three-fifths of the whole amount has been issued to whites, in whose favor the rule has been construed far less rigidly than with the blacks for obvious reasons, principally on account of their manifest inability to endure the toil of plantation labor.

"The blacks who have been a charge upon the Government, so far as my observation has extended, are, as a class, identical with those unfortunates who in the Northern States are cared for as paupers by the local authorities. As is well known, the Southern States had no public charities under slavery, and upon the plea of impoverishment most of the counties declare themselves unable to assume the support of the public poor. It is the truth, however, that they are quite as unwilling as unable; and further, that the tender mercies of ex-masters toward their profitless ex-slaves would be likely to put the worst annals of British Unions to shame...."

THE COOPER ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

OUR friends of the National Academy of Design must look to their laurels. There is rising another Academy of Design at the Cooper Institute; and the industry, interest, and skill which it has already developed, and the works which it is already producing, promise a dangerous rivalry. It is a school of women only; apparently not widely known, nor exciting much interest beyond the immediate circle of the pupils and their friends, but deserving the most thoughtful attention. Its annual exhibition, with the commencement exercises of the Cooper Union, was held during the last week in May in the great gallery of the Cooper Building, and the prizes and medals for excellence in the fine arts were publicly presented. The exercises and exhibition altogether occupy three days and evenings. There is a reception which is always crowded, and so is the meeting for the award of prizes. But the fact of the exhibition is practically unknown to the great public, so that the work of the art-school is not appreciated.

The classes in drawing and sculpture are under the charge of Dr. RIMMER, undoubtedly one of the best of teachers. He is master of his subject, and his method is thorough and severe. Its results are evident in the works exhibited. The young women come from all parts of the country and pursue a regular course. Besides the technical excellence of their work, the freedom of invention is very striking. Indeed, in the sculpture of this year, the talent displayed was remarkable. The figure of a glorified martyr of life-size, a statuette of Cinderella, and a life-size Andromeda watching the combat between Perseus and the monster, were works that in the National Academy would have made the Sculpture Gallery a popular resort. Dr. RIMMER truly said that were the Andromeda to be found without the head in an old ruin, it would be admired as a noble specimen of classic art.

Another year we hope to call attention to the exhibition betimes.

WANTED—A LEG.

THE Surgeon-General has replied to the following letter that it is impossible for him under the law to furnish another leg to the soldier mentioned, who is worthy of the aid requested:

"SIR,—I beg to inquire whether in any case a wooden leg would be given by the Government to an honorably discharged soldier a second time, and to state as my reason for inquiring that CHARLES BERKLEY, late of Company E, First Regiment, United States Colored Infantry, who lost his right leg before Petersburg in 1865, and subsequently received one of the substitutes that Uncle Sam supplies, broke it by falling from a hay-loft, and sustained such serious injuries as unfitted him for work through the past winter. Now he is recovering, and his wife, who has stood by him as faithfully as he stood by his country, is trying to raise money to equip him again; but it's hard work and slow—as slow and hard as taking a city by siege—and so I thought as it isn't often a soldier loses two legs, and still has one leg—the left one too, by-the-way—Uncle Sam might give him another; and, if he must mention a reason with it, say that it was the one which some other soldier might have lost, but, by a kind Providence, didn't. Of how many thousands could that be said as well as of you and

"Yours, respectfully,

"CRAMMOND KENNEDY,

"Late Chaplain Seventy-ninth Highlanders, New York Vols."

Mr. KENNEDY gladly subscribes five dollars toward buying the leg that he might himself have lost. And if any other good man who went to the war and returned with both legs, or who did not go but sent a substitute, or who, unable to do either, worked and prayed for those who did, wishes to help this soldier, and will send the money to the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*, it will be faithfully applied to buying the leg.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

THE Senate voted, on May 30, to extend the time allowed for the completion of the Pacific Railroad two years.

The House, on May 30, passed the Indian Appropriation bill. Mr. Ashley offered a resolution amending the Constitution by abolishing the Vice-Presidency, making the President eligible for only one term, and radically changing the system of election.

The Senate, on June 1, passed the House bill with an amendment providing that no denial or abridgment of the right of suffrage or any other right shall be enacted on account of race or color, Indians not taxed excepted. It goes back to the House for its concurrence.

NEWS ITEMS.

The statue of Thomas H. Benton, in St. Louis, was unveiled May 20 with a grand demonstration, Jessie Benton Fremont unveiling the statue, and General Frank P. Blair pronouncing the eulogium.

Ex-President Buchanan died at his residence, Wheatland, Pennsylvania, on June 1, aged 76.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE foreign news for the past week has been brief and unimportant. Prussia is disarming; France has fully supplied her infantry with what the French Emperor calls the "queen of rifles," the Chassepot; England is still putting her Fenian subjects to the very worst use possible by hanging them; the Poles are disturbing Galicia; North Germany has abolished imprisonment for debt; and Bavaria has signed Bancroft's Naturalization treaty with the United States.

The most important foreign news is from Central Asia, and marks the progress of the Russian invasion of that region. The invasion of Chinese Turkestan by the Russians began in 1866, simultaneous with a movement under the direction of the British authorities in India but conducted by an Indian prince, Shere Ali Khan, into Afghanistan, the country adjoining Turkestan. The question involved is one of Russian or English Supremacy in Central Asia, and the ultimate object of the Russians is to possess all of Central Asia as far south as the boundary of British India, and between China on the east and Persia on the west.

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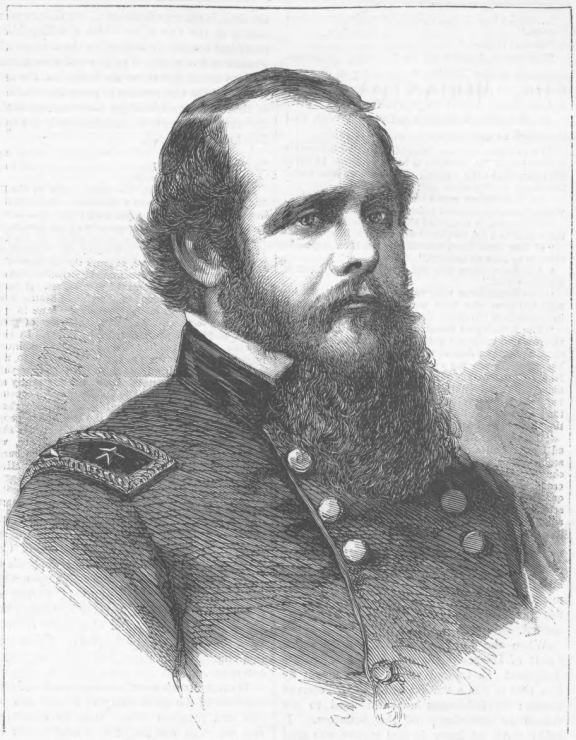
THE CLOISTERS.—[SEE THE POEM, PAGE 375.]

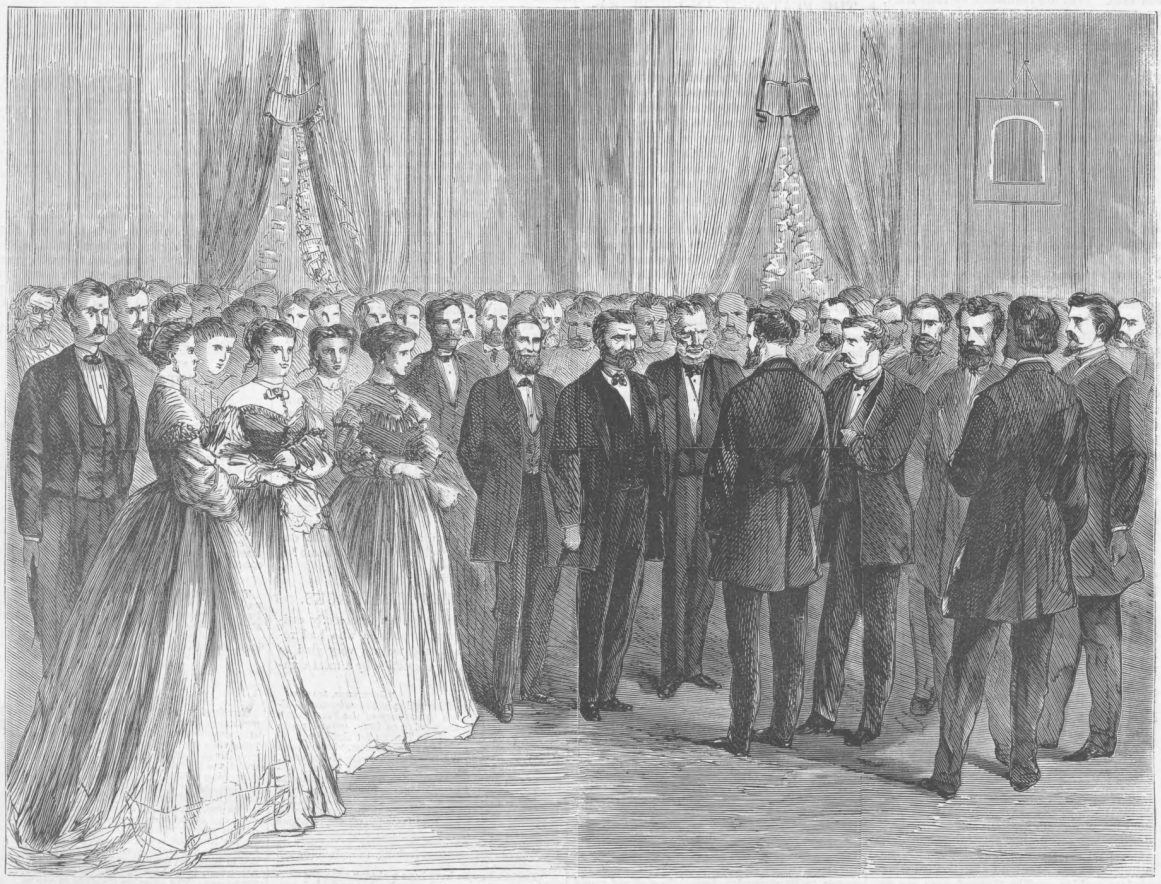


GENERAL JOHN M. SCHOFIELD, THE NEW SECRETARY OF WAR.

THE NEW SECRETARY OF WAR.

ON the announcement of the vote on Impeachment, and the discovery that the Senate had sustained the President by acquitting him of the charge of illegally removing Secretary STANTON, that officer promptly withdrew from the Department, leaving it in charge of the Adjutant-General. President JOHNSON nominated General SCHOFIELD as Secretary of War, and the Senate confirmed him.

General SCHOFIELD's war record is well known to our readers. He was the commander of a wing of SHERMAN's army in the campaign of Atlanta, and the leader of the force which captured Wilmington and pushed into the interior of North Carolina to meet SHERMAN. Since the war he has been in command in Virginia. Of his political principles little is known at present.



GENERAL JOSEPH B. HAWLEY FORMALLY TENDERING THE REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS TO GENERAL GRANT AND MR. COLFAX.—[SEE PAGE 375.]

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THE MOONSTONE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

Printed from the Author's Manuscript.
RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.

CHAPTER V.

HAVING told me the name of Mr. Candy's assistant, Betteredge appeared to think that we had wasted enough of our time on an insignificant subject. He resumed the perusal of Rosanna Spearman's letter.

On my side, I sat at the window, waiting until he had done. Little by little, the impression produced on me by Ezra Jennings—it seemed perfectly unaccountable, in such a situation as mine, that any human being should have produced an impression on me at all!—faded from my mind. My thoughts flowed back into their former channel. Once more, I forced myself to look my own incredible position resolutely in the face. Once more, I reviewed in my own mind the course which I had at last summoned composure enough to plan out for the future.

To go back to London that day; to put the whole case before Mr. Bruff; and, last and most important, to obtain (no matter by what means or at what sacrifice) a personal interview with Rachel—this was my plan of action, so far as I was capable of forming it at the time. There was more than an hour still to spare before the train started. And there was the bare chance that Betteredge might discover something in the unread portion of Rosanna Spearman's letter, which it might be useful for me to know before I left the house in which the Diamond had been lost. For that chance I was now waiting.

The letter ended in these terms:

"You have no need to be angry, Mr. Franklin, even if I did feel some little triumph at knowing that I held all your prospects in life in my own hands. Anxieties and fears soon came back to me. With the view Sergeant Cuff took of the loss of the Diamond, he would be sure to end in examining our linen and our dresses. There was no place in my room—there was no place in the house—which I could feel satisfied would be safe from him. How to hide the night-gown so that not even the Sergeant could find it? and how to do that without losing one moment of precious time?—these were not easy questions to answer. My uncertainties ended in my taking a way that may make you laugh. I undressed, and put the night-gown on me. You had worn it—and I had another little moment of pleasure in wearing it after you.

"The next news that reached us in the servants' hall showed that I had not made sure of the night-gown a moment too soon. Sergeant Cuff wanted to see the washing-book.

"I found it, and took it to him in my lady's sitting-room. The Sergeant and I had come across each other more than once in former days. I was certain he would know me again—and I was *not* certain of what he might do when he found me employed as servant in a house in which a valuable jewel had been lost. In this suspense, I felt it would be a relief to me to get the meeting between us over, and to know the worst of it at once.

"He looked at me as if I was a stranger, when I handed him the washing-book; and he was very specially polite in thanking me for bringing it. I thought those were both bad signs. There was no knowing what he might say of me behind my back: there was no knowing how soon I might not find myself taken in custody on suspicion, and searched. It was then time for your return from seeing Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite off by the railway; and I went to your favorite walk in the shrubbery, to try for another chance of speaking to you—the last chance, for all I knew to the contrary, that I might have.

"You never appeared; and, what was worse still, Mr. Betteredge and Sergeant Cuff passed by the place where I was hiding—and the Sergeant saw me.

"I had no choice, after that, but to return to my proper place and my proper work, before more disasters happened to me. Just as I was going to step across the path you came back from the railway. You were making straight for the shrubbery, when you saw me—I am certain, Sir, you saw me—and you turned away as if I had got the plague, and went into the house.*

"I made the best of my way indoors again, returning by the servants' entrance. There was nobody in the laundry-room at that time; and I sat down there alone. I have told you already of the thoughts which the Shivering Sand put into my head. Those thoughts came back to me now. I wondered in myself which it would be hardest to do, if things went on in this way—to bear Mr. Franklin Blake's indifference to me, or to jump into the quicksand and end it forever in that way?

"It's useless to ask me to account for my own conduct, at this time. I try—and I can't understand it myself.

"Why didn't I stop you, when you avoided me in that cruel manner? Why didn't I call out, 'Mr. Franklin, I have got something to say to you; it concerns yourself, and you must, and shall, hear it?' You were at my mercy—I had got the whip-hand of you, as they say. And better than that, I had the means (if I could only make you trust me) of being useful to you in the future. Of course, I never supposed that you—a gentleman—had stolen the Diamond for the mere pleasure of stealing it. No. Penelope had heard Miss Rachel, and I had heard Mr. Betteredge, talk about your extravagance and your debts. It was plain enough to me that you had taken the Diamond to sell it, or pledge it, and so to get the money of which you stood in need. Well! I could have told you of a man in London who would have advanced a good large sum on the jewel, and who would have asked no awkward questions about it either.

"Why didn't I speak to you! why didn't I speak to you!

"I wonder whether the risks and difficulties of keeping the night-gown were as much as I could manage, without having other risks and difficulties added to them? This might have been the case with some women—but how could it be the case with me? In the days when I was a thief, I had run fifty times greater risks, and found my way out of difficulties to which *this* difficulty was mere child's play. I had been apprenticed, as you may say, to frauds and deceptions—some of them on such a grand scale, and managed so cleverly, that they became famous, and appeared in the newspapers. Was such a little thing as the keeping of the night-gown likely to weigh on my spirits, and to set my heart sinking within me, at the time when I ought to have spoken to you? What nonsense to ask the question! the thing couldn't be.

"Where is the use of my dwelling in this way on my own folly? The plain truth is plain enough, surely? Behind your back, I loved you with all my heart and soul. Before your face—there's no denying it—I was frightened of you; frightened of making you angry with me; frightened of what you might say to me (though you *had* taken the Diamond) if I presumed to tell you that I had found it out. I had gone as near to it as I dared when I spoke to you in the library. You had not turned your back on me then. You had not started away from me as if I had got the plague. I tried to provoke myself into feeling angry with you, and to rouse up my courage in that way. No! I couldn't feel any thing but the misery and the mortification of it. 'You're a plain girl; you have got a crooked shoulder; you're only a house-maid—what do you mean by attempting to speak to Me?' You never uttered a word of that, Mr. Franklin; but you said it all to me, nevertheless! Is such madness as this to be accounted for? No. There is nothing to be done but to confess it, and let it be.

"I ask your pardon, once more, for this wandering of my pen. There is no fear of its happening again. I am close at the end now.

"The first person who disturbed me by coming into the empty room was Penelope. She had found out my secret long since, and she had done her best to bring me to my senses—and done it kindly too.

"'Ah!' she said, 'I know why you're sitting here, and fretting, all by yourself. The best thing that can happen for your advantage, Rosanna, will be for Mr. Franklin's visit here to come to an end. It's my belief that he won't be long now before he leaves the house.'

"In all my thoughts of you I had never thought of your going away. I couldn't speak to Penelope. I could only look at her.

"'I've just left Miss Rachel,' Penelope went on. 'And a hard matter I have had of it to put up with her temper. She says the house is unbearable to her with the police in it; and she's determined to speak to my lady this evening, and to go to her Aunt Ablewhite to-morrow. If she does that, Mr. Franklin will be the next to find a reason for going away, you may depend on it!'

"I recovered the use of my tongue at that. 'Do you mean to say Mr. Franklin will go with her?' I asked.

"'Only too gladly, if she would let him; but she won't. *He* has been made to feel her temper; *he* is in her black books too—and that after having done all he can to help her, poor fellow! No, no! If they don't make it up before to-morrow, you will see Miss Rachel go one way, and Mr. Franklin another. Where he may betake himself to I can't say. But he will never stay here, Rosanna, after Miss Rachel has left us.'

"I managed to master the despair I felt at the prospect of your going away. To own the truth, I saw a little glimpse of hope for myself if there was really a serious disagreement between Miss Rachel and you. 'Do you know,' I asked, 'what the quarrel is between them?'

"'It's all on Miss Rachel's side,' Penelope said. 'And, for any thing I know to the contrary, it's all Miss Rachel's temper, and nothing else. I am loth to distress you, Rosanna; but don't run away with the notion that Mr. Franklin is ever likely to quarrel with *her*. He's a great deal too fond of her for that!'

"She had only just spoken those cruel words when there came a call to us from Mr. Betteredge. All the indoor servants were to assemble in the hall. And then we were to go in, one by one, and be questioned in Mr. Betteredge's room by Sergeant Cuff.

"It came to my turn to go in, after her ladyship's maid and the upper house-maid had been questioned first. Sergeant Cuff's inquiries—though he wrapped them up very cunningly—soon showed me that those two women (the bitterest enemies I had in the house) had made their discoveries outside my door, on the Thursday afternoon, and again on the Thursday night. They had told the Sergeant enough to open his eyes to some part of the truth. He rightly believed me to have made a new night-gown secretly, but he wrongly believed the paint-stained night-gown to be mine. I felt satisfied of another thing, from what he said, which it puzzled me to understand. He suspected me, of course, of being concerned in the disappearance of the Diamond. But, at the same time, he let me see—purposely, as I thought—that he did not consider me as the person chiefly answerable for the loss of the jewel. He appeared to think that I had been acting under the direction of somebody else. Who that person might be, I couldn't guess then, and can't guess now.

"In this uncertainty, one thing was plain—that Sergeant Cuff was miles away from knowing the whole truth. You were safe as long as the night-gown was safe—and not a moment longer.

"I quite despair of making you understand the distress and terror which pressed upon me now. It was impossible for me to risk wearing your night-gown any longer. I might find myself taken off, at a moment's notice, to the police court at Frizinghall, to be charged on suspicion, and searched accordingly. While Sergeant Cuff still left me free, I had to choose—and that at once—between destroying the night-gown, or hiding it in some safe place, at some safe distance from the house.

"If I had only been a little less fond of you, I think I should have destroyed it. But, oh! how could I destroy the only thing I had which proved that I had saved you from discovery? If we did come to an explanation together, and if you suspected me of having some bad motive, and denied it all, how could I win upon you to trust me, unless I had the night-gown to produce? Was it wronging you to believe, as I did, and do still, that you might hesitate to let a poor girl like me be the sharer of your secret, and your accomplice in the theft which your money-troubles had tempted you to commit? Think of your cold behavior to me, Sir, and you will hardly wonder at my unwillingness to destroy the only claim on your confidence and your gratitude which it was my fortune to possess.

"I determined to hide it; and the place I fixed on was the place I knew best—the Shivering Sand.

"As soon as the questioning was over I made the first excuse that came into my head, and got leave to go out for a breath of fresh air. I went straight to Cobb's Hole, to Mr. Yolland's cottage. His wife and daughter were the best friends I had. Don't suppose I trusted them with your secret—I have trusted nobody. All I wanted was to write this letter to you, and to have a safe opportunity of taking the night-gown off me. Suspected as I was, I could do neither of those things, with any sort of security, up at the house.

"And now I have nearly got through my long letter, writing it alone in Lucy Yolland's bedroom. When it is done I shall go down stairs with the night-gown rolled up, and hidden under my cloak. I shall find the means I want for keeping it safe and dry in its hiding-place, among the litter of old things in Mrs. Yolland's kitchen. And then I shall go to the Shivering Sand—don't be afraid of my letting my footmarks betray me!—and hide the night-gown down in the sand, where no living creature can find it without being first let into the secret by myself.

"And, when that is done, what then?

"Then, Mr. Franklin, I shall have two reasons for making another attempt to say the words to you which I have not said yet. If you leave the house, as Penelope believes you will leave it, and if I haven't spoken to you before that, I shall lose my opportunity forever. That is one reason. Then, again, there is the comforting knowledge—if my speaking does make you angry—that I have got the night-gown ready to plead my cause for me as nothing else can. That is my other reason. If these two together don't harden my heart against the coldness which has hitherto frozen it up (I mean the coldness of

* NOTE; by Franklin Blake.—The writer is entirely mistaken, poor creature. I never noticed her. My intention was certainly to have taken a turn in the shrubbery. But, remembering at the same moment that my aunt might wish to see me, after my return from the railway, I altered my mind, and went into the house.

"AS I LAID MY HAND ON THE DOOR OPPOSITE, I HEARD A FEW PLAINTIVE CHORDS STRUCK ON THE PIANO IN THE ROOM WITHIN."

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your treatment of me), there will be the end of my efforts—and the end of my life.

"Yes. If I miss my next opportunity—if you are as cruel as ever, and if I feel it again as I have felt it already—good-by to the world which has grudged me the happiness that it gives to others. Good-by to life, which nothing but a little kindness from *you* can ever make pleasurable to me again. Don't blame yourself, Sir, if it ends in this way. But try—do try—to feel some forgiving sorrow for me! I shall take care that you find out what I have done for you when I am past telling you of it myself. Will you say something kind of me then—in the same gentle way that you have when you speak to Miss Rachel? If you do that, and if there are such things as ghosts, I believe my ghost will hear it, and tremble with the pleasure of it.

"It's time I left off. I am making myself cry. How am I to see my way to the hiding-place if I let these useless tears come and blind me?

"Besides, why should I look at the gloomy side? Why not believe, while I can, that it will end well after all? I may find you in a good humor to-night—or, if not, I may succeed better to-morrow morning. I sha'n't improve my poor plain face by fretting—shall I? Who knows but I may have filled all these weary long pages of paper for nothing? They will go, for safety's sake (never mind now for what other reason) into the hiding-place, along with the night-gown. It has been hard, hard work writing my letter. Oh! if we only end in understanding each other, how I shall enjoy tearing it up!

"I beg to remain, Sir, your true lover and humble servant,

"ROSANNA SPEARMAN."

The reading of the letter was completed by Betteredge in silence. After carefully putting it back in the envelope, he sat thinking, with his head bowed down, and his eyes on the ground.

"Betteredge," I said, "is there any hint to guide us at the end of the letter?"

He looked up slowly, with a heavy sigh.

"There is nothing to guide you, Mr. Franklin," he answered. "If you will take my advice, you will keep the letter in the cover till these present anxieties of yours have come to an end. It will sorely distress you, whenever you read it. Don't read it now."

I put the letter away in my pocket-book.

A glance back at the sixteenth and seventeenth chapters of Betteredge's Narrative will show that there really was a reason for my thus sparing myself, at a time when my fortitude had been already cruelly tried. Twice over, the unhappy woman had made her last attempt to speak to me. And twice over, it had been my misfortune (God knows how innocently!) to repel the advances she had made to me. On the Friday night, as Betteredge truly describes it, she had found me alone at the billiard-table. Her manner and her language had suggested to me—and would have suggested to any man, under the circumstances—that she was about to confess a guilty knowledge of the disappearance of the Diamond. For her own sake, I had purposely shown no special interest in what was coming; for her own sake, I had purposely looked at the billiard-balls, instead of looking at *her*—and what had been the result? I had sent her away from me, wounded to the heart! On the Saturday again—on the day when she must have foreseen, after what Penelope had told her, that my departure was close at hand—the same fatality still pursued us. She had once more attempted to meet me in the shrubbery walk, and she had found me there in company with Betteredge and Sergeant Cuff. In her hearing, the Sergeant, with his own underhand object in view, had appealed to my interest in Rosanna Spearman. Again for the poor creature's own sake, I had met the police officer with a flat denial, and had declared—loudly declared, so that she might hear *me* too—that I felt "no interest whatever in Rosanna Spearman." At those words, solely designed to warn her against attempting to gain my private ear, she had turned away, and left the place: cautioned of her danger, as I then believed; self-doomed to destruction, as I know now. From that point, I have already traced the succession of events which led me to the astounding discovery at the quicksand. The retrospect is now complete. I may leave the miserable story of Rosanna Spearman—to which, even at this distance of time, I can not revert without a pang of distress—to suggest for itself all that is here purposely left unsaid. I may pass from the suicide at the Shivering Sand, with its strange and terrible influence on my present position and my future prospects, to interests which concern the living people of this narrative, and to events which were already paving my way for the slow and toilsome journey from the darkness to the light.

CHAPTER VI.

I WALKED to the railway station accompanied, it is needless to say, by Gabriel Betteredge. I had the letter in my pocket, and the night-gown safely packed in a little bag—both to be submitted, before I slept that night, to the investigation of Mr. Bruff.

We left the house in silence. For the first time in my experience of him, I found old Betteredge in my company without a word to say to me. Having something to say on my side, I opened the conversation as soon as we were clear of the lodge gates.

"Before I go to London," I began, "I have two questions to ask you. They relate to myself, and I believe they will rather surprise you."

"If they will put that poor creature's letter out of my head, Mr. Franklin, they may do any thing else they like with me. Please to begin surprising me, Sir, as soon as you can."

"My first question, Betteredge, is this. Was I drunk on the night of Rachel's birthday?"

"*You* drunk!" exclaimed the old man. "Why it's the great defect of your character, Mr. Franklin, that you only drink with your dinner, and never touch a drop of liquor afterward!"

"But the birthday was a special occasion. I might have abandoned my regular habits, on that night of all others."

Betteredge considered for a moment.

"You did go out of your habits, Sir," he said. "And I'll tell you how. You looked wretchedly ill—and we persuaded you to have a drop of brandy and water to cheer you up a little."

"I am not used to brandy and water. It is quite possible—"

"Wait a bit, Mr. Franklin. I knew you were not used, too. I poured you out half a wineglassful of our fifty year old Cognac; and (more shame for me!) I drowned that noble liquor in nigh on a tumblerful of cold water. A child couldn't have got drunk on it—let alone a grown man!"

I knew I could depend on his memory, in a matter of this kind. It was plainly impossible that I could have been intoxicated. I passed on to the second question.

"Before I was sent abroad, Betteredge, you saw a great deal of me when I was a boy? Now tell me plainly, do you remember any thing strange of me, after I had gone to bed at night? Did you ever discover me walking in my sleep?"

Betteredge stopped, looked at me for a moment, nodded his head, and walked on again.

"I see your drift now, Mr. Franklin!" he said. "You're trying to account for how you got the paint on your night-gown, without knowing it yourself. It won't do, Sir. You're miles away still from getting at the truth. Walk in your sleep? You never did such a thing in your life!"

Here again, I felt that Betteredge must be right. Neither at home nor abroad had my life ever been of the solitary sort. If I had been a sleep-walker, there were hundreds on hundreds of people who must have discovered me, and who, in the interests of my own safety, would have warned me of the habit, and have taken precautions to restrain it.

Still, admitting all this, I clung—with an obstinacy which was surely natural and excusable, under the circumstances—to one or other of the only two explanations that I could see which accounted for the unendurable position in which I then stood. Observing that I was not yet satisfied, Betteredge shrewdly adverted to certain later events in the history of the Moonstone; and scattered both my theories to the winds at once and forever.

"Let's try it another way, Sir," he said. "Keep your own opinion, and see how far it will take you toward finding out the truth. If we are to believe the night-gown—which I don't, for one—you not only smeared off the paint from the door, without knowing it, but you also took the Diamond without knowing it. Is that right, so far?"

"Quite right. Go on."

"Very good, Sir. We'll say you were drunk, or walking in your sleep, when you took the jewel. That accounts for the night and morning, after the birthday. But how does it account for what has happened since that time? The Diamond has been taken to London, since that time. The Diamond has been pledged to Mr. Luker, since that time. Did you do those two things, without knowing it, too? Were you drunk when I saw you off in the pony-chaise on that Saturday evening? And did you walk in your sleep to Mr. Luker's, when the train had brought you to your journey's end? Excuse me for saying it, Mr. Franklin, but this business has so upset you, that you're not fit yet to judge for yourself. The sooner you lay your head alongside of Mr. Bruff's head, the sooner you will see your way out of the dead lock that has got you now."

We reached the station, with only a minute or two to spare.

I hurriedly gave Betteredge my address in London, so that he might write to me, if necessary; promising, on my side, to inform him of any news which I might have to communicate. This done, and just as I was bidding him farewell, I happened to glance toward the book-and-newspaper stall. There was Mr. Candy's remarkable-looking assistant again, speaking to the keeper of the stall! Our eyes met at the same moment. Ezra Jennings took off his hat to me. I returned the salute, and got into a carriage just as the train started. It was a relief to my mind, I suppose, to dwell on any subject which appeared to be, personally, of no sort of importance to me. At all events, I began the momentous journey back which was to take me to Mr. Bruff, wondering—absurdly enough, I admit—that I should have seen the man with the piebald hair twice in one day!

The hour at which I arrived in London precluded all hope of my finding Mr. Bruff at his place of business. I drove from the railway to his private residence at Hampstead, and disturbed the old lawyer dozing alone in his dining-room, with his favorite pug-dog on his lap, and his bottle of wine at his elbow.

I shall best describe the effect which my story produced on the mind of Mr. Bruff by relating his proceedings when he had heard it to the end. He ordered lights, and strong tea, to be taken into his study; and he sent a message to the ladies of his family, forbidding them to disturb us on any pretense whatever. These preliminaries disposed of, he first examined the night-gown, and then devoted himself to the reading of Rosanna Spearman's letter.

The reading completed, Mr. Bruff addressed me for the first time since we had been shut up together in the seclusion of his own room.

"Franklin Blake," said the old gentleman, "this is a very serious matter, in more respects than one. In my opinion, it concerns Rachel quite as nearly as it concerns you. Her extraordinary conduct is no mystery *now*. She believes you have stolen the Diamond."

I had shrunk from reasoning my own way fairly to that revolting conclusion. But it had forced itself on me nevertheless. My resolution to obtain a personal interview with Rachel rested really and truly on the ground just stated by Mr. Bruff.

"The first step to take in this investigation," the lawyer proceeded, "is to appeal to Rachel. She has been silent all this time, from motives which I (who know her character) can readily understand. It is impossible, after what has happened, to submit to that silence any longer. She must be persuaded to tell us, or she must be forced to tell us, on what grounds she bases her belief that you took the Moonstone. The chances are, that the whole of this case, serious as it seems now, will tumble to pieces, if we can only break through Rachel's inveterate reserve, and prevail upon her to speak out."

"That is a very comforting opinion for *me*," I said. "I own I should like to know—"

"You would like to know how I can justify it," interposed Mr. Bruff. "I can tell you in two minutes. Understand, in the first place, that I look at this matter from a lawyer's point of view. It's a question of evidence, with me. Very well. The evidence breaks down, at the outset, on one important point."

"On what point?"

"You shall hear. I admit that the mark of the name proves the night-gown to be yours. I admit that the mark of the paint proves the night-gown to have made the smear on Rachel's door. But what evidence is there, before you or before me, to prove that you are the person who wore the night-gown?"

The objection electrified me. It had never occurred to my mind until that moment.

"As to this," pursued the lawyer, taking up Rosanna Spearman's confession, "I can understand that the letter is a distressing one to *you*. I can understand that you may hesitate to analyze it from a purely impartial point of view. But *I* am not in your position. I can bring my professional experience to bear on this document, just as I should bring it to bear on any other. Without alluding to the woman's career as a thief, I will merely remark that her letter proves her to have been an adept at deception, on her own showing; and I argue from that, that I am justified in suspecting her of not having told the whole truth. I won't start any theory, at present, as to what she may or may not have done. I will only say that, if Rachel has suspected you *on the evidence of the night-gown only*, the chances are ninety-nine to a hundred that Rosanna Spearman was the person who showed it to her. In that case, there is the woman's letter, confessing that she was jealous of Rachel, confessing that she changed the roses, confessing that she saw a glimpse of hope for herself, in the prospect of a quarrel between Rachel and you. I don't stop to ask who took the Moonstone (as a means to her end, Rosanna Spearman would have taken fifty Moonstones)—I only say that the disappearance of the jewel gave this reclaimed thief who was in love with you, an opportunity of setting you and Rachel at variance for the rest of your lives. She had not decided on destroying herself, *then*, remember; and, having the opportunity, I distinctly assert that it was in her character, and in her position at the time, to take it. What do you say to that?"

"Some such suspicion," I answered, "crossed my own mind, as soon as I opened the letter."

"Exactly! And when you had read the letter, you pitied the poor creature, and couldn't find it in your heart to suspect her. Does you credit, my dear Sir—does you credit!"

"But suppose it turns out that I did wear the night-gown? What then?"

"I don't see how that fact is to be proved," said Mr. Bruff. "But assuming the proof to be possible, the vindication of your innocence would be no easy matter. We won't go into that, now. Let us wait and see whether Rachel hasn't suspected you on the evidence of the night-gown only."

"Good God, how coolly you talk of Rachel suspecting me!" I broke out. "What right has she to suspect Me, on any evidence, of being a thief?"

"A very sensible question, my dear Sir. Rather hotly put—but well worth considering for all that. What puzzles you, puzzles me too. Search your memory, and tell me this. Did any thing happen while you were staying at the house—not, of course, to shake Rachel's belief in your honor—but, let us say, to shake her belief (no matter with how little reason) in your principles generally?"

I started, in ungovernable agitation, to my feet. The lawyer's question reminded me, for the first time since I had left England, that something *had* happened.

In the eighth chapter of Betteredge's Narrative, an allusion will be found to the arrival of a foreigner and a stranger at my aunt's house, who came to see me on business. The nature of his business was this.

I had been foolish enough (being, as usual, straightened for money at the time) to accept a loan from the keeper of a small restaurant in Paris, to whom I was well known as a customer. A time was settled between us for paying the money back; and when the time came, I found it (as thousands of other honest men have found it) impossible to keep my engagement. I sent the man a bill. My name was unfortunately too well known on such documents: he failed to negotiate it. His affairs had fallen into disorder, in the interval since I had borrowed of him; bankruptcy stared him in the face; and a relative of his, a French lawyer, came to England to find me, and to insist on the payment of my debt. He was a man of violent temper; and he took the wrong way with me. High words passed on both sides; and my aunt and Rachel were unfortunately in the next room, and heard us. Lady Verinder came in, and insisted on knowing what was the matter. The Frenchman produced his credentials, and declared me to be responsible for the ruin of a poor man, who had trusted in my honor. My aunt instantly paid him the money, and sent him off. She knew me better of course than to take the Frenchman's view of the transaction. But she was shocked at my carelessness, and justly angry with me for placing myself in a position, which, but for her interference, might have become a very disgraceful one. Either her mother told her, or Rachel heard what passed—I can't say which. She took her own romantic, high-flown view of the matter. I was "heartless;" I was "dishonorable;" I had "no principle;" there was "no knowing what I might do next"—in short, she said some of the severest things to me which I had ever heard from a young lady's lips. The breach between us lasted for the whole of the next day. The day after, I succeeded in making my peace, and thought no more of it. Had Rachel reverted to this unlucky accident, at the critical moment when my place in her estimation was again, and far more seriously, assailed? Mr. Bruff, when I had mentioned the circumstances to him, answered that question at once in the affirmative.

"It would have its effect on her mind," he said, gravely. "And I wish, for your sake, the thing had not happened. However, we have discovered that there *was* a predisposing influence against you—and there is one uncertainty cleared out of our way, at any rate. I see nothing more that we can do now. Our next step in this inquiry must be the step that takes us to Rachel."

He rose, and began walking thoughtfully up and down the room. Twice, I was on the point of telling him that I had determined on seeing Rachel personally; and twice, having regard to his age and his character, I hesitated to take him by surprise at an unfavorable moment.

"The grand difficulty is," he resumed, "how to make her show her whole mind in this matter, without reserve. Have you any suggestion to offer?"

"I have made up my mind, Mr. Bruff, to speak to Rachel myself."

"You!" He suddenly stopped in his walk, and looked at me as if he thought I had taken leave of my senses. "You, of all the people in the world!" He abruptly checked himself, and took another turn in the room. "Wait a little," he said. "In cases of this extraordinary kind, the rash way is sometimes the best way." He considered the question for a moment or two, under that new light, and ended boldly by a decision in my favor. "Nothing venture, nothing have," the old gentleman resumed. "You have a chance in your favor which I don't possess—and you shall be the first to try the experiment."

"A chance in my favor?" I repeated, in the greatest surprise.

Mr. Bruff's face softened, for the first time, into a smile.

"This is how it stands," he said. "I tell you fairly, I don't trust your discretion, and I don't trust your temper. But I do trust in Rachel's still preserving, in some remote little corner of her heart, a certain perverse weakness for *you*. Touch that—and trust to the consequences for the fullest disclosure that can flow from a woman's lips! The question is—how are you to see her?"

"She has been a guest of yours at this house," I answered. "May I venture to suggest—if nothing was said about me beforehand—that I might see her here?"

"Cool!" said Mr. Bruff. With that one word of comment on the reply that I had made to him, he took another turn up and down the room.

"In plain English," he said, "my house is to be turned into a trap to catch Rachel; with a bait to tempt her, in the shape of an invitation from my wife and daughters. If you were any body else but Franklin Blake, and if this matter was one atom less serious than it really is, I should refuse point-blank. As things are, I firmly believe Rachel will live to thank me for turning traitor to her in my old age. Consider me your accomplice. Rachel shall be asked to spend the day here; and you shall receive due notice of it."

"When? To-morrow?"

"To-morrow won't give us time enough to get her answer. Say the day after."

"How shall I hear from you?"

"Stay at home all the morning and expect me to call on you."

I thanked him for the inestimable assistance which he was rendering to me, with the gratitude which I really felt; and, declining a hospitable invitation to sleep that night at Hampstead, returned to my lodgings in London.

Of the day that followed, I have only to say that it was the longest day of my life. Innocent as I knew myself to be, certain as I was that the abominable imputation which rested on me must sooner or later be cleared off, there was nevertheless a sense of self-abasement in my mind which instinctively disinclined me to see any of my friends. We often hear (almost invariably, however, from superficial observers) that guilt can look like innocence. I believe it to be infinitely the truer axiom of the two that innocence can look like guilt. I caused myself to be denied, all day, to every visitor who called; and I only ventured out under cover of the night.

The next morning Mr. Bruff surprised me at the breakfast-table. He handed me a large key,

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and announced that he felt ashamed of himself for the first time in his life.

"Is she coming?"

"She is coming to-day, to lunch and spend the afternoon with my wife and my girls."

"Are Mrs. Bruff, and your daughters, in the secret?"

"Inevitably. But women, as you may have observed, have no principles. My family don't feel my pangs of conscience. The end being to bring you and Rachel together again, my wife and daughters pass over the means employed to gain it, as composedly as if they were Jesuits."

"I am infinitely obliged to them. What is this key?"

"The key of the gate in my back-garden wall. Be there at three this afternoon. Let yourself into the garden, and make your way in by the conservatory door. Cross the small drawing-room, and open the door in front of you which leads into the music-room. There, you will find Rachel—and find her, alone."

"How can I thank you!"

"I will tell you how. Don't blame *me* for what happens afterward."

With those words, he went out.

I had many weary hours still to wait through. To while away the time, I looked at my letters. Among them was a letter from Betteredge.

I opened it eagerly. To my surprise and disappointment, it began with an apology warning me to expect no news of any importance. In the next sentence the everlasting Ezra Jennings appeared again! He had stopped Betteredge on the way out of the station, and had asked who I was. Informed on this point, he had mentioned having seen me to his master, Mr. Candy. Mr. Candy hearing of this, had himself driven over to Betteredge, to express his regret at our having missed each other. He had a reason for wishing particularly to speak to me; and when I was next in the neighborhood of Frizinghall, he begged I would let him know. Apart from a few characteristic utterances of the Betteredge philosophy, this was the sum and substance of my correspondent's letter. The warm-hearted, faithful old man acknowledged that he had written "mainly for the pleasure of writing to me."

I crumpled up the letter in my pocket, and forgot it the moment after, in the all-absorbing interest of my coming interview with Rachel.

As the clock of Hampstead church struck three, I put Mr. Bruff's key into the lock of the door in the wall. When I first stepped into the garden, and while I was securing the door again on the inner side, I own to having felt a certain guilty doubtfulness about what might happen next. I looked furtively on either side of me, suspicious of the presence of some unexpected witness in some unknown corner of the garden. Nothing appeared, to justify my apprehensions. The walks were, one and all, solitudes; and the birds and the bees were the only witnesses.

I passed through the garden; entered the conservatory; and crossed the small drawing-room. As I laid my hand on the door opposite, I heard a few plaintive chords struck on the piano in the room within. She had often idled over the instrument in this way, when I was staying at her mother's house. I was obliged to wait a little, to steady myself. The past and present rose, side by side, at that supreme moment—and the contrast shook me.

After the lapse of a few moments, I roused my manhood, and opened the door.

MAGDALA.

JUDGING by our engraving on page 380, the strong-hold of His late Abyssinian Majesty, King THEODORE, must have been naturally a very formidable fortress, and in the hands of a civilized and educated soldier would have laughed the siege and assault of Sir ROBERT NAPIER and his warriors to scorn. Magdala is situated on a high narrow plateau on the south side of the river Beshlo, or Bashilo, which forms the boundary between the Gallas territory and Abyssinia, the entrance to the valley on the east being guarded by the strong precipitous fortresses of Amba Gahit and Amba Geshen. On the west it is divided from the plateaus of Worro Haimanot and Amara Saint by a rugged and precipitous ridge, and on the east by an exceedingly deep and narrow defile from the village of Tanta. On the south the enormous majestic mountain mass known as the Kollo rises high up into the blue sky, its glittering glaciers flashing in the bright sunlight with all the sublime beauty of Alpine scenery. It was through the defiles and passes of this mountain that the advance on Magdala took place, for though the approach is very nearly as difficult as from the north or east, still the most difficult portions are not so immediately commanded as in the other quarters.

In our sketch the fortress of Magdala is represented in the centre back-ground, with the camps of King THEODORE visible therein; the village of Tanta is seen in the fore-ground. The fortress was protected by twenty cannon, all of which it will be remembered were captured. The fortress covered an area of two miles square.

TENDERING THE NOMINATIONS.

THE Committees of the late Republican and the Soldiers' and Sailors' Conventions, headed by General HAWLEY and Colonel ALLEMAN, waited upon their nominees, General GRANT and Mr. COLFAX, on May 29, and formally announced to them the result of the choice of the Conventions. In reply to the remarks of Colonel ALLEMAN General GRANT significantly alluded to his gratification at possessing the confidence and support of the soldiers and sailors who had followed him during the war.

The Committee of the Republican Convention waited on General GRANT in the evening at his residence. We illustrate the scene on page 372.

The spacious parlors were well filled. Among those present were Speaker COLFAX, who was, by arrangement previously made, to be addressed at the same time; Mr. and Miss MATHEWS; Mrs. GRANT; her sister, Mrs. CASEY; Mrs. General DENT; their father, Mr. DENT; the members of the General's Staff; General LOGAN; Messrs. HILL and HALSEY, of New Jersey; VAN HORN, of New York; VAN HORN, of Missouri; Governor HAWLEY, the President of the Convention; most of the officers thereof, several members of the National Committee, and many delegates, including J. H. HARRIS, the well-known colored orator of North Carolina.

In reply to the speech of General HAWLEY General GRANT said:

"If chosen to fill the high office for which you have selected me I will give to its duties the same energy, the same spirit, and the same will that I have given to the performance of all duties which have devolved upon me heretofore. Whether I shall be able to perform these duties to your entire satisfaction time will determine. You have truly said, in the course of your address, that I shall have no policy of my own to interfere against the will of the people."

THE CLOISTERS.

Come with me to the cloisters, Kate; the sultry heat of day
Has wearied me—I long to seek the shadows cool and gray.
Too brightly on the world without the summer sunshine falls,
But there is rest and shade within the old cathedral walls.

Beneath these dark-groin'd arches, where we wander to and fro,
In by-gone medieval times the monks paced long ago;
They told their beads and murmur'd prayers, while, ever between whiles,
The swell of chanting voices floated sweet down distant aisles.

Was theirs a calmer life than ours? or did they carry here
The passion of a throbbing heart, kept down for many a year,
Yet struggling madly with its bonds? Did longings wild and vain
Lend grief's deep pathos to the tones that breath'd the holy strain?

It might have been so; yet I think that outward calm is sweet,
For sorrow sought the sombre cell, and shunn'd the crowded street;
And better 'neath the cowl or veil to let the tears run free,
Than force them back to flood the heart, lest all the world should see!

Ah, Kate! those honest eyes of yours, how plainly do they say,
"And have you, then, some secret woe?—you, courted, rich, and gay,
The cherish'd wife, whose lightest wish her husband loves to crown,
What hidden burden can you bear to crush your spirit down?"

I know my own heart's bitterness. There is a lonely dell,
Deep in our dear old woods at home, and, Kate, we know it well;
We sought the place by tangled paths no stranger could have trod:
The soul has secret nooks like this, which none can find but God.

My life has such an unseen bower. I go on summer eves,
And hear my story of the past low whisper'd by the leaves;
There mourn I still o'er perish'd hopes I would have died to save,
And there my tears fall down like rain upon my first love's grave.

Kate, you are young and happy yet, but years will teach the truth,
That seldom does a woman wed the lover of her youth;
It may be that her idol falls and crumbles into clay,
Or death steals in upon her shrine and carries it away.

This desolation comes to most, and few escape the fate;
But better weep o'er empty shrines than shatter'd idols, Kate!
And when these wrecks in other lives I look around and see,
I think how very merciful my God has been to me.

We both were young, but he was poor—for gold is hard to win,
And many knock at Fortune's gate, but few can enter in;
And youth and love impatient urge the folly of delay:
It was to earn a home for me that Jamie went away.

He left me in the autumn days, the time of falling leaves,
When all the wide-spread harvest fields were bare of yellow sheaves;
But I look'd onward through my tears to brighter hours to come,
When Jamie should return once more, and bring *his* harvest home.

But Heaven will'd it otherwise. It never came, that time,
For Jamie wither'd in the sun of yon fierce Indian clime;
Thank God that Christian priests were there to whisper comfort blest,
And with our Church's exiled ones they laid him down to rest.

Well! there can be no doubting now to chill my thoughts of him,
No shadow of a vague distrust that clear, true light can dim;
I know that never other love that pulseless heart can fill,
And Jamie in his far-off grave is my own Jamie still.

But time has brought me comfort, Kate, and ties undream'd of then.
Listen! Far down the cloister floats the last sublime Amen!
Let us go out into the world—I feel that solemn strain
Will echo in my aching heart, and make it calm again.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"WE are going to have some more rain, I think," wisely remarked a gentleman, the other day, to a friend in the car. "We haven't had any *less* yet," was the terse reply. And indeed May has been an anomaly this year, and has quite lost its good reputation. Umbrellas, over-shoes, and water-proofs have been in constant demand; and we have enjoyed a lengthy series of long storms and April-like showers. So we gladly welcome June, trusting that the "rainy season" is fairly over, and that summer has really come.

Scarcely any thing in the outward world gives one a fit of the "blues" so thoroughly as a succession of dull, damp, cloudy, and rainy weeks. No doubt there is considerable ground for this, physiologically. Yet we are very seldom really satisfied with the weather—it is either too hot or too cold, too windy or too sunny, too dry or too wet; and we fret, and fancy ourselves justified in so doing. It is a pity that there are so many human thermometers and barometers, rising and falling with every change of life's atmosphere; for those who habitually fret and fume about the weather usually find a great deal of friction whichever way they turn. The truth is, that no tonic or stimulant is half so inspiring, while plodding through life's journey, as a cheerful temper. What is the use of reiterating that this is a world of trial and trouble, and going about with a face "half a yard long?" Make the best of every thing! Do not fancy yourself a wretched victim to circumstances, and persuade yourself that every thing happens wrong! Look for "silver linings" of the clouds; catch the sunbeams that fall across your path; speak pleasant words in the home circle; frolic with the children; in short, stop grumbling, forget *self*, make others happy, and you will find that you have discovered the "true philosopher's stone!"

Two old familiar buildings are fast disappearing—the Church of the Puritans and St. George's Chapel. The former, situated at the corner of Broadway and Fifteenth Street, was built about 1846; the latter, on the corner of Beekman and Cliff streets, was erected about 1756, as Trinity Chapel. In 1812 it was burned down, and was rebuilt in 1814. At one time this was the aristocratic church of the aristocratic section of New York city. But with the general "up town" movement, the usefulness of a church so far down town has steadily diminished, and now it is being torn down.

A resident of Detroit has conceived the idea of making the perilous passage over the Falls of Niagara in an India rubber life-boat of peculiar construction. A contract for building the boat has been let to the Goodyear Rubber Company for $1000. The boat will be an oblong, with a mean diameter of eight feet, six inches thick at the top and sides, and three feet thick at the bottom. A shaft of the same material will extend from side to side in the centre, on which will be swung on a pivot a seat, to which the adventurous occupant will be fastened. Opening at the top will be an aperture sufficiently large for him to get inside, after which it will be filled with air and closed up. It is calculated that sufficient air can be retained to sustain life about twenty minutes. A small cable will be attached to the ball by which it will be towed after the descent shall have been made, for which purpose parties will be stationed below the falls. The model of this novel craft is now in Detroit, and there is no doubt that the attempt to carry this startling project into execution will be made during the present season.

A writer in a recent number of the *Galaxy* does not approve of pronouncing the words *either* and *neither* by giving the first syllable the sound of *i*. He remarks that "the analogically correct pronunciation of these words is what we call the Irish one, *aythe*r and *nay-ther:* the diphthong having the sound it has in a large family of words in which the diphthong *ei* is the emphasized vowel sound—*weight, freight, deign, rein, obeisance*, etc. But *aythe*r and *naythe*r, being antiquated and Irish, analogy and the best usage require the common pronunciation *eether* and *neether*. For the pronunciation *i-ther* and *ni-ther*, with the *i* long, which is sometimes heard, there is not the authority either of analogy or the best speakers. It is an affectation, and, in this country, a copy of a second-rate British affectation. Persons of the best education and of the highest social position in England say *eether* and *neether*."

The great eruption of Mauna Loa on the island of Hawaii is said to be one of the most—if not *the* most—extensive volcanic eruptions ever known. On the 28th of March the shocks began, and continued with more or less severity until the final catastrophe, which occurred on April 2. The earth opened in various directions, the sea rose in extraordinary waves, villages were destroyed, and over 100 persons were killed. The whole island of Hawaii was enveloped in smoke, the gloom of which was lighted up by the stream of burning lava flowing down the side of the mountain. Upward of 2000 shocks occurred within twelve days. An eye-witness describes the scene at the eruption as a most melancholy one. There were hundreds of fine cattle grazing around the farm-houses when the lava streams surrounded them and hemmed them in. The poor animals seemed aware of the danger, but saw no way to escape. The fiery lava drew nearer and nearer till the heat made them restless, but they would not run. They bravely looked the bloody foe in the face, stood firm till it reached them, then fell into the stream—a sudden cloud of smoke followed, and not a sign remained. From the huge mouth of the crater four great fountains were continually throwing up boiling, blood-red lava and huge stones. The rapid, rolling river rushed and tumbled down the mountain, over the precipice, and down the valley to the sea, surging and roaring like a cataract with a fury perfectly indescribable. This river of fire varied from 500 to 1500 feet in width, and ran at the rate of ten miles an hour. A singular incident is mentioned. As the Kona packet was passing the south point of the island, about three miles from the shore, a conical island, 400 feet high, rose out of the sea, midway between the vessel and the land, emitting a column of steam and smoke. The lava river flows into the sea at this island, and has extended the shore out to it one mile at least, so that it is now on the main land. The packet was so near when this island burst up that the mud was spattered on the masts and sails of the vessel.

Somewhat less than two years ago a warm discussion took place in Congress, on the introduction of a resolution to contract with Miss Vinnie Ream for a life-size model and statue of Abraham Lincoln, at a price not exceeding $10,000. The topic elicited a variety of opinions; some declaring that no woman, certainly not a young and comparatively inexperienced one, was capable of being successful in such an undertaking; others expressing themselves as confident that the unusual genius of the artiste in question was a guaranty of success. The resolution was adopted, and for many months Miss Ream has been working on the model, which, of course, has been the subject of much adverse criticism. She made her study from life, and many consider that she has been very successful with the model. What will be the popular verdict when fully completed and cut in marble yet remains to be seen. As so many are skeptical about a woman's ability to produce any great work the young artiste must expect an unusual amount of criticism. Apparently she pursues her work industriously and enthusiastically. The busts and statuettes in her studio indicate that she has not been idle. An allegorical group representing the North, South, East, and West has engaged a good deal of her attention, and indicates originality of conception, as well as delicacy of detail in execution. Miss Ream is a native of Madison, Wisconsin, but has resided for some years in Washington. She was engaged in writing in one of the Departments at the time when she made her first attempt in the plastic art. She has had little regular artistic training, what she has accomplished being chiefly the results of natural genius and application. Her strong love for her work, and enthusiasm in it, warrant her in devoting herself to it, and striving for the utmost success. Criticism, whether deserved or undeserved, is often a help and a safeguard. Real genius, wherever it exists, will, in time, be cordially acknowledged and appreciated by all true lovers of art.

A visitor at the Paris Exposition, desirous of ascertaining what was the relative price of different joints of mutton in the Paris market, asked a well-known *restaurateur*, "What is the prime joint?" He said, "The prime joint, beyond all comparison, is the neck." "What is the next joint?" "The loin." "What is your lowest priced joint?" The reply was, "The leg." The fact is, the small cutlet and the large cutlet, that is to say, the neck and the loin, require very little fuel to cook them, whereas the leg of mutton requires a great deal of fuel. On the Continent fuel is very dear, and therefore the joints vary in price according to the value of the fuel, consequently you will there find necks and loins dear, and legs cheap.

Not long ago the Canal Bank of New Orleans was robbed of $50,000. The skill and ingenuity of the detectives in discovering the robber was really wonderful. On visiting the bank soon after the robbery they judged that the thief must be a tall man with long arms, to have taken the money from the spot where it had been deposited; and on a minute examination of the lower edge of the railing upon which he must have stepped, they discovered the imprint of a tack. Hence they argued that the man evidently had worn a machine-made shoe or boot, as in these a steel tack or rivet is always driven about the centre or just beyond the shank. The detectives immediately devoted themselves to the study of feet, hoping to catch a glimpse of a sole of a boot with a protruding tack. They sought long and vainly. At length one day in the City Hotel they observed a large man sitting in the reading-room with one foot on his knee, and endeavoring to bend down a tack in his boot with his penknife. He was tall, long-armed, and a tack protruded from his boot! It was but the work of a moment to arrest the man. He turned pale, and being taken to the Police-office confessed his guilt.

"I wish your sermons hadn't so much wrapping-paper!" was the criticism a lady once ventured to give her really excellent pastor. His thoughts were covered with too many words, and it was hard to find them.

The Parisian snail-vendor is a curious sight. He trundles through the street a large, shallow hand-cart, covered with snails crawling all over it. A dozen can be purchased for the small sum of two sous; you can select them yourself, and carry them away in a paper bag. Some people eat them raw, like oysters; others roast them with savory herbs. The best snails come from Burgundy in the autumn, and are fattened on the vine leaves. The ordinary kinds are gathered in every ditch outside the city, the several cemeteries yielding the largest supplies.

A few days ago a young lady from the country happened to be walking in a part of the city where the "squatters" reside, and houses are more numerous than nice. One "edifice" attracted her attention, which she described as "a little better than her father's hog-pen, but not nearly so good as his cow-house." On the door, however, were the portentous words, "*Apartments to let!*"

Heller is exhibiting a new trick in London which he calls the "Girl of the Period." He throws a young woman, aged about sixteen, out of a hat!

There is a proposition to establish homes in Chicago for working-men, with board and lodging at three dollars per week.

There are now congregated at Jerome Park about one hundred horses, which are in a course of preparation for the coming contests. Some of the most celebrated horses from all sections of the country are among the seekers for racing honors.

As the Chinese Embassy were passing from a photograph gallery to their carriages one day there was a little delay upon the sidewalk. An over-inquisitive "lady," standing by one of them, forgetful of good-breeding in her desire for knowledge, deliberately took in her ungloved hand his long and elaborately plaited cue, and critically examined it. The Chinese gentleman eyed the "lady" a moment, then, a smile lighting up his face, he bowing, as he glanced at her own *coiffure*, said, "All mine! All mine!" The inquisitive female retired in disgust, while the smile grew broader on Mr. Tung's visage as he entered his carriage and was driven away.

Years ago, when the Erie Canal was first begun, the subject was brought up for discussion in a Quaker meeting. It was opposed by an influential member on the ground of its being a speculation. Among other objections, he went on to say, "When God created the world if he had wished canals he would have made them." Thereupon "a weighty Friend" rose up and said slowly, in the intoning voice in which they always speak in meeting, "*And Jacob digged a well.*" Then, leaving the inference to be drawn, he sat down without another word.

The following "marriage maxims" are worthy of more than a hasty reading. Gentlemen need not pass them by, for they are designed for *wives;* and ladies should not despise them, for they are addressed to *husbands:*

The very nearest approach to domestic felicity on earth is in the mutual cultivation of an absolute unselfishness.

Never talk at one another either alone or in company.

Never both manifest anger at once.

Never speak loud to one another, unless the house is on fire.

Never reflect on a past action, which was done with a good motive and with the best judgment at the time.

Let each one strive to yield oftenest to the wishes of the other.

Let self-obligation be the daily aim and effort of each.

Never find fault, unless it is perfectly certain that a fault has been committed; and then always speak lovingly.

Never taunt with a past mistake.

Neglect the whole world besides rather than one another.

Never allow a request to be repeated.

Never make a remark at the expense of the other; it is a meanness.

Never part for a day without loving words to think of during absence.

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THE CHINESE EMBASSY.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 377.]

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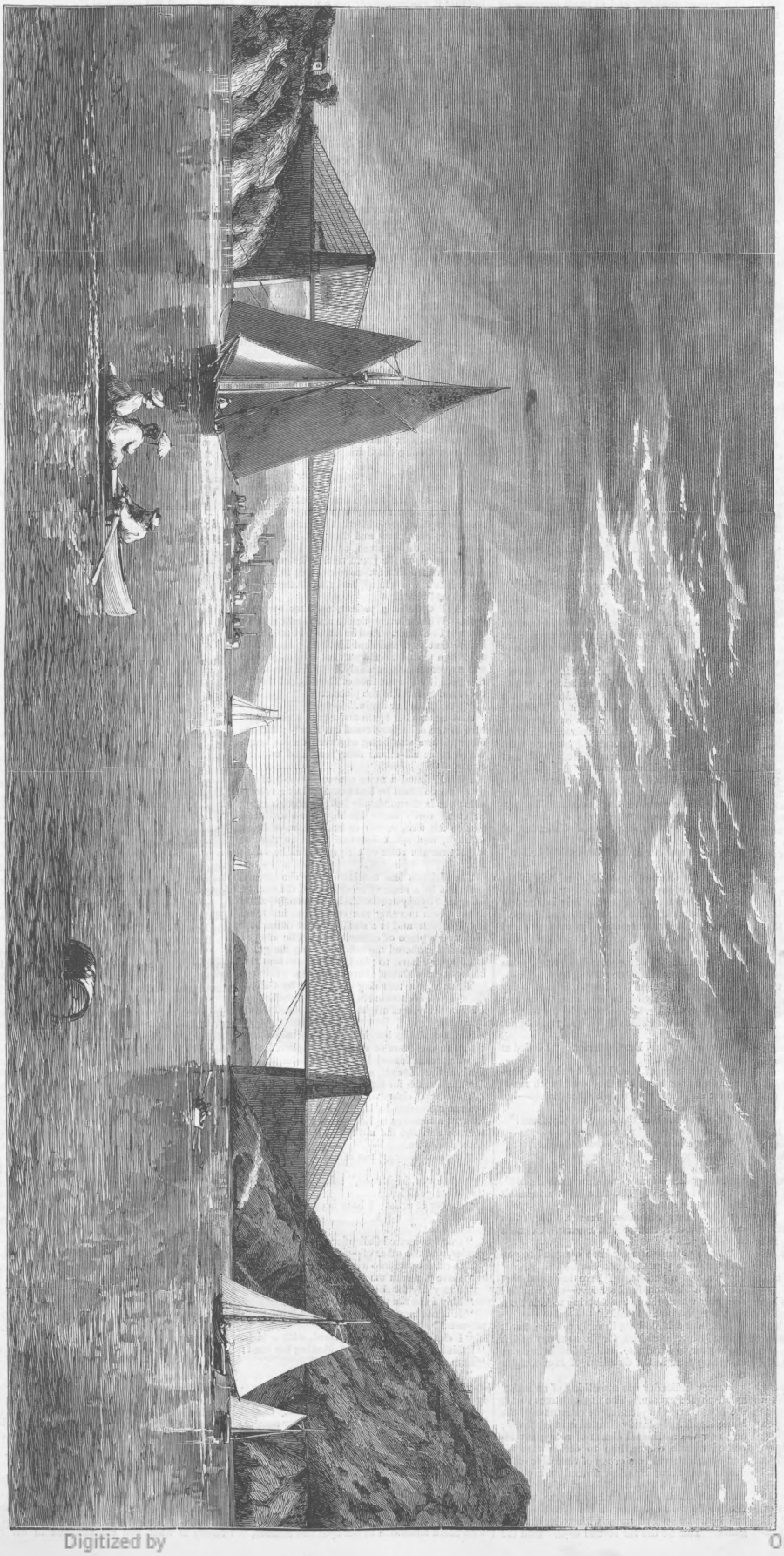

PROPOSED SUSPENSION BRIDGE OVER THE HUDSON RIVER, NEAR ANTHONY'S NOSE, IN THE HIGHLANDS, AS PLANNED BY GENERAL EDWARD W. SERRELL, ENGINEER-IN-CHIEF.—[DRAWN BY A. W. THOMPSON.]

NEW SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

WE present our readers to-day with an engraving, by A. W. THOMPSON, of the bridge which is to cross the Hudson River at a point about seven miles south of the Military Academy at West Point, and is to connect the railways on the west side of the river directly with the city of New York and the New England States. The highlands of the Hudson afford the means of crossing the river with one span, at an elevation sufficient to allow vessels of any size to pass under it without obstruction.

The enormous coal trade of the Eastern States, which is growing greater every year, has for a long time called the attention of capitalists to the procurement of additional facilities, and this, in connection with the desire of the citizens of New York, that the great railway system of the State should terminate directly in the city, instead of, as it now does, on the west bank of the river, within the limits of another jurisdiction, last year resulted in the organization of an association of which Hon. N. P. STANTON, well known in leading railroad circles, is President.

This association took upon themselves the formation of a railroad corporation, to connect the Erie Railway with the railroads on the east side of the Hudson, and they organized the Erie and New England Railroad Company, to run from Turners, on the Erie Railway, to Derby, in Connecticut. The same association has recently procured from the Legislature of the State of New York the exclusive right to bridge the Hudson River within certain limits, and having elected General EDWARD W. SERRELL their engineer, they intrusted this experienced gentleman with the location of their lines of railway in this State, and Colonel M. O. DAVIDSON, the Chief Engineer of the New Haven and Derby Railway, with that part of their road which lies in Connecticut; and General SERRELL was called upon to select the position and prepare the plans for the Great Bridge. That part of the railway contemplated by the association in the State of New York is already commenced, and active preparations are being made in Connecticut.

The following are some of the dimensions of the proposed bridge: Clear span, 1600 feet; length of bridge between the towers, 1665 feet; total length, including approaches, 2499 feet; height of bridge above high-water, 155 feet; height of towers above the water, 280 feet; working safe load for the railroad lines, 2400 tons; working safe load for the highways, 2880 tons; total safe load for the bridge, 5280 tons; load that would break the bridge, 25,171 tons; miles of steel wire in cables, 70,302; total weight of iron and steel in the bridge, 17,005 tons; total amount of masonry, 58,084 cubic yards; total suspended weight, 9651 tons.

There will be twenty cables, in four systems; each cable will be 14 inches in diameter. The bridge will carry at one time 32 passenger cars: it would carry safely 34,560 people and 60 locomotives, if they could be placed upon it at once; 18,000 people and 53 locomotives would fill it. From the dimensions given above, it will be seen that this bridge will be longer than any one yet built on the continent, though a span of 1610 feet is projected in the bridge undertaken to be built across the St. Lawrence at Quebec.

These figures will show the enormous strength it is proposed it shall possess. New York city and every part of the country, east and west, are interested in it, and it is to be hoped the work upon the ground will soon be entered upon vigorously.

THE CHINESE EMBASSY.

IN a previous Number of the *Weekly* we gave some particulars relative to the purposes of the Embassy from China which Mr. ANSON BURLINGAME heads. We give on page 376 the portraits of the personages of the Embassy.

The Embassy proper is composed of Mr. BURLINGAME and the two Chinese dignitaries who appear in the engraving seated on his right and left. These are CHIH-TAJIN and SUN-TAJIN, mandarins of the second rank in the Flowery Kingdom. They are called "Mandarins of the Peacock's Feather," from the fact that they are entitled to wear that emblem of nobility. CHIH-TAJIN is of Tartar extraction; a man of about 60 years of age, about five feet eight inches high, and has a pale and somewhat studious cast of countenance. This is increased by a pair of spectacles which his weak eyesight compels him to wear. SUN-TAJIN, who is a "true blue Chinaman," appears about 50 years of age, is taller and more stoutly framed than his fellow-nobleman. Both are very observant, every thing having the appearance of novelty is simultaneously inquired about and criticised with impartiality. They wear small mustaches, and all the portion of the head in front of the ears is shaved, the rest of the hair is suffered to grow long, and, being plaited tightly, falls nearly to the ground.

The attachés of the Embassy consist of J. MACLEAVY BROWN, First Secreta-

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ry of Legation; Monsieur EDOUARD DE CHAMPS, Second Secretary of Legation; six native interpreters—two speaking English, two French, and two Russian—and a native physician and two writers to the Embassy.

STEADFAST.

As one entranced will sometimes gaze afar
Into the deep blue night,
At the sweet radiance of some special star
That shines supremely bright;

His look concentred—all the rest unrecked
Their glowing courses run:
Though by ten myriad gems the heavens are decked,
To him there is but one.

So I look up into a glorious face,
Into a calm kind eye,
Radiant with queenly nobleness and grace,
Clear as a cloudless sky.

Not bright—as brooks that o'er the shallows roll,
But oh! so pure and deep
With fathomless serenity of soul—
Like ocean in a sleep.

There might be faces fifty times as fair,
Oh, dear-loved lady mine!
But though there were, I'd neither know nor care—
I'm blind to all but thine.

A STRANGE PATIENT.

IT was a strange house, without and within; strange in its architecture, strange in appointments, but stranger than all in its tenantry. It was equally a mystery why the house had been built and for whom; and for the eight or ten years of its existence but two persons of the little town in whose suburbs it stood had ever entered it, and but two of its occupants had ever been known to come forth from it into the town. But the two visitors to the house had seen and heard nothing; the two who occasionally made brief business errands into the town had never spoken of the house or the mystery which surrounded it—in fact did not seem to know that such mystery existed.

The minister and the doctor of the village had been in the house; the former without, the latter by invitation; but the minister had been coldly received, and the doctor had not been allowed to penetrate beyond the reception-room. The minister had been assured, very respectfully and firmly, that his good offices were not demanded; the doctor had been asked to prescribe for some person he had never seen! Mrs. Watkins Leigh, the mysterious lady of the house, had described to him the existence of symptoms which it was plain to see she did not have, though she had invariably spoken of herself as the patient, so that the doctor became convinced that there was another patient in the house, but who it was he could not guess; and beyond this fact he saw only that the lady *was* a lady—in manners and education a very superior woman—that she was surrounded by the comforts and elegances which wealth can ever procure, but evidently without any peace of mind. In fact he saw that there was some great trouble weighing her down; he beheld, with some surprise, her occasional vehemence of manner, her volubility of tongue, her nervousness of hand, and the flashing of her eyes when certain subjects and symptoms were alluded to; and at length, noticing that these excitements invariably ensued when allusion was made to brain diseases, mental hallucinations, etc., Dr. Gray came to the conclusion that the mysterious and invisible patient was a maniac. She always asked his advice as if for herself; but of course the elegant, educated, vigorous-minded woman before him could not be such a patient. Another thing satisfied him that there was or had been a lunatic in the house. Mrs. Leigh frequently led the conversation to the subject of mental hallucinations, and always spoke most clearly and comprehensively and knowingly, as well as with the most feeling and energy, upon this subject. It was evident that the skeleton in the house—the skeleton in Mrs. Leigh's life—was some lunatic relation.

All this and the additional fact that a high wall and thick orange hedge surrounded the house, Dr. Gray explained, with even more detail than I have given, to his young friend and fellow-practitioner, Harvey Callender, who had come down from the great city to spend a month of the hot summer with his own and his father's friend. And after hearing it all Dr. Callender had remarked that it was certainly a very mysterious case, and suggested that he should not mind being summoned in consultation.

"And as my specialty, Doctor," he added, "is affections of the brain, suppose you suggest it."

"But the old lady never admits that she has any such patient in the house. She never alludes to such a thing."

"But you say she certainly reverts to the subject of lunacy."

"Yes. Almost every time I visit her she has something new to suggest or ask about it; and I confess many of her questions puzzle me. The fact is, Harvey, she has studied the subject much more closely than I have. Do you know she actually asked me my opinion of the case of Lady Macbeth?"

"Ah, that is a case which has puzzled many a better physician than she or you or I. It's a very remarkable case."

"I wish you could talk with her. I think you can comprehend her."

"I wish I could. The next time she talks on the subject suggest that I have made the study a specialty, and that I have had some success, and suggest an interview."

It did not need a second suggestion from the old doctor. When he mentioned the name of young Callender, the eye of the tall, stately old lady flashed with unusual interest, and she quickly intimated that she knew of him and his successes in the treatment of the insane. And then, with greater volubility and as much accuracy as Dr. Gray could have done it, she ran over a list of young Callender's published operations and their peculiarities, and showed that she was very intimate, not only with the general principles involved in the treatment of the mentally afflicted, but of numerous famous cases. She intimated her great desire to see him, and made an appointment to meet him the next day.

Dr. Callender found the tall and stately lady a thorough gentlewoman in appearance and manner. She was richly dressed in black, and had, according to Dr. Gray, bestowed great pains on her toilet. He had not conversed on general topics with her five minutes before Dr. Callender recognized that she was a very superior woman in point of education.

Mrs. Leigh was the first to allude to the subject of her patient—or her imaginary patient. It was an indirect reference to a case of Dr. Callender's reported in a late journal—a case of perverted morals, premonitory of, rather than actual insanity, in which a mother, who had formerly displayed the deepest love and affection for her children, had suddenly become very cruel toward them, and had persistently punished them in a very terrible manner.

"It was a case in which I was much interested," she said, "for I knew its opposite—the case of children who had persecuted their mother and grandmother in the same way."

"Indeed," said Callender; "I should like to hear of that case."

"But it is you who are to tell me of your cases," she said, smiling. "I can not give you the whole of the facts in my—in the case I mentioned. I can not make out a diagnosis."

Dr. Callender then alluded to the case which she had mentioned, in such a manner as to lead Mrs. Leigh to frequent remarks on the peculiar symptoms of the case, and he listened to her with great interest. At length, when he had finished, she laughed heartily for a moment, and to Callender's inquiry as to the cause of her merriment, she replied:

"Oh! Doctor, I see you have made a common error in such cases."

"Indeed!" he answered. "How?"

"You have treated the wrong person."

"The wrong person?"

"Yes; you have taken the testimony of the children against the mother; you have listened to the evidence of the insane children against their sane mother; you have aided ingratitude to triumph over filial affection. The children were insane, not the mother." And then, suddenly growing furiously excited, she exclaimed: "You have aided in a great wrong, a foul crime! Go home to your closet and expiate it before God; then to the dungeon in which you have incarcerated the victim of your false science and their deadened filial affection, and redress your great crime and theirs. You are a faithless physician! They are ungrateful children!"

And saying this with a vehemence and passion as totally inexplicable as unexpected, Mrs. Leigh swept from the room, leaving the astonished physicians looking in amazement at each other.

"Rather sympathetic," said Callender at length, sententiously.

"I never saw her in the least excited before," remarked Dr. Gray.

"Singular conduct, wasn't it?" added Callender, now thoroughly recovered. "But come, Doctor, as we can't discuss the lady in her own house, suppose we leave our regrets and begone."

They called a servant; an old woman answered the bell; and leaving their regrets at having disturbed the equanimity of the lady, they took their departure. The servant subsequently came running after them, and on coming up with them, said that Mrs. Leigh had instructed her to say that she would be glad to see Dr. Gray at any time, but would Dr. Callender avoid the renewal of an acquaintance which had already caused her such deep pain?

"Certainly," said Dr. Callender. "I called at the lady's request."

The discussion of Mrs. Leigh by the two physicians was not long, but they dwelt with much interest and for a long time on her patient—her imaginary patient, as Dr. Gray said.

"You think, then, there is no real patient?"

"None whatever," replied Gray.

"Except herself," suggested Callender.

"She! herself!"

"Has it never occurred to you, Doctor, that Mrs. Leigh herself may be somewhat affected?"

"No," he replied; and then, after a minute's reflection, he added:

"Oh! that's ridiculous, Harvey. She is as sane as you or I, and about the smartest woman in this region."

"Then perhaps it may have occurred to you that she has a patient in the house?"

"No, not a patient. I have imagined that she had a skeleton in the house—some misled daughter whom she is endeavoring to hide from the world, but not a lunatic."

Callender said nothing in reply to this; but it evidently interested him, for the next day he left the Doctor to his duties, and sallied forth on an exploring tour in the direction of Mrs. Leigh's house.

Harvey Callender was something of an artist, as all physicians are. The fine old trees round the house, and the picturesque queerness of the house itself, had already enlisted it in his favor; and now the additional charm of a mystery attached thereto caused him to decide that his first sketch should be a group of venerable oaks, whose interlacing branches formed an archway through which a quaint gable-end of the house with one of its queerest windows was visible. And so he sallied forth with his sketching materials, and sketched away with tolerable diligence. This he did for several days. Still the house preserved its aspect of perfect desolation; not a sound, not a sign to tempt one into the belief that it was inhabited; not a window opened, not a shutter unclosed—all was quiet:

"A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
That said as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted."

"Yes, if I could believe in any thing of the sort," mused Dr. Callender, "I should most decidedly affirm that the place is haunted; and all that remains is to see the ghost. There's no one living on this side of it, that's certain. A curious place it is. I must get a nearer peep."

And he strolled along toward the thick green hedge. It was impenetrable. Not a single bough would yield to his efforts, and the roots of the tough old bushes were too closely grown for his admittance. In vain he searched for some friendly weakness in the branches, but not one gave way; so he was obliged to content himself with trying to find a peep-hole through which he might examine the edifice. In this he was successful. A dreary range of barred windows met his view. No sign of life; a dreamy sense of decay, of death, crept over him. But as he still gazed, fascinated to the spot, he fancied that for a single moment he noticed a slight movement at one of the windows; a small portion of a shutter was drawn back, and he saw an apparition that made him start.

A face was visible for a moment, and then vanished; the shutter closed again, and he scarcely knew if it were a dream or a reality.

A lovely vision, with dark flashing eyes and golden brown hair tossed back from the white face—so white that it had an almost unearthly look. It might be a spirit, who knew? There were strange old stories of haunted houses not to be accounted for; and he watched and watched, and then finding the vision was not repeated he went home.

But promptly was the young Doctor on the spot again the next day. The apparition did not appear so soon as on the first occasion; but at length the same shutter was drawn back, the same lovely face peeped forth, the window opened stealthily, every now and then pausing as if to listen, a girl of seventeen, or thereabout, sprang lightly out upon the green turf. She paced up and down a few times, then re-entering the house, the window was closed, and the shutters again barred and bolted.

"Ah! there is a patient, and her eyes are dark. What a lovely picture she would make!" thought Callender. And he returned home much earlier that day, and shut himself up and set to work at a portrait. He was not satisfied; there was a resemblance, certainly, but there was something spiritual in the face of the original that he could not transfer to the picture.

"I must see her again."

And he saw her again and again, and the picture of the oaks progressed but slowly; for another picture was being engraven on his heart, which made all others seem tame and uninteresting.

He had found a more convenient post of observation; indeed he had found at last a vulnerable place in the unfriendly hedge, through which he could easily make his way if so inclined; and he felt that, sooner or later, he must break through, and speak but one word, so that he might hear the voice of *his* patient, as he called her.

The girl was less cautious now; she seemed possessed by a sense of security, and the fear of being seen by any one outside had evidently passed away. One morning she came from her room to the garden, and to a small summer-house near Callender's place of concealment. She stooped down and gathered the flowers among the grass, lifted up her hand to pluck the hedge-roses and honey-suckles almost above her reach.

There was a tempting spray close by Callender's place of concealment; she pulled the boughs aside, and a pair of bright blue eyes looked steadily at her.

She loosed the bough and gave a slight cry, but there was more of astonishment than fear in it, which emboldened Harvey Callender to part the branches himself, and to say:

"Pardon me for having startled you."

The deep, clear voice evidently had some strange attraction in it for her; it was as if it brought a message to her that she had long expected; still she did not reply, but gazed wonderingly at him.

"I am so sorry; I am afraid I have alarmed you."

"I am not frightened," said the little lady; "who are you?"

"A sort of artist; I have been making some sketches."

"Of what?"

"One," answered Callender, "of the old oaks yonder, and the other of—yourself."

The color came into her face.

"Have you seen me often?"

"Every day for the last fortnight."

"May I see the picture?"

"It is not here. Will you let me bring it to-morrow?"

"I don't know," she answered, with a sigh. "I think not. No," said she, shaking her head; "I am afraid it must not be; no."

"Why?"

"Because I think it must not. I don't exactly know why."

"Then it is not a very good reason," replied Harvey. "'Yes' will be a much better answer, because I shall be grieved not to show it to you."

"Shall you? I should not like to grieve any one."

"Then, may I come?"

"Ye-es," she answered, hesitatingly; "but I must go now."

She was about to depart, when suddenly she turned again and astonished Callender by asking, with much animation in her eyes and manner,

"Are you a Prince?"

"A Prince?" he replied. "No, my child; why should you think that?"

"Oh! I so hoped that you were a Prince, and had come to waken me."

"To waken you?"

"Yes. Do you not know I am asleep, like the Princess in the story, and that a handsome Prince is to come and waken me with a kiss, and I am to love him forever and to be his wife?"

"Who told you that, child?"

"I read it in the books which grandma gave me."

"Grandmother? you mean Mrs. Leigh?"

"Yes, Grandmother Leigh. Do you know her?"

"Yes. I have seen her. Is she fond of you?"

"Yes," she said, hesitatingly; "she is good to me, and gives me toys and books and nice things to eat; but she does not let me see papa and mamma, nor any one but old Fannie, the nurse."

"And where is papa and mamma?"

"Grandma Leigh says they are gone far away, and I shall not know them until the Prince comes to waken me. Oh, I wish he would come!"

"Who told you the Prince was coming?"

"I read of it in the books, and old Fannie told me that some time the Prince would come for me, and then the spell of the wicked old Godmother would be broken, and I should go with him into the beautiful world and be so happy and beloved."

"And so you shall some day, my child," said Callender, smoothing her hair and half embracing her, as if she was—as indeed she appeared—but a child in years, as she evidently was in mind. "You have been cruelly wronged. How long have you been shut up in this gloomy house?"

"Ever since papa went away."

"Do you know how many years ago that was?"

Her answer revealed that she had no knowledge whatever of time.

"I was only a small thing then, so little that papa, when he said 'Good-by,' and went to sleep, lifted me in his arms, though they said he was very weak."

"And you have lived ever since with your grandmother?"

"And old Fannie, too," she answered.

"And you have seen no one else?"

"How could I when I slept!"

"But you shall, my child," he answered.

"Shall I?" she cried, joyfully.

"I am come to waken and restore you to life. I am sent to love you—"

But the girl, sinking on his breast, answered only with a scream of terror, as the tall figure of Mrs. Leigh pushed through the vines of the arbor and stood before them.

"Begone!" she exclaimed to Callender. "I expelled you at the front entrance, and you enter like a thief at the rear. Begone, Sir; and seek no more to disturb the brain of this afflicted child."

But Callender did not move. He only clasped more firmly the form of the poor simple girl, and placed himself between her and her grandmother.

"I will go, madam," he said at length; "but she must go with me."

"She go with you!" exclaimed Mrs. Leigh. "By what right do you demand this? Who are you that have dared break through and steal the treasure that I have for years kept fresh and beautiful—a heart unknowing the dark, sinful world—a heart unsullied by any love save love to its Maker? Go, I command you, go; and never darken this place again!"

But the poor girl sprang forward.

"He must not go! he shall not go! Grandmother, he is my Prince, and I am to love him. I can not live without him. I can come to no harm with him, and I will go with him."

"Poor simple child! you have deceived me, and are deceived yourself; and you," she continued to Callender, "have taught my child deceit. Before she saw you she had no concealment from her old grandmother. I thought to keep her pure in heart, ready for that better world whither we are journeying."

Callender looked at the speaker in astonishment. Evidently she divined the young man's thoughts.

"I am not mad," she went on, with a somewhat scornful smile; "my words are not quite so wild as you take them to be. I am an old woman, while my grand-daughter is scarce past the threshold of girlhood; and yet we are both on the eve of that long journey from whence there is no returning. Nay, it may be that my weary eyes will watch the departure of the young girl, ere I set out with tottering footsteps to follow in the same track. For look," she said, pointing with her thin finger toward the shrinking girl—"look, and read it on that white face—in those eyes! The curse of her family is upon her!" The girl had started forward, and now stood, with clasped hands and parted lips, gazing wildly at her grandmother.

"I am not dying! I can not die! My life has only just begun. Do not let me die. Take me away with you."

"Go," said Mrs. Leigh to Callender, this time entreatingly. "Why did you come hither to cause misery? Was it not enough that I kept aloof from those around me, and chose to lead a life of seclusion? Why need the idle world trouble itself about my affairs and trespass upon my sorrows? Oh, child! child! I thought to spare you this, and it has come upon you of itself."

"Not of itself," began Callender.

"Not of itself?" interrupted Mrs. Leigh. "I understand what you would say. All is heavensent, destined, or whatever you will. It may or may not be—I deny it not. There is some measure of destiny for all; and the destiny of her family is what you see unfolded in her eyes.

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The curse has worked, and will work, from generation unto generation."

"Hush, hush!" said Callender. "The curse I do indeed behold, but it is not in her eyes."

"Not in hers?"

"No; not in hers, but in yours. It is you who are accursed! You are the monomaniac!"

With a loud scream Mrs. Leigh rushed from the arbor and fled to the house. Without wasting a moment in idle thought Callender followed her, half leading, half carrying the delicate form of the young girl. In one of the halls he met the old servant, who had evidently seen her mistress, and was helpless with fright at her manner. Dr. Callender at once ordered her to go for Dr. Gray, and then, accompanied by the young girl, who clung to him helplessly, he entered the room of Mrs. Leigh.

She was lying in the middle of the floor, not insensible, but helpless and speechless. She was soon placed upon the bed, where it was found she was partially paralyzed, and unable to comprehend or answer the questions which were put to her.

"Have you any medicines here, my child?"

Callender asked the question, but without hope of an intelligent reply from the young girl. He was equally surprised and gratified to hear her reply with much presence of mind,

"Oh yes! grandmother always had plenty of medicines in the house;" and running to a closet she opened it and displayed two or three shelves nicely arranged and filled with drugs of various kinds. Callender seized a vial of ether and applied his saturated handkerchief to her nostrils. He subsequently gave her a strong opiate, and by the time Dr. Gray had arrived the old lady was in a deep slumber.

She never fully recovered in either mind or body, but lingered on for years under Callender's treatment, and gradually wasted away. She never knew a lucid interval, and never explained the circumstances which had led to the imprisonment of her grand-daughter.

But the facts in the case were otherwise established, both legally and medically, and the reader more curious as to the legal and medical facts involved than to the romance embraced in this remarkable case will find it fully reported in Dutton, Mass. sta. I., 167, and in Braithwaite's Ret., XII., 243. It was established in proceedings taken by Callender to obtain the guardianship of the young girl (and principally by the evidence of the old nurse Fannie), that Mrs. Leigh's mind had been affected by the marriage of her daughter in opposition to her wishes, and that subsequently her aberration developed into a confirmed monomaniac on the early death of little Lucy's mother. The death shortly after of her father had placed the charge of the child in the grandmother's hands, and she had begun her education by her immediate seclusion. This was eleven years previous to the incidents here recorded, and from that time until she had met Callender, Lucy Merrill had grown up in ignorance of the world. Naturally her worldly education had been greatly neglected, and she fell into the hands of Dr. Callender a delicate, fragile, tender flower, but which in a short time he developed into a strong and healthy one, and which in after years, satisfied that her mind had not been dwarfed nor her affections and moral perceptions dulled by her strange imprisonment, he plucked for himself and wore on his breast for many happy years.

WHAT SPIDERS TEACH US.

WEAVERS.

Not without some reason are spiders classed by naturalists with the Arachnida, named from Arachne, the Lydian woman who excelled in *weaving*. The story is that Arachne challenged Minerva to a contest in the art, and having been surpassed, hanged herself, when the goddess in pity turned her into a spider. It is not, indeed, strictly true that the web of the house spider is fabricated of a regular warp and woof, though books of natural history, all copying from one another, have so described them. The spider, having fixed the thread which is to form the outer margin or selvage of her web, draws other threads in various directions, and then fills up the interstices by running from one thread to another and connecting them by new threads until the whole has assumed the gauze-like texture which we see. Still the fabric is appropriately termed a web, and the makers of it are denominated weavers.

WIRE-MAKERS.

In manufacturing the threads for its web, the spider may be said to illustrate the process of *wire-drawing*. A wire owes its roundness to the fact that it has been drawn through a circular hole in a plate of steel, and its diameter of course is no larger than that of the hole it was last drawn through. In the steel plate we should see regular lines of holes of gradually diminishing diameter, and the wire passing through these in succession is stretched to whatever degree of fineness may be desired. If we examine a large spider we may see with the naked eye five little teat-like protuberances, or spinners, near the apex of the abdomen. These are the machinery through which, by a process more singular than that of rope-spinning, more perfect than that of wire-drawing, the thread is drawn. A magnifying-glass will show us that these spinnerets are studded with regular rows of minute bristle-like points—about a thousand to each teat—each of which is a minute tube, and emits a thread of inconceivable fineness. The analogy with wire-drawing is not complete, inasmuch as the threads do not appear to pass through holes of gradually diminishing size, yet some of the tubes are larger than others, and the diameter of the thread is thus determined.

BRIDGE-BUILDERS.

Spiders wishing to pass from one elevated spot to another, across an intervening stream or other obstacle, do so by means of a *bridge* consisting of a thread emitted from their own bodies. They depend on a favoring breeze to get this thread carried across, and they may be seen under such circumstances, ascertaining which way the current sets by elevating their arms, as sailors do in a dead calm. Satisfied that the opportunity is favorable, they proceed to fix one end of their rope-bridge on the spot where they find themselves, and that in a manner so ingenious as to be worth man's imitation under similar circumstances. The thread is not attached to the wall, tree, or other object as a single line, but every threadlet, or strand, is separately fixed, a contrivance which gives a more secure hold. It is necessary to give the wind a *point d'appui*—something upon which it may have a *purchase*, as a mechanic would say—and since one end is fixed to the object, as already described, and the other is in process of issuing from the gum-bag of the spider, it would appear that the double or bend of the thread answers this purpose, and that the thread itself consists of a double line. As the line goes loose, like the cable of a ship, to take its chance of *anchoring* somewhere, it is necessary to test its firmness of hold before using it as a bridge, and the spider may be seen pulling at it with its first pair of legs for this purpose. The geometric spider of the garden, wishing to try the strength of the cable on which she means to hang her net, is not content with the test of pulling it with her legs, but drops herself down several feet from various points of it, swinging and bobbing with the whole weight of her body.

ENGINEERS.

The web of a geometric spider furnishes a better *plan for the laying out of new cities* than any which has yet been devised by surveyors and engineers. Any one who can find a distinct and complete web, unbroken, will see how beautifully regular it is, and how perfectly adapted for the quickest passage from any one point to another. The concentric rings are not circles, but polygons, and the radiating is exquisitely regular and straight.

DIVERS.

The oldest information respecting the use of the *diving-bell* in Europe relates to the first half of the sixteenth century, and is concerning two Greeks, who, in the presence of Charles V. and ten thousand spectators, "let themselves down under water in a large inverted kettle, with a burning light, and rose up again without being wet." But long before Charles V.'s time, and ages before the Greeks besieged Troy, the diving water-spider was showing her silver diving-bell in our streams and ditches, without any thought of taking out a patent, or notion that she was doing any thing wonderful. Her abode is constructed on philosophical principles, and consists of a subaqueous yet dry apartment, in which, like a mermaid, she resides in comfort. Loose threads, attached in various directions to the leaves of aquatic plants, form the frame-work of her chamber. Over these she spreads a transparent (elastic) varnish, like liquid glass, which issues from the middle of her spinners. Next she spreads over her belly a pellicle of the same material, and ascends to the surface to entangle and carry down a supply of air. Head downward, and with her body, all but the spinneret, still submersed, our diver seems to introduce the atmospheric bubble beneath the pellicle which surrounds her. Clothed in this aerial mantle, which to the spectator seems formed of resplendent quicksilver, she plunges to the bottom, and with as much dexterity as a chemist transfers gas with a gas-holder, introduces her bubble of air beneath the roof prepared for its reception. This manœuvre is ten or twelve times repeated, and when she has transported sufficient air to expand her apartment to its intended dimensions, she possesses an aerial edifice, an enchanted palace, where, unmoved by storms, she devours her prey at ease.

PIRATICAL SPIDERS.

Another spider, of an aquatic turn and of large size, actually builds a *raft* for the purpose of obtaining its prey with more facility. It is able to run freely on the water, but needs a resting-place or base of operations, and accordingly, getting together a quantity of dry leaves and other substances, gathers them together in a rough ball of about three inches in diameter, which it fastens together with slight silken cords. Keeping its station upon this ball it is wafted along the surface of the water till it comes near to some drowning insect, or some gnat just putting on its wings with a view to leave the water for the air, when it pounces on its prey, and drags it to the raft to be devoured at leisure. The raft also serves another purpose, the spider retiring under it when alarmed by any danger.

MASONS AND BUILDERS.

There is a burrowing spider which not only excavates a circular hole and lines it with a silken web, but at the entrance fixes a circular *door with a hinge*. One of these nests, which came from the West Indies, is described as having the door about the size of a crown-piece, slightly concave on the outside and convex within. It was formed of more than a dozen layers of the same web which lined the interior, closely laid upon one another, and shaped so that the inner layers were the broadest, the outer being gradually less in diameter, except toward the hinge, which was about an inch long; and in consequence of all the layers being united there and prolonged into the tube, it became the thickest and strongest part of the structure. "The elasticity of the materials also gives to this hinge the remarkable peculiarity of acting like a spring, and shutting the door of the nest spontaneously. It is, besides, made to fit so accurately to the aperture, which is composed of similar concentric layers of web, that it is almost impossible to distinguish the joining by the most careful inspection. To gratify curiosity, the door has been opened and shut hundreds of times, without in the least destroying the power of the spring. When the door is shut it resembles some of the lichens, or the leathery fungi, such as *polyporus versicolor*, or, nearer still, the upper valve of a young oyster-shell. The door of the nest, the only part seen above ground, being of a blackish-brown color, it must be very difficult to discover." These and allied species of spiders are gifted with a particular talent for building. They hollow out dens, they bore galleries, they elevate vaults, they build, as it were, subterranean bridges; they construct also entrances to their habitations, and adapt doors to them, which want nothing but bolts, for without any exaggeration they work upon a hinge and are fitted to a frame.

One of the trap-door spiders, which is also a mason spider, makes its habitation in a clayey kind of red earth, in which it bores a tube about three inches in depth. The walls of the tube are not left just as they are bored, but are covered with a kind of mortar sufficiently solid to be easily separated from the mass that surrounds it. If the tube is divided longitudinally, besides this rough cast it appears to be covered with a coat of fine mortar, which is as smooth and regular as if a trowel had been passed over it. This coat is very thin and soft to the touch; but before this adroit workman lays it, she covers the coarser earthy plaster-work with some coarse web upon which she glues her silken tapestry.

AWNING MANUFACTURERS.

The Mygale, the monster bird-killing spider of Ceylon, choosing the hollow of a tree or a hole in the wall of a neglected building, lines it with a tapestry of silk of a tubular form, and of a texture so exquisitely fine and so closely woven that no moisture can penetrate it. The extremity of the tube is carried out to the entrance, where it expands into a little platform, stayed by braces to the nearest objects that afford a firm hold. In particular situations, where the entrance is exposed to the wind, the Mygale, on the approach of the monsoon, extends the strong tissue above it so as to serve as an awning to prevent the access of rain.

AERONAUTS.

Spiders deliberately plan aerial excursions. After gaining the summits of blades of grass, rails, gates, etc., and straightening their limbs, to be on tip-toe, as it were, they elevate the abdomen, that their silken thread may be carried up by the scarcely perceptible current. When it is drawn out and up into fine lines of several feet in length, the spiders, feeling themselves acted upon with sufficient force in that direction, quit their hold of the objects on which they stand, and commence their journey in free air. On a fine calm day, silky webs of gossamer, the work of spiders in the fields, are often carried into the air, from whence they descend again when the gentle upward current ceases. Juvenile spiders of light weight sometimes get a balloon voyage in this way.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE OLDEST CUP ON RECORD—The hic-cup.

CAUGHT NAPPING.—An astute member of the legal profession, looking over some old documents recently, so far forgot himself as to mistake the "will" for the "deed."

Matrimony is hot buckwheat cakes, warm beds, comfortable slippers, smoking coffee, round arms, red lips, kind words, shirts exulting in buttons, redeemed stockings, boot-jacks, happiness, etc. Hurrah!

An Italian inn-keeper confessed to a priest, who asked him if he never greased the teeth of his guests' horses to prevent their eating. He replied that he had never done so. The next time he confessed that he had committed the act several times. "Why," said the priest, "you told me last time that you had never done it." "Holy father," replied the inn-keeper, "I did not know the trick then."

I was sitting beside
My destined bride,
One still sentimental day;
"How I long," said I,
"But to make you cry,
And I'd kiss the bright tears away!"

Fair Cecily blush'd,
Her voice grew hush'd,
I thought she would cry to be sure;
But she lisp'd to me,
Pouting prettily,
"Prevention is better than cure!"

An eminent painter, on being asked what he mixed his colors with to give so fine an effect, answered, "I mix them with brains, Sir."

A man out West, who offered bail for a friend, was asked by the judge if he had any incumbrance on his farm. "Oh yes," said he, "my old woman."

A sailor, exhorting at a prayer-meeting in a London chapel, said that on dark stormy nights, while on the sea, he had often been comforted by that beautiful passage of Scripture, "A faint heart never won fair lady."

MAXIMS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Don't scream unless you are frightened.
A narrowness of waist shows a narrowness of mind.
It is a fine silk that knows no turning.
Practice (on the piano) makes perfect.
An old maid is an odd boot—no use without a fellow.
The true test of a man's temper is to keep him waiting ten minutes for his dinner.
Never faint when you are alone. Always select some good opportunity—or young man. The more persons there are about you, the more successful will be your fit. A woman should not only faint well, but be above suspicion.
The hand that can make a pie is a continual feast to the husband that marries it.
Dreams are the novels that we read when we are fast asleep.
Eyes are the electric telegraph of the heart that will send a message any distance in a language only known to the two souls who correspond.

SLIGHT-OF-HAND PERFORMANCE—The girl who rejects an offer of marriage.

THINGS WE SHOULD MUCH LIKE TO SEE.

A fruit tree that keeps away pilferers by its own bark.
Gas that would go out at night and come in again in the morning.
A sauce-pan that will boil over with rage when the cook is insulted.
A clock that is so conceited as not to run down its own works.
The coat of a poor man's stomach (to see if it is out at the elbows).

"Good-morning, Mr. Henpeck," said a printer in search of female compositors. "Have you got any daughters that would make good type-setters?" "No, but I have got a wife that would make a very fine devil."

A clergyman happening to get wet, was standing over the fire to dry his clothes, and when his colleague came in he asked him to preach for him, as he was wet. "No, Sir, I thank you," was the prompt reply; "preach yourself; you will be dry enough in the pulpit."

OUR CHINESE CRITICS.

BY OUR OWN INTERPRETER.

1.—THE INTRODUCTION TO THE MUNICIPAL AUTHORITIES.

TING LING. "It is clear, Sing Song, that a red nose is a sign of rank in this country. Bow lowest to that officer with the reddest."

2.—A VISIT TO A "PROTESTANT" CHURCH (RITUALIST).

SING SONG. "Their forms of worship resemble ours, but, judging from the smell, they do not burn incense."

3.—IN THE STREET.

PEEK ING. "Is it to make their huge feet appear smaller that their ladies make their heads so big?"

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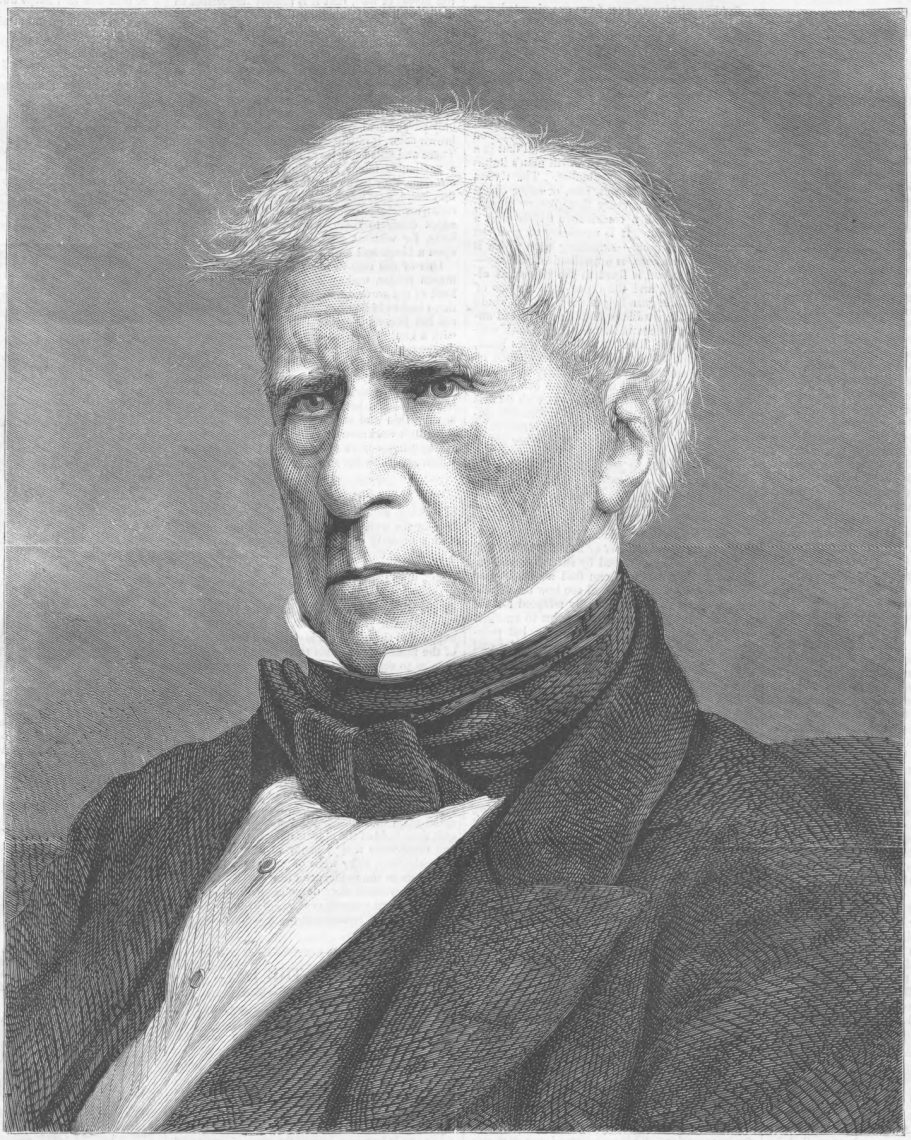
LORD BROUGHAM.

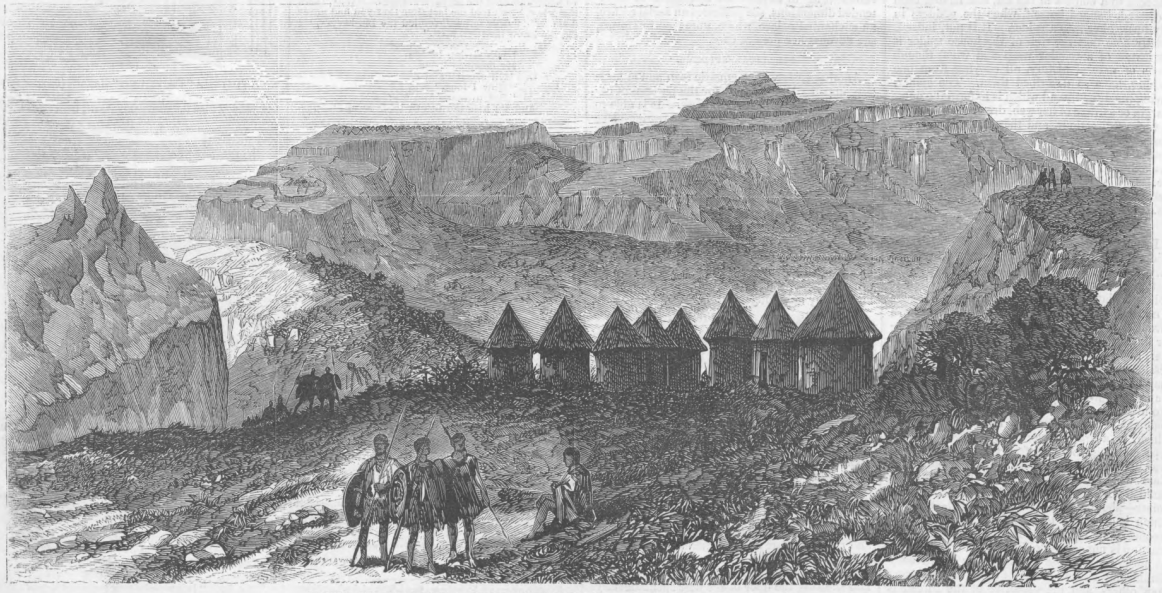
HENRY BROUGHAM, who has just died, and of whom we give an admirable portrait on this page, began his political and literary career simultaneously with PALMERSTON, JEFFREY, and SYDNEY SMITH, and has survived them all. Not only that, but he has survived the old social and political wrongs which, in conjunction with or in opposition to those famous men, he so vigorously fought. His first practical efforts had for their object the abolition of slavery in the English colonies; he lived to see abolition accomplished in every civilized country, and the work of universal abolition fairly begun. He began early in life a crusade against the practice of flogging in the British army, but met with little encouragement. It is a little remarkable, as showing the bitter feeling of the age, that among the first legal cases of Lord BROUGHAM was the defense of JOHN and LEIGH HUNT for saying in their paper, the *Examiner*, while reflecting on an army flogging affair, that their "enemy BONAPARTE knew better than to ill-treat his own soldiers in that manner." This, in 1809, was deemed a libel on the Government, and the poet and his brother were prosecuted for sedition in "reflecting on the rule of His Majesty, King GEORGE III." BROUGHAM succeeded in defeating the prosecution, and it was abandoned.

Lord BROUGHAM, it will be remembered by many, was the counsel of Queen CAROLINE in the famous and scandalous divorce suit with GEORGE IV. It is not so well known, however, that his retention as such originally grew out of the defense of the brothers HUNT. It was in another case, however. The HUNTS had satirized GEORGE IV. while Prince of Wales and Prince Regent by calling him "a fat Adonis." A feeling of downright personal animosity to BROUGHAM is said to have been excited by his speech on this occasion in the mind of the Prince. BROUGHAM cherished a no less hearty detestation for the Royal profligate, which was so loudly proclaimed that it led to his being chosen the confidential legal adviser of the Princess of Wales, then already separated from her husband. When GEORGE III. died CAROLINE went to London to assert her rights at the coronation of her husband; these the King denied, and then began the suit for divorce on the charges of adultery. The disgusting trial is a matter of history. Only BROUGHAM seems to have got any credit out of it; and this reputation seems to have been transitory; for it is already questioned by the English papers whether he would not have made more by effecting a compromise, which would have saved the nation the disgrace of such scandalous proceedings and disgusting exposures.

Lord BROUGHAM was most earnestly and usefully employed for many years of his life in the work of extending education among the working-classes; and the amendment of the common-law and judicial administration. He was instrumental, more than any other single man, in the formation of the present prosperous Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, the origination of the schools and mechanics' institutes of the present time, the starting of the famous *Penny Magazine*, and the creation of the London University. BROUGHAM goes down to history remembered rather as a law and social reformer, the friend of popular education, and the enemy of slavery, than as a violent and partisan politician and lawyer; and this brighter phase of his character is what posterity will best love to look upon and read about.



THE LATE LORD HENRY BROUGHAM.



VIEW OF MAGDALA, KING THEODORE'S STRONG-HOLD.—[SEE PAGE 375.]

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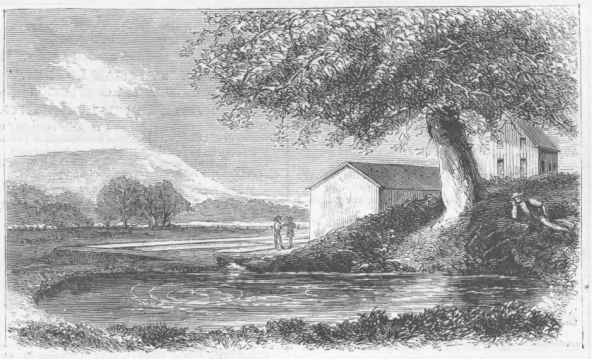
A NEW JERSEY FISH FARM.

THE application of science to the artificial propagation and cultivation of fishes has long been recognized as an art. Although it is of no recent date, having been practiced by JACOBI at Hanover over a century since, it has but recently received the attention which it deserves. The rediscovery of the process of artificial impregnation of ova by the Vosgean fishermen, GEHIN and REMY, and the founding of the great National French Fish Farm at Huningue, on the Rhine, have resulted in the foundation in Europe of a vast number of fish-breeding establishments; but in this country the subject is only beginning to receive the attention and legislation which it demands. A description of one of the fish farms of this country, that of Mr. SETH GREEN, situated near Caledonia, New York, was given in *Harper's Magazine* for December, 1867. On this page of the *Weekly* we present a series of illustrations representing a general view (with some details of the hatching process as there practiced) of the fish farm of Dr. J. H. SLACK, at Troutdale, near Bloomsbury, New Jersey, sixty-four miles southwest of New York city. The farm, comprising about sixty-eight acres, is in a high state of cultivation, as is the whole of the Muskanetkony Valley, in which it is situated; the well-kept fences and neat buildings, those never-failing signs of industry, bearing witness to the prosperity of the residents.



THE TROUTDALE SPRING.

THE SPRING.

The artificially-constructed ponds and buildings connected with fish raising, covering in all about two acres, are situated on the right bank of the Muskanetkony Creek, which here forms the boundary between the counties of Warren and Hunterdon; the former being upon the right, the latter upon the left of the stream. These ponds are supplied with a pure crystal water from a large and beautiful spring, from which it flows in a continual stream at the rate of 1000 gallons per minute. This water is, in summer and winter, of the same temperature, 50° Fahrenheit, and reaches the hatching-house and ponds at the same temperature. This is a matter of the greatest importance in fish hatching. In the spring there are about two hundred small trout, naturally bred. From the spring the water is led by a race-way to and circulated through the three ponds and hatching-house. At various points gates or sluices are located, furnished with wire screens, which serve the double purpose of preventing the escape of the fishes and of collecting leaves, sticks, or other articles which may accidentally find their way into the ponds. These screens are cleaned twice a day, except during the autumn, when the falling of the leaves from the trees which overshadow the spring necessitates more constant care.

THE PONDS.

The ponds at present contain about seven hundred adult trout, with a few hatched during the winter of 1866–67 by Mr. THADDEUS NORRIS, the well-known angler and former proprietor of the ponds. Some of the fishes are marked by striking peculiarities, and have received distinguishing names. One is known as "Bartimeus," from the fact that he is totally blind, and perfectly black in color; "Lady Douglas" has one side of her head of the same sombre hue. A long, lean, lantern-jawed male is appropriately yclept "Don Quixote;" while a huge three-pounder, who fought it out on the line during the entire spawning season, killing and devouring over a dozen large fishes, is called "General Grant." There was formerly in the large pond a curious parti-colored fish, with irregular spots and streaks of white and black, the colors varying almost weekly, who was known to some of the numerous Democrats in the vicinity as "Horace Greeley;" but he is now no more, having been unfortunately killed and eaten by "General Grant" in December last. The trout is a sad cannibal; "the dog," it is said, "will not eat dog;" but a trout of but one and a half inches will unhesitatingly seize and devour one of his own species two-thirds his own length. Various fishes over a foot long have disappeared from time to time down the capacious throat of "General Grant." On this account three ponds are necessary. The one nearest the hatching-house is now being prepared for the reception of the twenty thousand young trout hatched at Troutdale during the past winter; the middle one is devoted to trout of eight inches and under, while in the third are placed the larger fishes, many of them of a size calculated to cause a lover of "the gentle craft" to infringe upon the Tenth Commandment. The bottoms of the ponds are of clay, upon which have been placed a number of large stones, in order that the trout, by rubbing against them, may free their bodies from the numerous parasites, animal and vegetable, which frequently infest them. Shade is afforded by large floats, secured to the banks by wires. The races are slated, to prevent the crumbling of the banks, their bottoms being covered with small stones, upon which is placed a layer of fine gravel, though the latter is not plentiful in the vicinity.

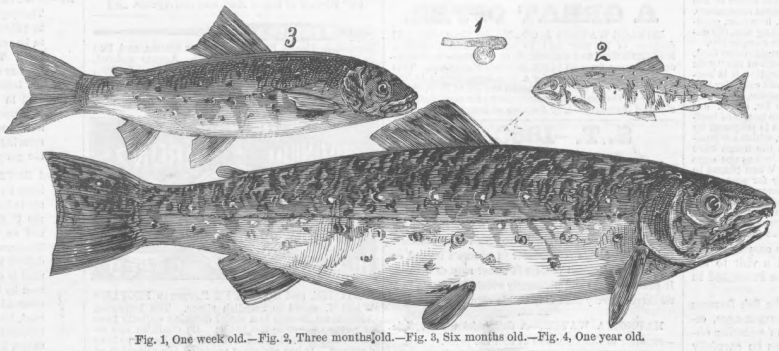


Fig. 1, One week old.—Fig. 2, Three months old.—Fig. 3, Six months old.—Fig. 4, One year old.

THE TROUT AT VARIOUS AGES.

THE HATCHING-HOUSE

is situated upon the right bank of the first pond, and a neat lodge to the westward is occupied as a residence by the assistants.

FEEDING.

The large trout are fed with curd, the offal from slaughter-houses cut in fine pieces, and fishes, the latter sometimes living. During our visit two living red-fins about four inches in length (*Leuciscus cornutus*) were thrown into the pond; they were immediately seized by two huge trout, who at once retired to the lower end of the pond, there to swallow and digest them at their leisure. The gullets of the captors being shorter than their prey, over an hour elapsed before the tails of the red-fins vanished down the throats of the trout.

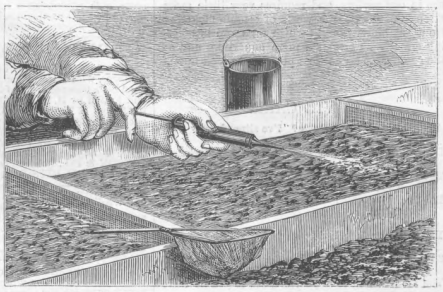
DR. SLACK'S EXPERIENCE.

DR. SLACK is a thorough lover of the art and the craft, and as he is also a thoroughly-educated naturalist, his experience and experiments in the artificial hatching of trout ova has a double value and increased interest, and we append it hereto, partly in explanation of some of our illustrations of the process of taking and hatching the eggs.

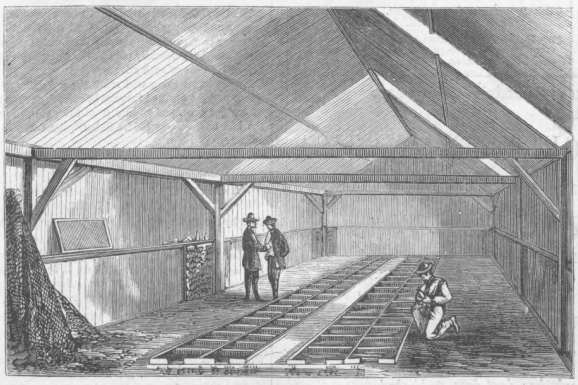
"About the middle of the month of October, 1857, it became evident that the spawning season was at hand. The colors of the adult fishes began to alter to an extent noticeable by the most unpracticed eye. Losing the bright tints with which they were formerly bedecked, the female trout became dark and sombre in color, putting on a grave and matronly dress. The hues of the males were, on the contrary, more brilliant than previously. Their general color became much lighter, and in the older individuals the lower jaw projected anteriorly, forming a sort of knob. The distension of the abdomen of the female by the eggs caused the section of her body to assume an oval shape, while that of the male resembled the outline of the eye of a broad-axe. Fierce battles took place between the males, the conqueror celebrating his victory by feasting upon the body of the vanquished; the females swam uneasily about the ponds, trying the bottom with their fins, seeking for gravel in which to deposit their eggs. The bottoms of the ponds being formed of clay and large stones, they were obliged to pass into the races for that purpose. These had previously been prepared by covering their bottoms with fine gravel and placing across them obstructions, forming a series of dams and eddies.

On October 30 fishes were perceived in the race busily engaged in forming a nest for the reception of their eggs by removing the fine gravel from a circle of about a foot in diameter. Across the lower end of the raceway a net was quietly placed, and the gate at the race-head closed, by which the flow of water was stopped. To avoid being left high and dry, the fishes were obliged to pass down stream, and were thus captured in the net, the fishes being placed for the nonce in a large tin kettle. About a quart of pure spring water was placed in the impregnating pan; a male was then taken and held in the manner depicted in the engraving, the left hand grasping the neck below the gills, and the right the body just behind the gills. By gentle pressure with the fore and middle fingers of the left hand a quantity of the milt was expressed, the amount being further increased by gentle friction toward the tail. This was continued until the water became opalescent or pearly

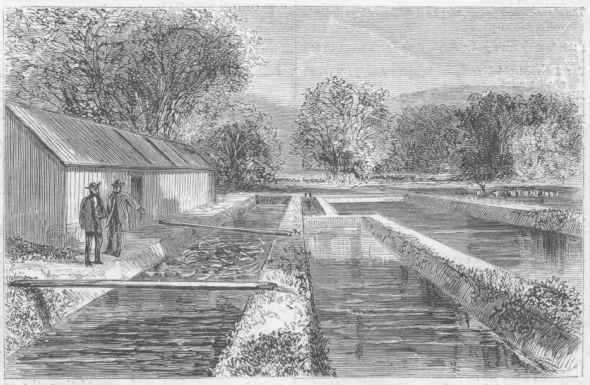
SECURING THE TROUT SPAWN.



FEEDING THE YOUNG TROUT.



THE TROUTDALE HATCHING-HOUSE.



THE TROUTDALE FISH-PONDS.

A FISH FARM IN NEW JERSEY.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

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in its appearance. A female was then taken and treated in precisely the same manner, eggs instead of milt being extruded. The eggs and milt were allowed to remain in contact for about fifteen minutes, at the expiration of which time they were carefully washed. It has been ascertained by experiment that fifteen grains of the milty fluid of the male is sufficient to impregnate ten thousand eggs; but in practice a much greater quantity is used. The bottom of the impregnating pan, as shown in the same drawing, having a depression calculated to hold one thousand eggs, the quantity obtained could be readily estimated. The eggs average one-sixth of an inch in diameter, and weigh one grain each.

"After being thus secured the eggs were taken to the hatching-house, which had been made ready for their reception in the following manner: The hatching-trough had been filled to the depth of two inches with fine gravel carefully boiled to destroy the eggs of any insects which might have been present; over this a gentle stream of water from the spring, filtered through four screens of fine flannel, was conducted. Upon the gravel the eggs were placed, the greatest care being taken to avoid any sudden jar, as the recently impregnated egg requires the most gentle handling lest its suddenly acquired life be as suddenly extinguished. After resting in their new location for a few moments they were evenly spread over the bottoms of the troughs by means of a fine feather. During the entire process the eggs had not for an instant been exposed to the atmosphere.

"This process of impregnating and depositing in the hatching-house was repeated semi-daily until January 13, 1868, during which period about seventy-five thousand eggs were taken. Experience shows that from a trout of one pound about one thousand eggs is the average yield; but owing to causes entirely beyond the control of the proprietor, only twenty thousand hatched. The dead eggs were removed daily, being readily distinguished by turning snow white, those still retaining their vitality resembled small pearls, being translucent and slightly clouded. The first young appeared December 10, forty days after the impregnation of the eggs.

"When first hatched, the young presented the grotesque appearance shown in the smaller figure of the cut of the trout. The ungainly abdominal appendage, technically termed the 'yolk sack,' is, however, gradually absorbed into the body of the young fish, the entire process requiring six weeks for its completion.

"During this period the young trout requires no food, being nourished entirely by the contents of the "yolk sack" but immediately after its absorption it is necessary that they should be regularly and carefully fed. Various substances, all of an animal nature, have been tried, but after various experiments Dr. SLACK has found the muscular fibre composing the hearts of beef-cattle to be the most suitable. This is prepared by being chopped into minute fragments, which are passed through a fine wire-sieve. When the fishes have attained the length of one and a half inches the eggs of other fish are employed as food. When placed in the first pond they will be fed entirely for some time upon maggots, the larvæ of the common blue-bottle fly. The appearance of these disgusting, though to the pisciculturalist useful little animals, are regarded as fixing the period at which the transfer from the hatching-house to the pond should take place."

Troutdale, as we have stated, is easy of access from the city of New York, and a visit to the ponds would amply repay any one interested in the art or science of pisciculture.

It is a part of the business of the fish farmers to furnish in season impregnated trout-eggs, either for the stocking of ponds or of scientific observation and research. They can be carefully packed and forwarded by express to any point with full directions or under the care of a competent person. By means of a small apparatus invented by Dr. SLACK, which can be placed in an office or library, the fishes can be hatched without the necessity for a hatching-house. This apparatus is not unlike the aquarium in common use in our parlors, and requires very little more attention, though the work of "manufacturing trout" at home would furnish far more interesting employment than a mere aquarium, and at the same time be not less pleasant to look upon.

DAVIE CARR.

ARE you asleep, little Davie? I've slipped away from the gloom;
It was, oh, so dreary to play in the lonely, darkened school-room:
The blinds are all pulled down, and our books are upon the shelf;
But I don't care for holidays, Davie, when I've no one to play but myself.

You are fast asleep, little coz; so I won't disturb you, but croon
So softly it will not awake you, but seem like a bit of a tune
You are listening to in your dreams, as you lie there so pale and still.
Your pretty red color is gone; I wonder, dear, when it will

Come back: but you've lain so long in that wearisome bed, I suppose
It will hardly come back before the time of the bright June rose.
When the angels that love the flowers come, little Davie, to streak
The close-folded petals, maybe they'll touch your little white cheek.

I think they have got a secret they don't want to tell me yet,
For I heard old Nursey whisper to Aunty: "When shall we let
Miss Nesta know?" and Aunt Mary said nothing, but turned to the wall.
But when you're up, Davie, they'll find we are sharp enough for them all.

I'm tired of holidays, Davie; I'd like to do lessons again,
But Aunty looked just as you know she looks when her brow is in pain,
When I offered to bring my books, and said: "Little Nesta, nay:
Never mind books just now: you may go to your dolls and play."

And when she went out just now with that grieved look upon her face
(I wasn't naughty to bring it there, Davie), I stole from the place,
And I left Miss Doll on the floor in her grand new frock that I've made:
I'll show it you when you awake, but that won't be yet, I'm afraid.

I've minded your toys for you, Davie; your little pet bird I have fed;
And you couldn't have taken more care of your garden yourself, Robert said:
There are funny green letters sprung up, you'd never guess what they are;
It's a secret, but then you're asleep; D. C. for your name—Davie Carr.

They've cut off your nice little curls; 'twas a pity, I think; but maybe
You'll be just as happy without them; they won't get tangled, you see.
Your hands were brown when you sickened, and now they are just as white
As Aunty's; and how did you keep the bed-clothes so tidy all night?

You are sleeping a long while, Davie. Oh dear, I'm afraid if I stay
Any longer, they'll find me here; so I think I will go away.
If I kiss you I may awake you; so good-by: make haste to get well;
I am, oh so lonely without you, more lonely than I can tell.

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JOHN J. CISCO, Treasurer,
MAY 23, 1868. NEW YORK.

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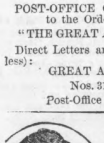

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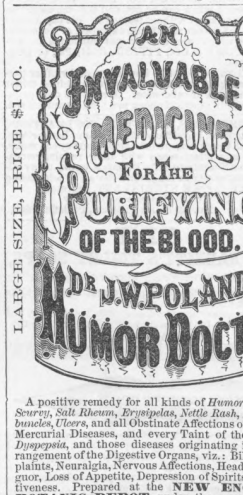

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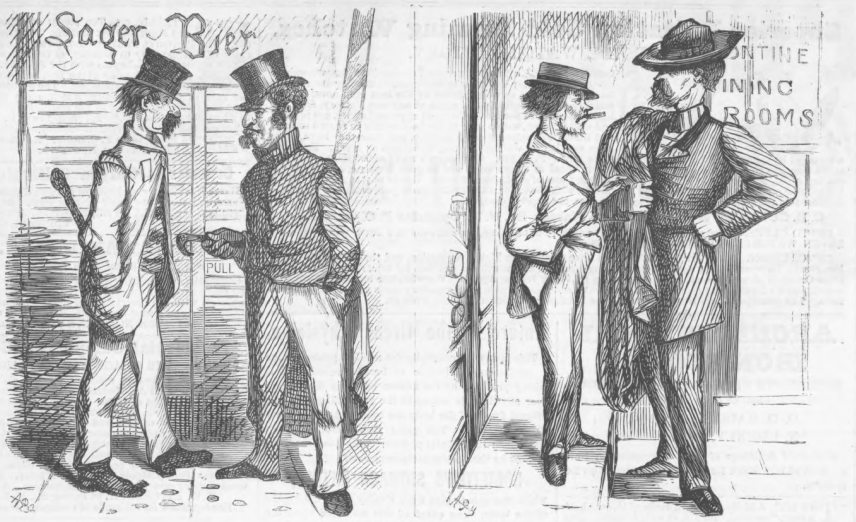

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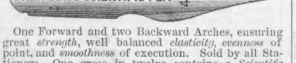

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XII.—No. 599.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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MATERNAL VIGILANCE.

ORNITHOLOGISTS say, and every farmer of experience will tell you, that the duck is both a cowardly bird and a careless mother—that she flies at the slightest intimation of danger, and that a hen is almost always employed to hatch out her ducklings. It would, therefore, seem at the first glance that our sentimental artist, in selecting this timid member of the *anatidæ* family to illustrate the old and familiar but always pleasant story of maternal love and devotion, had made a grievous error. But the meaning of the drawing is thereby made clearer, the moral is made stronger, and yet it is true to nature and to fact. Timid and careless as she is, the duck has been known to successfully resist the attacks of the hawk, and to defend with vigor the brood to whose care she had previously appeared so indifferent. Our illustration below represents one of these ungainly fowls in the act of taking the defensive against a predatory hawk which is just visible through the gray atmosphere of the morning, but whose presence the natural instinct and maternal love of the mother-duck have been quick to discover. A cry of alarm has drawn the brood to her sides for protection, much on the same principle of self-preservation and style of tactics which directs the skirmishers to "rally by fours" in the presence of the enemy's cavalry.

DECORATING OUR SOLDIERS' GRAVES.

THE citizens of ancient Rome,
When, victory-crowned, the hosts came home,
Bedecked the living chief
With wreaths of laurel leaf.

Upon the graves of those who shed
Their blood for us—our patriot dead,
We, sorrowing, place to-day
The garland-gifts of May.

They do not hear the bugle-call;
They heard it once, and once for all;
For their reply behold
These mounds, and all is told.

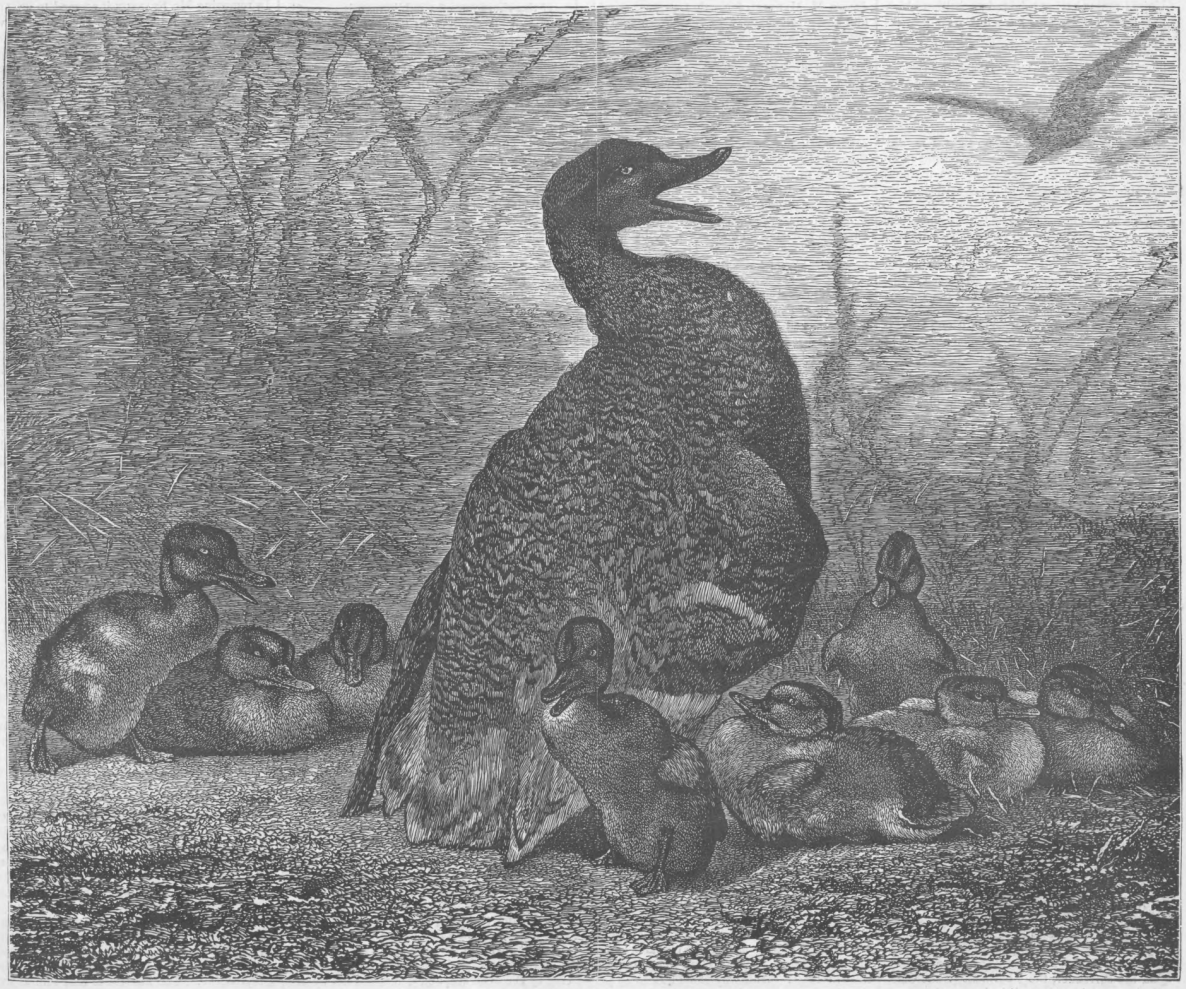
Oh, comrades of the battle-field!
When cannon roared and muskets pealed,
And mighty deeds were wrought,
You know how well they fought.

In Duty's cause, unheeding death,
They cheered the flag with parting breath,
In faith sublimely high,
And dying, did not die.

They live to-day a larger life,
Beyond our little spheres of strife—
Beyond the silent tomb,
Where violets always bloom.

AN INDIAN'S CAREER.

AN illustration on page 392 of this issue serves the treble purpose of sketching strange manners and customs, giving a not uninteresting narrative of the real life of a living, though fast perishing, race, and displaying a work of no little artistic merit. The story is the "Life of an Indian," and the several handsome vignettes illustrate scenes which occur in the career of every red man. In the first he is seen in his infancy, the drawing illustrating the manner in which he is cradled and his figure moulded to the Indian form of beauty. In the second, grown to boyhood, he learns the use of the bow and arrow by practicing on the birds which fly near his father's wigwam. Advanced to manhood, he pursues more dangerous and adventurous sport in chasing the buffalo. In the fourth, his manhood is tested by the Indian trials of endurance. In the fifth "scene of this eventful history" he becomes a lover, "sighing like a furnace" over a "lascivious lute." In the sixth, he has developed into the warrior, and gloats with savage pride over his first scalp. In the seventh, he still further takes delight in his first victory and engages in the scalp-dance which celebrates it. In the eighth, sickness has overtaken him, and he is found stretched in the medicine-lodge, while the "medicine man" ministers to him in his peculiar mode. "Last scene of all" represents the tribe employed in celebrating the funeral ceremonies of the dead chieftain.



MATERNAL VIGILANCE IN THE FACE OF THE ENEMY.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1868.

"LET US HAVE PEACE."

SO says General GRANT, so says every patriotic and intelligent man in the country. How then shall it be most speedily obtained? That is really the vital question of the election. All the other interests wait upon this, which is fundamental. Until there is peace, or, in other words, a definite political reorganization of the unrepresented States, there can be no industrial tranquillity or prosperity. No full current of capital and skilled labor will set Southward until it is plain that the foundations of civil order are re-established. Upon what principle shall the work be done?

General GRANT is of opinion that Peace can most surely be established by the success of the reconstruction policy of Congress, and by Constitutions securing equal civil and political rights to all. Without this condition, there is no hope of the general intelligence which is the sole condition of a free government. The Republican party which sincerely supported the war; which fully understood it; which abolished slavery to secure the victory; which established the Freedmen's Bureau as a necessary temporary consequence of emancipation; which declared the equal civil rights of the freedmen as the legitimate result of their freedom, has also declared their political rights as the security not only of their own freedom but of the national welfare. It was necessary to decide whether emancipation should be sustained or slavery re-established. If the former course were pursued every thing necessary to its success was a simple necessity and duty. As for the latter course, it was an absurdly revolting impossibility.

It was determined to maintain emancipation; and President JOHNSON required the States regained from rebellion to adopt the emancipation amendment. The sublime claim of the right of State sovereignty to enslave the industrial population was peremptorily, contemptuously, and properly disregarded by him. The United States having subdued a rebellion which left certain States without any civil government, said to them, "You must begin your restoration to renewed political organization by agreeing that slavery is abolished." Most of them acquiesced. That act contained the whole principle of reconstruction. It was a dictation of terms by the Government, and their acceptance by the States to be reorganized. The Government had no right to do any thing whatever, or it had a perfect right to do whatever it deemed essential to the national welfare, with due regard to the great principles of liberty.

This is the view of General GRANT and of the Republican party. Upon this principle its policy of reconstruction is based. Having ample authority under the Constitution to subdue the rebellion by all honorable and recognized methods, including emancipation, it has the authority to do whatever is necessary to secure emancipation and the victory of which it was an element. It proposes, therefore, equal suffrage in the late rebel States. It does not propose confiscation nor any vindictive punishment, and, while it consults experience and common-sense in denying to a few of the most conspicuously disaffected a present voice in the Government, it favors the removal of every disqualification just as fast as the evident condition of society will allow. Thus, by obliterating as rapidly as possible the traces of the old system of slavery; by forbidding its perpetuation under other names and forms; by defending the equal civil and political rights of the whole population, the Republican policy seeks peace and prosperity for the Southern States and for the whole country, upon conditions which the highest sagacity approves and the widest experience confirms.

The Democratic policy is directly antagonistic to the Republican. The Democracy has not yet, indeed, authoritatively justified the war, and, if its Convention continues the traditions of 1864, it will denounce it. In that case, of course, its policy and declarations will be of very little importance. If, however, it accepts the war, it will very probably declare that when the rebellion in arms was suppressed the exact situation of January 1861 recurred. But if it accepts the war it must accept emancipation, and, doing that, it will find it difficult to deny the authority of the United States to provide at its pleasure for the security of the emancipated class. If the situation of January 1861 immediately recurred, so far as State authority and independence are concerned, the Democracy will have to declare that the United States had a right to free the slaves as a war measure, and that the States, having by the act of laying down their arms recovered all their authority, may re-enslave them and snap their fingers at the National Government.

This is but the beginning of woes. If the situation of January 1861 recurred immediately upon the surrender, the "dormant" State Constitutions awake; the political power is vested exclusively in the hands of the disaffected class; slavery is recognized; and if the disaffected class choose to emancipate, but not to confer political power upon the freedmen, they retain all their political monopoly and gain representatives in Congress. Meanwhile, whether the Democratic party declares the situation of January 1861 to have recurred or not, the truth remains that it never can recur; that it is already half a century behind. The truth remains that the freedmen have enjoyed their civil rights for two years, are widely educated, have voted, are working as free laborers, and understand the situation quite as well as their old masters. Under such circumstances the organs of the Democracy announce that this condition of things depends upon the result of the Presidential election. If the Republicans succeed, it will be continued; if the Democrats, it will be reversed. Which is the way of Peace?

The party which thus proposes to reopen the whole subject, to leave all the questions arising from emancipation and the war to be settled for each State by the ex-rebel slaveholders in it, calls itself Conservative as well as Democratic. Resisting the logic of events and despising facts, upon the one hand it panders to every odious prejudice and inflames every contemptible passion upon the other. With one side of its mouth it shouts "State Rights;" with the other, "Down with the nigger!" In one breath it is "The Constitution;" in the next, "This is a white man's Government." This is the Conservatism of the stews and the slums. This is the Democracy of hatred and ignorance. This is the spirit which sneers at GRANT, Liberty, and Equal Rights, and announces that the way to have peace in the Southern States is to despise their laboring population.

THE CHIEF JUSTICE'S "FRIENDS."

IN the lull before the Tammany nomination there is still a great deal of gossip about the Chief Justice. One correspondent assures us that Mr. CHASE does not care for the Presidency. There is one point settled. Mr. HORATIO SEYMOUR is in the same frame of mind. There is another. Another correspondent writes to the Syracuse *Journal* describing a conversation between the Chief Justice and Mr. JAMES H. HARRIS of North Carolina, an able and active Republican of that State who declined a unanimous nomination to Congress, because being a colored man, he feared the effect upon the Northern prejudice. Mr. HARRIS told Mr. CHASE that the Southern Republicans believed in no other party. Mr. CHASE replied that he had never thought of organizing a third party. Then Mr. HARRIS asked how about a Democratic nomination, and Mr. CHASE replied that when he was made Senator the Democrats came up to him, he did not go down to them. And, blushed the ingenuous magistrate, "If my friends place me in a similar position now, I am in their hands." But how can Mr. CHASE's "friends" nominate him, having already nominated GRANT? Or are Republicans no longer his "friends?"

Last August Mr. CHASE was as sure as any man could well be that he was to be the Radical Republican candidate for the Presidency. It was supposed that the Southern States would be readmitted before the Convention, and that he would be demanded by them. The Loyal League was his especial friend. He was acknowledged as the most eminent and the most consistent of the Republican chiefs. He heartily approved the Congressional policy of restoration, and had made a tour through the Southern States, to the great disgust of the Democrats, proclaiming his approval of equal suffrage. Doubtless some prominent Republicans were no more agreeable to him than to many other of their party associates. But the Chief Justice was the representative Radical. This was in August, and now in the next June he is mentioned as a probable Democratic candidate.

As we recently asked, what has happened in the mean while? The policy of the Republican party and its principles remain the same. It has affirmed them by the highest party authority. It has declared for the speedy removal of every disqualification upon suffrage at the South. It has refused to make a judicial investigation a subject of party discipline. It has declared emphatically for the amplest maintenance of the national honor. It has politely intimated to certain gentlemen to whom Mr. CHASE was opposed that they do not faithfully represent the party. In every way the party has vindicated its claim to the continued control of the Government upon the principles which the Chief Justice has always advocated and with which he is identified. Nothing whatever is changed since last August, and a party policy which he disapproved has failed; why, then, is this Republican chief mentioned as a possible Democratic candidate more than Mr. SUMNER or Mr. WADE?

We forget. One little thing has happened. General GRANT has been nominated for the Presidency by acclamation. But we ask again, why is Mr. CHASE considered a probable Democratic candidate in 1868 more than Mr. SEWARD in 1860? And why should Echo so pertinaciously answer that General GRANT has been unanimously nominated? We beg Echo to remember that a public correspondent who favors Mr. CHASE's candidacy informs us that he does not desire the Presidency. And as the great public objects for which he has so ably contended are still pursued by the party whose principles he advocates, and as it has just nominated two most spotless and most popular candidates upon a platform of singular wisdom, and wholly harmonious with the views and practice of his life, to insist that the Chief Justice could be a possible candidate against his own party is to accuse him of ratting for mere personal aggrandizement. Nobody supposes for a moment that Mr. CHASE believes the Democratic party with its organization, its traditions, and the character of its adherents will secure the principle of equal rights as the permanent policy of the Government more surely than the great party of which he has been so distinguished a leader. And who that has at heart the objects always professed by the Chief Justice will believe that they are more likely to be attained by the party which is radically hostile to them merely because in its despair it nominates Mr. CHASE, chagrined by a personal disappointment?

CRITICISM OF PUBLIC MEN.

MR. SUMNER'S resolutions upon the subject of impeachment and the public judgment upon it will probably pass, if pressed to a vote. The Senators who voted to convict will probably support them, and the others will not agree to them. Those who called the Republican Senators who voted for acquittal "infamous" will still think them so; and those who differed will remain of the same opinion. We can not see that any thing will be gained by the passage of the resolutions; except possibly the clearer perception that when there is so vital a difference of opinion as to the nature of impeachment, the process is not likely to be very beneficial to the country. The point of Mr. SUMNER'S resolutions is, that "Senators can not claim that their votes are exempt from the judgment of the people." This is the declaration made also by many newspapers, some in a reasonable tone, and some in a very different one. But what Senator has claimed such immunity, and what sensible man has demanded it for him?

If the character of a public man is so profligate, and his conduct so generally corrupt as to authorize the suspicion that his vote has been bought or improperly influenced, it is perfectly fair to say so, provided that the charge be supported by a reference to notorious precedents and to universal reputation. But to assume that a man's conduct is corrupt because motives may be imagined that might possibly make it so, is an unspeakable wrong. Criticism of public men is desirable and inevitable. But what is criticism? If a man thinks that an oath to decide in a specific case according to the evidence is an oath to be bound, despite his conviction, by party dictation—very well. That is his opinion. We will not quarrel, but we will, I hope, argue. But for such a man to say that another who believes that his oath means exactly what it says, and who acts accordingly, is "infamous," and a JUDAS, a BENEDICT ARNOLD, and a JEFFERSON DAVIS because he declines to yield to the party dictation, seems to us a blow at freedom itself. It is an effort to check liberty of thought, and destroy liberty of speech by terrorism.

Surely it is not a fair criticism of the motives of a public man who casts a vote differently from the wishes of many of his party friends to allege that he is governed by nothing but passion and chagrin, and to denounce him as a renegade. The St. Louis *Democrat* says that "If Senator FESSENDEN was under obligation to vote as his conscience dictated, so every honest and patriotic man in the land is under obligation to approve or disapprove as his conscience may dictate." Undoubtedly. The honest and patriotic man may indeed differ with the judgment of his Senator, and say so; but can an honest conscience possibly disapprove the Senator's voting according to his conviction? The case stated by the *Democrat* can not exist. No honest man will disapprove an honest vote, whether he agree with it or not. The *Democrat* further says that a Senator is as much a public servant when sitting in a trial for impeachment as when deliberating and voting upon a bill. But in the case of impeachment he is a public servant only as a judge is. Like the judge he is sworn to see that justice is done according to the law and evidence, not that what he conceives to be the public opinion upon the case is ratified. The very sanctity of the bench is that it is a refuge against a possible unjust public opinion; that it is the tribunal of reason and facts, not of passion and ignorance. When Mr. HOAR went to Charleston to test the legal validity of certain acts in the courts, the public opinion of slavery would not permit him to tarry. But if he had been suffered to remain, and the same opinion, however universal, had overpowered the court, no other proof would have been needed of the sheer barbarism of that society. So when a certain verdict was demanded of the Senate sitting as a court sworn to decide by the evidence, and demanded not by argument and reason, but by threats and epithets and abuse, those who demanded the verdict did what JAMES did when he required that judgment should be given according to his will. COKE made his memorable reply that he should do that which should be fit for a judge to do. It seems to us that every Senator sworn to decide according to the evidence was as solemnly bound not to be influenced by party opinion as COKE was to be independent of the king's will.

If, however, the trial was not a judicial proceeding; if the Senators represented merely the wishes of a party, their path was plain, and the process of impeachment is ridiculous. But this theory is utterly untenable. The President is impeachable for high crimes and misdemeanors. His offenses are specifically alleged. The proof of them, with the rebutting evidence, is presented. The arguments upon both sides are made. The Senators are sworn to decide according to the evidence whether he has committed the offenses charged. If this is not a court, there is no such thing as a court. If impeachment be, as the resolutions of Mr. SUMNER assert, purely a political proceeding, can there be any good reason given why the Constitution did not provide that when two-thirds of the Senate think that the public welfare requires the removal of the President, he may be removed? If he is to be removed for violating a law, or his oath, or for any misconduct, certainly he ought not to be so until the offense has been plainly proved. If he is to be removed because he is politically obnoxious, it is surely absurd to arraign him upon charges of specific offenses, and to swear the Senators to decide according to the evidence when their duty is to remove him, not after proof of charges, but whenever they think he ought to be set aside. If he may be removed for what Mr. SUMNER calls a political offense, then his theory is, that the President may be removed because he differs with the Senate.

This is an intolerable doctrine. Undoubtedly the Executive authority is, under certain circumstances, subordinated to the Legislative. But the chief magistrate is to be set aside only upon proved specific charges, not for a difference of opinion. Therefore we have always insisted that obstructive as President JOHNSON unquestionably was, he should not be impeached until he had violated a law, or committed some offense other than pursuing his hostile course within the limits of the Constitution. In removing Mr. STANTON it seemed to us, and still seems, that he violated the law, and we think he should have been removed. But when those who agreed with us attempted to intimidate his judges we felt, and still feel, that their offense was infinitely greater than any charged upon him. We do not agree that that intimidation was honorable argument. It was the ferocity of party-spirit, and the subsequent criticism, as it is called, of the Republican Senators who differed, which consisted in asserting or insinuating that their verdict did not express their real conviction but was the result of personal jealousy, or bribery, seems to us to spring from the same party-spirit. If the motives of those who are elected to the bench, or who are constitutionally called to the bench, as Senators are in an impeachment trial, are to be venomously assailed if they do not judge politically instead of judicially, then one of the most vital safeguards of society, the independence of the Judiciary, is in immediate danger. The resolutions speak of the Dred Scott decision. But the objection to that decision was its *obiter dictum*; its declaration beyond the issue, and beyond the truth of history; and the palpable monstrous effort to strain the law and the fact against humanity and justice. To show this was fairly to criticise the decision. And any one who can show a similar attempt upon the part of any Republican Senator in the late trial, or can prove it to be probable from his antecedents and reputation is bound to do it. But a bald aspersion of motives, a screaming vituperation, is not criticism.

THE HOOSIC TUNNEL.

THE Massachusetts Legislature, upon a test vote, shows that it will appropriate five millions of dollars toward the completion of the Hoosic tunnel. Before the resolution was passed Mr. GEORGE WALKER, of Springfield, made what seems to us a conclusive speech against the policy of prosecuting the enterprise further. His facts were so well marshaled, and his figures so decisive, that the resolution to continue the work only shows how fixed the Legislature believes the public interest and wish in the matter to be.

The Hoosic tunnel is upon the line of a projected railroad from Greenfield in Massachusetts to Troy in New York, and is a bore through the Hoosic Mountain which separates the valley of the Deerfield River from that of the Housatonic. Mr. WALKER tells us that the State of Massachusetts has already spent upon the work $5,316,354; and a contracting firm now offers to finish the tunnel with a single track, in seven years, at a contract price of five and a half millions of dollars. Allowing for every thing, Mr. WALKER estimates the total cost at $15,031,893. A sinking fund is to be deducted, which will leave the balance to be provided for $13,735,199. The interest of that sum at five per cent. is $686,760, which must be paid out of the net earnings of the road. But the oper-

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ating expenses must be first paid. If worked as cheaply as the average of lines in the State its gross receipts, in order to pay its interest, must be three times that interest, or $2,060,250, which would give $46,800 a mile, or nearly three times the average earnings of the best lines lying between the tunnel road and the great grain fields of the West, over which lines its traffic must come, and which bring five or even ten times as much freight to New York as can be diverted to Boston. By any fair computation the road will be unable to pay the interest, and the whole principal, nearly $14,000,000, becomes a State debt and every appropriation a State tax. This year it is just three-fifths of that tax. At the end of seven years, if the contract mentioned be executed, the aggregate tax will be nearly seven times the State tax of this year. If the people of the whole State think that they can, under these circumstances, get their flour and pork cheaper through the tunnel than in other ways they will vote the appropriations cheerfully. But Boston capitalists have never been able to take that view.

Mr. WALKER, with many other of the best authorities, regards the construction of the road as a mistake. Even its friends feel that it is a failure if it does not go beyond Troy. But Mr. WALKER is of opinion that the true line of connection with Lake Ontario lies further to the north upon roads that can be made practicable at a much smaller expense. In any case he would have referred the whole question to a direct vote of the people. But the Legislature did not agree, and unless different counsels prevail the work will be continued. Mr. WALKER'S speech will remain, however, as one of the clearest and most candid and complete statements of the subject.

DEMOCRATIC INSTINCT.

NOTHING affords a clearer illustration of the utter confusion and demoralization of the Democratic party than certain of the party newspapers. The struggle to be upon both sides of the fence at once, to please the peace men and the war men, the repudiators and the honest debtors, is very absurd and very edifying. It is a continuation of the noble Democratic policy during the rebellion, which consisted in supporting the war and opposing its prosecution. The only heartiness left to the party organs is in their sneers at the war, their ribaldry against the colored race, and their hatred of equal rights. Their acceptance of the results of the struggle is reluctant and formal. One of these papers lately published a long article stating what the Democratic platform ought to be. It remarked that the average judgment of the party is that "the late civil war was, by itself, a necessary exercise of the authority of a constitutional government to put down a rebellion." But a few days after the same paper, which had thus formally justified the war, showed its real feeling, the feeling that it could not conceal while the struggle was still pending, by alluding to a phrase in one of Doctor BELLOWS'S letters, which speaks of the cotton-fields of the South: "'*The*' cotton-fields!" exclaims the paper, "'*our*' cotton-fields, Doctor, price, a half-million lives and six thousand times that many dollars, and now growing, under the beneficent ægis of Fereedom, the very best weeds that ever you saw."

This is in the most characteristic Democratic vein. A war which is conceded to be necessary, ends victoriously for the Government, abolishes the most odious slavery, redeems the honor and humanity of the national name, and removes the great disgrace and disaster of the country, and the contemptuous organ of a "Democracy" that did all the dirty work of Slavery can only gibe at "Fereedom."

THE DARIEN CANAL.

IN receiving the Chinese Embassy the President made a discursive oration in which he naturally spoke of the means of communication between China and the United States, and remarked that more important than all of them was "the great work of connecting the two oceans by a ship-canal to be constructed across the Isthmus of Darien." Since the tragedy of Lieutenant STRAIN'S exploring expedition very little has been said in this country upon that subject. Those who are interested to know the history of the movement fifteen years ago should consult *Harper's Magazine* for March, April, and May, 1855, in which there is a copious and accurate account of operations to that time. The subject has been reopened by the English Society of Engineers, which has given it the fullest attention since the beginning of this year.

Dr. CULLEN has made it a special study, and our information is drawn from his long and minute report. In brief, the line he proposes is from Caledonia Harbor, upon the Atlantic side, to the Gulf of San Miguel upon the Pacific. The whole isthmus is covered with a dense primeval forest broken only by the courses of the rivers; and Dr. CULLEN asserts that his route, when thoroughly surveyed, will require less excavation and fewer locks than any other proposed line, with the added advantages of shortness, low elevation, and healthiness. The CULLEN line crosses a plain from Caledonia Harbor to a valley between the Agla and Sassardi Mountains; through the valley to the head of the Sucubti River; down the Sucubti to its confluence with the Chuquanaqua; thence through the forest to the Savana River; down the Savana and Tuyra to the Gulf of San Miguel. The length of this line is fifty-eight English miles; canal proper, twenty-seven miles; canalized river, twelve miles; navigation of the Savana and Tuyra, nineteen miles. Allowing for lockage, this distance could be traversed in twenty-four hours. The lowest summit level upon this line is only four miles from the Atlantic side, and is only about two hundred feet high.

The work to be done besides the erection of light-houses, some deepening of channel, and blasting, would be to cut a canal twenty-seven miles long and to canalize the river. A French Commission of Engineers estimated the expense at about $35,000,000. The whole labor might be done by fifteen thousand men in four years; and allowing $400 a year for the wages and food of each, the cost of the labor would be about $24,000,000. The saving of time and money by the canal, according to Dr. CULLEN, may be illustrated by the case of a ship with a crew of thirty men from New York to California. By the way of Cape Horn the total expense may be estimated at $13,230, by the Canal at $3969; difference in favor of the Canal, 105 days and $9261. If the cargo were of the value of $100,000, the saving in interest and insurance would be $4042, making the total gain $13,303.

We do not follow Dr. CULLEN into further estimates of profits. The advantages of the undertaking need no demonstration. Dr. CULLEN believes that a society of some hundreds of scientific and practical engineers will, before long, satisfactorily answer these questions:

"Shall a narrow strip of land, not forty miles across, be allowed any longer to remain a barrier on the highway of nations?

"Shall the engineering genius of the most civilized nation, even with the aids that chemistry places at its service, in gun-cotton and nitro-glycerine, confess itself baffled by the notion of cutting a canal thirty-nine miles long?"

DEMOCRATIC INSULTS TO SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

THE organs of the Democratic party demand that the war shall be regarded as a settled issue. That is but natural. But why do they not hold by their own demand? The Republicans regard it as so finally settled that they intend to secure its just results. They do not mean to fight the war over again, nor do the people mean to surrender the victory which they have won. Nor do they mean to insult, nor suffer to be insulted, the brave men who, under General GRANT, conquered the rebellion despite the hissing of Copperheads in their rear. Four years ago the Democrats went to Chicago and declared the war a failure, and called upon the Government to submit to the rebellion. Now one of its newspapers speaks of the late Convention of Soldiers and Sailors at Chicago as "a body of sutlers who met at Chicago last month, the character of which was apparent from the selection of one SICKLES as its permanent President, and its being controlled by one LOGAN." And again: "While the Chicago Convention was in session there was a side-show of sutlers, including a large number of 'Generals,' who dispensed pepper-sauce, pickles, and Connecticut cigars to the Army of the Potomac." This organ of a party whose leader SEYMOUR contemptuously asked, "Where are the victories that were promised us?" now speaks of these soldiers and their brethren as "those who pretended to fight." It was the "pretended" fighting of "one SICKLES," as soldiers and sailors are not very likely to forget, which was so conspicuous at Gettysburg, and the similar pretense of one LOGAN that carried him triumphantly to Vicksburg with GRANT and through Georgia with SHERMAN. True to this instinct of hostility to the tried heroes of the war the same paper says of General GRANT: "This man has been nominated for President by the Chicago Convention..... In August, 1861, he entered the Federal army as a Captain, was transferred to the regular service, where he still remains."

This is the way in which the Democracy propose to regard the war as a settled issue. It will only remind the people that one of the chief causes of thanksgiving for the great victory is, that it settled a party whose Southern wing rebelled, and whose Northern wing did what it could, short of fighting, to make rebellion successful.

PULLING DOWN THE FLAG.

FOUR years ago it was the Democratic party that called upon the people to surrender. But the people having despised its advice, the party now proposes to surrender itself. Its spokesmen are beginning to exhort the faithful to accept the war. But one more daring than the rest, while its columns teem with ribald abuse of the colored race, actually opposes the great orthodox Democratic doctrine of "the white man's government" and the other fundamental Democratic principle of "down with the niggers!" It ruefully asks: "Since we can *do* nothing about negro suffrage, why not practice the dignity of silence, and say nothing?" It is no longer so sure that a Democratic victory would overthrow all the new State governments at the South. "Even if we could elect a Democratic Senate within the next four years (which we can not), we could neither revive the expunged State governments nor cause the Southern negroes to vote for their own disfranchisement." Then it asks whether the white population can gain exclusive control of the new Southern governments without the assistance of the colored voters, and are those voters likely to support a party which wishes to disfranchise them? Consequently, is it wise to say any thing about negro suffrage in our Tammany platform?

This painful inquiry and the growing feeling among the faithful that the sole hope of a Democratic nomination lies in the name of an ex-Republican chief, shows that the confusion of the party is complete. It also suggests the question why any body should vote to support a party which has no principles of its own, and no candidates of its own? If the Republican policy of Reconstruction is, after all the "we-shall-sees," to be quietly accepted; if the doctrine of equal rights which the Republican party asserts is to prevail; if the opposition are not only to desert their platform, but go out of their ranks for a candidate, it is perfectly plain that their sole object is patronage and plunder. The country will naturally believe that a party whose principle has always been fair play for every man is the proper party to secure that fair play. It will inevitably smile at the profession of the party whose great tradition is hostility to the colored population, of a sudden desire to do them justice and to respect their rights. As for the colored voters themselves, they can be trusted to know their friends now as they knew them during the war.

The suggestion of newspapers which constantly deride this part of the population, that the Southern Democrats shall "convert" them to the Democratic party, is not likely to bear fruit. The success of the effort to convert them to the rebellion was not encouraging. They were told that the Yankees would sell them to Cuba, and do all manner of horrors upon them; but still, in the remotest swamp or forest of the South, hundreds of miles away from the national lines, wherever a Union soldier saw a colored face he knew that he saw the face of a friend. Never once, in all the long story of the war, was there an instance of a soldier betrayed by a colored man. The instinct of liberty, the tradition of their race, that toward the North Star lay the path of redemption, and that the Yankees came from the North, were enough for the true race, and the blandishments and falsehoods of the masters in rebellion were no more seductive than their blood-hounds and paddles in the day of their haughty power.

When JAMES HARRIS, of North Carolina, a colored leader, said to Mr. CHASE that the Southern loyalists knew that the Republican party was their friend, he said what the mass of colored men feel. They are not to be deluded by Mr. WADE HAMPTON, nor by any architect of a Tammany platform. They may not know that Mr. HORATIO SEYMOUR expressed a willingness to let the Union go rather than to abolish slavery; but they do know that the party calling itself Democratic has been their relentless and cruel foe. That party can not save itself in the judgment of the freedmen by catching at Mr. CHASE'S skirts. It can not commend itself to their confidence by merely omitting to denounce them as gorillas and apes. The colored voters will look at the men who control the Convention; they will learn what their antecedents are; they will know every thing in the relation of that party to their race, and they will be as true to themselves and their rights in the election as they were in the war.

THE TRIBUTE TO THE DEAD UNION SOLDIERS.

FROM all parts of the country we have the most striking and interesting accounts of the celebration of the day designated for strewing with flowers the graves of the Union soldiers. General GRANT was present at the cemetery at Arlington, near Washington, and General HANCOCK was also there. General BURNSIDE presided at the ceremonies in Rhode Island. In many places business was suspended, and both the numbers that attended and the generous and manly speeches that were made—in no instance that we have seen breathing the least hostile feeling—were just illustrations of the depth and sincerity of the honor in which the memory of the brave boys is held.

LITERARY.

THE fourth and last volume of "The Spanish Conquest in America, and its Relation to the History of Slavery and to the Government of Colonies, by ARTHUR HELPS," has just been published by HARPER & BROTHERS. This work, already familiar to the public, and especially to students of history, has a peculiar interest for us, not only from the luminous and delightful manner in which the story is told, but from the ample and authentic account of the planting of slavery upon this continent, which we have happily seen removed. Mr. HELPS'S admirable scholarship and literary skill are sufficient earnests of the character of his work; and the publishers have issued it in a very neat and attractive manner, the text being profusely illustrated with convenient maps, which impress the scene of the story vividly upon the reader's mind.

Mrs. HELEN S. CONANT has discovered a right "royal road" to the study of Natural History, and very pleasantly and practically she points it out to the children in the "Butterfly Hunters," lately issued by TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston. On the delicate thread of an interesting narrative of adventures in the New England woods she strings a great number of facts in regard to butterflies; not, however, unwisely entering into such detail as children can not understand, but teaching very clearly just enough about the insect to incite a child to wish for further information. It is not the complete treatise of the naturalist, but practically a preparatory lesson in that science, and one that is as entertaining as it is useful and reliable. The numerous illustrations are of the most finished character, and add greatly to the interest and value of the book.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

THE actions of both Houses since our last report have been confined principally to the Arkansas admission bill. Several amendments were made, and finally a Committee of Conference had to be appointed. The report of this committee was finally agreed to by both Houses. The following is the bill:

"*Whereas*, The people of Arkansas, as in pursuance of the provisions of an act entitled 'An act for the more efficient government of the Rebel States,' passed March 2, 1867, and the acts supplementary thereto, have framed and adopted a Constitution of State Government which is republican in form, and the Legislature of said State has duly ratified the amendment to the Constitution of the United States, proposed by the Thirty-ninth Congress, and known as Article 14; therefore

"*Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled*, That the State of Arkansas is entitled and admitted to representation in Congress as one of the States of the Union upon the following fundamental condition: That the Constitution of Arkansas shall never be so amended or changed as to deprive any citizen or class of citizens in the United States of the right to vote who are entitled to vote by the Constitution herein recognized, except as a punishment for such crimes as are now felonies at common law, whereof they shall have been duly convicted, under laws equally applicable to all the inhabitants of said State: provided that any alteration of said Constitution, prospective in its effect, may be made in regard to time and place of residence of the voters."

NEWS ITEMS.

Jeff. Davis's trial has again been postponed—this time until October.

The State of Virginia finds her treasury so impoverished that it will be impossible to pay the interest on her debt for some years. There is barely enough money in hand to meet expenses.

The official majority in Michigan against a new Constitution, which provided for negro suffrage at the election in April, was 38,826 in a vote of 182,388.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EX-GOVERNOR EYRE, of Jamaica infamy, has virtually been acquitted, the grand jury empaneled for the purpose refusing to take cognizance of the indictment presented against him.

Not only the Chinese, but the other ancient barbarians of Asia and Europe are doing strange things in their day and generation, as witness the late speech of the Sultan of Turkey to his Council of State. Although the traffic in the fair Caucasian and other slaves continue in Constantinople, he announced that "the duty of the State is to preserve under all circumstances the right of every one to liberty." How the present practice may be we can not say, but certainly Christians can not ask or expect of the Mussulman any fairer promises in the matter of religious liberty than these: "As regards religions every one may follow his conviction, and there can be no discussion upon this subject. Nevertheless, whatever the creeds professed by our subjects, they are all children of the same country, and they must not entertain sentiments of contempt or hatred one toward the other on account of the difference of religious beliefs." This begins to look like civilization, indeed, and is the more encouraging from the fact that similar reform movements, looking to the separation of Church and State, are visible in other benighted countries, such as Austria, not to mention England. The adoption of the Civil Marriage bill and other reforms by Austria have been mentioned before. Lately in discussing a bill having for its purpose the separation of Church and State, M. Rokitanski, an Austrian member of the Upper Chamber of the Austrian Parliament, used such phrases as these: "I object to any privilege being given to a particular Church....State religion is not only superfluous but an evil. The State would subject itself to the Church, which is always endeavoring to dominate, and which says it is persecuted when it is not allowed to dominate. The Christian religion itself prohibits intolerance....Christian ethics disavow intolerance. A State Church is not necessary, because domination does not become a Church; because a preference given to one Church is an insult to others; because the privileged Church darkens the minds of its adherents, and fills their hearts with pride." This is remarkable language, coming from its peculiar source: but a still more significant remark was made by the Emperor Francis Joseph on signing the Civil Marriage and other bills, which are in violation of and virtually nullify the Concordat of 1855 with Rome. On giving his signature to these laws he said he had no choice but to do so or abdicate.

The Pope of Rome has sent a recruiting officer to this country to enlist troops to defend Rome against Italy. Garibaldi has protested against this.

The Venezuelan authorities and rebels have "compromised" their disputes. General Rojas, the chief of the rebels, consents to be Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of the Republic, and Monagas is to be President. Meantime the elected President, Falcon, has fled no one knows where.

Denmark wants to get rid of the rest of her West India possessions, and has sent a commissioner to Washington with power to treat.

Queen Victoria lately left London for a summer in the country, much to the consternation of the kingdom, or at least the politicians, who want her on the ground at the threatened change in the Cabinet or the dissolution of Parliament. So strong was the feeling caused by this very natural act on the Queen's part that a member of the House advised her to abdicate.

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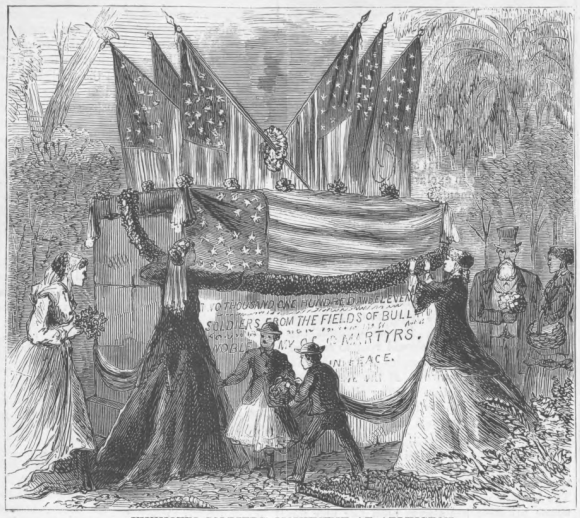


UNKNOWN SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AT ARLINGTON.

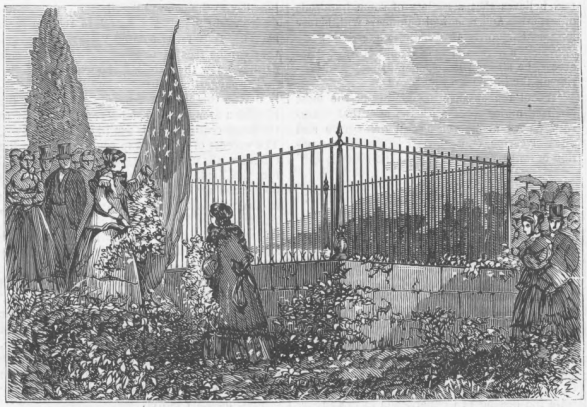
ORPHAN CHILDREN STREWING FLOWERS ON THE GRAVES AT ARLINGTON.

DECORATING THE SOLDIERS' GRAVES—CEREMONIES AT ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA.—[SKETCHED BY C. M. THOMAS.]

DECORATION OF SOLDIERS' GRAVES.

THE order of General JOHN A. LOGAN to the Grand Army of the Republic, setting apart May 30 as an occasion on which to honor the memory of the dead soldiers of the Union Army, was generally observed, not only by that organization but by our citizens in general.

Our illustrations are from several sources. The ceremonies at Arlington, Virginia, the former home of the rebel General LEE, but now a cemetery, were of a most interesting character. Arlington House was decorated with flags and crape and presented a strange and unusual appearance; an oration was delivered by Mr. GARFIELD of Ohio, and an original poem read. After this a procession was formed which moved to the tomb of the unknown soldiers who fell in Virginia during the early part of the war. This tomb is a massive granite structure, bearing an inscription to the effect that beneath the stone reposes 2111 unknown soldiers gathered after the war from the fields of Bull Run and the route to the Rappahannock, whose remains could not be identified by the names and dates of record in the archives. The tomb was tastefully decorated with flags and evergreens. Subsequently the children of the orphan asylum deployed and took positions at the different flower-stands, where they were provided with baskets of flowers, and then proceeded through the cemetery, strewing the flowers upon the mounds as they passed. The ceremony was simple, yet impressive, and many of the spectators followed the procession and added their floral offerings. The scene impressed one more fully with its solemnity as there broke upon the ear at intervals the low booming of a cannon.



DECORATING GENERAL LANDER'S GRAVE AT SALEM, MASS.—[SKETCHED BY J. W. THYNG.]

Another illustration represents the scene at Salem, Massachusetts, showing more particularly the decoration of the grave of General FREDERICK W. LANDER. The other graves having been decorated, the line was drawn up before the General's resting-place, the band playing a dirge, and after Commander PEIRSON had placed upon the tomb several beautiful emblems prepared by the hands of Mrs. LANDER, the hero's widow, the members of the Grand Army and the soldiers and sailors, uncovered, passed by and each one threw upon the tomb a floral offering.

There are over three thousand Union soldiers buried in Cypress Hill Cemetery, near Brooklyn, Long Island, and the scene which here occurred on May 30 was most impressive and yet pleasing. Several thousand old soldiers and citizens marched to the ground, and after listening to an oration, engaged, as our illustration represents them, in the work of decorating the mounds under which the soldiers repose.

DECORATING THE THREE THOUSAND SOLDIERS' GRAVES IN CYPRESS HILL CEMETERY, NEAR BROOKLYN, LONG ISLAND.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

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THE MOONSTONE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

Printed from the Author's Manuscript.

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.

CHAPTER VII.

AT the moment when I showed myself in the doorway, Rachel rose from the piano.

I closed the door behind me. We confronted each other in silence, with the full length of the room between us. The movement she had made in rising appeared to be the one exertion of which she was capable. All use of every other faculty, bodily or mental, seemed to be merged in the mere act of looking at me.

A fear crossed my mind that I had shown myself too suddenly. I advanced a few steps toward her. I said gently, "Rachel!"

The sound of my voice brought the life back to her limbs, and the color to her face. She advanced, on her side, still without speaking. Slowly, as if she was acting under some influence independent of her own will, she came nearer and nearer to me; the warm dusky color flushing her cheeks, the light of reviving intelligence brightening every instant in her eyes. I forgot the object that had brought me into her presence; I forgot the vile suspicion that rested on my good name—I forgot every consideration, past, present, and future, which I was bound to remember. I saw nothing but the woman I loved coming nearer and nearer to me. She trembled; she stood irresolute. I could resist it no longer—I caught her in my arms, and covered her face with kisses.

There was a moment when I thought the kisses were returned; a moment when it seemed as if she, too, might have forgotten. Almost before the idea could shape itself in my mind, her first voluntary action made me feel that she remembered. With a cry which was like a cry of horror—with a strength which I doubt if I could have resisted if I had tried—she thrust me back from her. I saw merciless anger in her eyes; I saw merciless contempt on her lips. She looked me over, from head to foot, as she might have looked at a stranger who had insulted her.

"You coward!" she said. "You mean, miserable, heartless coward!"

Those were her first words! The most unendurable reproach that a woman can address to a man was the reproach that she picked out to address to Me.

"I remember the time, Rachel," I said, "when you could have told me that I had offended you in a worthier way than that. I beg your pardon."

Something of the bitterness that I felt may have communicated itself to my voice. At the first words of my reply, her eyes, which had been turned away the moment before, looked back at me unwillingly. She answered in a low tone, with a sullen submission of manner which was quite new in my experience of her.

"Perhaps there is some excuse for me," she said. "After what you have done, it seems a mean action, on your part, to find your way to me as you have found it to-day. It seems a cowardly experiment, to try an experiment on my weakness for you. It seems a cowardly surprise, to surprise me into letting you kiss me. But that is only a woman's view. I ought to have known it couldn't be your view. I should have done better if I had controlled myself and said nothing."

The apology was more unendurable than the insult. The most degraded man living would have felt humiliated by it.

"If my honor was not in your hands," I said, "I would leave you this instant, and never see you again. You have spoken of what I have done. What have I done?"

"What have you done! *You* ask that question of Me?"

"I ask it."

"I have kept your infamy a secret," she answered. "And I have suffered the consequences of concealing it. Have I no claim to be spared the insult of your asking me what you have done? Is *all* sense of gratitude dead in you? You were once a gentleman. You were once dear to my mother, and dearer still to me—"

Her voice failed her. She dropped into a chair, and turned her back on me, and covered her face with her hands.

I waited a little before I trusted myself to say any more. In that moment of silence I hardly know which I felt most keenly—the sting which her contempt had planted in me, or the proud resolution which shut me out from all community with her distress.

"If you will not speak first," I said, "I must. I have come here with something serious to say to you. Will you do me the common justice of listening while I say it?"

She neither moved nor answered. I made no second appeal to her; I never advanced an inch nearer to her chair. With a pride which was as obstinate as her pride, I told her of my discovery at the Shivering Sand, and of all that had led to it. The narrative, of necessity, occupied some little time. From beginning to end she never looked round at me, and she never uttered a word.

I kept my temper. My whole future depended, in all probability, on my not losing possession of myself at that moment. The time had come to put Mr. Bruff's theory to the test. In the breathless interest of trying that experiment, I moved round so as to place myself in front of her.

"I have a question to ask you," I said. "It obliges me to refer again to a painful subject. Did Rosanna Spearman show you the night-gown? Yes, or No?"

She started to her feet; and walked close up to me of her own accord. Her eyes looked me searchingly in the face, as if to read something there which they had never read yet.

"Are you mad?" she asked.

I still restrained myself. I said, quietly, "Rachel, will you answer my question?"

She went on, without heeding me.

"Have you some object to gain which I don't understand? Some mean fear about the future, in which I am concerned? They say your father's death has made you a rich man. Have you come here to compensate me for the loss of my Diamond? And have you heart enough left to feel ashamed of your errand? Is *that* the secret of your pretense of innocence, and your story about Rosanna Spearman? Is there a motive of shame at the bottom of all the falsehood, this time?"

I stopped her there. I could control myself no longer.

"You have done me an infamous wrong!" I broke out hotly. "You suspect me of stealing your Diamond. I have a right to know, and I *will* know, the reason why!"

"Suspect you!" she exclaimed, her anger rising with mine. "*You villain, I saw you take the Diamond with my own eyes!*"

The revelation which burst upon me in those words, the overthrow which they instantly accomplished of the whole view of the case on which Mr. Bruff had relied, struck me helpless. Innocent as I was, I stood before her in silence. To her eyes, to any eyes, I must have looked like a man overwhelmed by the discovery of his own guilt.

She drew back from the spectacle of my humiliation, and of her triumph. The sudden silence that had fallen upon me seemed to frighten her. "I spared you at the time," she said. "I would have spared you now, if you had not forced me to speak." She moved away as if to leave the room—and hesitated before she got to the door. "Why did you come here to humiliate yourself?" she asked. "Why did you come here to humiliate me?" She went on a few steps, and paused once more. "For God's sake say something!" she exclaimed, passionately. "If you have any mercy left, don't let me degrade myself in this way! Say something—and drive me out of the room!"

I advanced toward her, hardly conscious of what I was doing. I had possibly some confused idea of detaining her until she had told me more. From the moment when I knew that the evidence on which I stood condemned in Rachel's mind, was the evidence of her own eyes, nothing—not even my conviction of my own innocence—was clear in my mind. I took her by the hand; I tried to speak firmly and to the purpose. All I could say was, "Rachel, you once loved me."

She shuddered, and looked away from me. Her hand lay powerless and trembling in mine. "Let go of it," she said, faintly.

My touch seemed to have the same effect on her which the sound of my voice had produced when I first entered the room. After she had said the word which called me a coward, after she had made the avowal which branded me as a thief—while her hand lay in mine I was her master still!

I drew her gently back into the middle of the room. I seated her by the side of me. "Rachel," I said, "I can't explain the contradiction in what I am going to tell you. I can only speak the truth as you have spoken it. You saw me—with your own eyes, you saw me take the Diamond. Before God who hears us, I declare that I now know I took it for the first time! Do you doubt me still?"

She had neither heeded nor heard me. "Let go of my hand," she repeated, faintly. That was her only answer. Her head sank on my shoulder; and her hand unconsciously closed on mine, at the moment when she asked me to release it.

I refrained from pressing the question. But there my forbearance stopped. My chance of ever holding up my head again among honest men depended on my chance of inducing her to make her disclosure complete. The one hope left for me was the hope that she might have overlooked something in the chain of evidence—some mere trifle, perhaps, which might nevertheless, under careful investigation, be made the means of vindicating my innocence in the end. I own I kept possession of her hand. I own I spoke to her with all that I could summon back of the sympathy and the confidence of the by-gone time.

"I want to ask you something," I said. "I want you to tell me every thing that happened, from the time when we wished each other good-night, to the time when you saw me take the Diamond."

She lifted her head from my shoulder, and made an effort to release her hand. "Oh, why go back to it!" she said. "Why go back to it!"

"I will tell you why, Rachel. You are the victim, and I am the victim, of some monstrous delusion which has worn the mask of truth. If we look at what happened on the night of your birthday, together, we may end in understanding each other yet."

Her head dropped back on my shoulder. The tears gathered in her eyes, and fell slowly over her cheeks. "Oh!" she said, "have *I* never had that hope? Have *I* not tried to see it, as you are trying now?"

"You have tried by yourself," I answered. "You have not tried with me to help you."

Those words seem to awaken in her something of the hope which I felt myself when I uttered them. She replied to my questions with more than docility—she exerted her intelligence; she willingly opened her whole mind to me.

"Let us begin," I said, "with what happened after we had wished each other good-night. Did you go to bed? or did you sit up?"

"I went to bed."

"Did you notice the time? Was it late?"

"Not very. About twelve o'clock, I think."

"Did you fall asleep?"

"No. I couldn't sleep that night."

"You were restless?"

"I was thinking of you."

The answer almost unmanned me. Something in the tone, even more than in the words, went straight to my heart. It was only after pausing a little first that I was able to go on.

"Had you any light in your room?" I asked.

"None—until I got up again, and lit my candle."

"How long was that after you had gone to bed?"

"About an hour after, I think. About one o'clock."

"Did you leave your bedroom?"

"I was going to leave it. I had put on my dressing-gown; and I was going into my sitting-room to get a book—"

"Had you opened your bedroom door?"

"I had just opened it."

"But you had not gone into the sitting-room?"

"No—I was stopped from going into it."

"What stopped you?"

"I saw a light under the door; and I heard footsteps approaching it."

"Were you frightened?"

"Not then. I knew my poor mother was a bad sleeper; and I remembered that she had tried hard that evening to persuade me to let her take charge of my Diamond. She was unreasonably anxious about it, as I thought; and I fancied she was coming to me to see if I was in bed, and to speak to me about the Diamond again, if she found that I was up."

"What did you do?"

"I blew out my candle, so that she might think I was in bed. I was unreasonable, on my side—I was determined to keep my Diamond in the place of my own choosing."

"After blowing the candle out, did you go back to bed?"

"I had no time to go back. At the moment when I blew the candle out the sitting-room door opened, and I saw—"

"You saw?"

"YOU."

"Dressed as usual?"

"No."

"In my night-gown?"

"In your night-gown—with your bedroom candle in your hand."

"Alone?"

"Alone."

"Could you see my face?"

"Yes."

"Plainly?"

"Quite plainly. The candle in your hand showed it to me."

"Were my eyes open?"

"Yes."

"Did you notice any thing strange in them? Any thing like a fixed, vacant expression?"

"Nothing of the sort. Your eyes were bright—brighter than usual. You looked about in the room as if you knew you were where you ought not to be, and as if you were afraid of being found out."

"Did you observe one thing when I came into the room—did you observe how I walked?"

"You walked as you always do. You came in as far as the middle of the room—and then you stopped and looked about you."

"What did you do on first seeing me?"

"I could do nothing. I was petrified. I couldn't speak, I couldn't call out, I couldn't even move to shut my door."

"Could I see you where you stood?"

"You might certainly have seen me. But

"SHE CAUGHT ME BY THE ARM AND BARRED MY WAY OUT."

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you never looked toward me. It's useless to ask the question. I am sure you never saw me."

"How are you sure?"

"Would you have taken the Diamond? would you have acted as you did afterward? would you be here now—if you had seen that I was awake and looking at you? Don't make me talk of that part of it! I want to answer you quietly. Help me to keep as calm as I can. Go on to something else."

She was right—in every way, right. I went on to other things.

"What did I do after I had got to the middle of the room and had stopped there?"

"You turned away, and went straight to the corner near the window—where my Indian cabinet stands."

"When I was at the cabinet my back must have been turned toward you. How did you see what I was doing?"

"When you moved, I moved."

"So as to see what I was about with my hands?"

"There are three glasses in my sitting-room. As you stood there I saw all that you did reflected in one of them."

"What did you see?"

"You put your candle on the top of the cabinet. You opened and shut one drawer after another until you came to the drawer in which I had put my Diamond. You looked at the open drawer for a moment. And then you put your hand in and took the Diamond out."

"How do you know I took the Diamond out?"

"I saw your hand go into the drawer. And I saw the gleam of the stone, between your finger and thumb, when you took your hand out."

"Did my hand approach the drawer again—to close it, for instance?"

"No. You had the Diamond in your right hand; and you took the candle from the top of the cabinet with your left hand."

"Did I look about me again after that?"

"No."

"Did I leave the room immediately?"

"No. You stood quite still for what seemed a long time. I saw your face sideways in the glass. You looked like a man thinking, and dissatisfied with his own thoughts."

"What happened next?"

"You roused yourself on a sudden, and you went straight out of the room."

"Did I close the door after me?"

"No. You passed out quickly into the passage, and left the door open."

"And then?"

"Then your light disappeared, and the sound of your steps died away, and I was left alone in the dark."

"Did nothing happen—from that time to the time when the whole house knew that the Diamond was lost?"

"Nothing."

"Are you sure of that? Might you not have been asleep a part of the time?"

"I never slept. I never went back to my bed. Nothing happened until Penelope came in, at the usual time in the morning."

I dropped her hand, and rose, and took a turn in the room. Every question that I could put had been answered. Every detail that I could desire to know had been placed before me. I had even reverted to the idea of sleep-walking, and the idea of intoxication; and, again, the worthlessness of the one theory and the other had been proved—on the authority, this time, of the witness who had seen me. What was to be said next? what was to be done next? There rose the horrible fact of the Theft—the one visible, tangible object that confronted me, in the midst of the impenetrable darkness which enveloped all besides! Not a glimpse of light to guide me, when I had possessed myself of Rosanna Spearman's secret at the Shivering Sand. And not a glimpse of light now, when I had appealed to Rachel herself, and had heard the hateful story of the night from her own lips.

She was the first, this time, to break the silence.

"Well?" she said, "you have asked, and I have answered. You have made me hope something from all this, because *you* hoped something from it. What have you to say now?"

The tone in which she spoke warned me that my influence over her was a lost influence once more.

"We were to look at what happened on my birthday night, together," she went on; "and we were then to understand each other. Have we done that?"

She waited pitilessly for my reply. In answering her I committed a fatal error—I let the exasperating helplessness of my situation get the better of my self-control. Rashly and uselessly, I reproached her for the silence which had kept me until that moment in ignorance of the truth.

"If you had spoken when you ought to have spoken," I began; "if you had done me the common justice to explain yourself—"

She broke in on me with a cry of fury. The few words I had said seemed to have lashed her on the instant into a frenzy of rage.

"Explain myself!" she repeated. "Oh! is there another man like this in the world? I spare him, when my heart is breaking; I screen him when my own character is at stake; and *he*—of all human beings, *he*—turns on me now, and tells me that I ought to have explained myself! After believing in him as I did, after loving him as I did, after thinking of him by day, and dreaming of him by night—he wonders why I didn't charge him with his disgrace the first time we met: 'My heart's darling, you are a Thief! My hero whom I love and honor, you have crept into my room under cover of the night, and stolen my Diamond!' That is what I ought to have said. You villain, you mean, mean, mean villain, I would have lost fifty Diamonds rather than see your face lying to me, as I see it lying now!"

I took up my hat. In mercy to *her*—yes! I can honestly say it—in mercy to *her*, I turned away without a word, and opened the door by which I had entered the room.

She followed, and snatched the door out of my hand; she closed it, and pointed back to the place that I had left.

"No!" she said. "Not yet! It seems that *I* owe a justification of my conduct to *you*. You shall stay and hear it. Or you shall stoop to the lowest infamy of all, and force your way out."

It wrung my heart to see her; it wrung my heart to hear it. I answered by a sign—it was all I could do—that I submitted myself to her will.

The crimson flush of anger began to fade out of her face, as I went back, and took my chair in silence. She waited a little, and steadied herself. When she went on but one sign of feeling was discernible in her. She spoke without looking at me. Her hands were fast clasped in her lap, and her eyes were fixed on the ground.

"I ought to have done you the common justice to explain myself," she said, repeating my own words. "You shall see whether I did try to do you justice or not. I told you just now that I never slept, and never returned to my bed, after you had left my sitting-room. It's useless to trouble you by dwelling on what I thought—you wouldn't understand my thoughts—I will only tell you what I did when time enough had passed to help me to recover myself. I refrained from alarming the house, and telling every body what had happened—as I ought to have done. In spite of what I had seen I was fond enough of you to believe—no matter what!—any impossibility, rather than admit it to my own mind that you were deliberately a thief. I thought and thought—and I ended in writing to you."

"I never received the letter."

"I know you never received it. Wait a little, and you shall hear why. My letter would have told you nothing openly. It would not have ruined you for life, if it had fallen into some other person's hands. It would only have said—in a manner which you yourself could not possibly have mistaken—that I had reason to know you were in debt, and that it was in my experience and in my mother's experience of you, that you were not very discreet, or very scrupulous about how you got money when you wanted it. You would have remembered the visit of the French lawyer, and you would have known what I referred to. If you had read on with some interest after that, you would have come to an offer I had to make to you—the offer, privately (not a word, mind, to be said openly about it between us!), of the loan of as large a sum of money as I could get.—And I would have got it!" she exclaimed, her color beginning to rise again, and her eyes looking up at me once more. "I would have pledged the Diamond myself, if I could have got the money in no other way! In those words, I wrote to you. Wait! I did more than that. I arranged with Penelope to give you the letter when nobody was near. I planned to shut myself into my bedroom, and to have the sitting-room left open and empty all the morning. And I hoped—with all my heart and soul I hoped!—that you would take the opportunity, and put the Diamond back secretly in the drawer."

I attempted to speak. She lifted her hand impatiently and stopped me. In the rapid alternations of her temper, her anger was beginning to rise again. She got up from her chair and approached me.

"I know what you are going to say," she went on. "You are going to remind me again that you never received my letter. I can tell you why. I tore it up."

"For what reason?" I asked.

"For the best of reasons. I preferred tearing it up to throwing it away upon such a man as you! What was the first news that reached me in the morning? Just as my little plan was complete, what did I hear? I heard that you—you!!—were the foremost person in the house in fetching the police. You were the active man; you were the leader; you were working harder than any of them to recover the jewel! You even carried your audacity far enough to ask to speak to *me* about the loss of the Diamond—the Diamond which you yourself had stolen; the Diamond which was all the time in your own hands! After that proof of your horrible falseness and cunning I tore up my letter. But even then—even when I was maddened by the searching and questioning of the policeman, whom *you* had sent in—even then, there was some infatuation in my mind which wouldn't let me give you up. I said to myself, 'He has played his vile farce before every body else in the house. Let me try if he can play it before Me.' Somebody told me you were on the terrace. I went down to the terrace. I forced myself to look at you; I forced myself to speak to you. Have you forgotten what I said?"

I might have answered that I remembered every word of it. But what purpose, at that moment, would the answer have served?

How could I tell her that what she had said had astonished me, had distressed me, had suggested to me that she was in a state of dangerous nervous excitement, had even roused a moment's doubt in my mind whether the loss of the jewel was as much a mystery to her as to the rest of us—but had never once given me so much as a glimpse at the truth? Without the shadow of a proof to produce in vindication of my innocence, how could I persuade her that I knew no more than the veriest stranger could have known of what was really in her thoughts when she spoke to me on the terrace?

"It may suit your convenience to forget; it suits my convenience to remember," she went on. "I know what I said—for I considered it with myself before I said it. I gave you one opportunity after another of owning the truth. I left nothing unsaid that I *could* say—short of actually telling you that I knew you had committed the theft. And all the return you made was to look at me with your vile pretense of astonishment, and your false face of innocence—just as you have looked at me to-day; just as you are looking at me now! I left you that morning knowing you at last for what you were—for what you are—as base a wretch as ever walked the earth!"

"If you had spoken out at the time you might have left me, Rachel, knowing that you had cruelly wronged an innocent man."

"If I had spoken out before other people," she retorted, with another burst of indignation, "you would have been disgraced for life! If I had spoken out to no ears but yours, you would have denied it, as you are denying it now! Do you think I should have believed you? Would a man hesitate at a lie, who had done what I saw *you* do—who had behaved about it afterward as I saw *you* behave? I tell you again, I shrank from the horror of hearing you lie, after the horror of seeing you thieve. You talk as if this was a misunderstanding which a few words might have set right! Well! the misunderstanding is at an end. Is the thing set right? No! the thing is just where it was. I don't believe you *now!* I don't believe you found the night-gown, I don't believe in Rosanna Spearman's letter, I don't believe a word you have said. You stole it—I saw you! You affected to help the police—I saw you! You pledged the Diamond to the money-lender in London—I am sure of it! You cast the suspicion of your disgrace (thanks to my base silence!) on an innocent man! You fled to the Continent with your plunder the next morning! After all the vileness, there was but one thing more you *could* do. You could come here with a last falsehood on your lips—you could come here and tell me that I have wronged you!"

If I had staid a moment more, I know not what words might have escaped me which I should have remembered with vain repentance and regret. I passed by her and opened the door for the second time. For the second time—with the frantic perversity of a roused woman—she caught me by the arm and barred my way out.

"Let me go, Rachel," I said. "It will be better for both of us. Let me go."

The hysterical passion swelled in her bosom—her quickened convulsive breathing almost beat on my face, as she held me back at the door.

"Why did you come here?" she persisted, desperately. "I ask you again—why did you come here? Are you afraid I shall expose you? Now you are a rich man, now you have got a place in the world, now you may marry the best lady in the land—are you afraid I shall say the words which I have never said yet to any body but you? I can't say the words! I can't expose you! I am worse, if worse can be, than you are yourself." Sobs and tears burst from her. She struggled with them fiercely; she held me more and more firmly. "I can't tear you out of my heart," she said, "even now! You may trust in the shameful, shameful weakness which can only struggle against you in this way!" She suddenly let go of me—she threw up her hands and wrung them frantically in the air. "Any other living woman would shrink from the disgrace of touching him!" she exclaimed. "Oh, God! I despise myself even more heartily than I despise *him!*"

The tears were forcing their way into my eyes in spite of me—the horror of it was to be endured no longer.

"You shall know that you have wronged me, yet," I said. "Or you shall never see me again!"

With those words I left her. She started up from the chair on which she had dropped the moment before: she started up—the noble creature!—and followed me across the outer room, with a last merciful word at parting.

"Franklin!" she said, "I forgive you! Oh, Franklin! Franklin! we shall never meet again. Say you forgive *me!*"

I turned, so as to let my face show her that I was past speaking—I turned, and waved my hand, and saw her dimly, as in a vision, through the tears that had conquered me at last.

The next moment the worst bitterness of it was over. I was out in the garden again. I saw her, and heard her, no more.

WHEN IS EVERETT COMING?

MOTHER HUBBARD lived in a little yellow house with a green and white door, and a row of sugar-maples before it. She did not keep a dog, but she kept two pigs and seven children.

There was never in the whole house so much as ten dollars in ready money unless it was just before tax-day; but as nobody in town, excepting it might be the village merchant, and, mayhap, the doctor, was any better off, her position and relative wealth was as though she had lived on Beacon Street, kept a carriage, and never did any thing so vulgar as to walk across the Common.

Indeed she did keep a carriage: a high-backed wagon, with yellow body and without springs; and she kept a meek fat horse that did the family plowing, and was also family pleasure horse. The last duty was not severe though, for nobody ever went any where but to mill and meeting, and once in a month or so to the store in a neighboring village.

Mrs. Hubbard spun the yarn, wove the cloth, and made the clothes for these seven small bodies. She cooked their dinners, mended their manners, kept the house, and never thought of help from any but her own two hands. Up in the morning with the robins, she never stopped until she went to bed, where, fortunately for her taxed body, Puritan thrift sent her at robin-time also, which was quite a saving in candles, you see. And every body has heard how much a penny saved amounts to. Indeed, Mrs. Hubbard's wealth, as well as her neighbors', chiefly consisted in this sort of negative riches.

One May morning, when the lilac-buds were swelling, and the maples were trying in vain to hide a beautiful secret in their rough hearts, Mother Hubbard's eldest son Everett looked from his bedroom-window, and saw the grass that had been working hard for a month to make its way in the world covered with fast-falling snow. It was a very pretty sight, as though the yard had been covered with sea-green frosted illusion; but of course no such thought was suggested to Everett. In the first place, such a thing as "frosted illusion" suggested had never been heard of at Cranberry Heath; and if every girl in town had trimmed her hat with it Everett's mind was not of such sentimental order. In that regard he did better credit to Mother Hubbard's training.

"Can't pile wood to-day," said his practical thoughts. "May as well take the time to go for the things mother wants over at Wilmington."

Accordingly he went.

"Can't I go with you? Can't I?" cried one of the least little Hubbards.

"Oh no, not to-day! It is too cold and too stormy. Wait till some time when I build a fire under my coat, and then you can crawl in and go nice as a cotton hat," replied Everett, tying a red tippet around his neck.

The little Guy was old enough not to expect such a fairy tale would really come true, but yet young enough and poetical enough to be consoled by the charming picture; so he stood at the window thinking just how the fire would look and what a ride that would be sitting by it, as the white-nosed horse, winking his eyes against the storm, and Everett in the high-backed wagon, with a green umbrella over his head, started up the road together.

Everett had not gone far, only down the first hill and around the first corner, when in the midst of a strip of pine-land through which the road ran, a chaise, one of the first ever seen in Cranberry Heath, passed him, drawn by a spotted horse. As it dashed by the driver looked out to bow with a touch of his hat and a flourish of his hand, and Everett saw him to be Byron Kitchen, the son of his very next neighbor.

"See that!" said Everett, aloud, in his surprise. "That comes from going to the city. I mean to go."

So all the rest of the way to and from Wilmington he made plans, and made them to such good purpose that the next week when Byron Kitchen returned to the city Everett went with him.

And this was the beginning of a little style and an occasional luxury that crept into Mother Hubbard's household. Every August Everett came home with the latest fashion in a hat on his head, a gay tie on his neck, pomatum enough to oil a wagon on his hair, and the smell of the city all over him. He always brought a box full of loaf-sugar and oranges, a superior article of tea, fancy crackers, and fresh fruit; and another smaller box, full of glass jewelry and toys, books with bright covers, and a dress or cap for his mother. So that Everett's coming was like finding the end of the rainbow.

"What a shocking fence, mother! you have seen it fall away board by board, and you don't realize how horridly it looks as one does just from abroad. And, mother, the house needs paint badly outside and in," said he, upon one of these Augusts.

"I know it, Everett, but I have not the money to spare in this way," replied Mother Hubbard.

"Don't give yourself any uneasiness about the money, mother," replied Everett, rattling some pennies and a silver pencil-case in his pocket.

Mother Hubbard said no more, but went off to her churning; and the next day Mr. Beggs and Mr. M'Fadden came, the one with his whitewash and paint-pots, and the other with boards and nails. And when the work was done the workmen were so mercenary they wanted their pay.

"Mother shall not be troubled about it," said Everett, who had only what money he needed to take him back to the city and to buy some cologne and candy for his sisters. So he cast about him.

"There is Cummings. I can get it of Cummings," he decided.

Mr. Cummings was a sort of rural broker. He did not keep an office with his name over the door, as some brokers do; but he had money, and he stood at the corners and looked to the east and the west, and the north and the south, to see who was coming; and one day he saw Everett Hubbard coming.

"Can you lend me a hundred or so for a few days, Mr. Cummings?" began Everett. "Just starting in business, as I have done, makes me a little short, and if you can let me have that amount for—well, call it two months if we make a note at all; I am not particular about the time."

Mr. Cummings took his hands from his pockets, twitched down his vest, and put his hands back into his pockets again. "I should like to accommodate you first-rate," he answered, in a sprawling tone, "but I haven't any such sum of money by me. However, I don't know but I might get it over at Hampton. I wouldn't mind riding over there and trying it the last of the week, if your mother will put her name on the note too."

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"Nothing in the world is single,
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle.
Why not I with thine?"

"Patience, I wish thee wouldn't sing," chided Aunt Phebe. "It sounds so trifling and frivolous."

Patience's song was checked, but the new light her eyes had brought from Eagle Cliff the night before did not die, and her step was as if she trod on air.

"I never saw such hoity-toity ways," Aunt Phebe said to Patience's mother. "She makes me think of some wild thing fairly let loose. It all comes of letting her go outside of her own Society. I always knew it would make mischief. Jane; thee must speak to thy child. Thee owes it to thy religion as well as thy erring offspring."

And Jane Wilson, sighing, heavily spoke to Patience. "My daughter," she said, "how did it happen that John Duane came home with thee last night?"

Patience colored, but she replied, stoutly, "It did not happen at all. It was a piece of deliberate election on his part, and of entire willingness on mine."

"Where was Eli Gardner?" asked her mother, anxiously.

"Oh mother! I don't like Eli Gardner," Patience broke out, resentfully.

"Of course thee don't like John Duane either, for that matter," said Aunt Phebe.

"But I do," answered Patience, in a voice that was intended to be firm, but maidenly modesty made the confession low.

Jane Wilson looked at Phebe Morgan helplessly. It was much worse than she expected. A liking confessed that way was loving. "He is not of thy people," she said, sadly.

"He is a good man," Patience answered. "He is a devoted son and a kind brother. By his own careful management he has kept the homestead and placed the family beyond want. And then—he loves me."

Phebe Morgan groaned. "He is a man of the world, given up to its pomps and vanities," she said. "His raiment is of fashionable cut. He praises his God, not in his heart, but on a strange instrument. He dances to the sound of the fiddle, and mingles with wine-bibbers and sinners. It behooves thee, Patience, to look well to thy ways, for thy feet stand on slippery places. Eli Gardner is a steady man, whose principles thee could rely upon, and who would be acceptable to thy family."

"I shall never marry Eli Gardner," Patience answered, firmly.

"Thee is standing in thy own light," said Phebe Morgan, in sharp, rebuking tones.

"It grieves me to the heart, Patience, to think of thee joining the world's Vanity Fair and forgetting the simplicity and spirituality of thy fathers," Jane Wilson said, sadly.

Patience turned from her Aunt Phebe to her mother. It was one of Phebe Morgan's trials that people paid little heed to her advice. Her sister Jane, with half her words, wielded double her power. Patience Wilson looked at her mother, and in low, tearful tones answered, "Thee doesn't know what thee asks me to give up when thee bids me dismiss John Duane."

"I know, my child," fell from the mother's lips. "When I was a girl I stood where thy feet stand."

"Yes, thy mother is a brand plucked from the burning," broke out Phebe Morgan.

Patience Wilson stood profoundly meditative with white quivering lips. Where she stood her mother had stood before her. The holy calm of that mother's life had grown out of suffering and sacrifice. Patience was worthy of her people. "I will give up John Duane," she said, firmly.

The query in John Duane's song, "Why not I with thine?" was answered. There was an end to stray locks on Patience Wilson's forehead and scarlet berries in her hair. Life meant sacrifice now. "I shall make an out and out Quakeress," she thought.

"She will yet preach from the high seats," thought Aunt Phebe.

But Patience Wilson's mother sighed. Whatever sacrifice her life had known she had found some compensation in Abram Wilson's love, but no such compensation came to Patience.

"I shall never marry Eli Gardner to the longest day I live," she said to her mother, months after she had given up John Duane, and Jane Wilson recognized in her daughter a tenacity of purpose that admitted of no compensation.

She was thinking of these things sitting in her tidy sitting-room the following Sunday afternoon. She had closed her Bible and laid off her spectacles, while she glanced around the room with a mother's fond pride. Rebecca and the younger sisters were reading quietly, but Patience drummed listlessly on the window pane with a weariness in her face that was painful to see in one so young.

"Hadn't thee better read the Review?" asked Aunt Phebe, from her rocking-chair across the room.

"I was thinking a review," answered Patience, but she ceased her drumming, and let her hands fall idly in her lap.

"David, I am ashamed of thee," exclaimed Aunt Phebe as David Wilson let the cat upon the floor with its paws tied up in papers. "Read thy book about that good little boy who ought to be a pattern to thee."

"Pshaw!" answered David, somewhat irreverently. "He died when he was eight years old. Good little boys in books always does. I say!" he added, rushing to the window, "there goes Billy Duane. He has got to go up to the Church of the Holy Tooth-pick to pump the organ for John. They've got a 'Piscopal crab to preach up there, and Billy says he is the jolliest man to tell stories. Thee needn't scold, Aunt Phebe, 'cause I call him a crab; that's his name. I seen it on a letter—Rev. Harold Crabbe. They are going to have some bully music up there tonight, 'cause John is going up to practice a chant, and Billy has got to go and pump for him. Golly, wouldn't I like to hear him play! I wish we had an organ in our meeting-house. I don't see why we don't, I say, mother!"

But Jane Wilson did not answer. A great change had come over her. The meekness had gone out of her face, and the Madonna sadness from her eyes. Jane Wilson seemed to sit among her astonished children not the woman who lived in perpetual calm, but deeply stirred, and agitated with uncontrollable emotion.

"Jane!" exclaimed Phebe Morgan in deep, significant, and rebuking tones. "Thee forgets thyself."

"Unfortunately, I remember," was the deep, passionate answer, and for a single instant there flashed into Jane Wilson's eyes the spirit of rebellion that sometimes sat on Patience's face. It was only an instant. She glanced around the room on her children's wondering faces, and with the habit of years upon her she put away the new, strange mood, and sat with her hands clasped over her Bible, the sad-eyed, Madonna-faced woman.

Patience Wilson that night crumpled in her hand a note. It was John Duane's old plea presented for the last time:

"Nothing in the world is single,
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle.
Why not I with thine?"

"There is no use," Patience Wilson was saying to herself. "I can not grieve my mother so. After to-night there shall be an end. After to-night!"

She arose with a determined air, put on the simple drab bonnet and gray shawl and went out. At the gate she halted and glanced at the windows of the low farm-house. Through the half-parted curtains of the sitting-room she could see her Aunt Phebe's rigid face and snowy cap, and Patience Wilson unconsciously crouched behind the fence. What she meditated would bring all the vials of that good woman's indignation on her head. She glanced upward to her mother's bedchamber where a low light burned. Was that mother praying for her? And was the intent of her heart counter to that mother's prayers and teachings? She turned for a moment as if to retrace her steps.

The light of her mother's chamber went suddenly out and Patience debated with herself. "She will never know," she said, determinedly, after a minute more of wavering, "and I must hear John Duane's music once more." She turned and took the direction of St. John's.

Suddenly she stopped, for the door of the farm-house closed softly and a bent figure moved slowly down the narrow walk and out of the little gate. She bent her ear to listen, but there was no sound save the ringing of the bell at St. John's. That bell brought up a memory of John Duane again. "It was only my nerves that made me think I heard footsteps," she said to herself, reassuringly. "And I must hear John Duane this once." She moved on stealthily, half crouching by the road-side, and a little way behind, like a shadow of her guilty self, stealthily crept another half bent figure. It took the direction of St. John's also, sometimes wavering as Patience had done, but always choosing finally the road that lay toward the little Episcopalian church.

Away in the back of St. John's, so far back that she sat quite in the shadow, Patience Wilson sat and listened to the organ's music.

As the last notes died away another woman in the simple garb of a Quakeress entered the opposite side of St. John's and sat down in the shadow likewise. Studying those two faces, one could not but be struck with their resemblance. One had listened to the music as if her heart and soul were drinking in the strains. The other listened to the sermon not less eagerly or intently. On the faces of both was the meek sadness of self-renunciation with this difference—one was self-renunciation just begun, the other was self-renunciation with the stamp of age upon it.

After the sermon Patience Wilson arose and went out. She longed to hear the last chant, but she would not for the world have John Duane see her there. At the same time the plain woman in the opposite shadow arose and went out. On the graveled walk they came face to face.

"Patience!" exclaimed the elder woman.

"Mother!" exclaimed the other.

They walked on in silence toward their home. Phebe Morgan met them at the door.

"Where has thee been?" she asked, anxiously.

"To St. John's," answered Jane Wilson, calmly.

"Not there? And thee a preacher! It is contrary to the discipline!" exclaimed Phebe Morgan, in a shocked tone.

Jane Wilson smiled. That smile was full of dignified self-assertion.

"It is contrary to the discipline of my whole life," she answered. "To-day I have learned anew why men and women should leave father and mother and cleave unto wife and husband. When twain are made one flesh time and distance can not divide them. This night I have listened to Harold Crabbe—I who once gave him up because his creed was unlike mine. I have listened to him with self-condemnation, saying to myself, who art thou that judgest thy neighbor? His is a pure heart and a self-sacrificing life, whatever his creed may be. I have sat and stood in the great congregation to-night, in a church with costly gildings and heavy tapestry and pealing organ, and I have found there true worshipers of the true God whom we worship.

As Jane Wilson spoke there had come upon the porch and into the little hall the tread of manly feet, and now there stood within the door a young man, with a puzzled face and eager questioning eyes. Jane Wilson extended her hand.

"John Duane, thee is welcome," she said, kindly.

A flush stole over the young man's face as he replied, earnestly,

"Friend Wilson, I do not crave your welcome as a neighbor and friend merely. I desire Patience, to have and to hold, to cherish and protect. Am I welcome?"

"Thee is welcome," answered Jane Wilson.

She took the hand of her daughter Patience, and laid it in John Duane's, saying in reverent tones,

"What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

"And thyself?" asked Phebe Morgan, who, years before, had put asunder her sister Jane and Harold Crabbe.

"The old way for me," Jane Wilson replied, calmly. "The end is not far off."

As for Phebe Morgan, zealous in good works and faithful in her sect, she left the trio to their dreams of love, present and past, and went up stairs softly, repeating to herself, with a new meaning:

"'Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I gave my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.'"

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"MORE fresh air and less medicine" is a maxim which multitudes would be wise to adopt. Unless the lungs are constantly supplied with an abundance of fresh air perfect health can not be preserved. This is a very trite remark; but people need to have the matter brought before them often, for they *will* sit and sleep in close, ill-ventilated rooms, if there is the slightest pretext for so doing. Mr. Lewis W. Leeds, who during the war had the charge of ventilating Government hospitals, and is now consulting engineer of ventilation and heating for the United States Treasury Department, says that "thousands are poisoned to death by their own breath every year;" that "it is in our own houses that the blighting, withering curse of foul air is found." That the external atmosphere often contains great impurities there is no doubt, but if the vitiated exhalations of the lungs are added to these the evil is tenfold more serious. Now that the summer has come every body will naturally seek fresh air, yet even during this season, except when it is oppressively hot, many exclude the night-air from their sleeping apartments, fearful of its dampness. Many persons say there is no danger in sleeping in a *draught* of air; but those unaccustomed to such exposure would doubtless experience immediate ill effects from so doing. But there should always be a circulation of pure air in the sleeping-room. A window opened at the top and bottom a few inches will keep the air in motion. As to fire-boards, which are usually nearly air-tight, Mr. Leeds thinks the best use that can be made of them is to cut them up for kindling wood. In the cold season an open fire assists ventilation, but do not board up the fire-place when summer comes. There is no surer preventive against epidemic diseases than pure air. Open the doors and windows then, and let in the air. No matter if June continues in the fashion of her sister May, and showers fall every day; if we must have damp air, let it be as fresh as can be obtained.

A large and very valuable collection of fossils from the green sand beds of the well-known Squankum Marl Company, near Farmingdale, New Jersey, has recently been presented to the Peabody Museum of Yale College. It consists of several thousand specimens, many of them new to science, and is an important acquisition to the Museum.

An exchange says that the secret of being able to sleep at will depends upon the power of fixing the attention upon the breathing. The person must depict to himself that he sees the breath passing from his nostrils in a continuous stream, and the very instant that he brings his mind to conceive this, apart from all other ideas, consciousness and memory depart; imagination slumbers; fancy becomes dormant, thought subdued; the sentient faculties lose their susceptibility; the vital or ganglionic system assumes the sovereignty, and he no longer wakes, but sleeps. We recommend this as an excellent method for one who is *very sleepy!* If not pretty sleepy you had better wait a while, as you may get your eyes fixed wide open in your endeavors to see the "continuous stream" of breath.

The publisher of *The Independent* has been impeached by all of his employés, and, in an extemporized congress, he has been accused, in eleven distinct articles, of having been guilty of recent generous acts and habitual good-behavior. Our space will not permit us to quote all the charges made; but the Eleventh Article is as follows: "*Article Eleventh.*—You are charged, finally, with never having spoken a harsh or unkind word to any person in any department of the *Independent* establishment; with always exhibiting to us a cheerful countenance; with never forgetting to bestow bountiful and generous commendation on our best endeavors; and, in short, with a deliberate attempt on your part to make our daily work a daily pleasure." The sentence pronounced was that the accused should accept, as the lightest penalty which could justly be inflicted, an elegant Parian statuette of "Santa Filomena," executed by Alderman Copeland, of London—a gem of art.

The Astor House, which was opened when New York was comparatively a village, and which, perhaps, is more extensively known than any other hotel in America, has recently been renovated and greatly improved. Once—years ago—it was situated in the centre of fashionable life; now it is in the centre of business life. The building has been re-papered, re-carpeted, and re-furnished throughout, and every addition made which comfort or elegance could demand. An entirely new kitchen has been built, which is said to contain the largest cooking range in the world. It was built by a French firm, and has seven ovens and three covers, and can easily cook for 2500 persons. The dining-room has been newly painted and frescoed; and the new patent elevator is an addition which will be welcomed by the patrons of this house.

A dreadful occurrence recently took place in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. A Mrs. M'Knight had been severely burned by her clothes taking fire from a stove. She was in a fair way to recover, when one day she complained of an increased burning in one of her limbs. The person in attendance, on turning down the bed-clothes, discovered that the blanket was on fire, and that a portion of the bed had been burned. The injuries thus received, and the excitement occasioned, caused her death the same day. How long the burning had been going on previous to the discovery could not be ascertained; but a considerable portion of the bed and clothes were consumed. The fire is supposed to have originated from spontaneous combustion, caused by the remedies applied to her injuries. It is well known that certain substances are liable to undergo chemical changes which develop sufficient heat to set them on fire. Cloths saturated with oil have been thus inflamed, and by being piled together in large quantities the danger is increased by the accumulation of heat.

The Memphis *Post* gives an account of the mobbing of a teacher of a colored school at Salisbury, Tennessee. The teacher was a white man, sent there by the Freedmen's Bureau a few weeks ago. One Saturday evening half a dozen of the President's sympathizers disguised themselves by blackening their faces, and called upon the teacher, cocked their drawn revolvers upon him, and beat and battered him to their cruel satisfaction. Their only excuse was their determination that no white man should teach colored children at that place.

One of the English Reviews indulges in a lengthy article upon "Little Women." It is not very complimentary to tall, broad-shouldered, large-armed "giantesses," but bestows abundant praise upon smart, trim "little women" with "no more biceps than a ladybird, and just about equal strength with a sparrow." It seems quite of opinion that energy, bravery, and power are, in general, associated with smallness; that a small creature whom one blow from a huge man's fist could annihilate, gets her own way in every thing, and conquers opposition by her very weakness. Finally it concludes that, on the whole, "little women have the best of it. More petted than their bigger sisters, and infinitely more powerful, they have their own way in part because it really does not seem worth while to contest a point with such little creatures. There is nothing that wounds a man's self-respect in any victory they may get or claim. Where there is absolute inequality of strength, there can be no humiliation in the self-imposed defeat of the stronger; and as it is always more pleasant to have peace than war, and as big men for the most part rather like than not to put their necks under the tread of tiny feet, the little woman goes on her way triumphant to the end, breaking all the laws she does not like, and throwing down all the barriers that impede her progress, perfectly irresistible and irrepressible in all circumstances and under any conditions."

The young Prince Imperial of France is now about twelve years old. He is small of his age, has a gentle, though full face, dark chestnut hair, and his mother's beautiful eyes. He is frank and genial. A little incident is related of him, which illustrates his sweet temper. It occurred several years ago. Some misunderstanding had arisen between the young Napoleon and a playmate to whom he was much attached, and in the excitement of their juvenile quarrel the Prince received a blow. But the child, turning his earnest and thoughtful eye on his little companion, said, "I can not return it to you, because you are a Frenchman, and I am the Prince Imperial of France." The children were duly separated and put in disgrace; when, next day, his pugnacious friend was brought by his father to apologize for having so far forgotten himself, the Prince, on seeing him, threw his arms round his neck, saying, "Ah, how unhappy I have been not to have seen you a whole day!"

A Cleveland (Ohio) paper states that quite a sensation was recently created in that city by the arrival of a family possessed of startling characteristics, who were on the way to Chicago to embark in the show business. Two women and a boy comprised the remarkable features of the group. One woman was seven feet six inches high, and the other weighed seven hundred pounds. The boy, an infant of four years, weighed two hundred and thirty pounds.

The following experience of a humorous traveler, who attempted to get a dinner at Rochester, on the Central Railroad, is worth reading by all who enjoy a good laugh:

"Twenty minutes for dinner!" shouted the brakesman, as we approached the city.

Arrived there, I entered the dining-room and inquired of the waiter:

"What do you have for dinner?"

"Twenty minutes," was the hurried reply.

I told him I would try half a dozen minutes raw, on the half-shell, just to see how they went.

He scratched his head, trying to comprehend the order, but finally gave it up and waited upon some one else.

I approached a man who stood near the door with a roll of money in his hand.

"What do you have for dinner?"

"Half a dollar," says he.

I told him that I would take half a dollar well done; and asked him if he couldn't send me in addition a boiled pocket-book stuffed with greenbacks, and some seven-thirties garnished with postage-stamps and ten-cent script. Also, I would like to wash my dinner down with National Band Notes, on "draft."

Chili is a musical country. It is said that when Gottschalk was about to give a great concert there he made a requisition upon the civil and military bands of Valparaiso and Santiago. Upon their presenting themselves he was amazed to find that not an eighth part of them could read or write, and not a fourth part knew a note or character of music. But what was his astonishment when he found that almost entire operas were familiar to them, and that they were able to repeat with perfect accuracy intricate parts of music by hearing them played but once or twice.

The faith exercised by a great many persons is like that of the old lady who one night was reading that passage in the Bible which speaks of the faith that can remove mountains. There was behind her humble dwelling a high hill which hid the nearest village from her view. She had often wished that this hill might be taken away; so before retiring she prayed that it might be removed. In the morning when she arose and lifted the curtain, lo! the mountain was still there. Then the old lady said to her son, "Just as I expected, John: the old hill stands there yet!"

Considerable excitement has been felt in Paris in regard to some strange disclosures which have recently been made in regard to the confinement of a number of persons, believed to be perfectly sane, in lunatic asylums. The Emperor has given directions for careful official inquiry to be made, and intends to visit some of the asylums himself.

A late number of the London *Quarterly Review* contains an interesting article upon the utilization of refuse matter. Old and spoiled photographs are considered a very valuable waste, in consequence of the amount of gold and silver they contain, which is recovered by simply burning them, and from the washings of the prepared paper they are secured by evaporation. The amount of refuse silver thus recovered amounted in one large photographic paper establishment to £1000 in one year.

Every refuse of the precious metals is most carefully collected. A jeweler's leather, old and well worn, is often worth many dollars; and what are termed "sweeps" or the dust collected in the leathern receptacle that is suspended under every working jeweler's bench, is a regular article of trade. A worker in the precious metals can always obtain a new waistcoat for an old one in consequence of the valuable dust adhering to it. Bookbinders doing a large business tell almost incredible tales of the amount of gold they collect from the floors and the rags of the binders

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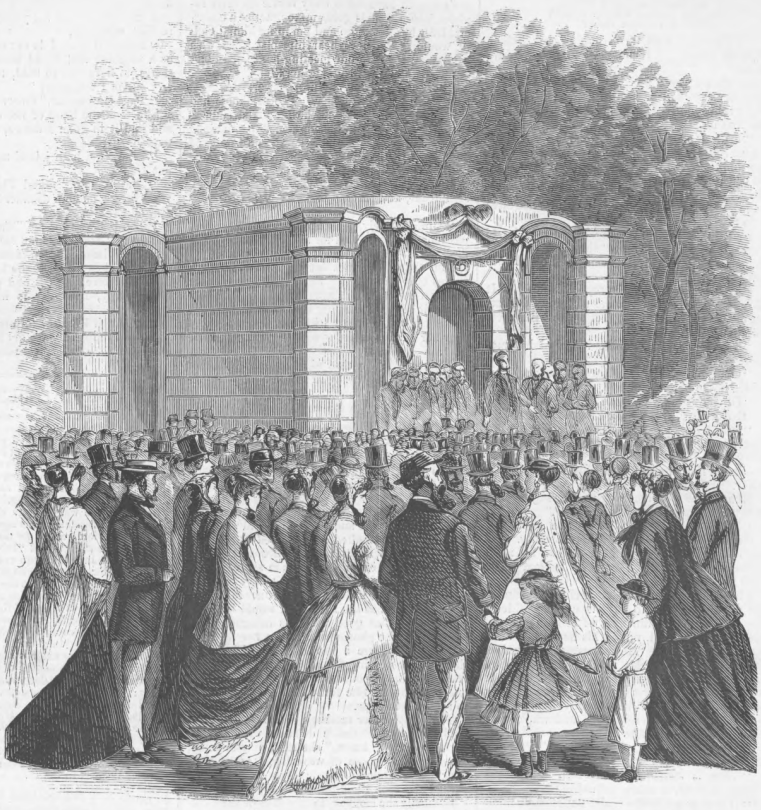
THE LATE EX-PRESIDENT BUCHANAN.

EX-PRESIDENT BUCHANAN.

JAMES BUCHANAN, fifteenth President of the United States, died at Wheatland, Pennsylvania, on June 1, 1868, aged seventy-seven. We give above an accurate portrait of the deceased ex-President.

Mr. BUCHANAN was born at Stony Batter, Franklin County, Pennsylvania, on April 22, 1791. His parents were of Scotch-Irish extraction. He was graduated at Dickinson College in 1809, and admitted to the Lancaster bar in 1812. At 23 he entered the Pennsylvania Legislature, and at 29 was elected to Congress to represent the district now represented by THADDEUS STEVENS. At 41 he was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to Russia, and on his return, in 1834, was elected to the United States Senate. He remained in the Senate until the beginning of Mr. POLK'S administration, during which he held the position of Secretary of State, afterward retiring to private life. On the accession of Mr. PIERCE to the Presidency, Mr. BUCHANAN was appointed Minister to England, from which post he returned to the United States to become the candidate of the Democratic party for the Presidency. During his administration the long-plotted rebellion was greatly hastened. Mr. BUCHANAN took no steps to prevent it, and during its brief but violent existence he looked on calmly from his place of retirement. This is perhaps the harshest criticism which can be passed upon Mr. BUCHANAN—harsh enough in all reason. Undoubtedly his weakness in not dealing summarily with the traitors while they were plotting at Washington gave great strength to the rebellion, and his evident desire to end his administration peacefully, no matter in what condition he left the government to his successor, must naturally ever be a reproach on his memory. Yet his services previous to his Presidential career were valuable, particularly those abroad, and in all charity we should remember these, and endeavor to forget the rest.

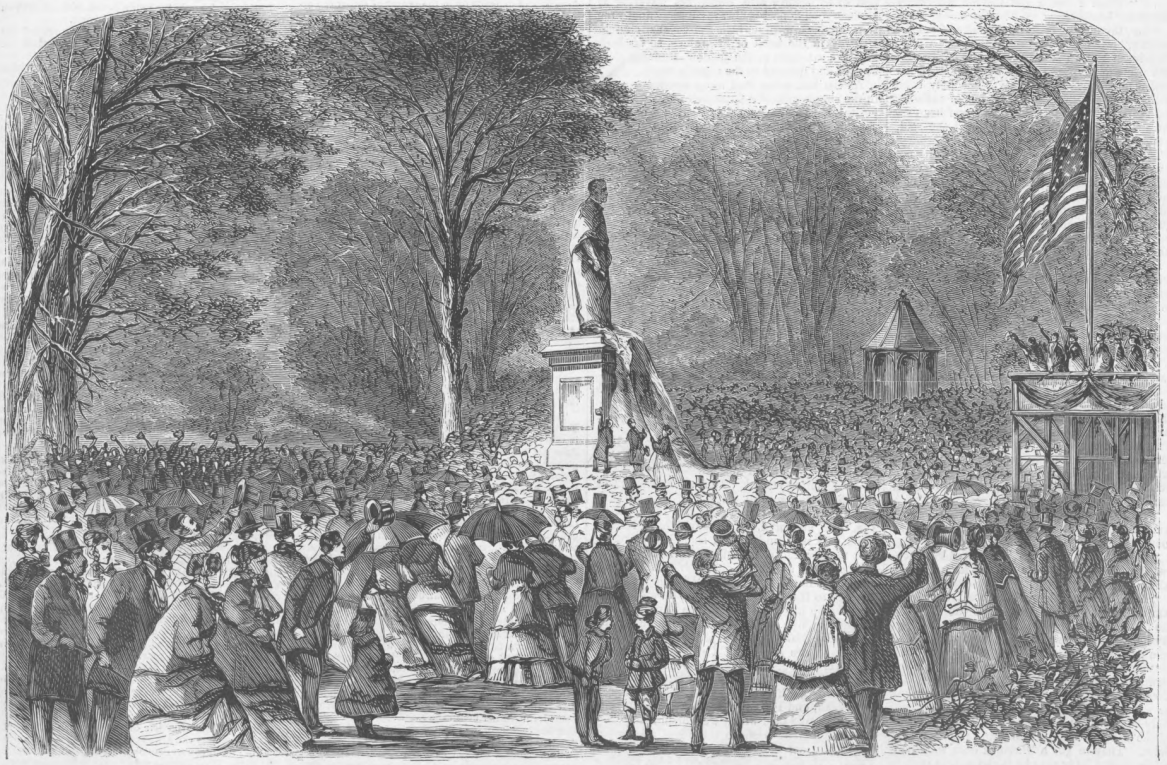


REMOVAL OF THE REMAINS OF THE LATE STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS TO THE MAUSOLEUM AT CHICAGO.
[SKETCHED BY W. B. BAIRD.]

THE DOUGLAS MONUMENT.

WE give above an illustration of a scene which occurred at Chicago, Illinois, on June 3, the occasion of the removal of the remains of the late STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS from the grave to the lately-finished mausoleum. It represents more particularly the ceremonies at the grave on the removal of the body.

On June 2 the Trustees of the Douglas Monument Association, accompanied by a son of Mr. DOUGLAS, and others, proceeded to inspect the remains of the late Senator, preparatory to their formal removal. Upon removing the lid cover-



INAUGURATION OF THE BENTON STATUE AT ST. LOUIS, MAY 27, 1868.—SKETCHED BY A. M. STUDENT.—[SEE PAGE 398.]

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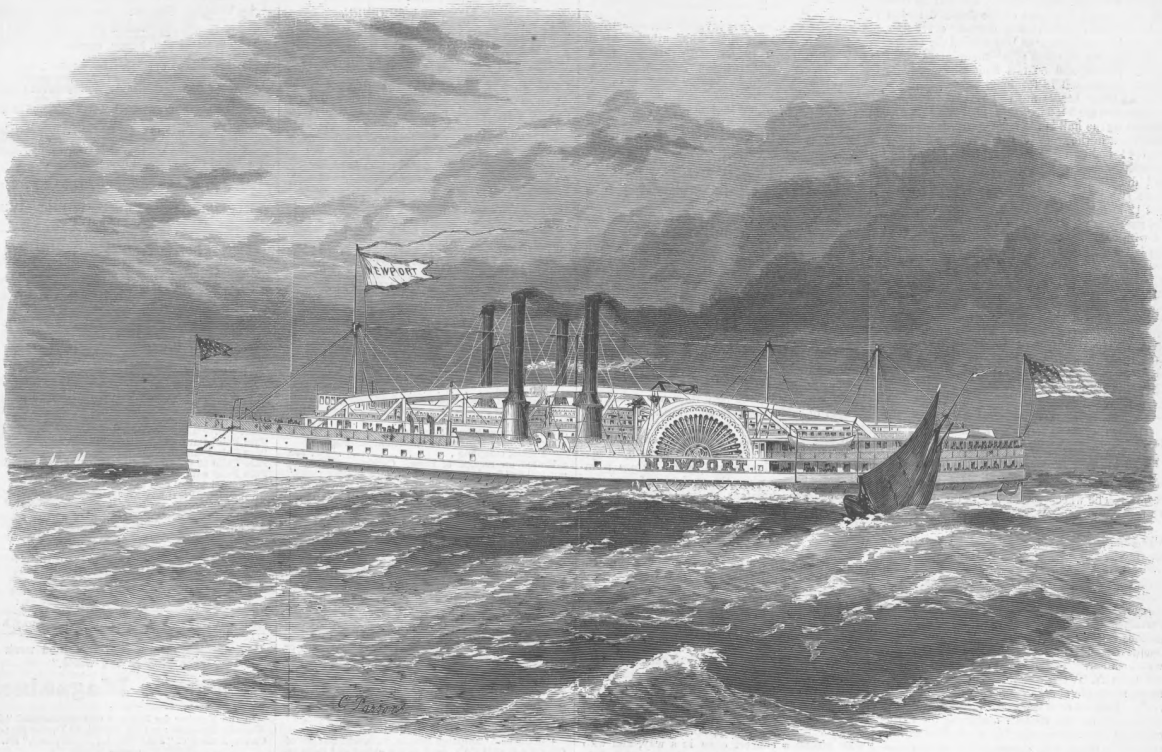


STEAMER "NEWPORT," OF THE NEW YORK, NEWPORT, AND BOSTON LINE—FAMILIARLY KNOWN AS THE "OLD FALL RIVER LINE."

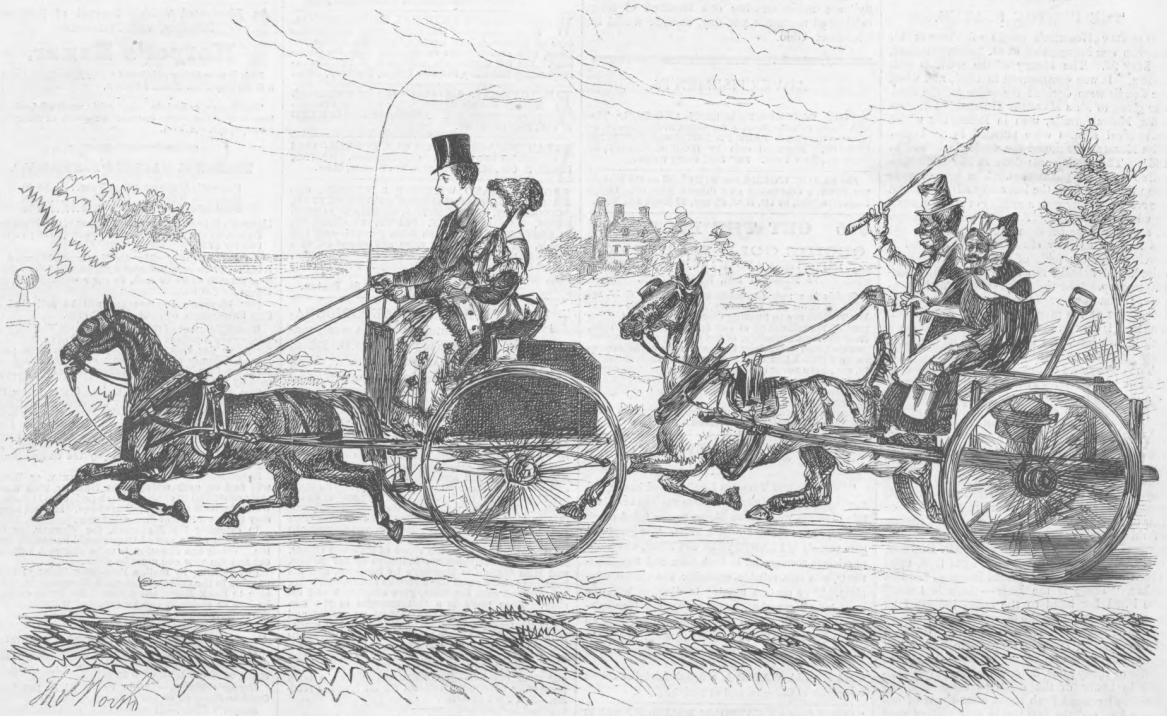
ing the glass, the face of the illustrious Senator was found to be in a remarkable state of preservation, almost as natural as when buried seven years ago, excepting that the eyes were more sunken, the nose more contracted, and the surface of the forehead somewhat indented or pitted; but the complexion was very fair, the contour of the head and face apparently unchanged, and the expression quite natural and plainly recognizable. The hair looked as black and glossy as ever, and the raiment as new and tidy as when first put on, and presenting but little evidence of mildew or discoloration.

The mausoleum to which the body was removed, and which is shown in our illustration, is to be surmounted by a monument designed by Mr. L. W. VOLK, the distinguished sculptor of Chicago. The total height will be one hundred feet. The statues which ornament four corners of the base are of JACKSON, CLAY, WEBSTER, and CASS, who were contemporaries of DOUGLAS.

The base of the pedestal which supports the column exhibits on its four sides a series of historical *basso relievo* pictures, representing the progress of civilization in the West, with which Mr. DOUGLAS was so closely identified. And the column is crowned with a colossal statue of the departed "Little Giant." The mausoleum is twenty feet square, and through a grated bronze door the spectator will be able to behold the sarcophagus containing the remains of Mr. DOUGLAS, reposing there, in "dim, religious light." An eagle, with drooped wings, sits over the door of the mausoleum—an eloquent emblem of mourning for a great man.

THE STEAMER "NEWPORT."

ON this page we give an engraving of the splendid steamer *Newport*, belonging to the "Boston, Newport, and New York Steamboat Company" (Old Fall River Line). The *Newport* was built by JOHN ENGLIS & SON, New York. She is 350 feet long, with 44 feet beam, and extreme breadth over all of 80 feet. Her keel is of white oak, 14×14 inches, and frame of oak and locust. The floor timbers are of oak, 8 inches thick, and moulded 19 inches. There are 11 tiers of keelson; the centre keelson is of oak, 14 inches wide by 36 deep, bolted through the keel and floors, and riveted on rings to the keel. The bottom is "solid," filled in with white pine 11 inches wide and 19 deep, and calked. There are yellow pine beams 17×18 inches, every twenty feet, fastened into the keelson, and kneed to the side of the vessel. The ceiling is of oak, 7 inches thick and square-fastened. She is strapped with the best of American



SCENE ON THE ROAD TO JEROME PARK.

PADDY TO BRIDGET.—"Sure, Biddy, the Folks will think we're the Aristocracy goin' to the Races!"

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iron, 22 feet long, 4½×⅝ inches, and has an iron belt all around the head of the frame 6 inches wide by ⅝ inch thick, riveted together every fifty feet, making a continuous belt around the vessel. The beams are of white pine—main-guard beam 26×22 inches, and 80 feet long. Ten beams, 18×20 inches and 78 feet long, support the boilers; all other beams are placed two feet from centres, and are 8×8 inches. The "hog-frame" supporting the hull is the strongest ever put on a steamboat in the country, being 44 inches thick, with 44 inches moulded, and 16 inches sided, fastened with 2 and 2½ inch rods up and down and diagonal. For outside planking she has three streaks of oak "strings," 6 inches thick and 12 inches wide, let into each timber 1 inch; the garboard streak is 5 inches thick, and fastened with copper bolts, and the rest of the planking is 4 inches thick. Tonnage, 2140. She has four water-tight compartments.

The joiner work was done by JOHN E. HOFFMIRE, New York. The promenade is 9½ feet above the main deck. The main hall is finished with half-round columns of the Corinthian style, with a very heavy entablature 2 feet 10 inches high, with elaborately carved moulding, and is gilded. This hall has a dome roof 6 feet high, with ventilating sash of 2½ feet, ornamented with fancy cut glass. The ladies' saloon, on the main deck aft, is similarly finished, and the lower cabin is also tastefully ornamented.

The engine of the *Newport* was built at the Novelty Iron Works, New York, and is a splendid piece of mechanism, and embraces all modern improvements. There are four boilers, situated on the guards amidships, well secured and protected. The wheels are 42 feet in diameter, and 13 feet face.

There are on this boat 150 state-rooms, and 400 berths. The rooms are 7 by 7 feet each, and are finished and furnished with black walnut, and all the rooms contain two berths, also four bridal apartments of larger dimensions. The berths all have patent spring slats and hair mattresses, and are trimmed outside with fringed curtains. Most of the rooms are entered from alcoves from the main hall.

The *Newport* was furnished by the Company who own her. The drapery, carpets, linen, etc., are from A. T. STEWART & Co.; the gas-fixtures, silver-plate, etc., from E. V. HAUGHWOUT & Co. Painted by BARNEY & STYLES, New York.

She has all the modern apparatus for extinguishing fire, and carries FRANCIS's Patent Metallic Life-Boats, with ALLEN's Patent Boat-disengaging Apparatus attached. Life-preservers are under all pillows in rooms and berths, and the state-room doors, which are hung with shifting butts, can be unshipped and used as life-preservers.

This boat, with her consorts, the *Old Colony*, *Metropolis*, and *Empire State*, plies between New York and Newport, Rhode Island, and thence connects with the OLD COLONY AND NEWPORT RAILWAY to Boston, forming the "Old Fall River Line," which has been successfully in operation for about a quarter of a century.

The *Newport* is commanded by Captain WILLIAM BROWN, a veteran in the service. THEODORE WARREN is Clerk; L. V. TILTON, Steward; and JAMES FINKEL, Engineer.

She is a beautiful vessel, and can sail twenty miles per hour with ease, and carries twelve hundred passengers and a large freight.

THE BENTON STATUE.

HARRIET HOSMER's statue of THOMAS H. BENTON was inaugurated at St. Louis, Missouri, on May 27. The history of the work is well known. It was commenced in 1860, and when the details were decided the order for the work was given to Miss HARRIET HOSMER, of Watertown, Massachusetts, then in Rome, but whose anatomical studies were pursued in St. Louis. Miss HOSMER fashioned the model in Rome, in 1861. The casting was done at Munich. The statue is of light gilt bronze. The figure stands upon the right foot, the left easily advanced, and the erect form suggests a solidity of position combined with real grace. An outer garment covers it, a compromise between the Roman toga and the modern military cloak. The left hand is enveloped in the folds of the garment, slightly raised, and holding the upper corner of a displayed map. The right arm is without the drapery, thrust downward, and the hand grasps the lower part of the map, rolled up in scroll form. The head is bare and is taken from MACDONALD's well-known bust, and is considered an excellent likeness of the subject.

The ceremonies of the inauguration were simple but impressive. The statue was enveloped in a dun-hued robe of muslin, that was gathered in folds about its apex, and fell flowing gracefully over the bronze form, tastefully bound with crimson cords with tassels attached, and completely hiding the figure. All that could be seen was the pedestal, an elegantly-finished parallelopiped of Quincy granite, with four panels upon its faces let into the stone, and surrounded by mitred mouldings. This pedestal rests upon three lifts of steps of the same material. Upon the top of this structure stood the veiled form. MRS. General FREMONT, a daughter of Mr. BENTON, ascended the three steps at the front face, upon which was engraved the gilded letters of her late father, "There is the East—there is India." She lifted her hand to the tassel indicated by Captain EADS, pulled the tense cord, which broke the fastenings, the veil fell and floated away, the form stood forth in its massive beauty and glory, the cannon off on the hill poured forth the salute of thirty guns, ordered by Secretary STANTON in honor of the departed statesman, the multitude echoed forth shout after shout of exultant joy, and the first statue ever erected west of the Mississippi was seen permanently fixed, in all its grandeur, a memento of one of the greatest men the republic has produced.

ENCORES.

THE theory of encores involves this monstrous proposition, that the more efficiently the labor is performed the greater stress is put upon the laborer; so that, if he be perfectly effective, he shall be required to perform his task two if not three times over. How this strikes one at first sight, before habit has inured one to its defects, is exemplified by the story of Pasta's maid. The great artist had given her servant, a simple country-girl, an order for the opera. It was a grand occasion—a night in which Pasta appeared in one of her master-pieces. Never had she acted better—voice, declamation, emotion, every thing about her, conspired to make that assumption famous in lyric annals. Applause rained on her at every turn; she was *bissée* times out of mention; in short, it was a *furore*. At the end of the evening she wearily asked her waiting-maid how she had enjoyed the play.

"Well, the play, ma'am, was fine, but I felt sorry for *you*," was the reply.

"For me, child! And why?"

"Well, ma'am," said the waiting-maid, "you did every thing so badly, that the people were always shouting and storming at you, and making you do it all over again."

This was the *ingenue's* reading of an encore.

But it is not on the performer alone that the custom of indiscriminate encoring heavily falls. It is equally wearying to a large portion of the audience. Every one familiar with crowded and popular concerts well remembers the "ssh," deepening into a sibilant sound, which comes from the connoisseurs when the applause of the ignorant benches threatens an injudicious encore. But the plaudits are louder than the dissident tones; the singer reappears on the platform, and politeness silences the connoisseurs, while the noisy ones redouble their acclamation. Then the observer may note a look of weariness steal over the habitual concert-goer as he settles resignedly down to the inevitable repetition. The encorist may say that herein the feeling of the majority is consulted; but the proposition is not always true. A few noisy applauders can easily overpower the polite many. The efforts of a *claque* will prevail against the wishes of a dissentient audience. For whereas it is voted rude to hiss, no canon denounces applause, save in a church. And even if it be granted that the majority have decided for an encore, it does not necessarily make out a case for them beyond appeal. For the vulgar, who attend a concert once in a way, and who are greedily anxious to obtain the most for their money, have no right to dictate to the cultivated few—the steady patrons of the art—have no right, that is to say, to impose a condition over and above the contract. They pay their money for a stipulated commodity, and they do not deserve to claim that which, not being in the bond, inconveniences a portion of the constituency.

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From the New York Independent.

Our readers have probably observed in our paper the advertisement of C. E. Collins & Co.'s Oroide Watches. These gentlemen are manufacturing a watch which they claim to have good time-keeping qualities, and in a case which is ornamental and durable, an almost exact imitation of gold. We have tried one of the watches, and find it a good time-keeper when well regulated. There are a great many persons in all classes of society who can not afford to pay a price of $40 or $60 for a first-class silver watch, nor $125 to $175 for a gold one, yet would like a handsome-looking watch, keeping fair time. The Oroide Watch appears to suit their cases exactly.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: WEST BANGOR, December 3, 1867.

GENTLEMEN,—I have received the watch you sent per the Adams Express, and like it very well. It keeps good time, and is of a handsome appearance. I have disposed of it to a friend of mine, and now wish you to send me one of the same kind. I may be able to get some other orders for you ere long. When you send it, direct it to Havre de Grace, Md., as that is the nearest point for me to get it. Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain, yours, &c., V. D. BEDFORD.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: YORK, PA., December 10, 1867.

DEAR SIRS,—I received the Watch to-day, and I am very much pleased with it. It is in reality more than you advertise. There are five persons who will send for the same watch in a few days. Yours respectfully, JOSEPH ZINKAND.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: OFFICE MERCHANTS' UNION EXPRESS, STURGIS, Dec. 4, 1867.

GENTLEMEN,—Please send me a half dozen Oroide Watches—small, medium, and large sizes. The watch you sent on the 30th of November is all sound, and worth four times its cost. I will sell a great many watches. Please send me samples of your chains. I am going to keep two or three men travelling all the time. Very truly yours, R. H. MINISON.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: GREENWOOD, Nov. 28, 1867.

DEAR SIRS,—Myself and three others wish you to send four of your Imitation Gold Watches, at $15 each, gentlemen's size, and receive payment on delivery. Address Greenwood Farms, Marquette County, Lake Superior, Michigan, by express to Negone, for Michael Lynch, Michael Connal, John Shehen, and Henry Young—all of Greenwood. Your watches stand in great esteem here. Yours, &c., MICHAEL LYNCH.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: FORT HARKER, KANSAS, Nov. 27, 1867.

SIRS,—I wish you to send me a watch. I made quite a spec. on the last watch. I want this watch well finished, for they will sell well. Several of my friends have received watches from you, and they like them very well. Send by the U. S. Express. I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

P.S.—Forward to Ellsworth City, Ks. HENRY A. LEONARD, Bugler, Co. H, 7th U. S. C.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: SALEM, OREGON, December 12, 1867.

GENTS,—I did not reach this place as soon as I expected when I wrote to you from Idaho, but was pleased when I arrived yesterday to find that my order was filled, and the watches in the express office. I like the watches well, especially the large one. My brother will start for New York soon, and will call and see you. Thanking you for your promptness, I remain yours, JOHN T. CROMWELL.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: LA GRANGE, OHIO, January 14, 1868.

SIRS,—I am glad to say that the watch for my friend gave entire satisfaction; and, as he deals in the article, you may expect further orders; and, as we put confidence in you, we will forward the money by mail, having it registered, to save $1 paying expenses back on the money. Hoping you will deal promptly with us, we remain your most obedient servants, JAMES A. RUSSELL, HARRISON CORNELL.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: WEST NEWTON, January 15, 1868.

GENTS,—Please send me, C. O. D., two of your Oroide Watches, gent's watch: want one of them most as plain a case as you have, the other one carved. Also two of your two-dollar chains. Send to Lima, Ally Co., Ohio, by M. U. Express. Respectfully yours, C. M. COFFIN.

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Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: PORT HENRY, N. Y., January 15, 1868.

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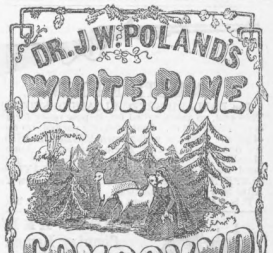

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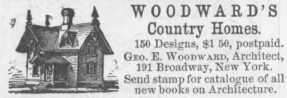

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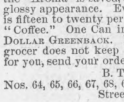

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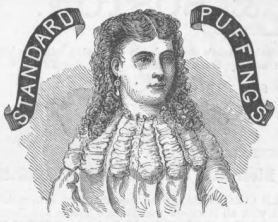

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ject; and as the common version of the Bible is offensive to Roman Catholics it would be better, since Roman Catholic tax-payers help to maintain the schools, to omit the reading of the Bible as a school exercise. If any body is comforted by declaring that then the schools would be "godless," let him have that comfort. We certainly differ with him. The School Board of Cincinnati offered to have read the Douay, or Roman Catholic version of the Bible. But of course that did not prevent the objection. The difficulty was not the one or other version of the Bible, but the control of the schools. But as the Roman Catholics object to the Protestant Bible, and as it is not a text-book, it might wisely be laid aside as a part of the regular school exercise.

The report of the Committee on Ways and Means of the last Legislature, proposing to give a large sum of the public money to the support of Roman Catholic schools in the city of New York, was seriously modified, doubtless in consequence of the loud and vehement protest of the press. But it is not a purpose which is relaxed, and the intelligent opposition to it should be constantly stronger. At present there are not enough schools. This is not only a very serious inconvenience but it is a public danger. The man who pays his school-tax has a right to demand proper room and instruction for his child, and a right to complain if they are not afforded. But, on the other hand, schoolhouses cost enormously, and the school-tax is very high—half a mill upon every taxable dollar higher than ever before. This is burdensome, but it is the most necessary burden of all, and it should be cheerfully borne even if made heavier by an equal necessity. If it be true that there are forty thousand children who are crowded out of the schools, there is no more pressing public necessity than the provision of more school-houses. But at every door of the new and of the old let public opinion, like a flaming sword, forbid the entrance of any ecclesiastical control whatever.

THE CIVIL SERVICE BILL.

WE hope that Congress will not adjourn until it has expressed its opinion upon Mr. JENCKES's Civil Service bill. It has been received with universal favor by the papers of all parties; nor could there ever be a better opportunity for such a reform than when, as now, one of the great parties of the country is renouncing its principles and traditions—a step which, after the settlement of reconstruction, must lead to a reorganization of parties. The civil service reform proceeds naturally from the party which has been inspired always by a profound conviction and an earnest purpose, and which has drawn to itself the sympathy of the most intelligent and thoughtful minds in the world. As the principles of that party are rapidly ascending to an unchallenged supremacy which will mould for many years the policy of the government, it is only becoming that the spirit of those principles should be diffused through all the details of administration. It should be the rightful glory of the Republican party that it restored justice to the policy of the Government, and honesty and capacity to its conduct, and if, by any hesitation or timidity, action upon this bill should be delayed, the majority will have needlessly defrauded the party of a part of its honorable and legitimate fame.

There is no way in which Congress could more effectively aid the good cause and its candidates than by a judicious simplification of the Tax bill and the passage of the Civil Service bill.

THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE.

A MOST interesting and significant meeting was held last week to found a National Institute of Letters, Arts, and Sciences. The letter inviting the meeting, which was signed by sixty or seventy of the most eminent names in each department, in the city of New York, described with peculiar felicity the objects of such an association. The want of united effort and mutual support, of a tribunal of their peers, is a serious misfortune to the men of the pursuits named, and they therefore propose an organization, such as in older countries has been of the utmost service to intellectual development.

The Institute is to comprise eight Academies of not less than thirty nor more than two hundred members. It is to include members, fellows, honorary members, corresponding members, and founders, and is to issue diplomas. It is to issue every month *Proceedings*, containing reports of the acts of each Academy, and abstracts of memoirs and debates; and every year *Transactions* consisting only of memoirs read before the Academies and accepted by the council of the Institute. The Constitution is very properly extremely simple and was approved by the meeting.

The value of such an association, as of all others, will depend upon the sincere interest and sagacious zeal with which its objects are pursued. If any body mistakes a means for an end, he always suffers. If a multitude make the same mistake, they are very sure to pay the same penalty. An Institute of Letters, Science, and Art will not of itself, and by the form of membership, make eminent authors, savans, and artists, as an Academy of Design can not guarantee genius to its members. But organization of force is of the greatest use; and comparison, criticism, opportunity, are all ministers of excellence. The Della Cruscan and the Arcadian Academies can not be mentioned without smiling at some airy extravagances, and plenty of delicate-winged satire has been blown at the Academies of Painting. But Sir JOSHUA was none the less an excellent painter that he was President of the Royal Academy, nor the most illustrious Frenchmen that they were members of the Institute. To say that the Institute is of no service to French letters, or the Academy to English art, because literature and art spring from genius, which gives and does not take academic rules, is wholly to mistake the intention and scope of an Institute and an Academy.

The proposition has been received by those of the various guilds elsewhere with enthusiasm. Boston, Philadelphia, Princeton, as well as remoter points, North and South, had a voice in the meeting of organization, and an Executive Committee of active and sagacious men was appointed to complete the necessary details.

A CORRECTION.

IN an article upon New York Politics, in which it discusses several possible candidates for Governor, the *Sun* says of WILLIAM A. WHEELER, the President of the late Constitutional Convention, that he rather lost than gained strength in that position. The *Sun* is curiously mistaken. Mr. WHEELER, by the dignity, urbanity, entire impartiality, ample parliamentary knowledge, and genial courtesy with which he presided, made so deep an impression upon men of all parties in the Convention, that the resolution of thanks, moved and unanimously adopted in his temporary absence, called forth the warmest and most sincere expression of respect and admiration. But, besides the peculiar accomplishments of a presiding officer, the delegates of his own party found in Mr. WHEELER a quiet political sagacity, moderation, and sound sense, united to the strongest conviction and the highest honor. He is also a man of great practical political experience; and should his name ever be presented for the office of which the *Sun* speaks, it would rally to its support, in all parts of the State, a multitude of enthusiastic and devoted friends, eager to vote for a man wholly free from cliques, bargains, and jealousies.

"PITY THE SORROWS OF A POOR OLD MAN."

THE poor we have always with us, but the aged poor appeal to our tenderest sympathy. In the order of nature the debt of living care which the child in a sense incurs to the parent the mature man or woman pays. But when age is destitute and neglected, and in all the world are no living hands or thoughtful care, there is no spectacle so sorrowful, no suffering that should be sooner relieved. Two years ago some excellent ladies in New York founded a home for aged women at No. 259 West Twenty-seventh Street, in which twenty-five now find a comfortable retreat. The same ladies have just opened a companion home for aged men, in which it is hoped the same consolation will be afforded to some at least who must otherwise sadly suffer. It is a simple charity which knows no sect, and has neither the will nor the means for any but a most noiseless and unostentatious career. Yet it needs gifts of all kinds—subscriptions for an available fund, food, clothing, books, and whatever may make life decent and comfortable. It is, as we know, well-organized and managed, and there is no charity more modest and deserving.

PURE REASON.

WE had scarcely finished reading the neat sentences of Senator HENDRICKS of Indiana, one of the innumerable candidates for the Democratic nomination, to the effect that the stories of disorder in the Southern States were vile inventions of the Radicals, intended to overthrow the Constitution of the United States, when we found the *Charleston News*, one of the Senator's party-papers, speaking of the murder of a Republican member of the next South Carolina Legislature as "one of the elect come to grief." It seems that the facts which excited the badinage of the waggish *News* were merely that a party of the Ku-Klux Klan went to the house of Mr. DILL and murdered two or three persons who were guilty of being colored men and non-believers in the Ku-Klux Democracy.

"Very well," exclaims some disciple of VALLANDIGHAM and SEYMOUR; "you are responsible for it." "How?" "By exciting hatred of race with your confounded equal rights and suffrage." "And how would you have prevented it?" "By putting the nigger in his place, and keeping him there."

Such a conversation is a free but a remarkably accurate rendering of the speech of the Indiana Senator, candidate, etc., who said that in his judgment "the people" of the late rebel States meant the late rebel class, and that they alone were rightfully invested with political power. Let them do as they choose with the rest of the population. Such a plan would not, of course, excite any hatred of race. "I am a perfectly reasonable man," says the angry husband. "All that I ask is to be allowed to do exactly as I d—— please."

AN OBVIOUS QUESTION.

"A MODEST INQUIRER" wishes to know whether, in case Mr. CHASE, the President of the American Freedman's Union Commission, should be nominated by the Democrats for President, they would also nominate for Vice-President the Vice-President of the Commission, WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON?

The probability may perhaps be inferred from a recent published remark of Mr. GARRISON'S, that he would as soon trust Satan to head a moral reform as the Democratic party to advance the cause of justice and equal rights.

A DUELIST PROMOTED.

IT is stated that Baron KUSSEROW, the Prussian private Secretary of Legation, who fought a duel with Mr. LAWRENCE, and whose censure was asked of the Prussian Government, has been transferred to London, and to a higher post than that he filled in Washington. This is not surprising, for Prussia is a strictly military monarchy, and the censure or disgrace of a diplomatist for a practice which military honor imperatively justifies, is not to be expected from its Government. The Prussian Court and society are military, the military codes of honor prevail, and it will be long yet before the duel will disgrace in public estimation any officer of the Government. Mr. SEWARD, of course, could ask and expect nothing more than the recall of a diplomatic person who has violated our laws and defied the public conscience.

A CASE OF EXTREME DESTITUTION.

A PHILOSOPHIC rural paper of the Democratic faith, the *Staten Islander*, says that one of its neighbors of the same party has nominated several candidates for the Presidency, "but no Democrats among them, we believe." It proceeds to say that if the faithful must be beaten again, "or else succeed with a Republican who is a Democrat as to the main live issues," it will fall into line; for, says this stern censor, "we confess we are tired of being beaten; we 'cry, enough'—of that; and, since Sambo is made ruler of the land, we, of course, shall work heartily for 'Massa CHASE,' if nominated."

THAT LEG.

WE return our sincerest thanks to the generous friends who have so promptly responded to our invitation in behalf of CHARLES BERKELEY, late of Company E, First Regiment United States Colored Infantry, who lost his right leg before Petersburg, and afterward unfortunately broke the substitute furnished by the Government. We have already received forty-four dollars in various sums, and none is too small to be welcome. Should this generosity continue, we shall be able, we hope, by next week to state that the leg is secured. And when it is given to the grateful soldier we shall not fail to accompany it with the wise suggestion of "D," who sends five dollars, that "when he gets on his pins or his pins on again, he had better keep out of haylofts, or else descend by safer means than tumbling."

Advice which the poor fellow will be very sure to follow.

LITERARY.

"Manual of the Jarves Collection of Early Italian Pictures," by RUSSELL STURGIS, Jun. This interesting, instructive, and valuable gallery of early pictures is now in the Yale school of the Fine Arts at New Haven, to remain for three years, before which time it is hoped that it may be permanently secured. Mr. STURGIS's little pamphlet is, as he properly calls it, a brief guide to the study of early Christian art, containing simple descriptions of the pictures, just biographical notices, and a most careful expression of opinion. Mr. STURGIS is a ripe and conscientious student of the subject, and his little work is singularly free from meaningless adjectives and generalities. Indeed, with his book and the collection, a student may acquire a very accurate conception of the characteristics and progress of early Christian art, so that a visit to the Great European Gallery would be merely a continuation of the delightful study. Mr. STURGIS has prepared an ingenious and simple chart, by which at a glance the time in which every noted Italian painter flourished, the school with which he is associated, and his relation to the epochs of the other painters is plainly seen. We wish the same knowledge, and skill, and conscience were brought to the preparation of much larger works that Mr. STURGIS has shown in this. His faith is evidently that of every true artist and successful worker—what is worth doing at all is worth doing well.

WILD ROSES.

I WALKED in the joyous morning,
The morning of June and life,
Ere the birds had ceased to warble
Their sweetest of love and strife.

I walked alone in the morning,
And who so glad as I
When I saw the pale wild roses
Hang from the branch on high?

Fairer than stars were the roses,
Faint was the fragrance and rare,
Not any flower in the garden
Could with those roses compare.

But the day was all before me,
The tumult of youth's delight,
Why bear a burden of roses
Before the calm of the night?

Till then stay a while to gladden
The air, and the earth below,
With tender beauty and sweetness
They can not choose but bestow.

So I kissed the roses, and lightly
I breathed of their peace divine;
It is time, when I come back, I said,
To make the sweet roses mine.

I went in the gladsome morning,
I said, we part for an hour;
The branch of wild roses trembled,
The dew was on every flower.

I returned in the joyless evening,
I yearned with passion then
For the pale and peerless roses
I never should see again.

For another had taken delight
In color and perfume rare,
And another hand had gathered
My roses beyond compare.

I may wander east, may wander west,
Wherever the sun doth shine,
I never shall find the wild roses,
The roses I thought were mine.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

THE important legislation of the week has been the adoption of the bill restoring the Southern States. The bill, as passed by the Senate on June 11, and by the House on June 12, admits the States of North Carolina, South Carolina, Louisiana, Georgia, Florida, and Alabama to representation in either House, and restores them to all the rights of self-government which they abandoned by their rebellion of 1861. Arkansas and Tennessee, having already been restored, this bill, when it shall have received the President's signature or been passed over his veto, will leave only Virginia, Mississippi, and Texas to be dealt with. The conditions on which these six States have been admitted are briefly as follows: Their Legislatures must have ratified the Fourteenth Amendment, forever abolishing slavery, and the new Constitutions must guarantee that there shall never be any denial or abridgment of the elective franchise on account of race or color, Indians not taxed excepted. Georgia was required to strike out the provisions in her Constitution preventing the enforcement of contracts made prior to June, 1865. All the States except Georgia are to be admitted when the President shall proclaim the ratification of the Fourteenth Amendment by the Legislature, which it is made his duty to do within ten days after receiving notice to that effect. An amendment provides that immediately upon the opening of the President's proclamation the State officers duly elected shall be installed in office, but that no person prohibited by the Fourteenth Amendment from holding office shall be eligible.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Texas Reconstruction Convention is now in session, and has talked of selling a portion of the State to the General Government. Some of the more bitter rebels in the Convention want to adopt the State Convention of 1861, adopted under Confederate rule.

The South Carolina Democratic Convention has selected among its delegates to the New York Convention Wade Hampton, J. B. Campbell, R. B. Rhett, Jun., and M. W. Gary, three of whom were generals in the rebel army.

The new Governor of Florida, Mr. Harrison Reed, has been inaugurated, and the new Legislature has assembled at Tallahassee. The military authorities objected to this action until the readmission bill before Congress had been passed. The Radicals have a majority of thirty-two in the Legislature on joint ballot.

The President on June 12 sent to the Senate the nomination of Reverdy Johnson as Minister to England, and that body promptly confirmed it.

The name of President Andrew Johnson has been stricken from the roll of membership of the New York Union League.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Mauna Loa volcanic eruption still continued forty-one days after the first demonstration, and the accompanying earthquake shocks are still felt throughout Hawaii. Nature has also been largely indulging in water-spouts in the same region.

Michel the Third, ruler of Servia, was assassinated at Belgrade on June 10. His nephew, Michel IV., succeeds him.

Czar Alexander of Russia and Emperor Napoleon of France have turned Humanitarians. The former wants a Congress of all nations to agree to discontinue the use in time of war of torpedoes and bullets which explode after entering the flesh. A wise amendment would prohibit the use of *all* torpedoes and bullets in time of war.

The Sultan of Turkey, in addition to his other reforms, has wisely concluded to attract foreigners to his Empire by empowering them to hold real estate. The Viceroy of Egypt contemplates the same reform.

The Brazilian troops made an attack on the rear of Humaitia, Paraguay, lately and were badly repulsed.

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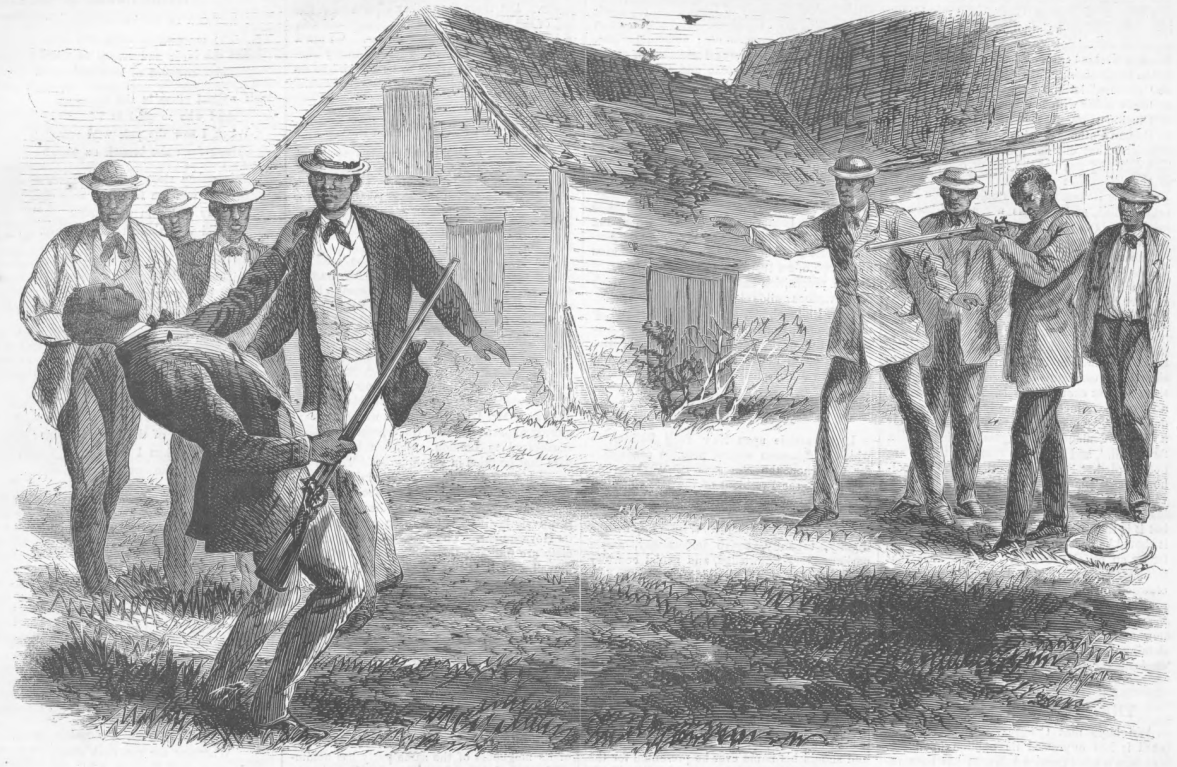
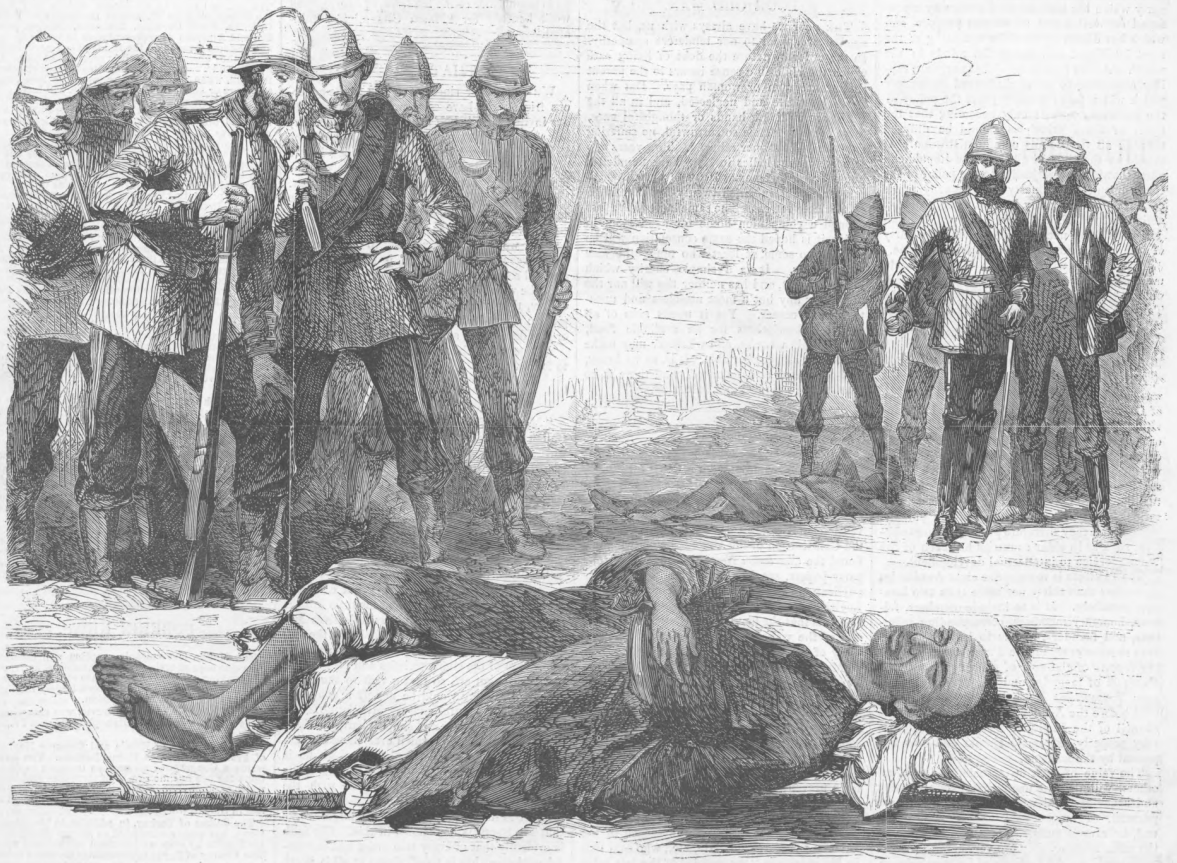


DUEL BETWEEN COLORED MEN NEAR SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

THE SAVANNAH DUEL.

UPON this page we give an illustration of a duel lately fought at Screven's Ferry on the South Carolina shore, opposite Savannah, between two colored men, JACKSON BRAND and EUGENE MOREHEAD, who were formerly slaves. The facts as reported to us from Savannah are, that BRAND was formerly a stanch Republican and member of the Loyal League, but had recently joined the "Conservative" party, and was President of a Conservative Club of which MOREHEAD was Vice-President. The latter, suspecting the fidelity of BRAND, accused him of having said, as a member of the Loyal League, that he would yet wash his hands in the blood of South-



KING THEODORE, AS HE LAY DEAD AT MAGDALA, APRIL 13, 1868.—[SEE PAGE 405.]

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ern men. BRAND indignantly denied the charge, and the disputants were separated by friends. The next day BRAND sent a challenge to MOREHEAD by HARDEE the Secretary of the Club. It was accepted by MOREHEAD, who chose double-barreled shot-guns loaded with eight slugs; and the combatants were next morning placed at fifteen paces distance. Both fired together. MOREHEAD was untouched, and cried, "By ——, I have got him!" as BRAND fell, exclaiming, "I am not whipped yet!" He was shot in both thighs, and bled profusely, MOREHEAD professing that he had intended merely to lame him. BRAND asked to be supported upon his feet for another shot. This was of course refused; and after MOREHEAD had approached and shaken hands, BRAND was carried to his house, where physicians were called; but the prostration was such that he lived only two hours and a half. Unfortunately there was no surgeon on the field.

In itself this duel was just as absurd and tragical as a duel between any other two men. But, although mournful in itself, this incident is of great significance. The personal courage of the combatants is undeniable. The canons of "the code" were all faithfully observed. It was, indeed, the imitation of a very wretched example set to these men by the lately dominant class, whose chivalry was but a form of barbarism. But the duel must be regarded as an illustration of an awakening sense of manhood and even of self-respect, showing itself in an irregular and deplorable form. It suggests, also, the hopelessness of any effort at renewed degradation of that manhood by any practical reaction; and exhorts us to still more diligent labors to promote that education of the mind, and heart, and conscience which will make such men as BRAND and MOREHEAD truly valuable fellow-citizens.

KING THEODORE'S BODY.

WE give, as the fitting sequel to our illustrations of the Abyssinian war, a sketch of the dead body of King THEODORE laid upon a hammock in the camp at Magdala, surrounded by a guard of British soldiers. His face, though in complexion very dark, had nothing whatever of the negro about it. The features were finely cut and very expressive of power and strength of will; the brow massive and thoughtful, indicative of great natural intelligence. His frame was slight, but well shaped and firmly knit. He had refused to take any food, it is said, during the last three or four days before his death. His body was placed in the outer porch of the hovel at Magdala, called a church, for as a suicide THEODORE could not be given Christian rites or military honors. It was intended that the church should be spared from the general conflagration of Magdala, lest the priests should say that the common tie of Christianity between conquerors and conquered had been forgotten. But, despite the precautions taken, the flames seized fiercely upon the building, and in a few minutes not a trace was left to distinguish the spot in which the Emperor lay from the blackened ruins around.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

THE MOONSTONE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

Printed from the Author's Manuscript.
RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.

CHAPTER VIII.

LATE that evening I was surprised at my lodgings by a visit from Mr. Bruff.

There was a noticeable change in the lawyer's manner. It had lost its usual confidence and spirit. He shook hands with me, for the first time in his life, in silence.

"Are you going back to Hampstead?" I asked, by way of saying something.

"I have just left Hampstead," he answered. "I know, Mr. Franklin, that you have got at the truth at last. But, I tell you plainly, if I could have foreseen the price that was to be paid for it, I should have preferred leaving you in the dark."

"You have seen Rachel?"

"I have come here after taking her back to Portland Place; it was impossible to let her return in the carriage by herself. I can hardly hold you responsible—considering that you saw her in my house and by my permission—for the shock that this unlucky interview has inflicted on her. All I can do is to provide against a repetition of the mischief. She is young—she has a resolute spirit—she will get over this, with time and rest to help her. I want to be assured that you will do nothing to hinder her recovery. May I depend on your making no second attempt to see her—except with my sanction and approval?"

"After what she has suffered, and after what I have suffered," I said, "you may rely on me."

"I have your promise?"

"You have my promise."

Mr. Bruff looked relieved. He put down his hat and drew his chair nearer to mine.

"That's settled!" he said. "Now about the future—*your* future, I mean. To my mind the result of the extraordinary turn which the matter has now taken is briefly this. In the first place, we are sure that Rachel has told you the whole truth, as plainly as words can tell it. In the second place—though we know that there must be some dreadful mistake somewhere—we can hardly blame her for believing you to be guilty, on the evidence of her own senses, backed, as that evidence has been, by circumstances which appear, on the face of them, to tell dead against you."

There I interposed. "I don't blame Rachel," I said. "I only regret that she could not prevail on herself to speak more plainly to me at the time."

"You might as well regret that Rachel is not somebody else," rejoined Mr. Bruff. "And even then I doubt if a girl of any delicacy, whose heart had been set on marrying you, could have brought herself to charge you to your face with being a thief. Any how, it was not in Rachel's nature to do it. In a very different matter to this matter of yours—which placed her, however, in a position not altogether unlike her position toward you—I happen to know that she was influenced by a similar motive to the motive which actuated her conduct in your case. Besides, as she told me herself, on our way to town this evening, if she *had* spoken plainly, she would no more have believed your denial then than she believes it now. What answer can you make to that? There is no answer to be made to it. Come! come! Mr. Franklin, my view of the case has been proved to be all wrong, I admit—but, as things are now, my advice may be worth having for all that. I tell you plainly, we shall be wasting our time and cudgeling our brains to no purpose if we attempt to try back, and unravel this frightful complication from the beginning. Let us close our minds resolutely to all that happened last year at Lady Verinder's country house; and let us look to what we *can* discover in the future, instead of to what we can *not* discover in the past."

"Surely you forget," I said, "that the whole thing is essentially a matter of the past—so far as I am concerned?"

"Answer me this," retorted Mr. Bruff. "Is the Moonstone at the bottom of all the mischief—or is it not?"

"It is—of course."

"Very good. What do we believe was done with the Moonstone when it was taken to London?"

"It was pledged to Mr. Luker."

"We know that you are not the person who pledged it. Do we know who did?"

"No."

"Where do we believe the Moonstone to be now?"

"Deposited in the keeping of Mr. Luker's bankers."

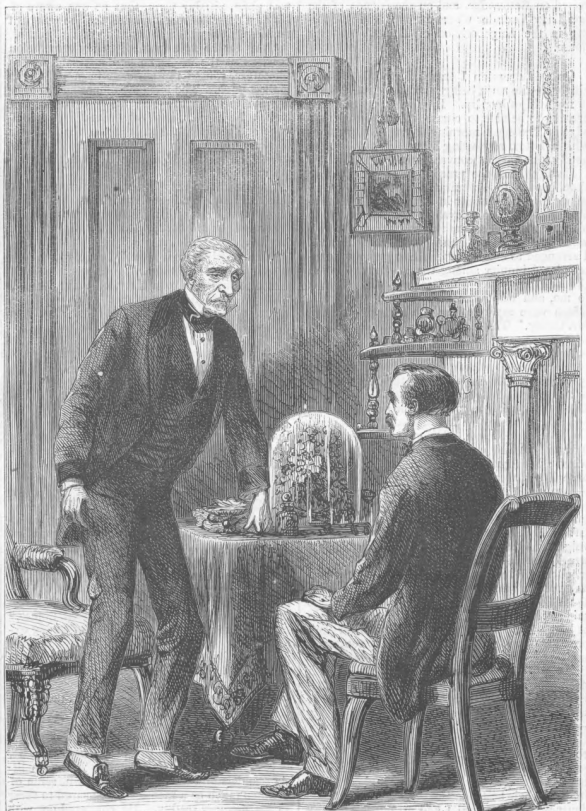
"Exactly. Now observe. We are already in the month of June. Toward the end of the month (I can't be particular to a day) a year will have elapsed from the time when we believe the jewel to have been pledged. There is a chance—to say the least—that the person who pawned it may be prepared to redeem it when the year's time has expired. If he redeems it, Mr. Luker must himself—according to the terms of his own arrangement—take the Diamond out of his bankers' hands. Under these circumstances I propose setting a watch at the bank, as the present month draws to an end, and discovering who the person is to whom Mr. Luker restores the Moonstone. Do you see it now?"

I admitted (a little unwillingly) that the idea was a new one, at any rate.

"It's Mr. Murthwaite's idea quite as much as mine," said Mr. Bruff. "It might have never entered my head but for a conversation we had together some time since. If Mr. Murthwaite is right, the Indians are likely to be on the look-out at the bank, toward the end of the month too—and something serious may come of it. What comes of it doesn't matter to you and me—except as it may help us to lay our hands on the mysterious Somebody who pawned the Diamond. That person, you may rely on it, is responsible (I don't pretend to know how) for the position in which you stand at this moment; and that person alone can set you right in Rachel's estimation."

"I can't deny," I said, "that the plan you propose meets the difficulty in a way that is very daring, and very ingenious, and very new. But—"

"But you have an objection to make?"



"HE STARTED IMPULSIVELY TO HIS FEET AND LOOKED AT ME."

"Yes. My objection is that your proposal obliges us to wait."

"Granted. As I reckon the time, it requires you to wait about a fortnight—more or less. Is that so very long?"

"It's a lifetime, Mr. Bruff, in such a situation as mine. My existence will be simply unendurable to me, unless I do something toward clearing my character at once."

"Well, well, I understand that. Have you thought yet of what you can do?"

"I have thought of consulting Sergeant Cuff."

"He has retired from the police. It's useless to expect the Sergeant to help you."

"I know where to find him; and I can but try."

"Try," said Mr. Bruff, after a moment's consideration. "The case has assumed such an extraordinary aspect since Sergeant Cuff's time that you *may* revive his interest in the inquiry. Try, and let me hear the result. In the mean while," he continued, rising, "if you make no discoveries between this and the end of the month, am I free to try, on my side, what can be done by keeping a look-out at the bank?"

"Certainly," I answered—"unless I relieve you of all necessity for trying the experiment in the interval."

Mr. Bruff smiled, and took up his hat.

"Tell Sergeant Cuff," he rejoined, "that *I* say the discovery of the truth depends on the discovery of the person who pawned the Diamond. And let me hear what the Sergeant's experience says to that."

So we parted for that night.

Early the next morning I set forth for the little town of Dorking—the place of Sergeant Cuff's retirement, as indicated to me by Betteredge.

Inquiring at the hotel I received the necessary directions for finding the Sergeant's cottage. It was approached by a quiet by-road, a little way out of the town, and it stood snugly in the middle of its own plot of garden ground, protected by a good brick wall at the back and the sides, and by a high quickset hedge in front. The gate, ornamented at the upper part by smartly-painted trellis-work, was locked. After ringing at the bell I peered through the trellis-work, and saw the great Cuff's favorite flower every where: blooming in his garden, clustering over his door, looking in at his windows. Far from the crimes and the mysteries of the great city, the illustrious thief-taker was placidly living out the last Sybarite years of his life, smothered in roses!

A decent elderly woman opened the gate to me, and at once annihilated all the hopes I had built on securing the assistance of Sergeant Cuff. He had started, only the day before, on a journey to Ireland.

"Has he gone there on business?" I asked.

The woman smiled. "He has only one business now, Sir," she said, "and that's roses. Some great man's gardener in Ireland has found out something new in the growing of roses—and Mr. Cuff's away to inquire into it."

"Do you know when he will be back?"

"It's quite uncertain, Sir. Mr. Cuff said he should come back directly, or be away some time, just according as he found the new discovery worth nothing, or worth looking into. If you have any message to leave for him, I'll take care, Sir, that he gets it."

I gave her my card, having first written on it in pencil: "I have something to say about the Moonstone. Let me hear from you as soon as you get back." That done, there was nothing left but to submit to circumstances, and return to London.

In the irritable condition of my mind, at the time of which I am now writing, the abortive result of my journey to the Sergeant's cottage simply aggravated the restless impulse in me to be doing something. On the day of my return from Dorking I determined that the next morning should find me bent on a new effort forcing my way, through all obstacles, from the darkness to the light.

What form was my next experiment to take?

If the excellent Betteredge had been present while I was considering that question, and if he had been let into the secret of my thoughts, he would, no doubt, have declared that the German side of me was, on this occasion, my uppermost side. To speak seriously, it is perhaps possible that my German training was in some degree responsible for the labyrinth of useless speculations in which I now involved myself. For the greater part of the night I sat smoking, and building up theories, one more profoundly improbable than another. When I did get to sleep my waking fancies pursued me in dreams. I rose the next morning, with Objective-Subjective and Subjective-Objective inextricably entangled together in my mind; and I began the day which was to witness my next effort at practical action of some kind, by doubting whether I had any sort of right (on purely philosophical grounds) to consider any sort of thing (the Diamond included) as existing at all.

How long I might have remained lost in the mist of my own metaphysics, if I had been left to extricate myself, it is impossible for me to say. As the event proved, accident came to my rescue, and happily delivered me. I happened to wear, that morning, the same coat which I had worn on the day of my interview with Rachel. Searching for something else in one of the pockets, I came upon a crumpled piece of paper, and, taking it out, found Betteredge's forgotten letter in my hand.

It seemed hard on my good old friend to leave him without a reply. I went to my writing-table, and read his letter again.

A letter which has nothing of the slightest importance in it is not always an easy letter to answer. Betteredge's present effort at corresponding with me came within this category. Mr. Candy's assistant, otherwise Ezra Jennings, had told his master that he had seen me; and Mr. Candy, in his turn, wanted to see me and say something to me, when I was next in the neighborhood of Frizinghall. What was to be said in answer to that, which would be worth the paper it was written on? I sat idly drawing likenesses from memory of Mr. Candy's remarkable-looking assistant, on the sheet of paper which I had vowed to dedicate to Betteredge—until it suddenly occurred to me that here was the irrepressible Ezra Jennings getting in my way again! I threw a dozen portraits, at least, of the man with the piebald hair (the hair in every case remarkably like) into the waste-paper basket—and then and there wrote my answer to Betteredge. It was a perfect commonplace letter—but it had one excellent effect on me. The effort of writing a few sentences, in plain English, completely cleared my mind of the cloudy nonsense which had filled it since the previous day.

Devoting myself once more to the elucidation of the impenetrable puzzle which my own position presented me, I now tried to meet the difficulty by investigating it from a plainly practical point of view. The events of the memorable night being still unintelligible to me, I looked a little farther back, and searched my memory of the earlier hours of the birthday for any incident which might prove of some assistance to me in finding the clew.

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Had any thing happened while Rachel and I were finishing the painted door? or, later, when I rode over to Frizinghall? or afterward, when I went back with Godfrey Ablewhite and his sisters? or, later again, when I put the Moonstone into Rachel's hands? or, later still, when the company came, and we all assembled round the dinner-table? My memory disposed of that string of questions readily enough until I came to the last. Looking back at the social events of the birthday dinner I found myself brought to a stand-still at the outset of the inquiry. I was not even capable of accurately remembering the number of the guests who had sat at the same table with me.

To feel myself completely at fault here, and to conclude, thereupon, that the incidents of the dinner might especially repay the trouble of investigating them, formed parts of the same mental process in my case. I believe other people, in a similar situation, would have reasoned as I did. When the pursuit of our own interests causes us to become objects of inquiry to ourselves, we are naturally suspicious of what we don't know. Once in possession of the names of the persons who had been present at the dinner, I resolved—as a means of enriching the deficient resources of my own memory—to appeal to the memories of the rest of the guests; to write down all that they could recollect of the social events of the birthday; and to test the result, thus obtained, by the light of what had happened afterward when the company had left the house.

This last and newest of my many contemplated experiments in the art of inquiry—which Betteredge would probably have attributed to the clear-headed, or French, side of me being uppermost for the moment—may fairly claim record here, on its own merits. Unlikely as it may seem, I had now actually groped my way to the root of the matter at last. All I wanted was a hint to guide me in the right direction at starting. Before another day had passed over my head that hint was given me by one of the company who had been present at the birthday feast.

With the plan of proceeding which I now had in view, it was first necessary to possess the complete list of the guests. This I could easily obtain from Gabriel Betteredge. I determined to go back to Yorkshire on that day, and to begin my contemplated investigation the next morning.

It was just too late to start by the train which left London before noon. There was no alternative but to wait, nearly three hours, for the departure of the next train. Was there any thing I could do in London which might usefully occupy this interval of time?

My thoughts went back again obstinately to the birthday dinner.

Though I had forgotten the numbers, and, in many cases, the names of the guests, I remembered readily enough that by far the larger proportion of them came from Frizinghall, or from its neighborhood. But the larger proportion was not all. Some few of us were not regular residents in the county. I myself was one of the few. Mr. Murthwaite was another. Godfrey Ablewhite was a third. Mr. Bruff—no: I called to mind that business had prevented Mr. Bruff from making one of the party. Had any ladies been present whose usual residence was in London? I could only remember Miss Clack as coming within this latter category. However, here were three of the guests, at any rate, whom it was clearly advisable for me to see before I left town. I drove off at once to Mr. Bruff's office; not knowing the addresses of the persons of whom I was in search, and thinking it probable that he might put me in the way of finding them.

Mr. Bruff proved to be too busy to give me more than a minute of his valuable time. In that minute, however, he contrived to dispose—in the most discouraging manner—of all the questions I had put to him.

In the first place, he considered my newly-discovered method of finding a clew to the mystery as something too purely fanciful to be seriously discussed. In the second, third, and fourth places, Mr. Murthwaite was now on his way back to the scene of his past adventures; Miss Clack had suffered losses, and had settled, from motives of economy, in France; Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite might or might not be discoverable somewhere in London. Suppose I inquired at his club? And suppose I excused Mr. Bruff if he went back to his business and wished me good-morning?

The field of inquiry in London being now so narrowed as only to include the one necessity of discovering Godfrey's address, I took the lawyer's hint, and drove to his club.

In the hall I met with one of the members, who was an old friend of my cousin's, and who was also an acquaintance of my own. This gentleman, after enlightening me on the subject of Godfrey's address, told me of two recent events in his life, which were of some importance in themselves, and which had not previously reached my ears.

It appeared that Godfrey, far from being discouraged by Rachel's withdrawal from her engagement to him, had made matrimonial advances soon afterward to another young lady, reputed to be a great heiress. His suit had prospered, and his marriage had been considered as a settled and certain thing. But, here again, the engagement had been suddenly and unexpectedly broken off—owing, it was said, on this occasion, to a serious difference of opinion between the bridegroom and the lady's father on the question of settlements.

As some compensation for this second matrimonial disaster, Godfrey had soon afterward found himself the object of fond pecuniary remembrance, on the part of one of his many admirers. A rich old lady—highly respected at the Mothers'-Small-Clothes-Conversion-Society, and a great friend of Miss Clack's (to whom she had left nothing but a mourning ring)—had bequeathed to the admirable and meritorious Godfrey a legacy of five thousand pounds. After receiving this handsome addition to his own modest pecuniary resources, he had been heard to say that he felt the necessity of getting a little respite from his charitable labors, and that his doctor prescribed "a run on the Continent, as likely to be productive of much future benefit to his health." If I wanted to see him, it would be advisable to lose no time in paying my contemplated visit.

I went, then and there, to pay my visit.

The same fatality which had made me just one day too late in calling on Sergeant Cuff made me again one day too late in calling on Godfrey. He had left London, on the previous morning, by the tidal train for Dover. He was to cross to Ostend; and his servant believed he was going on to Brussels. The time of his return was a little uncertain; but I might be sure that he would be away at least three months.

I went back to my lodgings a little depressed in spirits. Three of the guests at the birthday dinner—and those three all exceptionally intelligent people—were out of my reach, at the very time when it was most important to be able to communicate with them. My last hopes now rested on Betteredge, and on the friends of the late Lady Verinder whom I might still find living in the neighborhood of Rachel's country house.

On this occasion I traveled straight to Frizinghall—the town being now the central point in my field of inquiry. I arrived too late in the evening to be able to communicate with Betteredge. The next morning I sent a messenger with a letter, requesting him to join me at the hotel at his earliest convenience.

Having taken the precaution—partly to save time, partly to accommodate Betteredge—of sending my messenger in a fly, I had a reasonable prospect, if no delays occurred, of seeing the old man within less than two hours from the time when I had sent for him. During this interval I arranged to employ myself in opening my contemplated inquiry among the guests present at the birthday dinner who were personally known to me, and who were easily within my reach. These were my relatives, the Ablewhites, and Mr. Candy. The doctor had expressed a special wish to see me, and the doctor lived in the next street. So to Mr. Candy I went first.

After what Betteredge had told me, I naturally anticipated finding traces in the doctor's face of the severe illness from which he had suffered. But I was utterly unprepared for such a change as I saw in him when he entered the room and shook hands with me. His eyes were dim; his hair had turned completely gray; his face was wizen; his figure had shrunk. I looked at the once lively, rattle-pated, humorous little doctor—associated in my remembrance with the perpetration of incorrigible social indiscretions and innumerable boyish jokes—and I saw nothing left of his former self but the old tendency to vulgar smartness in his dress. The man was a wreck; but his clothes and his jewelry—in cruel mockery of the change in him—were as gay and as gaudy as ever.

"I have often thought of you, Mr. Blake," he said; "and I am heartily glad to see you again at last. If there is any thing I can do for you, pray command my services, Sir—pray command my services!"

He said those few commonplace words with needless hurry and eagerness, and with a curiosity to know what had brought me to Yorkshire, which he was perfectly—I might say childishly—incapable of concealing from notice.

With the object that I had in view, I had of course foreseen the necessity of entering into some sort of personal explanation, before I could hope to interest people, mostly strangers to me, in doing their best to assist my inquiry. On the journey to Frizinghall I had arranged what my explanation was to be—and I seized the opportunity now offered to me of trying the effect of it on Mr. Candy.

"I was in Yorkshire the other day, and I am in Yorkshire again now, on rather a romantic errand," I said. "It is a matter, Mr. Candy, in which the late lady Verinder's friends all took some interest. You remember the mysterious loss of the Indian Diamond, now nearly a year since? Circumstances have lately happened which lead to the hope that it may yet be found—and I am interesting myself, as one of the family, in recovering it. Among the obstacles in my way, there is the necessity of collecting again all the evidence which was discovered at the time, and more if possible. There are peculiarities in this case, which make it desirable to revive my recollection of every thing that happened in the house on the evening of Miss Verinder's birthday. And I venture to appeal to her late mother's friends who were present on that occasion to lend me the assistance of their memories—"

I had got as far as that in rehearsing my explanatory phrases, when I was suddenly checked by seeing plainly in Mr. Candy's face that my experiment on him was a total failure.

The little doctor sat restlessly picking at the points of his fingers all the time I was speaking. His dim, watery eyes were fixed on my face with an expression of vacant and wistful inquiry very painful to see. What he was thinking of it was impossible to divine. The one thing clearly visible was that I had failed, after the first two or three words, in fixing his attention. The only chance of recalling him to himself appeared to lie in changing the subject. I tried a new topic immediately.

"So much," I said, gayly, "for what brings me to Frizinghall! Now, Mr. Candy, it's your turn. You sent me a message by Gabriel Betteredge—"

He left off picking at his fingers, and suddenly brightened up.

"Yes! yes! yes!" he exclaimed eagerly. "That's it! I sent you a message!"

"And Betteredge duly communicated it by letter," I went on. "You had something to say to me the next time I was in your neighborhood. Well, Mr. Candy, here I am!"

"Here you are!" echoed the doctor. "And Betteredge was quite right. I had something to say to you. That was my message. Betteredge is a wonderful man. What a memory! At his age, what a memory!"

He dropped back into silence, and began picking at his fingers again. Recollecting what I had heard from Betteredge about the effect of the fever on his memory, I went on with the conversation in the hope that I might help him at starting.

"It's a long time since we met," I said. "We last saw each other at the last birthday dinner my poor aunt was ever to give."

"That's it!" cried Mr. Candy. "The birthday dinner!" He started impulsively to his feet and looked at me. A deep flush suddenly overspread his faded face, and he abruptly sat down again, as if conscious of having betrayed a weakness which he would fain have concealed. It was plain, pitiably plain, that he was aware of his own defect of memory, and that he was bent on hiding it from the observation of his friends.

Thus far he had appealed to my compassion only. But the words he had just said, few as they were, roused my curiosity instantly to the highest pitch. The birthday dinner had already become the one event in the past at which I looked back with strangely-mixed feelings of hope and distrust. And here was the birthday dinner unmistakably proclaiming itself as the subject on which Mr. Candy had something important to say to me!

I attempted to help him out once more. But this time my own interests were at the bottom of my compassionate motive, and they hurried me on a little too abruptly to the end that I had in view.

"It's nearly a year now," I said, "since we sat at that pleasant table. Have you made any memorandum—in your diary, or otherwise—of what you wanted to say to me?"

Mr. Candy understood the suggestion, and showed me that he understood it, as an insult.

"I require no memorandums, Mr. Blake," he said, stiffly enough. "I am not such a very old man yet—and my memory (thank God) is to be thoroughly depended on!"

It is needless to say that I declined to understand that he was offended with me.

"I wish I could say the same of *my* memory," I answered. "When *I* try to think of matters that are a year old, I seldom find my remembrance as vivid as I could wish it to be. Take the dinner at Lady Verinder's, for instance—"

Mr. Candy brightened up again, the moment the allusion passed my lips.

"Ah! the dinner, the dinner at Lady Verinder's!" he exclaimed more eagerly than ever. "I have got something to say to you about that."

His eyes looked at me again with the painful expression of inquiry, so wistful, so vacant, so miserably helpless to see. He was evidently trying hard, and trying in vain, to recover the lost recollection. "It was a very pleasant dinner," he burst out suddenly, with an air of saying exactly what he had wanted to say. "A very pleasant dinner, Mr. Blake, wasn't it?" He nodded and smiled, and appeared to think, poor fellow, that he had succeeded in concealing the total failure of his memory, by a well-timed exertion of his own presence of mind.

It was so distressing that I at once shifted the talk—deeply as I was interested in his recovering the lost remembrance—to topics of local interest.

Here he got on glibly enough. Trumpery little scandals and quarrels in the town, some of them as much as a month old, appeared to recur to his memory readily. He chattered on, with something of the smooth gossiping fluency of former times. But there were moments, even in the full flow of his talkativeness, when he suddenly hesitated—looked at me for a moment with the vacant inquiry once more in his eyes—controlled himself—and went on again. I submitted patiently to my martyrdom (it is surely nothing less than martyrdom, to a man of cosmopolitan sympathies, to absorb in silent resignation the news of a country town?) until the clock on the chimney-piece told me that my visit had been prolonged beyond half an hour. Having now some right to consider the sacrifice as complete, I rose to take leave. As we shook hands, Mr. Candy reverted to the birthday festival of his own accord.

"I am so glad we have met again," he said. "I had it on my mind—I really had it on my mind, Mr. Blake, to speak to you. About the dinner at Lady Verinder's, you know? A pleasant dinner—really a pleasant dinner now, wasn't it?"

On repeating the phrase he seemed to feel hardly as certain of having prevented me from suspecting his lapse of memory as he had felt on the first occasion. The wistful look clouded his face again; and, after apparently designing to accompany me to the street door, he suddenly changed his mind, rang the bell for the servant, and remained in the drawing-room.

I went slowly down the doctor's stairs, feeling the disheartening conviction that he really had something to say which it was vitally important to me to hear, and that he was morally incapable of saying it. The effort of remembering that he wanted to speak to me was but too evidently the only effort that his enfeebled memory was now able to achieve.

Just as I had reached the bottom of the stairs, and had turned a corner on my way to the outer hall, a door opened softly somewhere on the ground-floor of the house, and a gentle voice said behind me:

"I am afraid, Sir, you find Mr. Candy sadly changed?"

I turned round, and found myself face to face with Ezra Jennings.

THE SOLITAIRE.

HATTIE sat in a low rocker crocheting. The soft Berlin wool wound itself around the small nervous fingers, and seemingly without care or thought from the fair architect the article grew into wonderfully symmetrical proportions. Once in a while, it is true, she held it up for a moment's inspection, and then rattled away again with the little ivory-handled, steel-barbed instrument, with which in some unaccountable manner she seemed to entangle my heart with as much deftness and apparent carelessness as the fleecy wool which unwound itself from her white aproned lap. This was a pretty picture—a picture that had often presented itself, and one which would bear the closest and most critical inspection. But some way this morning my sensations were not so profoundly satisfactory as they had been on previous occasions, and I accounted for it in this wise: Harriet Hertford, the fair knitter described above, was spending the winter with my cousin Blanche Perry; old schoolmates these young ladies were; about the same age, Blanche said, and she was twenty-one. I was also a visitor, with considerable privilege. At the close of the Rebellion shattered in health, and entirely disqualified by a severe wound in my left shoulder, and a nervous prostration resulting from protracted military duty, for any kind of business, I accepted the invitation of my uncle to make his house my home until I found myself perfectly well again. My aunt, a most estimable lady, and capital nurse, promoted my comfort in every imaginable way. Blanche, too, was sensible, kind, and cousinly, willing and apparently glad to bring her stock of entertainment (which, by-the-way, was a well-assorted one) for my amusement, and sometimes, I fear, querulous criticism. Hattie, as they all called her, was at first extremely shy of me; but after a little seemed to catch the loving magnetism of the family, and many were the little favors I received at her hands. The morning paper she always read to me. Once, when my toast was not exactly the shade of brown she thought suitable for an invalid, she offered to show me how evenly she could color the home-made slice; and from thenceforth her fair fingers prepared not only the toast, but many other delicacies which no one else in the house had ever heard of. I used to wonder how she became possessed of so much culinary-ability; and one morning, when she had placed before me an omelet which, in point of flavor and delectable appearance, I never saw equaled, I ventured to ask her how she came by this wonderful knowledge.

"Eat your breakfast like a good boy, Robert, and I will tell you," she replied. "My father, God bless him, was an invalid for many years before he died, and my mother, a very domestic woman, spent a great part of her time endeavoring to tempt the miserable appetite. I believe (though it is extremely unfashionable to admit it) that I must have been born with a natural 'penchant' for the details of cookery; and I grew to assisting until I really outrivaled my experienced mother; and long before I could conjugate a single French verb I was familiar with every housekeeping detail. I wonder," she concluded, "that all women do not like to cook. There is something as artistic to me in the preparation of a beautiful appetizing dish as in the painting of a fine picture. One certainly does not get daubed any more with the former than the latter."

But as I was telling you this morning I was uneasy. Hattie had read every item of interest in the *Times*, had assisted me from the breakfast parlor to the library (an unusual favor), and now with her fair head bent over the everlasting knitting seemed, even while she wrought still more entanglement with her delicate manipulations of the wool and my susceptibilities, to be so entirely engrossed with some foreign subject as to preclude all thought of me. The evening before Frank Hertford, Blanche's brother, had run down from the city and taken Hattie sleigh-riding. I shall never forget how sweetly she looked in the soft, fleecy wrappings, with just enough of crimson blended with the immaculate white to give the brown eyes a still browner shade, and to form a tasteful frame-work for the exquisitely oval face.

"I am so sorry, Robert, you can not have any fun this winter," she said, coming up to my arm-chair and smoothing back the hair from my temples. "But the first real fine day I'll take you out riding myself;" and she hurried off. I watched her spring into the sleigh, laughingly throw us a good-by kiss, and then, more depressed than I had ever been in my life, I went to bed. Hattie noticed, the moment her eyes sought my face the next morning, that I was not looking as well as usual; and *I* noticed that on the forefinger of her left hand she wore a ring—an expensive solitaire diamond—that I had never seen there before. How easy of explanation!—the engagement-ring, of course. Frank had taken the first train up in the morning, and, so far as I was able to judge, there had been no mention made of the affair to the family. "Who but a fool and an invalid would ever have been caught in such a scrape as this?" I whispered to myself. For what purpose had a mysterious Providence thrown us into this singularly friendly companionship? I was puzzled to discover any justice in the arrangement, and the man who had performed his duty pretty fairly on the battle-field, who had faced grape and

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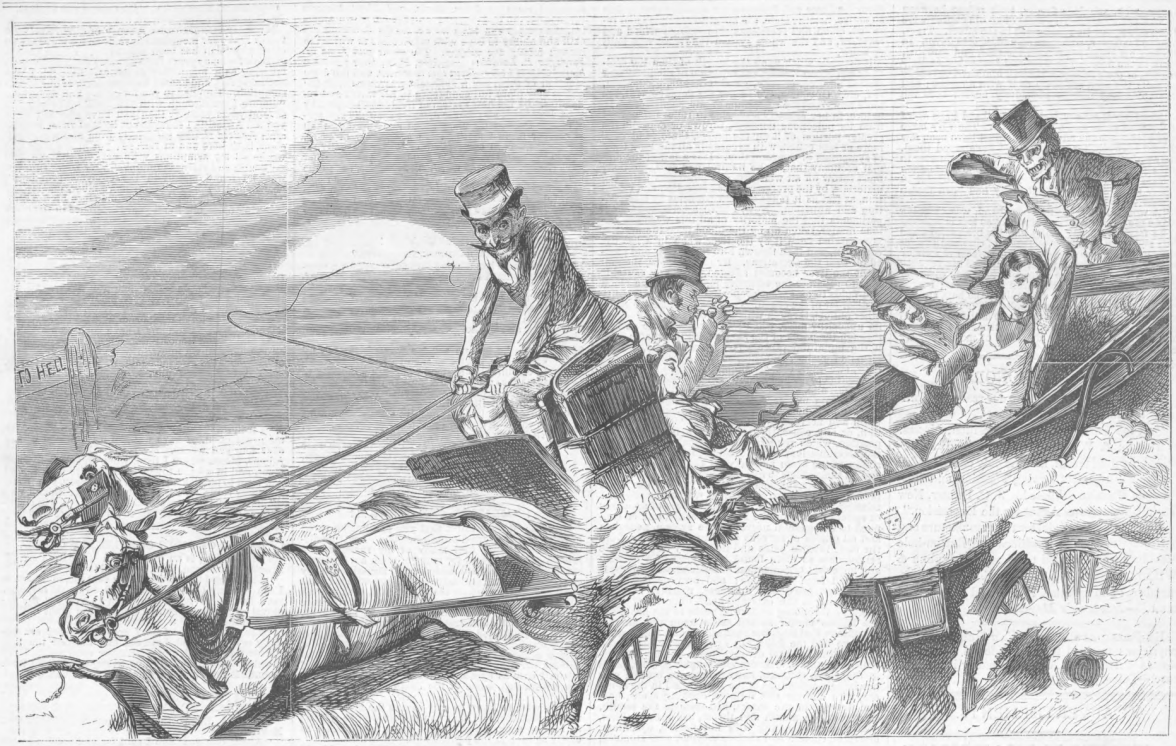


HOME FROM THE RACES.—[SEE PAGE 410.]

A TEXAS HAIL-STORM.

TEXAS is certainly a great State—territorially, agriculturally, and, as appears by the following statement, it excels most States meteorologically. We have long been aware that that climate was famous for sudden changes of temperature, but not one of the proverbial "oldest inhabitants" whom we have encountered has been able to recall such a hail-storm as that which one of our Texas friends thus describes and illustrates. His letter is dated at San Antonio, Texas, May 20, 1868, and reads as follows:

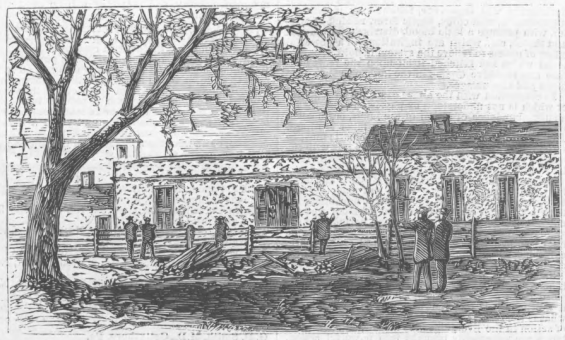
"One of those terrific hail-storms which one hears of but seldom sees or believes visited this city last evening.

"Captain A——, Doctor B——, and myself, were returning from a day's fishing, some ten miles from town, in an army ambulance. About seven o'clock P.M. we noticed indications of rain. Dark clouds were rising in the northwest, accompanied with a great deal of what we at first supposed to be heat-lightning. The lightning gradually became more vivid, the clouds blacker, and the thunder began to make itself heard; and our first supposition of a light shower changed to a certain prospect of a severe thunder-storm. The mules which drew our ambulance were put to their swiftest gait with the hope of reaching town before it came on, but to no purpose—the storm broke on us when about two miles distant. A fierce wind, driving sheets of rain right in our teeth, put a stop to any further progress, and compelled us to turn the ambulance from the direction of the storm into the 'mesquite' bushes, where we prepared ourselves to quietly sit and take it. Suddenly, however, something hit the side of the ambulance with a noise such as that of a stone violently thrown—another and another—and soon we heard the 'thuds' on the bodies of the mules. Neither mule nor man knew what to make of this; and the former, frightened at this unexpected and unusual castigation, dashed off wildly into the 'mesquite.' It was impossible to see, and, fearing a capsize and drag in the chaparral, we jumped out. Staggering blows on the head and body soon gave us to understand what was going on. It was hailing young cannon-balls! Stones of ice of all shapes, and of the size of a man's fist, cut and bruised our bodies; and, with our arms crossed above our heads, we sought the slight protection of a 'mesquite' bush. There are no trees on this prairie-land. We were at different times knocked down by blows about the head—Captain A—— three times. Cut, bleeding, and bruised, with no other prospect than to 'grin and bear it;' not knowing how long such a phenomenon might last, nor how soon we might be knocked senseless, we felt it to be an awful situation.

"In the mean time the mules were 'slewed around' by repeated blows on the head and sides, and stunned. We took advantage of the confusion of the mules, and as they passed us we leaped into the ambulance. Providentially the ambulance was soon brought to a halt by a rail-fence, and the mules were too much exhausted and frightened to exert themselves further. We placed the seats over our heads, and, thus protected, awaited the end of the storm, drenched through, shivering with cold, and badly beaten on the legs and sides.

"The hail fell for twenty-two minutes, and was accompanied with heavy rain, bright, blinding flashes of lightning, and continuous roars and sharp cracks of thunder. The curtains of our ambulance were cut to ribbons, and we scarcely thought the mules would weather it; but they did, and, though much bruised and stunned, brought us safely to town. With black eyes, bloody heads, smashed and cut hats, bruised arms, and torn and muddy clothes, we looked as if just from a 'free fight,' and very badly whipped. Only by experience could we have believed that one could have been exposed to its violence and lived.

"We found our house flooded with water, and all the window-panes and Venetian blinds on its north side knocked into 'smithereens;' and the whole town presents the appearance of a bombarded city. The houses look as if thousands of six-pounders had played against their walls and roofs at point-blank range. The walls, covered with an inch thickness of plaster on the outside, show, as in the photograph which I send you of our own dwelling, every scar on which was made by the hail. This also shows, as well as so small a picture can, the effect on the blinds and windows. The shingle roofs are broken and torn to pieces by the hail and wind: great holes are cut through tin roofs and gutters. Several houses were entirely unroofed by the wind; among others that of General



A TEXAS HAIL-STORM—EFFECT ON THE HOUSES.

A TEXAS HAIL-STORM—THE FRIGHTENED MULES HALTED.—[SKETCHED BY A NAVAL OFFICER.]

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MASON, who, with his family, took refuge between the walls of a door. The walls of an old church were blown down, and its roof landed in the street. Trees, in some instances, were torn up and thrown down. In one house a stone penetrated the roof, and tumbled, spent, to the floor. The trees and bushes are entirely stripped of their foliage and small branches, cut off by the hail; the corn cut down as if with a scythe; and vegetables and flowers absolutely beaten into the ground.

"The largest authenticated stone that I have *heard* of weighed three and a half pounds. The very large ones of two pounds and upward, must have been few and far between, for no one could have stood them. They probably averaged one and a half inches, cut off by the hail; the corn cut down as if with a scythe; and vegetables and flowers absolutely beaten into the ground.

"A woman, who, with her husband, was camping out on the prairie, had two ribs broken and is believed to be fatally injured; a dog had his brains knocked out; and there are numerous cases of cuts and bruises more or less severe; there are also several reports of fatal casualties to human life, which have not yet been authenticated. You see holes four inches in diameter through tin roofs and sheet-iron pipes; boards of fences are knocked off and split by the hail, and the trees barked as if by cannon-balls. Five miles to the westward of this town there was no hail, though wind and rain, and I judge the storm proper, of hail, not to have extended over a diameter of more than six miles."

PARISIAN HONORS.

WE submit the following to our readers. Comment is unnecessary:

"At the Paris Universal Exposition, Messrs. WHEELER & WILSON, No. 625 Broadway, received the gold medal, and the only one, awarded for the most perfect Sewing Machine and Button-hole Machine exhibited. J. C. DERBY, New York, United States Agent for the Exposition."

"The only gold medal for the manufacture and perfection of Sewing Machines and Button-hole Machines was awarded to Messrs. WHEELER & WILSON, of New York. HENRY F. Q. D'ALIGNY, member of international jury, and reporter of same."—*Demorest's Magazine.*

EX-PRESIDENT MARTIN VAN BUREN and his physicians testified to the wonderful efficacy of JONAS WHITCOMB'S Asthma Remedy in his own case.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A TIMELY WARNING,

AND

THE REASON WHY.

How sublime, how beautiful the thought that the researches and developments of the Nineteenth Century have added fresh and glorious laurels to the great temple of fame and science. In every department and phase of progressive development the hand of the sage and philosopher is ever busy—ever ready to devise means for the amelioration of human woe and the prolongation of life.

Think you his an enviable position—an existence without stern obstacles and perplexing cares? Nay, far from it; for he plucks the lovely rose in peril of the thorn; he climbs to eminence and renown, and every step he gains is planted on a prostrate foe. He digs the gold and tries it; another and a bolder hand must strike the blow that stamps its worth and gives it currency as genuine.

It must be admitted by every rational mind that the man who contributes the most toward promoting the happiness and welfare of the human race must of necessity be the most highly esteemed by his fellowmen; acting upon this principle, Prof. R. L. HAMILTON, of New York, has, by patient investigation and vast experience, solved the uncertain question in relation to the vexed and important subject of Liver Complaints and other chronic diseases.

The Doctor, having been very extensively engaged in the treatment of Liver Diseases for a whole lifetime, found a class of those cases that invariably, in spite of the most positive treatment, proved fatal—showing that there were yet some remote, hidden causes that medical science had not fully and perfectly demonstrated. In view of these uncertainties, and for the purpose of benefiting the human race, Prof. Hamilton set about a series of experiments and scientific investigations which have been crowned with complete success—proving the fact which he had suspected, that in all these lingering Liver Complaints the ordinary remedies used by physicians were of no avail, or worse than useless, by destroying the constitution, and hastening the unfortunate victim to a premature grave.

Dr. Hamilton's valuable discoveries consist mainly in his having perfected a combination of remedies which are PURELY VEGETABLE, *and perfectly safe in any case*, no matter how delicate the constitution or feeble the person may be; in fact, after having stood the test for years, it is positively proved that they can not fail in any case to cure where there is sufficient vitality left in the system to respond to the specific action of any human agency whatever. So many thousands having been saved by their use, after every thing else had been used in vain, these natural remedies may with safety be looked upon as SPECIFICS, in the full sense of the word. For the benefit of the sick who may wish to know positively when they have derangements of the Liver of more or less severity, a combination of the usual symptoms found in such cases will be found below.

SYMPTOMS OF LIVER COMPLAINT.

A sallow or yellow color of the skin, or yellowish-brown spots on the face and other parts of the body; dullness and drowsiness, with frequent headache; bitter or bad taste in the mouth, dryness of the throat, and internal heat; palpitation of the heart in many cases a dry, teasing cough, with sore throat; unsteady appetite; sour stomach, with a raising of the food and a choking sensation in the throat; sickness and vomiting; distress, heaviness, or a bloated or full feeling about the stomach and sides, which is often attended with pains and tenderness; pains in the sides, back, or breast, and about the shoulders; colic pain and soreness through the bowels, with heat; constipation of the bowels, alternating with frequent attacks of diarrhœa; piles, flatulence, nervousness; coldness of the extremities; rush of blood to the head, with symptoms of apoplexy; numbness of the limbs, especially at night; cold chills, alternating with hot flashes, female weaknesses and irregularities.

Another very prominent and common symptom is the peculiar lowness of spirits and gloomy forebodings of the unfortunate sufferer. Persons of naturally buoyant and cheerful dispositions are often changed to dull, morose, and desponding hypocondriacs; those amiable and sprightly become peevish, irritable, and unsociable—in short, undergo an entire change of manner and character.

IMPORTANT FACTS.

Dear reader, if you have any or all of the above-mentioned symptoms, Prof. HAMILTON has remedies that will strike at the root of them as by magic. There is no such word as fail in his treatment. By them the Liver and Stomach are speedily changed to an active, healthy state, the appetite regulated and restored, blood and secretions thoroughly purified and enriched, and the whole system renovated and built up anew.

It depends much upon the length of time the difficulty has been existing, organization of the particular system affected, climate, general habits, occupation, sex, etc. Of course, the longer the derangement, the more numerous the symptoms of internal discord. If nature, in her salutary struggles to relieve the blood from its poisonous qualities, throws or deposits the greater portion of it on the Lungs, there is at once more or less cough, with eventually all the long train of symptoms of Consumption. It is a law of the animal economy that, to be natural and free, the body must throw off all worn-out and poisonous irritating materials, by the processes called secretion and excretion, as fast as they take on new particles by assimilation and nutrition. Now, I have ascertained by experiments that the majority of all this worn-out bilious matter, taken up by the blood from the system, is separated from it by the liver when in a healthy condition, and then thrown into the bowels and passed off with the excretions. By this you see, the moment the liver becomes affected, from any cause, it fails to separate the offensive matter from the blood and fluids to an extent proportionate to the torpidity or disorder of the organ. Consequently, nature seeks other outlets, through which she can rid the blood of its unhealthy mass, when it is thrown on the surface through the pores of the skin, which it irritates, and, if the unnatural process is continued long, various forms of rashes, blotches, eruptions, sores, ulcers, boils, swellings, etc., are induced, such as are seen in different persons and localities of the globe.

So with all kinds of fits and nervous diseases. The same poison matter that is naturally, and should be, taken up by the liver, is left in the blood; and if the brain and nervous system are weakened by over-action, or any cause, they are thrown into a negative position, which renders them incapable of resisting the accumulation, and the consequence is, irregular action of the brain and nervous system takes place, and, in their efforts to free themselves of the offending substances, convulsions or fits of various kinds are produced, in all degrees of severity, from the slightest fainting fit to the most dangerous cases of apoplexy or epilepsy. Should the irritation settle, and be confined to the general nerves of the system, neuralgia and all grades of nervous affections supervene, from the most intense pains and irritability to the simple restlessness so often found in females of a delicate and imperfect organization. Restlessness at night is produced from the same; and nervous headache, drowsiness, heaviness, dizziness, roaring, buzzing, and singing in the ears and head, dimness of sight, deafness, throbbing or darting pains in the head. If the bilious matter should settle upon the mucous membrane that lines the stomach, throat, and bowels, then we find the following symptoms or manifestations of the internal derangements, namely: Waterbrash, heartburn, sickness and vomiting, colic, pains in the sides, stomach, bowels, back, or breast; sick headache, palpitations of the heart, wind in the stomach, with distress and fullness, choking spells, heat and dryness in the throat, bad taste in the mouth, canker in the mouth and throat, bad breath, thirst, cold chills alternating with hot flashes, dysentery, diarrhœa, cholera and cholera morbus, sour stomach, with raising of the food, unsteady appetite, constipation of the bowels, all-gone feelings, etc.

POSITIVE PROOF.

CONTINUATION OF PROFESSOR HAMILTON'S THEORY.

Hoarseness, Spitting Blood, Bronchitis, Asthma, or Phthisic, and Consumption are produced by the same cause. The bilious material is thrown upon the delicate membrane that lines the air-passages, causing irritation, with more or less cough, severe soreness through the throat, breast, sides, back, or shoulders, or pains of various degrees of severity; and unless something be done immediately to relieve nature, inflammation will supervene, followed by ulceration, night-sweats, cold chills, hectic fever, raising of matter, with perhaps a little blood, diarrhœa, sore mouth and throat, etc., which are indications of a powerful effort of nature to relieve the system of poisonous material which has fastened itself upon the most delicate and sensitive organs in the human system—the lungs and air-passages.

In connection with the above cause we have another which is not understood by physicians, and that is a superabundance of action of the lungs, or, in other words, they have been compelled to labor too hard. That any machine may run well, all the parts must be well oiled and properly balanced. Thus it is with the human system. God, whose hands so daintily fashioned this wonderful body, has allotted to each organ a specific amount of labor, which, if properly and faithfully performed, will cause all to run smoothly and easily through life. But the moment one organ attempts to shirk its usual amount of labor upon a neighboring organ, that moment the harmony of the system is destroyed, and the organ, overtasked by its increased action, becomes, as a natural consequence, enfeebled, and, no longer able to perform even its ordinary amount of work, falls into decay.

Suppose, for instance, that the action of the heart—the tiny seat of life—has become impaired, and, instead of performing its customary amount of labor, it now performs only half as much as it should do—what is the result? In all cases where there is a lack of action in the liver, digestive organs, and heart, the lungs are necessarily brought into powerful action, and are obliged to perform the work of their neighbors, as well as their own proper functions. The labor imposed upon the lungs is, therefore, greatly in excess of what it should be in a normal condition, producing irritation, inflammation, and ultimately ulceration, general prostration, and consumption. In brief, the above are the causes that produce all lung diseases, throat affections, and catarrh. Now, the natural and proper treatment for the full and permanent cure of all such complaints is simple, safe, and reliable. Instead of applying remedial agents to the lungs exclusively, we have, by vast experience, learned that other organs should be aroused to action at once, and be compelled to perform their full, healthy functions, and thus establish harmony, vigor, and vitality throughout the body.

IS WELL KNOWN THROUGHOUT THIS CONTINENT.

Professor R. Leonidas Hamilton, M.D., having for many years given his whole time to the treatment and investigation of Chronic Diseases, more especially of the Liver and Blood, and having been long and favorably known in every state and territory in the Union as the most skillful and successful physician in the cure of Chronic Diseases, being formerly Professor of Materia Medica, Therapeutics, Pharmacy, Medical Botany, and Diseases of Females and Children, in Central Medical College, also Physician to the New York College of Health and the Central City Hospital, etc., has had opportunities within his reach of no mean importance, and added largely to his skill and experience.

Nor is this all. His present connection with that popular and useful *Institution* known as the NATIONAL BUREAU OF MEDICINE AND SURGERY, as its President and general *Manager*, is positive evidence that Professor Hamilton has the full confidence not only of the *Trustees* of the above public institution, but of the American people. It is now admitted by the best physicians that Prof. Hamilton is the only physician in the world that has made Liver, Lung, and Blood Diseases a specialty for a whole lifetime, and the only one that has written a full and true *theory* of the origin and cure of Liver Complaints.

The views advocated by him more than a quarter of a century ago are now adopted by the most eminent physiologists of the world.

HE HAS TREATED MORE CASES OF THIS KIND THAN ANY OTHER MAN.

After having successfully treated over *two hundred thousand cases of Liver, Lung, and Blood Diseases* throughout the United States and British North America, the people can have no excuse for doubting his skill and ability to cope with all diseases to which the human family are subject. *The name and fame of Professor R. Leonidas Hamilton, M.D., have become a household word throughout this continent*, and the mere mention of them are a sufficient guarantee that the public may place full confidence in his worth and reliability. By the new system of treatment adopted by Prof. Hamilton, all chronic diseases are *fully and permanently cured*, with more speed and certainty than any other known method. In a majority of cases, *cures are made in one quarter of the time* usually required by other treatments; and there is also another advantage to be gained which is of great benefit to the laboring classes, in that *no mineral or poisonous remedies* are given. Consequently, patients are in no danger of exposure, and need not be kept from work, or compelled to change diet or general habits of everyday life.

THE REASON WHY!

WHY IS DR. HAMILTON SUCCESSFUL?

1st.—Because he has studied these diseases for a LIFETIME—first becoming interested by his own sufferings.

2d.—Because he has investigated every remedy known to science, and, in addition, has new remedies, from the fields and forests, OF HIS OWN DISCOVERY, and of the greatest possible efficacy and value.

3d.—Because he has no routine way of treating all cases alike, but treats each patient who sacredly commits his health to his care according to the ACTUAL CONDITION OF EACH PATIENT.

4th.—Because, having made a SPECIALTY of Liver, Lung, and Blood Diseases, he has an experience which has extended to tens of thousands of cases—a greater experience, it is safe to say, THAN ANY OTHER LIVING MAN.

5th.—Because he selects his remedies for each case with such care, uses harmless vegetable agents, and devotes his whole life and energies to making his practice successful—to get his patients THOROUGHLY AND PERMANENTLY CURED.

REMEMBER ONE THING!!!

READER: Do not think that you can not be cured because you have tried other remedies. Let it be distinctly understood that many of my remedies are known only to myself, for many of them are discoveries of my own, and are compounded according to my own reasoning and extensive experience with the sick.

All sick persons must remember that, if they wish to be put upon a course of treatment which will cure them, they can write me their present symptoms, plainly; or patients can mark the symptoms they have, as above published. I can, in every instance, prescribe for them just as well as though I saw them, for I have constantly thousands under my treatment, in various parts of the world, whom I never see, all of whom I cure as speedily and safely as those I see in person—in fact, some of the best cures ever made I have perfected in cases I never saw.

All I wish to know in any case is the most prominent symptoms, and they can just as well be written as told to a physician, and he can treat the case as easily as though the patient were present.

Please write to me at once, all ye afflicted, and I will answer you promptly and to the point, and state fully the facts as they appear, and whether you can or can not be saved. Do not give up, even though your family physician has done you no good; for I have saved thousands after all hope had fled and the grave was near. The wisdom and goodness of a just Providence will not withhold the noble means for the salvation or happiness of his suffering and erring children. Also, if you expect a full and specific reply to your letter, always inclose ten cents; postage must be paid in advance. I am always in attendance, and attend to all cases in person, and the afflicted public may rely upon my responsibility, and that they will be dealt with justly and honorably.

ANOTHER APPEAL TO THE INCREDULOUS.

So well knowing the general custom of the American people to denounce all advertising quackery as "humbugs," without knowing any thing at all in regard to their merits, in addition to the numerous and wonderful estimonials from some of the thousands who have been cured by me, I publish below the names and addresses of a few reliable persons who know me well as a man of integrity and a reliable physician. Any one desiring can call and consult any of them, or address them by letter on the subject:

Benjamin Berry, Matteawan, N. Y.
Alexander Hughes, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
John Proper, Waterford, N. Y.
Alice J. Palmer, New Milford, Conn.
Thomas B. Slingerland, Boonie, N. Y.
Charles Carroll, Attorney-at-Law, No. 63 Liberty St., New York City.
Timothy Cronin, Attorney-at-Law, No. 161 Broadway, New York City.
J. M. Emerson, No. 83 Nassau Street, New York City.
J. K. Van Slyke, Stationer, No. 2 Broad Street, New York City.
William Wright, Broker, No. 50 Broad Street, New York City.
Norval M. White, Clerk in New York City Post-office.
F. Dennstadt, M.D., No. 296 Broome Street, New York City.
Dr. Palmer, No. 79 Fourth Avenue, New York City.
William Betts, Norwalk, Conn.
Edwin Burlingame, Troy, N. Y.
S. O. Gleason, Druggist, Troy, N. Y.
Harvey Wilcox, Ridge Mills, N. Y.
The Hon. R. G. McCreary, Gettysburg, Pa.
G. W. Lord, Attorney-at-Law, No. 55 Liberty Street, New York City.
S. S. Street, M.D., Margaretsville, N. Y.
S. S. Parker, Alabama, N. Y.
J. Jackson, Broker, No. 137 Broadway, New York City.
Charles Van Benthuysen & Sons, State Printers, Albany, N. Y.
Joseph Anderson, No. 81 Adams Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Riley Merrill, Sanford, N. Y.
Daniel Edwards, Otego, N. Y.
Martin Decker, Rockland, N. Y.
Burr Wilson, Rockland, N. Y.
Marvin Kimball, North Branch, N. Y.
Thomas Colby, Moresville, N. Y.
Thomas Fitch, M.D., Prattsville, N. Y.
J. W. Parmenter, No. 9 Spruce Street, New York City.
A. B. Sands & Co., Druggists, No. 141 William Street, New York City.
William Youngblood, No. 83 Nassau Street, New York City.
Renatus Bachman, Chemist, No. 188 Fulton Street, New York City.
John E. Van Etten, Attorney-at-Law, Kingston, N. Y.
Oscar Hamilton, Stamford, N. Y.
Henry Biers, Chicago, Ill.
Joseph Palmer, New Hamburgh, N. Y.
George H. Bates, No. 63 Liberty Street, New York City.
Rev. Ira Hugg, Pointville, N. J.
Rev. Wesley Quinlan, West Sand Lake, N. Y.
Rev. Henry Kimball, No. 9 Beekman Street, New York City.

The Truth must be Told, if the Heavens Fall.

NEW AND WONDERFUL TESTIMONIALS IN FAVOR OF PROF. HAMILTON'S SUCCESS IN CURING CHRONIC DISEASES.

"HAD OFTEN RECEIVED SIMILAR ASSURANCES."

It is with much satisfaction that I invite particular attention to the following voluntary statement of the eminent divine and missionary the Rev. A. A. Constantine, recently located in the interior of Africa:

No. 90 FULTON ST., N. Y. CITY, April 21, 1868.

Dr. R. Leonidas Hamilton, No. 546 Broadway.

MY DEAR BENEFACTOR: A sense of duty impels me to say that your medicines have done for me what no other physician has been able to do. I have been a sufferer for many years from diseases contracted while laboring as a missionary in Africa. Last fall I was declining fast, and had all the symptoms of quick consumption. I applied to you for help. You remarked, "Before I get through with you I will make you feel several years younger than you have ever felt since you left Africa." I thought but little of THAT, *as I had often received similar assurances* from eminent physicians, both here and in Europe; but in less than two weeks all my symptoms were entirely changed, and my health and strength improved very fast. In a few weeks I found myself in the enjoyment of better health, and able to perform more labor, mental and physical, than at any previous time since I left Africa. May God bless you in all your researches in His great laboratory, and make you His agent in restoring thousands to health.

A. A. CONSTANTINE.

GOOD PROOF.

WEBSTER CITY, IOWA, May 10, 1868.

Dr. Hamilton, New York City.

MY DEAR SIR: Your medicine was received in due time, and I certainly feel very happy to inform you that it had the desired effect. Shortly after I commenced taking it the whole combination of symptoms left me. My husband and I have such confidence in your ability and honesty that we are recommending all the afflicted we know to write to you. If we are ever in need of medicine again, we shall apply to you.

Yours very gratefully, MARY E. LYON.

"PRONOUNCED INCURABLE!"

Mrs. Almira S. Brackett Freest, of Lee Centre, Oneida Co., N. Y., writes, May 19:

"I feel, through the mercies of God, you have done me great good. I have not had a vomiting spell in over fourteen weeks. My case is known in North Adams, Mass., where I lived when under your treatment, and in all the towns in Berkshire County. If you were to publish my cure in that county, you would get many cases, for I was pronounced incurable by all the doctors in that part of the country. I will cheerfully vouch the truth of this to all strangers who may doubt it."

A CASE OF PILES COMPLETELY CURED.

The following is an extract of a letter from MR. N. Bruett, of Jefferson, Wis., written May 17, 1868:

"I have used the medicine you sent me, and though I can not say I am thoroughly cured in all respects, yet I feel under great obligation to you for the removal of my worst symptoms and the great mitigation of others.

"*The piles with which I greatly suffered are entirely cured;* indeed, before I had finished the first course they ceased, and *have never returned*, and my blood is better, the irruptive tendency of slight flesh wounds is removed, and such now heal quickly."

"BENEFITED HER MORE THAN ALL THE REMEDIES SHE EVER USED IN HER LIFE."

Mrs. E. A. Ellsworth, of Dannemora, Clinton Co., N. Y., writes:

"About one year ago I sent for and received your medicine, which benefited me more than all the remedies I ever used in my life, and I now want you to let me know what you can do for a neighbor of mine."

Mrs. Lethea A. Smith, of Evergreen, Avoyelles Parish, La., writes, May 6:

"I feel and know that I am gaining rapidly all this time, and I know not how to express my gratitude to you for relieving me of pain and misery. I have no more gloomy forebodings; menses are regular, digestion good; in short, I feel like my former self again. Any thing I can do for you, by influencing others to apply, shall be done with earnestness and great pleasure. Send me some circulars, for I feel that one should be in the hands of every diseased person throughout our impoverished Southern country."

AN OLD LUNG DIFFICULTY.

C. D. Smith, Esq., of Paducah, Ky., writes thus, March 23, 1868:

"DEAR DOCTOR: My brother commenced taking your medicines about 11 days ago, since which time he has materially progressed toward better health. He sleeps and breathes much easier, and his strength is returning very fast. He is gaining in flesh also. He coughs much less; indeed, yesterday he walked with me some three miles—slowly, of course—and he coughed but once during the ramble, which would not have been done at any time before for two years. You will hear from this place in the way of other patients."

GAINS TWENTY POUNDS IN THREE MONTHS.

Miss Annie Applegate, of Le Claire, Scott Co., Iowa, writes, Feb. 26, 1868:

"I know your remedies are invaluable. I gained 20 pounds of flesh while taking them. If any one complains, I tell them to try your remedies, for I was very bad with liver disease."

"TAKES PLEASURE IN MAKING KNOWN THE GOOD RESULTS."

Mr. J. H. Mosheil, of Columbus, Georgia, writes:

"I received your medicine, and took as directed. The effect was entirely satisfactory. Have handed out the circulars you sent me, and take great pleasure in making known the good result."

"IS MAKING THE HAPPY RESULTS KNOWN."

A. W. Harney, of Woodson, Morgan Co., Ill., writes:

"I have acquainted two young men in this place, who are suffering with liver complaint, with the happy results attending your treatment in my case."

"RESTS WELL NIGHTS."

Mr. Willis De Long, of South Edmeston, Otsego Co., N. Y., writes:

"I received your medicines in due time, and have used them with great benefit. Previous to taking the remedies I could not lie on the left side, nor rest scarcely any nights. My sleep is now sound and refreshing, and I can lie on either side. All the bad feelings about my stomach and sides are gone, and I begin to feel like my former self again."

"MONEY NOT THROWN AWAY."

Mr. Job Coslett, of Danville, Montour Co., Pa., writes:

"I received the medicine you sent, and before I had finished taking it I was able to work, and have been ever since. When I expressed my intention to try your remedies, many of my neighbors said I 'would throw away my money.' I feel that I have not thrown it away, for I received great benefit—indeed, I may say a *perfect cure.*"

"DOES NOT DEEM IT NECESSARY TO SEND FOR ANY MORE."

Mrs. Margaret Nellis, of Eagle Rock, Pa., writes:

"I received your medicines in due time, and have used them as directed. *They have effectually cured me*, and I do not deem it necessary to send for any more."

WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE, WHO SHALL DECIDE?

Miss Mary C. Webster, of Pilcher, Belmont Co., Ohio, writes:

"When I first told my regular physician, who had been attending me, that I was taking your remedies, he said: 'I tell you, Miss Webster, there is no use in taking Dr. Hamilton's or any other doctor's medicine, for you have no constitution on which to build; there is not sufficient vitality in your system to respond to the action of the medicine; no power on earth can save you, and if you live a month, 'twill be owing to the favorable condition of the weather.' The fact that I am still living, and far better than three years ago, is evidence that the doctor was not very correct in his remedies. I feel that it is your remedies alone that

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have kept me out of my grave. I attribute all I enjoy to the favor of God and your treatment; and shall ever feel grateful for my deliverance from what seemed an untimely death."

"CHEERFULLY RECOMMENDS HER FRIENDS."

Mrs. Susie E. Davis, of Warwick, Mass., writes:

"Previous to my taking your medicines I was unable to do any of my work, and could not sit up only a portion of the time. I can say truthfully and sincerely that your medicine and advice have been of the greatest benefit to me; and I have cheerfully recommended you to such of my friends as have needed medical advice and treatment."

A CURE OF SALT RHEUM AND SCROFULA.

Mrs. Charlotte Rhoades of Courtland Centre, Kent Co., Mich., writes under recent date:

"This is the first winter in *eleven years* that my hands have not troubled me with Scrofula and Salt Rheum. It is your remedies that have accomplished this. When I see any one out of health, I tell them to at once write to you if they want to be helped."

"HER STORY IS SOON TOLD." A CASE OF PILES CURED.

Carrie E. Phillips, of Middletown Centre, Susquehanna Co., Pa., after making application for a friend of hers, adds:

"As for myself, my story is soon told: I am well again, thanks to the Lord and your medicines. I believe you have saved me from an untimely grave: you have cured me from the Liver Complaint and the Piles. My sufferings from the latter disease (incident, I believe, to the former) were intolerable. I can not express my thanks to you for what you have done for me, and the prompt attention and solicitude you manifested while doing it. God will be your rewarder. If I or any of my friends are sick again, you will hear from us."

"FOUND HIMSELF A SOUND MAN."

Mr. C. D. Inman, of North Chemung, Chemung Co., New York, writes:

"Three years ago I was suffering with a severe case of Liver Disease, and after trying our local physicians, and several popular patent medicines, without avail, I was induced by a neighbor of mine, who had been cured by you, to give you a trial; and after taking your remedies for a single month, I found myself *a sound man*. I then sent for my wife, and she experienced like relief. I now make application for my daughter, &c., &c.

HAS LEARNED FROM EXPERIENCE THAT AGE DOES NOT STAND IN THE WAY OF MY MATCHLESS REMEDIES.

Mrs. Elvira Ely, of Rock Falls, Whiteside Co., Ill., writes, May 25:

"When I first wrote to you for counsel and advice, I did not let you know my age, for fear you would not give me any encouragement; but, sir, let me say to you, I have learned from experience that age does not stand in the way of your matchless remedies."

"HAD OFTEN PASSED THEM BY AS A HUMBUG."

HUDSON, Ill., May 3, 1868.

DEAR DOCTOR: I delayed writing to you that I might see whether the relief I realized from your invaluable medicines would be as lasting and permanent as it was unexpected and magical. I am glad to be able to say that I have experienced no relapse, and I feel it due to the sick and afflicted, and your indefatigable labors in their behalf, that I should acknowledge your skill and success in the treatment of Liver Disease.

Having suffered three years from a very disordered and deranged state of the liver, and having tried the best physician in Jacksonville, Illinois, an adjoining town, and receiving no benefit, I determined to try your remedies, of which *I had frequently read, and passed them by as a humbug*. I tried one course, was much relieved; tried another, and felt so much relieved as almost to forget my former troubles. Since that time I have continued to convalesce, and am now, comparatively speaking, a new man. I shall never forget my indebtedness to you, nor forget to cherish the remembrance of your name.

Truly yours, ARTHUR W. HARVEY.

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED.

DONE MORE GOOD THAN ALL THE PHYSICIANS.

Mrs. Catharine Anderson, of Southampton, Bucks Co., Pa., writes:

"Your medicines have worked wonders in my case. Previous to taking your remedies I had doctored with three physicians, all of whom pronounced my disease *consumption*, and *incurable*. Cod-liver oil and different kinds of syrups were taken in great quantities, but to no purpose. I was confined to my bed for six months, coughed continually, and raised great quantities of matter. My throat was swelled out nearly even with my chin, and my sufferings were most intense. I had not taken your medicines more than one week before I found great relief; my cough was much loosened, and I breathed with greater freedom and ease. My appetite was better, and I felt that a new life had opened before me. I owe my very existence to your great skill and invaluable remedies."

"YOU HAVE BEEN THE MEANS OF SAVING MY LIFE."

Dr. Hamilton. WESTFIELD, N. Y., April 25.

DEAR SIR: I have used nearly all the medicine you sent me, and herewith I enclose the money for another package. I think you will find few cases more obstinate than mine was. My bowels and back were weak and in a bad state, and many of my weak points seemed to be there. I had a very severe time with my head, and was so nervous and seemingly deranged at times that I got little or no rest for several weeks. I am much better now, and I feel almost free from disease. I think one more package of your remedies will complete the cure. But you will hear from me again, for you have been the means (under the blessing of Providence) of saving my life. My faith is fully established, and I think I understand your theory, and believe you are able to cope with any disease to which the human system is heir or liable. I had tried every other means and every other physician that I had faith in; and when all had failed to benefit me, the Lord, by some special means, directed me to you, and from the first I had faith to believe that you could cure me. In fact, I have not for many years felt as well and free from disease as I now do.

Truly, your life-long friend, SIMEON MCCORD.

A LADY'S LIVER AND DIGESTIVE ORGANS CURED.

Prof. Hamilton. WEEDSPORT, N. Y., April 18, 1867.

DEAR SIR: I have used three quarters of the package of medicine you sent me, and thanks to that wise Providence, whom all should bless, for the great good they have done me. I truly believe that my disease was of the liver and digestive organs; and had I not received timely aid from your treatment my difficulties would have terminated in liver consumption, and then I should have been incurable. I had been failing fast for the last five months previous to applying to you, although under medical treatment of three of the most skillful physicians in one of the cities of this state. Many persons are daily visiting me to see and hear of your miraculous skill, remarking that "Professor Hamilton must be possessed of more than a doctor's power to cure you." Some look at me with great amazement, after noticing the great change that has taken place in my condition and appearance in so short a time. I ride or walk every day, and can walk a mile. Truly yours, Mrs. D. C. HOWE.

HOW GRATEFUL THE RESTORED!

FRENCHTOWN, HUNTERDON Co., N. J., Oct. 15, 1867.

DEAR SIR: The medicines I received from you I have taken as directed, and I can not express my gratitude for the great benefit derived from their use. My disease is entirely, and, I believe, permanently removed. I deem it providential that I was directed to you after all other means had failed. Depend on it, I shall do all in my power to direct poor, diseased mortals to a source of relief which, from experience, I know to be a true one. I thank you, my dear Doctor, for your faithful attention, and you shall always have my best wishes for your success in relieving the sufferings of your fellow-creatures.

Most respectfully, MRS. CHARLES BURKIT.

WHY WILL THE AFFLICTED DOUBT WHEN SO MANY ARE SAVED?

Mr. Edwin P. Cady, of Lyons, N. Y., writes:

"I deem it my duty to write to you and let you know the success of your medicines in my wife's case. She had not rested, day or night, for three years, and some of the time I did not expect her to live through the night. When you wrote you could cure her, I did not have much faith, but thought it my *duty* to use all means in my power to save her. She used your medicines as directed, and the result is that she is now WELL, and doing the work for five in the family. From such marvelous success, I have unbounded confidence in your ability to cure chronic diseases, and now beg leave to lay my own case before you."

IS ALL THIS TRUE?

Mr. Samuel L. Furlong, of Muskegan, Mich., in a letter dated April 6, 1868, writes:

"I have cut out SEVENTEEN of the testimonials that were in the *New York Tribune*, and sent them to the persons themselves, with letters of inquiry about them, and also about you, and every one stated that they were true, and recommending your remedies very highly; also giving a history of their cases, which was, indeed, very cheering to a poor man, with a sick wife and three small children to support."

A VOICE FROM THE WEST—CATARRH AND INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION.

Mrs. Abigail Beeman, of Wankon, Allemakee County, Iowa, says, March 16, 1868:

"I have taken your medicines as directed, and can not express my gratitude. I had not been able to do my work for eleven years, and during that time had taken medicine from the most eminent physicians in the West, but was constantly growing worse, and was not able to sit up an hour. I fear, had it not been for your valuable medicines, I should have been in my grave. Now I sit up all day, and I am able to work."

ANOTHER CASE OF EPILEPTIC FITS CURED.

Mrs. Lavina Myers, of Toronto, Vermillion Co., Ind., writes:

"I have taken two thirds of the medicine you sent me, and have had no fits or spasms since I commenced its use. The effect of your medicines seems truly wonderful. I feel to thank God that I have been relieved of such a terrifying disease. I send for medicine to prevent the possibility of a relapse, although I now feel perfectly well."

LIVER DISEASE OF TEN YEARS' STANDING CURED.

Mr. George W. Crocker, of South Valley, Otsego Co., N. Y., writes:

"I have used a portion of the medicines prepared for me, and am much gratified in informing you that I have gained twenty per cent. in health. It is surprising to me, as I had not seen a well day for ten years previous to applying to you. I consider your remedies truly wonderful."

A SAD CASE, SURELY!

The following needs no comment:

NORTH EGREMONT, BERKSHIRE Co., MASS., November 1, 1867.

Dr. Hamilton.

DEAR SIR: I was troubled for some years with liver complaint and bilious colic, which at times was so severe that I longed for death to end my misery. Last September I was taken down so low my friends thought there was no help for me, and said I must die. My suffering was more than I can tell. I employed one physician after another, without experiencing any permanent relief. At last, reading of your wonderful cures in the *Independent*, I concluded to write to you, stating my case as correctly as possible, and received your answer that you could *cure me*. I therefore ordered the medicine (my friends still doubting), which was taken as directed, and, after taking it two or three days, I began to gain, and now feel quite *well*, having worked at my trade (carpenter and joiner) for some weeks past. I confidently recommend all afflicted as I was to place themselves under your treatment, for I am convinced you understand your business, and can do what you claim.

Yours truly, CHARLES POTTER.

IMPORTANT CASE OF EPILEPTIC FITS.

Read the following evidence of what my treatment has done in a case of this disease, hitherto considered incurable:

Dr. Hamilton: BUCKHART, ILL., October 13.

My wife was afflicted with fits for ten years, *attended with great spinal and nervous debility*. She doctored with several physicians, but all to no purpose. I read one of your circulars, and was so impressed with your new and simple theory of disease that I determined to try your remedies. As you know, we sent for your remedies, which, with the help of God, have *completely and permanently cured her*. She has not had a fit since, her back is strong, and her nervous vitality and strength have returned. As every attack she had was severer than the one previous, it is reasonable to suppose she could not have lived long, but for the timely interference of your wonderful skill. To God be the praise; for so speedily and miraculously have your remedies worked that I can but recognize you as an instrument of Divine power in rescuing my dear companion from a terrible death. Words can but inadequately express my gratitude and joy. I wish you to publish this, and spread it far and near. I deem it my solemn duty to all afflicted with this awful malady to do all in my power to make known to them the *true physician;* and if any doubt the authenticity of this let them write to me: I will satisfy them that it is all true. May God's blessing attend you in your efforts for humanity's good. JOHN S. SHARP.

RHEUMATISM—AN AWFUL CASE!!

William McNellis, Eagle Rock, Venango County, Pa., writes, April 8, 1868:

"I return my sincere thanks for having permanently cured me of rheumatism, after having suffered severely for about seven years! When I had doctored with other doctors, and tried all the patent medicines that I could get, with no avail, and was so bad that I could hardly get out of my house, and part of the time not able to get out of my bed, as I was affected in nearly every joint, I thought I would try you as a last resort. To my great joy, in less than three weeks I was able to go out and *among* with the most active man in the place. In one month I was perfectly cured, and had gained seventeen pounds, and I never had better health in my life than I have enjoyed for the last six months. May God bless you and your *miraculous remedies*."

A NOBLE EXAMPLE.

Anna Hay, of Hunt's Corners, Cortland County, N. Y., writes, August 8, 1866:

"Three years ago last spring I was in very poor health, and sent to you for a package of your medicines. I used them according to your instructions, and through them and the goodness of our Heavenly Father, I was restored, and have been very well most of the time since. Besides doing the work for and taking care of my family and an aged mother, I have woven over three hundred yards of cloth, and spun the material for a hundred yards of it, which I could never have accomplished were it not for the effects of your remedies, for which I feel under many obligations to you. I have so much faith in them that I recommend every sick person among my acquaintances to apply to you, and shall continue to do so. I forgot to mention before that Mr. Hay was so badly afflicted with the rheumatism in his knees that he was obliged to go about with a cane, and sometimes with a crutch. I prevailed upon him to apply some of your External Specific, which I happened to have in the house. He used it only three times, and was entirely cured. For three years before his knees would pain him so badly that he could not sleep nights. After using the Specific he slept as sound as a pig, and has had no more trouble with his knees since."

IN HIS MERCY HE SAVES THE AFFLICTED!

Mr. John Lewis, of Zollarsville, Washington Co., Pa., writes:

"The medicine you sent me last spring acted like a charm. It relieved me very soon of a deranged state of the liver, stomach, and bowels. The marked peculiarity of your remedies is, while they act directly and thoroughly on the diseased organs, they do not depress or debilitate the system, like other Liver Remedies I have used. I consider you fully master of your profession, and, from your open, fair way of dealing with me, I deem you an upright, conscientious man, as well as an accomplished physician."

READ, YE AFFLICTED.

Mrs. Samuel A. Firman, of Carversville, Pa., writes, May 22, 1866:

"My daughter now enjoys better health than she has had before in many years. She seems to be perfectly well. Your medicine has cured her."

APPRECIATES IT FULLY!

Mr. Joseph Littel, of Thompson, Pa., writes, Sept. 5:

"Last January I received a package of medicine from you. It is with much pleasure and thankfulness that I now state that my health is fully re-established. The asthma and bronchial difficulties are entirely removed, with the other numerous complaints before specified. I now feel as well as any one can expect to be at my age—sixty-seven years."

CONCLUSION.

It would seem to us that, after carefully looking over the evidence given above, all reasonable persons must be led to the conclusion that there can be no good reason for doubting the fact that DR. HAMILTON is just what he is represented to be—a very successful physician in the treatment of Chronic Diseases. It is useless to cry "humbug," for the above parties have volunteered to give their evidence for the benefit of the suffering, and for no other purpose. All of these testimonials are genuine—are guaranteed to be so, in fact—and it is easy to write to them, and get from their own pens the FACTS. Any of them will answer all inquiries of this character.

Have no hesitancy in writing to the Doctor, and state to him your case in full, and he will deal honestly and promptly with you. All letters to him must be addressed thus:

R. LEONIDAS HAMILTON, M.D.,
No. 546 BROADWAY,
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The number of the Post-office Box must be put on each letter to insure safety.

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Science Advances.
As soon as an article purporting to be of utility has been tested, and its merits endorsed by public opinion, unprincipled parties endeavor to replenish their depleted purses by counterfeiting and substituting a spurious for the genuine article. Some time since, mercury, in the disguise of pills, powders, etc., was given for all diseases of the stomach and liver, while quinine was freely administered for the chills. At length
HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS
made its advent, and an entire new system of healing was inaugurated. The beneficial effects of this invaluable preparation were at once acknowledged, and mineral poisons suffered to sink into that obscurity to which an enlightened age has consigned them. There have been many spurious Bitters palmed upon the community, which, after trial, have been found perfectly worthless, while HOSTETTER'S has proved a blessing to thousands, who owe to it their restoration to health and strength. For many years we have watched the steady progress of
HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS
in public estimation, and its beneficent effects as a cure for all complaints, arising from the stomach, of a morbid nature; and we are free to say that it can be relied upon as a certain relief and remedy. Its proprietors have made the above preparation, after years of careful study and sitting, and are now reaping the reward claimed by this valuable specific, and which they so richly merit. It is the only preparation of the kind that is reliable in all cases, and it therefore demands the attention of the afflicted.

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NEW YORK, June 20, 1868.

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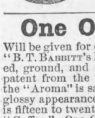

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XII.—No. 601.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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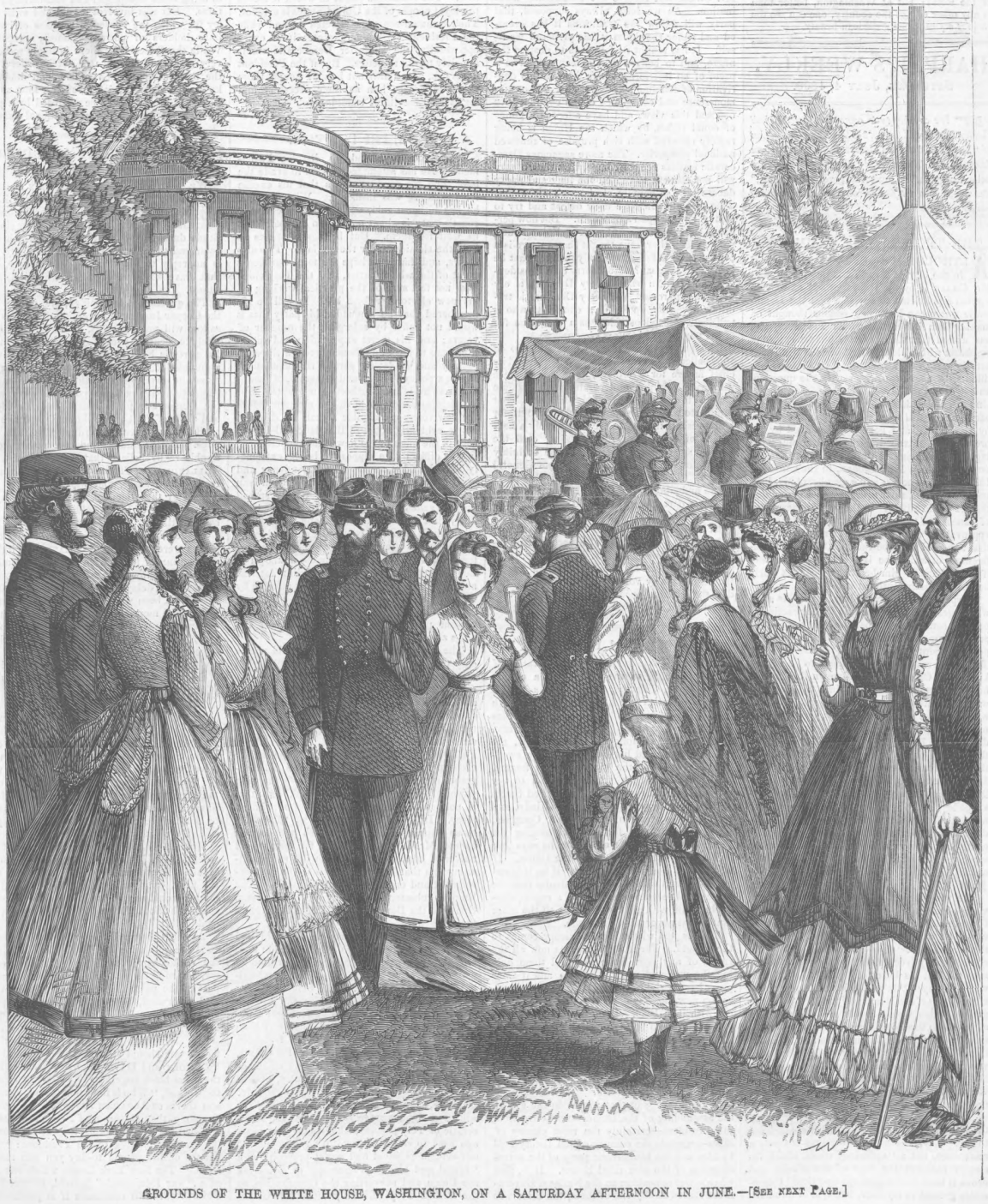

GROUNDS OF THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, ON A SATURDAY AFTERNOON IN JUNE.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

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MUSIC AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

ONE of the attractions of Washington during the summer—and the "City of Magnificent Distances" has few attractive features during the heated term—is the Saturday afternoon promenade in the grounds of the White House to the music of the Marine Band of the Navy Yard. It is a repetition of the scene which is to be witnessed every pleasant Saturday afternoon on the Mall at Central Park, but on a diminished scale. In character the crowds are about the same; that at the White House is perhaps a little less democratic, and a few notabilities can be occasionally picked out of the crowd, which is of course largely made up of the Department clerks of both sexes. As our very beautiful engraving on the preceding page indicates, the Army and Navy are always represented; while as companions to the Chivalry of the service may be found Beauty gathered from all parts of the country. It has often been remarked by foreigners that there are few public promenades in the world where so many and such varied types of beauty belonging to the same race can be found as on the White House grounds. Representative beauties of all nations gather in the parks and on the great promenades of Paris and London and New York, and other capitals of the world; but at Washington, better than in any other city of the country, one can see the various styles of the American beauty.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1868.

☞ *We are happy to announce that we shall shortly begin in* HARPER'S BAZAR *the publication of* "THE SACRISTAN'S HOUSEHOLD," *a new Love Story, richly Illustrated, by the Author of* "Mabel's Progress," "Aunt Margaret's Troubles," *etc., which can not fail to interest and delight the reader.*

THE TROUBLES OF TAMMANY.

ALTHOUGH the chief Democratic journal in the city of New York has stated that Mr. CHASE is by far too sagacious and clear-sighted a politician to suppose that the Democratic party can have any serious thought of making him its candidate for President, and has added that the derisive, almost spurning emphasis with which a large wing of the Democratic party turn away from a candidate identified with negro suffrage settles the question, and proves that any further advocacy of Mr. CHASE'S claims is an idle waste of time, yet his candidacy is still most strongly privately urged by Democrats, and generally discussed by the press. Mr. CHASE'S well-known insatiable longing for a nomination, which led to the famous intrigue against Mr. LINCOLN, in the winter of 1863–64, while he was still a member of Mr. LINCOLN'S Cabinet, favors the general impression that he would advance to the very farthest point of concession to the Democracy to secure the approval of the Tammany Convention. But that approval must be the result of Eastern influences, of which the *World* is the organ, and if they abandon him before the contest fairly begins his disappointment is certain.

In speaking of his candidacy some time since we suggested that it could be made practicable only by some compromise, and that the compromise must turn upon the vital point of the political controversy — equal suffrage. The Tammany reasoning we suppose to be of this kind: Mr. CHASE is a well-known Republican, but circumstances have put him a little at odds with his party. He has had great influence with the best men of the party, however, and many of them hoped he would be their candidate. The Republican party is identified with the present policy of reconstruction, which in the Democratic view is a military usurpation. Mr. CHASE stands for civil law against the military hand. We can not reverse the Republican policy, and if, conceding that, we agree to nominate Mr. CHASE, who burns to be President, will he not agree in turn to become our candidate upon conditions practicable for us, namely—surrender of the negro to the Southern States, or, at least, silence upon the subject?

We presume this to have been the general view of those who sincerely wished for Mr. CHASE'S nomination. They were sure that he would be willing to pay a very high price for the Presidency. They hoped that he would consent to equivocate, at least, in regard to the negro. But his letter of the 25th of May, in which he says: "It would, however, gratify me exceedingly if the Democratic party would take ground which would assure the party against all attempts to subvert the principle of universal suffrage established in eight, and to be established in all of the Southern Constitutions," was a plain declaration that he wished the Democratic party in the Southern States to favor universal suffrage. The reception of this proposition by the organs of the party in those States, and the manner in which they spoke of the *World* and other papers which were inclined to this policy, was such as to reveal not only a reluctance, but a "spurning" scorn, which instantly changed the tone of the *World*, and drove it back to the good old traditional Democratic ground of injustice, betrayal of Southern Union men, and contemptuous disdain of equal rights.

Those who still press the nomination of Mr. CHASE as the sole hope of the Democratic party are not willing, however, not to make one more stand. They now say that, whatever his own views upon the subject, Mr. CHASE is willing to leave the question of negro suffrage to the States. But the difficulty with this view—which would be plausible except for the letter—is that in the letter, as we have seen in the extract quoted, he shows that he wishes the Democratic party in the States to favor negro suffrage. He removes himself the cloud of doubt, raised by the mere assertion that he would be willing to leave the decision to the States, by saying how he wishes the States to decide. The nomination of Mr. CHASE by the Democrats, therefore, would be not only an acceptance of negro suffrage as an accomplished fact, but a recommendation of it as a policy to the Democratic party in the Southern States. It would not be a negative acquiescence, it would be a positive approval.

It is very improbable, for this reason, that Mr. CHASE will receive the Democratic nomination. As we have always supposed, that party will follow the traditions it has created and suffer the doom it has prepared for itself. It has taught its followers to despise the negro, and to believe that a man's color is a proof of an inferiority which justifies his deprivation of common political rights. The common-sense and conscience of the country have opposed this view, and have adopted a policy of equal rights, by which the Union is being rapidly restored with rich promise of renewed national prosperity. The more sagacious Democratic leaders see, of course, that the country will not consent to reopen the long and angry debate now so happily closing. They would, therefore, acknowledge their defeat and try to form their line upon a new field. But how persuade the really ignorant rank and file of their party, which they have taught that a negro is a contemptible inferior, suddenly to agree that he is a political equal? How carry on a Presidential campaign in which every Democratic cry must be suppressed, and every Democratic tradition forgotten, and with a candidate who is politically illustrious solely as a victorious foe of the party? It is simply impossible.

The party, therefore, which at Chicago in 1864 called the war a failure, and nominated its chief failure for President, must now declare the peace a failure, and nominate a candidate pledged to subvert its cardinal condition. That candidate will hardly be General HANCOCK, for he represents nothing. He was merely a lieutenant of GRANT. He would only chill the peace men of his own side, and he certainly would not win Republican votes from General GRANT. The positive element of the party would undoubtedly prefer Mr. PENDLETON; but the other part may insist that, if they are to surrender their whole policy and their man, there must be a compromise upon the candidate, and so secure the nomination of a person of no individual prestige like Mr. HENDRICKS, who would arouse no enthusiasm and poll merely the regular party vote. The Convention, under the circumstances, is sure to be a very amusing and a very instructive assembly.

"SCISSORS, IF I DIE FOR IT!"

THERE is a familiar anecdote illustrative of female tenacity, to the effect that a certain good woman, differing, as she had a perfect right to do, with her husband, was at length submerged by him in deep waters as a means of enabling her to see the justice of his view, upon which, her tongue being silenced, the zealous lady raised her hand above the swelling flood, and, by the motion of her fingers, indicated her unconquerable adhesion to her opinion. The President of the United States is the latest illustration of this good lady, and he has once more retorted upon Congress, "Scissors, if I die for it!" Returning the Arkansas Bill with his objections he says that Arkansas is either in or out of the Union. If out, the bill does not admit her; if in, it is unnecessary and absurd. But he denies that the State could secede or has seceded; consequently she is in, with all the rights of all the other States that never tried to secede.

This is just where his Excellency comes to the ground. For if Arkansas has now all the rights of any loyal State she had them during the war and when it ended; and if Congress has no right to meddle with her organization now, the President had no right to meddle with it in 1865. But he undoubtedly did meddle, even to prescribing an oath to be administered to the voters. When, therefore, he chides Congress for doing what he did first, the President, if he will allow the familiar phrase, is merely—and from his own point of view—the pot calling the kettle black.

We are very glad that just upon the eve of the assembling of the Democratic Convention, the President—certainly the most clumsy of allies—reminds the country of the theory held by him and the Democratic party of the actual situation of the late rebel States. It is, that when active opposition to the National Government ceased in any one of them, the State was instantly restored to its old relations in the Union and could reorganize itself exactly as it chose, while Congress had no more to say upon the subject than it has to a change of the Constitution of New York. The Government might indeed proceed against the population of the State as traitors and hang them individually, provided it could convict. But the trial must take place in the State, and each offender be convicted by a jury of his fellow-offenders. Beyond this the country had no right whatever. If the abolition of Slavery had been instrumental in suppressing the rebellion, it had also given the late rebels an additional representation in Congress, so that the result of the rebellion was a loss of life and property on all sides, and an increase of political power to rebels. As for Slavery, it is a State institution, and if any State choose to establish it, Congress can not interfere; while an enforced acceptance of the emancipation amendment is consent under duress and therefore invalid.

This is the necessary logic of the President's theory in his veto messages, and of the Democratic hostility to the legislation of reconstruction. The ridiculous plight in which it leaves the loyal people of the United States is evident. Their common-sense has rejected it; and while the President solemnly reiterates it at every opportunity, the shrewder Democratic chiefs are slyly trying to hedge. But if the President holds fast, who knows but he may compel those chiefs to accept him as their necessary and logical and inevitable candidate?

ENGLISH POLITICS.

MR. DISRAELI intends to dissolve Parliament. He has attempted in vain to evade the issue, and his conduct shows that his excuse for hesitating was insincere. Why dissolve, he has hitherto said, when the now enlarged constituency is about coming to the polls? let us wait for them. But he now proposes to hold the election under the old law. This also shows, and that is perhaps the most significant point of the whole matter, that the Tory chief does not feel sure of the practical working of his new electoral reform bill. It will be remembered that he persuaded his party that it would not suffer by enlarging the number of voters; and his secret expectation and intention were to form an alliance between the aristocracy and the lowest part of the population. It was a policy of King and Lazaroni, of Southern slave lords and Northern immigrants. But his determination to have the election before the new voters are eligible reveals his distrust. He is evidently not sure that he could buy or control the mass of the new constituencies.

The difficulty we suppose to be the extremely liberal and even republican tendency and organization of an important part of the artisan class, which is probably more widely spread than is generally imagined. It is indeed not likely that the most cultivated and trained English minds should be constantly engaged in the consideration of every political question with a force and freedom that are almost unknown in this country without a corresponding interest among those who are most directly affected by such intellectual activity. There is a party of Independents as well as Presbyterians in the present political movement; a party of the clubs as well as the Girondists.

The real extent of this party it would not be easy to state with accuracy. It is allied with the more intelligent Fenian leaders, and has a distinct policy in regard to all public questions. Its hold by tradition and sympathy must be very strong upon the very lowest but vast class of the English population, the agricultural laborers. It is also well organized. Indeed, if Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON'S estimate of the artisan class in his "Transit of Power" be not altogether incorrect, the Trades Union is the most powerful organization in England, and that is politically under the control of republican ideas. It is the consciousness of this enormous impending force in British politics that caused Mr. LOWE to cry out for instant and universal education; and it is the same consciousness that has already led to the vast enrollment and organization of volunteers. The English volunteers of to-day are the National Guard of the Bourgeoisie in LOUIS PHILIPPE'S time in France.

Doubtless, also, in surveying the field and calculating all the chances, Mr. DISRAELI does not wish to trust his place to an election in which this new force is to be legally and officially felt for the first time. The Prime Minister knows that he does not deceive the English "people," as the artisan and agricultural classes of the population are called, any more than Democratic politicians deceive the freedmen among us. He is not their man. He counts, indeed, upon ignorance, like all Tory chiefs, as the slave masters did in this country, and as their successors, the Tammany managers, do. He hopes, undoubtedly, that the "No Popery" cry will be of signal service to him. As the Democratic or Tory papers in this country ten years ago used to call Mr. SEWARD'S statements of self-evident political and social propositions a "brutal and bloody programme" of dissolving the Union and subverting the Constitution, so the British Tory interest attacks Mr. GLADSTONE'S bill for the abolition of the Irish Church system as an assault upon the foundations of the Constitution itself. The key-note of the Tory campaign in the elections was struck by DISRAELI in his reply to the Protestant deputation from Ireland. He said that the interests of the whole kingdom were involved in the question of the disestablishment of the Irish Church. The blow struck in Ireland would in due time be leveled against the institutions of Great Britain. It was only fair that the people [namely, the present voters] should decide whether the British Constitution should be subverted and the revolution accomplished. The Ministry had therefore resolved to dissolve Parliament. The deputation was satisfied, and the contest will now begin.

But the success or failure of DISRAELI as Prime Minister is an unimportant question compared with the other and vital one, whether reform in England can move so rapidly and wisely as to avoid revolution. The political institutions of England are perilously far from embodying the political convictions of the people. The task of the statesman, therefore, is to bring them into proper and satisfactory relations. But this involves a bold and swift policy for which the conservative class of hereditary holders of power is hardly prepared. While the Queen lives there is likely to be no very serious disturbance of public order; but the best informed men in England doubtless know that the accession of such a king as the Prince of Wales would be regarded by a powerful and organized class as a national disaster.

A WORD WITH THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

WE trust that General FRANKLIN and the other soldiers who are to meet in convention to support the nominations made by the Tammany Convention will not forget to remember the attitude during the war of the party which they commend to the sympathy of the country. It is no reply to say that the war is over, and that brave soldiers do not fight when resistance ceases.

The question to be decided, and upon which the Cooper Institute Convention of soldiers and sailors will pronounce, is, which party is most likely to secure the results obtained by the war? No party is hostile to the South as a section, although the Republican party is unwilling to trust the disaffected portion of the Southern population with exclusive political power, while the Democratic party insists that the friends and allies of the Union soldiers during the war shall now be entirely subordinated to their enemies. Do the soldiers and sailors about to assemble really believe that the party of which VALLANDIGHAM, PENDLETON, and SEYMOUR are recognized leaders, and whose policy is prescribed by these leaders, is a party worthy of the sympathy of Union soldiers? Let us look back a little.

In the summer of 1864 the great final campaigns were prosecuted. GRANT in Virginia, and SHERMAN in Georgia and the Carolinas, were moving toward victory. But the hour of triumph was delayed. The public expectation, which had been very eager, was disappointed. Weeks and months passed, and still the contest continued. How stern and long the trouble was no one knows so well as the soldiers themselves. For three years it had lasted, and during the three years what had been the attitude of the party which some soldiers and sailors now propose to support?

The great Democratic meeting in Philadelphia in January, 1861, denounced, in the name of the party, the "fratricidal war thus to be inaugurated." And a month later the Democratic State Convention of Pennsylvania resolved to oppose "any armed aggression upon the Southern States." This was the tone of all the party papers and speakers, especially of HORATIO SEYMOUR at Tweddle Hall, until the fall of Sumter silenced for a time the loud expression of sympathy with rebellion.

But in April, 1864, when a motion was offered to expel Mr. HARRIS, of Maryland, from the House of Representatives, because he had, upon the floor, expressed the hope that "God Almighty would never permit the Government to subdue the South," every member but one voted against it.

At the Chicago Democratic Convention of 1864 the resolution drawn by VALLANDIGHAM, the most conspicuous Copperhead in the country, asserting the war to be a failure, was made part of the party declaration of faith. As he said afterward, the Convention meant peace and it said so. The individual expressions of Democrats of every kind were in the same strain. One asked, "Isn't it time that this infernal war should stop?" S. S. COX said that "LINCOLN and DAVIS ought to be brought to the same block together." EMERSON ETHERIDGE asked, "Who is the worst traitor, JEFFERSON DAVIS or ABRAHAM LINCOLN?" HORATIO SEYMOUR, then Governor of New York, scarcely veiled his threats against the enforcement of the draft, by writing to the President: "The temper of the people to-day you can readily learn." The New York *Leader*, which was called a "war Democratic" journal, menaced the Government with resistance if it persisted in

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raising men by draft to serve with you, soldiers, in the army. Mr. SWACKHAMER said that the country was tired and sick of calls for more men. JAMES BROOKS cried, "No more fighting; fighting will never restore the Union." Judge DALY thought that there was "a possibility of peace and a preservation of the Union through a compromise." In a word, while you were in the field, and still victory was delayed, and the only hope of the country and of free popular government lay in the moral support of the country, in its unshrinking faith in the good cause, and in the men which it sent forward to you at the front, the Democratic party was carrying on a political campaign in your rear, for the success of which the rabid rebel journals openly prayed, and for the result of which, had it been successful, the rebel army and the Andersonville jailers would have sung Te Deum.

Mayor GUNTHER, in the proud autumn of 1864, refused to rejoice over your victories. Do you suppose they were welcome to the patriotism of those who elected him? How does this party propose to secure those victories? By roaring about State rights, and delivering your allies of every color and kind to ex-rebels. How does it honor the war? By the foulest abuse of the General of the Armies. Have you changed, or the party whose organs called you Hessians and hirelings? Which do you believe will more truly secure the prosperity of the Union—those who thought it worth a war, or those who, with HORATIO SEYMOUR, thought and said that the Union might fall rather than slavery?

THE NEW MINISTER TO ENGLAND.

THE President could hardly have expected the Senate to confirm the nomination of General M'CLELLAN as Minister to England. To nominate him was a very cheap way of propitiating the Democratic party. The action of the Senate, however, in the prompt confirmation of Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON was an honorable tribute to the personal respect in which he is held, and an evidence of willingness not to insist upon a difference at every point with the Executive. Some months ago, in speaking of the retirement of Mr. ADAMS, we mentioned Mr. JOHNSON as the best of the several persons among whom the President was likely to choose. It is a very much better selection than we had a right to expect; but it is still to be deeply regretted that a different representative could not now be sent to England. Not certainly for any personal consideration. Mr. JOHNSON is a gentleman of spotless character, of conceded ability, of ripe and various information, and of an habitual courtesy, which is the earnest of the most dignified official intercourse with the British Government. If the only points to be considered were personal fitness and intellectual accomplishment, the United States could have no better minister in England than Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON.

But a minister is not merely a diplomatic agent. In these days that is really the most unimportant of his functions. He is an influence, and he should therefore be a representative. But Mr. JOHNSON is not a representative of the convictions, the principles, and the sympathies which now control the United States Government. The real service of a minister is in the manner in which he affects the public opinion of the country in which he resides, and still more the private opinion which moulds its official foreign action. When the rebellion began Mr. DALLAS was United States minister in England, and Mr. FAULKNER in France, and JEREMIAH BLACK was Secretary of State. Mr. DALLAS was an old political ally of the slaveholders and conspirators. His views of the situation were all necessarily influenced by that fact. Officially he remonstrated against the recognition of the Confederacy as a belligerent. How heartily he must have done it it is not difficult to imagine. Mr. FAULKNER was a Virginian Democrat. His superior was JEREMIAH BLACK, who held that States had no right to secede, but that the United States had no right to prevent secession. Mr. FAULKNER'S dispatch in reply to the order to prevent the recognition of the Confederacy, remarked that "coercion" was contrary to the "genius of our institutions." Naturally Mr. FAULKNER returned from representing the Government of the United States to rebel against it. Both these ministers were of the State-rights school. They believed implicitly in the divine right of slavery. They did not believe in the constitutionality of coercion. They undoubtedly supposed the result to be a foregone conclusion. Had Mr. ADAMS been in the place of Mr. DALLAS, and Mr. DAYTON in that of Mr. FAULKNER, the inner social opinion both of England and France would have been very different, and their action, out of which the *Alabama* and similar troubles sprang, would have been delayed. For both the new ministers represented the new and liberty-loving spirit which had at last come into power.

Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON holds very much the same relation to the really dominant sentiment of the country now that Messrs. DALLAS and FAULKNER held eight years ago. He was, indeed, a Union man; he even supported emancipation, and he acquiesced in the reconstruction policy without approving it. But for two years he has been steadily identified with the Democratic opposition, and has furnished it all the arguments it has had. He was bred in a Slave State among aristocratic traditions, and he has never shown that he was in the least touched or inspired by that generous faith in the expediency as well as justice of equal political and civil rights, which is the corner-stone of the new America. Consequently, therefore, his tone must be one of distrust. He can not inspire a confidence he does not feel. He must necessarily fail in the chief office of an American minister in England, which is to impress English opinion with the conviction that the settlement of our difficulties is the result of a purpose as earnest and a feeling as profound as those which conquered the rebellion and destroyed slavery. How different the effect and how much more serviceable toward a true international intelligence if a man like Mr. MOTLEY, for instance, were our Minister in England!

A LOCK, STOCK, AND BARREL WANTED.

THE condition of the Democratic party, in view of its approaching National Convention, ought to be enough to satisfy the country whether it can safely be intrusted with the government. When a great party, in a free country, questions the principles and opposes the policy of its opponent, maintains a vigorous criticism, and demands power in order to prove that its own principles and policy will more surely secure the public welfare, it occupies a position which is at least consistent, and in a moment of fatigue or doubt or disgust may succeed in supplanting its adversary. But when a party says that it does not exactly know whether it has any principles, and can not determine who represents its policy, one day insisting that it had better acquiesce in the policy of its opponent as a settled result, and the next that it had better do no such thing, it offers a ludicrous and contemptible spectacle.

That is precisely the position of the Democratic party. It does not know whether to fight or retreat or surrender. It can not resolve whether a radical Republican or a peace Copperhead is its better candidate. It can not decide whether to declare the question of reconstruction closed, or to reopen it altogether. It wants to denounce equal suffrage, and it is afraid to say any thing about it. This is one of the most interesting and important epochs in our history, and the Democratic party can not make up its mind what to think about it. Last autumn it triumphantly shouted that the great reaction had begun, and now it considers whether the points shall be conceded against which it declared the reaction to be directed. Its Convention meets in a week, and it does not know whether its inspiration shall be relentless hostility to the war as a wicked outrage, or approval of it as a necessary exercise of legitimate authority.

Is this a party to be intrusted with the government of this country? With whatever candidate and whatever professions it may enter upon the election, is this a party to which thoughtful and sensible men will give their support? Whatever a man's previous respect for the ability and career of Mr. CHASE, would he wish to vote for him if Mr. CHASE were willing to receive the nomination of a convention which seriously entertained Mr. PENDLETON as the contesting candidate? Mr. CHASE, elected President by hundreds of thousands of votes reluctantly cast for him, but which would have been joyfully thrown for HENDRICKS, or SEYMOUR, or VALLANDIGHAM—for whom PENDLETON is merely a substitute—could not be independent of those votes, nor of the policy and tendency which they represent. Unless we suppose a political tergiversation which is incredible, namely, a renunciation of his Republican views to obtain a Democratic nomination, and then a betrayal of the Democratic party, Mr. CHASE would, of course, be a party President, and dispense his patronage like other Presidents. Whoever voted for him would vote to place the administration of the government in the hands of Democratic politicians, and, of course, for the promotion of Democratic views and policies.

If that is a desirable result; if the ascendency of the Democratic party, as the country knows it by most tragical experience, would tend to the speedy restoration of the Union upon enduring principles, then we can conceive why a Republican might think that he ought to vote for Mr. CHASE as a Democratic candidate. But if he asked himself the question with which we began, whether a party that has not yet made up its mind whether Mr. CHASE or Mr. PENDLETON is its true representative, can safely be trusted with the government and with the final settlement of the Southern question, he would probably conclude that Mr. CHASE, as a Democratic President, would do precisely what Mr. HORATIO SEYMOUR or ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS would do—namely, carry out the policy upon which his party might decide.

It seems to us that any candid man must admit that a party which has certain fixed and approved principles, and a policy of restoration already in successful operation that has belied all the evil auguries of its enemies in regard to it—a party which has nominated a candidate of the highest renown as a patriotic soldier, under whose command the Union citizens suppressed unconditionally a vast, cruel, and causeless rebellion, and as a man remarkable for sagacity, moderation, integrity, honesty, and fidelity—a party which did not hesitate to destroy slavery to win the victory, nor to establish equal suffrage to secure the fruits of victory, is a party which deserves the cordial support of every citizen who wishes that the scar of the war may rapidly disappear, and the future of the country be founded upon a truly just, sensible, and American policy. While a party which, within a week of its Presidential nomination, has no common conviction, and no defined policy, and is distracted among candidates who represent radically hostile and irreconcilable principles, is merely a body of conspirators, torn with doubt whether they can best secure possession of the church plate by piously kneeling, and as seeming worshipers waiting their opportunity of plunder, or by boldly bursting in and revealing their true character as desperate robbers.

WEAK INVENTIONS.

THE campaign against General GRANT has thus far been conducted by saying that he is no soldier, and that his name is HIRAM; that against Mr. COLFAX by inventing a series of very stupid falsehoods. Whether the General is guilty of the name of HIRAM is a point which may be safely left to his enemies to settle. Whether he be a soldier those enemies who have a right to an opinion, for instance, BUCKNER at Donelson, PEMBERTON at Vicksburg, BRAGG at Chattanooga, and LEE in Virginia, have probably made up their minds. If they have not, the rest of his countrymen have.

As for Mr. COLFAX'S offenses, the first, namely, that he insulted Union soldiers, is charged by the organs of the party that denounced the war as wicked and the soldiers as hirelings, while the Speaker was always most conspicuous among the eminent supporters of the cause and friends of the army. It did not need his naturally indignant denial of so bald a slander to dispose of it forever. The other allegation is, that he is hostile to foreigners. But the truth is, that Mr. COLFAX has shown himself more friendly to the Fenian movement than almost all of our public men; and so well known is his sympathy for the just rights of all men, of whatever land they may chance to be native, that he has always greatly led the average vote of his party in parts of his State where the foreign element prevails. Those who know Mr. COLFAX will smile at this kind of feeble invention; for if his political principles did not forbid any such feeling upon his part, his political sagacity would prevent the expression of it. The enemy must try again.

MR. CHASE AND THE SUFFRAGE.

MR. HORATIO SEYMOUR is reported to favor the nomination of Mr. CHASE, and to have said in a party caucus: "As to negro suffrage he is willing to leave that question entirely to the States, where we claim it belongs."

We have elsewhere shown that Mr. CHASE, in his letter of May 25 of this year, reiterates his devotion to the cause of equal suffrage, and hopes that the Democratic party will take care to secure it in the Southern States. But in a speech to the colored people, delivered in Charleston, South Carolina, on the 12th of May, 1865, Mr. CHASE expressed his views in regard to the establishment of negro suffrage by the National Government.

He said: "If the Government of the United States, taking every thing into consideration, shall not think it proper to enroll all the colored men as citizens and voters, what is your duty? To fret and worry about it? I think not. If I were in your case, I would go to work, and show that the United States Government was mistaken in making the delay. If you show that the mistake will be corrected."

These are not the words of a man who doubts the right and power of the National Government to regulate suffrage in the disordered States. They show that he merely doubts whether Congress is quite as deeply convinced of the right and policy as he is, and they were spoken with a view to the Radical nomination for the Presidency. A Democratic paper in Georgia, the Brunswick *Banner*, reminding the colored people of the antecedents of Mr. CHASE, asks: "To whom at the North do the colored people owe more than to Mr. CHASE? To him mainly is due their emancipation and the suffrage they possess."

When Mr. SEYMOUR says, as reported, therefore, that Mr. CHASE is willing to leave the question entirely to the States, does he mean that he was opposed to Congressional enfranchisement? But Mr. CHASE'S words and whole record show that he was not. Does Mr. SEYMOUR mean, then, that hereafter the Chief Justice is in favor of leaving the suffrage to the States? But the Republican platform takes no other ground. It says, with Mr. CHASE, that the public safety, as well as gratitude and justice, demanded that Congress should give the ballot to every loyal man in the unreconstructed States, while in all the loyal States the question properly belongs to the people.

So far as his views upon this subject are concerned, therefore, Mr. CHASE is no more a desirable candidate for the opponents of reconstruction upon equal rights than any other radical; and should he accept their nomination it must necessarily be at the expense of the public respect for his character.

"TRICKS UPON TRAVELERS."

WE have received the following note, which we publish with pleasure, and without any desire to continue a controversy as to the comparative accuracy of memory of the buyer and seller of the ticket in question—a point upon which, of course, we have not changed our opinion. It is enough that, by the wise action of the Company, the chance of a similar difficulty is hereafter to be avoided.

"NEW YORK, *June 20, 1868.*

"*To the Editor of 'Harper's Weekly':*

"The issue of your paper of June 13, 1868, contains an editorial article headed 'Tricks upon Travelers,' which does injustice to this office and the Company which I represent; and I respectfully request the publication of the following explanation of the case referred to: The difficulty was caused wholly by a misunderstanding between the ticket-seller and the purchaser as to what constituted a state-room. The cars in question are of peculiar construction, and the interior subdivided into five compartments, represented by two state-rooms at the ends, having six sleeping berths and three compartments containing four berths; these rooms are about the same size, and the middle ones have more space between the berths. A curtain is dropped in the centre of each compartment or state-room, with an entrance door common to both sides. My agent sold to the gentleman one side of an end room, and claims that he so informed him. There was not the slightest wish on his part to misinform the purchaser, and no one regrets the circumstance more than I do. This is the first case that has occurred within my knowledge since these cars have been running where any dissatisfaction has been expressed by passengers. We aim to furnish all the facilities possible for the comfort and convenience of the public, and think we have done so in the past.

"To avoid the recurrence in the future of any similar difficulty, only complete state-rooms or compartments will hereafter be sold at No. 1 Astor House or 271 Broadway; and the disposal of berths, or parts of rooms, will be left with the conductor of the car after the passengers have started. J. L. ELLIOTT,

"Agent Pennsylvania Railroad Company."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

THE Currency bill passed the Senate on June 17. It limits the circulation of the National Banks to $300,000,000, to be secured by deposits with the United States Treasurer of United States bonds to the value of ninety per cent. of the circulation.

The Senate on June 18 refused to give American registry to the bark *Golden Fleece*, which adopted British colors during the war, and now seeks to become American again. The chairman of the Committee on Commerce announced before the vote was taken that the decision of the Senate in this case would be accepted as instructions to the Committee in regard to a large number of other vessels similarly situated. The vote was very decided against allowing the *Golden Fleece* to adopt the American colors.

The Arkansas Admission bill was passed over the President's veto in the Senate, on June 22, by a vote of 30 to 7, and is now a law. All the members of the Congressional delegation from the readmitted State are Republicans.

The Kentucky election case was decided in the House, on June 22, by the adoption of a resolution declaring Samuel M'Kee, a Union man, elected over Judge Young, a former secessionist.

NEWS ITEMS.

Henry W. Longfellow, the poet, was made a LL.D. by Cambridge University, England, on June 16.

The English Cabinet is about to give George Francis Train additional notoriety by prosecuting him. He was lately hissed down in the Liverpool Merchants' Exchange.

A. S. Welch is the Florida Senator elect for the term ending March 4, 1869. T. W. Osborn is the Senator elect for the long term.

Judge Ingraham, of the Supreme Court, has wisely denied the motions of several Broadway concert saloon keepers for injunctions restraining the Superintendent of Police from posting officers at the doors of the premises to warn persons from entering them. It is hoped that this will eventually break up these dens of iniquity.

An ex-rebel Colonel M'Carty, in an altercation at Russellville, Kentucky, shot and killed Major Lawrence, of the United States army, commanding at that post.

Governor Humphreys, of Mississippi, and his Attorney-General, Hooker, have been removed from office, and General Adelbert Ames and Captain Casper Myer, both army officers, have been appointed in their places.

Twenty-eight persons are in prison in Atlanta, Georgia, charged with complicity in the Ashburn murder.

The Canadian Zouaves who joined the Papal army are reported to be enduring great privations.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE siege of Port au Prince, Hayti, continued on June 10. The revolutionists had possession of the suburbs of the town and were waiting the arrival of reinforcements. Salnave, the President, commanded in the city.

Nova Scotia is dissatisfied with the Canadian Confederation scheme, and desires to secede from it. The subject is now engaging the attention of the British Parliament.

The various churches—Christian and Israelite—in the Turkish Empire, have engaged lately in voting and tendering thanks to the Sultan for his late decree relative to religious liberty, the substance of which we have published. Lately a delegation of the heads of the churches in Constantinople waited upon him, and in the course of a brief speech he said, "That his principal object and solicitude would not cease to be the civilization of his Empire and the prosperity of his peoples; that he made no distinction between his Mussulman and Christian subjects; that, by appointing functionaries to the new Council appertaining to different creeds, it was with the object of shielding the interests of all his subjects, and to make them participate equally in the administration of the country."

There is cholera at Matanzas.

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THE CHICAGO SAENGERFEST.

THE Convention of the German Saengerfest Societies of the country was held this year at Chicago, Illinois, commencing on June 17, and continuing until June 20. The concerts were given in the Wabash Avenue Skating Rink, the interior of which we illustrate on this page.

The performances of the four days embraced three grand concerts, in which an orchestra of 150 performers and a chorus of 500 voices engaged, a torch-light procession of several thousand persons, delegates and citizens, numerous Glee Club concerts at various halls in the city, two grand balls, and a picnic on the Sunday following the last day of the Convention.

HON. REVERDY JOHNSON.

SHORTLY after the resignation of Mr. ADAMS as Minister to the Court of St. James, President JOHNSON nominated General GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN for that position. The nomination was in such bad taste, and the nominee so evidently incapable of filling the office, at a time when such important arbitration as the settlement of the Alabama claims was pending between England and the United States, that the Senate promptly rejected the nomination. On June 12, however, the President made the more judicious nomination of Hon. REVERDY JOHNSON, and the Senate unanimously confirmed the nomination without the usual form of reference to a committee. This was more out of respect to the high personal character and eminent abilities of Mr. JOHNSON than satisfaction with the political principles held and advocated by him. The President, had he been disposed, might have nominated a man more acceptable in this regard to the Senate and the country, but hardly one of greater ability or higher character than the gentleman who is now our Minister to England.

Mr. JOHNSON is a native of Annapolis, Maryland, and is now seventy-two years of age. He was educated in St. John's College, Annapolis, until seventeen years of age, when he began the study of law in his father's office. He entered national political life in 1845, when he was chosen a Senator from Maryland. He resigned in 1849 to accept the position of Attorney-General during the Taylor administration. He resigned on the accession of Mr. FILLMORE, and resumed the practice of law. He was a delegate to the Peace Congress of 1861. When the Southern States seceded in the same year he remained a loyal man, and as such was re-elected to the Senate in 1863 for the term ending in 1869.

HON. REVERDY JOHNSON, OF MARYLAND.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY & CO., WASHINGTON.]

Although elected as a Democrat, he voted on several important measures—such as the Emancipation Amendment of 1864 and the Reconstruction Act of 1866—with the Republicans. He has served for years on the Committee on Foreign Relations, and is intimately acquainted with that branch of the national service. He fully agrees with the views of the Government on the intricate questions with England, and will probably pursue, under the same policy and general instructions, the work so well conducted heretofore by Mr. ADAMS.

NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

THE annual regatta of the New York Yacht Club was to have taken place on June 18, but owing to the absence of all wind—an indispensable requisite on all such excursions—there was no regatta. The contesting yachts certainly made a very handsome start—which we illustrate on page 428—and went to sea, as also did a great many steamers, and tugs, and pleasure-boats filled with interested spectators; but the time made by the yachts was so slow that, by the rules of the Club, the contest was pronounced "no race." The *White Wing* in advance, and one or two other sloops some distance behind, turned the light-ship off Sandy Hook, but the majority of the vessels which entered and started gave up the contest early in the afternoon, and returned to the stake-boat to await orders and a fair breeze.

The race was resumed next day, but only a small number of boats entered, and the sport was not exciting.

Our illustrations on page 428 represent the start, showing the several yachts getting under way, and a view of the new Club-house of the Association. For some years past the New York Yacht Club has been occupying a Club-house at Hoboken, belonging to Commodore STEVENS. They have lately bought a property near Clifton, Staten Island, and in the course of the three weeks during which they have been in possession have altered and improved it into the shape and condition indicated in our engraving. It overlooks the Narrows, the favorite starting-point of the Club, and is one of the most picturesque spots on picturesque Staten Island. From the Club-house lawn the whole of the Upper Bay may be seen, the eye taking in the lower part of New York and Brooklyn. Our view, however, is taken from the New York side of the house, and looking out to sea. From this view the spectator has full sight of Forts Hamilton, Lafayette, Diamond, Richmond, and all the defenses of the Narrows, and the entrance to New

THE GERMAN SAENGERFEST SOCIETIES IN WABASH AVENUE RINK, CHICAGO.
[SKETCHED BY W. B. BAIRD.]

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York harbor, with the full stretch of the Lower Bay and a distant view of Sandy Hook. No more appropriate or more beautiful site could have been selected for the Club-house. It is but a short distance from the Lower (or Vanderbilt) landing of the Staten Island ferry-boats, and therefore easy of access to privileged visitors. The grounds are open to members and invited guests.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

THE MOONSTONE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

Printed from the Author's Manuscript.

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.

CHAPTER IX.

THE doctor's pretty house-maid stood waiting for me, with the street-door open in her hand. Pouring brightly into the hall, the morning light fell full on the face of Mr. Candy's assistant when I turned and looked at him.

It was impossible to dispute Betteredge's assertion that the appearance of Ezra Jennings, speaking from the popular point of view, was against him. His gipsy-complexion, his fleshless cheeks, his gaunt facial bones, his dreamy eyes, his extraordinary parti-colored hair, the puzzling contradiction between his face and figure which made him look old and young both together—were all more or less calculated to produce an unfavorable impression of him on a stranger's mind. And yet—feeling this as I certainly did—it is not to be denied that Ezra Jennings made some inscrutable appeal to my sympathies, which I found it impossible to resist. While my knowledge of the world warned me to answer the question which he had put, by acknowledging that I did indeed find Mr. Candy sadly changed, and then to proceed on my way out of the house—my interest in Ezra Jennings held me rooted to the place, and gave him the opportunity of speaking to me in private about his employer, for which he had been evidently on the watch.

"Are you walking my way, Mr. Jennings?" I said, observing that he held his hat in his hand. "I am going to call on my aunt, Mrs. Ablewhite."

Ezra Jennings replied that he had a patient to see, and that he was walking my way.

We left the house together. I observed that the pretty servant girl—who was all smiles and amiability when I wished her good-morning on my way out—received a modest little message from Ezra Jennings, relating to the time at which he might be expected to return, with pursed-up lips and with eyes which ostentatiously looked any where rather than look in his face. The poor wretch was evidently no favorite in the house. Out of the house, I had Betteredge's word for it that he was unpopular every where. "What a life!" I thought to myself as we descended the doctor's door-steps.

Having already referred to Mr. Candy's illness on his side, Ezra Jennings now appeared determined to leave it to me to resume the subject. His silence said, significantly, "It's your turn now." I, too, had my reasons for referring to the doctor's illness, and I readily accepted the responsibility of speaking first.

"Judging by the change I see in him," I began, "Mr. Candy's illness must have been far more serious than I had supposed?"

"It is almost a miracle," said Ezra Jennings, "that he lived through it."

"Is his memory never any better than I have found it to-day? He has been trying to speak to me—"

"Of something which happened before he was taken ill?" asked the assistant, observing that I hesitated.

"Yes."

"His memory of events at that past time is hopelessly enfeebled," said Ezra Jennings. "It is almost to be deplored, poor fellow, that even the wreck of it remains. While he remembers dimly plans that he formed—things, here and there, that he had to say or do before his illness—he is perfectly incapable of recalling what the plans were, or what the thing was that he had to say or do. He is painfully conscious of his own deficiency, and painfully anxious, as you must have seen, to hide it from observation. If he could only have recovered in a complete state of oblivion as to the past, he would have been a happier man. Perhaps we should all be happier," he added, with a sad smile, "if we could but completely forget!"

"There are some events surely in all men's lives," I replied, "the memory of which they would be unwilling entirely to lose?"

"That is, I hope, to be said of most men, Mr. Blake. I am afraid it can not truly be said of *all*. Have you any reason to suppose that the lost remembrance which Mr. Candy tried to recover—while you were speaking to him just now—was a remembrance which it was important to *you* that he should recall?"

In saying those words he had touched, of his own accord, on the very point upon which I was anxious to consult him. The interest I felt in this strange man had impelled me, in the first instance, to give him the opportunity of speaking to me, reserving what I might have to say on my side in relation to his employer until I was first satisfied that he was a person in whose delicacy and discretion I could trust. The little that he had said thus far had been sufficient to convince me that I was speaking to a gentleman. He had what I may venture to describe as the *unsought self-possession* which is a sure sign of good-breeding, not in England only, but every where else in the civilized world. Whatever the object which he had in view in putting the question that he had just addressed to me, I felt no doubt that I was justified—so far—in answering him without reserve.

"I believe I have a strong interest," I said, "in tracing the lost remembrance which Mr. Candy was unable to recall. May I ask whether you can suggest to me any method by which I might assist his memory?"

Ezra Jennings looked at me, with a sudden flash of interest in his dreamy brown eyes.

"Mr. Candy's memory is beyond the reach of assistance," he said. "I have tried to help it often enough since his recovery to be able to speak positively on that point."

This disappointed me; and I owned it.

"I confess you led me to hope for a less discouraging answer than that," I said.

Ezra Jennings smiled. "It may not perhaps be a final answer, Mr. Blake. It may be possible to trace Mr. Candy's lost recollection without the necessity of appealing to Mr. Candy himself."

"Indeed? Is it an indiscretion on my part to ask—how?"

"By no means. My only difficulty in answering your question is the difficulty of explaining myself. May I trust to your patience if I refer once more to Mr. Candy's illness; and if I speak of it this time without sparing you certain professional details?"

"Pray go on! You have interested me already in hearing the details."

My eagerness seemed to amuse—perhaps I might rather say, to please him. He smiled again. We had by this time left the last houses in the town behind us. Ezra Jennings stopped for a moment and picked some wild flowers from the hedge by the road-side. "How beautiful they are!" he said, simply, showing his little nosegay to me. "And how few people in England seem to admire them as they deserve!"

"You have not always been in England?" I said.

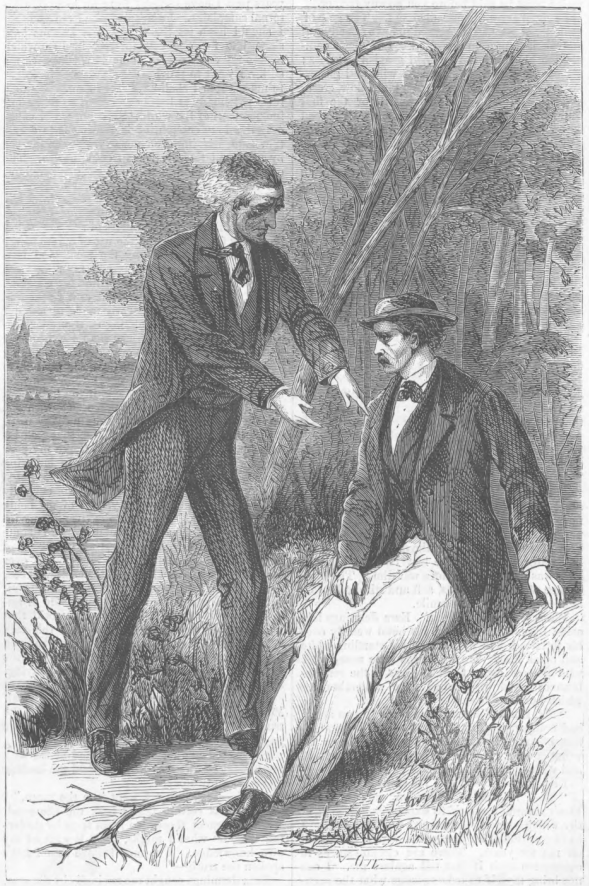
"No. I was born and partly brought up in one of our colonies. My father was an Englishman, but my mother—We are straying away from our subject, Mr. Blake; and it is my fault. The truth is, I have associations with these modest little hedge-side flowers—It doesn't matter; we were speaking of Mr. Candy. To Mr. Candy let us return."

Connecting the few words about himself which thus reluctantly escaped him with the melancholy view of life which led him to place the conditions of human happiness in complete oblivion of the past, I felt satisfied that the story which I had read in his face was, in two particulars at least, the story that it really told. He had suffered as few men suffer; and there was the mixture of some foreign race in his English blood.

"You have heard, I dare say, of the original cause of Mr. Candy's illness?" he resumed. "The night of Lady Verinder's dinner party was a night of heavy rain. My employer drove home through it in his gig, and reached the house wetted to the skin. He found an urgent message from a patient waiting for him, and he most unfortunately went at once to visit the sick person without stopping to change his clothes. I was myself professionally detained that night by a case at some distance from Frizinghall. When I got back the next morning I found Mr. Candy's groom waiting in great alarm to take me to his master's room. By that time the mischief was done; the illness had set in."

"The illness has only been described to me, in general terms, as a fever," I said.

"I can add nothing which will make the description more accurate," answered Ezra Jennings. "From first to last the fever assumed no specific form. I sent at once to two of Mr. Candy's medical friends in the town, both physicians, to come and give me their opinion of the case. They agreed with me that it looked serious; but they both strongly dissented from the view I took of the treatment. We differed entirely in the conclusions which we drew from the case.' I sent down to the cellar for a bottle of Champagne; and I administered half a tumblerful of it to the patient with my own hand. The two physicians took up their hats in silence, and left the house."



"HAVE *YOU* EVER BEEN ACCUSTOMED TO THE USE OF OPIUM?"

"You had assumed a serious responsibility," I said. "In your place, I am afraid I should have shrunk from it."

"In my place, Mr. Blake, you would have remembered that Mr. Candy had taken you into his employment, under circumstances which made you his debtor for life. In my place, you would have seen him sinking hour by hour; and you would have risked any thing rather than let the one man on earth who had befriended you die before your eyes. Don't suppose that I had no sense of the terrible position in which I had placed myself! There were moments when I felt all the misery of my friendlessness, all the peril of my dreadful responsibility. If I had been a happy man, if I had led a prosperous life, I believe I should have sunk under the task I had imposed on myself. But *I* had no happy time to look back at, no past peace of mind to force itself into contrast with my present anxiety and suspense—and I held firm to my resolution through it all. I took an interval in the middle of the day, when my patient's condition was at its best, for the repose I needed. For the rest of the four-and-twenty hours, as long as his life was in danger, I never left his bedside. Toward sunset, as usual in such cases, the delirium incidental to the fever came on. It lasted more or less through the night, and then intermitted at that terrible time in the early morning—from two o'clock to five—when the vital energies even of the healthiest of us are at their lowest. It is then that Death gathers in his human harvest most abundantly. It was then that Death and I fought our fight over the bed, which should have the man who lay on it. I never hesitated in pursuing the treatment on which I had staked every thing. When wine failed I tried brandy. When the other stimulants lost their influence I doubled the dose. After an interval of suspense—the like of which I hope to God I shall never feel again—there came a day when the rapidity of the pulse slightly, but appreciably, diminished; and, better still, there came also a change in the beat—an unmistakable change to steadiness and strength. *Then* I knew that I had saved him; and then I own I broke down. I laid the poor fellow's wasted hand back on the bed, and burst out crying. An hysterical relief, Mr. Blake—nothing more! Physiology says, and says truly, that some men are born with female constitutions—and I am one of them!"

He made that bitterly professional apology for his tears, speaking quietly and unaffectedly, as he had spoken throughout. His tone and manner, from beginning to end, showed him to be especially, almost morbidly, anxious not to set himself up as an object of interest to me.

"You may well ask why I have wearied you with all these details?" he went on. "It is the only way I can see, Mr. Blake, of properly introducing to you what I have to say next. Now you know exactly what my position was at the time of Mr. Candy's illness, you will the more readily understand the sore need I had of lightening the burden on my mind by giving it, at intervals, some sort of relief. I have had the presumption to occupy my leisure, for some years past, in writing a book, addressed to the members of my profession—a book on the intricate and delicate subject of the brain and the nervous system. My work will probably never be finished; and it will certainly never be published. It has none the less been the friend of many lonely hours; and it helped me to while away the anxious time—the time of waiting, and nothing else—at Mr. Candy's bedside. I told you he was delirious, I think? And I mentioned the time at which his delirium came on?"

"Yes."

"Well, I had reached a section of my book at that time which touched on this same question of delirium. I won't trouble you at any length with my theory on the subject—I will confine myself to telling you only what it is your present interest to know. It has often occurred to me in the course of my medical practice to doubt whether we can justifiably infer—in cases of delirium—that the loss of the faculty of speaking connectedly implies of necessity the loss of the faculty of thinking connectedly as well. Poor Mr. Candy's illness gave me an opportunity of putting this doubt to the test. I understand the art of writing in short-hand; and I was able to take down the patient's 'wanderings' exactly as they fell from his lips. Do you see, Mr. Blake, what I am coming to at last?"

I saw it clearly, and waited with breathless interest to hear more.

"At odds and ends of time," Ezra Jennings went on, "I reproduced my short-hand notes, in the ordinary form of writing—leaving large spaces between the broken phrases, and even the single words, as they had fallen disconnectedly from Mr. Candy's lips. I then treated the result thus obtained on something like the principle which one adopts in putting together a child's 'puzzle.' It is all confusion to begin with; but it may be all brought into order and shape, if you can only find the right way. Acting on this plan, I filled in the blank spaces on the paper with what the words or phrases on either side of it suggested to me as the speaker's meaning; altering over and over again, until my additions followed naturally on the spoken words which came before them, and fitted naturally into the spoken words which came after them. The result was that I not only occupied in this way many vacant and anxious hours, but that I arrived at something which was (as it seemed to me) a confirmation of the theory that I held. In plainer words, after putting the broken sentences together, I found the superior faculty of thinking going on, more or less connectedly, in my pa-

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tient's mind, while the inferior faculty of expression was in a state of almost complete incapacity and confusion."

"One word!" I interposed, eagerly. "Did my name occur in any of his wanderings?"

"You shall hear, Mr. Blake. Among my written proofs of the assertion which I have just advanced—or, I ought to say, among the written experiments, tending to put my assertion to the proof—there *is* one, in which your name occurs. For nearly the whole of one night Mr. Candy's mind was occupied with *something* between himself and you. I have got the broken words, as they dropped from his lips, on one sheet of paper. And I have got the links of my own discovering, which connect those words together, on another sheet of paper. The product (as the arithmeticians would say) is an intelligible statement—first, of something actually done in the past; secondly, of something which Mr. Candy contemplated doing in the future, if his illness had not got in the way and stopped him. The question is whether this does, or does not, represent the lost recollection which he vainly attempted to find when you called on him this morning?"

"Not a doubt of it!" I answered. "Let us go back directly, and look at the papers!"

"Quite impossible, Mr. Blake."

"Why?"

"Put yourself in my position for a moment," said Ezra Jennings. "Would *you* disclose to another person what had dropped unconsciously from the lips of your suffering patient and your helpless friend, without first knowing that there was a necessity to justify you in opening your lips?"

I felt that he was unanswerable here; but I tried to argue the question, nevertheless.

"My conduct in such a delicate matter as you describe," I replied, "would depend greatly on whether the disclosure was of a nature to compromise my friend or not."

"I have disposed of all necessity for considering that side of the question, long since," said Ezra Jennings. "Wherever my notes included any thing which Mr. Candy might have wished to keep secret, those notes have been destroyed. My manuscript experiments at my friend's bedside include nothing now which he would have hesitated to communicate to others, if he had recovered the use of his memory. In your case I have even reason to suppose that my notes contain something which he actually wished to say to you—"

"And yet, you hesitate?"

"And yet, I hesitate. Remember the circumstances under which I obtained the information which I possess! Harmless as it is, I can not prevail upon myself to give it up to you, unless you first satisfy me that there is a reason for doing so. He was so miserably ill, Mr. Blake! and he was so helplessly dependent upon Me! Is it too much to ask, if I request you only to hint to me what your interest is in the lost recollection—or what you believe that lost recollection to be?"

To have answered him with the frankness which his language and his manner both claimed from me, would have been to commit myself to openly acknowledging that I was suspected of the theft of the Diamond. Strongly as Ezra Jennings had intensified the first impulsive interest which I had felt in him, he had not overcome my unconquerable reluctance to disclose the degrading position in which I stood. I took refuge once more in the explanatory phrases with which I had prepared myself to meet the curiosity of strangers.

This time I had no reason to complain of a want of attention on the part of the person to whom I addressed myself. Ezra Jennings listened patiently, even anxiously, until I had done.

"I am sorry to have raised your expectations, Mr. Blake, only to disappoint them," he said. "Throughout the whole period of Mr. Candy's illness, from first to last, not one word about the Diamond escaped his lips. The matter with which I heard him connect your name has, I can assure you, no discoverable relation whatever with the loss or the recovery of Miss Verinder's jewel."

We arrived, as he said those words, at a place where the highway along which we had been walking branched off into two roads. One led to Mr. Ablewhite's house, and the other to a moorland village some two or three miles off. Ezra Jennings stopped at the road which led to the village.

"My way lies in this direction," he said. "I am really and truly sorry, Mr. Blake, that I can be of no use to you."

His voice told me that he spoke sincerely. His soft brown eyes rested on me for a moment with a look of melancholy interest. He bowed, and went, without another word, on his way to the village.

For a minute or more I stood and watched him, walking farther and farther away from me; carrying farther and farther away with him what I now firmly believed to be the clew of which I was in search. He turned, after walking on a little way, and looked back. Seeing me still standing at the place where we had parted, he stopped, as if doubting whether I might not wish to speak to him again. There was no time for me to reason out my own situation—to remind myself that I was losing my opportunity, at what might be the turning-point of my life, and all to flatter nothing more important than my own self-esteem! There was only time to call him back first, and to think afterward. I suspect I am one of the rashest of existing men. I called him back—and then I said to myself, "Now there is no help for it. I must tell him the truth!"

He retraced his steps directly. I advanced along the road to meet him.

"Mr. Jennings," I said, "I have not treated you quite fairly. My interest in tracing Mr. Candy's lost recollection is not the interest of recovering the Moonstone. A serious personal matter is at the bottom of my visit to Yorkshire. I have but one excuse for not having dealt frankly with you in this matter. It is more painful to me than I can say, to mention to any body what my position really is."

Ezra Jennings looked at me with the first appearance of embarrassment which I had seen in him yet.

"I have no right, Mr. Blake, and no wish," he said, "to intrude myself into your private affairs. Allow me to ask your pardon, on my side, for having (most innocently) put you to a painful test."

"You have a perfect right," I rejoined, "to fix the terms on which you feel justified in revealing what you heard at Mr. Candy's bedside. I understand and respect the delicacy which influences you in this matter. How can I expect to be taken into your confidence if I decline to admit you into mine? You ought to know, and you shall know why I am interested in discovering what Mr. Candy wanted to say to me. If I turn out to be mistaken in my anticipations, and if you prove unable to help me when you are really aware of what I want, I shall trust to your honor to keep my secret—and something tells me that I shall not trust in vain."

"Stop, Mr. Blake. I have a word to say, which must be said before you go any farther."

I looked at him in astonishment. The grip of some terrible emotion seemed to have seized him, and shaken him to the soul. His gipsy complexion had altered to a livid grayish paleness; his eyes had suddenly become wild and glittering; his voice had dropped to a tone—low, stern, and resolute—which I now heard for the first time. The latent resources in the man for good or for evil—it was hard at that moment to say which—leaped up in him and showed themselves to me with the suddenness of a flash of light.

"Before you place any confidence in me," he went on, "you ought to know, and you *must* know, under what circumstances I have been received into Mr. Candy's house. It won't take long. I don't profess, Sir, to tell my story (as the phrase is) to any man. My story will die with me. All I ask is to be permitted to tell you what I have told Mr. Candy. If you are still in the mind, when you have heard that, to say what you have proposed to say, you will command my attention and command my services. Shall we walk on?"

The suppressed misery in his face silenced me. I answered his question by a sign. We walked on.

After advancing a few hundred yards Ezra Jennings stopped at a gap in the rough stone wall which shut off the moor from the road at this part of it.

"Do you mind resting a little, Mr. Blake?" he asked. "I am not what I was—and some things shake me."

I agreed of course. He led the way through the gap to a patch of turf on the heathy ground, screened by bushes and dwarf trees on the side nearest to the road, and commanding in the opposite direction a grandly desolate view over the broad brown wilderness of the moor. The clouds had gathered within the last half hour. The light was dull; the distance was dim. The lovely face of Nature met us, soft and still and colorless—met us without a smile.

We sat down in silence. Ezra Jennings laid aside his hat, and passed his hand wearily over his forehead, wearily through his startling white and black hair. He tossed his little nosegay of wild flowers away from him, as if the remembrances which it recalled were remembrances which hurt him now.

"Mr. Blake!" he said, suddenly, "you are in bad company. The cloud of a horrible accusation has rested on me for years. I tell you the worst at once. I am a man whose life is a wreck, and whose character is gone."

I attempted to speak. He stopped me.

"No," he said. "Pardon me; not yet. Don't commit yourself to expressions of sympathy which you may afterward wish to recall. I have mentioned an accusation which has rested on me for years. There are circumstances in connection with it that tell against me. I can not bring myself to acknowledge what the accusation is. And I am incapable, perfectly incapable, of proving my innocence. I can only assert my innocence. I assert it, Sir, on my oath as a Christian. It is useless to appeal to my honor as a man."

He paused again. I looked round at him. He never looked at me in return. His whole being seemed to be absorbed in the agony of recollecting, and in the effort to speak.

"There is much that I might say," he went on, "about the merciless treatment of me by my own family, and the merciless enmity to which I have fallen a victim. But the harm is done; the wrong is beyond all remedy now. I decline to weary or distress you, Sir, if I can help it. At the outset of my career in this country, the vile slander to which I have referred struck me down at once and forever. I resigned my aspirations in my profession—obscurity was the only hope left for me. I parted with the woman I loved—how could I condemn her to share my disgrace? A medical assistant's place offered itself, in a remote corner of England. I got the place. It promised me peace; it promised me obscurity, as I thought. I was wrong. Evil report, with time and chance to help it, travels patiently, and travels far. The accusation from which I had fled followed me. I got warning of its approach. I was able to leave my situation voluntarily, with the testimonials that I had earned. They got me another situation, in another remote district. Time passed again; and again the slander that was death to my character found me out. On this occasion I had no warning. My employer said, 'Mr. Jennings, I have no complaint to make against you; but you must set yourself right, or leave me.' I had but one choice—I left him. It's useless to dwell on what I suffered after that. I am only forty years old now. Look at my face, and let it tell for me the story of some miserable years. It ended in my drifting to this place, and meeting with Mr. Candy. He wanted an assistant. I referred him, on the question of capacity, to my last employer. The question of character remained. I told him what I have told you—and more. I warned him that there were difficulties in the way, even if he believed me. 'Here, as elsewhere,' I said, 'I scorn the guilty evasion of living under an assumed name; I am no safer at Frizinghall than at other places from the cloud that follows me, go where I may.' He answered, 'I don't do things by halves—I believe you, and I pity you. If *you* will risk what may happen, *I* will risk it too.' God Almighty bless him! He has given me shelter, he has given me employment, he has given me rest of mind—and I have the certain conviction (I have had it for some months past) that nothing will happen now to make him regret it."

"The slander has died out?" I said.

"The slander is as active as ever. But when it follows me here it will come too late."

"You will have left the place?"

"No, Mr. Blake—I shall be dead. For ten years past I have suffered from an incurable internal complaint. I don't disguise from you that I should have let the agony of it kill me long since but for one last interest in life, which makes my existence of some importance to me still. I want to provide for a person—very dear to me—whom I shall never see again. My own little patrimony is hardly sufficient to make her independent of the world. The hope, if I could only live long enough, of increasing it to a certain sum, has impelled me to resist the disease by such palliative means as I could devise. The one effectual palliative in my case, is—opium. To that all-potent and all-merciful drug I am indebted for a respite of many years from my sentence of death. But even the virtues of opium have their limit. The progress of the disease has gradually forced me from the use of opium to the abuse of it. I am feeling the penalty at last. My nervous system is shattered; my nights are nights of horror. The end is not far off now. Let it come—I have not lived and worked in vain. The little sum is nearly made up; and I have the means of completing it, if my last reserves of life fail me sooner than I expect. I hardly know how I have wandered into telling you this. I don't think I am mean enough to appeal to your pity. Perhaps, I fancy you may be all the readier to believe me, if you know that what I have said to you I have said with the certain knowledge in me that I am a dying man. There is no disguising, Mr. Blake, that you interest me. I have attempted to make my poor friend's loss of memory the means of bettering my acquaintance with you. I have speculated on the chance of your feeling a passing curiosity about what he wanted to say, and of my being able to satisfy it. Is there no excuse for my intruding myself on you? Perhaps there is some excuse. A man who has lived as I have lived has his bitter moments when he ponders over human destiny. You have youth, health, riches, a place in the world, a prospect before you—you, and such as you, show me the sunny side of human life, and reconcile me with the world that I am leaving, before I go. However this talk between us may end, I shall not forget that you have done me a kindness in doing that. It rests with you, Sir, to say what you proposed saying, or to wish me good-morning."

I had but one answer to make to that appeal. Without a moment's hesitation I told him the truth as unreservedly as I have told it in these pages.

He started to his feet, and looked at me with breathless eagerness as I approached the leading incident of my story.

"It is certain that I went into the room," I said; "it is certain that I took the Diamond. I can only meet those two plain facts by declaring that, do what I might, I did it without my own knowledge. *You* may believe that I have spoken the truth—"

Ezra Jennings caught me excitedly by the arm.

"Stop!" he said. "You have suggested more to me than you suppose. Have *you* ever been accustomed to the use of opium?"

"I never tasted it in my life."

"Were your nerves out of order at this time last year? Were you unusually restless and irritable?"

"Yes."

"Did you sleep badly?"

"Wretchedly. Many nights I never slept at all."

"Was the birthday night an exception? Try and remember. Did you sleep well on that one occasion?"

"I do remember! I slept soundly."

He dropped my arm as suddenly as he had taken it—and looked at me with the air of a man whose mind was relieved of the last doubt that rested on it.

"This is a marked day in your life and in mine," he said, gravely. "I am absolutely certain, Mr. Blake, of one thing—I have got what Mr. Candy wanted to say to you, this morning, in the notes that I took at my patient's bedside. Wait! that is not all. I am firmly persuaded that I can prove you to have been unconscious of what you were about when you entered the room and took the Diamond. Give me time to think, and time to question you. I believe the vindication of your innocence is in my hands!"

"Explain yourself, for God's sake! What do you mean?"

In the excitement of our colloquy we had walked on a few steps beyond the clump of dwarf trees which had hitherto screened us from view. Before Ezra Jennings could answer me he was hailed from the high-road by a man, in great agitation, who had been evidently on the look-out for him.

"I am coming," he called back; "I am coming as fast as I can!" He turned to me. "There is an urgent case waiting for me at the village yonder; I ought to have been there half an hour since—I must attend to it at once. Give me two hours from this time, and call at Mr. Candy's again—and I will engage to be ready for you."

"How am I to wait!" I exclaimed, impatiently. "Can't you quiet my mind by a word of explanation before we part?"

"This is far too serious a matter to be explained in a hurry, Mr. Blake. I am not willfully trying your patience—I should only be adding to your suspense if I attempted to relieve it as things are now. At Frizinghall, Sir, in two hours' time!"

The man on the high-road hailed him again. He hurried away and left me.

A LAKE OF PITCH.

THE great sight of the West Indies is the Pitch Lake of Trinidad. The reef that formerly inclosed the little harbor has been all exported, for pitch, by an enterprising foreigner; but the boat grounds on pitch—you step ashore on a pitch wharf—pitch is stored on it—you see pitch every where—the air is full of pitch—the conversation is all on the price of pitch. A more dreary looking place I have never seen, and as a residence it is even worse than it looks. The few Europeans who live here, or who visit the place frequently, suffer acutely from fever and ague, and the remainder of the population, the modern Piceni—although they seem to have wonderfully adapted their color, like trout in a stream, to the locality in which they live, yet are unable to acclimatize themselves to the fatal atmosphere.

Declining the honor of a seat in a country cart drawn by bullocks, which was going up to the lake, we started on foot, as we had not to walk more than a mile from the shore. The first part of the road had unfortunately just been "improved" by the Warden; that is, a ditch had been dug on either side—a desirable thing in itself—and the mud, lumps of pitch and turf, had all been thrown into the middle of the road. Luckily, the Warden's energy or his money had not enabled him to carry his improvements far, and we soon came to the track in its original state: a very fair road of natural asphalt, pleasant to walk on, hard and springy. Leaving behind us the few scattered hovels that constitute the village (wretched in themselves, but surrounded by beautiful flowers and splendid pine-apples, for which La Brea is famous), we came out on a most desolate tract, whence the wood had been cleared for timber or by fire, and where many experiments in pitch digging had been made. One's impression naturally is, that where pitch enters so very largely into the composition of the soil, an accidental fire in the woods would soon become inextinguishable and convert the whole district into "Phlegræan Plains," but fortunately the pitch on the surface does not burn.

As the road gradually ascended it was curious to see how the overlapping layers of pitch assumed a curve, bulging down hill, reminding one somewhat of lava currents, or of Professor Forbes's ingenious experiment for illustrating his theory of the semi-viscous nature of glaciers. Half a mile more brought us to the lake itself. At the first view the whole lie of it is exactly like that of any other small lake in a forest, and one does not notice that it is filled with pitch instead of water. There are the swampy-looking tufts of rushes and rough grass on the margin, the forest ends in a clearly-marked line all round, and several islands covered with trees and bushes are dotted over the surface of the lake. The momentary illusion is quickly dispelled by the color and solid appearance of the flood. The pitch is, throughout nearly the whole surface, hard enough to walk over with perfect safety. It has a peculiarly clean look, and my first impression was that the top had just been removed from the part we first walked over, and that then it had been swept with a very hard broom, or scraped when rather soft, there being the same sort of marks on it that are left by a birch broom on a very soft gravel path. The whole lake is intersected by cracks, or rather valleys, in which the exudations, apparently from different centres, have not quite met. These vary in depth and width, from a few inches to many feet, and at the time of my visit were full of water. In one of the larger I saw a very ugly bull-headed fish, weighing about a quarter of a pound—I presume a "warm-water fish;" but it is surprising that any fish could exist in water so warm and so impregnated with sulphur and other matters. We began to cross these cracks on the back of a very tall negro, but as this involved some delay as well as the risk of disappearing with the negro under the water, should he make a false step, or slip at the critical moment, a long plank was substituted, by the help of which we reached the other side of the lake, tolerably dry, and struck into the forest by a sort of corduroy road. Here are what are called "pitch volcanes"—small mounds not more than two feet, usually, above the level, in the centre a hole about eight inches in diameter. In some of the holes the pitch, which seemed perfectly liquid, was some few feet below the surface; in others it was near the brim, and in others it was oozing over. I could not ascertain that the volcanes ever showed any greater activity. The first part of the road lay through a grove of palm-trees of great beauty and variety—chiefly the fan-palm and Maximiliana insignia—these were succeeded by a dense forest of fine trees. A sharp turn in the path unexpectedly showed that

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FIRE-ENGINE EXPLOSION.

FOR the second time in the history of steam fire-engines—now twelve or fifteen years old—an explosion has occurred. The first took place in Cincinnati several years ago, and was attended with severe loss of life. The second occurred in New York, with equally disastrous effect. We give on this page an illustration of the latter casualty.

At nine o'clock on the evening of June 18 a fire was discovered in the top floor of No. 53 Bowery, nearly opposite the Old Bowery Theatre; and among the several steam-engines which hurried to the spot was that of Company No. 1, the first steam-engine built for New York. The fire was soon extinguished, and the Company was under orders "to take up" the hose, preparatory to returning to the engine-house, when a most terrible explosion occurred. At the same moment an act of the performance at the Old Bowery Theatre had just concluded, and a crowd of men and boys poured out of the theatre upon the sidewalk and very near to the engine. The explosion was frightful in its effect. The huge machine was lifted as by a giant hand clear from the street, poised an instant in mid-air, then sent with terrible force, crushing and crushed, upon the sidewalk. Masses of iron, grate-bars, and pieces of rods were torn from the frame-work and hurled through the crowd of human beings, being thrown in some instances a distance of one hundred feet. The steam from the rent boiler seethed and scalded its way through the dense mass of humanity at the same moment, and with both the scalding steam and the mangling iron came the terrible noise of the explosion, as it shook the neighboring houses, and with it that still more awful sound, the shrieks of human agony. Our engraving represents the scene at this moment.

EXPLOSION OF A STEAM FIRE-ENGINE IN THE BOWERY, NEW YORK, JUNE 18, 1868.

The disaster resulted in the instantaneous death of four persons, and the wounding of twenty-three others, one of whom died soon after reaching the hospital, and others are supposed to be fatally injured.

DISRAELI AND GLADSTONE.

THE photograph frequently lies; it is never absolutely true. Every artist knows that only flat surfaces can be represented by the photograph with perfect fidelity, and that every protuberance is exaggerated in size. In a portrait, therefore, the nose must appear larger than it ought, and all other prominences will be proportionally exaggerated. Apart from this exaggeration, there is a still more important falsehood. The expression of the face is true only for that moment which is fixed upon for its representation, and is consequently false to every other moment of that face's infinitely varied symbolism. Hence portrait-painting has, notwithstanding its greater expense, survived photography. Hence, too, it frequently happens that character-sketches give a far truer representation of the countenance than the best photographs. Even the caricatures in *Punch* of the portraits of British statesmen give us more faithful pictures than the sun can make, for their exaggeration is not artificial, but gives prominence to characteristic features. Pictorial, like dramatic representation, demands this exaggeration in order to fidelity, because it is only *representation*, and needs this help to make it as effective as the reality.

The accompanying portraits of DISRAELI and GLADSTONE are character-sketches, and illustrate what we have just said. They are not so much exaggerated as the portraits in *Punch*, and yet sufficiently so to bring before us the living men. The dress, the pose, and the cast of the countenances, all tend to this one effect, and the semblance to reality so strongly affects us that we forget that it is only a semblance after all.

There are in Great Britain no other two men whose portraits, thus produced, would interest our readers equally with these. They are the leading antagonists, not simply in the struggle of two great parties for power, but in one of the mightiest conflicts which ever agitated the minds and hearts of Englishmen.

These men are as different as the artist has in these portraits represented them. They belong to different races; while GLADSTONE was at Oxford, DISRAELI was a wandering Jew in Syria, without wealth or position. Their education and experience have been alike diverse. In GLADSTONE we remark at once the ease of the polished scholar, and the practical, far-seeing sagacity of the earnest and accomplished statesman. To this man, we feel, success came readily; wealth and influence were for him secure at the outset, and to win the highest honors he needed only to be industrious, patient, and faithful, on the one hand, to his conservative instincts, and on the other, to his liberal reason and mature convic-

THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

THE RIGHT HON. BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

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tions. He might have to wait, but he need not strive.

How different has it been with DISRAELI? Greater in genius than GLADSTONE, and with a consciousness of his greatness, his victories have all been won against tremendous odds, wrested from the hands of reluctant fate. In his "Coningsby" he pictured his own destiny: "'The greatness of this city destroys my misery,' said Coningsby, 'and my genius shall conquer its greatness.' This conviction of power in the midst of despair was a revelation of intrinsic strength. It is indeed the test of a creative spirit. From that moment all petty fears for an ordinary future quitted him. He felt that he must be prepared for great sacrifices, for infinite sufferings; that there must devolve on him the bitter inheritance of obscurity, envy, and hatred, vulgar prejudice, base criticism, petty hostilities; but the dawn would break and the hour arrive when the welcome morning hymn of his success and his fame would sound and be re-echoed." DISRAELI had mighty aspirations, and he has at length gained the summit of the hard hill up which he had been climbing for more than a score of years. How long he will remain there rests upon the decision of the people in the approaching election.

With all his impassioned inspirations DISRAELI scarcely ever loses his temper, and is not excelled in courtesy and urbanity—certainly not by his great rival, who, from the very earnestness of his feeling, is sometimes hot-headed and rash. GLADSTONE rests all his chances for success upon the sincerity of his convictions, DISRAELI upon his conscious power. The former, in the face of defeat, retires; the latter, not so scrupulous in his use of instrumentalities, gives up the field only after he has wielded every available weapon and thoroughly searched every weak spot in the armor of his foe. To-day DISRAELI will predict revolution as the result of the policy of his antagonists, and to-morrow he will willingly use sedition for the accomplishment of his own ends. GLADSTONE thinks of England, DISRAELI only of himself. And it is a curious feature in the present conflict between these two men—between the strongest party leader and the greatest statesman of England—that their former positions in regard to the Church Establishment have been exactly reversed. GLADSTONE, hitherto the ablest defender of Church and State, now aims with one blow to destroy that establishment in Ireland, while DISRAELI, who formerly denounced the Irish Church as an injustice to Ireland, has now become its strongest champion. This fact is significant. DISRAELI, on partisan grounds, advocates the perpetuation of what he knows to be an outrage upon Ireland, while GLADSTONE would have justice done in spite of any injurious effect which might ensue to that alliance between the Church and State of which he has always been an advocate. GLADSTONE obliterates his own prejudices when justice demands and opportunity favors reform, while DISRAELI stands ready to use any prejudice—even one which he has never adopted as his own—for the advancement of his selfish designs.

IN the window of WHEELER & WILSON, No. 625 Broadway, may be seen their Paris Gold Medal, an illustration of the Exposition at Paris; their No. 1 and No. 300,000 Sewing Machine (the former having been in constant use fifteen years); their new Button-hole Attachment, for families and manufacturers, making one thousand button-holes a day; their new and noiseless machine, and a miniature working model, *fac simile* of WHEELER & WILSON'S Machine, complete in every part, with case of elaborately carved tortoise-shell, which was one of the mechanical gems at the Paris Exposition.—[*Mail.*]

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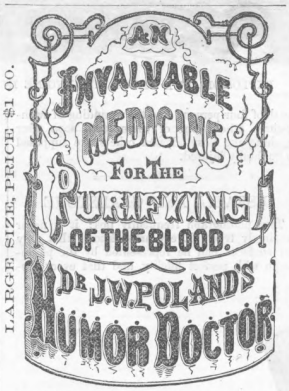

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A WILD-GOOSE CHASE.

POLITICAL POSITION OF CHIEF-JUSTICE CHASE.

"WASHINGTON, *May* 25, 1868.

"MY DEAR SIR,—You are right in believing that I 'shall never abandon the great principles for the success of which I have given my entire life.' I adhere to my 'old creed of equal rights,' without one jot or tittle of abatement. I shall be glad if the new professors of that creed adhere to it as faithfully. * * * It would, however, gratify me exceedingly, if the Democratic Party would take ground which would assure the party against all attempts to subvert the principle of universal suffrage established in eight, and to be established in all, of the Southern constitutions. Then, I think, the future of the great cause—for which I have labored so long—would be secure, and I should not regret my absence from political labors. SALMON P. CHASE."

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GENTLEMAN (whose wife is engaged, assisted by the servant, with Planchette). "Well, Mrs. TOMKINS, are you not going to retire at all to-night?"

SERVANT. "Och! it's meself that's nearly dead for want of sleep."

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THE LIFE OF HON. SCHUYLER COLFAX. By Rev. A. Y. MOORE, of South Bend, Indiana, who was for twelve years, as pastor and friend, in the entire confidence of Mr. Colfax, and had access to the files of the paper published by Mr. Colfax for twenty years, and to the *Congressional Globe;* knows all his past history and all who have known him from boyhood. He began this biography two or three years ago, so that it is not one of the hurried and ephemeral publications so common in election years. Mr. Moore is a gentleman of fine talent and culture, and there is no doubt but that his biography of Mr. Colfax will be worthy of its distinguished subject.

The following letter from Mr. Colfax to Rev. A. Y. Moore will explain itself:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., *May* 30, 1868.

"MY DEAR MR. MOORE:

"As your prediction of a year ago has been realized, I have no farther objection to your publishing any sketch, more or less full, of my life you may have prepared. As you were for a dozen years a fellow-townsman of mine, and a valued friend, I suppose you know as much about my history as the public would care about knowing; and although my engrossing duties here leave me no time to revise the manuscript, I have no fear that your work will not be a faithful one.

"Yours, very truly, "SCHUYLER COLFAX.

"Rev. A. Y. MOORE, South Bend, Indiana."

It will be published on Wednesday next, July 1st, in a large duodecimo volume of several hundred pages, printed from large type and on the finest and best of white paper, with a portrait, on steel, of Mr. Colfax, executed by Illman Brothers, the well-known engravers, which has been pronounced by members of Congress and the personal friends of Mr. Colfax, who have seen proofs of it, to be the most perfect likeness ever taken of him; as well as a profile bust, in gilt, on the back, from photographs taken of Mr. Colfax within the last month—the whole bound in cloth in the most substantial manner. Price $1 50 a copy. Single copies of it will be sent to any one, at once, postpaid, on receipt of the retail price of it by the Publishers.

AGENTS & CANVASSERS WANTED.

Agents and Canvassers are wanted in every county, town, and village in the United States, to engage in getting up lists of subscribers to "MOORE'S LIFE OF SCHUYLER COLFAX," which is going to have a very large and unprecedented sale. Large wages can be made.

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☞ Booksellers, News Agents, Canvassers, and all others, are solicited to order *at once* what they may want of the above book, so that their orders may be filled out of the first edition, who will be supplied at the following low rates, *for net cash, or eight draft with order*, viz.: 12 copies at one third off, or $12 00; 25 copies, or over, at Ninety-five Cents each; 50 copies, or over, at Ninety Cents each. Circulars, subscription-lists, and show-cards gratis. Address all orders, for any quantity you may wish of it, large or small, to the Publishers,

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XII.—No. 602.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1868, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

NEW TAMMANY HALL, EAST FOURTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD, 839 BROADWAY.—[SEE PAGE 438.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1868.

☞ *We are happy to announce that we shall shortly begin in* HARPER'S BAZAR *the publication of* "THE SACRISTAN'S HOUSEHOLD," *a new Love Story, richly Illustrated, by the Author of* "Mabel's Progress," "Aunt Margaret's Troubles," *etc., which can not fail to interest and delight the reader.*

MR. SEYMOUR AND TAXATION.

MR. SEYMOUR'S late speech in New York was anticipated as a probable manifesto of the Democratic policy in the campaign, and inferentially as a designation of the candidate. It proved to be a complaint of high taxes, without proposing a remedy; a restatement of the old Copperhead theory of reconstruction, and a careful silence as to candidates. Probably most impartial readers of the speech felt that the author of the two letters declining the candidacy had decided to be a candidate.

MR. SEYMOUR depicts the situation of the country as financially distressing and alarming. He dilates upon the depreciation of the currency. He professes a profound sympathy with the laboring class, oppressed by this horrible condition. The laboring class will, therefore, look eagerly to see what policy of redress this statesman proposes; and it will hear him say, with all the benign sagacity of the bottle-green Patriarch in "Little Dorrit," that we must "make our money good by an honest and wise course." The orator says that "the cause of our troubles is, that our credit is tainted." His remedy is exquisitely simple: "Remove the taint." It is the advice of the statesmanlike spectator to the small boy in the fight, "My lad, go in and win!"

Since, then, our debt is our sorrow, and since the true policy is to appreciate the currency by an honest and wise course, to whom are we to look for honesty and wisdom? Naturally, says MR. SEYMOUR—but in other words—to the political descendants and allies of SWARTOUT, and FLOYD, and HOWELL COBB; to the ring-masters who display their economy, and honesty, and wisdom in the municipal government of New York. We are to look for honesty to the party whose positive wing favors repudiation, and for wisdom to those who propose to undo reconstruction, and give political power in the Southern States exclusively to the ex-rebels.

Now there are many of the laborers and farmers and mechanics whom MR. SEYMOUR, in this speech, as in all his speeches, endeavors to exasperate against their richer fellow-citizens, who are readers of this paper; and we ask them to look at a few facts which MR. SEYMOUR has omitted. In the year 1860 his party was in full possession of the Government. The avowed policy of that party was to plant slavery by national authority in the Western Territories, which would have brought every laborer, farmer, and mechanic of the free States, who went West to settle, in direct rivalry with slaves and slave prices. This atrocious and ruinous policy was repudiated by those laborers, farmers, and mechanics, and MR. SEYMOUR'S party, which supported it, was thrown from power. Defeated in a fair election, in which they took part, the Southern Democratic leaders rebelled in arms. For four years the tremendous struggle lasted. The expenses were necessarily enormous. The taxation was necessarily great. The Government and the country were to be saved or lost. To prolong the war was vastly to increase that taxation and to pile the burden more heavily upon the laborer, farmer, and mechanic. But nothing could prolong it so much as want of unity and cordial co-operation in the free States.

This unity by every means conceivable, short of open war, was prevented by the Democratic party. HORATIO SEYMOUR palliated and justified the rebellion. He said that he would let the Union go rather than slavery. His attitude and that of his party encouraged and stimulated the rebels, perplexed and thwarted the Government, and incalculably prolonged the war and the necessary taxation. But the courage and the resolution of the laborer, farmer, and mechanic, did not fail. They ended the war triumphantly. The rebellion of the Southern Democratic leaders, with its Northern assistance, was unconditionally suppressed. But the heavy burden of taxation remains, and the party whose policy occasioned the war and prolonged it is responsible for the debt. It is no wonder that with this damning party record the Albany *Argus*, MR. SEYMOUR'S especial organ, said, upon the day after this last speech, "We demand that over this whole revolutionary past the veil of oblivion shall be cast." This party has not changed, it has not repented; but the offender "demands" that his crime of yesterday be forgotten, that he may commit to-day's crime with more impunity.

MR. SEYMOUR instructs us to look for honesty and wisdom to escape the pressure of taxation to the party which produced it. Now relief can come in one way only: it can not be reached by any trick or nostrum or theory. The taxes will be lightened when the production of the country is increased, and that production will increase when confidence is restored and not before, for distrust paralyzes industry. But nothing can restore confidence except the conviction that the settlement of our difficulties by reconstruction is permanent; and no settlement can be permanent which is not based upon equal rights. That, however, is a settlement which MR. SEYMOUR and his party reject. They are, therefore, not only responsible for the debt and for the taxation, but for its continued pressure. The Republican policy, by bringing in the Southern States upon the only sound principle, has taken the most important step toward that pacification which is the beginning of relief from taxation. To reopen the whole question, to sow still farther dissension, to exasperate fellow-citizens, and consequently to prolong the unsettled condition of those States, and to postpone financial relief, this is the policy of HORATIO SEYMOUR and the party which incessantly informs the laborer, farmer, and mechanic that they are frightfully taxed, and that the only true safety for flies is to step into the spider's parlor.

THE ORNAMENTS OF TAMMANY HALL.

WE have been so fortunate as to procure what purports to be a copy of the Report of the Committee upon the Decorations of Tammany Hall, which was probably made at an early meeting of the managers, and the results of which will undoubtedly be apparent in the superb ornamentation of the hall when the Convention assembles.

"The hall," begins this interesting document, "should, of course, be hung with portraits of eminent Democrats; and for the space over the President's chair we suggest a decoration consisting of the flags of the United States and the Confederate States fraternally intertwined, and beneath them, as a beautiful symbol of Christian feeling, a portrait of that tried and true, but for the present unfortunate Democratic leader, JEFFERSON DAVIS, with the neat legend from one of his latest speeches:

"'I would rather fraternize with hyenas than Yankees.'

"The portrait of our BEAUREGARD naturally suggests itself. He may not be with us in the flesh, but he will be present in spirit, and he has expressed his sympathy with the party. The motto under his honored physiognomy should obviously be one which Generals FRANKLIN and SLOCUM, and their fellow 'Lincoln hirelings,' will readily recall. Our BEAUREGARD, in speaking of the late atrocious attempt of the United States Government to prevent him and his Southern Democratic friends from freeing their 'country,' says:

"'All rules of civilized warfare are abandoned, and they [Generals FRANKLIN and SLOCUM and their friends] proclaim by their acts, if not on their banners, that their war-cry is, "Beauty and Booty."'

"The Democratic head of the illustrious FORREST will be gratefully hailed. He is himself a delegate, and his portrait needs no other inscription than: 'Our honored colleague as he appeared at Fort Pillow.'

"Should there be other delegates who took an equally active part in the late Democratic protest against BEAUREGARD'S 'reckless and unprincipled tyrant,' LINCOLN, let their portraits be gracefully grouped, and a representation of the Andersonville military prison appended, labeled, 'The Palladium of Southern Democratic liberties.'

"Of the cherished Northern statesmen of the party there must be, of course, a portrait of the favorite son of New York, HORATIO SEYMOUR, in the act of uttering his celebrated sentence:

"'If it is true that slavery must be abolished to save this Union, then the people of the South should be allowed to withdraw themselves from that Government which can not give them the protection guaranteed by its terms.'

"Or his other prophetic sentence, that to attempt to restore the Union by war would

"'Prove ruinous to the North, and develop the resources of the South.'

"Nor should a portrait of that stalwart Democrat JOHN A. GREENE, of Syracuse, be wanting. What could be fitter for its motto than that outburst of sound Democratic doctrine upon the subject of the draft in 1863—as General FRANKLIN and General SLOCUM will remember:

"'Ye devils incarnate [the Government of the United States], who with hearts of adamant and tearless eye drag hundreds of thousands to your slaughter-pens, and demand the extermination of millions more of the very brothers of your blood—tremble!'

"Shall we repudiate our PENDLETON—our Gentleman George, if we may seem familiar with that august name? Never. Beneath his canvas inscribe his immortal words:

"'If your differences are so great that you can not or will not compromise them, then, gentlemen, let the seceding States depart in peace!'

"Let us have also the countenance—a mermaiden blending of Whig and Democrat; Pan's Reed, a blown Reed—of the worthy biographer of JAMES BUCHANAN; and surrounding the portrait, like a halo, MR. REED'S inspiring words:

"'I deny, as I have ever done, ... that the Federal Government has any right under the Constitution to coerce by force of arms any one or more of its great constituencies.'

"We recommend with ardor a speaking portrait of our illustrious cavalry chief WADE HAMPTON—which our beloved brothers Generals FRANKLIN and SLOCUM will so gladly recognize. And for the motto what can be so appropriate as his very last public words, spoken less than a month ago, and which will be prophetic if we can only succeed at the polls:

"'The cause for which JACKSON [STONEWALL] and STUART fell can not be in vain; but, in some form, will yet triumph.'

"*Item.*—BERIAH MAGOFFIN. Beneath the inspiring lineaments of this brave old Kentucky war-horse, who, we are glad to know, will be in the city, let the noble reply be displayed which as Governor he returned to the despot LINCOLN'S call for hirelings and Hessians—as Generals FRANKLIN and SLOCUM and their brethren will not forget to remember:

"'I say emphatically that Kentucky will furnish no troops for the wicked purpose of subduing her sister Southern States.'

"Nor must we forget the head of the Giant of the Nutmeg State, the sage THOMAS H. SEYMOUR, predecessor of the great and good ENGLISH, who, in the midst of the late lamentable and unconstitutional attempt at coercion directed against the patriotic and Democratic BEAUREGARD, FORREST, HAMPTON, and other brethren, wrote these words which form the most fitting of mottoes:

"'Depend upon it, Heaven will frown upon such a cause as this: it can not and will not come to good.'

"And the patriotic PRICE, speaking for the Democrats of New Jersey when the late Protest began:

"'I say emphatically they would go with the South from every wise, prudential, and patriotic reason.'

"Then, as Arabian mosques are covered with inscriptions from the Koran, let the great hall of Tammany be illuminated with sentences of our beloved newspaper leaders, printed legibly in gold letters.

"Thus the denunciation by the Albany *Argus* of the call for 75,000 men by President LINCOLN as 'usurpation;' that happy phrase of the *Argus*, on the morning after the attack on Sumter, that we had become 'two peoples;' and its Union-loving sentiment:

"'They [Generals FRANKLIN, SLOCUM, and their friends] made an idol of the idea of national unity, and, after sacrificing minds and souls to it, have ended by the sacrifice of thousands of bleeding bodies.'

"We suggest, also, these truly Democratic words from the Milwaukee *News*, to be printed in large capitals:

"'If GRANT wins a battle it is in part a triumph over the fundamental law of the Government. If SHERMAN conquers Atlanta an essential portion of the Constitution is thereafter dead.'

"Add to these those memorable utterances of our own *World*, in denouncing the draft as 'the last odious resort of worse than Austrian despotism,' and in saying of President LINCOLN:

"'It is no impediment to that law to denounce as an oath breaker him who has shamefully done his official utmost to pervert the war for the Union into a war for abolition. For that high-handed crime he can find no more warrant in the Constitution than he can find authority for calling out five hundred thousand men wherewith to set up a monarchy with himself at the apex. No more can the law against hindering enlistments be evoked to silence denunciation of the crime of the perjurer than the crime of the tyrant.'

"But why continue? Turn which way we may we find the same consoling and lofty strain. Cover the walls, then, with such portraits and such sentences. And if these things, and hundreds of thousands more like them, the words of our papers and orators, the resolutions of our State and National Conventions, the cheers and sympathy and hope of all the distinguished Southern Democrats when they were protesting in the field, do not show to our friends, the soldiers and sailors, that the Democratic party was the real war-party, and to a candid country that it is the party of Union, freedom, and the Constitution, what, in the name of truth and history, can?

"We pause, as we have been pausing ever since the Protest began, for a reply. All of which is respectfully submitted by the Committee on Decorations."

FRAUDS IN NATURALIZATION.

THE attention of members of Congress has been directed to this subject by those who wish to preserve the purity of the franchise; but we learn that some Western members hesitate about urging appropriate legislation, on the ground that, being on the eve of a great canvass, some apprehension might be entertained by our foreign population that it was in truth aimed against any naturalization instead of against fraudulent naturalization merely.

The number fradulently naturalized in this city alone is very large—some estimate it as high as ten thousand annually—and although fewer foreigners are arriving at this moment than usual, it is not to be doubted that there will be a sufficient number of immigrants to put the result in this State in some peril; and many of these will be admitted to citizenship, if the opportunity for the commission of these frauds is allowed to continue.

An examination of the act of Congress to authorize naturalization shows that it requires collusion, or a carelessness which is equivalent to it, between the agents of the law and the person applying to be admitted, in order to accomplish the fraud, for the act contemplated that it should be considered a most solemn proceeding.

The third section provides "that the Court admitting such alien shall be satisfied that he has resided within the United States five years at least, and within the State or Territory where such Court is at the time held, one year at least; and it shall further appear to their satisfaction that during that time he has behaved as a man of good moral character, attached to the principles of the Constitution, and well disposed to the good order and happiness of the same."

All other countries impose guards over admission to citizenship, and such was the manifest intention of the act of Congress, but the mode of performing this delicate and important duty here shows that there is absolutely no real check.

As an important election approaches active preparation is always made at Tammany Hall to recruit its ranks from fresh importations, and although its original aim was to secure only the city for the Democracy, it soon attempted to control the result in the State, and now aspires to affect the Presidential contest—no other limit being imposed upon its means than the present paucity of arrivals. Blank certificates of naturalization are prepared and kept by the clerks of courts, some printed plainly, others with colored letters, and a few on parchment. When the certificate is about to be issued, the deputy for the time being suggests that the new citizen might deem it desirable to have some regard to its elegance or durability with a view perhaps to its being framed, and in that case the person admitted and agreeing to the suggestion pays the difference in expense between an ordinary blank and the more expensive one; but with the exception of this perquisite, which amounts to a large sum, all other expense, when its committee is in session, is borne by Tammany Hall, to which establishment the charge is made for the usual expense of admission. A few years ago it owed to one of the clerks a balance of about two thousand dollars, which remained unpaid for some time, but whether ultimately paid or reported with a view to its being canceled, would of course be decided by the Grand Sachems.

A regular Naturalization Committee has for years been in operation at Tammany Hall, whose services are brought into requisition for a few weeks immediately preceding an election. Ordinary blanks are obtained by the Committee from one of the clerks—the Superior or Common Pleas Courts are usually preferred—and the requisite papers are prepared by clerks of the Committee, to which is annexed a printed card containing a request, "Please naturalize"—the name of the applicant for admission appearing in writing. The applicants and witnesses go over in squads together, and such is the number which crowds the court-room that a dozen citizens are sworn in together (the hand of one being upon the book, and that of others piled over it) when the Clerk utters the solemn oath with a rapidity suited to the emergency.

The witnesses are passed in review before the Judge, who makes inquiry into the circumstances; but as Tammany Hall is now in the ascendant, the request "Please naturalize" will doubtless be deemed sufficient by judges who are elected through its instrumentality, and whose witnesses shall swear to what is requisite for numerous simultaneous applications. A story is told at the City Hall, intended no doubt as a mere satire upon these proceedings: "Is he a man of good moral character?" inquired the Judge. "What is that, your Honor?" "I mean, is he a good man?" "That he is, your Honor. I have seen him in forty fights, and he always came out best."

We learn that these proceedings are not recorded in the engrossed minutes of the Court, but that only a mere index is kept of those admitted to citizenship. The deputy-clerk who acts in this service, doubtless a nominee of Tammany Hall, affixes the seal of the Court and signs the Clerk's name to the certificate of naturalization. But if the proceedings were entered in regularly engrossed minutes the entry would constitute a check over such admissions to citizenship as might be made without the instrumentality of the Court. The ticket issued by the Committee—"Please naturalize"—is retained by the Clerk as his voucher for the charge of half a dollar made against the Grand Sachems, to be collected subsequently to the election if (it may be) the party is successful in the canvass.

The Judge who presides at this short season of activity—it might perhaps be called the season of blossoms at Tammany Hall—allows no other judicial business to interfere with the admission of citizens. The haste with which the act is done is inconsistent with accuracy; and the question will doubtless arise, which is really the tribunal that decides upon citizenship—the Committee of Tammany Hall or the Court?

Citizens may be admitted by the Supreme, Superior, District or Circuit Court of any State or county, or the Territorial Districts of the United States, or by a Circuit or District Court of the United States—"every Court of Record in any individual State having common-law jurisdiction and a seal and Clerk or Prothono-

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tary" to be considered a District State Court within the meaning of the Act.

In 1813 an act was passed subjecting to fine or imprisonment any person who shall falsely make, forge, or counterfeit, or cause or procure to be falsely made, forged, or counterfeited, any certificate or evidence of citizenship, or shall pass, utter, or use as true any false, forged, or counterfeited certificate, or shall make sale or dispose of any certificate to any person other than the person for whom it was originally issued, and to whom it may of right belong. It was contended that this section applied only to seamen, but it has been held to be general in its character.

The act of 1798 required a registry of aliens desiring to be admitted citizens; but this was repealed, or supposed to be, by the act of 1802. In lieu of such registry, notice of the intended application, of the place of nativity of the applicant, of the vessel in which he arrived, of his age and residence up to the time of application, and of the name and residence of his witness, might be required; and any person might be allowed a standing in court to contest the application or see to its regularity, or commissioners of the United States might be named in lieu of State tribunals, and the names of persons admitted might be reported to the Secretary of State. But something effectual should be immediately done by Congress to prevent the frauds which are supposed to occur so largely as to affect the result in closely contested States.

BEAUTIFUL COINCIDENCE.

WHEN the Democratic Convention of 1864 met at Chicago, those patriotic friends of the Union and the Constitution, Mr. CLEMENT C. CLAY, Mr. JACOB THOMPSON, and Mr. GEORGE N. SANDERS, had established themselves in Canada within convenient distance for communication; and just as the Convention of 1868 assembles we observe that "General BRECKINRIDGE, late of the Confederate States army," has arrived in Toronto from France. The newspapers also report the presence of Generals BEAUREGARD and WADE HAMPTON, of the same army, in this city. General FORREST, of the same service, is a member of the Convention. General QUANTRELL we do not yet see announced; indeed we are not sure that that eminent patriot is living. Mr. SURRATT, late of the Confederate States civil service, is unavoidably detained. How grateful we ought to be to these generous gentlemen, who, after their late exhausting labors, are now willing and anxious to undertake the control of the Government of the United States!

WASHINGTON'S PRINCIPLES AT WASHINGTON COLLEGE.

SOME time since we called attention to a public meeting in this city, under the auspices of the Governor and many of the most conspicuous Republican citizens, for the relief of Washington College in Virginia, of which General LEE is President. We said, "There is no subject more important, there is nothing more absolutely essential to peaceful reconstruction than general education in those States," and we trusted "that those who wish to do what they can to heal all national wounds will give the subject a candid and thoughtful attention." It was represented by the circular that the principles of WASHINGTON were to be inculcated in the college that bears his name, and nothing seemed to us more desirable for the youth of the Southern States.

We are now sorry to have to record that the circular did not tell the truth. The late Commencement festival at Washington College was made in part the occasion of a kind of memorial service to the "lost cause," which was, of course, wholly a matter of taste so far as the participants were concerned. There was an alumni supper during the Commencement week, at which the fourth toast was: "The fallen heroes of the war! Noble men. The story of their martyrdom adds fresh lustre to a motto too often sneered at, *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*." To this classic toast General WADE HAMPTON responded. He said that he did not believe they had fallen in vain—the cause for which JACKSON and STUART fell can not be in vain, but in some form would yet triumph. The eloquent General, who had also delivered the address before the Literary Societies, evidently had his eye upon the New York Convention of the 4th of July. In closing, he proposed as a toast "The lost cause." The reporter says: "This was drank silently and solemnly by all; and in looking around we observed that nearly all present were Confederate soldiers."

The eighth toast at this cheerful supper was, "The true men of the South! Having courage without rashness, prudence without timidity, they neither quail before the frown of power nor fawn upon the hands that have manacled the liberties of their country." To this toast "The man who had led the Stonewall Brigade" was summoned to respond; and that worthy, WALKER by name, said that during the war he had sought the true interest of Virginia, and that "since the surrender he had never bowed the knee to Baal." He never meant to acknowledge higher allegiance than he owed his State. After General LEE had retired, the health of "Old Marse ROBERT," as he was called, was drunk, "and three vociferous cheers given for the loved old hero."

These gentlemen who prefer to call a section their country, and who choose to bewail the total failure of the most causeless and cruel rebellion as a lost cause to be honored, will undoubtedly follow their fancies. But as we, persuaded by the circular and by the names of the gentlemen who called the meeting, spoke of it as one worthy the serious attention of thoughtful men, it becomes now our duty to say that the political principles of WASHINGTON are evidently despised at the College that bears his name, and that a college whose Commencement is devoted by its alumni to such a performance as this supper is a mere hot-bed of disaffection to the Union and to the principles of the American Government. Moreover, every humane and charitable effort of this kind upon the part of loyal men has been received in the same way by the heroes of "the lost cause." And these men it will be remembered, persons like WADE HAMPTON and General WALKER, are the leaders of the Democratic party in the Southern States.

REPRESENTATION IN PARTY CONVENTIONS.

THE Geneva *Courier* has made a careful and interesting calculation, which shows the extreme inequality in the representation of the Republican party in a Republican Convention. By the present system, based upon Assembly Districts, without regard to the number of Republican voters, it appears that 26,259 Republicans living in the city of New York have the same power in a Convention as 74,896 Republicans living in certain rural counties. The 26,259 Republican voters in the city have 63 delegates, while 27,169 in the agricultural districts have but 18! The 385 Republican voters of the Third Assembly District of the city are equal in power and representation in the Convention to the 5618 Republicans of Alleghany County. The calculation tends to prove that less than one-third of the Republican voters of the State control the State Convention.

The injustice of such a system is evident. No defense can be made for it, and the Convention of the 8th of July should take up the subject and settle it. The *Courier*, which has evidently pondered the matter, proposes the following plan as a remedy:

"Let 1000 Republicans be the unit of representation, and Assembly Districts, as at present, be the division. Each Assembly District with less than 1500 Republicans shall have one delegate; 1500, and less than 2500, two delegates; 2500, and less than 3500, three delegates; 3500, and less than 4500, four delegates, etc., and allowing one delegate for each 1000 Republicans, or fraction of 500 or over, the number of Republicans to be determined by the votes cast at the last election for State officers. There may be much better plans. We only suggest this as one for consideration."

UNDER WHICH?

THE political spectacle of the moment is instructive. The Republican party, the party of the country and of the war, of liberty, progress, and civilization, after successfully vindicating the authority of the Government, obliterating the shameful stain of slavery, and maintaining the bond of the Union, has restored every seceding State but three to its practical relations in the Union upon the broad, simple, humane principle of equal civil and political rights, and has done this despite the treachery of the Executive head of the Government and the relentless hostility of an unscrupulous party. Knowing that upon no other principle can there be a peaceful Union and general prosperity, it has declared that it adheres to this policy. Knowing that without that tranquillity the debt can not be paid, and that there is among the ashes of the rebellion a spark of hope that the debt may be repudiated, the national creditors defrauded, and every man in the land disgraced; it has, simultaneously with its policy of equal rights and peace, declared that the national honor shall be faithfully defended, and has nominated as the representatives of these principles and this policy the great soldier of the war, who has shown himself as free from the traditional ambition of a renowned and victorious general as WASHINGTON himself, and with him a man of the same pure personal character and identified with the cause of constitutional liberty that triumphed in the war.

Upon the other side, the Democratic party, whose inhuman policy, alike a crime against the conscience and the prosperity of the country, plunged us into the war, and which four years ago demanded that the Government should treat with traitors in arms, now baffled in every effort to overthrow the Government, either by force or by negotiation with its enemies, stands torn with doubt and mad with the lust of power, wondering in what way it can most successfully deceive the country and reverse the great victory which it could not prevent. Conscious that its logical and secretly cherished design, if declared, would be repudiated by the people, its counsels are divided between those who would say nothing and those who would reveal the real party purpose. Hating equal rights as perilous to its party ascendency, it would thrust back into political and industrial chaos the States which the Republicans have restored, and renewing its alliance with the disaffected classes of the South would seek a reconstruction which should leave the spirit that rebelled and palliated rebellion paramount in the Government. Disorganizing, dangerous, reckless, and destructive, as every party indifferent to humanity and resolved upon injustice must necessarily be, the Democratic party goes into its Convention agreed only in contempt for the great principles of the Government, and in a passionate desire for its control.

These are the attitudes of the two parties that ask the sympathy and the support of the American people. The one, having successfully concluded the war, is organizing its results, cherishing vengeance against no man or class, and anxious that those whom conspicuous disaffection have necessarily disfranchised may at the earliest moment—which depends upon themselves—again resume their share in the common government. The other anxious only that fidelity and patriotism may be disfranchised, and disaffection put into power, in order that those who derided loyalty to the Union may now govern it.

To doubt the result would be to question the common-sense of the American people.

"THE NATION."

BY a curious coincidence the *Tribune* lately published in the same issue a letter from London which spoke of the *Nation* as "treacherous" to the Republican party, and a leader which deplored the want of a weekly paper in New York which, after the manner of the London *Spectator*, should discuss all subjects, political, literary, social, and scientific, with ample knowledge, force, grace, and earnestness.

Now we have been faithful readers of the *Nation* from its first Number, and we take especial pleasure in informing our readers that it is the very paper which the *Tribune* so felicitously portrays. It discusses every public question with a fullness of information and ripeness of thought, a candor, independence, conviction, and good temper which we and the *Tribune*, and all our daily and weekly contemporaries, may most profitably emulate. Its literary criticisms are not less commendable. A reader can actually judge by them whether a book is good or not, although "genial" criticism or indiscriminate praise must not be looked for in the *Nation*. Its scientific and other miscellany is accurate, and to the date. Its brief comments upon the topics of the week are not only sparkling, but often witty. It is truly Republican and radical in its politics; but it has no idols, and it often speaks even of Mr. GREELEY, and Mr. SUMNER, and Mr. WADE, and Mr. PHILLIPS, as if they, too, were mortal. Indeed, it is unreservedly of the opinion that the time has come for turning "war-horses" out to grass; and if the test of fidelity to human progress and Republican principles be continuous praise of Mr. STEVENS, Mr. BUTLER, and Mr. BINGHAM, the *Nation* will be found wanting.

But the real value of the *Nation* among our papers is, that it serves the great cause to which the Republican party is devoted upon the highest grounds of principle, and in no mere partisan manner. It criticises Republican measures and men; but as a friend, not as an enemy. It confides in the true humanity of that cause so fully that it believes it to be injured by reckless measures and unscrupulous men. It believes, and we most heartily agree with it, that the course pursued by the New York *Tribune*, for instance, to procure the conviction of the President, was a thousandfold more "treacherous" to the Republican party than any adverse criticism of any measure advocated by Mr. BUTLER or Mr. SUMNER, because it was a fierce assault upon the most sacred principles of human conduct, and an incitement to anarchy.

The character of the press in this country has signally improved within a few years. We doubt if it were ever a greater power than it is now. But among the signs of its real elevation and of its encouraging prospects we find the support of so truly able and independent a paper as the *Nation* one of the most cheering.

SWEETMEATS.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SOME sweetmeats taste like molasses. Gradgrind says it is because they are made with molasses: but this is not so; they have that flavor when crushed sugar is used. It is for this reason: liquids that are dense have their boiling points much higher than lighter ones. The sirup of sweetmeats is comparatively thin at first, and is gradually reduced to the proper consistency by boiling down. It is at this time that the sugar is burned, or partly caramelized, and this although the watchful eye of the skillful housewife sees none of the ordinary signs of burning. Rapid ebullition, which is sometimes sought after to hasten the process, is sure to produce the molasses taste and a foreign color; and the only way to beat your neighbors (which is, I believe, one of the highest triumphs this world can give) is, to use time and patience, and reduce the sirup gradually to the desired state. Fruits of delicate flavors, especially the strawberry, raspberry, and cherry, require great care and attention, or the most imaginative person could not detect what they were intended for; they are generally burned in boiling at too great heat. I have just burned some myself. The fruit jellies sold in glass tumblers at groceries are chiefly gelatine, colored to suit the fancy, and named with perfect recklessness; call them by any name, and they would sell as well.

Of course these remarks apply particularly to fruits preserved in sugar; not to those abominations, as generally made, canned fruits. Nine out of ten of these have undergone slight vinous fermentation at least, which is sufficient to render them unwholesome and unpalatable. I have never found any thing better in the course of a long experience than a compromise between canning and preserving by the old method; that is, pound for pound. Fruit cooked so as to exude its juice, which is done by scalding in *half* its weight of sugar, the resulting sirup simmered slowly to a ropy consistency and then canned in *glass*, air-tight, will have the flavor God gave it. What is the use of canning fruit without sugar? The sugar has subsequently to be added in any event. The peach will float in an amber sea, the cherries and strawberries in a scarlet one, and the green-gages in such a peculiar yellow-green (like that what's-its-name cordial) that it makes one's mouth anticipate the opening day.

With your kind permission I will request that those who love fruit, in season and out of season, will refrain from scorching it into chocolate caramel (without the chocolate), and boil or simmer it slowly into

"—lucent sirups tinct with cinnamon,"

as Mr. KEATS wrote.

If they don't like cinnamon, let them leave it out. EGBERT P. WATSON.

ELIZABETH, N. J.

LITERARY.

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS have issued a Life of SCHUYLER COLFAX, written by the Rev. A. Y. MOORE of South Bend, Indiana, who has been for many years his pastor and personal friend. The work has been in preparation for some time, and is now published with the consent of Mr. COLFAX, as the public naturally wishes to know the story of his life. It is illustrated with an admirable steel portrait, and will be valuable as a record of the honest and intelligent industry, the steady reliance upon the highest political principle, and the practical sagacity and ability which have made Mr. COLFAX a representative American.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

MESSRS. RICE and MACDONALD were sworn in as Senators from the reconstructed State of Arkansas on June 23. The House admitted the representatives of the same State on the following day.

The bill making eight hours a day's work for government laborers and mechanics was passed by the Senate on June 24.

The Southern Restoration bill ("Omnibus bill"), readmitting North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, and Louisiana, was passed in the Senate over the President's veto by 35 to 8; in the House by 105 to 30, all on the 25th June, the day the veto was received from the President.

NEWS ITEMS.

John Dabney, a colored man in Richmond, Virginia, purchased his freedom from Mrs. Dejarnette of Hanover, Virginia, just before the war, for $2000, agreeing to pay the amount by installments. During the pendency of the struggle he paid about one-half of it in Confederate currency, which was at last so depreciated in value that his late mistress requested him to discontinue the payments until the close of the conflict. When slavery was abolished the debt was of course no longer due; but notwithstanding he was advised against such a course Dabney lately transmitted to his old mistress, now in indigent circumstances, $600 in greenbacks, being the balance of the $2000 he had contracted to pay.

The newly elected Louisiana Legislature convened on June 29. A majority of the Democratic members elect could not take the oath of office and withdrew, leaving those who could to organize the two Houses with bare quorums.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE religious and other reforms in Austria are exciting the ire of the Pope, and he has already pronounced an allocution against it, which promises to be as effective as the famous "Bull against the Comet." In this allocution the Pope expresses himself as opposed to all progress and enlightenment by declaring that "the Concordat should have been regarded by Austria as perpetual in effect, and he warns all persons who approve of the laws recently passed by the Reichsrath concerning the press, religious toleration, civil marriage, and public education, to beware of the spiritual pains and penalties attached to violations of the sacred rights of the Church." The immediate effect of this threat was not consoling to "his Holiness." On the day after its publication Baron von Beust, Prime Minister of Austria, in adjourning the Imperial Council, assured the members that the threats of the Church would not prevent the enforcement of the laws just passed. So strong is the reform party in Austria that when the law at which the Pope rails in this wise was presented to the Emperor Francis Joseph for his signature, he said, apologizing for signing, that he had either to sign or resign. If he can not stem this tide, how can the Pope hope to resist the reformation? It is at least noteworthy, if not significant, that on the day of the publication of the allocution throughout Europe the statue of Martin Luther was inaugurated at Worms, King William and the Crown Prince of Prussia, and a vast concourse of people, witnessing the ceremony, and joining in the hymns which were sung.

Mexico, through Juarez, has announced to the English holders of Mexican bonds that their negotiations with Maximilian had annulled all obligations on the part of Mexico to pay them. "A new way to pay old debts."

The Japanese revolution is announced as having come to an end by the submission of the Tycoon, Stots Bashi. Nevertheless the fighting continued, the quarrel having assumed a new phase not clearly stated in the latest dispatches, and altogether incomprehensible.

The King of the Sandwich Islands is opposed to annexation to the United States, and lately said that if they gave him any trouble on the subject, or sent any more iron-clads to his harbors, he would hoist the British flag and claim British protection.

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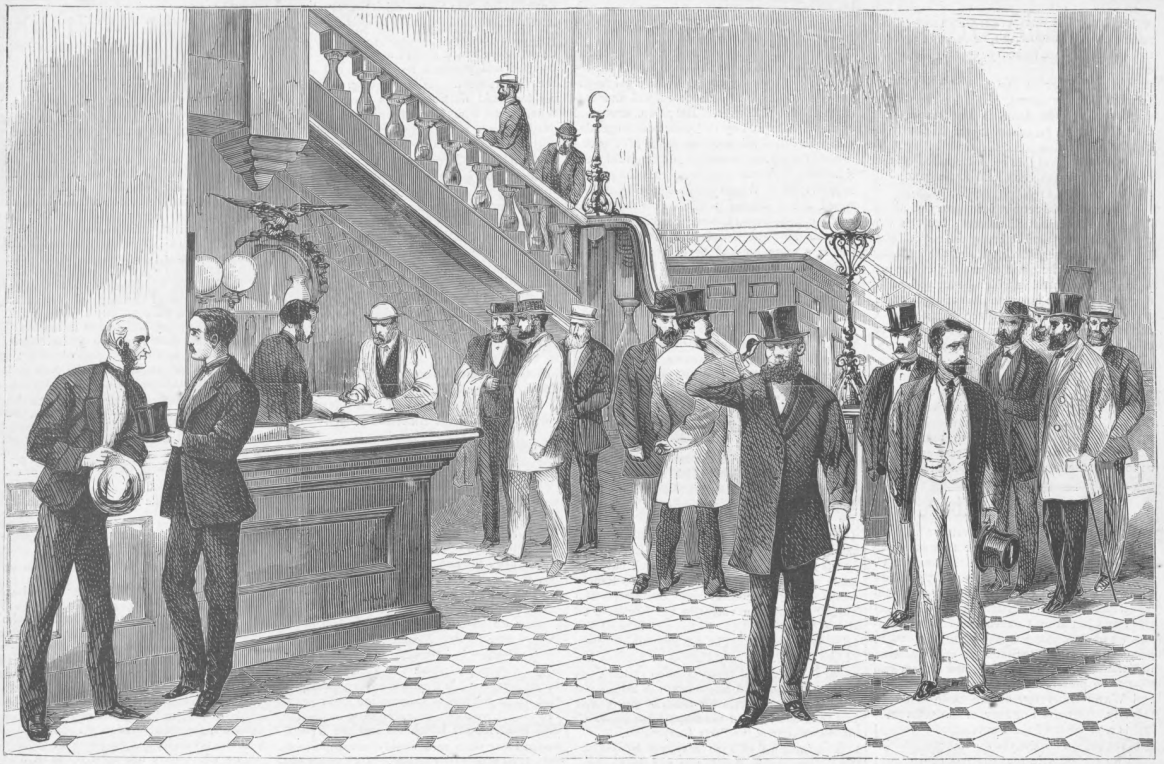

VESTIBULE OF THE MANHATTAN CLUB-HOUSE, NEW YORK—DELEGATES TO THE CONVENTION VISITING THE CLUB.—[SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.]

THE MANHATTAN CLUB.

THE Manhattan Club of New York is the social head-quarters of the Democracy, just as Tammany Hall, which we illustrate elsewhere, is the political quarters. The Club made extensive arrangements to extend its hospitalities to the delegates to the Convention in this city, and the handsome rooms—the vestibule of which we illustrate above—were crowded continually during the session of the Convention and for days before. Numbers of the members of the Club visited the various hotels, and invited the delegates to their Club-house; those accepting were registered in the visitors' book of the Club-house, and made it their quarters during their stay. Caucuses were also held there during the Convention, and the Manhattan Club was as strong a power in influencing the choice of a Democratic candidate for the Presidency as Tammany Hall itself. The Manhattan Club is one of the largest and most prosperous in the city, though quite young. It was founded a few years ago by JOHN VAN BUREN and a few kindred spirits. Messrs. AUGUST BELMONT, AUGUSTUS SCHELL, S. L. M. BARLOW, MANTON MARBLE, etc., are now the ruling spirits.

THE "LITTLE WESTERN" LOST.

A CAPTAIN JARRETT of Chicago, emulous of the fame of young BENNETT and the *Henrietta*, MACGREGOR and the *Rob Roy*, and other daring and successful yachtsmen and yachts, lately built a miniature life-boat which he called the *Little Western*, and in which he proposed to pass through the great lakes and the St. Lawrence, and thence across the Atlantic to Europe. But the disaster which occurred to the boat on June 21, and which we illustrate on this page, will probably put an end to the useless if not foolhardy scheme. On her second trip in Lake Michigan her sails became top heavy with the spray of the waves, and she capsized. She was immediately righted again, but instantly went over the other way. Captain JARRETT and a reporter named CHISHOLM were drowned.

THE "LITTLE WESTERN" OF CHICAGO CAPSIZING IN LAKE MICHIGAN, JUNE 21.—[SKETCHED BY W. LONG PALEN.]

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THE MOONSTONE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

Printed from the Author's Manuscript.

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.

CHAPTER X.

How the interval of suspense to which I was now condemned might have affected other men in my position, I can not pretend to say. The influence of the two hours' probation upon *my* temperament was simply this. I felt physically incapable of remaining still in any one place, and morally incapable of speaking to any one human being, until I had first heard all that Ezra Jennings had to say to me.

In this frame of mind I not only abandoned my contemplated visit to Mrs. Ablewhite — I even shrank from encountering Gabriel Betteredge himself.

Returning to Frizinghall, I left a note for Betteredge, telling him that I had been unexpectedly called away for a few hours, but that he might certainly expect me to return toward three o'clock in the afternoon. I requested him, in the interval, to order his dinner at the usual hour, and to amuse himself as he pleased. He had, as I well knew, hosts of friends in Frizinghall; and he would be at no loss how to fill up his time until I returned to the hotel.

This done, I made the best of my way out of the town again, and roamed the lonely moorland country which surrounds Frizinghall, until my watch told me that it was time, at last, to return to Mr. Candy's house.

I found Ezra Jennings ready and waiting for me.

He was sitting alone in a bare little room, which communicated by a glazed door with a surgery. Hideous colored diagrams of the ravages of hideous diseases, decorated the barren buff-colored walls. A book-case filled with dingy medical works, and ornamented at the top with a skull, in place of the customary bust; a large deal table copiously splashed with ink; wooden chairs of the sort that are seen in kitchens and cottages; a threadbare drugget in the middle of the floor; a sink of water, with a basin and waste-pipe roughly let into the wall, horribly suggestive of its connection with surgical operations — comprised the entire furniture of the room. The bees were humming among a few flowers placed in pots outside the window; the birds were singing in the garden; and the faint intermittent jingle of a tuneless piano in some neighboring house, forced itself now and again on the ear. In any other place, these everyday sounds might have spoken pleasantly of the everyday world outside. Here, they came in as intruders on a silence which nothing but human suffering had the privilege to disturb. I looked at the mahogany instrument case, and at the huge roll of lint, occupying places of their own on the book-shelves, and shuddered inwardly as I thought of the sounds, familiar and appropriate to the everyday use of Ezra Jennings's room.

"I make no apology, Mr. Blake, for the place in which I am receiving you," he said. "It is the only room in the house, at this hour of the day, in which we can feel quite sure of being left undisturbed. Here are my papers ready for you; and here are two books to which we may have occasion to refer, before we have done. Bring your chair to the table, and we shall be able to consult them together."

I drew up to the table; and Ezra Jennings handed me his manuscript notes. They consisted of two large folio leaves of paper. One leaf contained writing which only covered the surface at intervals. The other presented writing, in red and black ink, which completely filled the page from top to bottom. In the irritated state of my curiosity at that moment I laid aside the second sheet of paper in despair.

"Have some mercy on me!" I said. "Tell me what I am to expect before I attempt to read this."

"Willingly, Mr. Blake! Do you mind my asking you one or two more questions?"

"Ask me any thing you like!"

He looked at me with the sad smile on his lips, and the kindly interest in his soft brown eyes.

"You have already told me," he said, "that you have never — to your knowledge — tasted opium in your life."

"To my knowledge?" I repeated.

"You will understand directly why I speak with that reservation. Let us go on. You are not aware of ever having taken opium. At this time, last year, you were suffering from nervous irritation, and you slept wretchedly a night. On the night of the birthday, however, there was an exception to the rule — you slept soundly. Am I right, so far?"

"Quite right."

"Can you assign any cause for your nervous suffering and your want of sleep?"

"I can assign no cause. Old Betteredge made a guess at the cause, I remember. But that is hardly worth mentioning."

"Pardon me. Any thing is worth mentioning in such a case as this. Betteredge attributed your sleeplessness to something. To what?"

"To my leaving off smoking."

"Had you been an habitual smoker?"

"Yes."

"Did you leave off the habit suddenly?"

"Yes."

"Betteredge was perfectly right, Mr. Blake. When smoking is a habit, a man must have no common constitution who can leave it off suddenly without some temporary damage to his nervous system. Your sleepless nights are accounted for, to my mind. My next question refers to Mr. Candy. Do you remember having entered into any thing like a dispute with him — at the birth-day dinner or afterward — on the subject of his profession?"

The question instantly awakened one of my dormant remembrances in connection with the birthday festival. The foolish wrangle which took place on that occasion, between Mr. Candy and myself, will be found, described at much greater length than it deserves, in the tenth chapter of Betteredge's Narrative. The details there presented of the dispute — so little had I thought of it afterward — entirely failed to recur to my memory. All that I could now recall, and all that I could tell Ezra Jennings, was that I had attacked the art of medicine at the dinner-table with sufficient rashness and sufficient pertinacity to put even Mr. Candy out of temper for the moment. I also remembered that Lady Verinder had interfered to stop the dispute, and that the little doctor and I had "made it up again," as the children say, and had become as good friends as ever before we shook hands that night.

"There is one thing more," said Ezra Jennings, "which it is very important that I should know. Had you any reason for feeling any special anxiety about the Diamond at this time last year?"

"I had the strongest reasons for feeling anxiety about the Diamond. I knew it to be the object of a conspiracy; and I was warned to take measures for Miss Verinder's protection, as the possessor of the stone."

"Was the safety of the Diamond the subject of conversation between you and any other person immediately before you retired to rest on the birthday night?"

"It was the subject of a conversation between Lady Verinder and her daughter—"

"Which took place in your hearing?"

"Yes."

Ezra Jennings took up his notes from the table and placed them in my hands.

"Mr. Blake," he said, "if you read those notes now, by the light which my questions and your answers have thrown on them, you will make two astounding discoveries concerning yourself. You will find: First, that you entered Miss Verinder's sitting-room and took the Diamond, in a state of trance produced by opium. Secondly, that the opium was given to you by Mr. Candy — without your own knowledge — as a practical refutation of the opinions which you had expressed to him at the birthday dinner."

I sat, with the papers in my hand, completely stupefied.

"Try and forgive poor Mr. Candy," said the assistant, gently. "He has done dreadful mischief, I own; but he has done it innocently. If you will look at the notes you will see that — but for his illness — he would have returned to Lady Verinder's the morning after the party, and would have acknowledged the trick that he had played you. Miss Verinder would have heard of it, and Miss Verinder would have questioned him — and the truth which has laid hidden for a year would have been discovered in a day."

I began to regain my self-possession. "Mr. Candy is beyond the reach of my resentment," I said, angrily. "But the trick that he played me is not the less an act of treachery for all that. I may forgive, but I shall not forget it."

"Every medical man commits that act of treachery, Mr. Blake, in the course of his practice. The ignorant distrust of opium (in England) is by no means confined to the lower and less cultivated classes. Every doctor in large practice finds himself, every now and then, obliged to deceive his patients, as Mr. Candy deceived you. I don't defend the folly of playing you a trick under the circumstances. I only plead with you for a more accurate and more merciful construction of motives."

"How was it done?" I asked. "Who gave me the laudanum without my knowing it myself?"

"I am not able to tell you. Nothing relating to that part of the matter dropped from Mr. Candy's lips, all through his illness. Perhaps your own memory may point to the person to be suspected?"

"No."

"It is useless, in that case, to pursue the inquiry. The laudanum was secretly given to you in some way. Let us leave it there and go on to matters of more immediate importance. Read my notes, if you can. Familiarize your mind with what has happened in the past. I have something very bold and very startling to propose to you which relates to the future."

Those last words roused me.

I looked at the papers, in the order in which Ezra Jennings had placed them in my hands. The paper which contained the smaller quantity of writing was the uppermost of the two. On this the disconnected words and fragments of sentences which had dropped from Mr. Candy in delirium appeared, as follows:

".....Mr. Franklin Blake.....and agreeable .....down a peg.....medicine.....confesses..... sleep at night.....tell him.....out of order..... medicine.....he tells me.....and groping in the dark mean one and the same thing.....all the company at the dinner-table.....I say.....groping after sleep.....nothing but medicine.....he says .....leading the blind.....know what it means .....witty.....a night's rest in spite of his teeth .....wants sleep.....Lady Verinder's medicine-chest.....five-and-twenty minims.....without his knowing it.....to-morrow morning.....Well, Mr. Blake.....medicine to-day.....never.....without it.....out, Mr. Candy.....excellent.....without it.....down on him.....truth.....something besides.....excellent.....dose of laudanum, Sir .....bed.....what.....medicine now."

There the first of the two sheets of paper came to an end. I handed it back to Ezra Jennings.

"That is what you heard at his bedside?" I said.

"Literally and exactly what I heard," he answered; "except that the repetitions are not transferred here from my short-hand notes. He reiterated certain words and phrases a dozen times over, fifty times over, just as he attached more or less importance to the idea which they represented. The repetitions, in this sense, were of some assistance to me in putting together those fragments. Don't suppose," he added, pointing to the second sheet of paper, "that I claim to have reproduced the expressions which Mr. Candy himself would have used if he had been capable of speaking connectedly. I only say that I have penetrated through the obstacle of the disconnected expression to the thought which was underlying it connectedly all the time. Judge for yourself."

I turned to the second sheet of paper, which I now knew to be the key to the first.

Once more, Mr. Candy's wanderings appeared, copied in black ink; the intervals between the phrases being filled up by Ezra Jennings in red ink. I reproduce the result here, in one plain form; the original language and the interpretation of it coming close enough together in these pages to be easily compared and verified.

".....Mr. Franklin Blake is clever and agreeable, but he wants taking down a peg when he talks of medicine. He confesses that he has been suffering from want of sleep at night. I tell him that his nerves are out of order, and that he ought to take medicine. He tells me that taking medicine and groping in the dark mean one and the same thing. This before all the company at the dinner-table. I say to him, you are groping after sleep, and nothing but medicine can help you to find it. He says to me, I have heard of the blind leading the blind, and now I know what it means. Witty—but I can give him a night's rest in spite of his teeth. He really wants sleep; and Lady Verinder's medicine-chest is at my disposal. Give him five-and-twenty minims of laudanum to-night, without his knowing it; and then call to-morrow morning. 'Well, Mr. Blake, will you try a little medicine to-day? You will never sleep without it.'—'There you are out, Mr. Candy: I have had an excellent night's rest without it.' Then come down on him with the truth! 'You have had something besides an excellent night's rest; you had a dose of laudanum, Sir, before you went to bed. What do you say to the art of medicine now?'"

Admiration of the ingenuity which had woven this smooth and finished texture out of the raveled skein was naturally the first impression that I felt on handing the manuscript back to Ezra Jennings. He modestly interrupted the first few words in which my sense of surprise expressed itself, by asking me if the conclusion which he had drawn from his notes was also the conclusion at which my own mind had arrived.

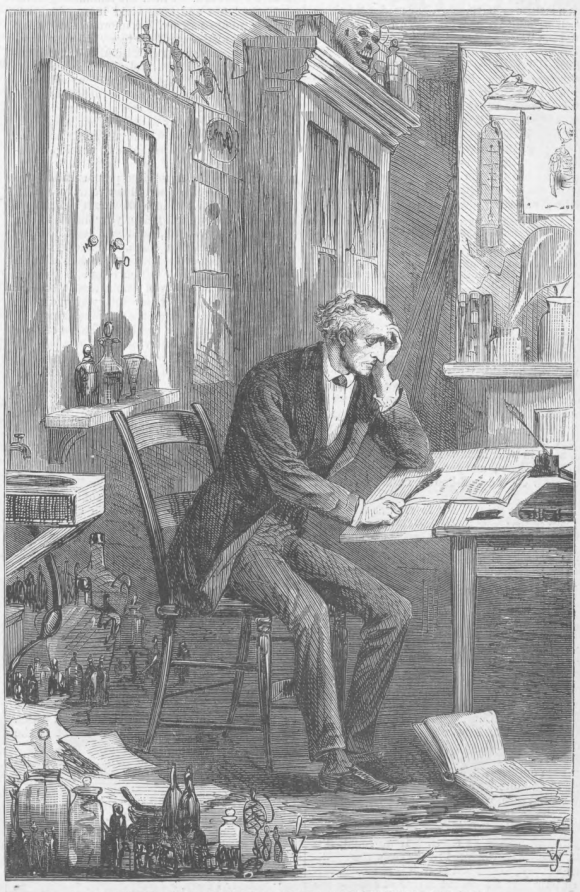
"Do you believe as I believe," he said, "that you were acting under the influence of the laudanum in doing all that you did, on the night of Miss Verinder's birthday, in Lady Verinder's house?"

"I am too ignorant of the influence of laudanum to have an opinion of my own," I answered. "I can only follow your opinion, and feel convinced that you are right."

"Very well. The next question is this. You are convinced; and I am convinced—how are we to carry our conviction to the minds of other people?"

I pointed to the two manuscripts, lying on the table between us. Ezra Jennings shook his head.

"Useless, Mr. Blake! Quite useless, as they stand now, for three unanswerable reasons. In the first place, those notes have been taken, under circumstances entirely out of the experience of the mass of mankind. Against them, to begin with! In the second place, those notes represent a medical and metaphysical theory. Against them, once more! In the third place, those notes are of *my* making; there is nothing but *my* assertion to the contrary to guarantee that they are not fabrications. Remember what I told you on the moor—and ask yourself what my assertion is worth. No! my notes have but one value, looking to the verdict of the world outside.



"I FOUND EZRA JENNINGS READY AND WAITING FOR ME."

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Your innocence is to be vindicated; and they show how it can be done. We must put our conviction to the proof—and You are the man to prove it."

"How?" I asked.

He leaned eagerly nearer to me across the table that divided us.

"Are you willing to try a bold experiment?"

"I will do any thing to clear myself of the suspicion that rests on me now."

"Will you submit to some personal inconvenience for a time?"

"To any inconvenience, no matter what it may be."

"Will you be guided implicitly by my advice? It may expose you to the ridicule of fools; it may subject you to the remonstrances of friends whose opinions you are bound to respect—"

"Tell me what to do!" I broke out impatiently. "And, come what may, I'll do it."

"You shall do this, Mr. Blake," he answered. "You shall steal the Diamond, unconsciously, for the second time, in the presence of witnesses whose testimony is beyond dispute."

I started to my feet. I tried to speak. I could only look at him.

"I believe it *can* be done," he went on. "And it *shall* be done—if you will only help me. Try to compose yourself—sit down, and hear what I have to say to you. You have resumed the habit of smoking; I have seen that for myself. How long have you resumed it?"

"For nearly a year."

"Do you smoke more or less than you did?"

"More."

"Will you give up the habit again? Suddenly, mind! as you gave it up before."

I began dimly to see his drift. "I will give it up from this moment," I answered.

"If the same consequences follow which followed last June," said Ezra Jennings—"if you suffer once more as you suffered then, from sleepless nights, we shall have gained our first step. We shall have put you back again into something assimilating to your nervous condition on the birthday night. If we can next revive, or nearly revive, the domestic circumstances which surrounded you; and if we can occupy your mind again with the various questions concerning the Diamond which formerly agitated it, we shall have replaced you, as nearly as possible, in the same position, physically and morally, in which the opium found you last year. In that case we may fairly hope that a repetition of the dose will lead, in a greater or lesser degree, to a repetition of the result. There is my proposal, expressed in a few hasty words. You shall now see what reasons I have to justify me in making it."

He turned to one of the books at his side, and opened it at a place marked by a small slip of paper.

"Don't suppose that I am going to weary you with a lecture on physiology," he said. "I think myself bound to prove, in justice to both of us, that I am not asking you to try this experiment in deference to any theory of my own devising. Admitted principles and recognized authorities justify me in the view that I take. Give me five minutes of your attention, and I will undertake to show you that science sanctions my proposal, fanciful as it may seem. Here, in the first place, is the physiological principle on which I am acting, stated by no less a person than Dr. Carpenter. Read it for yourself."

He handed me the slip of paper which had marked the place in the book. It contained a few lines of writing, as follows:

"There seems much ground for the belief that *every* sensory impression which has once been recognized by the perceptive consciousness, is registered (so to speak) in the brain, and may be reproduced at some subsequent time, although there may be no consciousness of its existence in the mind during the whole intermediate period."

"Is that plain, so far?" asked Ezra Jennings.

"Perfectly plain."

He pushed the open book across the table to me, and pointed to a passage marked by pencil lines.

"Now," he said, "read that account of a case which has—as I believe—a direct bearing on your own position, and on the experiment which I am tempting you to try. Observe, Mr. Blake, before you begin, that I am now referring you to one of the greatest of English physiologists. The book in your hand is Doctor Elliotson's Human Physiology; and the case which the doctor cites rests on the well-known authority of Mr. Combe."

The passage pointed out to me was expressed in these terms:

"Doctor Abel informed me," says Mr. Combe, "of an Irish porter to a warehouse, who forgot, when sober, what he had done when drunk; but, being drunk, again recollected the transactions of his former state of intoxication. On one occasion, being drunk, he had lost a parcel of some value, and in his sober moments could give no account of it. Next time he was intoxicated he recollected that he had left a parcel at a certain house, and there being no address on it, it had remained there safely, and was got on his calling for it."

"Plain again?" asked Ezra Jennings.

"As plain as need be."

He put back the slip of paper in its place, and closed the book.

"Are you satisfied that I have not spoken without good authority to support me?" he asked. "If not, I have only to go to those book-shelves, and you have only to read the passages which I can point out to you."

"I am quite satisfied," I said, "without reading a word more."

"In that case, we may return to your own personal interest in this matter. I am bound to tell you that there is something to be said against the experiment as well as for it. If we could, this year, exactly reproduce, in your case, the conditions as they existed last year, it is physiologically certain that we should arrive at exactly the same result. But this—there is no denying it—is simply impossible. We can only hope to approximate to the conditions; and if we don't succeed in getting you nearly enough back to what you were, this venture of ours will fail. If we do succeed—and I am myself hopeful of success—you may at least so far repeat your proceedings on the birthday night as to satisfy any reasonable person that you are guiltless, morally speaking, of the theft of the Diamond. I believe, Mr. Blake, I have now stated the question, on both sides of it, as fairly as I can, within the limits that I have imposed on myself. If there is any thing that I have not made clear to you tell me what it is—and if I can enlighten you I will."

"All that you have explained to me," I said, "I understand perfectly. But I own I am puzzled on one point, which you have not made clear to me yet."

"What is the point?"

"I don't understand the effect of the laudanum on me. I don't understand my walking down stairs, and along corridors, and my opening and shutting the drawers of a cabinet, and my going back again to my own room. All these are active proceedings. I thought the influence of opium was first to stupefy you, and then to send you to sleep."

"The common error about opium, Mr. Blake! I am, at this moment, exerting my intelligence (such as it is) in your service, under the influence of a dose of laudanum, some ten times larger than the dose Mr. Candy administered to you. But don't trust to my authority—even on a question which comes within my own personal experience. I anticipated the objection you have just made; and I have again provided myself with independent testimony, which will carry its due weight with it in your own mind, and in the minds of your friends."

He handed me the second of the two books which he had by him on the table.

"There," he said, "are the far-famed 'Confessions of an English Opium Eater!' Take the book away with you, and read it. At the passage which I have marked you will find that when De Quincey had committed what he calls 'a debauch of opium,' he either went to the gallery at the Opera to enjoy the music, or he wandered about the London markets on Saturday night, and interested himself in observing all the little shifts and bargainings of the poor in providing their Sunday dinners. So much for the capacity of a man to occupy himself actively, and to move about from place to place under the influence of opium."

"I am answered so far," I said; "but I am not answered yet as to the effect produced by the opium on myself."

"I will try to answer you in few words," said Ezra Jennings. "The action of opium is comprised, in the majority of cases, in two influences—a stimulating influence first, and a sedative influence afterward. Under the stimulating influence, the latest and most vivid impressions left on your mind—namely, the impressions relating to the Diamond—would be likely, in your morbidly sensitive nervous condition, to become intensified in your brain, and would subordinate to themselves your judgment and your will—exactly as an ordinary dream subordinates to itself your judgment and your will. Little by little, under this action, any apprehensions about the safety of the Diamond which you might have felt during the day, would be liable to develop themselves from the state of doubt to the state of certainty—would impel you into practical action to preserve the jewel—would direct your steps, with that motive in view, into the room which you entered—and would guide your hand to the drawers of the cabinet, until you had found the drawer which held the stone. In the spiritualized intoxication of opium, you would do all that. Later, as the sedative action began to gain on the stimulant action, you would slowly become inert and stupefied. Later still, you would fall into a deep sleep. When the morning came, and the effect of the opium had been all slept off, you would wake as absolutely ignorant of what you had done in the night as if you had been living at the Antipodes.—Have I made it tolerably clear to you, so far?"

"You have made it so clear," I said, "that I want you to go farther. You have shown me how I entered the room, and how I came to take the Diamond. But Miss Verinder saw me leave the room again, with the jewel in my hand. Can you trace my proceedings from that moment? Can you guess what I did next?"

"That is the very point I was coming to," he rejoined. "It is a question with me whether the experiment which I propose as a means of vindicating your innocence may not also be made a means of recovering the lost Diamond as well. When you left Miss Verinder's sitting-room, with the jewel in your hand, you went back in all probability to your own room—"

"Yes? and what then?"

"It is possible, Mr. Blake—I dare not say more—that your idea of preserving the Diamond led, by a natural sequence, to the idea of hiding the Diamond, and that the place in which you hid it was somewhere in your bedroom. In that event, the case of the Irish porter may be your case. You may remember, under the influence of the second dose of opium, the place in which you hid the Diamond under the influence of the first."

It was my turn, now, to enlighten Ezra Jennings. I stopped him before he could say any more.

"You are speculating," I said, "on a result which can not possibly take place. The Diamond is, at this moment, in London."

He started, and looked at me in great surprise.

"In London?" he repeated. "How did it get to London from Lady Verinder's house?"

"Nobody knows."

"You removed it with your own hand from Miss Verinder's room. How was it taken out of your keeping?"

"I have no idea how it was taken out of my keeping."

"Did you see it, when you woke in the morning?"

"No."

"Has Miss Verinder recovered possession of it?"

"No."

"Mr. Blake! there seems to be something here which wants clearing up. May I ask how you know that the Diamond is, at this moment, in London?"

I had put precisely the same question to Mr. Bruff, when I made my first inquiries about the Moonstone, on my return to England. In answering Ezra Jennings, I accordingly repeated what I had myself heard from the lawyer's own lips—and what is already familiar to the readers of these pages.

He showed plainly that he was not satisfied with my reply.

"With all deference to you," he said, "and with all deference to your legal adviser, I maintain the opinion which I expressed just now. It rests, I am well aware, on a mere assumption. Pardon me for reminding you that your opinion also rests on a mere assumption as well."

The view he took of the matter was entirely new to me. I waited anxiously to hear how he would defend it.

"*I* assume," pursued Ezra Jennings, "that the influence of the opium—after impelling you to possess yourself of the Diamond, with the purpose of securing its safety—might also impel you, acting under the same influence and the same motive, to hide it somewhere in your own room. *You* assume that the Hindoo conspirators could by no possibility commit a mistake. The Indians went to Mr. Luker's house after the Diamond—and, therefore, in Mr. Luker's possession the Diamond must be! Have you any evidence to prove that the Moonstone was taken to London at all? You can't even guess how, or by whom, it was removed from Lady Verinder's house! Have you any evidence that the jewel was pledged to Mr. Luker? He declares that he never heard of the Moonstone; and his bankers' receipt acknowledges nothing but the deposit of a valuable of great price. The Indians assume that Mr. Luker is lying—and you assume again that the Indians are right. All I say in defense of my view is—that it is possible. What more, Mr. Blake, either logically or legally, can be said for yours?"

It was put strongly; but there was no denying that it was put truly as well.

"I confess you stagger me," I replied. "Do you object to my writing to Mr. Bruff, and telling him what you have said?"

"On the contrary, I shall be glad if you will write to Mr. Bruff. If we consult his experience we may see the matter under a new light. For the present, let us return to our experiment with the opium. We have decided that you leave off the habit of smoking from this moment?"

"From this moment."

"That is the first step. The next step is to reproduce, as nearly as we can, the domestic circumstances which surrounded you last year."

How was this to be done? Lady Verinder was dead. Rachel and I, so long as the suspicion of theft rested on me, were parted irrevocably. Godfrey Ablewhite was away, traveling on the Continent. It was simply impossible to reassemble the people who had inhabited the house when I had slept in it last. The statement of this objection did not appear to embarrass Ezra Jennings. He attached very little importance, he said, to reassembling the same people—seeing that it would be vain to expect them to reassume the various positions which they had occupied toward me in the past time. On the other hand, he considered it essential to the success of the experiment that I should see the same objects about me which had surrounded me when I was last in the house.

"Above all things," he said, "you must sleep in the room which you slept in on the birthday night, and it must be furnished in the same way. The stairs, the corridors, and Miss Verinder's sitting-room, must also be restored to what they were when you saw them last. It is absolutely necessary, Mr. Blake, to replace every article of furniture in that part of the house which may now be put away. The sacrifice of your cigars will be useless unless we can get Miss Verinder's permission to do that."

"Who is to apply to her for permission?" I asked.

"Is it not possible for *you* to apply?"

"Quite out of the question. After what has passed between us on the subject of the lost Diamond I can neither see her, nor write to her, as things are now."

Ezra Jennings paused, and considered for a moment.

"May I ask you a delicate question?" he said. I signed to him to go on.

"Am I right, Mr. Blake, in fancying (from one or two things which have dropped from you) that you felt no common interest in Miss Verinder in former times?"

"Quite right."

"Was the feeling returned?"

"It was."

"Do you think Miss Verinder would be likely to feel a strong interest in the attempt to prove your innocence?"

"I am certain of it."

"In that case *I* will write to Miss Verinder—if you will give me leave."

"Telling her of the proposal that you have made to me?"

"Telling her of every thing that has passed between us to-day."

It is needless to say that I eagerly accepted the service which he had offered to me.

"I shall have time to write by to-day's post," he said, looking at his watch. "Don't forget to lock up your cigars when you get back to the hotel! I will call to-morrow morning and hear how you have passed the night."

I rose to take leave of him, and attempted to express the grateful sense of his kindness which I really felt.

He pressed my hand gently. "Remember what I told you on the moor," he answered. "If I can do you this little service, Mr. Blake, I shall feel it like a last gleam of sunshine falling on the evening of a long and cloudy day."

We parted. It was then the fifteenth of June. The events of the next ten days—every one of them more or less directly connected with the experiment of which I was the passive object—are all placed on record, exactly as they happened, in the Journal habitually kept by Mr. Candy's assistant. In the pages of Ezra Jennings nothing is concealed, and nothing is forgotten. Let Ezra Jennings tell how the venture with the opium was tried, and how it ended.

SOLITUDE.

OH that a wind would call
From the depths of the leafless wood!
Oh that a voice would fall
On the ear of my solitude!
Far away is the sea,
With its sound and its spirit-tone:
Over it white clouds flee,
But I am alone, alone.

Straight and steady and tall
The trees stand on their feet;
Fast by the old stone-wall
The moss grows green and sweet;
But my heart is full of fears,
For the sun shines far away;
And they look in my face through tears,
And the light of a dying day.

My heart was glad last night,
As I pressed it with my palm;
Its throb was airy and light
As it sang some spirit-psalm;
But it died away in my breast
As I wandered forth to-day—
As a bird sat dead on its nest,
While others sang on the spray.

Oh weary heart of mine!
Is there ever a truth for thee?
Will ever a sun outshine
But the sun that shines on me?
Away, away through the air
The clouds and the leaves are blown;
And my heart hath need of prayer,
For it sitteth alone, alone.

TAMMANY HALL.

THE old Tammany Society, inaugurated in 1789, on the day of WASHINGTON'S first inauguration, was simply a social club of politicians of the old Federal school; it is now a political society of Democrats. The first hall was a wigwam-shaped hut, located near Hudson River; subsequently it was the second story of an old and rickety wooden rum-shop situated where the *Tribune* Office now stands; then a commonplace three-story dwelling-house, with a steep gable roof (altered in 1835 to a flat roof), located where the *Sun* Office now stands; now it is the handsome building which we illustrate on our front page, and which stands on Fourteenth Street near Third Avenue.

The associations connected with the old Tammany Hall will hardly follow the Society to its new home. The history of the Society, even before this recent migration, is not a coherent one. The original idea of the organization was to perpetuate the fame and principles of the Revolutionary patriots. Its name was due to a desire to distinguish it from associations imported from Europe. At its first public celebration in May, 1789, the members dressed in Indian costume, smoking the calumet and shrieking the war-whoop. In 1790 a delegation of Creek chiefs visited the Great Father, President WASHINGTON, at New York, and were received by the Tammany Society. On reaching the wigwam the red-skins were so delighted at the adoption of their Indian fashions that in their excitement they set up a genuine war-whoop. The spectators, who had assembled in great numbers, were able to stand the Tammany yells, but this real Indian war-whoop was too much for them, and they took to their heels. Among the Tammany Sachems present on this occasion were Governor GEORGE CLINTON, Chief-Justice JAY, THOMAS JEFFERSON, then Secretary of State, and nearly all the leading Federalists of the city.

The Society about this time collected together a museum of Indian curiosities, which eventually passed into the hands of Mr. BARNUM.

The Federalism of the Society soon died out, and the JEFFERSON style of Democracy took its place, but not until after a hard struggle in both National and State politics.

The old Tammany Hall was built in 1811, $28,000 having been subscribed for that purpose. During the second war with England the members of the Society went out in a body to throw up earth-works at Harlem and at Brooklyn Heights; and when CLAY, GALLATIN, and ADAMS returned with the peace treaty, Tammany gave them a grand reception. The nomination of JACKSON for President created the wildest enthusiasm among the members of the Society, who were his strongest supporters. But they were not always on the winning side. The Bucktail movement for TOMPKINS, as Governor, against DE WITT CLINTON, was a complete failure. It was during this excitement that HALLECK sang:

"There's a barrel of porter in Tammany Hall,
And the Bucktails are swigging it all night long."

In 1835, FANNY WRIGHT'S peculiar doctrines

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had created within the Society a strong body of agrarians or "Equal Rights" men, who, determined to have their own men nominated for State officers, took possession of the Hall before the big bugs got in, and carried the day. Their opponents turned off the gas, but they had come prepared for the emergency, each with a supply of matches, and within a minute after the sudden eclipse old Tammany was again in full blaze. The name of Loco Foco, applied to the matches used on this occasion, stuck to the Democratic party for the next twenty years.

While the greater portion of the members of Tammany have been Democrats, there have been regularly enrolled upon its books a large number of Anti-Masons, Whigs, Barnburners, Know Nothings, and Republicans. Thus the present Superintendent of our Police was for a long time one of the distinguished Sachems of the Society.

By the time this meets the eye of our readers the Democratic Convention will have assembled in the new Tammany Hall for the nomination of President. Will the new edifice be the symbol of a wholly reconstructed Democracy? or will the old Tammany organization and the old Democratic party there die together?

THE SCHUTZENFEST.

AMONG the customs prevailing in Germany, Austria, Switzerland, and indeed all Central Europe, are those of the "Sangerfest" and "Schutzenfest." The Germans are very fond of music, and throughout every country in which they form a respectable proportion of the population they have organized "Sangerbunds" or "Singing Bands." Only less general and extended is the love of sharp-shooting among the same race, and there are few districts of the Fatherland where "Schutzenbunds" or "shooting bands" are not to be found. A large number of singing bands have been organized by the Germans in America, and we lately illustrated their "Sangerfest" or "Singing Festival" at Chicago. A number of "Schutzenbunds" have also been organized in this country, and the delegates from these are holding as we write a festival in New York city. Their shooting grounds near Jones's Wood will be found illustrated on pages 440 and 441.

This is the third annual festival of the Schutzenbund in America, and the largest ever held in this country. Delegates to the number of several hundred attended from a score or two of bands organized in the various parts of the country. The festival began on June 29 by a grand procession through the streets of New York to the shooting grounds. This was headed by General FRANZ SIGEL (distinguished in the late war), and embraced a large number of distinct organizations, formed in eight divisions. Representatives came from Holland, Prussia, Austria, and Switzerland. The prizes sent from the old country, and donated by bands and individuals in the United States, are too numerous to mention, but consist of every thing imaginable from a piano to a tin cup, and are valued at $50,000. There are gold watches and gold coin, silver watches and silver coin, silver tea-sets, goblets, and fancifully and artistically wrought cups, sewing-machines, rifles, music-boxes, wax-flowers, oil-paintings, telescopes, marine-glasses, a collection of lead-pencils, meerschaum pipes and cigar-holders of the same material, beautifully modeled parlor-inkstands of bronze, papier-mache, and vulcanized rubber; Japanese work-boxes, gold and silver medals, bills of exchange, certificates of deposit, orders for suits of clothing, for carpets, for cooking-ranges, and innumerable other things more or less valuable.

Every body was invited to come—a delegation visiting Washington for that purpose. The President—named more definitely in the report of the committee as "A Mr. JOHNSON" (probably a typographical error in the transposition of the title and the initial)—promised he would come; the Senate and House of Representatives appointed a committee of visitors; and the foreign representatives also took steps to see the sharp-shooters which their countries had reluctantly given to this.

The buildings at Jones's Wood represented in our engraving have been erected at a cost of over $40,000. A *Festhalle* has been built for this occasion. The shooting-stand is over three hundred feet in length, allowing for each target—fifty-six in number—six feet five inches, and the same room for each rifleman.

THE ABYSSINIAN WAR.

ON abandoning Magdala after its capture General NAPIER destroyed it. It was burned on April 17. The gates of the fortress were blown up with gunpowder; the artillery, with the exception of a few pieces as trophies of the campaign, was destroyed, and the place was rendered uninhabitable, nothing but a "scorched rock" remaining. This necessitated the exodus of the population, and their march down the mountain and through its defiles is the subject of our large engraving on pages 440 and 441. A correspondent with General NAPIER describes the remarkable scene in these words: "As the Hebrews crossed the desert, old and young, healthy and sick, slave and free, carrying their kneading-troughs and laden with all the articles of domestic life; some with mules and donkeys covered with baggage of all kinds; so were the people forming this vast exodus—men, women, and children, servants, asses, and mules—all laden with their worldly goods. Wounded chiefs were carried upon litters, while behind them might be seen their wives, who were wrapped in ample sheets, riding with their children. Warriors who had the good fortune not to come in contact with the Snider projectiles might have been seen striding along, their only weapon now being a long staff. With the men of this class it is the custom to wear round the neck a skin of either the sheep, the leopard, or the lion. Their hair is plaited in five thick rows over the head, and generally well buttered. Silks and rich-colored cloths were common, contrasting with the slight and simple clothing of those whose position was that of slaves or servants. It was impossible to estimate the numbers forming this mass; but I am informed that there were about 30,000, of whom about 7000 only were fighting men."

HINTS FROM INSECTS.

TO SCULPTORS.

THE epithet "egg-shaped" has no definiteness in entomology, for the eggs of insects may be flat, depressed, compressed, prismatic, angular, square, boat-shaped, etc. Some of these shapes would afford excellent hints to the designer, and their sculpturings frequently far outrival in elegance of design and delicacy of workmanship the engravings which we sometimes see on eggs brought from India and China. Some insect eggs, when seen through a microscope, remind one of the fine crustaceous shell of the sea-urchin; and in both we can not but admire the tasteful carving, the minute delicacy, and extraordinary regularity of the markings. The egg of the great tortoise-shell butterfly is shaped like a Florence flask, quite smooth and uniform; that of the meadow-brown butterfly is crowned at the upper end with sculptured work in the form of tiles or slates.

TO BUILDERS.

The principle of the arch, unknown to some of the ancient nations, might have been arrived at from an observation of the lackey moth, whose eggs are broader at the top than at bottom—like the arch-stones of a bridge—and are built together in the arched form round a twig of hawthorn. Being united together with strong cement they retain their form even when slipped off the branch, looking like a bracelet of pearls; and "bracelet" accordingly is the name given them by the French peasantry. Another moth, whose eggs are covered with down, arranges them in an elegant spiral form, as if a lady should wind one end of her fur tippet spirally round a branch. There is nothing of this kind, says Réaumur, which we ought to consider it difficult for an insect to execute, when we are acquainted with the admirable instruments with which Nature has furnished them. This spiral might have given Archimedes the hint for his famous screw, an instrument resembling the cork-screw now in use.

TO LIFE-BOAT MAKERS.

The most remarkable thing, however, relating to the disposal of insect eggs remains to be told. The common gnat lays its eggs on the water; and as they are heavy enough to sink if dropped into it one by one, the problem is to construct a boat-shaped raft which will float. The eggs are nearly of the pyramidal form of a pocket gunpowder-flask, rather pointed at the upper and broad at the under end, with a projection like the mouth of a bottle. The mother gnat glues together from 250 to 350 of these, which, being thus shaped into a boat, float on the water secure from sinking, and are finally abandoned by the mother. They are hatched in a few days, the grubs issuing from the lower end; but the boat, now composed of the empty shells, continues to float till it is destroyed by the weather. Kirby justly describes this little vessel as resembling "a London wherry, sharp and high, as sailors say, fore and aft, convex below, concave above, and always floating on its keel." Those who wish to see such a boat in course of construction have only to repair by five or six in the morning to a pond or bucket of water frequented by gnats, or to bring into their homes a basinful of water from an adjacent pond. The most violent agitation of the water can not sink this boat; and what is more extraordinary (let the makers of life-boats see to it), though hollow it never becomes filled with water, even though exposed. To put this to the test, Kirby placed half-a-dozen of these boats upon the surface of a tumbler half-full of water, and poured upon them a stream of that element from the mouth of a quart bottle held a foot above them. Yet after this treatment, which was so rough as actually to project one out of the glass, he found them floating as before upon their bottoms, and not a drop of water within their cavity.

TO SHIP-CARPENTERS.

Writing in 1802, Dean Paley relates that some years before a plan was suggested of producing propulsion by reaction, in the following way:—A stream of water was to be shot out of the stern of a boat, the impulse of which stream upon the water in the river was to push the boat forward. "It is also," he adds, "the principle by which sky-rockets ascend. Now, if naturalists are to be believed, this is exactly the device which Nature has made use of for the motion of some species of aquatic insects."

The larva of the dragon-fly, a little ugly monster with a great head and staring eyes, a reptile-shaped body, six hairy legs, and a sort of triple-pointed tail, is a curious piece of floating machinery illustrating this very principle. The apparent tail contains the mouth of an internal pump or piston, which regularly imbibes water and again ejects it, the jet serving to propel the creature through the water. To show more clearly the working of this engine, Mr. Rennie suggested that we should, by means of a glass tube, let down carefully a colored solution over the insect's tail. The colored liquid having been drawn in, is seen to be ejected in a stream which marks for several inches the wake of the larva upon the water.

TO DIVERS.

Another insect having business under water—namely, the caddis-worm, which covers itself with the tiny shells of young fresh-water mussels and snails, or with small stones and odds and ends of material—makes use of a water-proof cement, said to be superior to pozzolana, being indissoluble in the standing liquid.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE following questions are suggested as being decidedly more practical than those usually asked of a student at a college examination:

What is your "Governor" worth, and how many times will he pay your debts?

Are you a good "drinkist," and how often do you give "a wine?"

Do you belong to the College Base-Ball Club? If so, state how many "Bats" you have had since you joined.

Where do you buy your tobacco, and how does your meerschaum color?

Are you a boating man? If so, how many rows have you been in?

Have you ever been "on," as a supernumerary at the Opera, and who is your favorite in the White Fawn?

Give us your idea of the nobbiest thing in hats.

Can you tie the nautical knot in your neck-tie in five minutes by a stop watch?

Ever been in the Station House?

Who builds your clothes, and how much do you owe him?

Ever do any thing with the pasteboards? If so, what's your little game?

What's the "best thing for a man in the morning," and where do you get it?

Have you studied the libretto of *La Grande Duchesse* enough to laugh in the right place, and were you ever introduced to Tostee?

Where is the best place for "a fellow to get his boots?"

Have you arrived at the age of 19? If so, what is your idea of women from that matured stand-point?

Where is the best place for a man to dine?

Have you ever studied any thing since you were in college?

If you wish me to say
What I think of "Foul Play"
In a very few words I can do so:
It is only a hash
Made of very hard cash,
Spiced up with Old Robinson Crusoe.

A MAKE-SHIFT—A sewing machine.

"GREAT REDUCTION IN TEAS"—Exactly; and that's the mischief of it. We don't want the teas reduced; they're poor enough already. If there is to be any reduction, let it be in the prices.

A Hartford four-year-old saw his parents preparing for church and asked them to take him with them. He was told that he was too little and must wait till he should grow bigger. "Well," returned he, "you'd better take care of me now, for when I get bigger I may not want to go." They saw the point; he was taken.

"FREE AGENT"—One who goes off with his employer's money.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT—Being smothered with kisses.

BORES.

Old gents who sit down in an editor's sanctum and read newspapers to him.
Mothers who force disinterested people to notice their children.
Ladies who crowd you out of your seat in the stage or cars.
Squalling babies in railroad cars.
A young gentleman fresh from college.
A man that reads his poetry to you.
A pair of lovers.
A man that wants to borrow money from you.
Creditors of every description.
Wives who make you go to church with them.
Mosquitoes and newsboys.
The man who sits down at your desk.
The man who reads all the newspapers but never buys one.

MEN OF FEELING—Pickpockets.

An Indian came to a certain agent in the northern part of Iowa to procure some whisky for a younger warrior who had been bitten by a rattlesnake. "Four quarts!" repeated the agent, with surprise, "as much as that?" "Yes," replied the Indian, "four quarts—snake very big."

THE PACE THAT KILLS.—The faster a man starts in life the sooner he gets into a hobble.

A missionary among the freedmen in Tennessee, after relating to some little colored children the story of Ananias and Sapphira, asked them why God does not strike every body dead who tells a lie, when one of the least in the room quickly answered, "Because there wouldn't be any body left."

QUITE RIGHT—Ladies can smoke if they chews.

A country youth, who desired to know how to become rich, sent a quarter in answer to an advertisement and received the following valuable recipe: "Increase your receipts and decrease your expenditures. Work eighteen hours a day, and live on hash and oatmeal gruel."

"Does the court understand you to say, Mr. Jones, that you saw the editor of the *Augur of Freedom* intoxicated?" "Not at all, Sir. I merely said that I had seen him frequently so flurried in his mind that he would undertake to cut out copy with the snuffers—that's all."

"Think'st thou thyself the only fair
On earth?" to Eve the Tempter said;
And to the tranquil river there
Her artless steps deceiving led.
Her own bright image on its mirror shining,
A rival thus she deemed, and fled repining!

A dandy, ordering a pair of pantaloons of his tailor, said he wanted them very tight, according to the latest fashion. "If I can get them on," said he, "I won't take them."

THE CARPET-BAGGERS.
CHICAGO, MAY 20.

THE BUNDLERS.
NEW YORK, JULY 4.

SICKLY DEMOCRAT.
"Oh! must I Swallow him Whole, Doctor Chase?"

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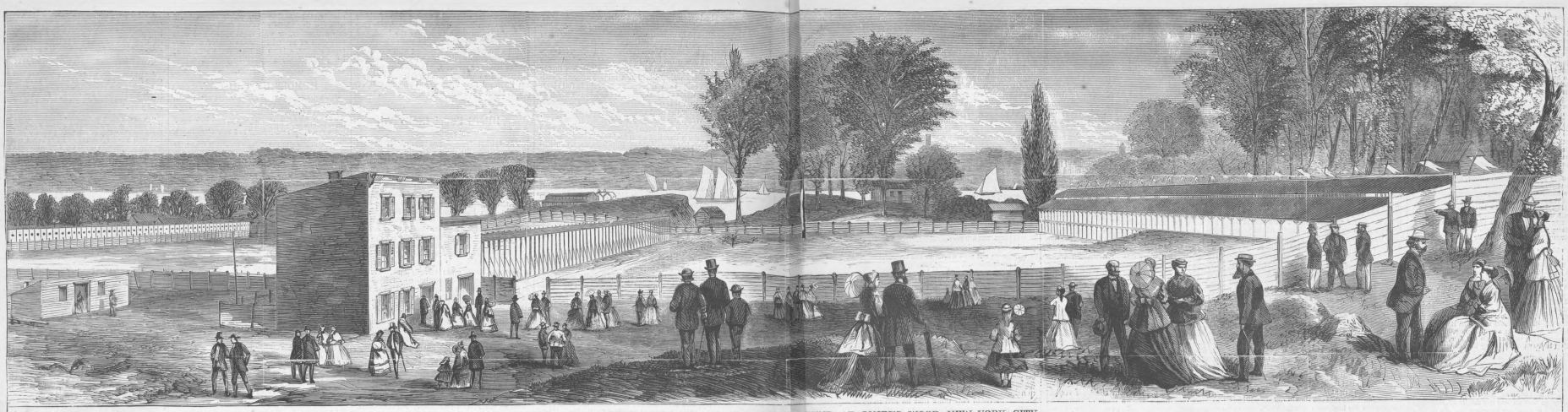

HALL AND SHOOTING GROUNDS OF THE SCHUTZENBUND AT JONES'S WOOD, NEW YORK CITY.

THE ABYSSINIAN WAR—EXODUS OF KING THEODORE'S BROKEN ARMY FROM MAGDALA AFTER ITS DESTRUCTION.—[SEE PAGE 439.]

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MY TWO GENIUSES.

ONE is a slow and melancholy maid:
I know not if she cometh from the skies,
Or from the sleepy gulfs, but she will rise
Often before me in the twilight shade
Holding a bunch of poppies, and a blade
Of springing wheat: prostrate my body lies
Before her on the turf, the while she ties
A fillet of the weed about my head;
And in the gaps of sleep I seem to hear
A gentle rustle like the stir of corn,
And words like odors thronging to my ear:
"Lie still, beloved, still until the morn:
Lie still with me upon this rolling sphere,
Still till the judgment—thou art faint and worn."

The other meets me in the public throng:
Her hair streams backward from her loose attire;
She hath a trumpet and an eye of fire;
She points me downward steadily and long—
"There is thy grave—arise, my son, be strong!
Hands are upon thy crown; awake, aspire
To immortality; heed not the lyre
Of the enchantress, nor her poppy-song;
But in the stillness of the summer calm,
Tremble for what is godlike in thy being.
Listen a while, and thou shalt hear the psalm
Of victory sung by creatures past thy seeing;
And from far battle-fields there comes the neighing
Of dreadful onset, though the air is balm."

Maid with the poppies, must I let thee go?
Alas! I may not; thou art likewise dear;
I am but human, and thou hast a tear,
When she hath naught but splendor, and the glow
Of a wild energy that mocks the flow
Of the poor sympathies which keep us here.
Lay past thy poppies, and come twice as near,
And I will teach thee, and thou too shalt grow;
And thou shalt walk with me in open day
Through the rough thoroughfares with quiet grace;
And the wild-visaged maid shall lead the way,
Timing her footsteps to a gentler pace,
As her great orbs turn ever on thy face,
Drinking in draughts of loving help alway.

WHOSE WIFE WAS SHE?

I.

IN 17—, at Toulouse, there existed between a Monsieur de Garran and the family of Monsieur de la Faille so great an intimacy that the worthy gossips of the city predicted that a marriage must inevitably result therefrom. Nor was the rumor so ill-founded as such things sometimes are. Monsieur de Garran, a captain of artillery in the —— Regiment, then stationed at Toulouse, was a young and handsome man, as much distinguished for bravery in the field as for his proficiency in those accomplishments which make the charm of social intercourse. Talented and brilliant in conversation, his society was sought by all the best families of Toulouse and its neighborhood; and *that* fact alone was a certificate of his unblemished descent; for in Toulouse, especially at that time, four generations of noble ancestors were not considered sufficient to entitle a man to rank himself among the old nobility. Monsieur de la Faille was one of the principal magistrates of Toulouse. Timid and cautious by temperament and habit, he was, like most persons of similar character, immovable as a rock when he had once formed a resolution; and his birth, wealth, and social position made him as much respected as his gentle ingratiating manners caused him to be loved.

He was a widower with one child, a daughter called Clémence, the beauty of the city. Mademoiselle de la Faille had so perfect a figure that that alone, even if united with a very moderate amount of beauty of face, must have made good her title to be called a beautiful woman; but Clémence had a face which left no charm of expression, feature, or complexion to be desired. It was but natural that she and Monsieur de Garran, both young, handsome, and agreeable, and both free in heart and fancy, being constantly thrown together, should first be attracted toward each other, and after a time find that their mutual attraction had merged into a deeper feeling. It was so; and every thing seemed for once favorable — birth, fortune, position, and age, for French girls are married young, and Clémence was fifteen, while George de Garran was twenty-five.

George was as welcome to the father as the daughter, and assumed all the rights of an accepted suitor. All his leisure hours were spent with Monsieur de la Faille and his daughter; he was always their escort in public, where the beauty of the young pair attracted universal admiration, and the marriage was looked forward to by the citizens as a sort of public festival, of which all augured all manner of good. George had a widowed mother residing in Paris, and the only thing wanting to complete his happiness was the fact that she was still unacquainted with his attachment. He had not the smallest doubt of her consent, for he was her only child, and his happiness was her first object; but Monsieur de la Faille placed great stress on the importance of her formal approbation of the union, and George, having first deferred communicating the affair to her until he should be quite certain of his success with Clémence and her father, had afterward chosen to delay acquainting her with it till he could procure leave of absence, and tell his story in person. This leave was at length obtained, and the happy lover, sure of his future, took leave of his betrothed and her father one evening, with the understanding that he was to leave Toulouse early next morning, and not return until he brought either the fullest tokens of his mother's approval or be accompanied by herself, if her health should permit her to undertake the journey. Full of joy and hope, George returned to his hotel, and there he was met by an urgent and peremptory order to proceed without the delay of an unnecessary hour with his regiment to India.

Great was the surprise of Clémence and her father to see George reappear next morning; the girl read evil tidings in his face before he had time to utter a word, and when he had spoken the news fell like a thunder-bolt on the hearts of his hearers. Clémence was like one distracted, George was himself too wretched to make any attempt at consoling her, and Monsieur de la Faille sat in a sort of stupor looking on at the misery of his child and her lover, and almost as unhappy as they. Some time passed thus, but George, who knew that every moment was precious, was the first to regain some degree of self-possession, and pleaded his cause with all the eloquence of a full heart. He urged piteously for an immediate marriage, and that his wife should go with him, if she would consent to such a sacrifice for his sake; but Monsieur de la Faille, who had by this time recovered the use of his faculties, gently but firmly silenced Clémence's passionate assent to this appeal, and would not for a moment listen to a proposal which would separate him so suddenly from his only child, and send her, so young and inexperienced, thousands of leagues from her native land to a climate which was then believed to be nothing less than fatal, and exposed to the probability of either being left a widow without safety or protector, or of herself dying so far from her father and her friends. He would not hear George's agonized entreaties, and the young man was at last compelled to see that *this* hope, at least, would never be realized; but as his despair was fertile in expedients, his next proposition was that he should at once resign his commission, and leave the army. On this point the magistrate was quite as decided as he had been on the first. He argued that it was only the temporary madness of a young lover in the first anguish of disappointed hope—he would not sanction any such step; and to guarantee himself against seeming to do so, he declared that if George voluntarily forfeited his career he must also forfeit Clémence; he (Monsieur de la Faille) would never consent to incur such a responsibility in the eyes of George's family, and he was sure that in the time to come George himself would be the first to repent having yielded to such an impulse. As a last hold on her whom he so dearly loved, George's next idea was that he should marry Clémence, but that she should remain with her father until her husband's return, which was expected to take place in two years at the utmost. But here also Monsieur de la Faille was inflexible; he had made up his mind to a course which he believed to be right, and no prayers, no arguments, could move him. He represented to the lovers that, being both so young, two years were as nothing in their lives; and, moreover, this interval of absence would prove whether their love for each other were a deep, life-long sentiment, or one of those ephemeral fancies which end in indifference and even dislike. In short, he labored to convince both himself and the lovers that this separation was of all things the one he had most desired.

George saw that his last hope had failed like the others, and at length ceased his endeavors to overcome Monsieur de la Faille's manifold objections. As for Clémence, she saw she could do nothing but suffer and submit, and she tried to believe that those miserable two years would make her faithful love so much the more dear and precious to her lover.

George remained seated near Clémence, choking with words which he *could* not say to any ear but hers, and gazing at her as those look who feel that every look may be the last. The minutes passed too quickly; he knew he *must* go, and he rose suddenly. In that instant he forgot the respect due to the tyrannical laws of good society in France; he only felt that he was leaving Clémence, and that he *could* not go without seeing her alone. As he bent to say "Adieu" to her, he whispered words which were at once a prayer and a command.

"Meet me at midnight in the garden," he said.

She looked up at him, startled and reluctant; but that look was enough; she saw how he suffered, and in a voice as low as his:

"I will be there," she answered.

Night came, and the lovers met at the appointed time and place. Clémence came, half terrified at so unusual a step, yet proud to be able to prove to George how dearly she loved him by this one defiance of all the laws which rule the lives of French girls of her station; and in 17— those laws had still more significance than they now have. But George had had time to reflect. He felt as though he should go mad did any thing occur to prevent the meeting, but at the same time he trembled at having tempted his innocent love to this act; for he knew well that Clémence would be ruined for his sake, in the opinion of the world, did any bird of the air betray the secret of her assignation with him.

In silence they met, and, hand clasped in hand, they for some time forgot in the joy of being together that they were about to part. It was a glorious night, a bright moon was high in the heavens, and there was no sound but the faint rustle of the wind in the long wreaths of honeysuckle which hung from the topmost boughs of the old tree beneath which they sat.

It is needless to recapitulate their sorrowful parting words. A thousand times they swore to be faithful forever through all the chances and changes of life; they arranged to think of each other, and pray together in spirit at certain hours of the night and day, forgetting, poor souls, that the day of one country would be the night of the other.

The moment of parting came, and for the first time George pressed his lips to those of his betrothed.

"Oh, George!" she said, "if I were dead your kisses would restore me to life." And with these singular words, destined to be afterward remembered, they separated.

II.

Four years had passed from that sorrowful night, when George, who had just landed at Brest, at once took the road to Paris, and arrived at his mother's house there on the 5th of June, 17—. He had taken care to have her forewarned of his arrival by some friends, for she had long mourned him as dead. Immediately on his arrival in India he had been engaged in action, where he had been left for dead on the field of battle, and his name had been returned among the killed; but, in point of fact, he had been only senseless from loss of blood, and, having been made prisoner, had remained in captivity, without the possibility of letting his friends know his condition, and of course being equally debarred from all home news, till an unforeseen chance had enabled him to escape.

One may easily imagine the joy of such a meeting. The poor mother had only that morning received the news that her son was still alive; and now he was in her arms, wasted indeed, pale, haggard, and worn with sickness of mind and body, but still alive. Words seemed too feeble to express the mother's gratitude to Heaven, and her dim eyes were full of the painful tears of age.

George himself was exhausted with excitement, but, after the first tumult of feeling was passed, Madame de Garran remarked a settled sadness in her son's face, and a profound preoccupation in his manner, which filled her with uneasiness. He evaded her questions in a manner which showed her he had something to conceal, and as she became more urgent in her inquiries George, seeing that she was really unhappy, avowed the cause of his depression.

"You will think it a childish folly, unworthy of a man and a soldier," he said; "but since you think there must be some serious cause for a melancholy I can not shake off I prefer telling you the truth. To-day, as I passed the Church of St. Germain-des-Prés, I saw it all hung with black, and decorated as if for some splendid funeral. I know it is a thing one may see often enough, but it made me faint and ill, and I can not get rid of the shuddering horror it caused me. No reasoning I bring to bear on it can combat the dreadful presentiment I feel. I read in all that mournful pomp an omen of some fatal misfortune. Ah, you smile; but, mother, I have been more than three years in hopeless captivity, and the horrible sufferings I have endured have rendered sorrow and fear so habitual to me that since I have been once more free I have been in momentary dread of every thing."

"That only proves how much in love with happiness you are, since you so much fear to lose it; but the habit of being free and happy will soon reassure you," replied his mother. "As for the burial preparations you mention, they are doubtless for the obsequies of the beautiful Madame de Servins, wife of the President of the Chamber of Subsidies, who died yesterday, after a short illness of scarcely three days' duration."

"The *beautiful* Madame de Servins," repeated George; "she must have been beautiful indeed to merit that designation in Paris."

"Not only in Paris, but through the length and breadth of France she was celebrated for her beauty," returned Madame de Garran; "she was, beyond comparison, the most beautiful woman of her day. At Toulouse, when they spoke of her, she was always called the beautiful Mademoiselle de la Faille."

This unconscious revelation seemed to George too horrible to be possible; he heard, but his reason refused to receive the terrible words. More as one in profound astonishment than as one in sorrow he stared blankly at his mother, the room seemed to sway around him, but mastering himself by a strong effort he begged his mother to repeat word for word what she had just said. Madame de Garran did so; but no sooner had she uttered the beloved name than George, beating the air with his hands, and staggering forward a few paces, fell senseless at her feet like one who has just received a mortal blow. Terrified and shocked, his mother bent over him. A livid paleness covered his face, his limbs stiffened, and his breathing was suspended; but his wide-opened eyes were still fixed on his mother's face. There is little doubt that death or madness must have been the result of the shock had not Nature relieved the pent-up tempest of grief by a passion of sobs and cries, which, when it at length abated, left the young man as weak as a child but calm and composed. Madame de Garran was a woman of strong common-sense and quick perceptions, and during all her efforts to restore and quiet her son her mind had been busied with the circumstances which had led to his sudden seizure. Reading the past by the light of the present she remembered her son's prolonged residence in Toulouse, and recognized it as certain that he must have known and admired Mademoiselle de la Faille. His overpowering emotion showed that he must have loved her deeply, and his love had probably been unfortunate, else why had she, his mother, been left in ignorance of it? Absorbed in her reflections, and less apprehensive as to her son, who was lying quietly on the couch on which she had had him laid, she was recalled to herself by feeling George's hand laid on her own.

"Forgive me, mother," he said, "for having so alarmed and troubled you on the very day of my return; but this woman, of whose death you have told me, she was my first and only love, and in the same breath I hear of her falsehood and her death. Oh, Clémence, if for one hour during all those weary years of captivity I had forgotten you, I should hold myself as fitly punished now; but no, not an hour, not a minute; you were ever before me; and after all it was for the wife of another man that I was eating my heart out in vain regrets."

By slow degrees Madame de Garran learned all she wished to know; and she applied herself to soothe and comfort him, rather for the faithlessness than for the death of Clémence. She represented to him that Clémence must of course have heard of his death—on which no one had cast the shadow of a doubt—and that, after a period of mourning and despair, the wretched girl, without any hope of happiness in this world for herself, had doubtless yielded to her father's commands, and submitted to a marriage in which her heart had no share. In fact, the arguments which Madame de Garran's motherly ingenuity put forth for George's consolation contained nothing but the simple truth; and quite as true was her last supposition that the death of Clémence had been caused by her unappeasable grief for the loss of her lover, and the inability she felt to live in a world where he no longer was.

George listened silently, not as one who feels his sorrow to be without redress, but rather as one who revolves some extraordinary project. His mother anxiously watched every varying expression of his face; but she could read nothing there save calm deliberation.

Toward evening he announced his intention of going out, and she saw him fill his purse with gold. She looked on in silence, although beyond measure uneasy, until he kissed her forehead and bade her good-night. Then she laid her trembling hand on his arm:

"George, you are my only child. God has given you back to me miraculously. You will not—"

She could not give words to the dreadful fear which possessed her.

"No, mother," he said; "do not fear *that* for me. I believe in another life."

And giving her time to say no more, he left the house.

Darkness was falling as George rapidly took the road to St. Germain-des-Prés, where, having arrived, he learned from the beadle the cemetery where Madame de Servins was buried. It was not far from the church, and George soon reached it, and aroused the grave-digger, who lived in a solitary cottage close to the inclosure. The man was awakened by loud and repeated knocks at his door, and when he saw a distinguished-looking man, who, without loss of time, ordered him to help in disinterring the body of Madame de Servins, he could only think that he had to do with a madman, and endeavored to pacify him. But George, who saw the impression he had made, struggled to calm himself, and ended by persuading his astonished listener that his desire to look once more on the face of the dead was the fixed purpose of a resolute and desperate man in the full possession of his senses.

Convinced of this, the sexton absolutely refused either to aid in or permit of so sacrilegious an act, and the handfuls of gold, which seemed illimitable riches to him, had no effect in changing his resolution.

George had confidently relied on his cupidity, and finding himself mistaken, he gave way to such a paroxysm of grief, that by force of the pity which he inspired he gained what his gold could not buy.

When all was arranged between them they entered the church-yard, provided with a spade, crow-bar, pick, and lantern. The night was just such another as that on which George and Clémence had parted four years previously; a soft wind scarcely moved the boughs of the shrubs and trees which grew in and around the cemetery, and a calm and splendid moon was shining down from a cloudless sky. Both men worked as though their lives depended on it, and not a word was spoken by either until the coffin was raised from the grave and lay on the green smooth sward.

"Shall I break it open?" whispered the sexton.

George nodded, but the first blow of the pick on the shivering planks made him start and shrink as though it had fallen on his heart. More than this: the dull, heavy sound had aroused some dogs in the neighborhood, and their furious barkings filled the air.

Trembling in every limb, George besought his companion to separate the boards with the least possible noise and violence. The old man obeyed, and very soon the body of Clémence, clad only in her white shroud, lay at the feet of him who had violated the sanctity of the grave that he might look yet once again on her face.

The sexton sat on the brink of the grave, wiping the heavy drops from his forehead and looking at George, who, almost as motionless as the dead, seemed to have lost all idea of the purpose which had brought him there. The grave-digger spoke to him several times without having received any answer.

"For the love of Heaven, Sir," he said at last, in an agony of terror, "look at the lady, as you said you wished to do. Some one may come, and as it is, we shall have daybreak on us before we can get her put back again, and all made right."

Still no reply from George; and the man, more terrified every moment, stretched out his hand, and snatched away the embroidered kerchief which covered the dead face. The sight of that face, so perfect in its marble purity and stillness, acted like magic. George fell on his knees, and raising the dead woman in his arms, supported the icy head on his breast, and bending over it, he poured forth in burning words the love and despair that filled him. Memories of their happy past came from his trembling lips, mingled with lamentations for the ruin of their hopes, and his own lonely and wretched future. His delirium, so far from exhausting itself, seemed to gain strength every moment, and the solitary spectator of this strange scene became half frantic with anxiety and fear.

All at once, like a lightning-flash through this storm of grief, came the remembrance of the last words which those cold lips had whispered to him. And in the frantic transport of a hope still more frantic, George pressed the dead form closer to him, and kissed her lips again and again. Then, with a sudden cry, he leaped to his feet, threw one wild look around, and fled with his prize.

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1 lb. Pure Saleratus	16
1 lb. Pure Potash	22
1 Paper "Soap Powder"	16
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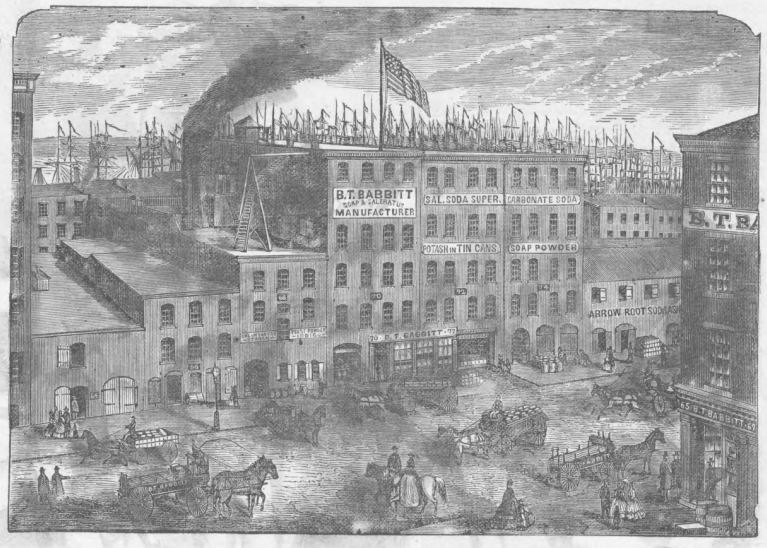
	$5 00



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1 lb. Best Starch	13
2 lbs. Yeast Powder	1 50
20 lbs. Labor-Saving Union Soap	2 40
2 lbs. Pure Saleratus	30
2 lbs. Pure Potash	44
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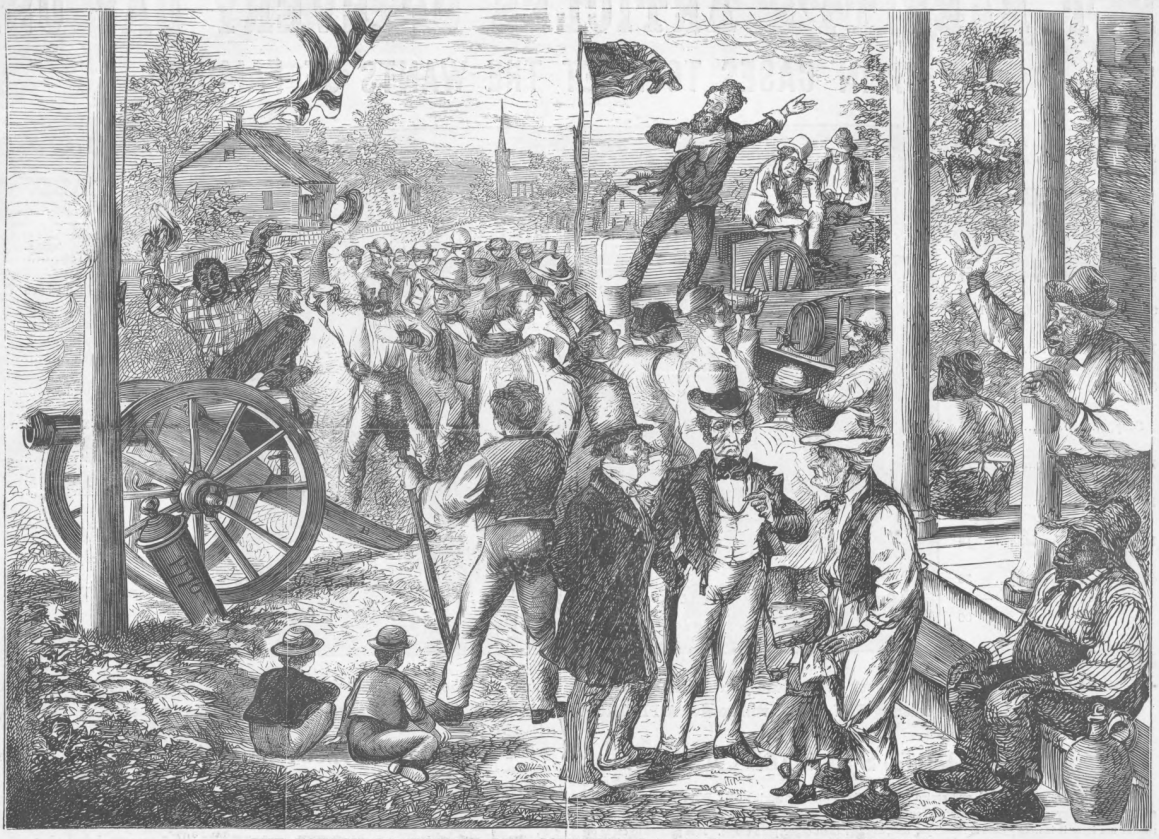

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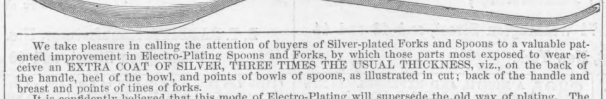

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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THE SCHUTZENFEST—THE PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH UNION SQUARE.—[SEE PAGE 453.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1868.

THE LINES DRAWN.

THE city of New York presented an extraordinary spectacle during the week that ended with the 4th of July. It was full of the late rebels and their friends, engaged in devising some method by which to persuade the country to renounce the victory it won in the war, and to intrust the Government to those who have done their utmost to destroy it. The Convention at Tammany Hall represented every disloyal individual and class in the country. Its object was to wrest the Government from the hands of those whose patriotic fidelity has been proved in every way—from the party which as a party accepted the challenge of war thrown down by those represented in the Convention—from the party whose unfaltering faith and energy forced the rebellion to unconditional surrender, saved the Union, and vindicated the amazing power of a free popular government. Had the Republican party doubted, and parleyed, and called for surrender, and encouraged rebellion; had it quibbled, and derided, and delayed; had it done exactly what the Democratic party did, the rebellion would have triumphed, the Government and Union would have been overthrown, and the hope of popular liberty every where in the world would have been fatally dimmed.

If, however, when the war ended, the rebel leaders in the Southern States and their political allies at the North had owned frankly that they had put their cause to the test of the sword, and having lost, honorably acquiesced in the consequences; that, assenting to the abolition of slavery, and relieved from fear of personal harm or of general confiscation, they acknowledged the right of the loyal people to decide what political guarantees the changed condition of their States required; if, in such a spirit they had united with the people of the loyal States, old party lines would have disappeared, and the dividing questions would have been of a true commercial and manufacturing and agricultural policy. But such a course was not to be expected, and such reason and generosity were too ideal. Whatever tendency there may have been toward this condition was arrested by the conduct of the Democratic party. Under the encouragement of its support the haughty, defiant, impracticable, and utterly intolerable spirit of the old slave leaders at the South awakened, and aimed to seize the political control of the late rebel States. In its old manner it harangued the loyal people of the country upon the Constitution, and still panting with the mad effort to destroy it, this spirit and its disciples claimed to be its true interpreters. Dripping with the blood shed in rebellion to perpetuate slavery they shouted that they were the real defenders of law and the only friends of the rights of the people. They were the Hessians of the Revolution of '76 undertaking to teach patriotism to the Yankee sons of liberty.

Growing every month and every day more insolent, these men—whom mere craft, at least, should have taught to remain concealed—boldly threatening endless resistance to the Government, and bloody anarchy in the Southern States, with a standing menace of war against the Union until they have their way, come thronging to New York to dictate terms to the Democratic Convention. They did not propose nor profess acquiescence in the results of the war. At home JOHN FORSYTH, one of the most malignant of the rebels, and now one of the chief Democratic leaders in Alabama, spoke of the late rebel State governments as "overturned by revolution, tyranny, and the sword." RHETT, of the Charleston *Mercury*, wrote from New York, glorying in the rebel military lines as "*our* lines," and declaring that "Southern men" would not submit to the reconstruction proposed by Congress. A rebel Colonel from Georgia, at a meeting in New York, shouted that if "Northern Democrats will take care of the bayonet, the Southern Democrats would be responsible for the result of the ballot in November," meaning that the Ku-Klux Klan would take care of loyal voters. Mr. LANGDON, a Southern delegate to the Convention, wrote that the "iniquitous legislation" of Congress "will be wiped out forever." Rebel officers—one of them the hero of the Fort Pillow massacre—were members of the Convention, and others attended as counselors. The presence of these rebels might have been a noble spectacle in the case we have supposed; but as a fact they were here to recover what they had lost in the field; they were here to serve "the lost cause" with exactly the same patriotic fidelity that sent them to Bull Run, and doomed Union soldiers to Andersonville and Salisbury.

Does any body suppose that the late rebels have changed their views of the nature of this Government? Does any thing tend to show it? If Governor BROWN, of Georgia, or General LONGSTREET, or any conspicuous rebel, honorably confesses his honest acquiescence in the great result, he is denounced and ridiculed not alone by the leading "Democrats" or ex-rebels of the Southern States but by the Northern leaders also. The only class of the population in those States which the Northern leaders especially favor and praise is that of the unyielding, "consistent" rebels. If, on the other hand, any one of the late rebels accepts the situation in good faith and heartily seeks to aid in the speediest and most satisfactory settlement of our difficulties, then, like Governor BROWN, he acts openly with the Republican party. Are such facts of no significance? Do they not help to show in what direction and with which party lies peace? Was there an honest, loyal man who had given his sympathy, his prayers, his money, his blood, his friends, his children, to maintain this Union and its Government against the rebellion, whose heart did not beat more quickly last week as he reflected upon the assembly of the enemies of the Union and those who aided their rebellion, to obtain possession of its Government and to gratify their hatred of loyal men? Was there one such man in the city, is there one in the country, who does not solemnly resolve that he will do all that lies in him to baffle at the polls this party which again enters upon a Presidential campaign as it did in 1860 and in 1864 with the threat of revolution if it does not succeed? It is the insolent old slave power contending for the Government with the loyal people of the United States.

IS THE NATIONAL HONOR "BOSH?"

THE Republican members of the House who voted in favor of the resolution of Mr. COBB, of Wisconsin, to break the plighted faith of the United States are infinitely more recreant to their party, both technically and morally, than the Republican Senators who voted against the conviction of the President. There had been no recognized authoritative expression of the party upon the subject of impeachment. But the National Convention of the party, fresh from every part of the country, and perfectly representing its convictions, adopted, with enthusiastic unanimity, a resolution that the debt should be paid according to its spirit as well as its letter. This is the test of national honor; and fifty-seven Republicans—for Mr. BINGHAM voted Aye in order to move a reconsideration—have sought to lower it. Could they succeed the consequences would be deplorable.

Yet, although introduced by a Republican, the measure is not only in direct contravention of the Republican policy as officially declared, but it had barely a majority of the Republican vote in the House—the rest, without Mr. BINGHAM, being 57 Republican Yeas to 55 Nays; while the entire Democratic body upon the floor, excepting Mr. SITGREAVES of New Jersey and FERNANDO WOOD, voted Aye. This is an illustration of the state of the case. Some Republicans, like General BUTLER, are undoubtedly in favor of repudiation; but the party stigmatizes it as dishonor. Some Democrats are in favor of the Chicago Republican principle; but the party, as a party, favors repudiation.

The consequences, we say, would be deplorable. They are so evident that the most superficial observer can see them. If, in contradiction of the law issuing them, and in destruction of good faith, the bonds may be taxed at all, they may be taxed at any rate. The Government assumes the right to make them worthless. The *Herald* says, without circumlocution, "All the talk about the faith of the Government to the bond-holders is bosh." That is the only argument for repudiation. But that faith is no more "bosh" in one direction than in another. If the Government may steal a part of its debt to one creditor it may steal from all of them; and if it may steal a little, it may steal a great deal. If its faith is "bosh" the best way is not to break it a little, and reduce the debt by taxing the interest of the bonds ten per cent., but to break it altogether and extinguish the debt by repudiating it.

The stupidity as well as the knavery of this proceeding are so plain that it can not pass the Senate, unless we wholly misconceive the good sense of that body. Mr. HOOPER, in reporting a bill in obedience to the resolution, made a brief and forcible statement of the fact that the Committee of Ways and Means acted only under peremptory instructions and contrary to its judgment, and that its members will oppose the bill reported with all their power. He says, truly, that the bill provides simply that the Government shall pay less interest than it agreed to pay, and that there is no precedent for such a law in the legislation of any civilized country. It destroys our national credit, and forbids us ever again to hope for foreign financial relief, however cruel and mortal the emergency may be. The Committee might well have added that the most fiercely unreconstructed rebel could not hope for a more damaging attack upon the Government than the passage of such a law would be.

It would be a fatal blow at that general confidence which is the fundamental condition of the restoration of the national prosperity. If the Government breaks its word nothing is sure. If its faith be really "bosh" so are every principle and every interest in the country. And, certainly, the Democratic vote in the House, with the conceded strength of the repudiators in that party, shows conclusively that, should it regain ascendency, it would not hesitate to better the instructions of Mr. COBB, leaving the country to discover in universal panic and suffering that, when the national faith is jocosely regarded as "bosh," the welfare of the individual citizen is "all in your eye."

THE CELESTIAL EMBASSY.

HIS Celestial Excellency, Mr. BURLINGAME, is having, as is most proper, a truly flowery reception. With his high-born and illustrious co-dignitaries the Celestial Embassador entered the continent by "the granite portals of the Golden State," and they are receiving every where a welcome of good feeling as well as of wonder. It is, as our picture in this issue shows, the youngest nation introducing the oldest to the friendship of Christendom. It is, indeed, strange to hear a Yankee speaking for China, and claiming for her that kind of regard and respect which the world has not been accustomed to feel for the old empire. Despite all that we hear and know of its ancient and elaborate civilization, there is still the feeling that it is the most grotesque of barbarous nations, and that there is wholly wanting that plane of common interest and knowledge and sympathy upon which the nations of Christendom are accustomed to meet. The popular image of China is an enormous country surrounded by a high wall, probably with broken bottles strewn along the top, where the people wear their hair in a long tail, squeeze the feet of the women into deformity, cultivate tea, and eat rats and dogs. The world at large has much the same feeling toward China that the genuine cockney John Bull of eighty years ago had toward France. It was a country in which the people spoke a vile lingo that nobody could understand, wore wooden shoes, and ate frogs.

> "They call their mothers mares,
> And all their daughters fillies,"

says the humorous HOOD, caricaturing the popular feeling.

And now the Celestial Embassador alights upon our shores—no outlandish foreigner, but a familiar public friend of our own, and side by side with native Chinese noblemen, yet their official chief, he quietly says to this amazed Brother Jonathan, who evidently wonders how his Celestial Excellency scaled the wall with no further damage to his attire, "We seek not only the good of China, but we seek your good, and the good of all mankind." Can the reader not see GILRAY'S doughty GEORGE III. surveying the Gallic frog NAPOLEON with mingled antipathy and incredulity? "We invite you," says this familiar voice proceeding from the Asian mystery, "to a more intimate examination of the structure of Chinese civilization; to a better appreciation of the manners of that people, their temperance, their patience, their habits of scholarship, their competitive examinations, their high culture of tea and silk, and we shall ask for them from you modern science, which has taken its great development within the history of man, and the holy doctrine of our Christian faith. It is for the West to say whether it is for a fair and open policy, or for one founded on prejudice and on that assumption of superiority which is justified neither by physical ability nor by moral elevation."

This means, of course, the same free and familiar intercourse that we have with European nations. It means treaties of commerce and amity. It means an opening of the ports and cities and interior of this great empire, secluded from the beginning of history, to the exploration and study of curiosity and science. It means the unconditional admission into China of all the influences, moral, social, intellectual, and industrial, of the outer civilization which it has always suspected and avoided. If his Celestial Excellency does not too warmly state the truth, his embassy is one of the most remarkable events in history; and we await with the greatest interest the practical propositions which he is authorized to make, by which this extraordinary change in the relations of China and the Western World is to be begun and accomplished.

THE PRESIDENTIAL PARDON.

THE President's Fourth of July proclamation is but another illustration of his hostility to the plan of reconstruction that Congress, which alone has rightful authority upon the subject, has adopted. It was further, of course, a bid for the tender consideration of his claims to a nomination by the Democratic Convention. But it will have no appreciable effect upon the situation. The President can not repeal the laws by a proclamation. All but three of the rebel States are now restored to the Union upon conditions prescribed by Congress. Their Constitutions declare who are voters, and, unless the President can annul the clauses of a State Constitution, nobody can vote in the States recently restored except those who are constitutionally authorized. If, indeed, according to the late manifesto of that eminent Democratic statesman General FRANK BLAIR, there is no Government in the country but the Executive will, the President of the United States, like LOPEZ in Paraguay, may do just what he chooses. If, however, there be a Constitution, and laws, and a legislature, and a court, the Executive will is *not* the Government. And that happens to be the case.

There is, however, one very important question suggested by the proclamation. It is, whether the President has, under the circumstances, constitutional authority to issue it. The Constitution says that "he shall have power to grant reprieves and pardons for offenses against the United States, except in cases of impeachment." LUTHER MARTIN in the Convention proposed to add the words "after conviction" after the words "reprieves and pardons," but Mr. WILSON objected that pardon before conviction might be necessary in order to obtain the testimony of accomplices, as in cases of forgery, and Mr. MARTIN withdrew his amendment. It is evident that the Convention had in view the pardon of individual criminals, and in no degree pardon or amnesty as an act of state policy. What the Constitution did mean, however, in this respect, is shown in the seventy-third Number of the *Federalist*. Alluding to the then recent Shay rebellion in Massachusetts, and to sedition in general, HAMILTON says: "But the principal argument for reposing the power of pardoning in this case is this: in seasons of insurrection or rebellion there are often critical moments when a well-timed offer of pardon to the insurgents or rebels may restore the tranquillity of the commonwealth, and which, if suffered to pass unimproved, it may never be possible afterward to recall." This is undoubtedly the proper view of the power of amnesty and pardon as a great policy of state.

If, in a time of profound peace, when the disturbance occasioned by a civil war is in course of settlement by Congress, the President may by a general pardon relieve every rebel of every consequence of his offense, he may dispense with a law of Congress, conditionally or permanently disfranchising certain chief rebels. But he may do more. If he have this anticipatory power to relieve a class of offenders from any penalty whatever, after the act, and before conviction, he may relieve before the act. If, when amnesty is not necessary to help subdue a rebellion, but when the rebellion has been long suppressed, the power of the President is so vast that he may of his own will relieve all who rebelled of any penalty whatever, he may also relieve all who shall rebel. Under this power, as claimed, the President may declare that he holds the restoration policy of Congress to be unconstitutional, and that if any body is any where convicted of any violation of it, he shall be pardoned. Under this interpretation President BUCHANAN might have proclaimed that any body who should be pursued for engaging in rebellion should be relieved of punishment.

In a word, the power assumed by the President in his proclamation is that of dispensing with the laws: for if he may declare that half a million of persons liable to indictment for treason shall not be tried or punished, he may equally declare that all persons who are now liable to indictment for counterfeiting shall not be tried or punished. The assumption is as preposterous as it is destructive of all constitutional government. The President, in individual cases of alleged crime, may undoubtedly pardon before conviction, to insure the punishment of accomplices. But to assert that therefore he may forbid grand juries to indict any person whatever who may be charged with a certain offense, is to claim for him as absolute a prerogative as JAMES II. asserted.

SHORT CUTS TO THE MILLENNIUM.

IT is not very edifying to see the House of Representatives resolving to steal from the national creditors by Mr. COBB'S proposition, and the Senate voting that the United States shall pay more money for the same work than other employers. It is true that all but two of the Democrats in the House voted for one of these measures, and all but one of the Democrats in the Senate for the other. The position of the Democratic party is plain enough upon both, but the Republican party should consent neither to fraud nor to the tricks of demagogues.

Nobody will pretend that an eight hours bill is a solution of any difficulty. The fallacy of the project was clearly indicated in the admirable report of the Committee of the Massachusetts Legislature two or three years ago, to which we alluded at the time. No such rule can be made just in its application, nor can any law make a less value equal to a greater. When it is once seen that Legislatures may make a day what they please, employers will pay by the hour or by the job. If labor is left free the law is useless. If the Government undertakes to regulate prices industry is paralyzed.

As Senator SHERMAN truly said, the title of the bill should be changed to a bill to increase the compensation of Government employés twenty per cent. If the Government has money to spare it may do, within moral limits, what it will with its own. But it must be very sure that the limits are moral. Now the mon-

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ey of the Government is the money of all the citizens raised by taxation for special purposes. The official agents of the people are honorably, morally bound to spend that money in the most economical manner. They have no right to waste it. They have no right to say, "Here is a job that we could have done for a million of dollars, that other people do secure at that price, but we will pay two millions." When they do that, they tax all the people to pay more than the fair market-price to a very few of them. It is something which the people may do if they choose, but for which their assent can never be assumed, and it is very doubtful whether the people ought to choose to do it.

All this is wholly independent of the questions whether eight hours daily labor is not enough for any man, and whether society would not be happier if that limit were never exceeded. The industrial reform is really moral, not merely legislative. There is no short cut to relief from the burden of labor. It will come only by the growth and development of the co-operative principle, which is really based upon human sympathy and fraternity instead of individual competition and hostility. All the virtues are tributary to this relief. Temperance, patience, prudence, intelligence, are some of the names of the various force that will finally truly humanize civilization. But no arbitrary law passed by politicians to please ignorance can take the place of any one of such influences in producing the result, or bring society a step nearer to the real reform.

THE SOUTHERN ELECTORAL VOTE.

THE resolution of Senator EDMUNDS in regard to the counting of the electoral vote requires very careful consideration. It provides that no such vote shall be counted from a State which, at the time of the election, shall not have adopted a constitution and have an organized government in operation under which the election shall be held.

The difficulty is, that it leaves to Congress to decide after the election whether certain votes which may determine the election shall be counted. It thus gives occasion for the most formidable disturbance. The party whose candidate was counted out would hardly fail to protest, and possibly refuse to submit. The State of Arkansas, for instance, is reorganized; her government is in operation; her Senators and Representatives are admitted to Congress; the State government will be maintained by the whole power of the Government. Upon what ground should it be left to the discretion of Congress to count the electoral vote of Arkansas more than of Vermont? Exclude, if you will, the vote of such States as shall not have been restored; but as there are but three, let them be specified and in advance.

These things were all forcibly said by Senator TRUMBULL in discussing the resolution. They seem to us conclusive. If a Presidential election is held in any of the lately restored States, it must, of course, be under the authority of the existing State government, which will transmit the sealed list to Congress. Even the New York *World* sees this. "The form of choosing Presidential electors," it says, "will certainly be gone through with under the superintendence of the bastard State governments, and the result of no other voting will be recognized. Southern Democrats might as well get their tickets printed and then use them to light their tobacco-pipes as to deposit them any where else than in the Radical boxes."

The Presidential election will be conducted in Arkansas exactly as in Maine; and the votes will be certified and returned and counted in precisely the same manner. If Arkansas, now fully restored, is to vote only at the pleasure of Congress, let Maine be placed under the same discretion. If coercion of any voters is more to be apprehended in the former than in the latter State, the State government will take the necessary steps for keeping order, even to requesting the presence of National assistance. We hope, therefore, that the joint resolution will not be passed in haste; for it may very easily involve an extremely grave blunder.

DEATH OF CARDINAL ANDREA.

THE Church of Rome is held up to the world by its advocates as a model of unity. But it is the unity of despotism, not that of Christian fraternity. Its persecutions directed against the wanderers from its fold are not less remarkable than its violence toward some of its own members. Neither the distinction of rank nor the rarest qualities of mind and heart are a shield against its thunder-bolts. Liberality, either in politics or religion, is sufficient to secure its implacable hostility.

We have recent tidings of the decease of Cardinal ANDREA—one of the six Cardinal Bishops of Rome—whom the Pope and the Jesuits have literally hunted to death, simply because he was a dangerous enemy to the temporal power. It is asserted that the Pope predicted his death the day before it occurred, and it is the current *on dit* of the Italian newspapers that the Cardinal was poisoned by the Jesuits. This may not be true, but ANDREA'S own opinion of the character of his enemies was pretty frankly expressed two years ago to a friend at Naples, obnoxious like himself to the Papal Government, and who contemplated visiting Rome. "Beware," said the Cardinal; "you are ill-noted there, and will not be safe. If I went there myself I should take the most minute precautions. *They are capable of much you may not dream of.*" But whether poisoned or not, the Cardinal was judicially murdered.

Upon the Pope's return to Rome from his flight to Gaeta (in 1848) he rewarded ANDREA for his past fidelity by making him a Cardinal and Prefect of the Congregation of the Index. Here began the difficulty between the Cardinal and the Jesuits. The latter were bent upon censuring a certain book, and the former refused to adopt their views, which he deemed to be illiberal, and, the Pope siding with the Jesuits, he resigned his post as Prefect. The vengeance of his enemies slumbered. The influence of his policy was feared in the next conclave for the election of Pope. Hence this recent persecution, terminating in his death. His physician years ago forbade him, as he valued his life, to remain in Rome on account of the unhealthy climate. Pope PIUS IX., however, pertinaciously refused leave of absence. In 1864 ANDREA left Rome for Naples without leave, and was consequently, in the teeth of all canon law, deprived of his dignity and privileges as a Cardinal, unless within three months he returned to Rome. He went to Rome, and little more than four months afterward (May 14) he died. He visited the Pope the day before his death, and was refused the restoration of his bishopric, which had been explicitly promised. That night he wrote a letter denouncing the whole policy and system of the Roman Court, and dispatched it to the Vatican in the morning. In the afternoon of the 14th, after a short drive, he died so suddenly that his chaplain had hardly time to administer the last rites of the Church. His murderers attended his sepulture, but the church was not hung in black, and the Cardinal's escutcheon was not, according to the usual custom, placed over the door. His enemies could not refrain from a petty exhibition of triumph at his obsequies.

Cardinal ANDREA and King VICTOR EMANUEL were in accord as to their views of the temporal power, and the death of the former is a great blow to the Party of Progress in Italy.

THE SAVIOURS OF THE REPUBLIC.

THE chief Democratic paper of the city of New York, on the morning of the Fourth of July, published a biographical list of the delegates to the Democratic Convention. It headed the article in large letters: "*The Men upon whom the Republic relies for Salvation.*" "*Their Record of Service to the Nation.*" "*How the Republic's Friends will Celebrate the Republic's Natal Day.*"

Naturally curious to see who were the patriots upon whom the safety of the republic rests we began the list. Alabama was the first State mentioned. Of the four delegates at large, one was a rebel General, and another a rebel Colonel. Of the twelve district delegates, five were rebel soldiers, and one was in the rebel Congress. The next Southern State mentioned was North Carolina. Of the four delegates at large, two were rebel Generals, and one was in the Congress. Of the ten district delegates named, five were rebel officers, and one was in the civil service. At the head of the South Carolina delegation—the only other Southern State named—was WADE HAMPTON, described as "unquestionably the leading man in South Carolina, and fills more nearly than any other the place left vacant by CALHOUN in the hearts of the white people."

Besides these there were scores of others as noted for their hatred of the Union, whose sentiments are those recently expressed by WADE HAMPTON at General LEE'S Washington College in Virginia, that the cause for which STONEWALL JACKSON fell could not be a lost cause, and would yet triumph; that is to say, that secession would yet be accomplished.

These are "the men upon whom the Republic relies for salvation."

"Their record of service to the nation" reaches from the shot at the unarmed *Star of the West* to the surrender of LEE to GRANT and the flight of JEFFERSON DAVIS in petticoats; and is illustrated by QUANTRELL'S Lawrence massacre, by the Andersonville and Salisbury pens, by the assassination of President LINCOLN, by the slaughter of hundreds of thousands of brave men fighting for the Union, and by a debt of twenty-five hundred millions of dollars.

Five years ago those "friends of the Republic" celebrated the day by striking at its heart at Vicksburg and Gettysburg. This year they celebrated it by seeking some other means of consummating the crime that was then—thanks to the brave hearts and hands of loyal men!—wholly baffled.

Let no one say that it is a mistake of fact and of policy to regard these men as rebels, and that there can never be peace if we are always to remember the war. We do not describe them: they describe themselves. They not only venerate the lost cause as those who served it sincerely, but as those who serve it still, and do not hesitate to say so. If that is the cause of the loyal people of the United States they will follow WADE HAMPTON and his colleagues: not otherwise.

THE POSITION OF THE CHIEF JUSTICE.

WHETHER Mr. CHASE receives the Democratic nomination or not, his position is most humiliating. The Chief Justice of the United States mad for the Presidential office is not an ennobling spectacle. His conduct degrades the judiciary, not because a citizen should renounce all patriotic interest in politics because he is a judge, but because it lays his office open to suspicion. A Chief Justice who is so consumed with desire of the Executive office that he makes it painfully and ridiculously apparent to all the world, invites the doubt whether his judgments might not be affected by his ambition. Whatever the nomination of Mr. CHASE might prove, therefore, as to the practical demoralization of the Democratic party, it certainly clouds his own fame and enrolls him among the most melancholy examples of those American public men who have been ruined by the Presidential frenzy.

He says in his letter of July 1, "The practical disposition of the question of suffrage, as well as all other domestic questions, is for the people of the States themselves, not for outsiders." If this means after the States are restored, nobody asserts any thing else. It is the very position of the Republican platform. If it means that Congress has no right to settle the question of suffrage in an unrestored State, then the Chief Justice has changed his views and has gone over to the Democratic ground. In his speech at Charleston on the 12th of May, 1865, Mr. CHASE said plainly to the colored men that if Congress did not enfranchise them, "*I would go to work and show that the United States Government was mistaken in making the delay. If you show this the mistake will be corrected.*" This is not only a hearty approval of the Republican policy, but was meant to be understood as such, and to secure the radical nomination.

The Chief Justice says in conclusion: "It is an intense desire with me to see the Democratic party meeting the questions of the day in the spirit of the day, and assuring to itself a long duration of ascendency. It can do so if it will." He forgets that the enduring supremacy of a party comes from real convictions and a logical policy. The Chief Justice seems not to see that a great party can not rat as an individual may. It is not enough for a party to insist down to the meeting of its Convention, as the *World* did, that the question to be decided by the election is, whether the reconstruction policy shall stand, and when the Convention meets declare that it accepts the policy, and will nominate one of the old supporters of the policy, who eats his words for the occasion, so that literally each goes over to the other.

To secure a long duration of ascendency the Democratic party must find another course than the uncertain adoption of the Republican policy and the nomination of a wavering Republican.

THE ALPHABET AND THE BALLOT.

EDUCATION, the diffusion of intelligence, is to be the great national regenerator and pacificator. Knowledge is power, and never more so than among the freedmen, and power is confidence. The alphabet and the ballot are going hand in hand at the South. One protects and secures the other. A colored regiment recruited in North Carolina when it took the field did not contain twenty men who could read and write. After two years' service there was not a single man in it who could not do both. Such zeal for instruction, such readiness in learning, such results, were never known as the lately-emancipated class have displayed. During the last half of the year 1867 there were more than three thousand schools open for the freedmen.

Among the Societies interested in the subject the New York branch of the Freedmen's Union Commission is well known to us, and none has been more faithful. But it has reached the end of its sixth annual school term with an exhausted treasury. It is without the means of bringing home the devoted band of women who for the past nine months have given up all the comforts of their own quiet Northern homes for work carried on in the face of many privations, and in some places in opposition to the active enmity of the so-called "better class." During the past season, as during the previous ones, the Society has educated many thousands of children and some hundreds of adults, and the trustees confidently believe that of the money which has been intrusted to them not a dollar has been wasted. But during the past three months the receipts have not equaled the promises at the time of the opening of the schools last fall, and the trustees are now compelled to ask all who feel an interest in this great work, and in its continuance, to contribute without delay such amount as they may be willing to give, sending it either to FRANCIS GEORGE SHAW, President, 30 Vesey Street, or to EDWARD F. DAVISON, Treasurer, 128 Pearl Street.

THE "HIGH-TONED" GENTRY AGAIN.

ON the day before the meeting of the Democratic Convention at Tammany Hall the *World* had an article upon the duty of the Southern delegates, which said to them, with great truth and distinctness, that if the Southern Democrats voted at all in the Presidential election they must vote under the new State governments, and must so far recognize them. If they did not vote, by what right were they represented in the Convention? The *World* knew, of course, that there were Southern delegates who talked of revolution, and so forth, in the event of defeat, and it therefore concluded—after showing the situation in which the Southern members were placed—"There is no way out of this dilemma except by the sword, and the land has already been drenched with too much fraternal blood."

But in the same article, with the irresistible Northern Democratic instinct to grovel and cringe before the late haughty masters of the party, the *World* says:

"After the platform is adopted and the nominations made it will be their [the Southern delegates] duty to contribute what they can to the success of the ticket in their own States. This is the implied condition of particlpating in the national council of the Democratic party; a condition which, with their quick sense of honor, the Southern delegates and the high-minded people they represent will be the first to recognize."

As they did in the Charleston Convention of 1860!

WHAT THE SOLDIERS SAY.

WE presume that the letter of General ORD was not read at the Soldiers' and Sailors' Convention at the Cooper Institute. The General has not been hitherto considered a very dangerous Radical, but after the letter he wrote to the San Francisco meeting he must expect no mercy. He had been invited to be a Vice-President of the great ratification meeting in San Francisco, and he replied to the chairman:

"SIR,—Your note of the 26th instant, inviting me to attend a meeting to ratify the nomination of GRANT and COLFAX, on the 2d proximo, is just received.

"As I think it improper for officers of the army to take any active part in politics, I shall have to decline the honor of acting as Vice-President at the meeting; but as a simple citizen, anxious to show my appreciation of the great General and good man, whom I think the country can not honor too highly, it will afford me pleasure to be present at the meeting.

"I am, Sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"E. O. C. ORD,
"Brigadier and Brevet Major-General."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

THE organization of the Democratic Convention in this city took place on July 4, at Tammany Hall, which is described and illustrated elsewhere in our columns. Henry S. Palmer, of Wisconsin, was chosen temporary President, and committees on organization and resolutions were appointed. On Monday Horatio Seymour, of New York, was chosen President, and, fully organized, the Convention proceeded to its labors. Mr. Seymour's speech was merely a tirade against the Republican policy of reconstruction, not an exposition of the present principles of the Democracy. Little was accomplished on the second day of the session. On taking one or two votes the lack of harmony between the Eastern and Western delegates was clearly manifested. At the time at which we go to press no nominations have been made or platform adopted.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Constitution has been defeated in Mississippi by a large majority.

President Johnson issued, on July 4, a proclamation of general amnesty and pardon to all engaged in the late rebellion, except those already indicted for treason or other felony.

The Board of Health of this city has called attention to the fact that many marriages are performed by notaries public in this city, which are illegal, as they have no right to perform the ceremony.

General Canby, upon being notified that the North Carolina Legislature had ratified the constitutional amendment, issued an order suspending military law in that State.

The Schutzenfest closed on July 6 with the distribution of prizes. John Becker, of Guttenberg, New Jersey, was crowned Schutzenking, and received as prizes five gold and eleven silver medals, a Panama hat worth $80, a meerschaum pipe worth $100, and other prizes and donations aggregating in money value to over $1000.

An awful calamity occurred on July 4 at Oakland, California, opposite San Francisco, by the giving way of the draw-bridge of a ferry-boat. Sixty persons were precipitated into the water, of whom a large number were drowned. Ten bodies were recovered.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BAVARIA has signed the Naturalization treaty with the United States.

The rebels in China were menacing Pekin very seriously on May 20.

Captain Bridge, of the British man-of-war *Chanticleer*, for some actual or imagined insult to its flag, blockaded Mazatlan, Mexico, on June 20, and threatened to bombard it. The threat resulted in the hoisting of the American flag over all American houses and other property, the appearance of an American steamer in the harbor to protect American interests, and the display of Mexican infantry and artillery in the city. Captain Bridge then concluded to wait orders from his Admiral.

There are peace signs in Europe. Minister Rouher, of France, says that a "strong standing army is a pledge of peace: that Napoleon accepts German unity and the rights of nationalities; and that France has no idea of war except in defense of her territory." The Austrian Government furloughs thirty-six thousand troops. France will furlough an entire army corps.

Jacmel, Hayti, was recently plundered by the peasantry in the neighborhood, and the American Consul there has demanded the presence of an American man-of-war.

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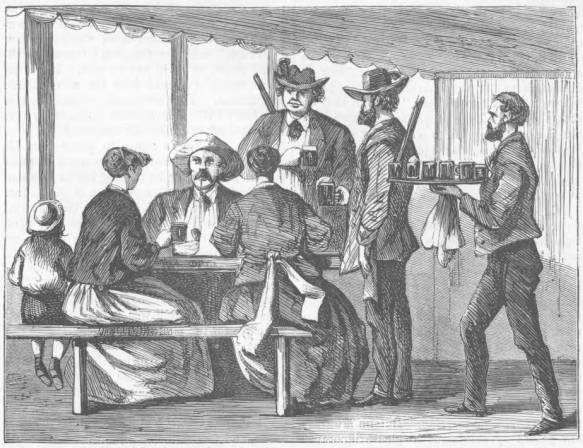
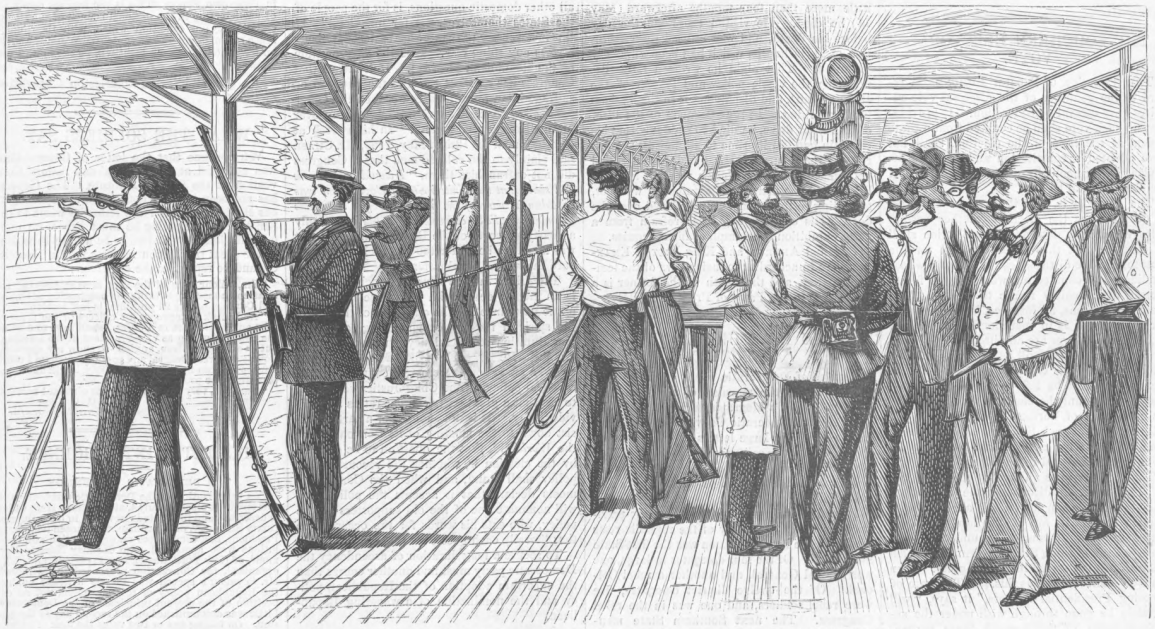
THE SCHUTZENFEST—THE DOMESTIC SHARP-SHOOTER.

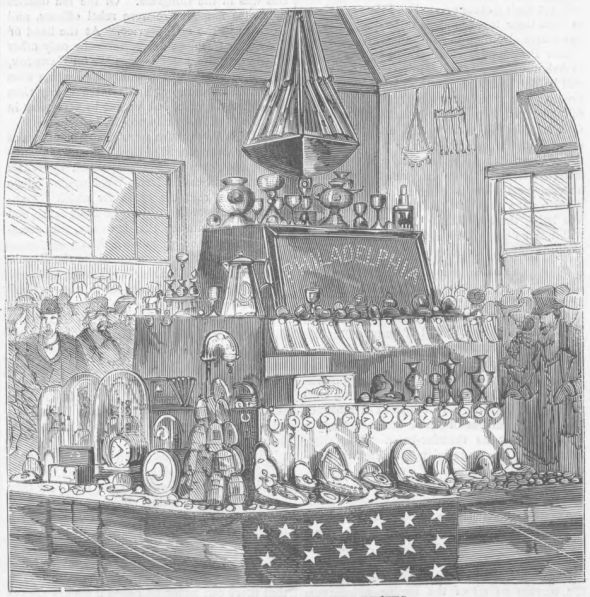


THE SCHUTZENFEST—THE CONVIVIAL SHARP-SHOOTER.



THE SCHUTZENFEST—SHOOTING-GALLERY AT JONES'S WOOD.—SHARP-SHOOTERS FIRING AT THE TARGETS.

THE SCHUTZENFEST—THE DANCE.



THE SCHUTZENFEST—THE PRIZES.

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INDEPENDENCE.

OUR Freedom seeks no pathway strewn with flowers,
She treads rough roads and guards uneven coasts,
And battling with the might of adverse powers,
She dares war's blood-red hosts.

Her children must be earnest, calm, and thrifty,
Not quick to wrath, but ready at her call;
They knew her well, the dauntless five-and-fifty
Of Independence Hall.

They counted and accepted each privation,
The sacrifice of self, by which they won her,
When to the truths of that old Declaration
They pledged their lives and honor.

Freedom to us to-day is no new-comer;
Full oft, despondent, gazing in her eyes,
We've gained the faith that draws the warmth of summer
From winter's tempest skies.

Yet more than all before are we her debtors;
'Tis good and proper that we chant her hymns,
For at our call she struck the galling fetters
Off from four million limbs.

To us 'twas given to know the way of duty,
To find within the battle's heart one gem
Of priceless worth, and of eternal beauty,
To deck her diadem.

She is our love. What though her breast be gory
And thousand-scarred? What though the tyrant scorns?
Was not the Head, ineffable in glory,
Once crowned with cruel thorns?

Anew upon this birthday of the nation
We pledge ourselves through years of peace or strife
To those great principles which give duration
To Freedom's generous life.

THE SHARP-SHOOTERS' CARNIVAL.

HARLEQUIN, and Columbine, and Prince Carnival, and all the rest of the tribe of mimes, are supposed to be children of the land of GARIBALDI and GRIMALDI; but of late years they have largely emigrated, and nowadays the Italian "Macaroni" is "Jean Potage" in France, "Jack Pudding" in England, "Pickel-herringe" in Holland, "Hanswurst" in Germany, and "Gracioso" in Spain. But of all the lands under the sun, the sprites seem to be most at home in this country, and the Yankee Prince Carnival appears to be, like our population, made up of all nations. He is as elastic as the Italian, as witty as the Frenchman, as grotesque as the German, as droll as the Spaniard, and a pretty good representative of all nations amalgamated in one.

But of all peoples the Germans appear to be fondest of Prince Carnival, and he is as much a patron saint with them as Santa Claus himself. It is doubtful, much as we hear of the extravagance and grotesqueness of Carnivals in some of the old countries, if there is any land in which the Germans carry their Carnival celebrations to such an extent as in this. In winter their Arion and other balls indoors are of the most humorous character, and their occasional outdoor carnivals, like that of the Sharp-shooters during the first week of this month, has never been excelled in this country.

We have illustrated elsewhere the procession through the streets of New York, with some of the scenes witnessed by our artists, CHARLES G. BUSH and STANLEY FOX, and jotted down in their note-books, and the reader who did not see it may enjoy in their reproductions some of the grotesqueness and humor of this midsummer carnival. The procession took place on June 30, and was witnessed and participated in by a quarter of a million persons. Our front-page illustration represents a part of the cortége passing through Union Square. This procession was a most fantastic display, but arranged not without design. There were seven distinct divisions. The first was composed of various German infantry commands; the second of various groups or squads representing soldiers of different ages, and designed to illustrate the gradual development of the warrior-knight of old into the sharp-shooter of to-day; the third was a triumphal chariot, on which were grouped a number of ladies representing various countries, and all fraternizing about the figure of Columbia, "the noblest (and loveliest) of them all;" the fourth was composed of the various companies of sharp-shooters; the fifth a number of companies illustrating the various uniforms, from the Continental of 1776 to those of the present day; the sixth was formed of the various German singing societies of the city and vicinity; and the seventh of the German artillery organization of New York. In the second division, which was the most fantastic of all, there were ancient knights with their lances, bowmen with the weapon of TELL, musketeers of the sixteenth century with old fuse muskets, Prussian grenadiers of Old FRITZ's day with flint-lock guns, Tyrolean warriors with rifles, and, finally, sharp-shooters with every variety of the modern Needle, Gatling, Chassepôt, and breech-loading rifles. The chariot consisted of a platform, with a raised throne under a canopy at the rear end, beautifully decorated with the American colors and garlands of natural flowers, and around the sides were shields with the coats of arms of the nations represented in the car. Six white horses drew this imposing vehicle, led by as many jockeys in costume, and the reins were held by an experienced Jehu, assisted by two grooms all in scarlet.

The various scenes on page 452 will further serve to illustrate the peculiar spirit of the occasion. The German never enjoys himself, whether at feast or work, without his children, and the little ones as well as the rifles were in arms during the festival week. It was not uncommon to see a sturdy Teuton loaded down, as is the one in our sketch, with a fat baby and his favorite rifle, and those of his friends who were engaged in dancing. Another very common and characteristic scene is reproduced in the second sketch on the same page, illustrating the Teutons at the lager-beer tables. The dancing, as well as the drinking, was kept up continuously, day and night, in spite of the hot weather. On the same page with these we give a view in the shooting-gallery, representing the firing; and a view of the prize-stand, and the various prizes grouped on and around it.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

THE MOONSTONE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

Printed from the Author's Manuscript.
RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.

FOURTH NARRATIVE.

Extracted from the Journal of Ezra Jennings.

1849.—*June* 15..... With some interruption from patients, and some interruption from pain, I finished my letter to Miss Verinder in time for to-day's post. I failed to make it as short a letter as I could have wished. But I think I have made it plain. It leaves her entirely mistress of her own decision. If she consents to assist the experiment, she consents of her own free-will, and not as a favor to Mr. Franklin Blake or to me.

June 16.—Rose late, after a dreadful night; the vengeance of yesterday's opium pursuing me through a series of frightful dreams. At one time, I was whirling through empty space with the phantoms of the dead, friends and enemies together. At another, the one beloved face which I shall never see again, rose at my bedside, hideously phosphorescent in the black darkness, and glared and grinned at me. A slight return of the old pain, at the usual time in the early morning, was welcome as a change. It dispelled the visions—and it was bearable because it did that.

My bad night made it late in the morning before I could get to Mr. Franklin Blake. I found him stretched on the sofa, breakfasting on brandy and soda-water, and a dry biscuit.

"I am beginning as well as you could possibly wish," he said. "A miserable, restless night; and a total failure of appetite this morning. Exactly what happened last year when I gave up my cigars. The sooner I am ready for my second dose of laudanum the better I shall be pleased."

"You shall have it on the earliest possible day," I answered. "In the mean time, we must be as careful of your health as we can. If we allow you to become exhausted, we shall fail in that way. You must get an appetite for your dinner. In other words, you must get a ride or a walk this morning in the fresh air."

"I will ride, if they can find me a horse here. By-the-by, I wrote to Mr. Bruff yesterday. Have you written to Miss Verinder?"

"Yes—by last night's post."

"Very good. We shall have some news worth hearing to tell each other to-morrow. Don't go yet! I have a word to say to you. You appeared to think, yesterday, that our experiment with the opium was not likely to be viewed very favorably by some of my friends. You were quite right, I call old Gabriel Betteredge one of my friends; and you will be amused to hear that he protested strongly when I saw him yesterday. 'You have done a wonderful number of foolish things in the course of your life, Mr. Franklin; but this tops them all!' There is Betteredge's opinion! You will make allowances for his prejudices, I am sure, if you and he happen to meet."

I left Mr. Blake, to go my rounds among my patients; feeling the better and the happier even for the short interview that I had had with him.

"TO THE REMEDY, SIR, WHICH HAS NEVER FAILED ME YET FOR THE LAST THIRTY YEARS AND MORE—TO THIS BOOK!"

What is the secret of the attraction that there is for me in this man? Does it only mean that I feel the contrast between the frankly kind manner in which he has allowed me to become acquainted with him, and the merciless dislike and distrust with which I am met by other people? Or is there really something in him which answers to the yearning that I have for a little human sympathy—the yearning, which has survived the solitude and persecution of many years; which seems to grow keener and keener, as the time comes nearer and nearer when I shall endure and feel no more? How useless to ask these questions! Mr. Blake has given me a new interest in life. Let that be enough, without seeking to know what the new interest is.

June 17.—Before breakfast this morning Mr. Candy informed me that he was going away for a fortnight, on a visit to a friend in the south of England. He gave me as many special directions, poor fellow, about the patients, as if he still had the large practice which he possessed before he was taken ill. The practice is worth little enough now! Other doctors have superseded *him;* and nobody who can help it will employ *me.*

It is perhaps fortunate that he is to be away just at this time. He would have been mortified if I had not informed him of the experiment which I am going to try with Mr. Blake. And I hardly know what undesirable results might not have happened if I had taken him into my confidence. Better as it is. Unquestionably, better as it is.

The post brought me Miss Verinder's answer, after Mr. Candy had left the house.

A charming letter! It gives me the highest opinion of her. There is no attempt to conceal the interest that she feels in our proceedings. She tells me, in the prettiest manner, that my letter has satisfied her of Mr. Blake's innocence, without the slightest need (so far as she is concerned) of putting my assertion to the proof. She even upbraids herself—most undeservedly, poor thing!—for not having divined at the time what the true solution of the mystery might really be. The motive underlying all this proceeds evidently from something more than a generous eagerness to make atonement for a wrong which she has innocently inflicted on another person. It is plain that she has loved him throughout the estrangement between them. In more than one place the rapture of discovering that he has deserved to be loved breaks its way innocently through the stoutest formalities of pen and ink, and even defies the stronger restraint still of writing to a stranger. Is it possible (I ask myself, in reading this delightful letter) that I, of all men in the world, am chosen to be the means of bringing these two young people together again? My own happiness has been trampled under foot; my own love has been torn from me. Shall I live to see a happiness of others, which is of my making—a love renewed, which is of my bringing back? Oh merciful Death, let me see it before your arms enfold me, before your voice whispers to me, "Rest at last!"

There are two requests contained in the letter. One of them prevents me from showing it to Mr. Franklin Blake. I am authorized to tell him that Miss Verinder willingly consents to place her house at our disposal; and, that said, I am desired to add no more.

So far, it is easy to comply with her wishes. But the second request embarrasses me seriously.

Not content with having written to Mr. Betteredge, instructing him to carry out whatever directions I may have to give, Miss Verinder asks leave to assist me, by personally superintending the restoration of her own sitting-room. She only waits a word of reply from me, to make the journey to Yorkshire, and to be present as one of the witnesses on the night when the opium is tried for the second time.

Here, again, there is a motive under the surface; and, here again, I fancy that I can find it out.

What she has forbidden me to tell Mr. Franklin Blake, she is (as I interpret it) eager to tell him with her own lips, *before* he is put to the test which is to vindicate his character in the eyes of other people. I understand and admire this generous anxiety to acquit him, without waiting until his innocence may, or may not, be proved. It is the atonement that she is longing to make, poor girl, after having innocently and inevitably wronged him. But the thing can not be done. I have no sort of doubt that the agitation which a meeting between them would produce on both sides—the old feelings which it would revive, the new hopes which it would awaken—would, in their effect on the mind of Mr. Blake, be almost certainly fatal to the success of our experiment. It is hard enough, as things are, to reproduce in him the conditions as they existed, or nearly as they existed, last year. With new interests and new emotions to agitate him, the attempt would be simply useless.

And yet, knowing this, I can not find it in my heart to disappoint her. I must try if I can discover some new arrangement, before post-time, which will allow me to say Yes to Miss Verinder, without damage to the service which I have bound myself to render to Mr. Franklin Blake.

Two o'clock.—I have just returned from my round of medical visits; having begun, of course, by calling at the hotel.

Mr. Blake's report of the night is the same as before. He has had some intervals of broken sleep, and no more. But he feels it less to-day, having slept after yesterday's dinner. This after-dinner sleep is the result, no doubt, of the ride which I advised him to take. I fear I shall have to curtail his restorative exercise in the fresh air. He must not be too well; he must not be too ill. It is a case (as the sailors would say) of very fine steering.

He has not heard yet from Mr. Bruff. I found him eager to know if I had received any answer from Miss Verinder.

I told him exactly what I was permitted to tell, and no more. It was quite needless to invent excuses for not showing him the letter. He told me bitterly enough, poor fellow, that he understood the delicacy which disinclined me to produce it. "She consents, of course, as a matter of common courtesy and common justice," he said. "But she keeps her own opinion of me, and waits to see the result." I was sorely tempted to hint that he was now wronging her as she had wronged him. On reflection, I shrank from forestalling her in the double luxury of surprising and forgiving him.

My visit was a very short one. After the experience of the other night, I have been compelled once more to give up my dose of opium. As a necessary result, the agony of the disease that is in me has got the upper hand again. I felt the attack coming on, and left abruptly, so as not to alarm or distress him. It only lasted a quarter of an hour this time, and it left me strength enough to go on with my work.

Five o'clock.—I have written my reply to Miss Verinder.

The arrangement I have proposed reconciles the interest on both sides, if she will only consent to it. After first stating the objections that there are to a meeting between Mr. Blake

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and herself, before the experiment is tried, I have suggested that she should so time her journey as to arrive at the house privately, on the evening when we make the attempt. Traveling by the afternoon train from London, she would delay her arrival until nine o'clock. At that hour, I have undertaken to see Mr. Blake safely into his bedchamber; and so to leave Miss Verinder free to occupy her own rooms until the time comes for administering the laudanum. When that has been done, there can be no objection to her watching the result, with the rest of us. On the next morning she shall show Mr. Blake (if she likes) her correspondence with me, and shall satisfy him in that way that he was acquitted in her estimation, before the question of his innocence was put to the proof.

In that sense I have written to her. This is all that I can do to-day. To-morrow I must see Mr. Betteredge, and give the necessary directions for reopening the house.

June 18.—Late again, in calling on Mr. Franklin Blake. More of that horrible pain in the early morning; followed, this time, by complete prostration, for some hours. I foresee, in spite of the penalties which it exacts from me, that I shall have to return to the opium for the hundredth time. If I had only myself to think of, I should prefer the sharp pains to the frightful dreams. But the physical suffering exhausts me. If I let myself sink, it may end in my becoming useless to Mr. Blake at the time when he wants me most.

It was nearly nine o'clock before I could get to the hotel to-day. The visit, even in my shattered condition, proved to be a most amusing one—thanks entirely to the presence, on the scene, of Gabriel Betteredge.

I found him in the room, when I went in. He withdrew to the window and looked out, while I put my first customary question to my patient. Mr. Blake had slept badly again, and he felt the loss of rest this morning more than he had felt it yet.

I asked next if he had heard from Mr. Bruff.

A letter had reached him that morning. Mr. Bruff expressed the strongest disapproval of the course which his friend and client was taking under my advice. It was mischievous—for it excited hopes that might never be realized. It was quite unintelligible to *his* mind, except that it looked like a piece of trickery, akin to the trickery of mesmerism, clairvoyance, and the like. It unsettled Miss Verinder's house, and it would end in unsettling Miss Verinder herself. He had put the case (without mentioning names) to an eminent physician; and the eminent physician had smiled, had shaken his head, and had said—nothing. On these grounds, Mr. Bruff entered his protest, and left it there.

My next inquiry related to the subject of the Diamond. Had the lawyer produced any evidence to prove that the jewel was in London?

No, the lawyer had simply declined to discuss the question. He was himself satisfied that the Moonstone had been pledged to Mr. Luker. His eminent absent friend, Mr. Murthwaite (whose consummate knowledge of the Indian character no one could deny), was satisfied also. Under these circumstances, and with the many demands already made on him, he must decline entering into any disputes on the subject of evidence. Time would show; and Mr. Bruff was willing to wait for time.

It was quite plain—even if Mr. Blake had not made it plainer still by reporting the substance of the letter, instead of reading what was actually written—that distrust of *me* was at the bottom of all this. Having myself foreseen that result, I was neither mortified nor surprised. I asked Mr. Blake if his friend's protest had shaken him. He answered emphatically that it had not produced the slightest effect on his mind. I was free after that to dismiss Mr. Bruff from consideration—and I did dismiss him, accordingly.

A pause in the talk between us followed—and Gabriel Betteredge came out from his retirement at the window.

"Can you favor me with your attention, Sir?" he inquired, addressing himself to me.

"I am quite at your service," I answered.

Betteredge took a chair and seated himself at the table. He produced a huge old-fashioned leather pocket-book, with a pencil of dimensions to match. Having put on his spectacles he opened the pocket-book, at a blank page, and addressed himself to me once more.

"I have lived," said Betteredge, looking at me sternly, "nigh on fifty years in the service of my late lady. I was page-boy before that in the service of the old lord, her father. I am now somewhere between seventy and eighty years of age—never mind exactly where! I am reckoned to have got as pretty a knowledge and experience of the world as most men. And what does it all end in? It ends, Mr. Ezra Jennings, in a conjuring trick being performed on Mr. Franklin Blake by a doctor's assistant with a bottle of laudanum; and, by the living jingo, I'm appointed, in my old age, to be conjuror's boy!"

Mr. Blake burst out laughing. I attempted to speak. Betteredge held up his hand in token that he had not done yet.

"Not a word, Mr. Jennings!" he said. "It don't want a word, Sir, from you. I have got my principles, thank God. If an order comes to me which is own brother to an order come from Bedlam, it don't matter. So long as I get it from my master or mistress, as the case may be, I obey it. I may have my own opinion, which is also, you will please to remember, the opinion of Mr. Bruff—the Great Mr. Bruff!" said Betteredge, raising his voice, and shaking his head at me solemnly. "It don't matter; I withdraw my opinion, for all that. My young lady says, 'Do it.' And I say, 'Miss, it shall be done.' Here I am, with my book and my pencil—the latter not pointed so well as I could wish; but when Christians take leave of their senses, who is to expect that pencils will keep their points? Give me your orders, Mr. Jennings. I'll have them in writing, Sir. I'm determined not to be behind 'em, or before 'em, by so much as a hair's-breadth. I'm a blind agent—that's what I am. A blind agent!" repeated Betteredge, with infinite relish of his own description of himself.

"I am very sorry," I began, "that you and I don't agree—"

"Don't bring *me* into it!" interposed Betteredge. "This is not a matter of agreement, it's a matter of obedience. Issue your directions, Sir—issue your directions!"

Mr. Blake made me a sign to take him at his word. I "issued my directions" as plainly and as gravely as I could.

"I wish certain parts of the house to be reopened," I said, "and to be furnished exactly as they were furnished at this time last year."

Betteredge gave his imperfectly-pointed pencil a preliminary lick with his tongue. "Name the parts, Mr. Jennings!" he said, loftily.

"First, the inner hall, leading to the chief staircase."

"'First, the inner hall,'" Betteredge wrote. "Impossible to furnish that, Sir, as it was furnished last year—to begin with."

"Why?"

"Because there was a stuffed buzzard, Mr. Jennings, in the hall last year. When the family left the buzzard was put away with the other things. When the buzzard was put away—he burst."

"We will except the buzzard then."

Betteredge took a note of the exception. "'The inner hall to be furnished again, as furnished last year. A burst buzzard alone excepted.' Please to go on, Mr. Jennings."

"The carpet to be laid down on the stairs, as before."

"'The carpet to be laid down on the stairs, as before.' Sorry to disappoint you, Sir. But that can't be done either."

"Why not?"

"Because the man who laid that carpet down is dead, Mr. Jennings; and the like of him for reconciling together a carpet and a corner is not to be found in all England, look where you may."

"Very well. We must try the next best man in England."

Betteredge took another note, and I went on issuing my directions.

"Miss Verinder's sitting-room to be restored exactly to what it was last year. Also, the corridor leading from the sitting-room to the first landing. Also, the second corridor, leading from the second landing to the best bedrooms. Also, the bedroom occupied last June by Mr. Franklin Blake."

Betteredge's blunt pencil followed me conscientiously, word by word. "Go on, Sir," he said, with sardonic gravity. "There's a deal of writing left in the point of this pencil yet."

I told him that I had no more directions to give. "Sir," said Betteredge, "in that case, I have a point or two to put on my own behalf." He opened the pocket-book at a new page, and gave the inexhaustible pencil another preliminary lick.

"I wish to know," he began, "whether I may, or may not, wash my hands—"

"You may, decidedly," said Mr. Blake. "I'll ring for the waiter."

"—of certain responsibilities," pursued Betteredge, impenetrably declining to see any body in the room but himself and me. "As to Miss Verinder's sitting-room, to begin with. When we took up the carpet last year, Mr. Jennings, we found a surprising quantity of pins. Am I responsible for putting back the pins?"

"Certainly not."

Betteredge made a note of that concession on the spot.

"As to the first corridor next," he resumed. "When we moved the ornaments in that part, we moved a statue of a fat naked child—profanely described in the catalogue of the house as 'Cupid, god of Love.' He had two wings last year, in the fleshy part of his shoulders. My eye being off him, for the moment, he lost one of them. Am I responsible for Cupid's wing?"

I made another concession, and Betteredge made another note.

"As to the second corridor," he went on. "There having been nothing in it last year but the doors of the rooms (to every one of which I can swear, if necessary), my mind is easy, I admit, respecting that part of the house only. But, as to Mr. Franklin's bedroom (if *that* is to be put back to what it was before), I want to know who is responsible for keeping it in a perpetual state of litter, no matter how often it may be set right—his trowsers here, his towels there, and his French novels every where—I say, who is responsible for untidying the tidiness of Mr. Franklin's room—him or me?"

Mr. Blake declared that he would assume the whole responsibility with the greatest pleasure. Betteredge obstinately declined to listen to any solution of the difficulty without first referring it to my sanction and approval. I accepted Mr. Blake's proposal; and Betteredge made a last entry in the pocket-book to that effect.

"Look in when you like, Mr. Jennings, beginning from to-morrow," he said, getting on his legs. "You will find me at work, with the necessary persons to assist me. I respectfully beg to thank you, Sir, for overlooking the case of the stuffed buzzard, and the other case of the Cupid's wing—as also for permitting me to wash my hands of all responsibility in respect of the pins on the carpet, and the litter in Mr. Franklin's room. Speaking as a servant, I am deeply indebted to you. Speaking as a man, I consider you to be a person whose head is full of maggots; and I take up my testimony against your experiment as a delusion and a snare. Don't be afraid, on that account, of my feelings as a man getting in the way of my duty as a servant! You shall be obeyed—the maggots notwithstanding, Sir, you shall be obeyed. If it ends in your setting the house on fire, damme if I send for the engines unless you ring the bell and order them first!"

With that farewell assurance he made me a bow, and walked out of the room.

"Do you think we can depend on him?" I asked.

"Implicitly," answered Mr. Blake. "When we go to the house, we shall find nothing neglected, and nothing forgotten."

June 19.—Another protest against our contemplated proceedings! From a lady this time.

The morning's post brought me two letters. One from Miss Verinder, consenting, in the kindest manner, to the arrangement that I have proposed. The other from the lady under whose care she is living—one Mrs. Merridew.

Mrs. Merridew presents her compliments, and does not pretend to understand the subject on which I have been corresponding with Miss Verinder, in its scientific bearings. Viewed in its social bearings, however, she feels free to pronounce an opinion. I am probably, Mrs. Merridew thinks, not aware that Miss Verinder is barely nineteen years of age. To allow a young lady, at her time of life, to be present (without a "chaperon") in a house full of men among whom a medical experiment is being carried on, is an outrage on propriety which Mrs. Merridew can not possibly permit. If the matter is allowed to proceed, she will feel it to be her duty—at a serious sacrifice of her own personal convenience—to accompany Miss Verinder to Yorkshire. Under these circumstances she ventures to request that I will kindly reconsider the subject; seeing that Miss Verinder declines to be guided by any opinion but mine. Her presence can not possibly be necessary; and a word from me, to that effect, would relieve both Mrs. Merridew and myself of a very unpleasant responsibility.

Translated from polite commonplace into plain English, the meaning of this is, as I take it, that Mrs. Merridew stands in mortal fear of the opinion of the world. She has unfortunately appealed to the very last man in existence who has any reason to regard that opinion with respect. I won't disappoint Miss Verinder; and I won't delay a reconciliation between two young people who love each other, and who have been parted too long already. Translated from plain English into polite commonplace, this means that Mr. Jennings presents his compliments to Mrs. Merridew, and regrets that he can not feel justified in interfering any farther in the matter.

Mr. Blake's report of himself this morning was the same as before. We determined not to disturb Betteredge by overlooking him at the house to-day. To-morrow will be time enough for our first visit of inspection.

June 20.—Mr. Blake is beginning to feel his continued restlessness at night. The sooner the rooms are refurnished now the better.

On our way to the house this morning he consulted me, with some nervous impatience and irresolution, about a letter (forwarded to him from London) which he had received from Sergeant Cuff.

The Sergeant writes from Ireland. He acknowledges the receipt (through his house-keeper) of a card and message which Mr. Blake left at his residence near Dorking, and announces his return to England as likely to take place in a week or less. In the mean time he requests to be favored with Mr. Blake's reasons for wishing to speak to him (as stated in the message) on the subject of the Moonstone. If Mr. Blake can convict him of having made any serious mistake, in the course of his last year's inquiry concerning the Diamond, he will consider it a duty (after the liberal manner in which he was treated by the late Lady Verinder) to place himself at that gentleman's disposal. If not, he begs permission to remain in his retirement, surrounded by the peaceful floricultural attractions of a country life.

After reading the letter, I had no hesitation in advising Mr. Blake to inform Sergeant Cuff, in reply, of all that had happened since the inquiry was suspended last year, and to leave him to draw his own conclusions from the plain facts.

On second thoughts, I also suggested inviting the Sergeant to be present at the experiment, in the event of his returning to England in time to join us. He would be a valuable witness to have in any case; and, if I proved to be wrong in believing the Diamond to be hidden in Mr. Blake's room, his advice might be of great importance, at a future stage of the proceedings over which I could exercise no control. This last consideration appeared to decide Mr. Blake. He promised to follow my advice.

The sound of the hammer informed us that the work of refurnishing was in full progress, as we entered the drive that led to the house.

Betteredge, attired for the occasion in a fisherman's red cap and an apron of green baize, met us in the outer hall. The moment he saw me he pulled out the pocket-book and pencil, and obstinately insisted on taking notes of every thing that I said to him. Look where we might we found, as Mr. Blake had foretold, that the work was advancing as rapidly and as intelligently as it was possible to desire. But there was still much to be done in the inner hall, and in Miss Verinder's room. It seemed doubtful whether the house would be ready for us before the end of the week.

Having congratulated Betteredge on the progress that he had made (he persisted in taking notes every time I opened my lips; declining, at the same time, to pay the slightest attention to any thing said by Mr. Blake), and having promised to return for a second visit of inspection in a day or two, we prepared to leave the house, going out by the back way. Before we were clear of the passages down stairs I was stopped by Betteredge, just as I was passing the door which led into his own room.

"Could I say two words to you in private?" he asked, in a mysterious whisper.

I consented of course. Mr. Blake walked on to wait for me in the garden, while I accompanied Betteredge into his room. I fully anticipated a demand for certain new concessions, following the precedent already established in the cases of the stuffed buzzard and the Cupid's wing. To my great surprise, Betteredge laid his hand confidentially on my arm, and put this extraordinary question to me:

"Mr. Jennings, do you happen to be acquainted with Robinson Crusoe?"

I answered that I had read Robinson Crusoe when I was a child.

"Not since then?" inquired Betteredge.

"Not since then."

He fell back a few steps, and looked at me with an expression of compassionate curiosity, tempered by superstitious awe.

"He has not read Robinson Crusoe since he was a child," said Betteredge, speaking to himself—not to me. "Let's try how Robinson Crusoe strikes him now!"

He unlocked a cupboard in a corner, and produced a dirty and dog's-eared book, which exhaled a strong odor of stale tobacco as he turned over the leaves. Having found a passage of which he was apparently in search, he requested me to join him in the corner; still mysteriously confidential, and still speaking under his breath.

"In respect to this hocus-pocus of yours, Sir, with the laudanum and Mr. Franklin Blake," he began. "While the work-people are in the house, my duty as a servant gets the better of my feelings as a man. When the work-people are gone, my feelings as a man get the better of my duty as a servant. Very good. Last night, Mr. Jennings, it was borne in powerfully on my mind that this new medical enterprise of yours would end badly. If I had yielded to that secret Dictate, I should have put all the furniture away again with my own hands, and have warned the workmen off the premises when they came the next morning."

"I am glad to find, from what I have seen up stairs," I said, "that you resisted the secret Dictate."

"Resisted isn't the word," answered Betteredge. "Wrostled is the word. I wrostled, Sir, between the silent orders in my bosom pulling me one way, and the written orders in my pocket-book pushing me the other, until (saving your presence) I was in a cold sweat. In that dreadful perturbation of mind and laxity of body, to what remedy did I apply? To the remedy, Sir, which has never failed me yet for the last thirty years and more—to This Book!"

He hit the book a sounding blow with his open hand, and struck out of it a stronger smell of stale tobacco than ever.

"What did I find here," pursued Betteredge, "at the first page I opened? This awful bit, Sir, page one hundred and seventy-eight, as follows: 'Upon these, and many like Reflections, I afterward made it a certain rule with me, That whenever I found those secret Hints or Pressings of my Mind, to doing, or not doing any Thing that presented; or to going this Way, or that Way, I never failed to obey the secret Dictate.' As I live by bread, Mr. Jennings, those were the first words that met my eye, exactly at the time when I myself was setting the secret Dictate at defiance! You don't see any thing at all out of the common in that, do you, Sir?"

"I see a coincidence—nothing more."

"You don't feel at all shaken, Mr. Jennings, in respect to this medical enterprise of yours?"

"Not the least in the world."

Betteredge stared hard at me, in dead silence. He closed the book with great deliberation; he locked it up again in the cupboard with extraordinary care; he wheeled round, and stared hard at me once more. Then he spoke.

"Sir," he said, gravely, "there are great allowances to be made for a man who has not read Robinson Crusoe since he was a child. I wish you good-morning."

He opened his door with a low bow, and left me at liberty to find my own way into the garden. I met Mr. Blake returning to the house.

"You needn't tell me what has happened," he said. "Betteredge has played his last card: he has made another prophetic discovery in Robinson Crusoe. Have you humored his favorite delusion? No? You have let him see that you don't believe in Robinson Crusoe? Mr. Jennings! you have fallen to the lowest possible place in Betteredge's estimation. Say what you like, and do what you like, for the future. You will find that he won't waste another word on you now."

June 21.—A short entry must suffice in my journal to-day.

Mr. Blake has had the worst night that he has passed yet. I have been obliged, greatly against my will, to prescribe for him. Men of his sensitive organization are fortunately quick in feeling the effect of remedial measures. Otherwise I should be inclined to fear that he will be totally unfit for the experiment, when the time comes to try it.

As for myself, after some little remission of my pains for the last two days, I had an attack this morning, of which I shall say nothing but that it has decided me to return to the opium. I shall close this book, and take my full dose—five hundred drops.

June 22.—Our prospects look better to-day. Mr. Blake's nervous suffering is greatly allayed. He slept a little last night. *My* night, thanks

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to the opium, was the night of a man who is stunned. I can't say that I woke this morning; the fitter expression would be, that I recovered my senses.

We drove to the house to see if the refurnishing was done. It will be completed to-morrow—Saturday. As Mr. Blake foretold, Betteredge raised no further obstacles. From first to last he was ominously polite, and ominously silent.

My medical enterprise (as Betteredge calls it) must now, inevitably, be delayed until Monday next. To-morrow evening the workmen will be late in the house. On the next day the established Sunday tyranny, which is one of the institutions of this free country, so times the trains as to make it impossible to ask any body to travel to us from London. Until Monday comes there is nothing to be done but to watch Mr. Blake carefully, and to keep him, if possible, in the same state in which I find him to-day.

In the mean while I have prevailed on him to write to Mr. Bruff, making a point of it that he shall be present as one of the witnesses. I especially choose the lawyer, because he is strongly prejudiced against us. If we convince *him* we place our victory beyond the possibility of dispute.

Mr. Blake has also written to Sergeant Cuff; and I have sent a line to Miss Verinder. With these, and with old Betteredge (who is really a person of importance in the family) we shall have witnesses enough for the purpose—without including Mrs. Merridew, if Mrs. Merridew persists in sacrificing herself to the opinion of the world.

June 23.—The vengeance of the opium overtook me again last night. No matter; I must go on with it now till Monday is past and gone.

Mr. Blake is not so well again to-day. At two this morning he confesses that he opened the drawer in which his cigars are put away. He only succeeded in locking it up again by a violent effort. His next proceeding, in case of accident, was to throw the key out of window. The waiter brought it in this morning, discovered at the bottom of an empty cistern—such is Fate! I have taken possession of the key until Tuesday next.

June 24.—Mr. Blake and I took a long drive in an open carriage. We both felt beneficially the blessed influence of the soft summer air. I dined with him at the hotel. To my great relief—for I found him in an overwrought, over-excited state this morning—he had two hours' sound sleep on the sofa after dinner. If he has another bad night now—I am not afraid of the consequences.

June 25, *Monday*.—The day of the experiment! It is five o'clock in the afternoon. We have just arrived at the house.

GOODMAN MISERY.

PETER and Paul met in a village on a certain day, when the rain was falling in torrents. They were wet to the skin. They were both in quest of a lodging for the night, but could find none. A rich man—one Richard—had turned them from his gates, bidding them remember that his house was not a public wine-shop, when a poor woman, who was washing linen in a brook, took pity on them and led them to her neighbor, the Goodman Misery. How much more considerate was the poor washer-woman than Richard with his closed gates; for, having bethought herself on the way that old Misery would probably have naught wherewith to break the fast and slake the thirst of his guests, she provided herself with some cooked fish, a big loaf, and a pitcher of Susa wine. Peter and Paul ate with a will. The hungry man tastes the sweetest viands. But sad was the case when the meal was at an end. Goodman Misery was so poor he had no bed to offer them, save the straw upon which he usually rested his own aching limbs. The two travelers were, however, too considerate to accept it. They elected to sit up, and, by way of passing the time, suggested that Misery should tell his story to them. The Goodman consented, for it was a short and not a very eventful one. The most he had to tell was, that a thief had stripped his pear-tree, the fruit of which was nearly all he had to depend upon for his wretched living. He would have gladly shared the fruit with them, had he not suffered this cruel robbery.

Touched by his distress, Peter and Paul told Goodman Misery that they would pray to Heaven for him. And one of them considerately added, if he, Goodman Misery, had any particular desire would he mention it?

The Goodman desired no more from the Lord than that any man who might climb his pear-tree should be fixed to it, and immovable, until he, Goodman Misery, willed that he should descend from it.

On the very day which saw the retreating figures of Peter and Paul, while Misery was gone to fetch a pitcher of water, the same thief who had stolen his finest pears returned to the tree. Goodman Misery, having set down his pitcher, perceived the rascal immovable amidst the branches.

"Rascal, I have got you, have I?" Misery shouted; and then, aside and in a low voice to himself: "Heaven. Who, then, were my guests last night? This time you will need to be in no hurry to pick my pears; but let me tell you that you will pay a heavy price for them in the torments you will have to endure at my hands. To begin with, all the town shall see you in your present plight. Then I will light a roaring fire under my tree, and smoke and dry you like a Mayence ham."

Goodman Misery having departed in quest of fire-wood to smoke and dry the thief like a Mayence ham, the culprit cried lustily until he attracted two of the Goodman's neighbors. Yielding to the prayers of the thief, these two honest folk climbed the tree to rescue their fellow-creature, whereupon they discovered that they too were fixed to the branches. The three had been left in company just seventeen hours and a half when Goodman Misery returned with a bag of bread and a goodly fagot upon his head. He was terrified to find three men settled in his pear-tree.

"Come, come," he cried; "the fair will be a good one with so many customers. And pray what did you two new-comers want here? Couldn't you ask me for a few pears, and not come in my absence to steal them?"

"We are no thieves," they replied. "We are charitable neighbors, who came to help a man whose lamentations smote us to the heart. When we want pears we buy them in the market; there are plenty without yours."

"If what you say be true," said Misery, "you want nothing in my tree, and may come down as soon as you please; the punishment is for thieves only." Whereupon the two neighbors found themselves free, and quickly regained the ground; but the thief continued fixed to the branches in a pitiable condition after his long imprisonment; and the neighbors stood astonished at the power of the Goodman. They begged hard that Misery would take pity even on the thief, who had endured torture for many hours. The rascal prayed hard also, crying, "I'll pay any sum, but, *in the name of God*, let me come down. I am enduring tortures!"

At this word Misery permitted himself to be mollified. He told the thief, in releasing him, that he would forget his crime and forgive it. To show that he had a generous heart, and that self had never dictated any of the actions of his life, he would make him a present of the fruit he had stolen. He would be released from bondage in the tree, on the condition that he would take an oath never to climb it again, and that he would never come within one hundred feet of it while the pears were ripe.

"May a hundred devils seize me," said the thief, "if I ever come within a league of it again while I live!"

"That is enough," said the Goodman. "Come down, neighbor; you are free, but never return, if you please."

The thief was so stiff and swollen in his limbs, that poor old Misery had to help him down with a ladder; for nothing would persuade the neighbors to approach the tree a second time. The adventure made a great noise in the neighborhood, and thenceforth Misery's pears were respected scrupulously.

But Goodman Misery was old, and his strength was waning daily. He was content with the fruit of his pear-tree, but it was meagre fare that contented him. One day a knock was made at his door. He threw the door open and beheld a visitor whom he had long expected, but whom he did not imagine to be quite so near his poor hearth. It was Death, who, on his grounds, had stepped aside to tell him that his hour was near.

"Be welcome," said the Goodman, without flinching a muscle, and looking steadfastly at him as one who did not fear him. Misery had naught on his conscience, though he had lived with very little on his back. Death was surprised to find himself so well received.

"What!" cried Death. "Thou hast no fear of me! No fear of Death! at whose look the strongest tremble, from the shepherd to the king?"

"No, I have no dread of your presence," Misery said. "What pleasure have I in this life? If any thing in this world could give me a regret, it would be that of parting from my pear-tree, which has fed me through so many years. But you must be settled with, and you brook no delays nor subterfuges when you beckon. All I will ask and beg you to grant me before I die, is, that I may eat one more of my pears in your presence. Afterward I shall be ready."

"Thy wish is too modest a wish to be refused," said Death.

Misery crept forth into his yard, Death following closely on his heels. The Goodman shuffled many times round his beloved tree, seeking the finest pear. At length having selected a magnificent one, "There," he said, "I choose that one: I pray you lend me your scythe to cut it down."

"This instrument is never lent," quoth Death. "No good soldier permits himself to be disarmed. But it seems to me it would be better to pluck your pear with the hand. It would be bruised by a fall. Climb into the tree."

"A good idea," said Misery. "If I had the strength I would climb; but don't you see I can hardly stand?"

"Well," Death answered, "I will afford this service. I will climb the tree myself."

Death climbed the pear-tree, and plucked the fruit which Misery coveted so ardently; but was astonished when he found it impossible to regain the ground.

"Goodman Misery," said Death, "tell me what kind of a tree is this?"

"Can not you see that it is a pear-tree?"

"Yes, yes; but how is it that I can move neither hand nor foot upon it?"

"I' faith that's your business," Goodman Misery answered.

"What, Goodman! You dare to play a trick upon me, at whose nod all the world trembles? Do you know the risks you are running?"

"I am very sorry," was Misery's cool answer. "But what have you risked yourself in coming to disturb the peace of an unfortunate who never did you harm in his life? What fantastic notion led you to me? You have the time to reflect, however; and since I have you now under my thumb I will do a little good to the poor world that you have held in bondage for so many centuries. No! Without the help of a miracle you will not get out of that tree until I please to permit you."

Death, who had never found himself in such a plight, saw that he had to deal with some supernatural power.

"Goodman Misery," he pleaded, "I deserve this for having been too amiable toward you. But don't abuse the power which the All Powerful has given you, for an instant, over me. Make no further opposition, I pray you, to the decrees of Heaven. Consent that I shall descend the tree at once, or I will blast it unto death."

"Blast it," Misery answered; "and I protest to you, by all that is most sacred in the world, dead as my tree may be, it will hold you until you get free from it by God's will."

"I perceive," Death went on, "that I entered an unfortunate house for myself to-day. But come, come, Goodman Misery. I have business in the four quarters of the world, and it must be ended before sundown. Do you wish to arrest the course of nature? If I were to make my way out of this predicament you might feel it sharply."

"Nay," said Misery, "I fear nothing. Every man who is above the fear of Death is beyond any threats. Your menaces have no effect on me. I am always ready to start for the next world when the Lord shall summon me."

"Very fine sentiments, Goodman Misery! Thou mayest boast, Goodman, of being the first in this life who has gotten the better of Death. Heaven commands me that, with thy consent, I leave thee, to return to thee only on the last day of judgment, when I shall have completed my great work and man shall be no more. You shall see the end, I promise you; so now, without hesitation, allow me to come down, or let me fly away. A queen is waiting for me, five hundred leagues away."

"Ought I to believe you? Or is it only to betray me that you speak thus to me?"

"No, never shalt thou see me again until all nature is desolation. The last stroke of my scythe shall fall upon thee. The edicts of Death are irrevocable. Dost thou hear me, Goodman?"

"Yea, I hear; and I believe in thy words. Come down when it shall please thee."

At this Death swept through the air and disappeared from the sight of Misery. The Goodman has never heard of Death since, although he has often been told of his presence in his neighborhood, almost next door; so that Misery has lived to a wonderful age, and still dwells in rags near his pear-tree. And, according to the solemn promise of Death, Misery lives till the world shall be no more.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE great discovery of certain French chemists whereby pure oxygen may be abundantly and cheaply obtained, and used in the production of artificial light, is likely before long to make quite a revolution in our system of lighting streets and public and private dwellings. In old times people were moderately contented with a pitch-pine knot, whose flickering flame diffused its uncertain gleams through their rude dwellings. But with the onward march of science artificial light has grown brighter and brighter, until at last this grandest discovery of all has been made, which promises to afford us something more nearly approximating the solar light than even the most sanguine savant could have thought possible.

Certain chemicals, when subjected to the action of heat, yield immense quantities of pure oxygen, which can be collected like other gases in suitable reservoirs: and this new oxygen gas light is produced from a solid pencil of compressed magnesia, fixed in a solid support, and rendered incandescent by jets of common illuminating gas or hydrogen burning with the pure oxygen gas. As yet there is room for improvement in the mode of burning this gas, which requires a double tube: but American inventive genius will speedily remedy any defects on that score, and its numerous advantages recommend it to general use. Experiments indicate that this brilliant light will be far more economical than ordinary gas. It is many times more brilliant than the standard gas-light, with the same consumption of coal gas. According to the French reports, it excels by sixteen and a half times that produced in the city of Paris, and exceeds that of the Manhattan Gas Company, consumed in the English standard Argand burner, with fifteen holes, and with glass chimney seven inches in height, to the same and at times to a greater extent. It is more purely white than any of the lights ordinarily used; hence must be a blending of the various colors in quantity and proportion, more nearly approaching the sunbeam. All the more delicate shades of whatever hue are seen almost as though illuminated by daylight. The light burns steadily, and consequently will be a great blessing to all who are obliged to use the eyes constantly by artificial light. Much less heat is thrown out by this light than from any of the gas or petroleum flames, although it excels them all in brilliancy: consequently one of the most objectionable features in the use of coal gas is in great part removed by this invention. Ordinary artificial lights injure the atmosphere in two ways: by removing its oxygen, which is so essential for respiration, and by producing carbonic acid gas; but this light supplies its own oxygen, instead of robbing the air, and yields only a sixteenth or eighteenth part of carbonic acid. For out-of-door illumination it has the additional advantage that by no possibility can it be "blown out." The chemical action is so intense that it can not be extinguished in the stormiest weather. The preparation of this oxygen differs markedly from the making of coal gas: there is no ill odor attending it; and if hydrogen should be employed, as proposed by the same ingenious French chemists, their method of fabricating it by heating fine anthracite coal dust, peat, or other carbonaceous substance mingled with hydrate of lime, would furnish us with means for illuminating and heating, without contaminating the atmosphere of our crowded cities with the nauseating and unwholesome gases with which we are now annoyed. Dr. Doremus, who has recently been making various experiments with the oxygen gas light, and from whose report we have gathered these interesting facts, confidently believes that these gases may be commonly employed by certain new processes for heating as well as illuminating purposes, and that all our culinary operations may be performed by their aid alone.

The "Louisiana Ice Manufacturing Company" is said to be doing a good business, and New Orleans boasts that it will not hereafter be dependent upon Boston for its supply of this very necessary luxury. The process is described as being very simple, consisting in using the machinery necessary to bring a certain gas which has an affinity for caloric, in contact with water. It can be made very cheap, less than one cent per pound, and melts less rapidly than the natural ice. The manufactured ice is opaque, the natural ice clear.

The operatives in Lowell are decidedly literary in their tastes, and manage to read a good deal. It is stated, on good authority, that there are sold in Lowell 11,000 weekly periodicals, including 3475 story papers and 1663 religious journals.

The *American Agriculturist* gives a descriptive list of ten or a dozen "humbugs," warning the credulous not to be taken in by them. Many of them are prize-drawing associations, into which you pay your money but by no means have your choice of premiums. Many prizes offered for a small sum of money invested, or a certain number of stamps sent by mail, or a subscription to some specified newspaper, turn out in the end to be utterly worthless—a miserable, cheap sewing-machine, spurious jewelry, or nothing at all. As a general thing people in this age are not benevolent enough to give away valuables for nothing, nor even for a nominal trifle—they expect to make money in some way. So, when somebody advertises that he will give fifty dollars' worth of some commodity for five dollars, every one may rest assured that there is a swindle somewhere.

An Englishman, living near Florence, has devised an ingenious method of keeping cool. His study—so it is related—is walled and floored with zinc, and is in fact a large tank, filled breast-high with water. A few articles of furniture, such as a writing-table, a chair or two, and a well-stored book-case raised upon cast-iron supporters, and kept fast to their moorings by means of screws, complete the arrangements. In this aquarium the owner passes the hot hours of the day, receiving his friends and writing his letters, with the occasional variety of a dip beneath the surface.

An immense bed of solid salt, said to be 500 feet thick, has been discovered in the immediate neighborhood of Berlin, Prussia.

A recent visitor to Lincoln's grave in Springfield describes Oak Ridge Cemetery as situated about a mile and a half from the city, upon a broken piece of land which seems to be naturally adapted for the purpose, being a group of beautiful knolls very tastily ornamented with walks, shrubbery, and evergreen trees. Beside the pathways little rills of clear, cold spring-water leap musically down the steep slopes and flow away through a beautiful valley into a pleasant stream in the distance. The tomb of Abraham Lincoln is situated upon the brow of a beautiful knoll, and is a very humble, though not common, structure, being walled up in front with plain red brick, marble-lined top, with a marble urn on each side, and the door closed with a marble slab, across the top of which is cut the immortal name—"Lincoln."

The Methodist Home for Aged and Infirm Women in Philadelphia has just received a gift of $10,000. A gentleman of Chicago has expended $9000 in founding a "Home" for respectable working-women.

Adelaide Ristori, the great tragédienne, sailed for Europe last week, in the steamer *Ville de Paris*. She has not only enjoyed almost unexampled success as an artiste, but has won, through her public as well as her private life, a large number of warm friends. It is stated that she has given three hundred and forty-nine representations in the United States, Canada, and Cuba; and that in her three most popular characters, "Elizabeth," "Mary Stuart," and "Marie Antoinette," she has appeared ninety, sixty-seven, and sixty-two times, respectively. Numerous friends accompanied Madame Ristori to the steamer on the day of her departure; and it is said that on bidding her farewell, Manager Grau handed her a card, on which, among other friendly words, was written, "*Au revoir*, 1870." Ristori smiled on glancing at the card, and exclaimed in Italian, "That will depend upon you, and not me." Therefore this country may again welcome the favorite tragédienne.

Without pretending to guaranty the statement, we quote the following curious production of a fertile mind, which is stated to be a verbatim copy of an "Essay on Coal," delivered in 1868, by an Oxford candidate to the examiners at Cheltenham, England: "Coal is a black mineral. The way *they* produce it is this: First they dig a large pit in the earth. Then they cut down a quantity of timber and put it in the pit, and cover the whole with peat. Then they burn the timber. After it has been burned once it becomes charcoal, and out of the charcoal they make *oxygen* gas, with which we light our streets and houses."

The following anecdote shows how the royal account-book in Russia is kept: One day in 1799 the Empress Catherine was suffering from a bad cold in the head, and her physicians ordered her to rub her imperial nose with a lump of tallow. But as there was no tallow in the palace they sent into town and bought a bit, and the Empress was cured of her cold. In 1850 the Emperor Nicholas, turning over carelessly the book of domestic accounts kept by his house minister, saw the following:

"For curing his Majesty of a cold, tallow, ten rubles."

As he knew that he had no cold the day before, the Emperor suspected a swindle, and, to clear the matter up, he examined carefully from end to end the book of accounts. What was his amazement to find every day repeated the same item: "For curing the cold of his Majesty, ten rubles." He of course demanded an explanation of this amazing expense, and it was found that since the days of the Empress Catherine, or half a century, under three different Emperors, the house accounts were charged with ten rubles daily, the price of tallow meant for imperial noses which had no need of them.

A velocipede mania is prevailing in Paris just now. Calls are made in these odd carriages, and fashionable ladies exercise with them a couple of hours daily, and regard them as exceedingly nice. They are to be seen in the streets, on the promenades, and in the parks.

A country farmer, who recently made a visit to our charming Central Park, has been inspired by the sight of the pretty rustic bridges, seats, and summer-houses, to attempt something of the same sort, on a small scale, upon his own home grounds. He says: "These things cost but little, chiefly labor, which can be performed at convenient hours, and yet how much of beauty, pleasure, and happiness they afford. It pays to attend to these seemingly unimportant matters; people in the country are becoming more and more refined and appreciative of things that are beautiful and pleasant to the eye; the useful must concede something to the ornamental, and the farmer who fails to recognize this principle, and keep up with the times in this respect, will neglect an important element of value in the improvement of his place."

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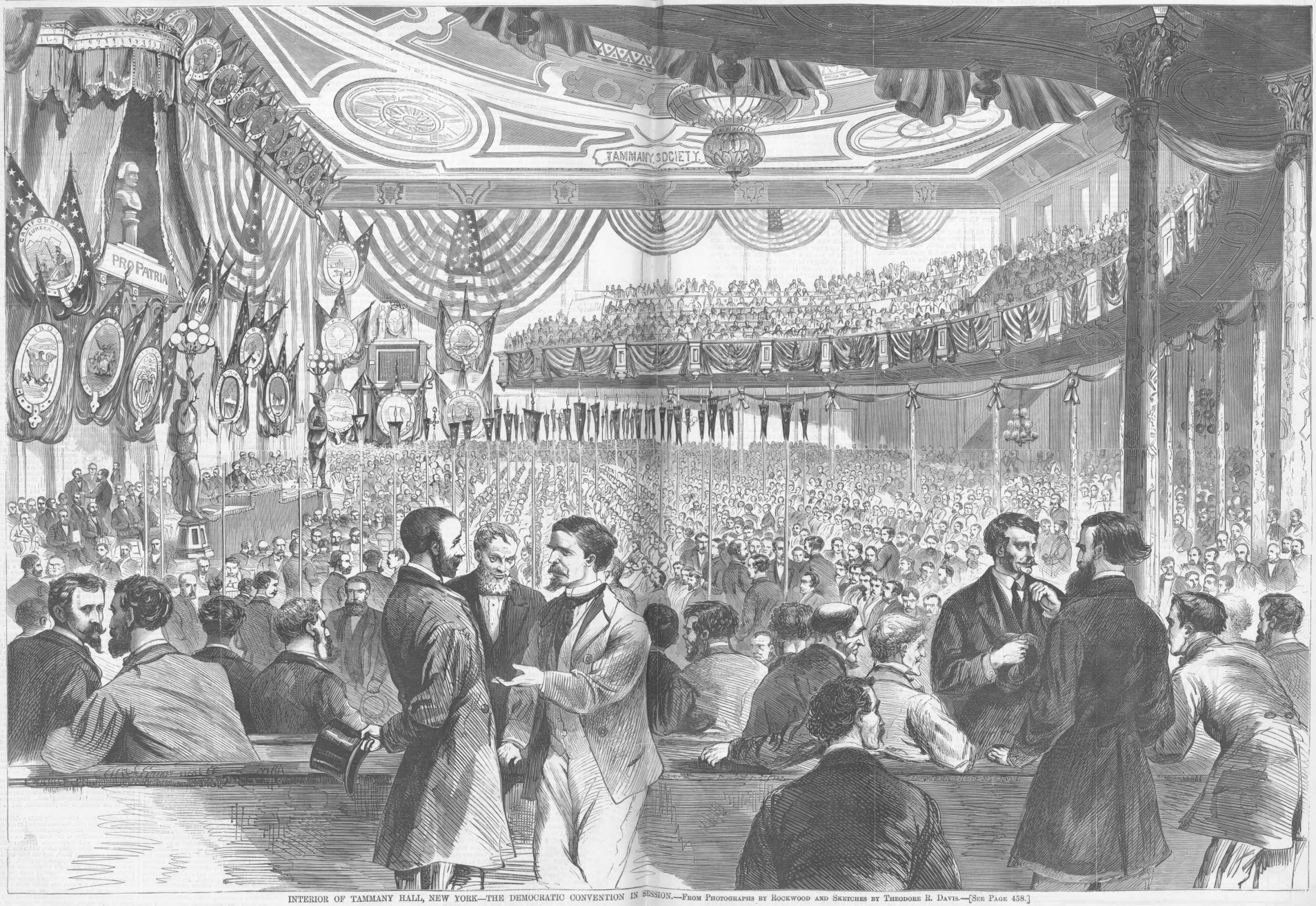

INTERIOR OF TAMMANY HALL, NEW YORK—THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION IN SESSION.—From Photographs by Rockwood and Sketches by Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 458.]

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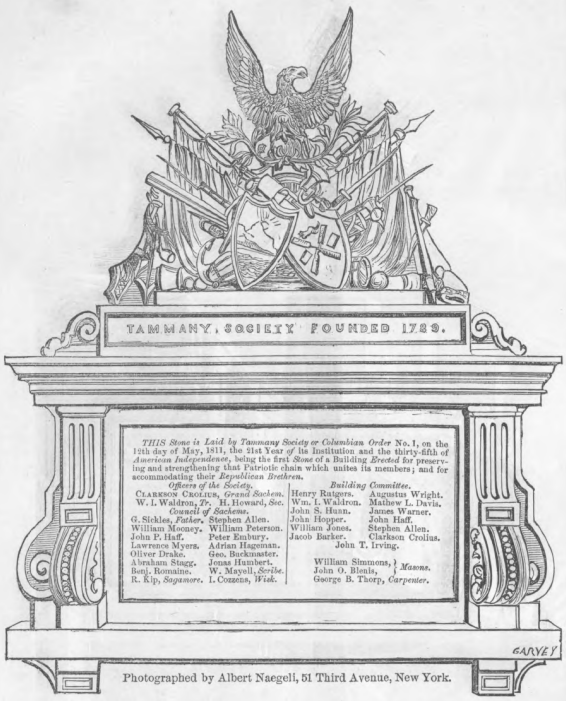

Photographed by Albert Naegeli, 51 Third Avenue, New York.

THE TAMMANY HALL CONVENTION.

THE new Tammany Hall was dedicated to political purposes on July 4 by the assemblage in its main room of the National Democratic Convention. Before the delegates entered the hall a number of the officers and members of the Tammany Society proceeded to formally dedicate it, which was done by reading the Declaration of Independence, and the delivery of a short address by Mayor HOFFMAN.

We have before given a brief account of the Tammany Society and its previous Wigwams and Halls. As supplementary to that account we have given on this page engravings of the tablets set in the wall of the main hall to commemorate the founding of the Society in 1789, and the erection of the present building.

Our large engraving on pages 456 and 457 gives a view of the interior of the main hall, as it appeared decorated for the accommodation of the delegates, and shows the Convention in session. With this a brief account of the building, from an architectural point of view, may not be uninteresting.

Tammany Hall cost over $300,000, and the ground on which it stands cost $80,000 more. All but the main hall and committee rooms are to be leased, and $30,000 per annum has been refused for the building.

We can best give New Yorkers an idea of its dimensions by saying that it dwarfs the Academy of Music which stands by its side. The building covers a space of ground 116 feet by 122, is three stories high, and the main hall will comfortably accommodate five thousand persons.

Twenty thousand dollars were expended in decorating the hall for the sitting of the late Convention. The permanent decorations of the building consist for the most part of elaborate and finely executed fresco-work, embracing medallions and figures of Justice, Liberty, Victory, and Chief TAMMANY himself, and the coats of arms of the various States.

The proceedings of the Convention which assembled in this room on July 4 will be found in the appropriate news column.

Photographed by Albert Naegeli, 51 Third Avenue, New York.

SLEEP.

OH, is it Death that comes
To have a foretaste of the whole?
  To-night the planets and the stars
  Will glimmer through my window-bars,
But will not shine upon my soul.

For I shall lie as dead,
Though yet I am above the ground;
  All passionless, with scarce a breath,
  With hands of rest and eyes of death,
I shall be carried swiftly round.

Or if my life should break
The idle night with doubtful gleams,
  Through mossy arches will I go,
  Through arches ruinous and low,
And chase the true and false in dreams.

Why should I fall asleep?
When I am still upon my bed,
  The moon will shine, the winds will rise,
  And all around and through the skies
The light clouds travel o'er my head.

Oh busy, busy things!
Ye mock me with your ceaseless life,
  For all the hidden springs will flow,
  And all the blades of grass will grow,
When I have neither peace nor strife.

And all the long night through,
The restless streams will hurry by;
  And round the lands, with endless roar,
  The white waves fall upon the shore,
And bit by bit devour the dry.

Even thus, but silently,
Eternity, thy tide shall flow—
  And side by side with every star
  The long-drawn swell shall bear me far,
An idle boat with none to row.

My senses fail with sleep;
My heart beats thick; the night is noon
  And faintly through its misty folds
  I hear a drowsy clock that holds
Its converse with the waning moon.

Oh, solemn mystery!
That I should be so closely bound
  With neither terror nor constraint,
  Without a murmur of complaint,
And lose myself upon such ground!

THE WILD MAN OF VIENNA.

A German Tradition.

FIRST in antiquity, but only first in the list of second-class hotels in Murray's Hand-book, stands that of the Wild Man, one of the most venerable houses in the Austrian Capital, for we find it mentioned in history during the siege of Vienna by Mathias Corvinus in the year 1485.

To this house and to the name it has adopted is attached a singular tradition, unmistakably German in its details, which we obtained from an authentic source, our informant being no other than the present owner of the establishment, to whom we are indebted for the following narrative:

In the year 1444, when Ladislaus, King of Hungary, fell at the unfortunate battle of Varna, overcome by the countless army of Amurat, which entirely routed the Christian forces, there was, among the few who escaped the carnage of that dreadful day, a lancer, named Georg of the Valley. This young fellow was of prepossessing exterior and by no means wanting in courage, but it would seem he knew how to make use of his feet as well as of his hands, for he contrived, after the encounter which proved fatal to so many his countrymen, to escape unobserved, and to gain the neighboring forest, so as, at least for the time, to place his life in safety. So far so well, but even there his position was a very equivocal one; he could not continue in these wild and deserted haunts without certainty of starvation, and he could not venture beyond without risk of discovery and capture. A stranger to the locality, ignorant of the language, how was he to set about finding his way out of the intricacies of this wilderness, and what chance had he of reaching his home even if he met with a fellow-being who was not an enemy?

No wonder that our hero was preoccupied with these embarrassing reflections; and no wonder that faint, weary, and helpless, almost within sight of the gory field strewn with the lifeless bodies of his comrades, he should fall a prey to all the fatal suggestions of despair.

Georg sat down beneath a tree, resting his chin in his hands, and, staring into vacancy, was giving way to the gloomiest thoughts, when a sound fell upon his ear which told him of the approach of human footsteps. His first impulse was to welcome any incident that could bring a change in his miserable prospects; his second, to apprehend some ambush and to mistrust all strangers. He accordingly rose, and stealing cautiously round concealed himself behind the trunk of the tree which sheltered him, so as to observe the new-comer from behind as soon as he should have passed; but he was counting without his host, for, as if he had guessed his intention, the stranger, instead of pursuing the path, turned abruptly off and passed by the very spot whither the unfortunate refugee had retreated. Further dissimulation he now felt would be worse than useless, so putting a bold face on the circumstance, Georg looked up and saluted the new-comer, albeit not much reassured by his aspect.

He might be about fifty years of age, and the dress he wore was *bizarre*, to say the least of it; it consisted of a tightly-fitting black velvet suit, over which was thrown a dark claret-colored cloak large enough to envelop his whole person, while a broad-brimmed pointed black felt hat shaded his features. He returned the young man's bow with a smile which was meant to be friendly, but scarcely masked the sinister expression of his deep-set eyes.

"You don't seem to be in a very pleasant position, Mr. Soldier?" said he. "He who fights and runs away—you know the rest, I dare say; but you see it isn't enough to run away; the question is—what are you to do next?"

"True enough, Sir Stranger," replied Georg, "and that is just what I am considering."

"No doubt you are; and pray what conclusion has your wisdomship come to?"

Georg looked up, first because he had no answer to give; and secondly, because he was mystified by the tone and language of his new acquaintance.

"One would think," he said at length, "that you had some expedient to offer by your asking so many questions."

"Well done, well done! evasive but shrewd," said he of the cloak; "and you are not far wrong either, for I could offer you more than one expedient; that is, if you like to hear them."

"Beggars mustn't be choosers," said Georg, with a sigh. "But perhaps you will explain, that I may know whether you are not making game of a poor devil."

"You've hit it again, my dear fellow," said the stranger; "for, as you say, you are a poor, miserable devil, while on the other hand *I* am a rich, powerful devil, for to tell you the truth, I am *the* Devil himself. Now don't start in that foolish way, when you can see—for I am sure you are a very sensible young man—that I have come to you in a friendly spirit, and that you have nothing to be afraid of."

"Your speech is fair enough, but what are your intentions?" said Georg, who was determined to do nothing rashly.

They depend entirely on yourself. I am ready, if you say the word, not only to insure your safety, but to start you with luck and money enough to enable you to have a jolly time of it as long as you are for this world."

Georg felt sorely tempted, and almost forgot his apprehensions in the contemplation of this brilliant prospective: he hesitated; and the Devil, anxious to follow up his advantage, hastened to conclude the matter.

"Then it's a bargain?" he said, extending his open hand.

But the action recalled the young man to his senses: he mechanically withdrew his own.

"There are *two* parties to a bargain," he replied, "and as yet we have only talked of the terms on *one* side; please to go on and tell me what is expected on the *other*."

"Oh, dear me!" answered Lucifer, with a shrug of indifference, "a mere nothing; just your signature to this little bit of parchment, and you will never hear of me again till you have exhausted all the enjoyments I mean to bestow on you."

"I thought as much," said Georg, contemptuously, and in a tone of bitter disappointment; "then you may just go back whence you came, for no signature of mine will you ever get, I can tell you," and he turned and went away in a rage.

"Now, now, you hot-headed fellow," said the Devil, who had no mind to let his victim escape, "do wait a bit, and don't give me the trouble of running after you this hot day; listen to reason, and see how much more generous I am with you than you deserve. I will make you another proposal rather than leave you in the wretchedness in which I found you. I will undertake to befriend you as before suggested, on the simple condition that for the next three years you will neither wash, nor shave, nor comb, nor cut your hair, nor your nails, nor make any alteration in your dress. How does *that* suit you?"

"That is another matter," said Georg, still somewhat reluctant to enter into any compact, however plausible: "I don't say I will refuse—"

"DONE!" said the Devil; and he had scarcely uttered the word when, to Georg's astonishment, he found himself at Vienna. Arrived there, he had on the skin of a bear, within which was a pocket, where he found a purse filled with gold pieces, and a note to the effect that as long as he continued to observe the prescribed conditions it would never be empty, however extravagantly he might spend.

It was not long before Georg began to be alarmed at his rash bargain. In vain he tried to reassure himself with the reflection that his penance would be at an end in three years. Three years, under such circumstances, began to assume the proportions of ten, for he soon became so frightful an object that he was shunned by all decent people, while the very street-boys would pelt him with mud, and then run away, screaming, "The wild man is after us!" and ultimately he was known by no other name. He now perceived the object Lucifer had in view. "He thought," said he to himself, "to degrade me until I lost all self-respect, and that then I should give myself up to vice, and so become his prey; but I will give him the slip then, and see if I can not get some good even out of this malicious plot."

Acting upon this wise resolution, Georg hunted about the streets of Vienna till he found a modest, unpretending dwelling adjoining a much-frequented inn, which could serve him as a retreat till the term of his probation should be ended. Here he established himself, and under the plea that he was gifted with extraordinary powers of divination, he drew the simple country folk around him far and near, and soon obtained the reputation of being a wise man or magician—an idea that received considerable support from his extraordinary appearance. Georg gave excellent advice to his clients, and as he assumed a paternal tone, and charged nothing for consultations, he was regarded as the oracle of the country round.

At the end of the first half of the third year "Master Urian"—for so the Devil called himself—appeared unexpectedly, and announced to

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him the visit of a certain Hans Ponsheimer, who had heard of his fame, and was coming from an adjoining town named Lugeck to consult him on the state of his affairs.

"Now," said the Devil, "I must begin by observing, Master Georg, that you have been going on lately in a way that doesn't suit my book at all, and if you are determined to slip through my fingers, I must contrive to make my profit some other way; you will be so good, therefore, as to attend to my directions, and to follow them implicitly."

Georg nodded his acquiescence.

"What I require of you, then," continued the other, "is this: when this burgher makes his appearance you will listen to his story, and when he has come to an end, you will tell him that, implicated as he is, you can rescue him from his difficulties. He will ask you how, and you will then say that you can not tell him any thing about it until he has promised you one of his three daughters—who, I can tell you, are all very beautiful—in marriage. They are, however, haughty and self-conscious, and knowing nothing of their father's ruin—for he is on the eve of bankruptcy—they expect to match with princes; so you may guess the airs they will give themselves when they receive the advances of one so repulsive as yourself."

A few days after this interview the predicted visit took place; Hans Ponsheimer arrived at the inn, and without giving himself time to rest or eat, went straight to the wise man's domicile. All passed as foretold, except that on Georg's making known his conditions Hans laughed him to scorn, and asked him what he took him for, to suppose that *his* daughters would ever consent to marry such an object as him.

"My dear Sir," answered Georg, coolly; "I only take you for what you are—a ruined man, whose credit to-morrow morning will not be worth that," and he snapped his fingers.

"What!" said the merchant, "ruined! Hans Ponsheimer without credit! When you cease to be a bear and become a man I will believe that, and not before."

"More extraordinary things than either have happened before now," said Georg, quietly. "Are you not expecting in a few days to be called upon for a large sum?" he continued.

The merchant stared: "I am, Sir," said he; "but how came you to know this?"

"That is my secret," replied Georg.

"Still, I do not see how that proves my ruin; I have a much larger amount coming in before that is due, so that my risk is amply covered."

"Oh, my good Sir, that is just where the shoe pinches; you *think* you will receive that sum—you are relying upon it; but not one penny of it will you ever touch, take my word for it; so if you have your credit at heart, you must look out for some other means of liquidating your debt."

The merchant bounded from his seat, still incredulous.

"It is not, it can not be true; vile miscreant, you menace me for the sake of forcing me to comply with your designs; but this shall not be." He was interrupted by the arrival of a mounted messenger from Lugeck, who desired to say a word to him in private, without loss of time.

"Your servant may speak before me, Hans Ponsheimer," said Georg, "or if you prefer it I will be his spokesman; he is come to announce to you the failure of the house we were just speaking of."

The courier stood speechless by, and Ponsheimer, aghast, now turned a deprecating eye on the singular being whose sincerity he had so rudely called in question.

"Hans Ponsheimer," said he, "we will say no more of your rough treatment, more especially out of regard for the close relationship in which we shall soon stand to each other;" the merchant shuddered involuntarily; but this time he restrained all expression of his disgust. "I am willing to release you from all your embarrassments, provided I have your word that one of your daughters shall be my wife."

"I consent," said Hans, and he heaved a deep sigh; "you have my word, the word of Hans Ponsheimer, till this day as good as his bond."

"Then," replied Georg, "I am willing to enter into partnership with you, and I deposit as capital the amount of the debt you have to pay." And he counted out the notes with a readiness and a deliberation which took every one by surprise. Hans, fully sensible of the obligation he had received, and relieved of an enormous weight, stretched out his hand to shake that of his shaggy benefactor; but when he saw the long claws at the ends of his fingers, the thought of the rash promise he had made on behalf of his dainty daughters overcame him, and he trembled in every limb. However, it was impossible to retract, and Ponsheimer was obliged to withdraw, promising his future son-in-law that his bride should be ready in a few days, only requesting a reasonable time to prepare her for the change that was to take place in her lot.

Hans went home broken-hearted, and wondering how he should ever venture to break the matter to his daughters, who, on his approach, came out to welcome him back. They were completely mystified at his downcast looks, and at last coaxed him to tell them the cause of his trouble. Hans related his story briefly, but honestly; he disguised nothing, and painted the Wild Man in all his hideousness; then waited anxiously to see how they took the information. The two elder made very short work of it; they declared that nothing should ever induce *them* to accede to so revolting a condition, and fell upon their father with the harshest reproach. The unhappy man sat before them in an attitude of mute despondency. As he raised his eyes they fell on the face of his youngest child, and he saw that her eyes were filled with tears. She was his Cordelia; and unable to witness her father's distress, she rose, and throwing her arms round his neck, "Father, dear," she said, "I will marry the Wild Man; my life is yours, I will not forsake you."

Ponsheimer was overcome by this touching proof of his child's generosity and affection. "Trudchen," he exclaimed, "you have always been the joy of my life, and you are my consolation in this trial; Heaven, I am convinced, will reward you for this sacrifice."

But Gertrude closed her father's lips with a kiss, and begged he would have no fears for her, as no happiness the world could give could exceed the satisfaction of feeling she had done her duty.

But the merchant was not at ease with himself, and was still deliberating on the dilemma in which he was placed, when a great commotion was heard in the street, occasioned by a gorgeous pageant which was defiling through the town, to the surprise of all its inhabitants; the cortége had threaded the streets in which was Ponsheimer's house, and when he looked out of window he saw a magnificent coach drawn by six richly-harnessed horses, and attended by servants in handsome liveries, approaching his house. As soon as it drew up, an elegant cavalier alighted and entered the door. Hans advanced to the stairs, but what was his surprise to find himself in the embrace of a handsome youth, who, in the voice of the Wild Man, called him his future father, and begged to see his destined bride.

Gertrude's astonishment and joy may be imagined, but it did not exceed that of her father; while, as for her heartless and unfilial sisters, no words could describe their rage and despair.

Unable to endure the sight of a happiness which had been within their reach, and which they themselves had refused, they reproached their father for deceiving them, and their sister for taking advantage of them. Lucifer stood by and smiled; his prey awaited him, for that very day one of them hung herself, while the body of the other was found in the river next morning.

Georg of the Valley lived happily with his gentle and beautiful wife, and his respectable father-in-law. Their names are to be found in a title-deed dated 1459, in which the house they occupied at Lugeck is designated under the name of The Black Bear.

On the spot where stood the inn, of which Georg inhabited a portion in the days of his disguise, now stands the imposing hotel, The Wild Man, in the middle of the Kürnthnergasse.

TUNNELS AND TUNNELING.

WITH our modern appliances for tunnel-driving, works of this kind are only a matter of money—the engineering difficulties are more or less easily conquered; but it is a puzzle to modern engineers how the ancients, long before gunpowder was known, and often with mere bronze tools, were able to drive the subways they did through solid rock. The longest tunnel of the ancient world was that constructed by the Emperor Claudius to draw the waters off the Lake Fucinus, now Celano, into the River Liris. This work is three miles long, in no place less than twenty feet high, and is ventilated with tunnel-shafts. Such was the splendid work of the Romans that it is still in excellent condition. Without saying a word about Hannibal's notion of tunneling through the Alps by the solvent powers of vinegar, we may jump at once to the experience had in England in works of this kind, both for the passage of canals and railroads. It is calculated that at the present time England has ninety miles of railway-tunnels, or one mile of tunnel to every hundred and fifty-four of open rail. It is generally supposed that the Box Tunnel is the longest in England; but this is an error. The Woodhead Summit Tunnel possesses this honor. Its length is three miles and sixteen yards, with a gradient of one in two hundred. The Medway Tunnel, on the South Eastern, is three thousand seven hundred and forty yards; the Sevenoaks, on the same line, is three thousand six hundred yards; and the Box Tunnel is three thousand two hundred and twenty-seven yards: so that, instead of being the first as regards length, it is the fourth. The most noted tunnel, because driven under the bed of a great river, is the Thames Tunnel. It is only one thousand two hundred feet in length, but it was the most expensive work ever produced, costing one thousand pounds a yard, or two and a half times the cost per yard of the great Mont Cenis Tunnel, now in course of construction. It is about to be put to some really practical purpose, having been purchased by the East London Railway, for the purpose of bringing together the Northeastern and Southeastern ends of London.

But these tunnels are playthings compared with those projected and in progress. It has been proposed to drive a tunnel under the Mersey, between New Brighton and Bootle. This work would be four thousand eight hundred yards in length, and would cost upward of three quarters of a million of money. But what is a few hundred yards compared to a tunnel that shall connect the shores of England and France? Yet such a work has been seriously contemplated by several well-known engineers, and one of these days will, no doubt, be carried out. Three of these engineers propose to carry a road under the narrow sea by means of iron tubes, and another gentleman proposes a tunnel at a great depth. Of the former schemes those of Mr. Chalmers, an Englishman, and M. de Gammond, a Frenchman, are the most startling. Mr. Chalmers suggests the sinking a tube in the Channel, in order to keep which gigantic structure moored to one spot, he proposes to cover it with an embankment of stones, one hundred and fifty feet wide at the base, and from forty to one hundred and twenty feet below the level of low-water. In this tube of eighteen miles in length there are to be three ventilators, so that passengers are promised breathing-holes at every four and a half miles' distance.

This is all very pleasant upon paper, but, we fear, rather difficult to accomplish in reality. He proposes to build his tube in lengths of four hundred feet, and thirty feet in diameter, and to join them under water. This is to be done at a depth of one hundred feet, and at least at a depth of one hundred and fifty feet below high-water-mark in a swift tideway, and is to cost only twelve millions; but then it is to repay the company that undertakes it by yielding a net revenue of one million three hundred thousand pounds annually. But Mr. Chalmers is quite mild in his ideas compared with M. de Gammond. This gentleman, in addition to laying down the tube, suggests a great oceanic station midway in the Channel. Here he proposes to have a harbor and basins, into which any home-bound ship may enter, and discharge her passengers by means of a huge shaft three hundred and thirty yards in diameter, opening into the tunnel, and giving egress to both England and France. This bold undertaking is estimated to cost seven million two hundred thousand pounds. So much for the iron tube scheme. Mr. George Remington, on the other hand, says that the tunnel should be driven at a depth of from ninety to one hundred and thirty feet below the bed of the Channel, making a total of say three hundred feet from the sea level. He would cross between cape Grisnez and Dungeness Point. There are to be three air-shafts of one hundred feet in diameter, and the whole he estimates to cost six million seven hundred and ninety-eight thousand two hundred pounds.

These tunnels are at present confined to the brains of their projectors, but the Great Mont Cenis Tunnel is advancing far toward completion. It is seven and a half miles in length. It is being made by Italian engineers, at the joint expense of Italy and France. This great work was commenced on both sides of the mountain in 1857, and it was contemplated that it would not be finished before the year 1873. At first the excavation was made wholly by manual labor, but now the boring process is performed by the most elaborate machinery, driven by compressed air. The great difficulty to be overcome is the badness of the air, which gets worse as the mountain is penetrated further. The blasting occasions vast accumulations of foul air, which hangs in the workings by reason of the gradients ascending from the Italian side. However, pure air is conveyed by the compressing apparatus in sufficient quantities to sustain the workmen. The advance is being made from both sides, and the embrace will take place four thousand one hundred and thirty-eight feet above the level of the sea, and two thousand feet below the summit of the Mont Cenis Railway, which, in seeming derision of the labors of the human moles below, is now climbing the topmost passes of that mountain. The total cost of this tunnel can not be less than six millions of money. In the early days of railway construction English engineers always tunneled to avoid a very slight gradient; now it is found that engines can go where horses can; the new mountain engine, with its central gripping rail, enabling it to climb passes that Stephenson would have shuddered to contemplate.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

ESSAY ON HOUSEKEEPING.

WHEN Adam was turned out of Eden to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow Eve's heaviest punishment was going to housekeeping. After being accustomed to pluck delicious fruit when they listed, and never think of breakfast, dinner, or supper, what an awful thing it must have been to Adam to come home at noon in a state of starvation, to know whether dinner was ready, and to find fault with the cooking! If the dumplings were not done, how Eve must have lamented over that one apple feloniously plucked from the forbidden tree! and how often Mr. Adam must have banged the door—wait a minute—he had no doors to bang—kicked the tent over, probably, in his wrath over undone mutton! We ourselves believe Eve kept "a girl." This woeful punishment must have come upon us by way of our erring ancestress. When we are learned enough, we mean to expound the often-discussed riddle of "who was Cain's wife?" by proving to our readers that his mother kept "help," and that Cain courted her. Of course Eve had a "girl," and being "green and just come over," doubtless she mistook pomegranates for potatoes, and oranges for apples—boiled the melons, and roasted the chickens in their feathers; and Mr. Adam said: "It's your fault, ma'am!" to Eve—and Eve wept.

Then there must have been other tears to shed when the fig-leaf garment came to pieces and buttons—buttons also came in with the fall—were absent therefrom.

Mrs. Eve's disobedience brought housekeeping upon the world, and all its woe! we are sure of that.

MOTTO FOR HAIR-DRESSERS.—"Cut and Comb again."

THE HORSE-JOCKEY'S GEOGRAPHY OF ENGLAND.—"Capital, Epsom; chief towns, Newmarket, Ascot, and Doncaster; principal productions, whips, spurs, and horse accoutrements in general; occupations, racing and making bets; government, a council called the grand stand; largest province, the turf."

A man in New Orleans walks so slow that his shadow frequently falls asleep on the sidewalk.

AN EPITAPH.

The virtues that were yesterday unknown
Are found to-day upon the sculptured stone.

PAINFUL DISENCHANTMENT.

No. 1. Size of Gaiter imagined by me as about fitting (loosely) the feet of my adored L-i-s-a when she wore (No. 2) the long skirt then in vogue.

No. 3. The actual size discovered when she put on (No. 4) the at present worn short dress.

A COOL SUGGESTION.

[*For the Warm Weather.*]

Attentive Wife. "DINNER'S READY, CHARLIE; COME ALONG, THERE'S A DEAR, BEFORE IT GETS HOT!"

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THE *BEST TEA DISTRICTS* OF

CHINA AND JAPAN,

and sell them in quantities to suit customers

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The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of clubs. They are sold at cargo prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

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IMPERIAL (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10; best, $1 25 per lb.
YOUNG HYSON (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10; best, $1 25 per lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN, 90c., $1, $1 10; best, $1 25 per lb.
GUNPOWDER (green), $1 25; best, $1 50 per lb.

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Ground Coffee, 20 cents, 25 cents, 30 cents, 35 cents; best, 40 cents per pound.

Hotels, saloons, boarding-house keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our

FRENCH BREAKFAST AND DINNER COFFEE,

which we sell at the low price of 30 cents per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

ROASTED (unground), 30c., 35c.; best, 40c. per lb.
GREEN (unroasted), 25c., 30c., 33c.; best, 35c. per lb.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than Thirty Dollars had better send a Post-office Draft or Money with their orders, to save the expense of collections by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary packages for clubs of less than Thirty Dollars.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

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It is as difficult to extinguish a raging fever as a raging fire; but you can prevent a conflagration by rendering your dwelling fire-proof, and you can prevent an attack of fever by invigorating and purifying your "house of clay."

The "outside pressure" upon the constitution and the vital powers at this season is tremendous. Every pore of the millions which cover the surface of the body is a drain upon its substance and its strength. To meet this depletion, to keep up the stamina under such a constant outflow of dissolving flesh, a tonic and invigorant is absolutely necessary, and time, that tries all things, has proved that

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

impart a degree of strength and resistant power to the over-taxed vital forces which is unattainable by any other known means. The effect of this inestimable vegetable preparation is to increase the appetite, accelerate digestion, tone the secretive organs, give firmness to the nerves, purify the blood, cheer the spirits, and, by thus rallying all the forces of the body, enable it to defy the enervating influence of the heat, and pass triumphantly through the trying ordeal of the Summer months. As a safeguard against epidemics, and a preventive of the feebleness, lassitude, and prostration, of which so many thousands complain at this season, it has a national reputation founded on twenty-five years of uninterrupted and unequaled success.

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TESTIMONIALS.

From the New York Independent.

Our readers have probably observed in our paper the advertisement of C. E. Collins & Co.'s Oroide Watches. These gentlemen are manufacturing a watch which they claim to have good time-keeping qualities, and in a case which is ornamental and durable, an almost exact imitation of gold. We have tried one of the watches, and find it a good time-keeper when well regulated. There are a great many persons in all classes of society who can not afford to pay a price of $40 or $60 for a first-class silver watch, nor $125 to $175 for a gold one, yet would like a handsome-looking watch, keeping fair time. The Oroide Watch appears to suit their cases exactly.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: WEST BANGOR, December 3, 1867.
GENTLEMEN,—I have received the watch you sent per the Adams Express, and like it very well. It keeps good time, and is of a handsome appearance. I have disposed of it to a friend of mine, and now wish you to send me one of the same kind. I may be able to get some other orders for you ere long. When you send it, direct it to Havre de Grace, Md., as that is the nearest point for me to get it. Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain, yours, &c., V. D. BEDFORD.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: YORK, PA., December 10, 1867.
DEAR SIRS,—I received the Watch to-day, and I am very much pleased with it. It is in reality more than you advertise. There are five persons who will send for the same watch in a few days. Yours respectfully, JOSEPH ZINKAND.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: OFFICE MERCHANTS' UNION EXPRESS, STURGIS, Dec. 4, 1867.
GENTLEMEN,—Please send me a half dozen Oroide Watches—small, medium, and large sizes. The watch you sent on the 30th of November is all sound, and worth four times its cost. I will sell a great many watches. Please send me samples of your chains. I am going to keep two or three men travelling all the time. Very truly yours, R. H. MINSON.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: GREENWOOD, Nov. 28, 1867.
DEAR SIRS,—Myself and three others wish you to send four of your Imitation Gold Watches, at $15 each, gentlemen's size, and receive payment on delivery. Address Greenwood Farms, Marquette County, Lake Superior, Michigan, by express to Negone, for Michael Lynch, Michael Connal, John Shehen, and Henry Young —all of Greenwood. Your watches stand in great esteem here. Yours, &c., MICHAEL LYNCH.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: FORT HARKER, KANSAS, Nov. 27, 1867.
SIRS,—I wish you to send me a watch. I made quite a spec. on the last watch. I want this watch well finished, for they will sell well. Several of my friends have received watches from you, and they like them very well. Send by the U. S. Express. I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
P.S.—Forward to Ellsworth City, Ks. HENRY A. LEONARD, Bugler, Co. H, 7th U. S. C.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: SALEM, OREGON, December 12, 1867.
GENTS,—I did not reach this place as soon as I expected when I wrote to you from Idaho, but was pleased when I arrived yesterday to find that my order was filled, and the watches in the express office. I like the watches well, especially the large one. My brother will start for New York soon, and will call and see you. Thanking you for your promptness, I remain yours, JOHN T. CROMWELL.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: LA GRANGE, OHIO, January 14, 1868.
SIRS,—I am glad to say that the watch for my friend gave entire satisfaction; and, as he deals in the article, you may expect further orders; and, as we put confidence in you, we will forward the money by mail, having it registered, to save $1 paying expenses back on the money. Hoping you will deal promptly with us, we remain your most obedient servants, JAMES A. RUSSELL, HARRISON CORNELL.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: WEST NEWTON, January 15, 1868.
GENTS,—Please send me, C. O. D., two of your Oroide Watches, gent's watch: want one of them most as plain a case as you have, the other one carved. Also two of your two-dollar chains. Send to Lima, Ally Co., Ohio, by M. U. Express. Respectfully yours, C. M. COFFIN.
P.S.—The Ladies' Watch you sent me was all that I could ask for the money. It keeps good time, and is a splendid article. C. M. COFFIN.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: PORT HENRY, N. Y., January 15, 1868.
Please send me per express two watches, gents' size; and if they prove to be as good as the one you sent me, I think I will want more. D. A. WASSON.

WATCHES, and ROSKOPF'S PATENTED PEOPLE'S WATCH, cased in Swedish silver. The Improved Aluminium Bronze is a metal differing entirely from any ever offered to the public. Its qualities and resemblance to Gold are such that even judges have been deceived. It has seriously occupied the attention of scientific men, and has not only called forth the eulogiums of the press in consequence of its peculiar properties, but has also obtained a Gold Medal at the Paris Exposition. The movements are well finished, perfectly regulated, and as all these goods are manufactured in my own factory, I am enabled to warrant them as excellent time-keepers. Price, from $16 to $22.

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JOHN J. CISCO, Treasurer,
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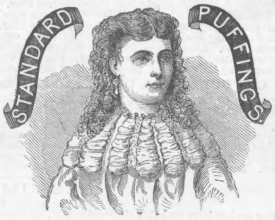

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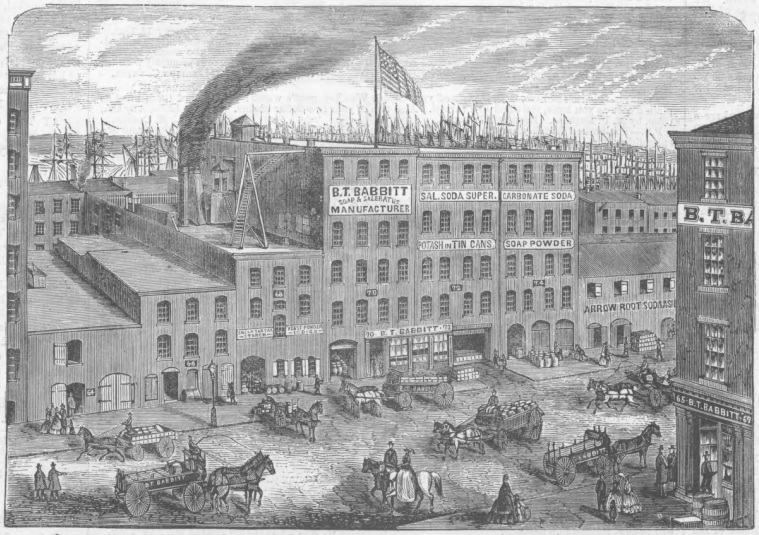
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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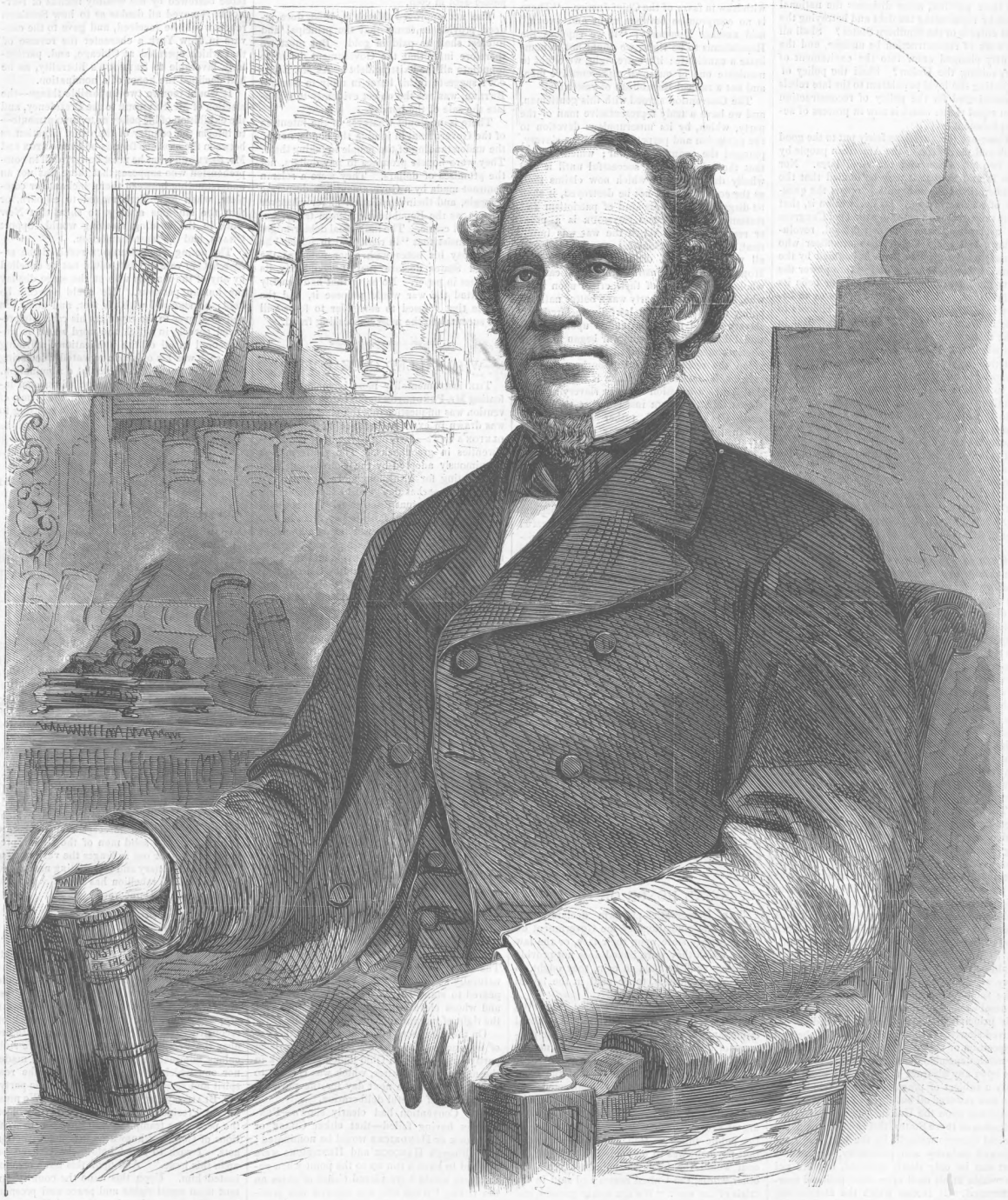

HON. HORATIO SEYMOUR, DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 468.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1868.

THE GREAT ISSUE.

THE Democratic Convention of 1864 declared the war a failure. The loyal people scorned the words and fought on to an unconditional victory. The Democratic Convention of 1868 declares that the war debt shall be repudiated. And their words will be equally spurned by the same honorable people. In 1864 upon a platform of surrender to rebellion the Democrats nominated the conspicuous military failure of the war. In 1868, upon a platform of repudiation, they nominate a pure Copperhead. In 1864 the men who thought it possible to prevent a victory directed the Convention. In 1868 the same men who think there is at least a chance of disgracing the victors controlled it. There is no doubt as to the issues of the campaign. Shall the ex-rebels and their political allies dishonor the national name by repudiating the debt and betraying the loyal citizens of the Southern States? Shall all the work of reconstruction be undone, and the country plunged anew into the excitement of reorganizing the Union? Shall the policy of subjecting the loyal population to the late rebels be substituted for the policy of reconstruction upon equal rights which is now in process of accomplishment?

These are the questions fairly put to the good sense and patriotism of the American people by the two platforms and the candidates. Nor does it matter that it may be denied that the Democratic platform explicitly opens the question of reconstruction. Its declaration is, that "the reconstruction acts (so called) of Congress are usurpations, and unconstitutional, revolutionary, and void." Any man or officer who refuses to acknowledge them is justified by the Democratic platform. Coming into power the party must treat those acts as void or belie its declarations. If it acts as it professes to believe it will set the acts aside. If it chooses to belie its words, it will let them stand. But in what manner is it likely to respect or enforce acts which it denounces as void? If the reconstruction acts are to be overthrown, let the Democratic party come into power. If they are to remain, which will most honorably maintain them—the party which believes in the principle they embody, or that which derides the principle and declares them usurpations, revolutionary, and void?

The attentive and reflective reader will also remark that, according to the Democratic platform, the present situation of the country, if not altogether what might be wished, is wholly due to the Republican party. That men like WADE HAMPTON and N. B. FORREST and General HOKE, and a hundred other rebel officers who sat in the Convention, have directly or indirectly done any thing to disturb the national tranquillity or increase the public debt, is not remotely suggested. But words were feeble in the mouths of the Committee upon Resolutions to describe the enormous offenses of a party which had led the country in its noble and triumphant resistance to the rebellion, whether in the field or in Copperhead councils; which has removed the unspeakable stain from the national character, and which, without a stroke of vengeance, has restored the Union upon the enduring principles of liberty and justice. It has not made WADE HAMPTON and his companions the arbiters of the fate of their loyal neighbors; and the Democratic party, which four years ago clamored for surrender to WADE HAMPTON and FORREST and HOKE, now denounces the party that prevented the surrender, and that honors all loyal men in the land.

The issue of reconstruction raised by the Democratic Convention is precisely that for which ANDREW JOHNSON has been contending; namely, that when the rebellion in arms was overthrown the only national right whatever within the recovered States was the right of prosecuting for treason, and that every State might reorganize itself as it chose. The Republican ground of reconstruction is, that as there was no authority left in any Southern State after the surrender but that of the United States, no step toward civil government could be taken but by their authority, and that they were bound in reorganizing the States to take such measures as emancipation and the general welfare of the country required. Upon this principle the Government proceeded. It moved slowly, for only gradually could the real disposition of the Southern States, upon which so much depended, be ascertained. It did not act upon any abstract theory, for it was peculiarly a subject of practical statesmanship. It has now restored all but three of the States that made war upon the Union. The complete pacification of those States, their adaptation to the radical changes wrought by the war, and their renewed industry and prosperity, are results that can be only slowly attained, but are not attainable at all until after their political reorganization. It is this which the Democratic platform of 1868 denounces as void. It is this which the American people will sustain precisely as they sustained the war, against the declaration of the Democratic platform of 1864 that it was a failure.

THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE.

MR. HORATIO SEYMOUR has written two letters positively declining to be a candidate for the Presidency. In the delegation of the State he formally and pointedly withdrew his name. In the Convention he announced that his personal honor required him to refuse to allow his name to be mentioned. Yet we presume that there was no one familiar with New York politics, or with Mr. SEYMOUR'S public career, who did not know that he was a candidate: and that fact is illustrative of the man.

The nomination is a signal triumph of the New York Managers, as the platform is of the Pendletonians. When it was suggested that Mr. SEYMOUR was not unfavorable to CHASE, an astute observer asked, "Are you quite sure of it?" He, evidently, was not, and he laughed at the excessive greenness of the *Herald* in supposing that Mr. SEYMOUR would seriously withdraw in favor of the Chief Justice. "There is no compromise between right and wrong," said another Democrat; "if we suppose the Republicans to be right, we ought not to nominate a candidate: if we are right, we ought to nominate one of our own representative men, and not a radical Republican of yesterday."

The Convention agreed with this gentleman, and we have a truly representative man of the party, which, by its unscrupulous devotion to the extension and perpetuity of human slavery, plunged the country into war; which insisted that the rebellion was successful until it was wholly defeated, and which now claims that, as the country would not be destroyed, it shall be disgraced. Of this kind of patriotism and statesmanship HORATIO SEYMOUR is a proper representative. When the war was imminent, and the rebel Senators were seceding and all was doubt and darkness and confusion, HORATIO SEYMOUR justified them, and cast the whole responsibility of their crime upon those who, believing that liberty was a better national policy than slavery, had lawfully declared that slavery should not be extended upon the national domain. When the war began this prophetic statesman announced that it would develop the resources of the South and prove ruinous to the North. When it became clear that it was a question between slavery and the Union, Mr. SEYMOUR insisted that the Union must be surrendered rather than slavery. When the agony of the war was extremest Mr. SEYMOUR, then Governor, came to the city of New York, and in a public speech derided the patriotic hopes of the country, and instigated a mob against the Government then engaged in drafting men. He presided at the Convention which urged surrender to the rebellion. Rejected by the people as Governor, he appeared at Democratic Conventions after the final victory of GRANT and the Union army to denounce the party that had sustained the war, and to instill in the public mind the idea that the war debt was a wicked creation of the Republican party, and that the taxation was the result of Republican misrule and not of the rebellion. No word of encouragement to loyal men in the field fighting for their country—no syllable of sympathy with four millions of human beings held in the most hopeless slavery by his countrymen—no declaration of any great, generous, humane principle of public and national action, has ever fallen from the lips of this man, trained from his youth to politics and to public speaking. A plausible politician, an unscrupulous partisan, the obsequious servant of the only aristocratic class in the country, the flatterer of the laboring man, and the stigmatizer of labor, Mr. SEYMOUR is the fit candidate of a party which, in its prime, sought to make of the American Republic a vast slave empire; and in its decadence, still inspired by the spirit of slavery, seeks to perpetuate class hatreds, and to govern the country unjustly.

NATIONAL HONOR OR DISHONOR.

THE Democratic platform declares, that where "the obligations of the Government do not expressly state upon their face, or the law under which they were issued does not provide that they shall be paid in coin, they ought, in right and in justice, to be paid in the lawful money of the United States."

The Republican platform declares, that "We denounce all forms of repudiation as a national crime, and the national honor requires the payment of the public indebtedness in the utmost good faith to all creditors at home and abroad, not only according to the letter but the spirit of the laws under which it was contracted."

Which of these is honorable, and which dishonorable? What was the explicit understanding of every person who invested a dollar in the public funds? Had any body suggested that payment was to be made in any thing but coin would the loans have been taken? In other words, the United States had said in the crisis of the war: "We are sorely pressed, and we must be ruined if we can not get money. If any body will lend us money we will pay him in paper," could the money have been raised?

But it is not a matter of conjecture. In a dark hour Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS, as Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, did propose that the principal and interest of the pending loan should be paid in paper. He was promptly overruled; yet his bare proposition was a serious disaster to the public credit.

Mr. CHASE, Secretary of the Treasury, said distinctly in 1864, that it was the purpose of the Government to pay the Five-Twenties, "like other bonds of the United States, in coin."

Mr. M'CULLOCH, Secretary of the Treasury, said in 1867: "I consider the faith of the Government pledged to pay the Five-Twenty bonds, when they are paid, in coin;" and he speaks of "the express understanding" under which the loan was negotiated.

The authorized Government agents every where urged investment in the bonds, because they were payable in gold.

It has always been the practice of the Government to pay the principal and interest of the public debt in coin.

The act approved March 8, 1863, does indeed provide in terms that the principal and interest shall be paid in gold. But must we therefore infer that the Government meant to repudiate all the existing debt? As Mr. ENDICOTT suggests, in his letter in reply to General BUTLER, was not the object evidently to stimulate the sale of the bonds?

There is no doubt whatever of the intention of the Government in issuing the bonds, nor of the understanding of the people in taking them. They were honest promises to pay dollars, not the promises of dollars. They were a solemn contract made by a Government in a desperate struggle, and their repudiation under whatever form is, as the Republican platform truly says, a national crime. The individual debtor might as well insist that "in right and in justice" he might pay his notes with other notes as the United States declare that it would pay its promises in paper. No party that had heartily supported the war would propose it, and the people that refused to surrender to force will not succumb to the most unblushing fraud.

WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?

THE instrumentality most important in defeating Mr. PENDLETON in the Democratic Convention was unquestionably the platform, which was drawn in exact accordance with Mr. PENDLETON'S views—favoring payment of the Five-Twenties in greenbacks. The platform was unanimously adopted by the Convention, New York voting for it, although Mr. SEYMOUR, in important speeches designed to show his exact position, had demonstrated clearly that it would be a violation of good faith to pay them in that manner. The platform, which was adopted at an early stage of the proceedings, went forth as the sentiment of Mr. PENDLETON, and the Convention was then held in hand by the reins of the New York delegation until public sentiment against the measure had been sufficiently collected. Bondholders universally pronounced against it, the bonds receded in every market, and the conviction became wide-spread that it would be fatal to put upon the platform the candidate to whose views it had been made to conform with careful precision. Investigation into this subject will probably show that this was a part of the deep-laid scheme by which the only eminent opposer of that policy among all the candidates was finally selected for the honor. If Mr. SEYMOUR had intended while making his speeches against repudiation to have the platform constructed in conformity with his views, a contest in the Committee on Resolutions or before the Convention itself would have taken place, and no doubt with success; but as this was not done, and Mr. SEYMOUR was careful to inform the public of his distinct views, it may safely be assumed that it was with no other design than to influence the Convention in his behalf at the vital moment when the unpopularity and danger of the platform should be made to appear, and when from this apparent cause the Convention was about to name as its standard-bearer one of the candidates, CHASE, HENDRICKS, or HANCOCK, with whom the PENDLETON strength had been tried in open contest. The resort on the part of the latter would then naturally be to some one who had stood or appeared to stand aloof from the fierce struggle, and whose elevation would leave to the West the right of naming the candidate in July, 1872.

On the afternoon immediately before the day of nomination this matter had doubtless been partly arranged when Ohio joined New York in the motion of the latter, which was carried, to adjourn over to the next day for the purpose, it was said, of careful deliberation.

The Convention had clearly shown—PENDLETON having failed—that either CHASE or HANCOCK or HENDRICKS would be nominated; and although HANCOCK and HENDRICKS were allowed to have a run up to the point when enthusiasm would have placed either of them on the ticket, CHASE was not allowed this privilege, because the applause had been so vociferous and hearty on the announcement of a vote for him as to show too great danger. The handling of the Convention here was masterly, and as CHASE was the supposed certain nominee of New York, no thought was entertained that the motion to adjourn had been made in the interest of the President of the Convention, but on the contrary that it was dictated by a lofty unselfishness.

SEYMOUR had been overslaughed at Chicago—the social influences there all being against him as was the outside and gallery sentiment—and it was determined that the next Convention should be held at New York, where these influences might be reversed. The invitation to the Southern Democracy to participate was so general as to exclude no one, whatever his position in the war, and was carried out in the spirit of the most generous hospitality. At the grand dinner at the Manhattan Club—paid for in part doubtless out of the appropriation of thirty thousand dollars made by the city for fire-works!—ten, we are told, of the largest salmon were served whole, and it is said over three hundred bottles of Champagne were used. These attentions, not less grateful than were those bestowed by the wealthy friends of SEYMOUR, removed all doubts as to how Southern rebels would be received, and gave to the canvass in New York a character the reverse of that which operated at Chicago, and, particularly favorable to SEYMOUR'S liberality, as he had declined the honor of a nomination.

It would require two impossible things—the election of Mr. SEYMOUR to the Presidency, and the exhibition of his policy as to appointments—to inform the country of the exact situation as between the *quondam* friends of PENDLETON and Mr. SEYMOUR; but he must be very dull in comprehension who supposes that there was not an understanding between them, inchoate or complete, when New York moved to adjourn, or that the studious attempt to show that New York in the ensuing morning would support CHASE, had the least foundation.

The acting when SEYMOUR received the *unexpected* (?) vote of Ohio, could not be excelled by any of the masters who on the stage display the human passions. He could scarcely be held; he stamped with his feet, and doubtless delivered over to the reporters his carefully prepared speech, in which the word *meant* is underscored in all of the publications, affirming that such was his object in repeatedly declaring that he did not intend to accept a nomination. We are also treated to a scene of unusual interest when SEYMOUR, locked in the arms of TILDEN, was observed in tears, still refusing to serve:

"Do, good my lord, the citizens entreat you."
[*Says the West.*]
"Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffered love."
[*Says the well-filled South.*]
"Will you [*says Seymour*] enforce me to a world of cares?
I am not made of stone,
But penetrable to your kind entreaties,
[*Continues to shed tears.*]
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.
Since you *will* buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden whe'r I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load:
But if black scandal or foul-faced reproach
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof;
For God doth know, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this."

The wires had scarcely flashed the news—for such it was—of his nomination over the city, when a vehicle, drawn by eight elegant horses, heralded by a loud bell, was observed, bearing a *well-dried* placard, in large, well-painted letters, announcing that HORATIO SEYMOUR, the favorite son of New York, had been nominated and would be elected to the Presidency!

A more perfect exhibition of manipulation, commencing with the selection of this city as the place for the assembling of the Convention, has never been presented in any country. It stands in powerful contrast with the proceedings of the Republican Convention, which, guided by the wise forecast and deliberate judgment of the solid men of the Union, presented names for our suffrages the very reverse of the revolutionary and repudiating names and doctrines which rebellion has thus put forth in the name of the Democracy.

WHAT GENERAL BLAIR WANTS.

THE country will see in General BLAIR'S letter, published during the Convention, the kind of President which the Democratic party would provide in the event of the removal of the President whom it hopes to elect. General BLAIR proposes to undo by force of arms the work of reconstruction, and "to compel the Senate" to obey the President. A weaker and more ridiculous nomination could not have been made, nor one which reveals more plainly the real spirit and secret hope of the Democratic party. Mr. BLAIR says, on the 30th of June, "We must have a President who will execute the will of the people by trampling into dust the usurpations of Congress known as the reconstruction acts. I wish to stand before the Convention upon this issue." And upon this issue it nominated him. Upon this issue the country, intent upon equal rights and peace and prosperity, will vehemently reject General BLAIR and his civil war.

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AND MR. CHASE—?

On the twenty-first ballot, in a Convention which on the twenty-second nominated one of the most conspicuous Copperheads in the country, Mr. CHASE received four votes, having previously received half a vote in each of five ballots. If he had said and done and written nothing to affect the result; if, honoring his great office and his own character and career, he had been as satisfied with them as the country was gratefully mindful of them, the introduction of his name into a conclave of those who would gladly disgrace a people they could not subdue, would not be an ineradicable stain upon his fame.

But the master passion of the Chief Justice has destroyed the respect and confidence of those who have long honored and followed him. Was it not enough to have been one of the great senatorial chiefs who overthrew the grinding tyranny of slavery—to have been the skillful Secretary of the Treasury during the war—to be, in his prime of life, Chief Justice of the United States? Was it worth while to renounce the respect of the great party that is founding the Government impregnably upon justice and liberty in order to secure four votes in a Convention that was balloting for PENDLETON and ASA PACKER and finally nominated HORATIO SEYMOUR and FRANK BLAIR?

The late political history of the country is full of the most instructive and painful warnings. The three most conspicuous names among the statesmen of the last generation were WEBSTER, CLAY, and SEWARD. They all fixed their hearts upon the Presidency; they were all disappointed, and their disappointment overpowered them. HENRY CLAY pursued the phantom of the Presidency for a generation. The DANIEL WEBSTER of 1820 became the WEBSTER of the 7th of March, 1850. The WILLIAM HENRY SEWARD of the prairie speeches of 1860 became the flatterer of ANDREW JOHNSON for his ribald speech of December 22, 1865. To this melancholy list the name of SALMON P. CHASE is now added.

"Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels."

THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU.

THE Freedmen's Bureau has always been an object of Democratic hatred; but no institution was ever more imperatively necessary, and none has been more useful. Naturally a party which was steadily hostile to the abolition of slavery loudly clamored for the abolition of any system of defense for the emancipated class. But there is no doubt whatever that the war of races which that party has prophesied and encouraged, and which it would gladly have seen begun in the hope of the extermination of a race guilty of a colored skin, has been prevented by no means so powerful as that of the Freedmen's Bureau.

The war left the late slaves free among a population that had always despised them as a servile race, and that now hated them as men who had loved and trusted the Government. The freedmen had the habit of dependence which a severe system of slavery develops. They had no resource, no hope whatever, but their labor, in a region where all the land belonged to the employers, and all the employers were their enemies. The circumstances of their emancipation were a constant exasperation to the late master class that waited only for the moment to reduce them again to some kind of peonage or to actual slavery. The laws in regard to the freedmen, that these masters passed with the support of the President, were infamous. They were spiteful and inhuman. Had there been no friendly and powerful hand ready to interfere, had the slaves freed by the war been left wholly, as the Democratic party and the President desired, to the tender mercies of their late masters, and had some bold leader appeared among them, as undoubtedly he would, they would not have submitted without a desperate struggle to the doom intended for them.

The Freedmen's Bureau was the conscience and common-sense of the country stepping between the hostile parties and saying to them, with irresistible authority, "Peace!" The country had made the slaves free. It recognized them as men. It had seen their unswerving and heroic fidelity to the cause of the Union, knowing it to be that of their recovered liberty. It resolved that the only way to develop manhood is to treat men as men. It therefore stood between the freedmen and starvation and cruel laws, meanwhile giving them arms and schools and civil and political equality, that they might start fair in the common race. Through the quiet force of the Bureau the hostile class at the South has felt the perpetual presence of the will and power of the American people. The Bureau charities of direct relief of food have been shared by all the destitute of every color, and meanwhile its organizing hand has helped to arrange labor upon the new basis, to compose disputes, to accustom the whole population to the new order. Its service in this respect has been incalculable.

It must be remembered that the danger of a bloody disturbance of the settlement of the war in regard to the freedmen has never been upon the side of the late slaves, but of their masters. Despised and outraged as they have been, the anarchical element was not the race that was said to be imbruted and degraded by slavery; it was that which claimed to be the superior and master race. The crimes of the freedmen have been under the circumstances so few as scarcely to be noted. Their industry in labor and their devotion to education have been so striking as to gain perpetual honor. While the late rebels at the South were passing their black-codes intended to restore as much of slavery as possible, and the Copperheads at the North were declaiming about the barbarization and Africanization of the Southern States—as if liberty were more barbarizing than slavery—the freedmen were filling nearly four thousand schools, and themselves supporting more than a thousand of them. Old and young were busily studying; the increase of general intelligence among them has been remarkable; and as General HOWARD says—who, as Chief of the Bureau, and a most sagacious friend of the freedmen, and untiring worker for them, has the best opportunity of knowing—"the hopes of the warmest friends of the freedmen have been more than fulfilled. The future is full of promise for the entire race redeemed from bondage and ignorance."

Except for the Freedmen's Bureau, keeping the peace with intelligence and authority, organizing labor, establishing schools, saving the white population from the consequences of their own ferocity, it is easy to imagine how fearful would have been the condition of the Southern States during the period between the end of the war and the establishment of loyal governments. And now that those States are resuming their old relations in the Union, and for the first time with truly Republican governments, Congress is providing that the Bureau, which was in its nature temporary, shall cease its work. It has taught the freedmen that they are citizens of a government which recognizes their equal manhood. It has taught the late master class that all men have rights which must be respected. Clad in the armed authority of the United States, it has been a true minister of peace; and as the occasion for its service disappears, the Freedmen's Bureau passes into history with that highest crown of praise, the pious gratitude of the poor and unfortunate.

A. H. STEPHENS SPEAKS FOR THE DEMOCRATS.

THE most impudent event in the Democratic Convention was the offering by Mr. WRIGHT, of Delaware, of a series of resolutions from ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, the second civil officer of the late rebellion. This gentleman, although disapproving the particular movement for secession at the time it was made, was one of the most devoted of secessionists. His speech upon retiring from Congress shows as intense a hostility to the Union, unless controlled by the Southern slave power, as any speech of JEFFERSON DAVIS; nor is his later and inhuman boast of a government built upon the most revolting injustice as the corner-stone ever to be forgotten. A subject of the clemency of the government which he had spent his best energies to destroy, Mr. STEPHENS might properly remain profoundly silent at this time. But a convention of those who had sympathized with him and had declared him and his confederates successful was too tempting an opportunity. He was sure of an enthusiastic welcome from an assembly of which WADE HAMPTON, FORREST, VALLANDIGHAM, HORATIO SEYMOUR, and their companions, were members; nor was he disappointed.

Mr. STEPHENS deliberately announced the Southern theory of the Union as the true theory, and repeated the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions by implication. He went on to talk of rescuing the Constitution of the United States—which for four years he has been trying to overthrow—from the hands of those who have maintained it and the national Union which it ordains. He proceeded to dictate to the Democratic party what view of the war it might be permitted to take; and then this man, whose life has been given him by the loyal people of the United States, with shameless and unspeakable effrontery, speaking for the rebel chiefs in the Convention, for JEFFERSON DAVIS and every red-handed murderer of Union men, deliberately declared that "we have neither thanks nor sympathy" for certain classes of loyal soldiers.

That baffled rebels should have no thanks for those who subdued them is not surprising; but that one of them should be suffered to express his hatred in the name of a great party without rebuke, and with loud applause, is sufficiently indicative of the character and sympathy of that party, and illustrative of the spirit of those who represent the late rebels. Impudent as it was, Mr. STEPHENS knew his men. He knew that, accustomed as they were to the haughty dictation of Southern leaders, he might transcend all bounds of honorable decency and be sure of the servile applause of the Democratic delegates. He was not mistaken. The resolutions were read. The Democratic report records that "a lively curiosity was manifested as to what the honored statesman of the Empire State of the South had said, or rather transmitted, to the body." When curiosity was satisfied by the reading admiration was expressed in "spontaneous and spirited applause." The allusion to the Union soldiers, and Mr. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS's censure of some of them, was called an "eloquent and liberal reference." It "produced the liveliest gratification, and aroused the most unexampled enthusiasm."

How grimly WADE HAMPTON, who in his speech a month ago at General LEE's College in Virginia said that "the lost cause" would yet triumph, must have smiled as he heard the view which the companion of JEFFERSON DAVIS chose to take of the war arousing the most unexampled enthusiasm of the Convention! No wonder that this unquailing believer in the final success of the cause for which he fought declared in his speech at the ratification meeting that "we have been inspired by but one single motive, the success of the Democratic party."

THE BONDHOLDING ARISTOCRACY.

THE Democratic platform, and orators, and papers, with the old Democratic policy of exciting the poor against the rich, and "the people" against the Government, not only insist upon paying the debt in paper, but demand what they call one currency for the laborer and the officeholder, the pensioner and the soldier, the producer and the bondholder. This is, of course, intended as "gag," and it is the very poorest kind. It is meant to suggest that there is a lazy and luxurious class of the community, a bloated aristocracy of bondholders, whom the virtuous and toiling "Democracy" are to bring to grief. It is worth while, therefore, to expose this aristocracy and privileged class which is fattening upon the life-blood of the nation. Who are these rascally fellows who are to be made to suffer?

Besides the three or four hundred millions of the bonds held abroad mainly in Germany, they are the investments of savings banks, of fire, marine, and life insurance companies, and of trust estates. As we have before stated, the savings banks in New York hold nearly fifty millions of dollars; in Massachusetts twenty-five millions, in Rhode Island thirteen millions, and so in other States. The Life Insurance Companies in the city of New York invest twenty millions of dollars in these funds; the Marine and Fire Insurance Companies about forty-six millions of dollars. The various Guarantee Companies in New York hold a hundred millions of United States stock. Probably, as a careful estimate in the *Evening Post* showed, at least two-thirds of the funds are owned by such Companies.

Having thus discovered where the money is, let us now inquire who are the proprietors of it—who are these lazy rogues that put money in the savings banks, and snap their fingers at the toiling "masses?" In the State of New York the depositors in the savings banks are nearly five hundred thousand in number, and in Massachusetts more than three hundred thousand. The *Post*, of which we have spoken, had before it a list of the occupations of the principal depositors in one of the savings banks of this State, and we find this body of Sybarites to be composed of persons who are even more laborious than delegates to a Democratic Convention. All the branches of hard-workers are represented in this army. The largest in number are domestic servants; then technical laborers; then seamstresses; 4th, clerks; 5th, tailors; 6th, waiters; and 7th, cartmen. This is the luxurious aristocracy which is to be brought low. These are the useless members of society who, having invested their all in the promises of the United States, are now to find those promises as valuable as brown paper if the Democrats can only persuade the people to repudiate.

It is against this pampered body, against domestics and seamstresses and clerks and waiters and cartmen—it is against the poorest and hardest working members of society that the Democratic Convention raises its cry of repudiation. When these persons invested in the Government bonds the Government told them they were to be paid in gold. "Pay 'em in paper," shout the Democratic leaders. When they took the bonds the Government declared them free from taxation. "Tax 'em roundly," cried the Democratic leaders. "But," plead the poor laborers, "we lent money to save the Government." "Ho! ho!" scream the Democratic chiefs, "didn't we tell the Government four years ago that it couldn't save itself and ought to surrender? If you trusted it you must pay the penalty."

If the people care so little about it that they permit the Democratic chiefs to obtain control of the Government they will pay the penalty, and they will deserve to pay it.

JOHN A. GRISWOLD.

IN the young prime of life, of unspotted character, of proved ability, of conspicuous patriotism, unfettered by cliques, generous, ardent, and persistent, JOHN A. GRISWOLD is the happy choice of the Republicans of New York as their candidate for Governor. Formerly a Democrat, he snapped every mere party tie when "Democrats" excused rebellion and derided the country striving for life. From that moment the country has had no more faithful friend, and liberty and progress no sincerer advocate. When the rebel guns were yet roaring against Sumter, Mr. GRISWOLD led a movement to place a regiment in the field; and when ERICSSON was looking for aid, Mr. GRISWOLD helped him build the *Monitor* just in time to sink the *Merrimac*.

When emancipation was proposed in Congress Mr. GRISWOLD cried Amen, and of every wise measure of reconstruction he has been among the foremost friends. To a certain frank nobility of nature he adds a striking capacity for affairs. Direct and honorable in all his dealings, he has that sound sense which inspires universal confidence. His nomination heals the dissensions which are always developed in a party long in power. His name is unhackneyed in the public mind with mere partisan contests or personal aspirations. It is worthily united with those of GRANT and COLFAX in the great struggle of which New York is to be the arena. It will be with them the rallying cry of all who believe that repudiation is "a crime against the national honor only surpassed by the crime of treason itself," as the resolution of the nominating Convention truly declares.

ELECTIONEERING IN THE SOUTH.

THE illustration upon page 468 is one of the most significant possible. It shows the newly-enfranchised citizens of the United States engaged in the discussion of political questions upon which they are to vote; and however crude the arguments of the orator may be, they can not be more so than those which may be heard every evening in the clubs of the "superior race" in the city of New York. The scene is wholly characteristic. The eager attention of the listeners, and the evidently glib tongue of the speaker, reveal that remarkable adaptability and readiness so observable in the colored race. They take naturally to peaceful and lawful forms; they are naturally eloquent; and instead of scoffing loftily at them as incompetent, their white brethren will find it necessary to bestir themselves, or the "incompetent" class will be the better educated and more successful. Does any man seriously doubt whether it is better for this vast population to be sinking deeper and deeper in ignorance and servility, or rising into general intelligence and self-respect? They can not be pariahs; they can not be peons; they must be slaves or citizens. The policy of enslaving them has produced such results as we have seen; and we are now to see that liberty is truly conservative, and that honesty is the best policy.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEWS ITEMS.

A FATAL disaster occurred on the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad, near Union Mills, July 9, some fiends having thrown the express passenger train off the track in order to rob the passengers. Five persons, three ladies and two children, were killed and several persons were seriously injured. The baggage car was broken open and rifled.

Ex-Governor ORR, of South Carolina, has published an address to the people of the State urging them to accept Governor SCOTT's administration in a just spirit. It would have been wise for them, he says, to have accepted Congressional reconstruction at first, and at present it is folly to expect any relief from the Democratic party on the subject of suffrage.

FOREIGN NEWS.

AUSTRIA, "Catholic Austria," has snubbed the poor Pope most grievously. He lately issued an allocution, or proclamation, or bull, or curse, or something of that sort, denouncing the Austrian Reichsrath, or Imperial Council, for inaugurating measures giving greater religious freedom, and granting protection to all churches in the empire. Baron von Beust, the Prime Minister of Austria, is a good Protestant, and in response to the Pope's allocution he has written a note to his Holiness, in which he plainly tells him that he is meddlesome, and that his allocution is an insult to the independence and dignity of the empire.

The Pope's allocution is a curious document. He speaks of the law of December 21, 1867, as "an odious law," and thus describes it (we copy his own words):

"That law establishes free liberty for all opinions, liberty of the press, of all faith, and no matter what confession or doctrine. It grants to the members of every confession the right of establishing public schools and colleges, and members of every confession are allowed to be admitted on the same footing, with the sanction of the State. Although we felt great grief on being informed of the fact, and wished to raise our voice against it, we nevertheless gave proof of forbearance, and we deemed it advisable then to keep silent, chiefly supported by the hope that the Austrian Government, lending a docile ear to the just complaints of our venerable brethren (the holy prelates of Austria), would return to more wholesome ideas and adopt a sounder determination. But our hopes have been frustrated. In fact the same Government, on the 25th of May of the present year, issued another law, which involves all the subjects, even the Catholic ones of the empire, deciding that sons born of a mixed marriage shall follow the religion of the father and the daughter that of the mother, and that under seven years of age they must follow in the stray path of their parents from the true faith.

"By this law this same Government has also promulgated a law on education which suppresses all the influence of the Church over education, decreeing that the whole superior supervision of education, literature, and science, as also the inspection of schools, appertains to the State, which finally decrees that religious teaching in the public schools must be placed in the hands of members of each separate confession; that any religious society may open private or special schools for the youth of its faith; that these schools shall also be subject to the supreme inspection of the State, and that the school-books shall be submitted to the approval of the civil authorities, with the exception, however, of such books as are meanwhile in use, books which religious instruction, books which emanate from authorities of each confession, to the approval of the [illegible]

Civil marriage in any form appears to be very odious [illegible] to the Papacy.

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THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATES.

UPON the twenty-second ballot the New York Democratic Convention unanimously nominated HORATIO SEYMOUR for President. His name had been brought forward upon the fourth ballot, when he received 9 votes, and was then withdrawn on account of his refusal to accept the nomination. It seems to have been agreed upon between Governor SEYMOUR and his friends that his name should not be brought forward until the PENDLETON faction should declare a surrender. PENDLETON stood far ahead of all competitors on Tuesday. On Wednesday he steadily declined, being out-distanced by both HANCOCK and HENDRICKS, the former, upon the eighteenth ballot, receiving 144½ votes, and the latter, 87, while PENDLETON had declined to 56. If the balloting had continued HANCOCK would have undoubtedly been the choice of the Convention. On this account the PENDLETON and SEYMOUR men forced an adjournment; and when the Convention met again on Thursday, SEYMOUR'S nomination was a foregone conclusion. Before the balloting commenced, Mr. VALLANDIGHAM—who had given the finishing blow to the Democratic Platform of 1864 by the insertion of the resolution declaring the war a failure—rose, and in a few words settled the business of this Convention. He read a letter from Mr. PENDLETON, authorizing the withdrawal of his name whenever it should seem desirable. That time had now come. If the letter had been read on the previous afternoon—as it might have been—it would have given HANCOCK a decisive advantage. Presented at this time, it was the first step in the SEYMOUR intrigue. Upon the nineteenth, twentieth, and twenty-first ballot HANCOCK and HENDRICKS nearly divided the Convention. Then the time came for the second and final stage of the adroit intriguers. When Ohio was called, on the twenty-second ballot, Mr. M'COOK threw the 21 votes of that State for SEYMOUR. New York followed, then Wisconsin; and then all the other States changed their votes, and the nomination of SEYMOUR was unanimous.

Thus by the intrigue of SEYMOUR'S friends, to which he, while saying he would ne'er consent, consented, the three only available candidates —CHASE, HENDRICKS, and HANCOCK — were thrown overboard. The Convention united upon SEYMOUR; but he is the rock upon which the Democratic party will split in the election.

HORATIO SEYMOUR was born in Pompey, Onondaga County, New York, in 1811. He is descended from RICHARD SEYMOUR, one of the early settlers of Hartford, Connecticut, and is a nephew of Senator SEYMOUR, of Vermont. He was liberally educated, and adopted the legal profession. In the fall of 1841 he was elected to the Assembly, where he sat until 1845, when he was elected Speaker. In 1850 he was nominated for Governor against WASHINGTON HUNT, and was defeated by 262 votes. In the next gubernatorial contest he was elected. His principal official act was his veto of the Maine Liquor Law. In 1854 he was again nominated, but was defeated, though the opposition was divided up between three candidates. In 1862 he was again elected Governor, but was defeated by FENTON in 1864.

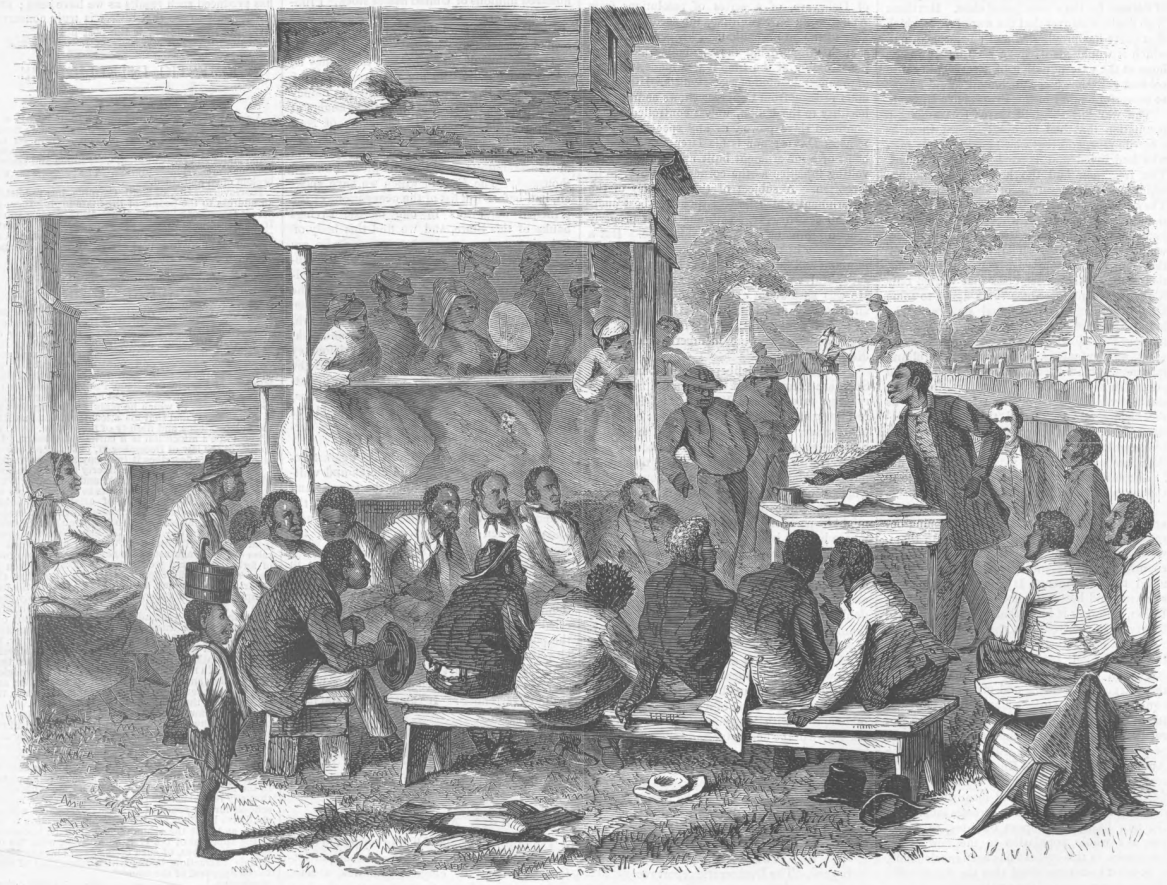
GEN. F. P. BLAIR, DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES. [PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

Mr. SEYMOUR has always been a Democrat. He has never held any official position outside of his own State, and even there he has in all elections fallen behind his ticket. The only national reputation which he has arises from his opposition to the war. No weaker candidate, not even excepting PENDLETON, could have been nominated by the Convention.

Nor is the nomination of FRANCIS P. BLAIR, Jun., for Vice-President, any more auspicious for the Democratic party. He was nominated for three reasons: 1st, because he was a soldier, and a war-man was necessary to balance SEYMOUR'S anti-war record; 2d, because he was a Western man; and 3d, because of his recent revolutionary letter to Mr. BROADHEAD. Sedition is the *forte* of the Democratic party. SEYMOUR raised a mob, and FRANK BLAIR threatens revolution. This is the Democratic platform.

FRANCIS P. BLAIR, Jun., was born at Lexington, Kentucky, February 19, 1821, was educated at Princeton College, New Jersey, and, removing to St. Louis, adopted the profession of the law. He entered upon political life as an advocate of emancipation. In 1848 he sustained VAN BUREN and the Free-Soil party, opposing the extension of slavery into the Territories, and advocating its abolition in Missouri. As an Abolitionist he was elected in 1852 to the Missouri Legislature, and was re-elected in 1854. In 1856 he was returned to Congress, where he remained till the outbreak of the rebellion. He had been in the Mexican War, and in 1861 entered the Union Army as a Colonel of Volunteers, being soon after appointed Brigadier-General. In May, 1863, he commanded a division of M'PHERSON'S Corps, and was before the close of the year appointed Major-General, when he resigned his seat in the Thirty-eighth Congress. When M'PHERSON in 1864 was made commander of the Army of the Tennessee, he was succeeded by General BLAIR in the command of his corps. This command he held until the close of the war, attending SHERMAN in his marches from Atlanta to Goldsborough. He was a brave soldier, although he now seems to be sorry on that account, and willing to surrender the results of the national victory. In 1866 he was appointed by President JOHNSON Collector of the Port of St. Louis. His political record is marked with the inconsistency which has characterized the whole BLAIR family, and he is now a nominee of the party which steadily reviled him throughout the war.

Such are the Democratic candidates; and if any thing were necessary to secure the election of GRANT and COLFAX next November, their nomination has supplied it.



ELECTIONEERING AT THE SOUTH.—SKETCHED BY W. L. SHEPPARD.—[SEE PAGE 467.]

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THE MOONSTONE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

Printed from the Author's Manuscript.

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.

The Journal of Ezra Jennings (Concluded).

THE first and foremost question, is the question of Mr. Blake's health.

So far as it is possible for me to judge, he promises (physically speaking) to be quite as susceptible to the action of the opium to-night as he was at this time last year. He is, this afternoon, in a state of nervous sensitiveness which just stops short of nervous irritation. He changes color readily; his hand is not quite steady; and he starts at chance noises, and at unexpected appearances of persons and things.

These results have all been produced by deprivation of sleep, which is in its turn the nervous consequence of a sudden cessation in the habit of smoking, after that habit has been carried to an extreme. Here are the same causes at work again, which operated last year; and here are, apparently, the same effects. Will the parallel still hold good, when the final test has been tried? The events of the night must decide.

While I write these lines, Mr. Blake is amusing himself at the billiard-table in the inner hall, practicing different strokes in the game, as he was accustomed to practice them when he was a guest in this house in June last. I have brought my journal here, partly with a view to occupying the idle hours which I am sure to have on my hands between this and to-morrow morning; partly in the hope that something may happen which it may be worth my while to place on record at the time.

Have I omitted any thing, thus far? A glance at yesterday's entry shows me that I have forgotten to note the arrival of the morning's post. Let me set this right, before I close these leaves for the present and join Mr. Blake.

I received a few lines then, yesterday, from Miss Verinder. She has arranged to travel by the afternoon train, as I recommended. Mrs. Merridew has insisted on accompanying her. The note hints that the old lady's generally excellent temper is a little ruffled, and requests all due indulgence for her, in consideration of her age and her habits. I will endeavor, in my relations with Mrs. Merridew, to emulate the moderation which Betteredge displays in his relations with me. He received us to-day, portentously arrayed in his best black suit, and his stiffest white cravat. Whenever he looks my way, he remembers that I have not read Robinson Crusoe since I was a child, and he respectfully pities me.

Yesterday, also, Mr. Blake had the lawyer's answer. Mr. Bruff accepts the invitation—under protest. It is, he thinks, clearly necessary that a gentleman possessed of the average allowance of common-sense, should accompany Miss Verinder to the scene of, what he will venture to call, the proposed exhibition. For want of a better escort, Mr. Bruff himself will be that gentleman.—So here is poor Miss Verinder provided with two "chaperons." It is a relief to think that the opinion of the world must surely be satisfied with this!

Nothing has been heard of Sergeant Cuff. He is no doubt still in Ireland. We must not expect to see him to-night.

Betteredge has just come in, to say that Mr. Blake has asked for me. I must lay down my pen for the present.

* * * * * *

Seven o'clock.—We have been all over the refurnished rooms and staircases again; and we have had a pleasant stroll in the shrubbery which was Mr. Blake's favorite walk when he was here last. In this way, I hope to revive the old impressions of places and things as vividly as possible in his mind.

We are now going to dine, exactly at the hour at which the birthday dinner was given last year. My object, of course, is a purely medical one in this case. The laudanum must find the process of digestion, as nearly as may be, where the laudanum found it last year.

At a reasonable time after dinner, I propose to lead the conversation back again—as inartificially as I can—to the subject of the Diamond, and of the Indian conspiracy to steal it. When I have filled his mind with these topics, I shall have done all that it is in my power to do, before the time comes for giving him the second dose.

* * * * * *

Half past eight.—I have only this moment found an opportunity of attending to the most important duty of all; the duty of looking in the family medicine-chest, for the laudanum which Mr. Candy used last year.

Ten minutes since I caught Betteredge at an unoccupied moment, and told him what I wanted. Without a word of objection, without so much as an attempt to produce his pocket-book, he led the way (making allowances for me at every step) to the store-room in which the medicine-chest was kept.

I found the bottle, carefully guarded by a glass stopper tied over with leather. The preparation of opium which it contained was, as I had anticipated, the common Tincture of laudanum. Finding the bottle still well filled, I have resolved to use it in preference to employing either of the two preparations with which I had taken care to provide myself, in case of emergency.

The question of the quantity which I am to administer presents certain difficulties. I have thought it over, and have decided on increasing the dose.

My notes inform me that Mr. Candy only administered twenty-five minims. This is a small dose to have produced the results which followed—even in the case of a person so sensitive as Mr. Blake. I think it highly probable that Mr. Candy gave more than he supposed himself to have given—knowing, as I do, that he has a keen relish of the pleasures of the table, and that he measured out the laudanum on the birthday, after dinner. In any case, I shall run the risk of enlarging the dose to forty minims. On this occasion Mr. Blake knows beforehand that he is going to take the laudanum—which is equivalent, physiologically speaking, to his having (unconsciously to himself) a certain capacity in him to resist the effects. If my view is right a larger quantity is therefore imperatively required this time to repeat the results which the smaller quantity produced last year.

* * * * * *

Ten o'clock.—The witnesses, or the company (which shall I call them?), reached the house an hour since.

A little before nine o'clock I prevailed on Mr. Blake to accompany me to his bedroom; stating, as a reason, that I wished him to look round it, for the last time, in order to make quite sure that nothing had been forgotten in the refurnishing of the room. I had previously arranged with Betteredge that the bedchamber prepared for Mr. Bruff should be the next room to Mr. Blake's, and that I should be informed of the lawyer's arrival by a knock at the door. Five minutes after the clock in the hall had struck nine I heard the knock; and, going out immediately, met Mr. Bruff in the corridor.

My personal appearance (as usual) told against me. Mr. Bruff's distrust looked at me plainly enough out of Mr. Bruff's eyes. Being well used to producing this effect on strangers I did not hesitate a moment in saying what I wanted to say before the lawyer found his way into Mr. Blake's room.

"You have traveled here, I believe, in company with Mrs. Merridew and Miss Verinder?" I said.

"Yes," answered Mr. Bruff, as dryly as might be.

"Miss Verinder has probably told you that I wish her presence in the house (and Mrs. Merridew's presence of course) to be kept a secret from Mr. Blake until my experiment on him has been tried first?"

"I know that I am to hold my tongue, Sir!" said Mr. Bruff, impatiently. "Being habitually silent on the subject of human folly, I am all the readier to keep my lips closed on this occasion. Does that satisfy you?"

I bowed, and left Betteredge to show him to his room. Betteredge gave me one look at parting which said, as if in so many words, "You have caught a Tartar, Mr. Jennings—and the name of him is Bruff."

It was next necessary to get the meeting over with the two ladies. I descended the stairs—a little nervously, I confess—on my way to Miss Verinder's sitting-room.

The gardener's wife (charged with looking after the accommodation of the ladies) met me in the first-floor corridor. This excellent woman treats me with an excessive civility which is plainly the offspring of downright terror. She stares, trembles, and courtesies whenever I speak to her. On my asking for Miss Verinder she stared, trembled, and would no doubt have courtesied next, if Miss Verinder herself had not cut that ceremony short by suddenly opening her sitting-room door.

"Is that Mr. Jennings?" she asked.

Before I could answer she came out eagerly to speak to me in the corridor. We met under the light of a lamp on a bracket. At the first sight of me Miss Verinder stopped and hesitated. She recovered herself instantly, colored for a moment, and then, with a charming frankness, offered me her hand.

"I can't treat you like a stranger, Mr. Jennings," she said. "Oh, if you only knew how happy your letters have made me!"

She looked at my ugly wrinkled face with a bright gratitude so new to me in *my* experience of my fellow-creatures that I was at a loss how to answer her. Nothing had prepared me for her kindness and her beauty. The misery of many years has not hardened my heart, thank God. I was as awkward and as shy with her as if I had been a lad in my teens.

"Where is he now?" she asked, giving free expression to her one dominant interest—the interest in Mr. Blake. "What is he doing? Has he spoken of me? Is he in good spirits? How does he bear the sight of the house after what happened in it last year? When are you going to give him the laudanum? May I see you pour it out? I am so interested; I am so excited—I have ten thousand things to say to you, and they all crowd together so that I don't know what to say first. Do you wonder at the interest I take in this?"

"No," I said. "I venture to think that I thoroughly understand it."

She was far above the paltry affectation of being confused. She answered me as she might have answered a brother or a father.

"You have relieved me of indescribable wretchedness; you have given me a new life. How can I be ungrateful enough to have any concealments from *you?* I love him," she said, simply; "I have loved him from first to last—even when I was wronging him in my own thoughts; even when I was saying the hardest and the cruelest words to him. Is there any excuse for me in that? I hope there is—I am afraid it is the only excuse I have. When to-morrow comes, and he knows that I am in the house, do you think—?"

She stopped again, and looked at me very earnestly.

"When to-morrow comes," I said, "I think you have only to tell him what you have just told me."

Her face brightened; she came a step nearer to me. Her fingers trifled nervously with a flower which I had picked in the garden, and which I had put into the button-hole of my coat.

"You have seen a great deal of him lately," she said. "Have you really and truly seen *that?*"

"Really and truly," I answered. "I am quite certain of what will happen to-morrow. I wish I could feel as certain of what will happen to-night."

At that point in the conversation we were interrupted by the appearance of Betteredge with the tea-tray. He gave me another significant look as he passed on into the sitting-room. "Ay! ay! make your hay while the sun shines. The Tartar's up stairs, Mr. Jennings—the Tartar's up stairs!"

We followed him into the room. A little old lady, in a corner, very nicely dressed, and very deeply absorbed over a smart piece of embroidery, dropped her work in her lap, and uttered a faint little scream at the first sight of my gipsy complexion and my piebald hair.

"Mrs. Merridew," said Miss Verinder, "this is Mr. Jennings."

"I beg Mr. Jennings's pardon," said the old lady, looking at Miss Verinder, and speaking at *me*. "Railway traveling always makes me nervous. I am endeavoring to quiet my mind by occupying myself as usual. I don't know whether my embroidery is out of place, on this extraordinary occasion. If it interferes with Mr. Jennings's medical views, I shall be happy to put it away of course."

I hastened to sanction the presence of the embroidery, exactly as I had sanctioned the absence of the burst buzzard and the Cupid's wing. Mrs. Merridew made an effort—a grateful effort—to look at my hair. No! it was not to be done. Mrs. Merridew looked back again at Miss Verinder.

"If Mr. Jennings will permit me," pursued the old lady, "I should like to ask a favor. Mr. Jennings is about to try a scientific experiment to-night. I used to attend scientific experiments when I was a girl at school. They invariably ended in an explosion. If Mr. Jennings will be so very kind, I should like to be warned of the explosion this time. With a view to getting it over, if possible, before I go to bed."

I attempted to assure Mrs. Merridew that an explosion was not included in the programme on this occasion.

"No," said the old lady. "I am much obliged to Mr. Jennings—I am aware that he is only deceiving me for my own good. I prefer plain dealing. I am quite resigned to the explosion—but I *do* want to get it over, if possible, before I go to bed."

Here the door opened, and Mrs. Merridew uttered another little scream. The advent of the explosion? No: only the advent of Betteredge.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Jennings," said Betteredge, in his most elaborately confidential manner. "Mr. Franklin wishes to know where you are. Being under your orders to deceive him, in respect to the presence of my young lady in the house, I have said I don't know. That you will please to observe was a lie. Having one foot already in the grave, Sir, the fewer lies you expect me to tell the more I shall be indebted to you, when my conscience pricks me and my time comes."

There was not a moment to be wasted on the purely speculative question of Betteredge's conscience. Mr. Blake might make his appearance in search of me, unless I went to him at once in his own room. Miss Verinder followed me out into the corridor.

"They seem to be in a conspiracy to persecute you," she said. "What does it mean?"

"Only the protest of the world, Miss Verinder—on a very small scale—against any thing that is new."

"What are we to do with Mrs. Merridew?"

"LET ME POUR OUT THE WATER," SHE WHISPERED.

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"Tell her the explosion will take place at nine to-morrow morning."

"So as to send her to bed?"

"Yes—so as to send her to bed."

Miss Verinder went back to the sitting-room, and I went up stairs to Mr. Blake.

To my surprise, I found him alone; restlessly pacing his room, and a little irritated at being left by himself.

"Where is Mr. Bruff?" I asked.

He pointed to the closed door of communication between the two rooms. Mr. Bruff had looked in on him, for a moment; had attempted to renew his protest against our proceedings; and had once more failed to produce the smallest impression on Mr. Blake. Upon this, the lawyer had taken refuge in a black leather bag, filled to bursting with professional papers. "The serious business of life," he admitted, "was sadly out of place on such an occasion as the present. But the serious business of life must be carried on for all that. Mr. Blake would perhaps kindly make allowance for the old-fashioned habits of a practical man. Time was money—and, as for Mr. Jennings, he might depend on it that Mr. Bruff would be forthcoming when called upon." With that apology the lawyer had gone back to his own room, and had immersed himself obstinately in his black bag.

I thought of Mrs. Merridew and her embroidery, and of Betteredge and his conscience. There is a wonderful sameness in the solid side of the English character—just as there is a wonderful sameness in the solid expression of the English face.

"When are you going to give me the laudanum?" asked Mr. Blake, impatiently.

"You must wait a little longer," I said. "I will stay and keep you company till the time comes."

It was not then ten o'clock. Inquiries which I had made, at various times, of Betteredge and Mr. Blake, had led me to the conclusion that the dose of laudanum given by Mr. Candy could not possibly have been administered before eleven. I had accordingly determined not to try the second dose until that time.

We talked a little; but both our minds were preoccupied by the coming ordeal. The conversation soon flagged—then dropped altogether. Mr. Blake idly turned over the books on his bedroom table. I had taken the precaution of looking at them, when we first entered the room. The Guardian; The Tatler; Richardson's Pamela; Mackenzie's Man of Feeling; Roscoe's Lorenzo de' Medici; and Robertson's Charles the Fifth—all classical works; all (of course) immeasurably superior to any thing produced in later times; and all (from my present point of view) possessing the one great merit of enchaining nobody's interest, and exciting nobody's brain. I left Mr. Blake to the composing influence of Standard Literature, and occupied myself in making this entry in my journal.

My watch informs me that it is close on eleven o'clock. I must shut up these leaves once more.

* * * * * *

Two o'clock A.M.—The experiment has been tried. With what result I am now to describe.

At eleven o'clock I rang the bell for Betteredge, and told Mr. Blake that he might at last prepare himself for bed.

I looked out of window at the night. It was mild and rainy, resembling, in this respect, the night of the birthday—the twenty-first of June, last year. Without professing to believe in omens, it was at least encouraging to find no direct nervous influences—no stormy or electric perturbations—in the atmosphere. Betteredge joined me at the window, and mysteriously put a little slip of paper into my hand. It contained these lines:

"Mrs. Merridew has gone to bed, on the distinct understanding that the explosion is to take place at nine to-morrow morning, and that I am not to stir out of this part of the house until she comes and sets me free. She has no idea that the chief scene of the experiment is my sitting-room—or she would have remained in it for the whole night! I am alone, and very anxious. Pray let me see you measure out the laudanum; I want to have something to do with it, even in the unimportant character of a mere looker-on.

"R. V."

I followed Betteredge out of the room, and told him to remove the medicine-chest into Miss Verinder's sitting-room.

The order appeared to take him completely by surprise. He looked as if he suspected me of some occult medical design on Miss Verinder! "Might I presume to ask," he said, "what my young lady and the medicine-chest have got to do with each other?"

"Stay in the sitting-room, and you will see."

Betteredge appeared to doubt his own unaided capacity to superintend me effectually on an occasion when a medicine-chest was included in the proceedings.

"Is there any objection, Sir," he asked, "to taking Mr. Bruff into this part of the business?"

"Quite the contrary! I am now going to ask Mr. Bruff to accompany me down stairs."

Betteredge withdrew to fetch the medicine-chest without another word. I went back into Mr. Blake's room, and knocked at the door of communication. Mr. Bruff opened it, with his papers in his hand—immersed in Law, impenetrable to Medicine.

"I am sorry to disturb you," I said. "But I am going to prepare the laudanum for Mr. Blake; and I must request you to be present, and to see what I do."

"Yes?" said Mr. Bruff, with nine-tenths of his attention riveted on his papers, and with one-tenth unwillingly accorded to me. "Any thing else?"

"I must trouble you to return here with me, and to see me administer the dose."

"Any thing else?"

"One thing more. I must put you to the inconvenience of remaining in Mr. Blake's room, and of waiting to see what happens."

"Oh, very good!" said Mr. Bruff. "My room or Mr. Blake's room—it doesn't matter which; I can go on with my papers any where. Unless you object, Mr. Jennings, to my importing *that* amount of common-sense into the proceedings?"

Before I could answer Mr. Blake addressed himself to the lawyer, speaking from his bed.

"Do you really mean to say that you don't feel any interest in what you are going to do?" he asked. "Mr. Bruff you have no more imagination than a cow!"

"A cow is a very useful animal, Mr. Blake," said the lawyer. With that reply he followed me out of the room, still keeping his papers in his hand.

We found Miss Verinder, pale and agitated, restlessly pacing her sitting-room from end to end. At a table in a corner stood Betteredge, on guard over the medicine-chest. Mr. Bruff sat down on the first chair that he could find, and (emulating the usefulness of the cow) plunged back again into his papers on the spot.

Miss Verinder drew me aside, and reverted instantly to her one all-absorbing interest—the interest in Mr. Blake.

"How is he now?" she asked. "Is he nervous? is he out of temper? Do you think it will succeed? Are you sure it will do no harm?"

"Quite sure. Come and see me measure it out."

"One moment! It is past eleven now. How long will it be before any thing happens?"

"It is not easy to say. An hour perhaps."

"I suppose the room must be dark, as it was last year?"

"Certainly."

"I shall wait in my bedroom—just as I did before. I shall keep the door a little way open. It was a little way open last year. I will watch the sitting-room door; and the moment it moves I will blow out my light. It all happened in that way on my birthday night. And it must all happen again in the same way, mustn't it?"

"Are you sure you can control yourself, Miss Verinder?"

"In *his* interests I can do any thing!" she answered, fervently.

One look at her face told me that I could trust her. I addressed myself again to Mr. Bruff.

"I must trouble you to put your papers aside for a moment," I said.

"Oh, certainly!" He got up with a start—as if I had disturbed him at a particularly interesting place—and followed me to the medicine-chest. There, deprived of the breathless excitement incidental to the practice of his profession, he looked at Betteredge, and yawned wearily.

Miss Verinder joined me with a glass jug of cold water, which she had taken from a side-table. "Let me pour out the water," she whispered. "I *must* have a hand in it!"

I measured out the forty minims from the bottle, and poured the laudanum into a medicine-glass. "Fill it till it is three parts full," I said, and handed the glass to Miss Verinder. I then directed Betteredge to lock up the medicine-chest; informing him that I had done with it now. A look of unutterable relief overspread the old servant's countenance. He had evidently suspected me of a medical design on his young lady!

After adding the water as I had directed, Miss Verinder seized a moment—while Betteredge was locking the chest, and while Mr. Bruff was looking back at his papers—and slily kissed the rim of the medicine-glass. "When you give it to him," whispered the charming girl, "give it to him on that side!"

I took the piece of crystal which was to represent the Diamond from my pocket and gave it to her.

"You must have a hand in this, too," I said. "You must put it where you put the Moonstone last year."

She led the way to the Indian cabinet, and put the mock Diamond into the drawer which the real Diamond occupied on the birthday night. Mr. Bruff witnessed this proceeding, under protest, as he had witnessed every thing else. But the strong dramatic interest which the experiment was now assuming proved (to my great amusement) to be too much for Betteredge's capacity of self-restraint. His hand trembled as he held the candle, and he whispered, anxiously, "Are you sure, Miss, it's the right drawer?"

I led the way out again, with the laudanum and water in my hand. At the door I stopped to address a last word to Miss Verinder.

"Don't be long in putting out the lights," I said.

"I will put them out at once," she answered. "And I will wait in my bedroom, with only one candle alight."

She closed the sitting-room door behind us. Followed by Mr. Bruff and Betteredge, I went back to Mr. Blake's room.

We found him moving restlessly from side to side of the bed, and wondering irritably whether he was to have the laudanum that night. In the presence of the two witnesses I gave him the dose, and shook up his pillows, and told him to lie down again quietly and wait.

His bed, provided with light chintz curtains, was placed, with the head against the wall of the room, so as to leave a good open space on either side of it. On one side I drew the curtains completely—and in the part of the room thus screened from his view I placed Mr. Bruff and Betteredge to wait for the result. At the bottom of the bed I half drew the curtains—and placed my own chair at a little distance, so that I might let him see me or not see me, speak to me or not speak to me, just as the circumstances might direct. Having already been informed that he always slept with a light in the room I placed one of the two lighted candles on a little table at the head of the bed, where the glare of the light would not strike on his eyes. The other candle I gave to Mr. Bruff; the light, in this instance, being subdued by the screen of the chintz curtains. The window was open at the top so as to ventilate the room. The rain fell softly, the house was quiet. It was twenty minutes past eleven, by my watch, when the preparations were completed, and I took my place on the chair set apart at the bottom of the bed.

Mr. Bruff resumed his papers, with every appearance of being as deeply interested in them as ever. But looking toward him now I saw certain signs and tokens which told me that the Law was beginning to lose its hold on him at last. The suspended interest of the situation in which we were now placed was slowly asserting its influence even on *his* unimaginative mind. As for Betteredge consistency of principle and dignity of conduct had become, in his case, mere empty words. He forgot that I was performing a conjuring trick on Mr. Franklin Blake; he forgot that I had upset the house from top to bottom; he forgot that I had not read Robinson Crusoe since I was a child. "For the Lord's sake, Sir," he whispered to me, "tell us when it will begin to work."

"Not before midnight," I whispered back. "Say nothing and sit still."

Betteredge dropped to the lowest depth of familiarity with me, without a struggle to save himself. He answered me by a wink!

Looking next toward Mr. Blake I found him as restless as ever in his bed; fretfully wondering why the influence of the laudanum had not begun to assert itself yet. To tell him, in his present humor, that the more he fidgeted and wondered the longer he would delay the result for which we were now waiting would have been simply useless. The wiser course to take was to dismiss the idea of the opium from his mind by leading him insensibly to think of something else.

With this view I encouraged him to talk to me, contriving so to direct the conversation, on my side, as to lead him back again to the subject which had engaged us earlier in the evening—the subject of the Diamond. I took care to revert to those portions of the story of the Moonstone which related to the transport of it from London to Yorkshire; to the risk which Mr. Blake had run in removing it from the bank at Frizinghall; and to the unexpected appearance of the Indians at the house on the evening of the birthday. And I purposely assumed, in referring to these events, to have misunderstood much of what Mr. Blake himself had told me a few hours since. In this way I set him talking on the subject with which it was now vitally important to fill his mind—without allowing him to suspect that I was making him talk for a purpose. Little by little he became so interested in putting me right that he forgot to fidget in the bed. His mind was far away from the question of the opium at the all-important time when his eyes first told me that the opium was beginning to lay its hold on his brain.

I looked at my watch. It wanted five minutes to twelve when the premonitory symptoms of the working of the laudanum first showed themselves to me.

At this time no unpracticed eye would have detected any change in him. But, as the minutes of the new morning wore away, the swiftly-subtle progress of the influence began to show itself more plainly. The sublime intoxication of opium gleamed in his eyes; the dew of a stealthy perspiration began to glisten on his face. In five minutes more the talk which he still kept up with me failed in coherence. He held steadily to the subject of the Diamond; but he ceased to complete his sentences. A little later the sentences dropped to single words. Then there was an interval of silence. Then he sat up in bed. Then, still busy with the subject of the Diamond, he began to talk again—not to me, but to himself. That change told me that the first stage in the experiment was reached. The stimulant influence of the opium had got him.

The time, now, was twenty-three minutes past twelve. The next half hour, at most, would decide the question of whether he would, or would not, get up from his bed, and leave the room.

In the breathless interest of watching him—in the unutterable triumph of seeing the first result of the experiment declare itself in the manner, and nearly at the time, which I had anticipated—I had utterly forgotten the two companions of my night vigil. Looking toward them now, I saw the Law (as represented by Mr. Bruff's papers) lying unheeded on the floor. Mr. Bruff himself was looking eagerly through a crevice left in the imperfectly-drawn curtains of the bed. And Betteredge, oblivious of all respect for social distinctions, was peeping over Mr. Bruff's shoulder.

They both started back, on finding that I was looking at them, like two boys caught out by their schoolmaster in a fault. I signed to them to take off their boots quietly, as I was taking off mine. If Mr. Blake gave us the chance of following him, it was vitally necessary to follow him without noise.

Ten minutes passed—and nothing happened. Then, he suddenly threw the bed-clothes off him. He put one leg out of bed. He waited.

"I wish I had never taken it out of the bank," he said to himself. "It was safe in the bank."

My heart throbbed fast; the pulses at my temples beat furiously. The doubt about the safety of the Diamond was, once more, the dominant impression in his brain! On that one pivot the whole success of the experiment turned. The prospect thus suddenly opened before me, was too much for my shattered nerves. I was obliged to look away from him—or I should have lost my self-control.

There was another interval of silence.

When I could trust myself to look back at him he was out of his bed, standing erect at the side of it. The pupils of his eyes were now contracted; his eyeballs gleamed in the light of the candle as he moved his head slowly to and fro. He was thinking; he was doubting—he spoke again.

"How do I know?" he said. "The Indians may be hidden in the house."

He stopped, and walked slowly to the other end of the room. He turned—waited—came back to the bed.

"It's not even locked up," he went on. "It's in the drawer of her cabinet. And the drawer doesn't lock."

He sat down on the side of the bed. "Any body might take it," he said.

He rose again restlessly, and reiterated his first words.

"How do I know? The Indians may be hidden in the house."

He waited again. I drew back behind the half curtain of the bed. He looked about the room, with the vacant glitter in his eyes. It was a breathless moment. There was a pause of some sort. A pause in the action of the opium? a pause in the action of the brain? Who could tell? Every thing depended, now, on what he did next.

He laid himself down again on the bed!

A horrible doubt crossed my mind. Was it possible that the sedative action of the opium was making itself felt already? It was not in my experience that it should do this. But what is experience where opium is concerned? There are probably no two men in existence on whom the drug acts in exactly the same manner. Was some constitutional peculiarity in him, feeling the influence in some new way? Were we to fail, on the very brink of success?

No! He got up again abruptly. "How the devil am I to sleep," he said, "with *this* on my mind?"

He looked at the light, burning on the table at the head of his bed. After a moment he took the candle in his hand.

I blew out the second candle, burning behind the closed curtains. I drew back, with Mr. Bruff and Betteredge, into the farthest corner by the bed. I signed to them to be silent, as if their lives had depended on it.

We waited—seeing and hearing nothing. We waited, hidden from him by the curtains.

The light which he was holding on the other side of us moved suddenly. The next moment he passed us, swift and noiseless, with the candle in his hand.

He opened the bedroom door and went out.

We followed him along the corridor. We followed him down the stairs. We followed him along the second corridor. He never looked back; he never hesitated.

He opened the sitting-room door, and went in, leaving it open behind him.

The door was hung (like all the other doors in the house) on large old-fashioned hinges. When it was opened, a crevice was opened between the door and the post. I signed to my two companions to look through this, so as to keep them from showing themselves. I placed myself—outside the door also—on the opposite side. A recess in the wall was at my left hand, in which I could instantly hide myself if he showed any signs of looking back into the corridor.

He advanced to the middle of the room, with the candle still in his hand; he looked about him—but he never looked back.

I saw the door of Miss Verinder's bedroom standing ajar. She had put out her light. She controlled herself nobly. The dim white outline of her summer dress was all that I could see. Nobody who had not known it beforehand would have suspected that there was a living creature in the room. She kept back in the dark; not a word, not a movement escaped her.

It was now ten minutes past one. I heard, through the dead silence, the soft drip of the rain, and the tremulous passage of the night air through the trees.

After waiting irresolute for a minute or more in the middle of the room, he moved to the corner near the window, where the Indian cabinet stood.

He put his candle on the top of the cabinet. He opened and shut one drawer after another, until he came to the drawer in which the mock Diamond was put. He looked into the drawer for a moment. Then he took the mock Diamond out with his right hand. With the other hand he took the candle from the top of the cabinet.

He walked back a few steps toward the middle of the room, and stood still again.

Thus far he had exactly repeated what he had done on the birthday night. Would his next proceeding be the same as the proceeding of last year? Would he leave the room? Would he go back now, as I believed he had gone back then, to his bedchamber? Would he show us what he had done with the Diamond when he had returned to his own room?

His first action, when he moved once more, proved to be an action which he had *not* performed when he was under the influence of the opium for the first time. He put the candle down on a table, and wandered on a little toward the farther end of the room. There was a sofa here. He leaned heavily on the back of it with his left hand—then roused himself, and returned to the middle of the room. I could now see his eyes. They were getting dull and heavy; the glitter in them was fast dying out.

The suspense of the moment proved too much for Miss Verinder's self-control. She advanced a few steps—then stopped again. Mr. Bruff and Betteredge looked across the open doorway at me for the first time. The prevision of a coming disappointment was impressing itself on their minds as well as on mine.

Still, so long as he stood where he was, there

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simultaneously to the man who had warned us from approaching this very spot—the man whose wild demeanor had led me to believe him to be a maniac. We held a brief consultation; then Apsley was dispatched to the keeper's lodge, half a mile distant, and Sir Reynald volunteered to return to the Hall, and send off a messenger to the nearest police-station, while the rest of us kept guard over the body. We laid it on the bank, spread a handkerchief over the face, and sat down together in silence.

The August sunset was dropping its great golden flakes upon the Mere: the purple twilight was stealing up from the sombre masses of the park woods: it was an impressive scene, in the unbroken calm of the summer's evening, contrasting forcibly with our thoughts and feelings as we sat there, beside a murdered man, whose life was unknown to us, whose death was a mystery. My speculations thereon were interrupted by Fynchden's touching me on the arm. He pointed, without speaking, to the opposite side of the Mere. Under the shadow of the trees I could just dimly perceive a figure running stealthily along: it was too far to identify it with certainty, but I had little doubt that it was that of the man on whom the thoughts of us all were turned at that moment. He disappeared among the trees, and we saw him no more. A quarter of an hour later we were joined by the keeper and several of the laborers on the estate. They at once recognized the dead man as Richard Boyce, the tenant of the Mere Hall farm. He was the elder of two brothers, whose father had rented the farm for many years, and had left the remainder of the lease to this Richard, subject to certain charges in favor of the younger son, Reuben. The latter, who lived with his brother, and nominally helped him, was but a poor creature in his way, who exasperated his brother by his idleness, and did nothing toward their common welfare. Fishing was almost his only occupation, and, though better educated than Richard, an indomitable indolence prevented his turning his acquirements to any account. He was generally good-tempered, and bore his brother's brutal jokes and attacks with wonderful patience; but he had been known occasionally to break out, and his violence then was stated to have been very great. He was said to be indebted to his brother in a considerable sum, and Richard had more than once threatened to eject him from the farm. On the other hand, Reuben had denied the justice of this claim, and had declared that it was not in his brother's power, under the stipulations of his father's will, to turn him out of the farm, as long as he chose to remain there. He further alleged that, shortly after his father's death, he had handed over a large sum of money to his brother for improvements on the farm; and he, in consequence, held himself to be entitled to some share of the profits from the same, not a penny of which had he ever received. It seemed doubtful whether he could bring forward any proof of this, for he was no man of business; some believed it, and some did not; one thing was clear—there was bad blood between the brothers. I need not say that in the description of the dead man's brother we at once detected the man we had seen—the man on whom all our suspicions now firmly rested. Every thing tended to strengthen these. There was now evidence of a probable motive for the commission of the crime. I got the men to carry the body to the farm, where it was arranged that some of us should await the arrival of the police, while the others returned to inform Lady Ashleigh of what had passed. Fortunately there was no wife, no child, nor near relation to whom the intelligence had to be broken; a couple of old servants, who had known the dead man from boyhood, were the only occupants of the farm. Reuben was absent, they said; had been so since dinner at one o'clock, when there had been high words between the brothers. Something of the quarrel had been overheard. There had been accusation and recrimination; bitter and insulting taunts from Richard had been replied to with more warmth than usual by Reuben. He had been called a beggar, a dependent on his brother's charity; he demanded now t be repaid the money he had given to Richard; then he would go. The quarrel waxed yet more violent, but the servants could not give a very clear account of what passed after this; as indeed, in a loud and angry altercation, it is difficult to do. Richard suddenly rose, and went out in the direction of the lake; his brother shortly followed him with his rod; he had not been seen since. A magistrate, resident in the neighborhood, who was riding by, and heard what had occurred, now appeared, and, on the arrival of the head of the police, the coroner was at once communicated with, while a summons was issued for the apprehension of Reuben Boyce, on suspicion of being concerned in the death of his brother.

During all this night, and the next morning, the search for him proved fruitless. In the mean time the coroner's inquest sat on the body, and returned an open verdict of Found Drowned. And yet, I believe, the fact of Reuben's having absconded left no reasonable doubt on any one's mind of his guilt. In the afternoon I learned that he had, at last, been caught hiding in a wood some miles distant. He was faint from want of food and from evident distress of mind; but he offered no resistance, manifested no surprise, proffered no explanation. He appeared, indeed, to be mentally, as well as physically, thoroughly worn out; the state of cerebral excitement under which he had shown himself to me, having been succeeded by a prostration so complete as to deaden the memory, if not the conscience. I was, of course, present when he was examined, and gave my deposition as to what had passed between the prisoner and myself on the edge of the Mere. He seemed scarcely to hear what I said; shook his head when asked whether he had any questions to put to me; and, when urged by the magistrate, in the kindest manner, to state if he was innocent, and support that statement by any evidence he could adduce, he only sighed deeply, and murmured that he believed his mind was gone from him: he could remember nothing. It seemed to him that his brain had been on fire: he supposed that he must have been mad.

"That's it," whispered De Maine to me. "He is not such a fool as he looks. You'll see, the man who defends him at the assizes will pull him through on the score of insanity."

Before committing the prisoner to jail the magistrate asked whether any further evidence was forthcoming—the deposition of the two servants having been taken. A policeman here said that there was a laboring man outside, with two boys, his sons, who said that they knew somewhat of the matter; and two intelligent-looking lads, of thirteen and eleven, were brought in.

I transcribe what followed as correctly as I can. I noted down the lads' evidence in their own quaint Dorset at the time, though I will not vouch for it that I made no mistake.

"We a-zeed Maister Boyce, Bill an' me did, when we were i' the wood. We a-zeed en come down to th' pon', an' tiake th' punt, what Maister Reuben fishes in mos' days. Zoo when Maister Reuben come, it wer' a-gone, an' we heard en swear a bit, an' he begun to fish from th' bank, till Maister Boyce 'e come wi' th' punt, an' begun a-callin' en niames, an' villed his pawkets wi' big stuones, an' begun a-peltin' Maister Reuben. Aone het en on's fiace, an' miade en bleed; an', hot-like, he picked en up an' a-drowed en back; but Maister Boyce 'e a-ducked his head, an' zomehow 'e a-vell roight for'ard i' th' water, an' 'cause o' th' stuones in's pawket, I z'pause, 'e never riz no muore. Maister Reuben giv' a girt cry, an' zeemed ztruck all o' a heap. 'E coodden reach en, 'cause in thik pliace th' pon's sa deep, tho' awnly a few yards fro' the bank. We wer' that a-feared, we dussn't stir; an' Maister Reuben, 'e run away like's if 'e wer' foolish, after a while, wi' his hand to's head."

"And why did you give no alarm? Why did you keep all this to yourself until now, pray?"

The magistrate asked this question somewhat severely, and the elder boy—the spokesman—hung his head. The younger one, with a burning cheek, at last took courage, and murmured what was unintelligible to me, until it was translated:

"Coz we was anutten what we didn't ought."

The magistrate himself looked puzzled for a moment, until the sergeant of police, with promptitude, explained that the witnesses had been stealing nuts in the Mere Hall woods, and had, therefore, been afraid, at first, to come forward and state what they had seen; until, their young consciences smiting them, when they learned how Reuben was suspected of murder, they revealed all to their father.

As to the accused, he had been listening to this evidence, meantime, with an expression of face which I shall never forget. With the first words the boy uttered it seemed as though the cloud began slowly to drift away from his troubled brain. The cheek kindled into a little spot of color, the deadened light of the eye revived, the breath came short and quick. As the boy spoke, the whole of that scene—the facts of which, I am confident, had completely faded from the memory of the unhappy man, while nothing but the horrible impression of them remained—the whole of that tragic scene returned to him with vivid distinctness; and he burst into tears. He seemed to wish to speak, but it was some minutes before he was sufficiently recovered to do so. At last he said in a broken voice:

"What you have heard, Sir, is the truth. I know it all now: my brain has been troubled. This is how it happened: We had words about money, and other things, *he* and I. He was—well! no matter, Sir, I can't say any thing against him now; but he swore I had no right to fish in the Mere, and shouldn't use the boat again. When I came down and found it gone, and him in it, I was angry, because I knew I had as good a right to it as him, and that he had taken it to rile me; but I began quietly to fish from the bank, until I saw him at the Point filling his pockets with stones. I guessed what he was after. In a minute or two he shoved in a bit nearer to me (out away in the deep water, however), and began blackguarding me, and pelting me with stones from his pocket. I kept my patience as long as I could, at last one cut my cheek open; and I picked it up and shied it back. He ducked his head; the stone fell into the boat close to him; and he—there was a plunge, and a yell, and he was gone, Sir! My God! I shall never forget it. I couldn't have saved him if I'd tried, for I can't swim; but I don't think—may God forgive me!—that, for the *first* moment I wished it; the next, I would have given any thing—any thing to have brought him back to life. I had killed him—it seemed to me so—and Cain's brand was upon me. My brain whirled round—it seemed on fire. I thought I was going mad. I didn't know what I was about, but I ran round the lake, as far away from the spot as possible. My hope, I think, was that the body would never be discovered; for no one ever used the boat but myself—ever went on the lake. I nearly died of horror, therefore, when I saw these men get into the boat—which had drifted to the opposite bank—and row toward the very spot. *I knew how clear the water was.* I tried, like a miserable fool, to prevent their going there. I scarcely know what I said to this gentleman; it was all of no use. I remember watching the boat after this, and seeing them bring up the body; and I remember nothing more. I believe I ran away into the thickest part of a distant wood, where they found me."

In the manner, not less than the words of the speaker, it was easy to trace the weak, impressionable character of the young farmer, who had received a somewhat unusual amount of education for one of his class, but whose mental fibre, never of the strongest, had given way before the sudden pressure of this catastrophe.

It was scarcely possible for circumstantial evidence to be stronger than it had been in this case; and how easily may one be misled by even far weaker? This was the moral that we all drew from the unlooked-for result of that morning's investigation. This man—round whom a net-work of circumstances was so strongly woven—whose story was so improbable, that, even had his memory been untroubled, the truth, told by him, would never have been believed; this man, whose demeanor, not less than the weight of evidence, seemed so conclusive against him, would assuredly have been tried at the next assizes, and found guilty of Manslaughter, but for the testimony of those two small eye-witnesses to the truth. Alas! how many an innocent man's life may have been sacrificed for want of such!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE LATEST DEFINITION OF "MAN"—A tele-gram-inivorous animal.

THE RITUALISTS AND THE CHURCH OF ROME.

A church where Ritualists do congregate,
(Extreme ones, too)—was under reparation,
When lo! one day, a workman to his mate,
Mounting the pulpit, made this proclamation—
"I publish bans of holy matrimony
'Twixt this 'ere Ritual Church and she of Rome—
Know'st thou just cause against the splice, old crony?
Of course not—what! you do! your reason—come."
"I *do* forbid the bans," the mate replied—
"There's *one* impediment—it would be sin
To splice to such a bridegroom such a bride,
And this is why—*Cos they're too near a-kin.*"

An ill-looking fellow was asked how he could account for Nature's forming him so ugly. "Nature was not to blame," said he, "for when I was two months of age I was the handsomest child in the neighborhood, but my nurse, to avenge herself upon my parents, for some fancied injury at their hands, one day *swapped me away* for another boy belonging to a friend of hers, whose child was rather plain."

CONCERNING BONNETS.

Said Smith, when some one criticised
His pretty wife's new bonnet,
"She has so little *in* her head,
She can't bear much *upon* it."

HANG IT ALL!—The chances of the abolition of capital punishment—in Ireland, at least—would seem to be remote. The English Government has hanged one or two Fenians already, and now it is proposed to suspend the whole Irish Church.

A man, in telling about a wonderful parrot hanging in a cage from the window of a house which he often passed, said, "It cries 'Stop thief!' so naturally that every time I hear it *I always stop!*"

The following compliment was paid by a dentist to a lady. He had made several ineffectual attempts to draw out her decayed tooth, and finding at last he must give it up, he apologized by saying, "The fact is, Madame, it is impossible for any thing bad to come from your mouth."

The young lady who sang, "I wish somebody would come!" has had her desire gratified. Eleven city cousins have arrived, and intend to stay all the summer.

A clergyman of indifferent character, going to read prayers at another village, found great difficulty in putting on an old-fashioned surplice. "I think," said he to the clerk, "the devil is in the surplice." The astonished clerk stared until the parson got the garment on, and then sarcastically exclaimed, "I think as how he is, Sir!"

IRISH EPITAPH.

Here lies Lady O'Looney,
Great niece of Burke, commonly called
The Sublime.
She was bland, passionate, and deeply religious.
She also painted in water-colors,
And sent several pictures to the Exhibition.
She was first cousin to Lady Jones,
And of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

TO MAKE A YOUNG LADY LOVE YOU—Tease her to love some one else.

A little six-year-old was sitting in repose, one evening, upon the parlor steps, with a base-ball in his hand, gazing intently at the moon. "Pa!" he suddenly spoke, "is there only one man in the moon?" "That's the tradition, my son; the man in the moon is the only inhabitant of that bright world we have ever heard of." After a moment's pause he remarked, with a sigh, "He must be lonesome, pa, and no one to play base-ball with!"

A MODEL HUSBAND.

He walks out with his wife on a week-day, and is not afraid of a milliner's shop. He even has "change" when asked for it, and never alludes to it afterward. He is not above carrying a large bundle or a cotton umbrella, or even holding the baby in his lap in an omnibus. He runs on first to knock at the door when it is raining. He goes outside if the cab is full. He goes to bed first in cold weather. He gets up in the night to rock the cradle or answer the door-bell. He believes in hysterics, and is melted instantly by a tear. He patches up a quarrel with a velvet gown, and drives away the sulks with a trip to the Central Park. He never flies out about his buttons, or brings home friends to supper. His clothes never smell of tobacco. He respects the curtains, and never smokes in the house. He never invades the kitchen, and would no more think of "blowing up" any of the servants than of ordering the dinner. He is innocent of a latch-key. He lets the family go out of town once every year while he remains at home with one knife and fork, sits on a brown Holland chair, sleeps on a curtainless bed, and has a char-woman to wait on him. He is very easy and affectionate, keeping the wedding anniversary punctually.

NOT QUITE SUITED.

Pitts is a fast man, a sharp man, a business man, and when Pitts goes into a store to trade he always gets the lowest cash price, and he says, "Well, I'll look about, and if I don't find any thing that suits me better, I'll call and take this."

Pitts is partial to women, and young ones in particular. Now, quite lately, Pitts said to himself, "I am getting rather 'long in years, and guess I'll get married."

His business qualities would not let him wait, so off he travels, and, calling upon a lady friend, opened conversation by remarking that he would like to know what she thought about his getting married. "Oh, Mr. Pitts, that is an affair in which I am not so very greatly interested, and I prefer to leave it with yourself." "But," says Pitts, "you are interested; and, my dear girl, will you marry me?"

The young lady blushed very red, hesitated, and finally, as Pitts was very well to do in the world, and morally, financially, and politically, of good standing in society, she accepted him; whereupon the matter-of-fact Pitts responded, "Well, well, I'll look about, and if I don't find any body that suits me better than you, I'll come back."

A French woman once said that she never loved any thing. "You loved your children," suggested a friend. "When they were little," she replied. "And you love diamonds?" "Oh dear, yes, when they are large!"

IN THE MELTING MOOD—The weather.

HINTS FOR MODEL BELLES.

Always "have a bad cold" when you are asked to sing.

Always cry at a wedding, but don't faint.

Be sure to be "engaged" if you don't like your partner.

Never faint unless a gentleman stands near enough to catch you before you have had time to fall.

When you go shopping always take ma along to carry the bundles.

Keep a poodle.

If pa does bad grammar, and is rather queer and vulgar, always turn him out of the room before the company arrives at your evening parties.

Always dress on the principle that the men do not want to marry the woman, but a bundle of dry-goods.

If these rules do not make a fashionable belle, and spoil the woman for any good and useful purpose under the sun, we can not tell how to do it.

A conceited coxcomb, with a very patronizing air, called out to an Irish laborer, "Here, you bog-trotter, come and tell me the greatest lie you can, and I will treat you to a glass of whisky." "By my word," said Pat, "an' yer Honor's a gentleman."

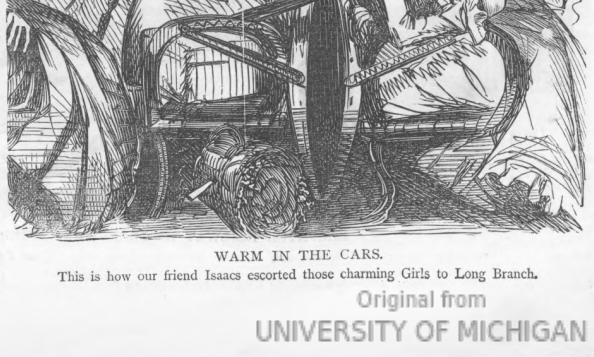
"SWEETNESS AND LIGHT."

A fly in some treacle had feasted until he
Had blinded himself and was perfectly silly,
Then stagger'd and fell in a flame that was near,
Which scorch'd his bright wings and half kill'd him with fear.
The moral for this little tale I propose is—
"Even sweetness and light we must have in small doses."

A contemporary opens a grave article on explosives with the following words:

"We have had a committee sitting for several years on 'gun-cotton.'"

Well, all we can say is that, considering the material, we wonder they haven't long ago furnished a report.



WARM IN THE CARS.

This is how our friend Isaacs escorted those charming Girls to Long Branch.

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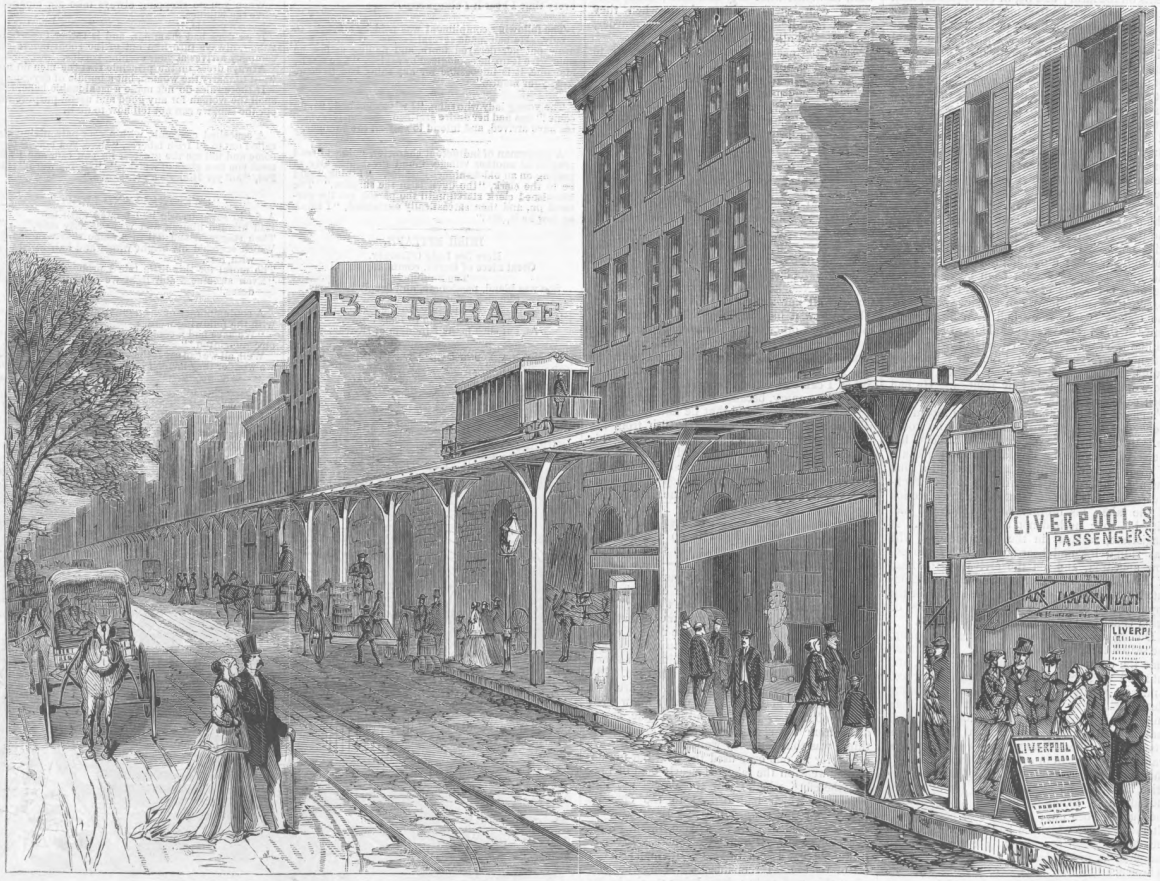
SCENE IN PRINTING-HOUSE SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.—SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.
[SEE PAGE 477.]



ELEVATED RAILWAY IN GREENWICH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.—SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.
[SEE PAGE 477.]

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SCENES IN PRINTING-HOUSE SQUARE.

IMMEDIATELY in front of the *Times* and *Tribune* offices in Printing-House Square there are to be found on all days, and almost at all hours, a motley congregation of street peddlers, auctioneers, etc., and their customers. One frequenter of the Square owns a telescope, with which he invites passers-by to view the heavens at the small cost of five cents; another has a pair of scales, on which, for the same sum, one can learn his weight; others have various patent machines for testing and trying the lungs; while there are others with paper, pea-nut, and various other stands. The scene, as portrayed on page 476, presents a phase of metropolitan life not uninteresting to the city or country reader.

THE ELEVATED RAILWAY.

A TRIAL trip of the new elevated railway in Greenwich Street was had on July 3, and the rapid speed which was attained on that occasion leads the friends of the enterprise to hope that the problem of rapid and safe locomotion through the crowded streets of the city has been solved. Our illustration on page 476 will give the reader an idea of this new style of railway. It is now in running order from the Battery to Cortlandt Street, and, with the present machinery, the cars can be propelled, with little jar and oscillation, at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. This speed was attained on this occasion; but the experiment thus far has developed many facts and improvements which will be added, and thus enable the projector to run the cars at a much more rapid rate.

This work was begun July 2, 1867, $100,000 being subscribed for the experiment. The State Commissioners, on July 1, 1868, reported in its favor, declaring it a success, and the Governor authorized the completion of the road from the Battery to Spuyten Duyvel, and the work is to be at once hastened to completion. The Directors promise to finish it to the Thirtieth Street dépôt of the Hudson River Railroad by the first of 1869.

THE REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR GOVERNOR.

THE Republican Convention, which met at Syracuse on July 8, nominated Hon. JOHN A. GRISWOLD, of Rensselaer County, whose portrait we give on this page, as the candidate of the party for Governor of this State.

Mr. GRISWOLD was born in this State in 1822, and educated to the mercantile profession. He has been Mayor of the city of Troy, and a member of Congress for the last three terms. He entered Congress as a Democrat in 1862, being elected in a strongly Republican district by a large majority. He was throughout his term an earnest advocate of the war. He gave a small fortune out of his private purse to equip volunteers and for the support of the families of soldiers. One of the most distinguished of the cavalry regiments of this State was named after him. It was largely through his patriotism and enterprise that the first *Monitor* was launched and taken to Fortress Monroe in time to oppose and destroy the great rebel ram *Merrimac*. His vigorous support of Mr. LINCOLN'S administration and its war measures increased his popularity at home, and he was returned to Congress by increased majorities in 1864 and 1866. His majority in 1862 was 1287; in 1864 it was 2223; and in 1866 it amounted to 5316. His home paper, the Troy *Times*, says of him: "Mr. GRISWOLD is, in the largest sense of the word, a true man. Quick to perceive, and remarkably apt and ready in execution, he possesses administrative abilities of the first order, and is very sure to direct them with prudence as well as vigor. He is a good judge of men as well as of measures, and evinces the strong common-sense which, after all, is the basis of success in statesmanship as well as in human enterprises."

HON. JOHN A. GRISWOLD, OF NEW YORK.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY & CO., WASHINGTON.]

IN THE GARDEN.

THERE she sits! The arching trees
Cast their trellis shade before her,
As it passes by, the breeze
Murmurs admiration o'er her,
Odorous with a sweet perfume;
All for her the summer bringing
Flowers with beauty, youth, and bloom!
All for her the song-birds singing!

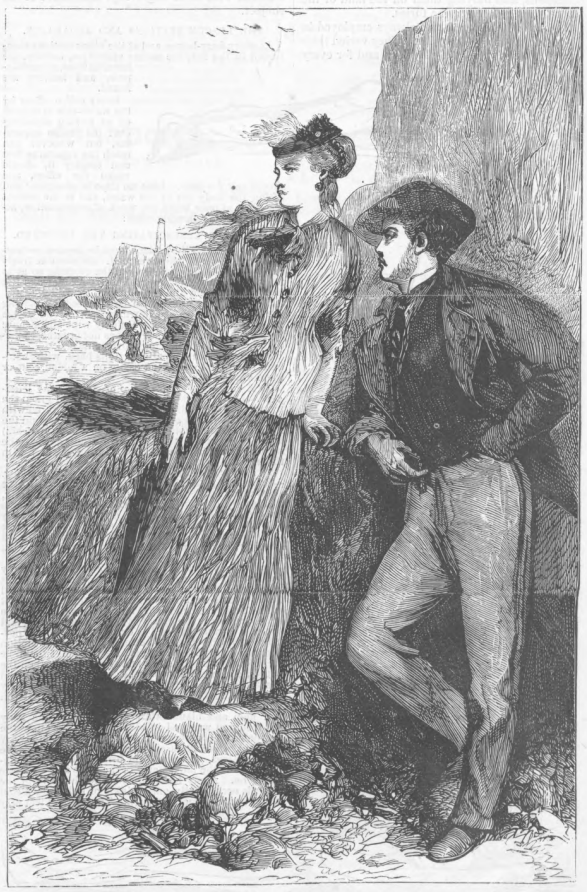
Mistress she of all around!
Than the fair scene round her fairer!
Rose, that decks her hair, you're found
Less sweet than your lovely wearer!
Linnet, sing, and zephyr, see,
Sweeping down that garden shady,
If throughout the world there be
One more bonny than your lady!

Look, beyond, the gabled wall
Of yon mansion hoar and olden,
Owns her heiress of the hall,
Lighted with the sunshine golden!
Carlo, as he nestles by,
Verily seems jealous of her;
Sunbeams, as you past her fly
Keep a constant watch above her.

Very studious! see her bend
Gently o'er a thrice-kissed letter!
Who each cherished line has penned?
Can it be, in golden fetter
Some one holds that pure, young heart?
Or perchance some girlish friend, or
Sister long held far apart,
Is the writer and the sender?

Hark! a step; and, with a bound,
Carlo leaves his place beside her,
Hearing, quick as sight, the sound,
Careful lest some ill betide her!
Soon he sees the step is *his!*
Whisper, gently, breeze above her,
Whisper "Unexpected 'tis,
'Tis the writer and her *lover!*"

IN THE GARDEN.



BY THE MURMURING OF THE SEA.—[SEE POEM, PAGE 478.]

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BY THE MURMURING OF THE SEA.

See Illustration on page 477.

WHEN I think of the days of my youth that are gone,
I could break my heart; from my life's frore lea
Has faded the flower of the hours, and done
Is the song I heard by the sea.

I shall spend such a time, ah, never more!
I think I was in it from earth set free,
And after'd again, when I saw the shore
No longer, nor heard the sea.

Or is it the cheat of memory brings
Despair, as sweet as a reverie,
For the days that are dead, that were bright as the wings
In the sunlight, over the sea?

I forgot the world in that morning dream,
And a dull, long vengeance life wreaks on me;
And thrice as sweet is what sweet did seem
By the murmuring of the sea.

When fragrant round me are memory's flowers,
I walk among men disdainfully.
Golden, indeed, are these traders' hours,
But not like mine by the sea.

The mood came on me to-day; my feet
Fared up the town, but my soul did flee
From the sordid murmuring of the street
To the murmuring of the sea.

And I was wild for the idle days—
I, whose set life is now more praiseworthy
Than it was when, younger, I watch'd the bays
Grow bright, grow dark, of the sea.

For the idle days when I found a love,
And lost her again; and I wonder if she
Thinks that *her* oasis had cliffs above,
And wings, and was by the sea.

But I—oh, is it because thou art lost
That I pine, my love, so much for thee?—
That my soul has arms to embrace the ghost
Of the days that went by the sea?

Yet who would again live his best time o'er,
That was spent upon blowing hill, maybe,
Or in breathless dale, or, as mine, on the shore
By the murmuring of the sea?

FREAKS OF THE WITCHES.

THE witches had countless mischievous contrivances for every possible purpose. A decoction made of a toad baptized by the name of John, and fed on consecrated wafers, was thrown under a farmer's table by a witch at Soissons, and all who sat round the board died immediately. Sand thrown into the air raised the wind; water similarly used brought down rain. So late as 1716 a Mrs. Hicks and her daughter, the latter aged nine, were hanged at Huntingdon for raising a storm by turning their stockings inside out and making a lather of soap. The hags of Lapland and their sisters of the Isle of Man were accustomed to sell seamen cords with three knots on each. When the first was untied a gentle breeze arose, a strong gale followed the opening of the second, and a furious hurricane the loosing of the third. Ruin was brought down by inscribing plates of lead with magical devices and imprecations, and burying them on the land of the person thus devoted to the furies.

But the witches were not always employed in distributing ruin and murder. They varied their amusements with a little plunder; and for every act they had a settled formula. When they desired to be furnished with beer or wine, for example, they had merely to ascertain who in their vicinity was provided with these drinkables. This done, the witch stuck a knife into the wall, placed a pail underneath, cut a few capers, and muttered some gibberish. Thereupon whatever liquor was mentioned streamed plentifully from the knife-handle until the vessel was full or the reservoir empty. And they supplied their other wants in similar fashion.

And the necromancers could be sufficiently conservative when it suited their purpose, as was shown by that particular contrivance the amulet. This might consist of any thing from a dried toad to a precious stone, and assume any form, but was usually preferred as a ring or a seal. One of these rings was worn by a beauty at a medieval court, and so long as she lived it rendered her the object of the monarch's passionate attachment. Nor did the amulet lose its power when the lady died. Being buried with its owner it drew the royal lover with resistless force to her tomb. A certain bishop, suspecting the cause, secured the ring, and thus transferred the monarch's favor to himself. But it proved so annoyingly obtrusive that, as a matter of personal comfort, the churchman hastened to get rid of it. He deposited the ring in all manner of out-of-the-way places, and thus caused his master to perpetrate the oddest freaks and exhibit the most grotesque likings. At length a course of penance, undertaken with that object, procured the prelate a dream which revealed the means of reversing the spell. A very simple one it proved, consisting merely of burning the bones of the lady along with the survivors of the witches who had aided her in constructing the talisman. One species of amulet—the Hand of Glory—was considered useful in house-breaking; and another in securing the clerks of St. Nicholas against some of the risks attached to their profession. The latter consisted of a piece of parchment inscribed with the names of the three kings of Cologne, and endowed with the necessary virtue by being rubbed over the skulls of these worthies. So long as it was worn it was esteemed a certain preservative from sudden death.

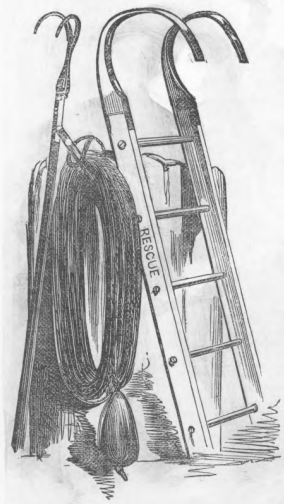
THE RESCUE STATIONS.

THE Metropolitan Board of Health of this city, in addition to many other wise reforms inaugurated by it, has manufactured a life-saving apparatus, established a large number of rescue stations, and published the rules adopted by the Board for the resuscitation of the apparently drowned. In order to give a wider circulation to these important instructions, with which all persons ought to make themselves acquainted, we reproduce the rules as published by the Board, together with three engravings illustrative of the subject.

THE RESCUE STATIONS AND APPARATUS.

At every ferry-house, and at the other stations mentioned in the list, the rescue apparatus, namely, the heaving lines, grappling-pole, and ladders are found.

Every police officer by the water-side is regarded as having authority over the rescue apparatus, but whoever can reach the apparatus first and employ it, should make the effort, and should call for help. Lose no time in grappling and lifting the body out of the water, and at the nearest dry place at once begin the work of resuscitation, according to the following rules:



RULES FOR RESUSCITATING THE DROWNED.

Remember that the patient must be treated instantly and on the spot where rescued. He must be freely exposed to the open air; loosen the clothing so as to freely expose the neck and chest. All persons not needed for saving him should avoid crowding about.

Let the throat and mouth be cleansed, by placing the patient gently face downward, with one of his wrists under his forehead. Quickly wipe and cleanse the mouth, and if the patient does not breathe, immediately begin the following movements:

Posture.—Place the patient on his back, with shoulders raised and supported easily on a folded coat or some kind of pillow.

To Keep up a Free Entrance of Air into the Windpipe.—Let one person at the patient's head grasp the tongue gently and firmly with his fingers covered with a bit of handkerchief, and drawing it out beyond the lips; then either hold it or press the under jaw (chin) up so as to retain the tongue protruding from the mouth; but it is better to hold it in that position with the hand.

To Produce and Imitate the Movements of Breathing.—Raise the patient's extended arms upward to the sides of his head, and then pull them steadily, firmly, and slowly outward and forward. Next turn down the arms by the patient's sides and bring them closely and firmly across the pit of the stomach and press them and the sides and front of the chest gently but strongly for a moment, then quickly begin to repeat the first movement.

Let those two kinds of movements be made very deliberately and without ceasing until the patient breathes, and let the two movements be repeated about twelve or fifteen times in a minute, but not more rapidly, remembering that to thoroughly fill the lungs with air is the object of the first or upward and outward movement; and to expel as much air as possible is the object of the second or downward motion and pressure. This artificial respiration should be steadily kept up for forty minutes or more when the patient appears not to breathe; and after the natural breathing begins let the same motion be very gently continued, and let the proper stimulants be given in the intervals.

If help and blankets are at hand have the body stripped and wrapped in blankets, but not allow the movements to be stopped. By-standers can supply dry clothing. And the assistants should briskly rub the feet and legs, pressing them firmly and rubbing upward, while the movements of the arms and chest are going on. Apply hartshorn or a feather within the nostrils occasionally, and sprinkle or lightly dash cold water upon the face and neck. The legs and feet may be rubbed and wrapped in hot blankets if blue or cold, or if the weather is cold.

Give brandy by the tea-spoonful, or hot sling two or three times a minute, until the beating of the pulse can be felt at the wrist, but be careful and not give more of the stimulant than is necessary. Warmth should be kept up in the feet and legs, and, as soon as the patient breathes naturally, let him be carefully removed to a house and be placed in bed under medical care.

If there is help enough at hand when the patient is taken from the water or afterward, let the nearest medical officer in the catalogue (or any other physician near by) be called, but let there be no waiting for a physician. Do the best that can be done methodically and deliberately according to the foregoing rules.

LITTLE WORRIES.

MONTAIGNE declares the smallest and slightest annoyances to be the most piercing; and as small print, says he, most tires the eyes, so do little affairs the most disturb us. Mr. Thackeray protests that the great ills of life are nothing: the loss of your fortune he calls a mere flea-bite; the loss of your wife—how many men have supported it and married comfortably afterward? "It is not what you lose, but what you have daily to bear, that is hard." What, he asks in another place, would the possession of a hundred thousand a year, or fame and the applause of one's countrymen, or the loveliest and best-beloved woman, or any glory, and happiness, or good fortune, avail to a gentleman, for instance, who was allowed to enjoy them only with the condition of wearing a shoe with a couple of nails or sharp pebbles inside it? "All fame and happiness would disappear and plunge down that shoe. All life would rankle round those little nails." Not one of us, it has been asserted, but would exchange all his little troubles for some heavy one, and so have it over at once. And although the Marquis of Anglesea bore with the most heroic indifference the cutting off of his leg upon that wooden table they still show you at Waterloo, neither uttering a word nor moving a muscle, a shrewd doubt is suggested "whether he would have borne a scalded foot, or the infliction of a tight boot on a bad corn, for six weeks, equally well."

A constant succession of little contemptible worries tends, as Dr. Boyd somewhere says, to foster a querulous, grumbling disposition, such as renders a man a nuisance to himself and to those about him. Real, great misfortunes and trials are recognized as serving to ennoble the character; whereas ever-recurring petty annoyances produce a littleness and irritability of mind. "To meet great misfortunes we gather up our endurance, and pray for Divine support and guidance; but as for small blisters—the *insect cares* (as James Montgomery called them)—of daily life, we are very ready to think that they are too little to trouble the Almighty with them, or even to call up our fortitude to face them."

Again and again we read in the life of the late Charles Mathews that, impatient in trifles, he was the most calm and enduring of human beings on all great occasions; and it always seemed to his biographer as if he resented petty annoyances because they rose from petty sources, but that he bent with humble resignation to great inflictions as believing them to come direct from on high. He is supposed to have misled his medical attendants by his buoyancy when most seriously ill; for how were they to know that a man so sensitive and restless upon minor matters could so patiently endure intense suffering? "They did not know that one was the triumph of nerves, the other of heart."

M. de Tocqueville affirms of himself, in one of his letters, that in moments of great excitement, or of important business, he preserved his composure, but was easily disturbed by the daily worries of life.

Hazlitt conjectures that if we could remember distinctly, we should discover that the two things that have most affected us in the course of our lives have been, one of them of the greatest, and the other of the smallest possible consequence.

Theodore Hook asserts the strongest feelings to be excited, the bitterest pangs inflicted, by a sudden change in the ordinary, the most common, the most trifling incidents of our lives. "To great evils the elastic mind of man expands—it knits itself for imminent dangers—it withstands great calamities; but in the more minute changes intimately connected with its habits and feelings it fails." Certain it is, moralizes Plutarch, that men usually repudiate their wives for great and visible faults; but he traces at the same time a prodigious amount of marriage *infelicity* to petty points of temper, and those small but frequent discordances of taste and manner which fret the tenor of daily life.

Some men, says Jeremy Taylor, are more vexed with a fly than with a wound; and when the gnats disturb our sleep, and the reason is disquieted but not perfectly awakened, it is often seen that he is fuller of trouble than if, in the daylight of his reason, he had to contend with a potent enemy. About a large sorrow, it has been well said, there is an excitement which sensibly mitigates its pain: a man may not exactly confess to himself that the notice which he receives after some great bereavement is pleasant; but the flurry and bustle of receiving condolence, and of making new arrangements, do nevertheless dull the edge of his suffering; for the pertinacity with which people talk of all the circumstances of a great sorrow is reasonably alleged as proof that there is some balm in the operation—just as the poor indemnify themselves for an abscess or a broken limb by the pleasure of showing the place to every one who comes to see them. Whereas to the petty miseries of daily life there is no set-off of this kind. "They raise no excitement, they give no importance, they furnish no materials for gossip with a friend. Each of them, at the time it inflicts its minute puncture, brings with it the provoking suggestion that it is too paltry a matter for a man to annoy himself about; and the vexation is only aggravated by the shame which the sufferer feels in thinking over it."

One of Charles de Bernard's sententious husbands has this much to tax his wife withal, seemingly perfect as she is to outsiders—that faults she has, though he confesses them to be light ones; but then they exist, and pin-pricks befall one oftener than poniard-stabs.

Women are more especially liable to the restraints, and exactions, and pains, and penalties of conventional law; and of these Mr. Herbert Spencer has said, that the sum total would probably exceed that of all others. For, he holds, that could we add up the trouble, the cost, the jealousies, vexations, misunderstandings, the loss of time, and the loss of pleasure which these conventionalities entail, and could clearly realize the extent to which we are all daily hampered by them, daily enslaved by them, we should, perhaps, come to the conclusion that the tyranny of Mrs. Grundy is worse than any other tyranny we suffer from.

The pith of the whole subject is contained in Byron's assertion, that

"Our least of sorrows are such as we weep;
'Tis the vile daily drop on drop which wears
The soul out (like the stone) with petty cares."

It has been well said that in matters of wit forty sixpences are not equal to a sovereign. It is a paradox which we can all understand. And the counter-paradox is not less worthy of acceptance—that, as regards the troubles of life, forty sixpences are far more than a sovereign.

EXTRACT from the "Life of Washington Irving," by his nephew, PIERRE M. IRVING, vol. IV., page 272:

"The doctor prescribed, as an experiment—what had been suggested by Dr. (O.W.) HOLMES on his late visit—'JONAS WHITCOMB'S REMEDY FOR ASTHMA,' a teaspoonful in a wineglass of water, to be taken every four hours. A good night was the result."—[*Com.*]

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CONTENTS:

TO AND UPON THE AMOOR RIVER.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Petropavlovsk, Kamchatka.—Church at Petropavlovsk.—Kamchatka Sables.—Ascending Ghijiga Bay.—Light-House at Ghijiga.—Boat towed by Dogs.—Koriak Yourt.—Dogs Fishing.—Beach Scene, Nicolayevsk.—On the Amoor.—Gilyak Man.—Gilyak Woman.—Native Village, Amoor River.—Native Boat, Amoor River.—Goldee House at Night.—Head of the Amoor.
A LOVER'S GARDEN.
AMONG THE ANDES OF PERU AND BOLIVIA. By E. G. SQUIER.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—View in the Plaza del Cabildo, Cuzco, Peru.—Aqueduct over the Tullamayo or Rodadero.—Lower Fall of the Rodadero.—Upper Fall of the Rodadero.—Part of Inca Aqueduct.—Plan of the Inca Fortress of the Sacsahuaman, dominating the City of Cuzco.—Section of the Walls of the Fortress.—Part of the Fortress of the Sacsahuaman, from "the Seat of the Inca."—Salient Angle of Fortress.—View of Cuzco and the Nevada of Asungato from the Brow of the Sacsahuaman.—Niche in Terrace Walls of the Colcompata.—Rock Seats, near Fortress.—Section of Terrace of Chinchero.—Coped and Niched Terrace Walls, Chinchero.—Ollantaytambo Fortification.—Doorway to Corridor, Ollantaytambo.—Porphyry Slabs, Fortress of Ollantaytambo.—Horca del Hombre, Ollantaytambo.—Inca Building, Ollantaytambo.—An Ancient Block in Ollantaytambo.—Plan of Palace of Ollantay.—View of Part of Palace of Ollantay.—Sacred Rock and Circular Building near Calca, Valley of Yucay.—View in the Valley of Yucay from Corridor of the Hacienda Umeres.—Principal Fortress of Ollantaytambo.—The Inti-Huatana of Pisac.
JOHN BULL IN ABYSSINIA.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Group of Shohos at Hamhamo Spring.—Gondar, the former Capital of Abyssinia.—Shoho Village of Akoo.—Annesley Bay.—View of the Plateau at Senafe, looking toward the Adowa Peaks.—King Theodore.—Consul Cameron.—Church at Goun-Gouna, between Senafe and Adigerat.—Map of Abyssinia.—Abyssinian Warriors.—General Napier's March: Mules and Mule-Drivers.—Water-Carriers and Camp Followers.—Arrival at Adigerat of an Embassador from Kassa, King of Tigre.
IN THE MAGUERRIWOCK.
LIFE'S CHANGES.
THE WOMAN'S KINGDOM: A LOVE STORY. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Gertrude.—"Curse you!"—Private John Sloane.—"Te Deum Laudamus!"
HOW FORT M'ALLISTER WAS TAKEN.
SELFISH SORROW.
PAROLE D'HONNEUR. PART I.
A VISIT TO THE FRENCH CORPS LEGISLATIF.
THE NEW TIMOTHY. PART IV.
WHY THE ANCIENTS HAD NO PRINTING-PRESS.
MRS. POLLY HAND.
DUELS AND DUELISTS. By T. B. THORPE.
THE STREETS OF WASHINGTON.
ENGLISH PHOTOGRAPHS BY AN AMERICAN.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
LITERARY NOTICES.
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XII.—No. 605.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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RESCUED FROM THE DOG POUND.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

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THE DOG POUND.

THE Dog-star is not yet in the ascendant, but the dog law is in full force; the dog-stealers of New York are in their glory and owners are in misery. The dog law of this city goes into force in the middle of June of each year, and from that time forward the dog pound at Twenty-fifth Street and East River is filled to overflowing with stray and unmuzzled dogs, caught up and returned by young urchins anxious for the reward of fifty cents offered for the arrest of all unmuzzled dogs. The pound-keepers are required to retain all dogs arrested for twenty-four hours; if not reclaimed in that time they are thrown into a huge cistern near by and drowned. At all hours of the day all manner of persons are to be seen at the pound in search after all manner of curs; and many humorous and occasionally pathetic scenes take place. Our artist has illustrated on our first page a scene which partakes of both natures. It is that of an urchin who has just recovered his loved but ungainly cur from the hands of the pound-keeper, and it is difficult to say which is the most rejoiced, the preserved or the preserver.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1868.

THE DEMOCRATIC POLICY OF ANARCHY

IN 1864 the Democratic party proposed that the Government of the United States should surrender to the rebellion. The consequences of such a course are inconceivable. Its mere proposition was monstrous, and was spurned by the good sense and the patriotism of the country. Failing to secure the success of the rebellion at that time the Democratic party, with the same inhuman hostility to the principles of the Government, now proposes, by force of arms, to subject the Southern States to unrepentant rebels, and to dishonor the debt incurred in suppressing the open rebellion. Of course, as it called itself the only Constitutional party when it encouraged and palliated secession, so it calls itself the only conservative party now that it proposes to undo the whole work of reconstruction, and to cheat the public creditors.

Every body ought to understand precisely what this election means. It is to decide whether the rebels or the loyal country won the victory. It is to decide whether General GRANT or WADE HAMPTON represents the national conviction and purpose. A party intention is to be judged by the character as well as by the words of those who control it. There were certain Democrats in 1864 who denied that the Democratic party was opposed to the war. But the National Convention of the party was controlled by the peace Copperheads who made its platform, and cared little, after having the party declaration of faith, what kind of candidate was placed upon it. There are Democrats now who deny that the Democratic party is revolutionary, anarchical, and dishonorable. But the positive element of the party, the peace Copperheads who demanded surrender in 1864, now demand the next best thing, which is repudiation of the war debt, and forcible resistance to reconstruction. They have made the New York platform of repudiation, have placed upon it the instigator of the New York riots of 1863, and with him a man who announces his desire to see a President elected who would "disperse" the State Governments in the Southern States.

This makes evident what every body who reflects understands, that all the disaffected, disorganizing, reckless, destructive classes of the population are banded together in an association that calls itself the Democratic party. Its negative part is the Eastern faction, men of no real convictions of any kind, inspired only by the hope of power, who wished to nominate Mr. CHASE. Its positive part is the combination of peace Copperheads and active rebels, of VALLANDIGHAM and WADE HAMPTON, bent upon revenge at any price. The plan of these last, who are the numerous part, is to terrify the colored vote from the polls as much as possible in the Southern States, crowd in the rebel white vote in every State whether restored or not, and insist that it shall be counted, appealing to arms if it is not. This plan is announced by WADE HAMPTON, who does not even pretend to have relinquished his confidence in the final success of the rebellion, and WADE HAMPTON'S view is defended by the New York *World*, which had already declared that the question to be settled by the election is whether the reconstruction policy is to stand. WADE HAMPTON'S words are:

> "We can have no relief unless this great Democratic party will come out and pledge itself that we shall have a fair election — that the white people of the South shall vote; and I want you all to register an oath that when they do vote these votes shall be counted, and *if there is a majority of white votes that you will place* SEYMOUR *and* BLAIR *in the White House in spite of all the bayonets that shall be brought against them.* I only want to see the election fair; and if they do that, even with the incubus of black rule, we can carry the Southern States."

WADE HAMPTON is ready for any additional war that he thinks might be waged upon Northern soil. The *World* calls him the successor of CALHOUN in the affections of South Carolina. But unless the country repents that it did not follow CALHOUN, it may wisely hesitate in following such a successor.

The Democratic campaign in this election is merely the attempt of the old rebel element—the doctrine and spirit of CALHOUN and TOOMBS and JEFFERSON DAVIS—to return to power. Its leaders hope that the country is so weary, so heavily burdened, so dispirited, that it will submit to any change. In this they reason at New York in 1868 as they reasoned at Chicago in 1864. Then they were sure that the long and tremendous struggle, the hope of victory so long postponed, the slow and doubtful advance of SHERMAN, the delayed triumph of GRANT, the enormous expense, the draft, the want of foreign sympathy, had all plunged the country into such a gulf of disappointment and despair that it would willingly yield to a vigorous summons of surrender. They were profoundly mistaken. But the spirit and method of the party were fully revealed. It counts for success not upon the national approval of its principles and sympathy with its aims, not upon the conscience and intelligence and generous humanity of the country, not upon the inspiring love of liberty and regard for the peaceful sanctities of law, but upon fatigue and disappointment and prejudice, and the wish of revenge, and class privilege, and the hatred of race, upon all that is meanest in human nature and vilest in motives of action. Therefore it declares that the public honor shall be made a jest, and the public creditor swindled; that if the freedman can not be again actually enslaved he shall be deprived of every advantage of liberty; that loyalty in the late rebel States shall be derided, and those that glory in disaffection exalted. Therefore it nominates a man who declared that he would see the Union perish rather than slavery; and that successful coercion would be as revolutionary as secession. It names as his conditional successor one who asserts that he would "trample into dust" the laws made by the representatives of the people; and relies for support upon frank rebels who would have the Executive installed by bayonets.

The Democratic leaders were mistaken in 1864. If they do not as utterly misconceive in 1868 the spirit of the people whom they despise, those people will deserve the Mexican doom in which WADE HAMPTON and the party which he and his companions control would gladly involve them.

EQUAL TAXATION.

THE Democratic platform declares for "equal taxation of every species of property according to its real value, including Government bonds and other securities" This is a blow leveled at the bonds. It means that the bond-holders are a privileged class, and that their bonds ought to be taxed according to their real value. That has a fine sound, what does it mean?

The act of Congress authorizing the issue of Treasury notes in 1862 expressly provided that "all stocks, bonds, and other securities of the United States held by individuals, corporations, or associations within the United States, shall be exempt from taxation by or under State authority." This had been already decided by the Supreme Court to be the law; and for a very obvious reason. If the States could tax United States securities they could tax them to extinction, and thus the National Government be paralyzed. Of course, a law which secures untrammeled power to the National Government has been constantly challenged by the spirit which framed the New York platform. In Maryland, in Pennsylvania, in South Carolina, and in New York the attempt has been made to tax the national securities by the State, and in every case the Supreme Court has decided that it can not be done, because such a practice might be fatal to the sovereignty of the United States. The persons who took the bonds of the United States took them with the condition distinctly affirmed by Congress that they should not be taxed, and with the declaration of the Supreme Court that they could not be taxed; and now the Democratic platform demands, notwithstanding the authority of Congress and of the Supreme Court, that they shall be taxed. There could not be a more direct and palpable swindle. It is naked theft. It is a deliberate declaration that the Government shall use false weights and measures. It is proclaiming wholesale robbery as the national policy.

"But isn't it very hard," says an honest reader, "that my neighbor JONES should have to pay such an enormous tax because his property is of one kind, while my neighbor SMITH, a great deal richer man, pays infinitely less, because his property is of another kind?" Yes—that seems hard. But look at it fairly. There are but two authorities that can tax us, the State and the United States. Now when the United States was in extremity SMITH turned his property into money and lent it to the Government, which said to him, "If I go, your money goes with me; if I escape, the bond I give you shall not be taxed." The Government escaped. Now if it permits any body else to tax the bond, it permits somebody else to break its word to SMITH, who helped it in extremity. It ought not to permit that. No honest man, not JONES himself if he be honest, will insist that it should. But this is what the Democratic Platform demands should be done. It demands that the States shall tax bonds which were taken under the guarantee of the United States that they should not be taxed. It demands that the Government shall permit the most shameless swindle.

"Why, then," asks our honest reader, "why should not Congress itself tax them?" In the first place, it is plain that if it should do this it would break its own promise to the takers of the bonds, because the amount of the tax would be just so much reduction of the interest upon them. It would be the same as declaring that henceforth the Government would pay six per cent. interest upon bonds for which it had promised to pay seven. In transactions between individuals every man knows what this would be, and what the consequences. A merchant who should do it would be ruined forever as the most dishonest of men. In the second place, the Constitution forbids the Government to lay a tax upon persons or property except by apportioning it among the States according to population. This is impracticable, and the National Government, therefore, taxes indirectly. It taxes consumers and traders, and when income must bear its share of the general burden, the income derived from the Government bonds is equally taxed. Thus if Congress should tax the bonds it would be both a dishonest and unconstitutional act.

But the Democratic platform does not ask or mean that Congress shall do it. When it demands equal taxation of every species of property according to its real value, it uses an expression which is applicable only to State authority. This the framers of the platform knew, and this they intended. It is part of the policy of hostility between the States and the National Government. It is intended to place the latter in the light of an oppressor, and the former in that of defenders of the people. It is the old devil of State sovereignty. It is the spirit of secession which has cost us already a bloody war. This clause of the Democratic platform demands that the States shall bring the Union into disgrace. Does any honest reader believe that to be for his interest?

COUNTING THE VOTES.

THE bill in regard to the electoral college, in the amended form in which it passed, provides that no votes shall be received or counted from the States lately in rebellion, except from those which, since the 4th of March, 1867, shall have adopted a Constitution under which a State government shall have been organized, under whose authority the election shall have been held, and provided that the State shall have become entitled to representation in Congress under the reconstruction acts. It would seem to be a superfluous bill, except for the claims now made by the Democratic party. But as an explicit statement of the intentions of Congress, and of the conditions upon which the late rebel States are again to take part in a national election, it may be very useful. The bill excludes only such States as shall not have completed their restoration upon conditions expressly stated and intelligible. It says very distinctly that States which have not recovered their representation in Congress, and which have not resumed their practical relations in the Union, shall not participate in the election.

The President, and the party which holds with him, that, when the rebellion was overpowered, every insurgent State at once resumed all its rights, with an increased basis of representation owing to emancipation, naturally object to such a bill. They wish, with WADE HAMPTON, that "the white people of the South shall vote," and that their vote, not that of the voters authorized by Congress, nor the vote alone of the States that have been restored, but the white vote exclusively—of Texas and Mississippi as well as of Arkansas and Georgia—shall be received at the point of the bayonet if Congress refuses. It is well, therefore, under these circumstances to understand in advance just where we are, and what we mean. It is well for Congress to say long beforehand that the electoral vote will be taken in the lately disturbed States as in the loyal States, under the auspices of the existing government which has been recognized by Congress. This is, of course, the only way; but let it be announced as the only way. Let it be also announced that no white vote, nor black vote, nor vote of any kind, will be received from a lately rebellious State not yet restored by authority of Congress.

The New York *World*, in discussing this question, asks whether, in case the result of the election depended upon the vote of Florida, and that vote were Democratic, and were thrown out by Congress, the Democratic party, with the physical force upon its side, would submit or ought to submit? The reply to this question is, that if the vote in Florida were taken under the authority of the existing Government in that State, Congress declares in advance that, whatever its party character, it will be counted, and that if it is taken without the authority of the State Government, then, whatever its party character, it will be rejected. Does the *World* mean to say that a vote taken any how in Florida should be received and counted as valid? Does it think that three electoral votes in Massachusetts, taken under the authority of the State Government, should be either nullified or doubled by three votes in Florida, irresponsibly polled? If it does, the country will probably differ with it. If it does not, its question has no meaning.

Or suppose that the so-called Governor HUMPHREYS, in Mississippi, orders an election of white voters only, or of colored voters only, or of both, and transmits the result to Congress. Shall it be received and counted? Congress will have only to ask who is Governor HUMPHREYS of Mississippi, point to the terms of the present bill, declare that Mississippi has not conformed to the conditions, and exclude the vote whether it be for GRANT or for SEYMOUR. But suppose the vote, if admitted, would elect GRANT? Does the *World* think that in that case "the Democratic party would resist [the rejection], and make its resistance effectual?" If it does not, it confesses that its Democratic resistance is not to secure a political right but a party advantage. Before the Convention met the *World* said that the Southern Democrats were bound in honor to accept the situation for the time, and vote under the existing governments. To General BLAIR'S talk of force, and to WADE HAMPTON'S subsequent programme, it said: "There is no way out of this dilemma except by the sword, and the land has been already drenched by too much fraternal blood." But now that BLAIR is nominated and WADE HAMPTON approves, the *World* says: "If the election shall show that the Democratic party are a majority and Congress shall declare the Republican candidates elected, our right to resist will be unquestionable." Suppose the election does not show it without counting Mississippi? Is the right of resistance still unquestionable?

All these things show how very desirable it is that the majority for GRANT should be as pronounced as that for LINCOLN in 1864. That will settle these questions. That will declare in a tone that Mr. WADE HAMPTON and Mr. ROBERT TOOMBS and Mr. HOWELL COBB and Mr. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, and all rebels, repudiators, and Copperheads can understand, that the restoration of the Union decreed by its loyal citizens is a restoration that shall stand.

THE HOPE OF "THE LOST CAUSE."

ROBERT TOOMBS, one of the most fiery of secessionists, chafing with baffled hate of Union, denounces "Radicalism" as "the greatest criminal the world ever saw:" and declares that the "men of the South should fly to the arms of Northern allies to assist in crushing the viper out of existence." In 1864 the viper that TOOMBS and his fellow-Democrats wished to crush out of existence was the Union army. He is a mighty defender of the Constitution, is TOOMBS. Also he is a shining Conservative. What a constitutional and conservative millennium we should have if only TOOMBS were back in the Senate and HOWELL COBB in the Treasury Department!

For HOWELL COBB also has been "searing" General GRANT and the Republican platform "with the fires of his indignation." If we remember correctly, although a General during the war, Mr. HOWELL COBB did not take occasion to sear General GRANT with any other kind of fire. Mr. COBB—one of the original rebel conspirators in the Cabinet of BUCHANAN, who did what he could to ruin the credit of the country, then ran to try to destroy it—is now of opinion that "the election of General GRANT upon such a set of principles would be the greatest calamity that could possibly befall the whole country." But the election of SEYMOUR and BLAIR upon a platform of repudiating the debt and of trampling reconstruction "into the dust," would be the most constitutional and conservative of boons.

HENRY S. FOOTE, also—familiarly known as Hangman FOOTE, from having told Senator HALE that he would be hung if he came to FOOTE'S State—has been "painfully apprehensive that" Mr. SEYMOUR "did not entirely concur with Mr. PENDLETON and his political friends upon the great financial question now pending." But inasmuch as Mr. SEYMOUR was brought forward "by Mr. PENDLETON'S friends, and urged to keep the field as a candidate by the noble-minded and much-calumniated VALLANDIGHAM," why, Mr. HENRY S. FOOTE regards the nomination as "one of the most fortunate results which could possibly have occurred!"

The Richmond *Enquirer* thinks that the letter of General BLAIR has "the ring of the true metal, and is the most fearless exposition of Democratic and Conservative principles which we have yet seen."

The Petersburg *Express* thinks that BLAIR'S views "are perhaps more satisfactory to the South, and more consistent with the views that have always obtained among our most judicious statesmen, than those which the crisis has called forth from any other leading mind in the country. He is a bold, fearless soldier—one who dares assert the truth, and *not over punctil-*

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ious as to the means which he adopts to secure its vindication."

This is the old story. When the Democrats during the war nominated M'CLELLAN and PENDLETON the rebel leaders were painfully anxious for a Democratic success. They knew it would serve their cause. Those leaders are now equally anxious for the election of SEYMOUR and BLAIR. It is for the same reason. They know it will serve their purposes. But does any body believe that the purposes of TOOMBS, of COBB, of SEMMES, of WADE HAMPTON, of the rebel newspapers, are those of patriotic men? "I believe," said WADE HAMPTON at General LEE's college on his way to the Democratic Convention at New York—"I believe that the cause for which STONEWALL JACKSON fell will yet triumph." He hopes and works for a Democratic success, and all the conspicuous, unchanged rebels work and hope for the same result, because they know that nothing but "the election of SEYMOUR and BLAIR can revive the lost cause," and give it the triumph in which they yet believe.

GERMAN TREATIES.

MR. BANCROFT has certainly been a very active Minister. The difficult question between the United States and the German governments has always been that of the rights of naturalized citizens, and with commendable zeal Mr. BANCROFT has devoted himself to its settlement. The point of difference is very plain, and the settlement to be satisfactory must be explicit. The German governments claim military service of all born subjects, and deny that emigration evades the obligation. In a treaty upon the subject, therefore, the important question is whether the governments concede that naturalization elsewhere vacates the claim. If this point is left to inference it must be assumed that the governments do not concede it. If it is not verbally expressed in the treaty, but depends upon the contemporaneous interpretation of those who make the treaty, the suspicion is against it, and those concerned can not safely trust themselves to the treaty.

The treaty with the North German Bund, of which we have formerly spoken, is, in the opinion of many, doubtful upon the important point. Count BISMARCK and other weighty authorities said, indeed, that there was no doubt. But if there had been no question, they would not have spoken of doubts. If the treaty had provided that a Prussian, naturalized in the United States, could under no circumstances, and upon no pretense, be held to military service in Prussia, Count BISMARCK would hardly have felt it necessary to say that there was no doubt of the meaning of the words. The instinctive criticism upon the explanation of the treaty is, if the treaty means so why does it not say so? There is no question of the understanding placed upon the treaty by those who made and approved it, but it is so worded that it does not satisfy those who are most interested in it.

The treaty with Bavaria just concluded is open to the same objection. The vital question is, whether a Bavarian subject unaccused of crime, who emigrates from Bavaria and is naturalized in the United States, shall be held liable to military service in Bavaria upon his temporary return to that country? Does Bavaria say aye or no? In the first article she apparently does; for it provides that Bavarian subjects who have become naturalized citizens of the United States, and have lived there continuously for five years, shall be treated by Bavaria as citizens of the United States. But in the second article clouds descend and darkness covers the treaty, for it provides that any naturalized citizen of either country may be indicted and punished upon his return to the other if he has committed any act threatened with punishment before his emigration, providing the crime has not become obsolete according to the laws of his original country. This is not plain. Evasion of military duty by emigration is desertion. Desertion is an act threatened with punishment, and it is not a crime which has become obsolete by Bavarian law. Moreover, the third article provides especially for fugitive criminals, so that the second evidently alludes to a particular class of offenders. Is one of those offenders protected by the first article? That might be assumed, except for the second, which is clearly a qualification and limitation of the first. In any case the interested Bavarian emigrant can not be sure that he is safe.

Yet these treaties are signs of progress. It is surely something that Prussia and Bavaria agree that Germans naturalized in this country should be treated as citizens of the United States: although it is a foolish supplement that naturalization shall cease to be valid if the citizen lives for more than two years in the territory of the other state. Why shall not citizens of the United States live in Germany or Italy for more than two years without losing their rights of nationality? When a man has chosen his country, with the consent of all the governments concerned, why, upon the same principle, may he not continue to be a citizen of that country at his pleasure? This is a question which we trust a future treaty will soon answer.

THE FALL TRADE AS AFFECTED BY POLITICS.

THE taking of stock—a custom now usual with all accurate merchants on and immediately after the 1st of July—is now generally concluded, and it seems to be conceded on all hands, from the survey which ordinarily accompanies it of the spring trade, which then terminates, that the season has been more advantageous than the one which closed on the 1st of January. Moderate profits have been realized, stocks have been largely reduced, and the new season has been entered upon without some of the embarrassments which attended the opening of the last.

The fact that the crop of 1867, though large of itself, was in effect diminished by the nearer consumption in the United States than was generally supposed of the crop of 1866, constituted the principal cause of the losses in trade that were made conspicuous by the returns of income to and including the 31st of December, 1867. The drouth that extensively prevailed last year, affecting as it did the pastures of an extensive region in the Middle and some of the Eastern States, also contributed largely to a premature call on the grain then harvested to supply the food to cattle which the parched fields could not afford. The quantity for export was largely diminished by these two causes, the influence of which was felt particularly in the latter part of 1867, and still continues, but with less damaging effect, inasmuch as the stock of goods at the commencement of this year was light compared with what was held during the season which then terminated, and the difficulty has been bridged over partially by the ready acceptance of our securities in the markets of Europe, by which the excess of our imports over our exports has been for the time covered.

The practice of carrying over part of one crop until the new one is thoroughly matured and hardened is practiced extensively in the United States, and thus far this year there has been no occasion to depart from it, such as was produced by the famine which prevailed in the South up to the summer of 1867, and by the drouth referred to. With the exception of portions of Alabama, where a serious want of rain is complained of, the weather has proved favorable, and we may therefore count upon the solidity which the farming interest derives from hoarding grain sufficient to place the country beyond the contingency of suffering from any possible loss of the crop now being gathered in all parts of the Union. This constitutes the greater advantage over that of last season with which we enter upon the new and successful harvest of this summer. We shall unquestionably, for this reason, have a larger amount for export, unless some unexpected disaster occur. The serious drouth in England will produce a demand for many of our agricultural products.

This matter being thus favorable, the question will be examined in all circles what else there is to affect the prospects of an active fall season.

In 1867 we entered upon the fall trade with the apparent disadvantage which resulted from Mr. M'CULLOCH'S policy of contraction, conducted under the authority of an Act of Congress which has since been repealed, and there existed a wide-spread belief that Congress would take measures for improving the currency. These influences, and the actual weakness communicated to the farming interest by the state of the crop, produced a heavy fall in goods, the prices of which had been adjusted in an inflated currency. As contraction is not now possible, and prices have been adjusted to the present state of the currency, no apprehension of a decline, from like causes, can be predicated or supposed.

In the autumn of a Presidential election it is universally known that customers, instead of appearing here in person to make their purchases, send on orders much diminished below the quantity they would purchase if the attractions of the market were displayed to their observation. They consequently live from hand to mouth, for which contingency preparation has been made by a reduced importation. The question whether it is sufficiently reduced will probably be decided in the negative.

If the country were on the basis of the precious metals the shock of a Presidential election would scarcely be felt, however violent might be the passions which it aroused; but with a paper system pushed to the utmost verge of prudence, there would be extreme danger if there were a chance of turning over the command of affairs to those who would break down our financial system by a policy announced as to the Five-Twenties, which supposes that advantage to the country will be derived from their payment in greenbacks. It is necessarily based on the assumption that these notes will not be improved to the level of specie, but on the contrary will continue depreciated. It is aimed at the credit of the country, which, by an inflexible law, depends on the pertinacity with which our legislation is directed toward a return to specie payments. The debt payable in specie, distributed over an area of country, many of the States of which are larger than Great Britain and Ireland combined, would fall upon a population now the superior in numbers of the population of that kingdom, and destined to surpass it to such an extent as to load us with the stigma of cowardice as well as of dishonor, if her example of the manful shouldering of a larger debt than ours—hers amounts to seven hundred and ninety-seven millions of pounds sterling, of say $4 85 per pound, while ours is about twenty-five hundred millions of dollars—shall be discarded, and the mean and damaging spirit of repudiation be adopted. We are now at the point where the roads fork, and GRANT can proudly say, looking at the just platform on which he stands, "Follow my plume, for it leads to honor!" The future of stability depends on his success, which seems assured by the logic which has ever attended events from the very inception of the great conflict. The country is to be scourged beyond any thing which has yet befallen it if the path of expressed opinion is to be reversed in this election.

Assuming that General GRANT will be elected, and that the fall business will be shaped upon this expectation, we see no reason to doubt that the trade, though light, will be remunerative, although the course of the election, and particularly at the South, where violence is threatened, will be watched with interest. The guarantee contained in the Constitution to protect each State against domestic violence would, in the contingency of a demand made by a State executive, and that also of an adjournment of Congress, need to be met by the action of President JOHNSON, which might not be effectual. The States which have been recently admitted to full activity under the Reconstruction Acts have passed out of the guardianship of Congress, so that measures for such protection can not be initiated by the General Government excepting to provide in advance for power in some quarter to act in case such demand be made by the local authorities, which demand is now a necessary preliminary to action from Washington.

The turn upward in the gold market is due to speculation founded on the apprehension of political excitement, aided by the fact that nearly seventy millions have been exported since the first of January, and that the appropriation likely to be made of seven millions to pay for Alaska, will reduce the amount in the Treasury to under forty millions, which is supposed to be too small to enable the Treasury Department to frustrate the efforts of those speculators who appear to have combined for a rise.

There is a possibility that this tendency may be increased by the return of bonds, but they appear to be held abroad with great firmness, especially on the Continent, where more confidence is shown than on the part of English holders, which latter are influenced to some extent by the adverse tone of the British press, which never fails to present such evidence of imprudence as Mr. STEVENS exhibited in the House of Representatives in the debate last week on the Funding Act; but sensible holders of the debt will doubtless attribute the tone of his speech to the aspects of the campaign as they appear in particular localities, rather than to the general feeling of the people, which will find expression in the election of General GRANT, who may be relied upon for upholding the public credit with the firmness shown by him in conducting war with the means which that credit enabled us to raise. His election, therefore, as it will insure stability, is the highest duty now imposed upon our people.

LIGHT WANTED.

LET us have all the light possible upon the subject of the imprisonment of MARY ANN SMITH. She is a girl of sixteen or seventeen years of age, who has lived as a domestic in the city of Newark, New Jersey. She has no mother, and her father has educated her in the Roman Catholic faith. But she has become a Methodist, and against her will has now been imprisoned in this city in a Roman Catholic house of refuge for fallen women, called the House of the Good Shepherd. She was brought before Judge SUTHERLAND upon a writ of *habeas corpus*, but the father appeared with witnesses to ruin his daughter's character, and the Judge was not satisfied that he could remove her from her father's care. She was therefore given back to the custody of the House of the Good Shepherd, in which other punishment is inflicted than confinement.

This seems to be a case in which the moving cause of imprisonment is a change of religious faith. If, indeed, the girl is dissolute, and the parent seeks her correction under the auspices of the church which he prefers, and she consents, nobody will object. But a prostitute desiring to reform may choose her place of detention, whether Protestant or Roman. But if a girl is being punished for preferring the Methodist to the Roman faith it is a matter of the profoundest public concern. It is a most shameless outrage, and the fact that an unsuccessful effort has been made to remedy it will but aggravate the girl's suffering. The Roman Church here as elsewhere will get all it can. Its steady effort to secure a separate share of the school money; the proposal in the last Legislature to appropriate money for the support of the sectarian schools of that Church; the municipal partiality for it at the City Hall, all show a disposition to foster it, of which the Church is fully conscious, and which it will not fail to improve to the utmost. It is most unfortunate that the law does not furnish an opportunity for an immediate and conclusive investigation of this case. If the girl is illegally detained she must, so far as appears, continue to be the victim of injustice until the General Term of the Supreme Court in November. Should the judgment of that court be unfavorable the case will be carried up to the Court of Appeals.

TREASURES FOR THE CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

IT is announced that President WHITE has engaged GOLDWIN SMITH as Professor of English Constitutional History, and JAMES LAW of Belfast, a very accomplished and well-known scientific scholar, as Professor in the Agricultural department of Cornell University. But the engagement of these distinguished gentlemen is but an illustration of the work done for the University by its indefatigable President during his absence of three months in Europe. Within that time he has sent from France, Germany, and England the largest and finest collection of books, models, and apparatus ever sent within the same term from the Old World to the New. He has spent for these purposes, in the most careful manner and under the best advice, not less than forty thousand dollars.

Among the treasures he has collected are all of AUZOUX'S models in anatomy, comparative anatomy and botany, from Paris. BRENDEL'S models in botany from Breslau; SCHRODER'S models of machines from Darmstadt; DUBOSCY'S choicest optical apparatus, and KONIG'S acoustic apparatus from Paris, including the pieces necessary for TYNDALL'S and others' most recent experiments. Also BUNSEN'S choicest pieces from Heidelberg; chemical apparatus from Darmstadt, Erfurt, and Berlin; a collection of one hundred and eighty-seven models of plows from the Royal Agricultural College at Hohenheim, which was exhibited at the Great Exposition in Paris, and of which the Prussian Government has ordered a duplicate; instruments of many kinds from London; and besides the Bopp Library of Philology, the acquisition of which has been already mentioned, a large collection of full sets of the best French, English, and German periodicals.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

THE Bill discontinuing the Freedmen's Bureau in January, 1869, passed both Houses on July 14.

William M. Evarts was confirmed Attorney-General on July 15.

Final action on the Alaska Appropriation Bill was taken on July 17, and the money was granted by a decided vote.

By the law just passed, providing for the preference for pensions to the heirs of deceased unmarried soldiers or sailors, the mother first, the father second, and the orphan brothers and sisters lastly, are to be entitled to the pay.

The Electoral College Bill, providing that the votes of those tardy or refractory States which have not reconstructed, and which may not be represented in Congress at the time of the next election for President and Vice-President shall not be counted, was passed over the President's veto on July 20, and is now a law. The votes of Texas, Georgia, Virginia, and Mississippi are now liable to be thrown out if they do not get in before Congress adjourns.

NEWS ITEMS.

Governor Smith, of Alabama, was inaugurated July 14. His message strongly recommends the removal of political disabilities, and bitterly denounces disfranchisement except for crimes. There are about thirty colored members of the Legislature, and the chaplain and sergeant-at-arms of the House are colored.

A serious riot occurred in Millican, Texas, on the 15th July, and continued the next day. It is said to have been occasioned by the disappearance of a negro member of the Loyal League, who was supposed to have been hung by white men, but who subsequently made his appearance. Between fifty and sixty lives are supposed to have been lost.

Advices from the Plains state that the Indians have notified the military authorities that war would be resumed unless arms and ammunition were supplied to them in accordance with the terms of the treaty. Several depredations were committed soon afterward, and the military commanders in the department have been ordered to prepare for active service.

Secretary Seward, on July 20, issued his proclamation announcing that the Constitutional amendment known as the fourteenth article has been ratified by the necessary number of States, and has now become a part of the Constitution. It establishes the equal civil rights in all the States and Territories of citizens of all races and colors, and proclaims all persons born or naturalized in the United States citizens thereof; it establishes a new system of representation in Congress on the basis of suffrage, leaving every State free to adopt a universal or qualified suffrage limited to males above the age of twenty-one years, thus excluding the women under the supreme law.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THEY celebrate the 4th of July in Panama in a singular way. The election for President was reported on the night of the last 4th to have gone for Dr. Amador and against the Government: whereupon a revolution was inaugurated the next morning, by which the acting President was arrested; General Ponce, commander of the State troops, was inaugurated Provisional President; and a force was sent to arrest Amador, who will probably be banished. A decree was then issued declaring the Isthmus in a state of war, suspending constitutional guarantees, and stopping the transit of the Rio Grande.

The Nova Scotia delegates, who visited England to obtain a release of their province from the Canadian Confederation, returned to Halifax on the 15th July, and were warmly welcomed by the populace. A delegate who had gone over to advocate the Confederation also returned with them, and was received with hisses and a demonstration toward throwing him overboard.

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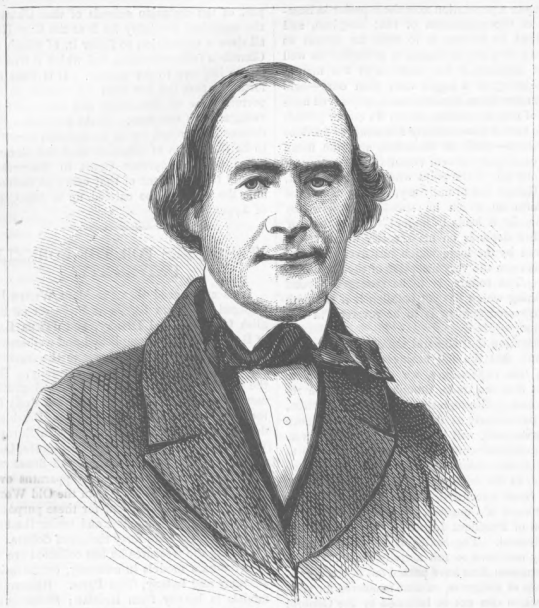


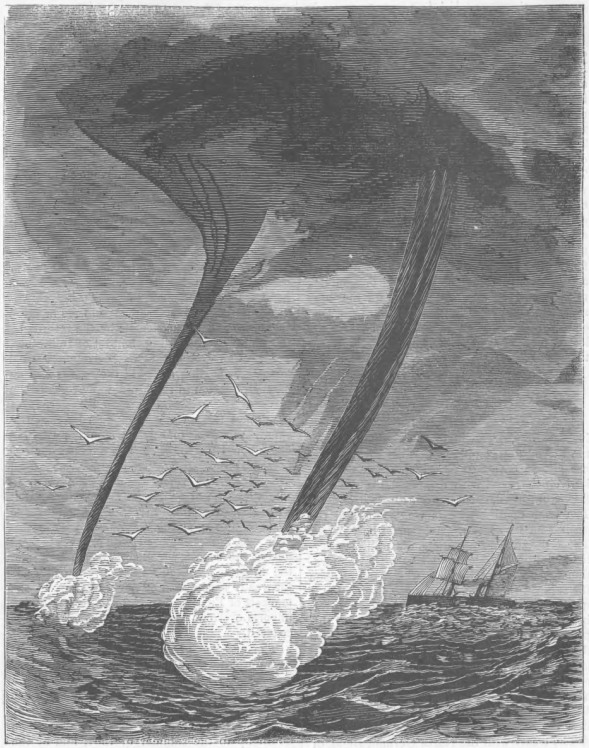
THE LATE PETER CAGGER.—PHOT. BY CHURCHILL & DENISON, ALBANY, N. Y.—[SEE PAGE 487.]

WATER-SPOUTS IN THE PACIFIC.

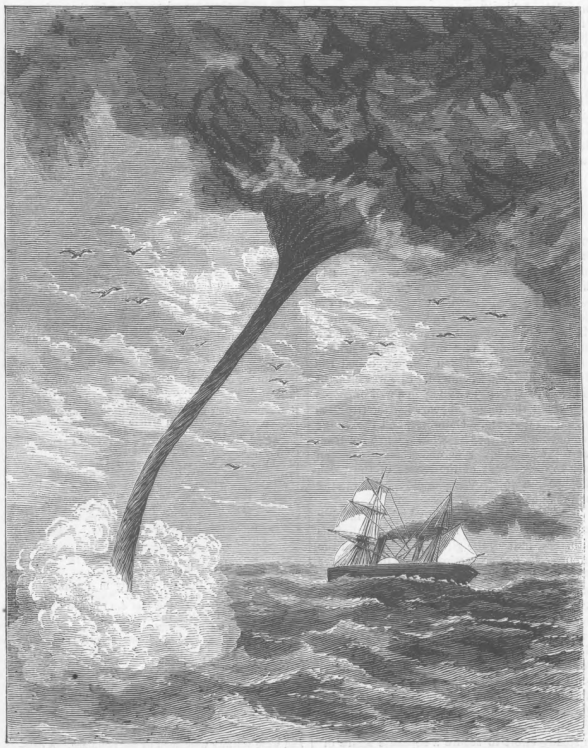
MR. WILLIAM H. HALLOCK, of this city, while on his way lately to San Francisco by the steamer *Nevada*, saw, and has illustrated for us, three water-spouts of very peculiar character. The phenomenon is one of common occurrence, but it is seldom that an artist is fortunate enough to be so near one as to be able to sketch it and live to tell the tale.

Those seen by Mr. HALLOCK were in latitude 13° 50′ N., longitude 91° 52′ W., immediately off the southwestern coast of Guatemala. The sun was partially obscured by showery clouds, when two water-spouts were seen some two and a half miles due west from the ship. They seemed to slowly approach the vessel, the water beneath them being in great commotion. A heavy, dark shadow rested over the surface of the water, except in the comparatively small space at the terminus of the spout, which, for convenience, might be called a huge sea-serpent suspended between earth and heaven. At this point of contact, at the base of the column, the spectacle was suggestive of a seething caldron, or a section of the "cave of the winds" at Niagara, clouds of vapor being drawn upward with terrific violence. Above rested a heavy penumbra of dark cloud, moving sluggishly, until at last, after an interval of fifteen or twenty minutes, the serpentine column, at first upright and rigid, could hold together no longer, so oblique was the angle of inclination, and the whole fabric suddenly vanished from sight. The companion-spout was separated only by a short distance, but was of less magnitude, and disappeared almost simultaneously, after performing evolutions corresponding with those already described; and where lately the sea foamed with rage calm now succeeded, with nothing to mark the spot except swarms of gulls, attracted, it may be, by carcasses of dead fish.

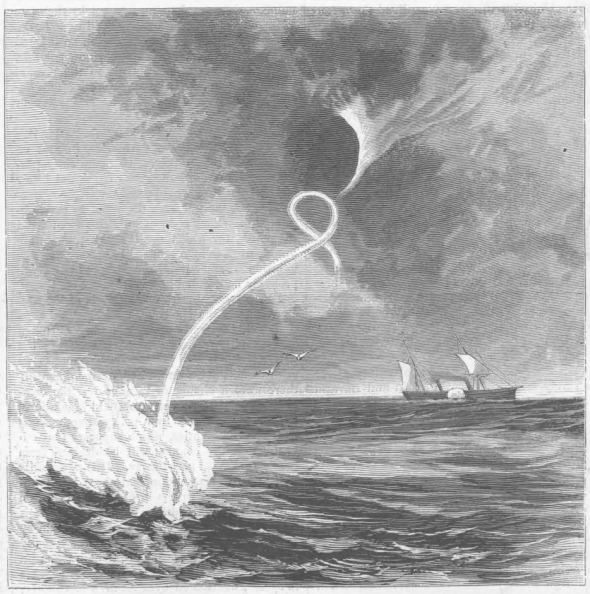
Subsequently another water-spout was detected in the act of forming. MR. HALLOCK observed a small pear-shaped cloud forming overhead, of a whitish ashen color, and, watching carefully through a glass, noticed presently that the stem began slowly to drop or elongate. At the time there was no perceptible disturbance of the water beneath, but within five minutes light feathers of spray began to fly from the crest of the waves, which might easily have been mistaken for the splash of a porpoise or the blow of a whale, and almost immediately upward and descending funnels of white vapor, the latter very dark, met in mid-air, forming a close connection, the shape being serpentine. Rapidly this column began to revolve, and acquired a steadily progressive motion; the sea at its base was changed to a bed of foam and vapor, rounded into a fleecy cushion for the support of the lofty superstructure. Fears were entertained that this spout, which was at one time within a few yards of the ship, would burst and deluge it; the passengers were ordered below and the hatches closed; and the big gun was got in readiness to attack the strange visitor, should it approach too near, hoping to break the suspended column of water while yet at a distance, and thereby avert the threatened deluge. But the dreaded spout finally passed astern and began to dissolve. The column which at first stood nearly perpendicular, dark, rigid, and heavy against the clouds (the upper terminus gently blending with the body of vapor behind it, the lower veiled by fleecy wreaths of mist), was now attenuated to a mere film—a spiral tube of most delicate texture, within which was observable a tremulous motion, as though the lifting power was being relaxed, and it was uncertain whether the dark body of water within should finally yield to the power of gravitation or ascend heavenward. For a moment the light spiral net-work of the tube was darkened by the downward rush of waters. Then followed a partial return, when lo! the structure separated in mid-heaven and an immense body of water literally slid down the funnel with a heavy thud, as falling lead, into the bosom of the deep. In other words, the upward motion of the inclosing cylinder of white vapor was reversed, and then followed a headlong rush to the sea, down the inclined plane. But this was not all. The falling column assumed the appearance of a coil in a rope (a lariat, for example); the film that was drawn upward was also coiled. After receding a space, the lower section seemed instinct with life, and re-erected itself heavenward. The union thus formed was but momentary, for when a clap of thunder was heard the parts were disengaged, one falling into the sea, and the other floating away with the clouds—as the tail of a kite follows the wind if broken from its fastenings. In the descent a dark, spherical body was observed, having nearly the apparent diameter of the moon at its full, which was plausibly explained to be nothing more than an end or sectional view of the funnel or stem of the water-spout.



WATER-SPOUTS IN THE PACIFIC—RACING.—[SKETCHED BY MR. W. H. HALLOCK.]



A WATER-SPOUT IN THE PACIFIC—FORMING.—[SKETCHED BY MR. W. H. HALLOCK.]



A WATER-SPOUT IN THE PACIFIC—DISSOLVING.—[SKETCHED BY MR. W. H. HALLOCK.]

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THE MOONSTONE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

Printed from the Author's Manuscript.

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.

FIFTH NARRATIVE.

The Story resumed by Franklin Blake.

CHAPTER I.

BUT few words are needed, on my part, to complete the narrative that has been presented in the Journal of Ezra Jennings.

Of myself, I have only to say that I awoke on the morning of the twenty-sixth, perfectly ignorant of all that I had said and done under the influence of the opium—from the time when the drug first laid its hold on me, to the time when I opened my eyes on the sofa in Rachel's sitting-room.

Of what happened after my waking, I do not feel called upon to render an account in detail. Confining myself merely to results, I have to report that Rachel and I thoroughly understood each other before a single word of explanation had passed on either side. I decline to account, and Rachel declines to account, for the extraordinary rapidity of our reconciliation. Sir and Madam, look back to the time when you were passionately attached to each other—and you will know what happened, after Ezra Jennings had shut the door of the sitting-room, as well as I know it myself.

I have, however, no objection to add, that we should have been certainly discovered by Mrs. Merridew but for Rachel's presence of mind. She heard the sound of the old lady's dress in the corridor, and instantly ran out to meet her. I heard Mrs. Merridew say, "What is the matter?" and I heard Rachel answer, "The explosion!" Mrs. Merridew instantly permitted herself to be taken by the arm and led into the garden, out of the way of the impending shock. On her return to the house she met me in the hall, and expressed herself as greatly struck by the vast improvement in Science since the time when she was a girl at school. "Explosions, Mr. Blake, are infinitely milder than they were. I assure you, I barely heard Mr. Jennings's explosion from the garden. And no smell afterward, that I can detect, now we have come back to the house! I must really apologize to your medical friend. It is only due to him to say that he has managed it beautifully!"

So, after vanquishing Betteredge and Mr. Bruff, Ezra Jennings vanquished Mrs. Merridew herself. There is a great deal of undeveloped liberal feeling in the world, after all!

At breakfast Mr. Bruff made no secret of his reasons for wishing that I should accompany him to London by the morning train. The watch kept at the bank, and the result which might yet come of it, appealed so irresistibly to Rachel's curiosity that she at once decided (if Mrs. Merridew had no objection) on accompanying us back to town—so as to be within reach of the earliest news of our proceedings.

Mrs. Merridew proved to be all pliability and indulgence, after the truly considerate manner in which the explosion had conducted itself; and Betteredge was accordingly informed that we were all four to travel back together by the morning train. I fully expected that he would have asked leave to accompany us. But Rachel had wisely provided her faithful old servant with an occupation that interested him. He was charged with completing the refurnishing of the house, and was too full of his domestic responsibilities to feel the "detective-fever" as he might have felt it under other circumstances.

Our one subject of regret, in going to London, was the necessity of parting, more abruptly than we could have wished, with Ezra Jennings. It was impossible to persuade him to accompany us. I could only promise to write to him—and Rachel could only insist on his coming to see her when she returned to Yorkshire. There was every prospect of our meeting again in a few months—and yet there was something very sad in seeing our best and dearest friend left standing alone on the platform as the train moved out of the station.

On our arrival in London, Mr. Bruff was accosted at the terminus by a small boy, dressed in a jacket and trowsers of threadbare black cloth, and personally remarkable in virtue of the extraordinary prominence of his eyes. They projected so far, and they rolled about so loosely, that you wondered uneasily why they remained in their sockets. After listening to the boy, Mr. Bruff asked the ladies whether they would excuse our accompanying them back to Portland Place. I had barely time to promise Rachel that I would return, and tell her every thing that had happened, before Mr. Bruff seized me by the arm and hurried me into a cab. The boy with the ill-secured eyes took his place on the box by the driver, and the driver was directed to go to Lombard Street.

"News from the bank?" I asked, as we started.

"News of Mr. Luker," said Mr. Bruff. "An hour ago he was seen to leave his house at Lambeth in a cab, accompanied by two men, who were recognized by *my* men as police-officers in plain clothes. If Mr. Luker's dread of the Indians is at the bottom of this precaution, the inference is plain enough. He is going to take the Diamond out of the bank."

"And we are going to the bank to see what comes of it?"

"Yes—or to hear what has come of it, if it is all over by this time. Did you notice my boy—on the box there?"

"I noticed his eyes!"

Mr. Bruff laughed. "They call the poor little wretch 'Gooseberry' at the office," he said. "I employ him to go on errands—and I only wish my clerks who have nicknamed him were as thoroughly to be depended on as he is. Gooseberry is one of the sharpest boys in London, Mr. Blake, in spite of his eyes."

It was twenty minutes to five when we drew up before the bank in Lombard Street. Gooseberry looked longingly at his master as he opened the cab door.

"Do you want to come in too?" asked Mr. Bruff, kindly. "Come in then, and keep at my heels till further orders. He's as quick as lightning," pursued Mr. Bruff, addressing me in a whisper. "Two words will do with Gooseberry where twenty would be wanted with another boy."

We entered the bank. The outer office—with the long counter, behind which the cashiers sat—was crowded with people; all waiting their turn to take money out, or to pay money in, before the bank closed at five o'clock.

Two men among the crowd approached Mr. Bruff as soon as he showed himself.

"Well," asked the lawyer. "Have you seen him?"

"He passed us here half an hour since, Sir, and went on into the inner office."

"Has he not come out again yet?"

"No, Sir."

Mr. Bruff turned to me. "Let us wait," he said.

I looked round among the people about me for the three Indians. Not a sign of them was to be seen any where. The only person present with a noticeably dark complexion was a tall man in a pilot coat, and a round hat, who looked like a sailor. Could this be one of them in disguise? Impossible! The man was taller than any of the Indians; and his face, where it was not hidden by a bushy black beard, was twice the breadth of any of their faces at least.

"They must have their spy somewhere," said Mr. Bruff, looking at the dark sailor in his turn. "And he may be the man."

Before he could say any more his coat-tail was respectfully pulled by his attendant sprite with the gooseberry eyes. Mr. Bruff looked where the boy was looking. "Hush!" he said. "Here is Mr. Luker!"

The money-lender came out from the inner regions of the bank, followed by his two guardian policemen in plain clothes.

"Keep your eye on him," whispered Mr. Bruff. "If he passes the Diamond to any body, he will pass it here."

Without noticing either of us, Mr. Luker slowly made his way to the door—now in the thickest, now in the thinnest part of the crowd. I distinctly saw his hand move as he passed a short, stout man, respectably dressed in a suit of sober gray. The man started a little, and looked after him. Mr. Luker moved on slowly through the crowd. At the door his guard placed themselves on either side of him. They were all three followed by one of Mr. Bruff's two men—and I saw them no more.

I looked round at the lawyer, and then looked significantly toward the man in the suit of sober gray. "Yes!" whispered Mr. Bruff, "I saw it too!" He turned about in search of his second man. The second man was nowhere to be seen. He looked behind him for his attendant sprite. Gooseberry had disappeared.

"What the devil does it mean!" said Mr. Bruff, angrily. "They have both left us at the very time when we want them most."

It came to the turn of the man in the gray suit to transact his business at the counter. He paid in a check—received a receipt for it—and turned to go out.

"What is to be done?" asked Mr. Bruff. "*We* can't degrade ourselves by following him."

"*I* can!" I said. "I wouldn't lose sight of that man for ten thousand pounds!"

"In that case," rejoined Mr. Bruff, "I wouldn't lose sight of *you* for twice the money. A nice occupation for a man in my position," he muttered to himself, as we followed the stranger out of the bank. "For Heaven's sake, don't mention it! I should be ruined if it was known."

The man in the gray suit got into an omnibus going westward. We got in after him. There were latent reserves of youth still left in Mr. Bruff. I assert it positively—when he took his seat in the omnibus he blushed!

The man with the gray suit stopped the omnibus and got out in Oxford Street. We followed him again. He went into a chemist's shop.

Mr. Bruff started. "My chemist!" he exclaimed. "I am afraid we have made a mistake."

We entered the shop. Mr. Bruff and the proprietor exchanged a few words in private. The lawyer joined me again, with a very crest-fallen face.

"It's greatly to our credit," he said, as he took my arm and led me out—"that's one comfort!"

"What is to our credit?" I asked.

"Mr. Blake! you and I are the two worst amateur detectives that ever tried their hands at the trade. The man in the gray suit has been thirty years in the chemist's service. He was sent to the bank to pay money to his master's account—and he knows no more of the Moonstone than the babe unborn."

I asked what was to be done next.

"Come back to my office," said Mr. Bruff. "Gooseberry and my second man have evidently followed somebody else. Let us hope that *they* had their eyes about them, at any rate!"

When we reached Gray's Inn Square the second man had arrived there before us. He had been waiting for more than a quarter of an hour.

"Well!" asked Mr. Bruff. "What's your news?"

"I am sorry to say, Sir," replied the man, "that I have made a mistake. I could have taken my oath that I saw Mr. Luker pass something to an elderly gentleman in a light-colored paletot. The elderly gentleman turns out, Sir, to be a most respectable master iron-monger in Eastcheap."

"Where is Gooseberry?" asked Mr. Bruff, resignedly.

The man stared. "I don't know, Sir. I have seen nothing of him since I left the bank."

Mr. Bruff dismissed the man. "One of two things," he said to me. "Either Gooseberry has run away, or he is hunting on his own account. What do you say to dining here, on the chance that the boy may come back in an hour or two? I have got some good wine in the cellar, and we can get a chop from the coffee-house."

We dined at Mr. Bruff's chambers. Before the cloth was removed "a person" was announced as wanting to speak to the lawyer. Was the person Gooseberry? No: only the man who had been employed to follow Mr. Luker when he left the bank.

The report, in this case, presented no feature of the slightest interest. Mr. Luker had gone back to his own house, and had there dismissed his guard. He had not gone out again afterward. Toward dusk the shutters had been put up and the doors had been bolted. The street before the house, and the alley behind the house, had been carefully watched. No signs of the Indians had been visible. No person whatever had been seen loitering about the premises. Having stated these facts the man waited to know whether there were any further orders. Mr. Bruff dismissed him for the night.

"Do you think Mr. Luker has taken the Moonstone home with him?" I asked.

"Not he," said Mr. Bruff. "He would never have dismissed his two policemen if he had run the risk of keeping the Diamond in his own house again."

We waited another half hour for the boy, and waited in vain. It was then time for Mr. Bruff to go to Hampstead, and for me to return to Rachel in Portland Place. I left my card, in charge of the porter at the chambers, with a line written on it to say that I should be at my lodgings at half past ten that night. The card was to be given to the boy, if the boy came back.

Some men have a knack of keeping appointments; and other men have a knack of missing them. I am one of the other men. Add to this that I passed the evening at Portland Place, on the same seat with Rachel, in a room forty feet long, with Mrs. Merridew at the further end of it. Does any body wonder that I got home at half past twelve instead of half past ten? How thoroughly heartless that person must be! And how earnestly I hope I may never make that person's acquaintance!

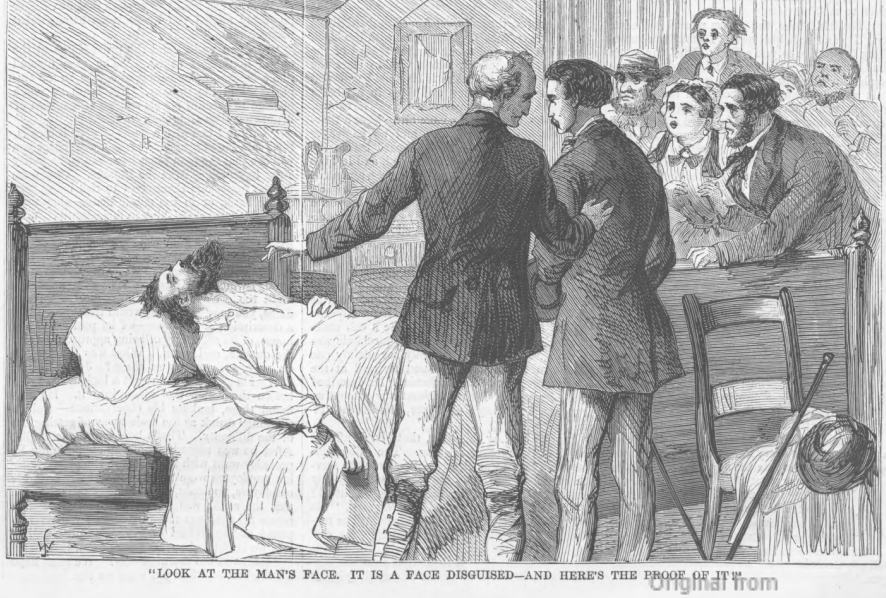
My servant handed me a morsel of paper when he let me in.

I read, in a neat, legal handwriting, these words: "If you please, Sir, I am getting sleepy. I will come back to-morrow morning, between nine and ten." Inquiry proved that a boy, with very extraordinary-looking eyes, had called, had presented my card and message, had waited an hour, had done nothing but fall asleep and wake up again, had written a line for me, and had gone home—after gravely informing the servant that "he was fit for nothing unless he got his night's rest."

At nine the next morning I was ready for my visitor. At half past nine I heard steps outside my door. "Come in, Gooseberry!" I called out. "Thank you, Sir," answered a grave and melancholy voice. The door opened. I started to my feet and confronted—Sergeant Cuff!

"I thought I would look in here, Mr. Blake, on the chance of your being in town, before I wrote to Yorkshire," said the Sergeant.

He was as dreary and as lean as ever. His eyes had not lost their old trick (so subtly noticed in Betteredge's Narrative) of "looking as



"LOOK AT THE MAN'S FACE. IT IS A FACE DISGUISED—AND HERE'S THE PROOF OF IT."

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if they expected something more from you than you were aware of yourself." But, so far as dress can alter a man, the great Cuff was changed beyond all recognition. He wore a broad-brimmed white hat, a light shooting-jacket, white trowsers, and drab gaiters. He carried a stout oak stick. His whole aim and object seemed to be to look as if he had lived in the country all his life. When I complimented him on his Metamorphosis he declined to take it as a joke. He complained, quite gravely, of the noises and the smells of London. I declare I am far from sure that he did not speak with a slightly rustic accent! I offered him breakfast. The innocent countryman was quite shocked. *His* breakfast-hour was half past six—and *he* went to bed with the cocks and hens!

"I only got back from Ireland last night," said the Sergeant, coming round to the practical object of his visit, in his own impenetrable manner. "Before I went to bed I read your letter, telling me what has happened since my inquiry after the Diamond was suspended last year. There's only one thing to be said about the matter, on my side. I completely mistook my case. How any man living was to have seen things in their true light, in such a situation as mine was at the time, I don't profess to know. But that doesn't alter the facts as they stand. I own that I made a mess of it. Not the first mess, Mr. Blake, which has distinguished my professional career! It's only in books that the officers of the detective force are superior to the weakness of making a mistake."

"You have come in the nick of time to recover your reputation," I said.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Blake," rejoined the Sergeant. "Now I have retired from business I don't care a straw about my reputation. I have done with my reputation, thank God! I am here, Sir, in grateful remembrance of the late Lady Verinder's liberality to me. I will go back to my old work—if you want me, and if you will trust me—on that consideration, and on no other. Not a farthing of money is to pass, if you please, from you to me. This is on honor. Now tell me, Mr. Blake, how the case stands since you wrote to me last."

I told him of the experiment with the opium, and of what had occurred afterward at the bank in Lombard Street. He was greatly struck by the experiment—it was something entirely new in his experience. And he was particularly interested in the theory of Ezra Jennings, relating to what I had done with the Diamond, after I had left Rachel's sitting-room, on the birthday night.

"I don't hold with Mr. Jennings that you hid the Moonstone," said Sergeant Cuff. "But I agree with him that you must certainly have taken it back to your own room."

"Well?" I asked. "And what happened then?"

"Have you no suspicion yourself of what happened, Sir?"

"None whatever."

"Has Mr. Bruff no suspicion?"

"No more than I have."

Sergeant Cuff rose, and went to my writing-table. He came back with a sealed envelope. It was marked "Private;" it was addressed to me; and it had the Sergeant's signature in the corner.

"I suspected the wrong person last year," he said; "and I may be suspecting the wrong person now. Wait to open the envelope, Mr. Blake, till you have got at the truth; and then compare the name of the guilty person with the name that I have written in that sealed letter."

I put the letter into my pocket, and then asked for the Sergeant's opinion of the measures which we had taken at the bank.

"Very well intended, Sir," he answered, "and quite the right thing to do. But there was another person who ought to have been looked after besides Mr. Luker."

"The person named in the letter you have just given to me?"

"Yes, Mr. Blake, the person named in the letter. It can't be helped now. I shall have something to propose to you and Mr. Bruff, Sir, when the time comes. Let's wait, first, and see if the boy has any thing to tell us that is worth hearing."

It was close on ten o'clock, and the boy had not yet made his appearance. Sergeant Cuff talked of other matters. He asked after his old friend Betteredge, and his old enemy the gardener. In a minute more he would no doubt have got from this to the subject of his favorite roses, if my servant had not interrupted us by announcing that the boy was below.

On being brought into the room, Gooseberry stopped at the threshold of the door, and looked distrustfully at the stranger who was in my company. I called to the boy to come to me.

"You may speak before this gentleman," I said. "He is here to assist me; and he knows all that has happened. Sergeant Cuff," I added, "this is the boy from Mr. Bruff's office."

In our modern system of civilization, celebrity (no matter of what kind) is the lever that will move any thing. The fame of the great Cuff had even reached the ears of the small Gooseberry. The boy's ill-fixed eyes rolled, when I mentioned the illustrious name, till I thought they really must have dropped on the carpet.

"Come here, my lad," said the Sergeant, "and let's hear what you have got to tell us."

The notice of the great man—the hero of many a famous story in every lawyer's office in London—appeared to fascinate the boy. He placed himself in front of Sergeant Cuff, and put his hands behind him, after the approved fashion of a neophyte who is examined in his catechism.

"What is your name?" said the Sergeant, beginning with the first question in the catechism.

"Octavius Guy," answered the boy. "They call me Gooseberry at the office, because of my eyes."

"Octavius Guy, otherwise Gooseberry," pursued the Sergeant, with the utmost gravity, "you were missed at the bank yesterday. What were you about?"

"If you please, Sir, I was following a man."

"Who was he?"

"A tall man, Sir, with a big black beard, dressed like a sailor."

"I remember the man!" I broke in. "Mr. Bruff and I thought he was a spy, employed by the Indians."

Sergeant Cuff did not appear to be much impressed by what Mr. Bruff and I had thought. He went on catechising Gooseberry.

"Well?" he said—"and why did you follow the sailor?"

"If you please, Sir, Mr. Bruff wanted to know whether Mr. Luker passed any thing to any body on his way out of the bank. I saw Mr. Luker pass something to the sailor with the black beard."

"Why didn't you tell Mr. Bruff what you saw?"

"I hadn't time to tell any body, Sir, the sailor went out in such a hurry."

"And you ran out after him—eh?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Gooseberry," said the Sergeant, patting his head, "you have got something in that small skull of yours—and it isn't cotton-wool. I am greatly pleased with you, so far."

The boy blushed with pleasure. Sergeant Cuff went on.

"Well? and what did the sailor do, when he got into the street?"

"He called a cab, Sir."

"And what did you do?"

"Held on behind, and run after it."

Before the Sergeant could put his next question, another visitor was announced—the head clerk from Mr. Bruff's office.

Feeling the importance of not interrupting Sergeant Cuff's examination of the boy, I received the clerk in another room. He came with bad news of his employer. The agitation and excitement of the last two days had proved too much for Mr. Bruff. He had awoke that morning with an attack of gout; he was confined to his room at Hampstead; and, in the present critical condition of our affairs, he was very uneasy at being compelled to leave me without the advice and assistance of an experienced person. The chief clerk had received orders to hold himself at my disposal, and was willing to do his best to replace Mr. Bruff.

I wrote at once to quiet the old gentleman's mind, by telling him of Sergeant Cuff's visit: adding that Gooseberry was at that moment under examination; and promising to inform Mr. Bruff, either personally or by letter, of whatever might occur later in the day. Having dispatched the clerk to Hampstead with my note, I returned to the room which I had left, and found Sergeant Cuff at the fire-place, in the act of ringing the bell.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Blake," said the Sergeant. "I was just going to send word by your servant that I wanted to speak to you. There isn't a doubt on my mind that this boy—this most meritorious boy," added the Sergeant, patting Gooseberry on the head, "has followed the right man. Precious time has been lost, Sir, through your unfortunately not being at home at half past ten last night. The only thing to do, now, is to send for a cab immediately."

In five minutes more Sergeant Cuff and I (with Gooseberry on the box to guide the driver) were on our way eastward, toward the City.

"One of these days," said the Sergeant, pointing through the front window of the cab, "that boy will do great things in my late profession. He is the brightest and cleverest little chap I have met with for many a long year past. You shall hear the substance, Mr. Blake, of what he told me while you were out of the room. You were present, I think, when he mentioned that he held on behind the cab, and ran after it?"

"Yes."

"Well, Sir, the cab went from Lombard Street to the Tower Wharf. The sailor with the black beard got out, and spoke to the steward of the Rotterdam steamboat, which was to start the next morning. He asked if he could be allowed to go on board at once, and sleep in his berth overnight. The steward said, No. The cabins, and berths, and bedding were all to have a thorough cleaning that evening, and no passenger could be allowed to come on board before the morning. The sailor turned round, and left the wharf. When he got into the street again the boy noticed, for the first time, a man dressed like a respectable mechanic, walking on the opposite side of the road, and apparently keeping the sailor in view. The sailor stopped at an eating-house in the neighborhood, and went in. The boy—not being able to make up his mind at the moment—hung about among some other boys, staring at the good things in the eating-house window. He noticed the mechanic, waiting, as he himself was waiting—but still on the opposite side of the street. After a minute a cab came by slowly, and stopped where the mechanic was standing. The boy could only see plainly one person in the cab, who leaned forward at the window to speak to the mechanic. He described that person, Mr. Blake, without any prompting from me, as having a dark face, like the face of an Indian."

It was plain, by this time, that Mr. Bruff and I had made another mistake. The sailor with the black beard was clearly not a spy in the service of the Indian conspiracy. Was he, by any possibility, the man who had got the Diamond?

"After a little," pursued the Sergeant, "the cab moved on slowly down the street. The mechanic crossed the road, and went into the eating-house. The boy waited outside till he was hungry and tired—and then went into the eating-house, in his turn. He had a shilling in his pocket; and he dined sumptuously, he tells me, on a black pudding, an eel-pie, and a bottle of ginger-beer. What can a boy *not* digest? The substance in question has never been found yet."

"What did he see in the eating-house?" I asked.

"Well, Mr. Blake, he saw the sailor reading the newspaper at one table, and the mechanic reading the newspaper at another. It was dusk before the sailor got up and left the place. He looked about him suspiciously when he got out into the street. The boy—*being* a boy—passed unnoticed. The mechanic had not come out yet. The sailor walked on, looking about him, and apparently not very certain of where he was going next. The mechanic appeared once more, on the opposite side of the road. The sailor went on, till he got to Shore Lane, leading into Lower Thames Street. There he stopped before a public house under the sign of The Wheel of Fortune, and, after examining the place outside, went in. Gooseberry went in too. There were a great many people, mostly of the decent sort, at the bar. The Wheel of Fortune is a very respectable house, Mr. Blake; famous for its porter and pork-pies."

The Sergeant's digressions irritated me. He saw it, and confined himself more strictly to Gooseberry's evidence when he went on.

"The sailor," he resumed, "asked if he could have a bed. The landlord said 'No; they were full.' The barmaid corrected him, and said 'Number Ten was empty.' A waiter was sent for to show the sailor to Number Ten. Just before that, Gooseberry had noticed the mechanic among the people at the bar. Before the waiter had answered the call, the mechanic had vanished. The sailor was taken off to his room. Not knowing what to do next, Gooseberry had the wisdom to wait and see if any thing happened. Something did happen. The landlord was called for. Angry voices were heard up stairs. The mechanic suddenly made his appearance again, collared by the landlord, and exhibiting, to Gooseberry's great surprise, all the signs and tokens of being drunk. The landlord thrust him out at the door, and threatened him with the police if he came back. From the altercation between them, while this was going on, it appeared that the man had been discovered in Number Ten, and had declared with drunken obstinacy that he had taken the room. Gooseberry was so struck by this sudden intoxication of a previously sober person, that he couldn't resist running out after the mechanic into the street. As long as he was in sight of the public house, the man reeled about in the most disgraceful manner. The moment he turned the corner of the street he recovered his balance instantly, and became as sober a member of society as you could wish to see. Gooseberry went back to The Wheel of Fortune in a very bewildered state of mind. He waited about again, on the chance of something happening. Nothing happened; and nothing more was to be heard or seen of the sailor. Gooseberry decided on going back to the office. Just as he came to this conclusion, who should appear, on the opposite side of the street as usual, but the mechanic again! He looked up at one particular window at the top of the public house, which was the only one that had a light in it. The light seemed to relieve his mind. He left the place directly. The boy made his way back to Gray's Inn, got your card and message, called, and failed to find you. There you have the state of the case, Mr. Blake, as it stands at the present time."

"What is your opinion of the case, Sergeant?"

"I think it's serious, Sir. Judging by what the boy saw the Indians are in it, to begin with."

"Yes. And the sailor is evidently the man to whom Mr. Luker passed the Diamond. It seems odd that Mr. Bruff and I, and the man in Mr. Bruff's employment, should all have been mistaken about who the person was."

"Not at all, Mr. Blake. Considering the risk that person ran it's likely enough that Mr. Luker purposely misled you by previous arrangement between them."

"Do you understand the proceedings at the public house?" I asked. "The man dressed like a mechanic was acting, of course, in the employment of the Indians. But I am as much puzzled to account for his sudden assumption of drunkenness as Gooseberry himself."

"I think I can give a guess at what it means, Sir," said the Sergeant. "If you will reflect you will see that the man must have had some pretty strict instructions from the Indians. They were far too noticeable themselves to risk being seen at the bank, or in the public house—they were obliged to trust every thing to their deputy. Very good. Their deputy hears a certain number named in the public house as the number of the room which the sailor is to have for the night—that being also the room (unless our notion is all wrong) which the Diamond is to have for the night too. Under those circumstances the Indians, you may rely on it, would insist on having a description of the room—of its position in the house, of its capability of being approached from the outside, and so on. What was the man to do, with such orders as these? Just what he did! He ran up stairs to get a look at the room before the sailor was taken into it. He was found there, making his observations—and he shammed drunk as the easiest way of getting out of the difficulty. That's how I read the riddle. After he was turned out of the public house he probably went with his report to the place where his employers were waiting for him. And his employers, no doubt, sent him back to make sure that the sailor was really settled at the public house till the next morning. As for what happened at The Wheel of Fortune, after the boy left, we ought to have discovered that last night. It's eleven in the morning now. We must hope for the best and find out what we can."

In a quarter of an hour more the cab stopped in Shore Lane, and Gooseberry opened the door for us to get out.

"All right?" asked the Sergeant.

"All right," answered the boy.

The moment we entered The Wheel of Fortune it was plain, even to my inexperienced eyes, that there was something wrong in the house.

The only person behind the counter at which the liquors were served was a bewildered servant girl, perfectly ignorant of the business. One or two customers, waiting for their morning drink, were tapping impatiently on the counter with their money. The barmaid appeared from the inner regions of the parlor, excited and preoccupied. She answered Sergeant Cuff's inquiry for the landlord by telling him sharply that her master was up stairs, and was not to be bothered by any body.

"Come along with me, Sir," said Sergeant Cuff, coolly leading the way up stairs, and beckoning to the boy to follow him.

The barmaid called to her master, and warned him that strangers were intruding themselves into the house. On the first-floor we were encountered by the landlord, hurrying down, in a highly irritated state, to see what was the matter.

"Who the devil are you? and what do you want here?" he asked.

"Keep your temper," said the Sergeant, quietly. "I'll tell you who I am, to begin with. I am Sergeant Cuff."

The illustrious name instantly produced its effect. The angry landlord threw open the door of a sitting-room, and asked the Sergeant's pardon.

"I am annoyed and out of sorts, Sir—that's the truth," he said. "Something unpleasant has happened in the house this morning. A man in my way of business has a deal to upset his temper, Sergeant Cuff."

"Not a doubt of it," said the Sergeant. "I'll come at once, if you will allow me, to what brings us here. This gentleman and I want to trouble you with a few inquiries, on a matter of some interest to both of us."

"Relating to what, Sir?" asked the landlord.

"Relating to a dark man, dressed like a sailor, who slept here last night."

"Good God! that's the man who is upsetting the whole house at this moment!" exclaimed the landlord. "Do you, or does this gentleman, know any thing about him?"

"We can't be certain till we see him," answered the Sergeant.

"See him?" echoed the landlord. "That's the one thing that nobody has been able to do since seven o'clock this morning. That was the time when he left word, last night, that he was to be called. He *was* called—and there was no getting an answer from him. They tried again at eight, and they tried again at nine. No use! There was the door still locked—and not a sound to be heard in the room! I have been out this morning—and I only got back a quarter of an hour ago. I have hammered at the door myself—and all to no purpose. The pot-boy has gone to fetch a carpenter. If you can wait a few minutes, gentlemen, we will have the door opened, and see what it means."

"Was the man drunk last night?" asked Sergeant Cuff.

"Perfectly sober, Sir—or I would never have let him sleep in my house."

"Did he pay for his bed beforehand?"

"No."

"Could he leave the room in any way, without going out by the door?"

"The room is a garret," said the landlord. "But there's a trap-door in the ceiling, leading out on to the roof—and a little lower down the street there's an empty house under repair. Do you think, Sergeant, the blackguard has got off in that way, without paying?"

"A sailor," said Sergeant Cuff, "might have done it—early in the morning, before the street was astir. He would be used to climbing, and his head wouldn't fail him on the roofs of the houses."

As he spoke the arrival of the carpenter was announced. We all went up stairs, at once, to the top story. I noticed that the Sergeant was unusually grave, even for *him*. It also struck me as odd that he told the boy (after having previously encouraged him to follow us), to wait in the room below till we came down again.

The carpenter's hammer and chisel disposed of the resistance of the door in a few minutes. But some article of furniture had been placed against it inside, as a barricade. By pushing at the door we thrust this obstacle aside, and so got admission to the room. The landlord entered first; the Sergeant second; and I third. The other persons present followed us.

We all looked toward the bed, and all started.

The man had not left the room. He lay, dressed, on the bed, with a white pillow over his face, which completely hid it from view.

"What does that mean?" said the landlord, pointing to the pillow.

Sergeant Cuff led the way to the bed, without answering, and removed the pillow.

The man's swarthy face was placid and still; his black hair and beard were slightly, very slightly discomposed. His eyes stared wide open, glassy and vacant, at the ceiling. The filmy look and the fixed expression of them horrified me. I turned away, and went to the open window. The rest of them remained, where Sergeant Cuff remained, at the bed.

"He's in a fit!" I heard the landlord say.

"He's dead," the Sergeant answered. "Send for the nearest doctor, and send for the police."

The waiter was dispatched on both errands. Some strange fascination seemed to hold Sergeant Cuff to the bed. Some strange curiosity seemed to keep the rest of them waiting to see what the Sergeant would do next.

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I turned again to the window. The moment afterward I felt a soft pull at my coat-tails, and a small voice whispered, "Look here, Sir!"

Gooseberry had followed us into the room. His loose eyes rolled frightfully—not in terror, but in exultation. He had made a detective-discovery on his own account. "Look here, Sir," he repeated—and led me to a table in a corner of the room.

On the table stood a little wooden box open and empty. On one side of the box lay some jeweler's cotton. On the other side was a torn sheet of white paper, with a seal on it, partly destroyed, and with an inscription in writing, which was still perfectly legible. The inscription was in these words:

"Deposited with Messrs. Bushe, Lysaught, and Bushe, by Mr. Septimus Luker of Middlesex Place, Lambeth, a small wooden box, sealed up in this envelope, and containing a valuable of great price. The box, when claimed, to be only given up by Messrs. Bushe and Co. on the personal application of Mr. Luker."

Those lines removed all further doubt on one point at least. The sailor had been in possession of the Moonstone when he had left the bank on the previous day.

I felt another pull at my coat-tails. Gooseberry had not done with me yet.

"Robbery!" whispered the boy, pointing, in high delight, to the empty box.

"You were told to wait down stairs," I said. "Go away!"

"And Murder!" added Gooseberry, pointing, with a keener relish still, to the man on the bed.

There was something so hideous in the boy's enjoyment of the horror of the scene that I took him by the two shoulders and put him out of the room.

At the moment when I crossed the threshold of the door I heard Sergeant Cuff's voice asking where I was. He met me, as I returned into the room, and forced me to go back with him to the bedside.

"Mr. Blake!" he said. "Look at the man's face. It is a face disguised—and here's the proof of it!"

He traced with his finger a thin line of livid white, running backward from the dead man's forehead, between the swarthy complexion and the slightly-disturbed black hair. "Let's see what is under this," said the Sergeant, suddenly seizing the black hair with a firm grip of his hand.

My nerves were not strong enough to bear it. I turned away again from the bed.

The first sight that met my eyes, at the other end of the room, was the irrepressible Gooseberry, perched on a chair, and looking with breathless interest, over the heads of his elders, at the Sergeant's proceedings.

"He's pulling off his wig!" whispered Gooseberry, compassionating my position, as the only person in the room who could see nothing.

There was a pause—and then a cry of astonishment among the people round the bed.

"He's pulled off his beard!" cried Gooseberry.

There was another pause. Sergeant Cuff asked for something. The landlord went to the washband-stand, and returned to the bed with a basin of water and a towel.

Gooseberry danced with excitement on the chair. "Come up here, along with me, Sir! He's washing off his complexion."

The Sergeant suddenly burst his way through the people about him, and came, with horror in his face, straight to the place where I was standing.

"Come back to the bed, Sir!" he began. He looked at me closer, and checked himself. "No!" he resumed. "Open the sealed letter first—the letter I gave you this morning."

I opened the letter.

"Read the name, Mr. Blake, that I have written inside."

I read the name that he had written. It was —*Godfrey Ablewhite.*

"Now," said the Sergeant, "come with me, and look at the man on the bed."

I went with him, and looked at the man on the bed.

GODFREY ABLEWHITE!

PETER CAGGER.

IN the sudden death of PETER CAGGER, which occurred in this city during the session of the National Democratic Convention, New York has lost a gentleman who was one of the representative men of the State. Mr. CAGGER was fifty-two years of age. He was born in Albany. He was educated at Chambly (Canada), under the well-known Abbé MIGNAUD, and graduated at Mount St. Mary's College, Emmittsburg, Maryland. He was married before he was twenty-one years of age, and took immediately a prominent position in the legal profession and in politics. He held a controlling influence in his party for nearly thirty years; and yet always refused office, and kept absolutely aloof from the lobby and its schemes, or interfered only to baffle them. The large manorial property of the VAN RENSSELAERS passed into his hands, with accumulated rents, and complicated by lawsuits and party controversies of long standing. He had the skill and energy to settle the litigation to the satisfaction of all parties. In social life he was the most genial, refined, and delightful of men; proverbial for his amiability, and possessed of a temper never known to have been ruffled. His fidelity to his friends, irrespective of party relations or religious belief, has been known and experienced, for a quarter of a century, by the controlling minds of every county in the State. His hand was "open as day to melting charity," and benevolence to the poor, the widow, and the orphan, was one of the notable, as it was one of the most charming, of his many excellent qualities. His funeral from St. Joseph's Church was attended with all the pomp of ceremonial that the Catholic Church renders to the dead; and the demonstration of popular feeling on the occasion was one of the most remarkable tributes ever rendered to a private citizen.

A SEA-SHELL.

Cool lips of shell, sing, Sea-shell, warm and sweet,
Of ripples curling on the creamy beach,
Of soft waves singing in each other's ear,
Small wavelets kissing one another's feet,
Where flakes of foam make music, a low speech
Tenderly sad to hear.

Tell me of half-formed little broken words,
Sung by the ripples to the still sea-flowers
In silent sleeping tideless deeps of sea;
For there the flowers have voices like to birds,
That sing full-throated in this world of ours
On each melodious tree.

Not now, not now, sweet shell, some other day
Tell me of sighings on the lonely shore,
And seas that sob to birds that scream above;
Tell me not now of earth grown weak and gray,
Nor longing for the things that come no more,
Nor any broken love.

To me thy breathing bears another tone,
Of fresh cool currents running under sea,
And happy laughter of the sunny spray:
Ah! hearest thou the words that are thine own,
Know'st thou the message that they bear to me,
The things they seem to say?

Ah, Sea-shell, it is this: "The soft blue deep,
Which thrills with a heart that knows thee and is kind,
Sighed for thy sorrow, now it laughs with thee;
Love is a secret which man can not keep,
Hide it from heaven and the heedless wind,
But trust it with the sea!"

THE FISHERMEN OF BOULOGNE.

THE fishermen and their families inhabit a quarter of their own. It is called *La Beurrière*, and occupies a steep eminence fronting the sea, so that the mothers and sweet-hearts of the fishermen can descry their husbands' and lovers' boats while yet far away. They are a deeply religious people. Our Lady of Boulogne is their patroness and friend, and her image came over the sea against wind and tide hundreds and hundreds of years ago. Perhaps this is a Christian adaptation of the myth that Aphrodite sprang from the foam of the ocean—for we know how often the early missionaries gave a Christian turn to superstitious notions which they could not eradicate. When a southwest gale begins to blow, and the wind howls on the rocky coast about Cape Grisnez, the fisherwoman kneels to Our Lady's image over her bed, and prays for the preservation of those at sea. At certain seasons of the year they make a pilgrimage to a chapel dedicated to JESUS UNDER THE SCOURGE, carrying with them the model of a boat and a number of small candles, as an offering for the well-being of the absent. The boat is hung up to the roof of the chapel, and prayers are devoutly said. Here we have a relic of the Greek and Roman custom of presenting votive oblations, such as every Athenian sailor practiced. He propitiated the Nereids, nymphs of the sea, with offerings of milk and oil, as these beautiful spirits had the power of ruffling or calming the waters at their will.

The fishing people's costume is very peculiar. The women wear black and white striped woolen petticoats, with a shorter scarlet one over, both displaying a neat ankle incased in violet-colored stockings of worsted, which they knit themselves. You may see them by scores sitting on the pier-rails with their fish-baskets on their shoulders, plying their needles, while they wait for the return of the boats from sea. They show great ingenuity in the management of their sabots, or wooden shoes, and set an example of rare neatness to many a slatternly English house-maid. Their head-dress dates from immemorial antiquity. It is like an old-fashioned night-cap, with a large, stiff, flapping frill surrounding the face. This cap, with a smart silk apron, their ear-rings, and the chain round their necks with the portrait of their husbands attached, constitutes the gala dress of the married women. These ear-rings are golden ornaments of a peculiar shape, and are called *wheat-ears;* probably a refinement upon the rings and bones thrust by savages through the cartilage of the nose, and the wooden plugs, as big as table-spoons, put through slits in the under lip.

The dress of the men consists of a knitted worsted jerkin, close fitting to the skin; loose short trowsers that appear to be made of tarred linen; immense boots, well oiled and greased, reaching above their knees, and a *bonnet rouge*, which may have had a Phrygian origin.

The furniture of their houses is, like themselves, exceptional. Of course they have the central pendule or clock, with two china vases filled with artificial flowers, on the chimney-piece of their chief, and, as it often happens, only room. No true wife of a *matelot* would consider herself properly married without the possession of these ornaments. In the corner stands a large press, or armoire, containing the bride's trousseau; which is not considered complete unless it includes six dozen chemises for herself and six dozen shirts for her husband, upon which her thrifty hands have been engaged probably for many years before her marriage. The bed is a marvelous structure, often composed of four or five mattresses piled one on the other, so that the nose of the sleeper almost touches the ceiling. It is presumed that the sailor fancies he reposes more comfortably when his bed on shore is as narrow as the bunker of a fishing-boat. Not long ago a fisherman broke some of his limbs, and his wife, a huge muscular Christian, used to hoist him into bed as a miller might hoist a sack of flour on the top of a wagon-load. They are generally a temperate and frugal people. It is very seldom that a fisherman is found begging, either for himself or his family; he would lose caste among his people were he to do so. Their love of the drama is traditional; they prefer comedies in which all the good are rewarded in the long-run, and all the scoundrels come to grief. Their idea of judicial punishment is that great criminals ought to be tortured. They consider the guillotine far too lenient an instrument of execution. When Leduc drowned his helpless little children in the port of Boulogne, they freely expressed the opinion that, if they could catch him, they would fasten him up in a barrel full of spikes, and roll it up and down the cliffs at the mouth of the harbor.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Now that many clergymen are recruiting their exhausted energies in quiet country places, and at the same time pondering upon the welfare of their flocks and devising new means whereby social and public religious worship may be rendered both pleasant and profitable, a brief sketch of a certain recent prayer-meeting may give some hints. This prayer-meeting was one of many held by the Young Men's Christian Associations at their thirteenth International Convention, lately convened at Detroit. It was a morning meeting, and was conducted by a clergyman of Brooklyn. He made no long speech or prayer; but read a part of the first chapter of Acts, and stated that he wished to direct attention to the need of seeking the "power" mentioned in the eighth verse; a single verse of a hymn preceded and another succeeded the reading and remarks, and the meeting was open. Many short speeches and prayers were made, but they did not average more than two minutes each in length. Every man who rose to speak—and there was no confusion, although four or five often rose at once—had one single point to state and illustrate; and when he had done that, he sat down and was instantly followed by another. There were also many stanzas of hymns sung—never more than one at a time, but that always *well* sung. Such a meeting is inspiring. Can not such like be substituted for those dull, heavy gatherings which often are a weariness to the flesh and spirit of the best-minded Christian? Then, no minister will be obliged to say again and again in his prayer-meeting, "Brethren, there is still opportunity for remarks!"

The curious, mysterious, electric, magnetic, spiritualistic, or whatever it may be, toy, "Planchette," is wonderfully fashionable just now. The word "Planchette" means "a little board;" and the instrument known by the name is heart-shaped, usually made of wood, but sometimes of glass or rubber, about four inches in diameter, and is mounted upon two castors, the third support being a lead-pencil, which passes through the apex of the heart. "Planchette" appears to be of French origin, and is said to have been brought to this country some years ago, when our country was too much occupied in watching the movements of contending armies to spend much time in games. There are various theories in regard to this remarkable little companion; but the commonly received belief in regard to its action is, that if two persons place each a hand lightly upon this little table, touching it merely with the tips of the fingers, and wait long enough, Planchette will begin to run about; and that after a while it will write out the answer to any question which may be asked, without any intentional impulse being given by those who touch it. Undoubtedly, if in any cases Planchette moves without being mischievously or designedly impelled by the operators, the influence may be magnetic; but thus far we fancy this toy has proved most amusing from its extraordinary specimens of chirography. Nevertheless some strange stories are told of the wonderful answers which are extorted from this "little board;" and as the directions for the game say that "*if possible*," the companion operators should be a lady and a gentleman, Planchette is likely to be a favorite amusement at watering-places and country resorts. It has been humorously proposed to construct a Planchette of the size of a dog-cart, with a seat for two, exchanging the lead-pencil for a guiding-wheel, like that of a velocipede. The motive power will, of course, be supplied by those who ride, their hands resting lightly upon a platform raised in front of them. The velocity depending upon the volition, think how convenient for a runaway couple!

Some ingenious Parisian absurdities have recently been introduced into this country, though as yet they are but little known. A lady, for instance, will wear a carved and gilded bird in her hair, with outspread wings and movable bill, which keep up a constant motion in exact imitation of the real bird. Or some stylish gentleman will display a scarf-pin consisting of a negro's head, chiseled and painted in careful imitation of the African features. Suddenly the scarf-pin begins to roll its eyes and chatter with its jaws. In each instance the trinket is connected with a small electrical battery—which, in case of the scarf-pin, is carried in the vest-pocket, and of the bird concealed in the folds of the hair.

It is said that the eggs of the locust are deadly poison; and a young lady living in Georgia is reported to have been fatally poisoned by using a twig for a tooth-brush wherein the locusts had deposited their eggs. Also in Tennessee six boys—three white and three black—were found dead under a mulberry-tree from eating the berries in which the locusts had deposited their eggs.

A very extraordinary "bear-story" is related by a Michigan paper. A little girl, whose home was near some woods, disappeared, and nothing could be learned of her whereabouts for thirty-six hours. Bear-tracks were found in the vicinity, and it was supposed that she had been carried off and devoured. A gentleman, who was searching for her, thought he heard a child's voice among the bushes, and, calling her, asked her to come to him. She replied that the bear would not let her. The men then crept through the brush, and when near the spot where the child and bear were, they heard a splash in the water, while the child said was the bear. They found her standing upon a log extending about half-way across the river. The bear had undertaken to cross the river on the log, and being closely pursued, left the child and swam away. She had received some scratches, and her clothes were almost torn from her body; but apparently the bear had not designedly hurt her. The little one says the bear would put her down occasionally to rest, and would hang his head by her side and purr and rub against her like a cat. At night, she says, the old bear lay down beside her and put his "arms" around her, and hugged her to him and kept her warm, though she did not like his long hair.

The "seventeen-year locusts" are ravaging the forests of Indiana. They do not appear to injure the fruit trees or vegetables, preferring the forest trees. This insect looks like a large horse-fly, with square head, black body, red eyes, and gauzy, transparent wings. It is said by naturalists that this is not a locust at all, differing from it in many particulars, especially in not having the power of leaping. These insects do appear once in seventeen years, however. On their wing-covers is a distinctly marked W, which the superstitious suppose to indicate approaching war. They have appeared in some of the Middle States.

The Canadian Government has decided to erect an executive mansion for the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. The contract for building the house has been given out at $57,878. The work is to be completed by the latter part of next year.

The New York *Journal of Music* relates a remarkable instance of the triumph of music over delirium, which we briefly condense. Some time since a wild-looking man rushed into one of the rooms of the Howard Mission, inquiring, "Is Awful Gardiner here?" (referring to Orville Gardiner, a reformed drunkard and gambler, once noted in New York). Being answered in the negative, he exclaimed, "Then I am lost!" and, drawing a knife from under his vest, he was about to stab himself, when Mr. Van Meter sprang forward and caught his arm. Attempts to wrest the knife from him were in vain; the unfortunate man was seized with a fit of delirium tremens, and became unmanageable. A gentleman who was present, not knowing what to do, sat down to the melodeon, and began to play and sing, "Come, ye disconsolate." The effect was magical. The maniac became calmer; and as other hymns were sung he sat down and sobbed like a child. A cup of strong coffee quieted his nerves, and soon he seemed to have completely regained the use of his faculties. For some time all efforts to ascertain who the man was were in vain; but at length he was found to be a resident of Hartford, wealthy and well-connected, who had fallen into dissipation, with the above result. Christian friends extended a helping hand, and he regained his former position in society by a complete reform.

Ministers generally have the good sense to moderate the length of their sermons during July and August. But the Boston preacher who, on a hot Sunday, after using up two handkerchiefs in wiping the perspiration from his face, went on, even though he had not a third one, and preached fifty minutes, ought to expect an empty house during the remainder of the season.

"It is a truth well known among observers of human nature that men who constantly drink liquor in winter to keep warm are most sensitive to the cold, and those who drink in summer to keep cool are most sensitive to heat." So very justly remarks an exchange.

Silk-worms' eggs, of late years, have been extensively imported from Japan to Italy, in order to repair the losses sustained by disease among the Italian worms. At first the imported eggs hatched out healthy insects, but recently great complaints have prevailed as to the failure of the Japanese breed. On investigation it appears that a great number of cases containing empty papers of the kind in which the Japanese eggs are usually sent have been received by a Milan house. These papers are duly stamped and inscribed in Japanese; they bear the custom-house mark usually put on them at Yeddo on their way to the Yokohama market. Beyond a doubt these papers were intended to receive Italian eggs, which would be sold to the public as genuine Japanese—thus discrediting the only eggs on which is now based a hope of reviving the silk culture in Italy. Doubtless there *is* such a thing existing as commercial honesty, and there are business firms, we are happy to believe, who conduct their affairs on just, true, and honorable principles. But they are rare, so rare that one hesitates where and who to trust. And every little while some great fraud is revealed by which the public has been basely deceived. A week or two ago a New England clergyman stated in his pulpit that the confidential clerk of a prominent business firm in Boston remarked to him, that "it was *impossible* to do business in the ordinary way, and yet follow the teachings of Christ." Whether this remark was based on actual facts of a general nature or not, it indicates that there are great evils to be remedied, and that Christian business-men hold responsible positions.

Economy is a valuable trait of character. Two men lately undressed and attempted to swim across the Connecticut River at Montague to save three cents toll. They tied their clothes about their necks, and one of them, finding that the clothing was too heavy, had to untie it, and it floated away down the river. It was a new suit.

The Nashville (Tennessee) *Banner* relates a wonderful story of a wonderful serpent, which has recently made a pretty public exhibition of himself, to the alarm of all beholders. Those who were favored with a sight of the monster allowed him, unmolested but carefully watched, to retreat to his hole—a process which occupied, with stoppages, some hours. The snake was estimated to be forty feet long, and about forty inches in diameter. After he retreated to his hole the entrance was blocked up with stones, and then a strong box fifty feet long was made, one open end of which was thrust into his snakeship's retreat. They hope to capture him. This is the substance of the story; and it is said that the creature has been seen several times before within the last twenty-five years.

During the hottest weather the Parisians in general close the outside shutters of their windows, and sit in darkened rooms until five o'clock; then a few venture to the Bois de Boulogne, returning home at half past seven. At eight all the fashionable world dine, and at ten go out once more to the Bois, and remain there till midnight. Parisians literally turn night into day at this season, so far as outdoor exercise is concerned. The Emperor and Empress have been enjoying their sojourn at Fontainebleau after their own fashion. They take especial delight in dining in the forest. They do not, however, have picnic dinners on the grass, where scrambles, smashes, and upsets are general, but a large, stately dinner-table is laid out, and their Majesties are served with all due magnificence and luxury, just as though they were in their palace. Hot *entrées* served on silver dishes, baskets of flowers, crystal vases, tumblers, bright and dazzling with prismatic colors, cover the well-served table; nothing is wanting. Sometimes the Court dines in the open air under the large trees near the castle. For these pleasure-parties the ladies wear what are called "costumes for the country," made either of muslin or buff linen, or of white *piqué*, embroidered in colors; but, whatever the material, the costume is always short. Even during this sultry weather the Parisians dance. At a large ball recently held at the Turkish Embassy, white dresses were in the majority; but the lady guests were fairly puzzled to know what to wear that would be sufficiently light and aerial. Many young ladies wore several tarlatan skirts one above the other, which always have a cool appearance. Nobody appeared to care for dancing, but the company talked in preference, and took ices, iced fruit-drinks, and sorbets of all descriptions. The favorite head-dresses were high, round wreaths, made either of roses of different colors, or of variegated pinks or pansies, etc. After white the color that predominated was the shade of green called *clair de lune*. Organdy muslin was a favorite material at this Turkish entertainment.

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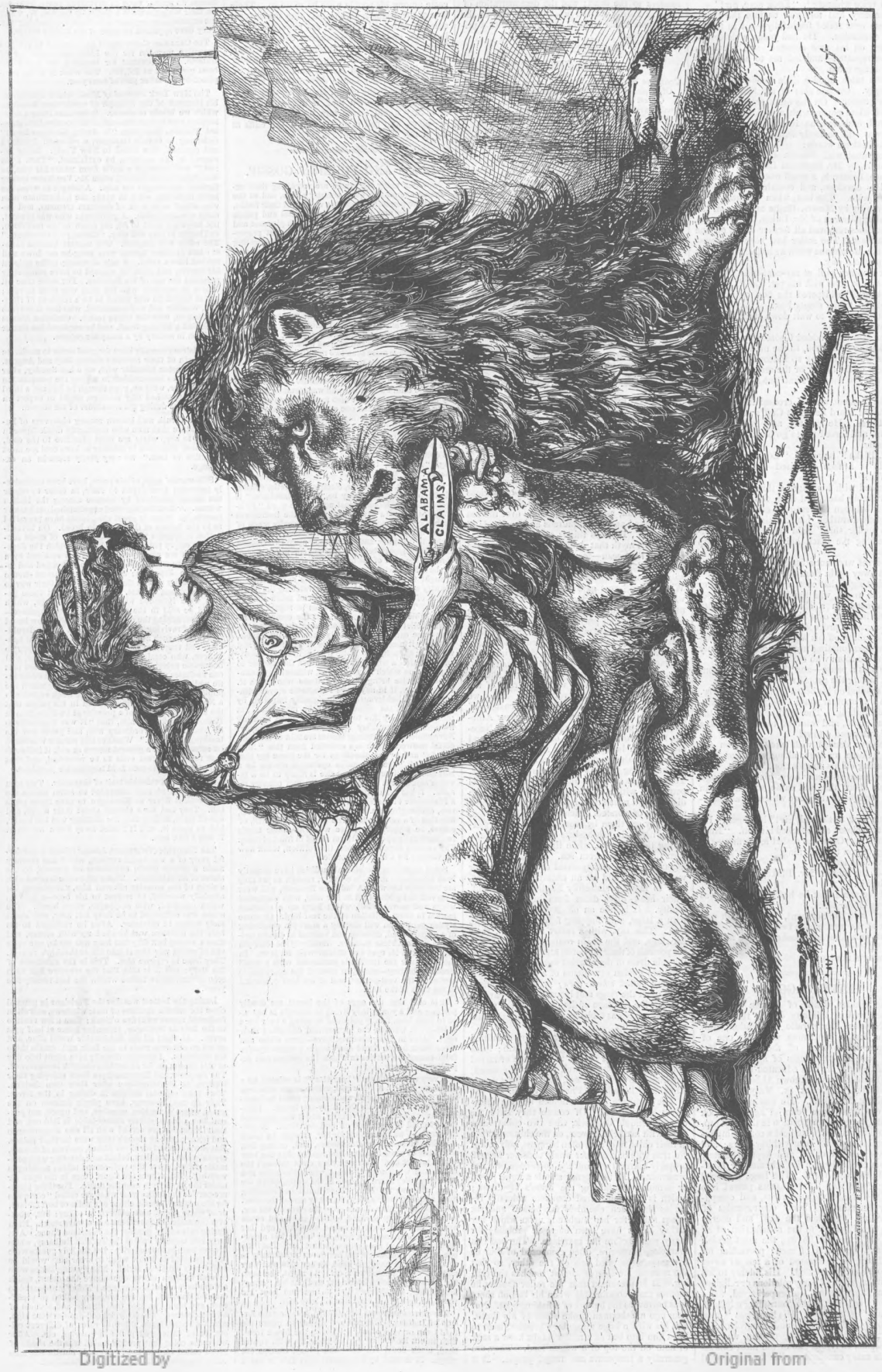

THE BRITISH LION DISARMED.

"The United States and England are united by too many bonds to make war possible; but for myself I am anxious to have *every* point in dispute amicably settled, and the two countries may then become one in policy, as they already are, I firmly believe, in sentiment and origin."—*Prince of Wales's Remarks to Mr. Bierstadt, the Artist.*

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THE RUSH FOR THE COUNTRY.—DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.—[SEE PAGE 493.]

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A WOMAN'S JUSTICE.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

"DRAW up the blind a little higher, Cecil," murmured the peevish, fretful, and complaining voice of Gerald Middleton. "There! now it's too high! Do you not see how the evening sun comes streaming in, enough to ruin stronger eyes than mine. I think that is better—no, it is not—there, let it alone! I'll do it myself." The invalid attempted to rise from the sofa, but his sister exclaimed, "You must not move, dear Gerald! have a little patience, and I will set it right."

"Patience?" he repeated, petulantly, "I think I have patience, I eat patience—drink patience—live on patience. You and that stupid nurse are just alike; you have two pairs of left hands between you, and do nothing right. Can't you let the blind alone? Now it is darkness visible! Ring the bell for South; but for South I should have been dead long ago. You and nurse Graves would have killed me! 'Graves!' It was a bit of refined cruelty in you, Cecil, to engage a woman with that suggestive name; you had better advertise for one of the name of Funeral—Nurse Funeral—a good joke, faith! only Funeral should precede and not follow Graves—eh, Cecil?"

There was no reply; his sister still persevering in her endeavor to arrange the blind, looking back at every moment to see if the sunshine was shielded from the invalid's worn and rugged face. At last South entered, with the peculiar noiseless step that shows familiarity with the sick room.

"Where have you been all the day, South?" demanded his master. (South was one of the Old World servants, who called Major Middleton "master," and not "governor" or "the major.")

"I gave you your draught, Sir, at five, as I promised Mrs. Graves I would when she went to see her son;" and South glanced at the clock on the chimney-piece, that told it was a quarter past six.

"And what is the matter with her son? Fever, or small-pox, or diphtheria, I suppose? One of the cursed things she will be sure to bring me. One word for all; listen to me, Cecil, that woman shall not return."

"If you please, Sir—" began South.

"Not one word! I have said it; no one with common-sense would permit a nurse to visit a sick son who is living in a back slum; but I am surrounded by fools—you need not color up, Cecil; do not let your temper break out in that way. I wonder you have not some little feeling—but you do not care how you agitate me. It was clear insanity to permit that woman to go to her son—in typhus fever; was it typhus or small-pox you said, South?"

The question induced South to make a bolt at the truth.

"Neither, Sir; he is going to be married to-morrow; him and his young woman live at Richmond, on the top of the hill; and as the old lady could not go to the wedding to-morrow, they both came to get her blessing, Sir; that was all."

"Pair of idiots!" exclaimed the major, more irritated by the explanation than by the response to his surmises. "I wonder you are not ashamed to repeat such trash, South; as if a blessing could attend such tomfoolery! Marry! and what have they to live on, what have they to starve on? Can't you answer?"

"He is head-gardener to Sir James Lacy, Sir—eighty pounds a year, and his cottage, and milk, and vegetables, and coal, and she is such a pretty girl."

"They have not been in this house?" Major Middleton's eyes — they were steel-blue, and flashed uncomfortably when he was irritated — gleamed.

"No, Sir! oh, not a step in it; they walked up and down outside until Mrs. Graves asked my mistress for half an hour's leave, and I saw her as she passed the pantry window."

If a look could have killed poor South, his days would have been numbered. The major looked at him with deep and deadly scorn.

"Saw who?" he snarled. "The nurse?"

"No, Sir; the pretty girl."

"South, you are an idle scoundrel!" exclaimed the Major, fast working himself into a state of irritability that was certain to end in a paroxysm of coughing, always dreaded by his patient sister. "I say you are an idle scoundrel," he repeated; "instead of attending to me, to spend your hours, at your time of life, watching a trapesing girl and talking to me—me! of marri—"

The enemy seized on and shook every fibre of his attenuated frame; Cecil pressed her hands on his brow, while South lifted him higher and still higher on the sofa; at last the paroxysm was over, and the poor, irritable sufferer struggled, first flushed, then became pale, and panted, until able to take some soothing medicine, which in a few minutes lulled him to sleep. His sister and his servant watched him without moving, until at length Miss Middleton sank noiselessly into a seat and pointed to the door. South crept stealthily out of the room, and after a time when assured that her brother really slept, Miss Middleton drew a letter from her bosom and began unfolding it on her lap; but the paper was obstinate, and *would* give that inexplicable sound, which is more disturbing to an invalid than positive noise. Cecil ceased, and put the cherished letter into her pocket; then bent forward and clasped her hands on her lap.

Let us pause and look at her; you will hardly be content with a passing glance at Cecil Middleton. There is a fascination about her possessed but by few who are considered beautiful, if you observe the loving and up-looking meaning in her large dark eyes; the often tremulous motion of her well-formed lips, which, when they speak, call up more dimples than you can count; the oval of her firm yet womanly face, and the dignity of her brow, tempered at that moment by the sympathy she felt for a brother who had caused her much sorrow and done her much wrong! If you take in all this, as you may do in a couple of minutes, you will want to know her; and when you know her, be you man or woman, you *must* love her. I do not mean that, being a man, you must "fall," as it is vulgarly called, "in love" with her; but you would receive her into your heart as you would a thought new and pure, a holy inspiration; and you would be happy in her society, and seek to earn her good opinion, seeing that neither envy nor jealousy disturbed her; you would even make her your confidant and talk freely to her of the girl you hoped to marry, and she would do her best to confirm you in that love, and without any profession would counsel you as if she were your sister; and while she laughed and jested and danced with children they would look into her eyes and believe in her as if she were their own mother, and tell her all their troubles, which would vanish beneath the influence of her sympathy.

Her voice is low, and soft, and clear. Her head bent, as it now is, shows the beauty of her dark, waving hair, which is folded round the head and then coiled at the back into a soft knot, the ends falling in curls over the neck.

After a time she ceases to look at Major Middleton, and it seems as though her inquiring eyes were seeking to scan the future. Yet it seems plain enough; there are not six, no, not three months' life in her brother, whose sleep might now be called tranquil, but that every respiration is a sob wrestling against the disease that seeks to stifle life. When her brother no longer lives Cecil will be his heiress!

Major Middleton dying without children his sister becomes mistress of Middleton Lea and three thousand a year; were it not so, she would be compelled to live on the interest of her own four or five thousand pounds. But there is no danger of that. She has been the most tender and patient of sisters, though she knows that Gerald, if he desired to do so, has not the power to will away the property—it *must* be hers. All his life he has been tyrannical and exacting in the cruelest sense of the words; a selfish man, though a brave soldier; not extravagant; never generous, even to himself; it is needless, now, when he is dying, to say how his hard nature paralyzed, if it did not break, the heart of his widowed mother; and how he, who could have seen his sister a happy wife years ago, kept her back instead of helping her on to the attainment of the one desire of her full, pure heart.

As she sat recalling the past that had never dimmed or changed, and then casting pitying glances at the brother whom, though she did not love or trust, she served, South re-entered the room and stood close to the screen. He beckoned his mistress. South was an Irishman, and, though long residence in England and abroad had rendered his national accent almost imperceptible when he spoke quietly, his tone and a peculiar idiom often indicated his native land.

"I'll go in and sit by the master, miss, if you'll please to let me—there's one below wanting you."

"Wanting me, South? Surely you said I could not leave my brother?"

"Indeed, then, I did not, miss."

"South! After my orders!"

"Go and see, miss."

Cecil looked at the old servant, and at once knew who it was that "wanted her."

She moved forward; but, as if struck by sudden blindness, her hand groped for the wall.

"Oh, dear mistress, keep a good heart! I never saw him look better nor handsomer; the first look at him will strengthen you."

"God bless her!" he murmured to himself, as, having overcome her momentary weakness, she passed down the stairs, at first tremblingly, then swiftly. "God bless her! it's the world's wonder she is, if the world only knew it. Well, there's life-long happiness in store for her, that's a comfort; though I'll be sorry for the poor master, too, poisoned as he is with fair wickedness. Something unbeknown to us all must have turned his blood into gall long ever ago, or he could not torture *her* as he does! I shouldn't like, for one, to have the cleaning out of his heart after the life leaves it!" And he glided into the sick man's room.

CHAPTER II.

CECIL MIDDLETON and Ronald Chester had not met for several months; and letters are but cold expositors of feelings. It was some moments before either could speak; but the pressure of heart to heart, in the clasp of strong and intense love, was more eloquent than words. The disappointing past was forgotten: they felt but the ecstasy of reunion. Whatever trials they had undergone, that cruelest trial of all—mistrust—had never poisoned their affection, never even in dreams disturbed their faith each in the other. Let what would come their mutual love could not even end in this life, for they enjoyed the happiness of believing that a pure and earnest earth-love will be still more purified and perfected in eternity.

Ronald was the first to speak. He raised her face from his bosom, and gazed into the depths of her eyes as if he would read her very soul—and so he did.

"My own, my very own!" he said. "Incapable of change—so faithful and so true to a man of ruined fortunes—"

"But spotless name," she answered, proudly. "And oh, Ronald! life is too short to cherish, even for a moment, your plan of exile to create another fortune. Now, I am despotic; you shall not leave England; it will be a little—only a little longer. I shall be privileged to prove my love, as few women can, by giving you back, as it were, the fortune which no forethought of yours could have preserved."

"But, Cecil; a man to be obliged to a woman—!"

Cecil placed her hand on his lips.

"There is no man or woman in the case," she said; "it is simply love for love. Long ago, when you were rich, and I had nothing but a few paltry pounds, and there was reason to believe that poor Gerald, so handsome and distinguished as he was, a hero, a man of fashion and fortune, courted and followed by women whose adulation was sufficient to turn a stronger brain, would have married, and that other heirs would have claimed Middleton Lea; it was *then* you distinguished your Cecil from among women more rich, more beautiful, more accomplished. It was then you gave her your heart, it was then you offered her your hand—"

"And," interrupted Ronald Chester, "it was *then* that your brother's cruel selfishness interfered to prevent our union. You were necessary to his comfort, and *he* blighted our loves and lives. He treated me with insolence, because my father's wealth had been earned and our estate was not ancestral—*he* scoffed—"

"Peace, peace," murmured Cecil. "Time and his present state must tide over such memories. I shall soon be all your own, though not even the richness of that blessing can stifle the desire that he may be spared a little longer, and not pass into his Lord's presence with an unregenerate nature. I weary Heaven with prayers that his heart may soften. Oh! you don't know the terror of those awful night-watches. When he sends the nurse away and—but I must not stain with sorrow the few moments that are our own. We shall be so happy, Ronald, so happy!"

"My own! I am torn between my desire to be with you more than ever now, when the spring time—almost the summer—of our youth is past, and my aching want is to win back in another country what I have lost in this."

"Oh man, proud man!" interrupted Cecil, "who would put aside this commonwealth of love; who would live and compel me to live, in solitude, our hearts withered by hope deferred!"

"Cecil!" exclaimed her lover, "if you had but married me when we first told each other of our love."

"Let the past be past," she said. "Let us think, after the darkness is gone, of the sunshine that *must* be ours."

I would not, if I could, chronicle the murmured and spoken words that still more sanctified their meeting. The disbelief in long, abiding, and unselfish attachment is one of the bad signs of our time. There are many, well stricken in the conventionalities of love à la mode, who hold in worldly contempt, even if they do not quite discredit, the entire oneness in spirit and in truth which renders life to those who are devoted each to the other alike, amidst storm and sunshine, an unspeakable and absolute joy. Such love is utterly incapable of change, and preserves the richly-dowered hearts in all the greenery of youth, even when their brows are crowned by the snows of age.

Their happiness was broken in upon by South, who exclaimed, "The master, miss, wants you; the restless fit is on him worse than ever; he calls for you, miss, and the nurse. I think you must let me run for the doctor."

"The drops, South," said Cecil.

"He threw the bottle at me when I mentioned them—I never saw him so violent. If you will go up, miss, I will find the doctor."

"You must not leave Miss Middleton alone, South," said Mr. Chester. "Tell me the doctor's address. I will send him."

CHAPTER III.

AND so they parted. She to listen to reproach and abuse—every word she uttered in her patient tenderness but adding fuel to the flame, until another paroxysm of that fearful cough knelled through the room, and he sank upon his cushions helpless and speechless. After such outbreaks he was silent from exhaustion. At last, without raising his hand, he beckoned her to him with his long lean finger. She knelt by his side, bending to catch his words.

"Were you out?"

"No."

"Some one below, then?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

She had never told an untruth to him or to any one else in her life. Her cheek flushed and he saw it.

"Chester?" he cried, between his strong white teeth. "Chester! And he dares to come here! To take stock, I suppose. But by—"

And he swore an oath that made Cecil tremble.

"You shall have your rue with a difference; there is yet time—time to punish you both. Turn that lying hound, South, out of the room. Shut the door as you go, Sir; no creeping, shut it with a bang, Sir, like the sound of a cannon!"

Strengthened by his purpose he managed to raise himself.

"Give me some wine, give me some brandy, give me any thing for half an hour's strength. I told you to destroy all my papers, all unread, now festering within that desk; you have sworn to do it, and you are truth itself; you are the only Middleton on record who never lied. Wine, wine, Cecil!" She poured some into a tumbler. "Fill it, fill it!"

He snatched it from her trembling hand, gulped it down, and cast the glass from him. "Now, I will not spare you. You shall live, as I have lived, with the sword above your head; but it will be sharper, sharper to you than to me! Destroy not one of these papers. It is my last injunction. Not One! Search, search, search, and enjoy, you and that ledger-man, enjoy what you will discover! I'm glad, glad, I did not destroy what I—" The last sentence came thickly and faintly from his lips, he signed for more wine, and having drank it threw his long wasted limbs off the sofa. He seemed to desire to stand, and Cecil tried to help him. "Keep back!" he muttered, and a fearful change passed over his face, and he laughed hideously. "I should like to see you, and him, when the dread of the—what might be—turns you blue! You are not so bad, Cecil; but keep the secret, Cecil, until after your marriage, or you would lose your beggarly lover. You are a poor washed-out thing, Cecil, need regilding, gilding! Now, unless you want me to curse you where you stand, promise to read, to search out and read, every line, every line you find! Promise!"

"I do," she said.

"A treat, a treat, a treat to dash down the cup of happiness, when it is brimming full! What, doctor!" he continued, as the physician entered. "Oh, I am better. I have played off a joke, a joke, by Jove!" At that instant the bells of a neighboring church commenced their weekly evening practice.

"The bells of Middleton Lea!" he exclaimed, and his head fell forward. "The bells, the bells ringing for my coming of age!" They lifted him back on the sofa, he gasped out a few wandering words, and but few; his mind had strayed back to his childhood, and he spoke as if to his mother, lovingly as a child would, and asked her to kiss him.

Gerald Middleton fell asleep that night to wake no more in this world.

CHAPTER IV.

THE last ceremony was over. Major Middleton had left no will, encumbered his property with no gifts, no legacies, and Cecil Middleton was an undisputed heiress. Having locked herself into the library, she was seated with her brother's desk open before her; she had deferred opening it, day after day; she had gone through and arranged all other papers with her "man of business;" all was clear and straightforward. But an undefined dread took hold of her whenever she looked on that grim ebony desk, clasped and studded with iron. She had parted with Ronald Chester in the drawing-room: only until the evening, when he was to return and dine with her and her lawyer, who was an old family friend. She would get through those papers before dinner, there were not so many of them.

Poor Cecil! Often her cheek flushed and her hand trembled; there were delicate notes, which a man of honor would have destroyed; locks of hair of all tints; trinkets; some Indian, but more frequently French, miniatures; every thing she unrolled, and having examined cast into the fire. There were letters containing the most bitter reproaches, one evidently from a husband whose wife had abandoned him for the protection of Major Middleton; all the world had heard of that, and Cecil remembered when the fair frail woman had been her schoolmate and child friend. There were letters containing passionate protestations of love; on the back of one her brother had sketched the inamorata, in his ever active spirit of caricature.

His mother's letters and hers, received when he was abroad, were clasped together and placed in a separate drawer, quite away from the contamination of the other contents of his desk. She thanked him for that, and tears, large heavy tears, fell on the records of his mother's love. She had hoped that her task was ended, a few parti-colored embers were all that remained of what had once been warm and fresh and treasured. All gone except that last pure and precious packet. She murmured a few words of gratitude, and could not help wondering again and again, why at the last he had set her such a task, sufficiently painful without a doubt, and yet! was there any thing else? She tried, and retried every spring and projection, fearing there must be something more, and at last, at the back of a small drawer, she saw a tiny steel knob; she pressed it, a little door flew open; within was a roll of paper or papers, tied together with a bit of twine, and something—a flat packet—round which a newspaper had been crushed and twisted. Cecil unfolded it, and saw a large case covered with soiled white velvet. It was difficult to open, the fastening was stiff, the miniature (for such it was) was laid on its face, it had endured rough usage, the gold was battered as if it had been crushed on the ground by a heavy foot. When Cecil lifted it, the shattered glass that once had protected the delicate painting fell on the table; the picture was double, the likenesses of two persons, one evidently her brother, the other a dark woman, in young but imperial beauty; her right hand was clasped within his, her left hung lightly over his shoulder, and the thick ring of marriage and its brilliant keeper circling the third finger; the attitude of that hand seemed to say, "Look at this, I am a wedded wife."

Cecil was spell-bound; her gaze was fastened on the little brown left hand. Was that woman really her brother's wife? His "wife!" Cecil's head fell on her clasped hands, and but for her labored breathing one would have thought she had fainted. When she recovered self-possession she glanced furtively at the picture, blurred and blotted as it was. There were Gerald's full brow, his keen blue, uncompromising eyes, his implacable mouth, his fair hair. Something had been written on the glass. Cecil laid the broken pieces over the ivory; the writing had been scrawled across the woman's face; it was still legible—two cruel words were there—"Curse her!"

Sick at heart, Cecil undid the twine and outspread the roll. It contained a few letters of recent date, written in a woman's cramped hand, with a pen like a pin. Mechanically she read the first; it was expressed as though the writer had thought in a foreign language, and trans-

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lated her thoughts into English. It commenced with my "Idol husband," and ended with your "Doating wife."

"Wife!" How was it possible? She scrutinized the date of that letter. He had been that year in Germany—at Spa she believed—and had remained there some time. He had written to his sister that he was there ill; but his London physician had laughed when she said so, and observed, "He thought the major was in the Highlands." She remembered that now.

Her brother married?

What a chaos the bare thought produced! What a revolution! Ronald! her Ronald *not* master of Middleton Lea! Gerald married!

A little longer search with trembling fingers. A marriage certificate! Marriage solemnized between Mabel Elizabeth Le Roy and Edward Gerald Middleton, in Scotland, the place near Dunkeld, the name of the clergyman, all clear enough, and a witness—Charles Dacre.

"Charles Dacre!" Her brother, Cecil knew, had had a groom or some servant of that name a long time ago; but past and present were so mingled in her bewildered brain that she lost all power of distinguishing one from the other. She clasped her hands over her eyes to shut out—what?

Ay, what, indeed!

Gradually she sank from her seat upon her knees; her hands still folded over her eyes; her lips moved by earnest prayer, silent yet eloquent, in entreaty to Him who hears our thoughts! Her appeal was not in vain. She had been well practiced in self-control, but she did not rely on self; she called humbly to HIM to help her, and help came.

Calmed and strengthened, she arose and commenced, first turning over and then steadily reading the letters. She read the certificate over again. There was no envelope or direction among the papers, nor had the writer once named him—he was always addressed as "My own darling," "My heart's idol," or with some such expression of endearment, even if reproaches as to absence or neglect followed the first line. At all events Charles Dacre had been present at the marriage.

Gerald had evidently parted from her in anger, and accused her of want of truth, of duplicity, of extravagance; told her how necessary it was that his marriage should be kept secret, it was so important to his prospects that it should not be known; and the vain, frivolous, stormy beauty had still the noble love to assure him that she would be torn in pieces by wild horses sooner than betray their secret until he gave her permission to do so.

Cecil felt herself shivering at her brother's falsehood; there was *no* reason connected with his prospects why his marriage should have been secret; and this beautiful woman, warmed into life and love by the temperature of a tropical sky, when quite a child (for she spoke of her sixteenth birthday), had become his wife and his victim. She read on. Under other circumstances she would have cast the letters aside as the ravings of an undisciplined, passion-full girl; but they possessed a fascination she could not withstand. She held the last in her hand; the writing was straggling and incoherent—it told of the birth of a child—his boy!

Why had he been angry? Had any one maligned her to him? her, his faithful, loving wife—"Little Brown Bess," as he had often called her, the mother of his child? Why should he write cruel words now? And the boy was so like him—such a beauty!

Cecil laid down the letter, which had been torn across. She was quite calm now.

If this were true, if her brother had left a son, all her prospects had been made into thin air and vanished. She was no longer an heiress; she no longer had the power of restoring her beloved to his position; her dream of life was over. This knowledge did not come to her in mist; it was first the cloud the size of a man's hand, increasing and increasing until it grew into a black wall between her and her husband's triumphs for evermore. Gerald's wife—Gerald's son—what had the poor thing done that he should have scarred her beautiful face with his curse? And the child—where was it? The facts were clear before her, but the details, the proofs (were there *proofs?*), were all confused. One dreary fact seemed to press on her heart and brain. Chester—Chester—to whom she had promised wealth and happiness! Sob after sob burst from her heaving breast, until her agony sought relief in words, and she repeated again and again, "Oh, my love! my love! my love!"

She gradually replaced the papers in their concealment, locked the desk, and crept stealthily into the hall. Some undefined suggestion took possession of her mind that she had no right to be there.

She met South, who at once saw that some fresh sorrow had stricken his lady. Instead of passing on, Cecil paused, and said:

"South, do you remember my brother having a groom—pad-groom, I think—of the name of Dacre?"

The expression of South's genial, good-natured face changed at once.

"Oh, the blackguard!" he exclaimed; and in the same moment added, "I'm sure I beg your pardon, Miss Cecil; I should not have said that, though it was the truth that sprang out of me. I never could abide him. The master thought I was jealous of him, which the Heavens knows I was not—neither jealous of him nor what he got—hush-money for many a turn of the poor master's, who was always wild, as no one knows better than yourself, Miss Middleton; only in course a sister's the last to know the turns of her brother's wildness, barring a wife—"

"Do you know where Dacre is?"

"No, Miss, I can't say I do, though I have a guess. I believe the master gave him a power of money to go to America after they came home last time, and master in such a terrible temper from—well, he called it Germany—and Dacre went; but the ship foundered at sea, and all perished."

"Of course my brother, Major Middleton, knew that?"

"Yes, Miss; I told him when I saw it in the paper."

"What did he say?"

"'Ring the bells, South'—never a word more."

Sick and broken-hearted, Cecil entered her own room. On the table was a bouquet of her favorite flowers that Chester had placed in the hand he so warmly kissed that morning.

She drew his miniature from her bosom, and, falling on her knees, pressed it between her clasped hands, murmuring:

"Help—oh help me, my Heavenly Father! Look with pity and mercy on me, while you strengthen me to perform my duty! Father, make me strong for justice!" And then, opening her hands and gazing through the mist of tears on the beloved face which for years had been her heart-companion, her comforter, her joy, she kissed it tenderly, murmuring: "My love! my love! my love!"

"Oh, my love! my love!"

She could not think of or count the time; but at last she heard the bell of her little clock chime six. In another hour she must meet Ronald Chester and her lawyer. The evening was closing in, and she was seated in the drawing-room, when they entered.

Ronald's footsteps, so light and buoyant, struck on her heart. She arose to meet him, but she could not advance, and was glad of an excuse to withdraw her hand from his affectionate clasp and give it to Mr. Cathcart. The strong sympathy which existed between Cecil and her betrothed made him feel, rather than see, that she had sustained a severe shock. The pressure of a beloved hand is more eloquent than words.

"What is it, Cecil? You are not well?" he whispered, tenderly, as he sought to penetrate the twilight and read her looks.

"By-and-by I will tell you," she murmured—"after dinner. I am so glad Mr. Cathcart is here."

Mr. Cathcart was a thorough man of the world, and well knew the best way of dispersing a difficulty. He saw that something was wrong, but asked no questions, and talked incessantly. Cecil could not meet Ronald's eyes. He had left her so full of joyous life in the morning; they had walked up and down the drawing-room planning the happy future, upon which no cloud rested; and now she could hardly frame a sentence!

She rose as soon as dinner was ended, and said, "I will wait for you in the library."

Ronald opened the door, and followed her into the hall.

"My own Cecil, what is it?" he whispered, tenderly.

"There are some papers you and Mr. Cathcart must see to immediately."

Lovingly he took her sweet face between his hands, and saw that her eyes were brimming over with tears.

"My darling, what is it?"

"A little patience, Ronald. I will be ready for you in half an hour."

He circled her with his arm and supported her into the library. The lamp was lighted, and cast a strong light on the ebony writing-desk, which looked hideously black and stern. Ronald would have persuaded her to leave all business until the next day, she looked so unwell, but she would not. "Leave me," she said, "for half an hour, and then—both of you come to me!"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A MATCH GAME—Matrimony.

One very busy day Johnny was sent to school to be put out of the way. At night he came home, and jumped astride of his mother's lap.

"Ma, what did you do to-day without no pud-muddle and Johnny to wade in it?"

"I missed you," his mother said.

"Ha! you'll find out how much worth I am in this house."

"Ducks" are expensive. A lady recently bought three—a "duck" of a dress, a "duck" of a bonnet, and a "duck" of a parasol. The combined cost was $226.

A bachelor sea-captain, who was remarking one day that he wanted a good chief-officer, was promptly informed by a young lady present that she had no objections to be his first-mate. He took the hint—and the lady.

A father, living near Cincinnati, was one evening teaching his little boy to recite his Sunday-school lesson. It was from the fourteenth chapter of Matthew, wherein is related the parable of a malicious individual who went about sowing tares.

"What is a tare?" asked the anxious parent. "Tell me, my son, what a tare is?"

"You had 'em."

"Johnny, what do you mean?" asked the astonished parent, opening his eyes rather wide.

"Last week, when you didn't come home for three days," said Johnny, "I heard mother tell aunt Susan that you were on a tare."

The Sunday-school lesson was brought to an abrupt close, and Johnny was sent off to bed.

Some young ladies feeling aggravated by the severity with which their friends speculated on their gay plumes, necklaces, rings, etc., went to their pastor to learn his opinion.

"Do you think," said they, "there is any impropriety in wearing these things?"

"By no means," was the prompt reply; "when the heart is full of vain and ridiculous notions, it is well enough to hang out the sign."

A new church was being built in the vicinity where little Milton H—— lived. The work went on very slowly; and sometimes stopped for days. At last Milton's patience was exhausted. "I do wish," he said, "they would *finish* that church." "Ah!" said his grandmother, "don't be in too big a hurry. The world wasn't made in *one* day." "I know it *wasn't*," Milton replied; "but when the Lord *commenced* to make it he never *stopped* until he finished it."

A LITTLE DEAR.

She spread the goods before him
With half-averted eyes,
The quality and value
Extolling to the skies.

That voice—oh, how bewitching!
Those hands—how soft and white!
Those eyes—how fascinating!
That face—how fair a sight!

"The goods are very pretty,
No doubt what they appear;
But then, I think," he added,
"You are a little dear."

With cheeks suffused with blushes,
She turned her head away,
And innocently answered—
"That's what the fellows say."

A reverend gentleman horrified a small company a few evenings since by telling them that he and his wife had separated.

"Not parted?" inquiringly exclaimed three or four.

"Yes," said the old gentleman, with a sigh, "we had some words and parted."

A shudder went round the room, when some one inquired:

"For good?"

"Oh no," said the divine, "she has only gone to Philadelph'a, and will be back in a day or two."

PICKLED SALMON—Chase.

PLEASURES OF TRAVEL(?).

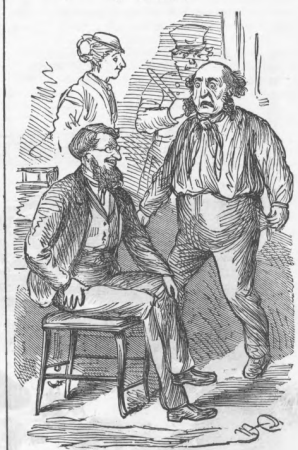
1. The $1 Line to Boston. No Meals.

2. No Standing Room.

3. No Sleeping Room.

4. No Berths.

5. No Comfort.



6. No Money.

FASHIONABLE CALL, AND ALL THEY SAID.

"How do you do, my dear?"
"Putty well, thank you." [They kiss.]
"How have you been this age?"
"Putty well. How have you been?"
"Very well, thank you."
"Pleasant to-day."
"Yes, very bright—but we had a shower yesterday."
"Are all your people well?"
"Quite well, thank you; how are yours?"
"Very well, I'm obliged to you."
"Have you seen Mary B—— lately?"
"No, but I've seen Susan C——."
"You don't say so! Is she well?"
"Very well, I believe." [Rising.]
"Must you go?"
"Yes, indeed, I have seven calls to make."
"Do call again soon."
"Thank you—but you don't call on me once in an age."
"Oh, you should not say so; I'm sure I'm very good."
"Good-by!"

A Detroit man thought he did a shrewd thing when he put all his property in his wife's name. But he is of a different opinion since his wife died, leaving a will which makes him penniless unless he marries his servant girl.

"I say, Jim, what mechanical work did you do first?" asked one darkey of another. "Why, cut teeth ob course," replied the other instantly.

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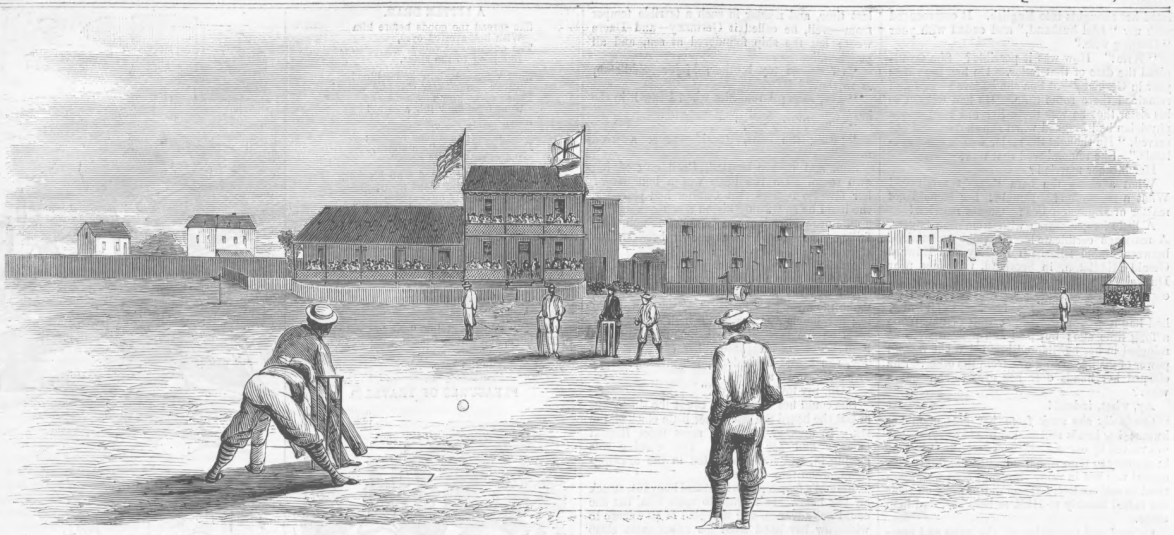

CRICKET MATCH BETWEEN THE ST. GEORGE'S AND KNICKERBOCKER CLUBS.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

THE CRICKETERS.

THE field-sportsmen are in the field in great numbers this year, and thus far several interesting base-ball and cricket matches have taken place. We illustrate on this page the game of cricket played on July 15 and 16 by the St. George's Club, of this city, and a deputation of the Philadelphia clubs, against the Knickerbockers, of Montreal, composed of officers of the military garrison of Montreal—a fine set of men, physically and otherwise.

The game was begun on July 15, and the St. George's men and their Philadelphia associates made 160 runs on the first inning. The Canadians did not have such good fortune, and were bowled out after having made but 72 points. By the rules of the game the Canadians retained the bat—at which, by-the-way, they greatly excel—for the second inning, and made 91 points. This placed them only three ahead of the total of the St. George's on their first inning; after the latter had taken the bat the bowler of the Canadians made three "byes" and a "wide," probably intentionally, thus giving the game to the St. George's Club.

The cricketers of the country are making arrangements for a vigorous season, and the game is growing in favor daily. Among the anticipated sensations is the arrival here of the All-England Eleven—an event in cricketing circles which the St. George's Club has been active in endeavoring to secure. It is hoped that this Club will be induced to come here as the guests of the St. George's in September or October next, and, if so, they will probably make a tour of the principal Eastern cities and visit Canada.

THE SEVRES PORCELAIN WORKS.

HER biographers have not generally given Madame de Pompadour, the famous favorite of Louis XV., the credit due her for her inventive genius. She was not only a patron of literature and art, but an inventor, and had something of the merchant in her mental organization. It was she who invented the "dumb-waiters" in such general use in these days When Louis XV. had tired of the plays which she got up for his enjoyment Madame Pompadour invented the famous *petits soupés* of Choissy, where, in a dainty room hung round with the canvases of Boucher, Greuze, Watteau, Vanloo, the king supped with a dozen chosen guests in luxurious privacy. No servant entered the room, even to bring in the viands. A note was laid on a console in a corner of the room; a bell was sounded, silently the table descended, and as silently returned bearing on it, as was ordered, the rarest dishes, fruits, wines, in vessels of plate, or glass, or Sèvres. We are accustomed to these "lifts," as we call them—vulgarizing the name as well as the thing—but when the Pompadour invented them they were regarded as a stroke of genius, and their execution a triumph of Loriot's art.

The most remarkable of her artistic plans was the foundation of the famous porcelain works at Sèvres. Sèvres was almost entirely her creation. For the factory she set apart a palace, provided with beautiful gardens, fountains, canals, and whatever could add to the charm of the place or the pleasure of the workmen, for whom she procured various immunities and privileges, including the much-prized liberty of hunting in the forest as well as the petite chasse. The manufacture itself she watched over with the greatest interest, frequently visiting the works, suggesting new objects and new designs, sometimes furnishing designs herself, or making alterations in those laid before her, or proposing new combinations of color. Choice works were executed at her desire, and painted by eminent artists, in order to present to the king or some favorite prince or minister, or to adorn her own apartments. To purchase costly articles from the Sèvres works was a successful mode of winning her favor, and she soon had the happiness to find the taste for Sèvres, especially her own favorite *pâte tendre*, become a rage. The true old Sèvres is perhaps as good an illustration of her artistic taste as can be found. Elegant, brilliant, luxurious, you have in it the genuine Art Pompadour, as it was designated by French critics, the art that has colored every subsequent species of French design, and, with some little difference of style, is the prevalent Parisian art of to-day.

AT THE SEA-SIDE.—[DRAWN BY THOMAS WORTH.]

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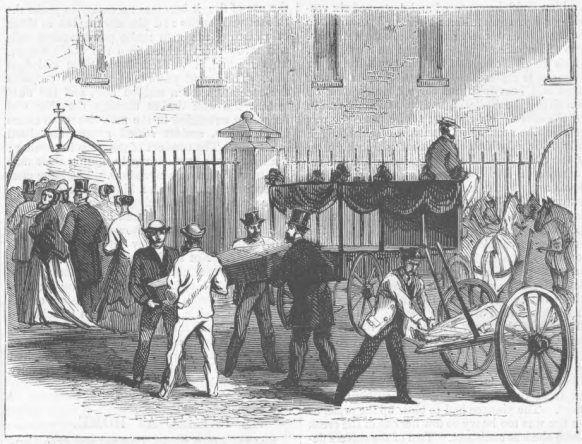
RECEIVING SUN-STRUCK INVALIDS AT BELLEVUE HOSPITAL, NEW YORK.



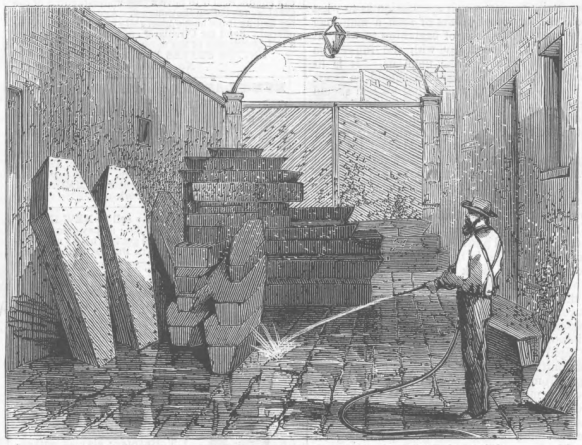
RECEIVING DEAD BODIES AT THE MORGUE, NEW YORK.

THE TORRID TERM.

THERE were 246 deaths from the immediate effects of the heat during the "torrid term" of this year—from July 12 to July 18, inclusive—six days. That is at the rate of four for every hour of sunshine—forty-one a day—one every thirty minutes! But even these returns do not include the deaths in the public institutions, such as the hospitals, nurseries, and alms-houses, unreported to the coroner. The heat of midsummer, and the mortality resulting from it this year, have exceeded that of any year since 1824.

The result of the "torrid term" has been to drive every body to the country or the Morgue. The rush to the country has been unusually great, and the city has been, as it were, depopulated. And yet daily the rush seems as great as ever. Trains and steamers leave the city crowded to excess with men and women and children of all conditions of life, all eager to fly from the heated city. Our illustration on page 489 is not in the least exaggerated. Our artist has sketched an actual scene, to be daily witnessed at any of the metropolitan railway dépôts.

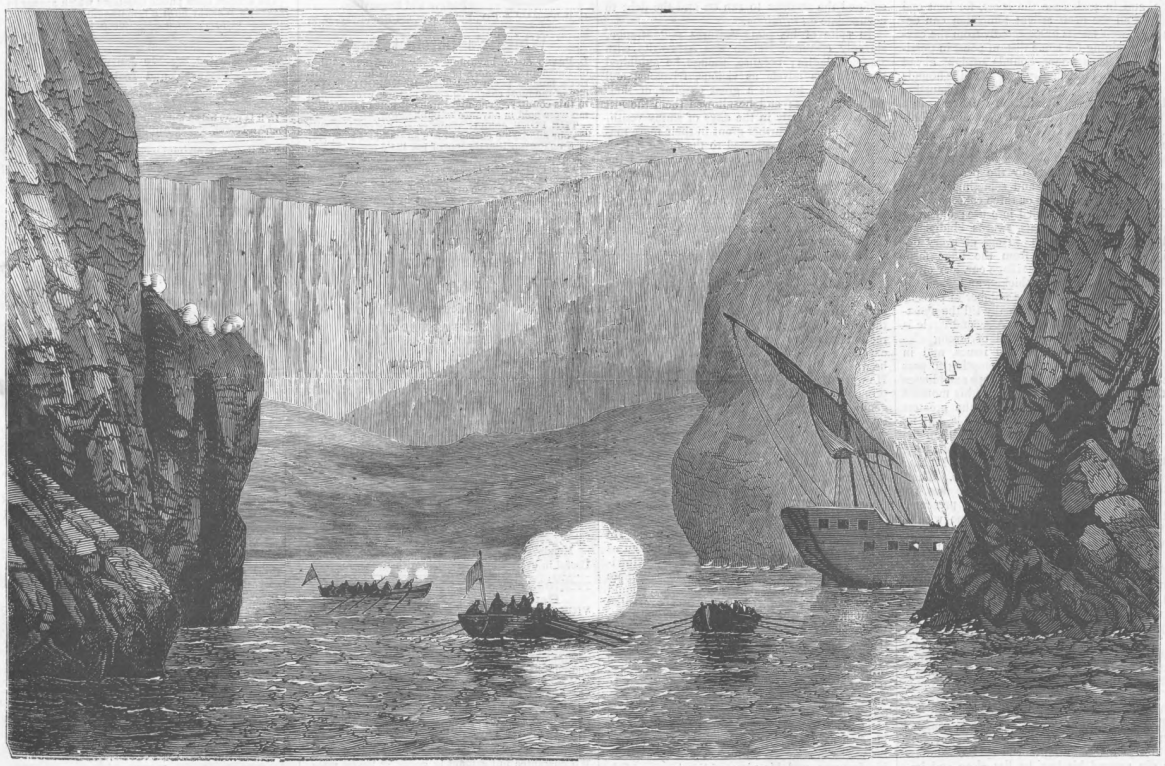
Another artist has painted, on this page, the other side of the picture. He has given us there the story of those who could not flee—except by way of the Morgue. During the "heated term" named, the New York Morgue, at the foot of Twenty-sixth Street, and the various hospitals, have been crowded to painful excess. Our illustrations of Bellevue Hospital and the Morgue are actual reproductions of what our artist saw on visiting those places during the heated term. The scene representing the arrival of sun-struck patients at Bellevue Hospital was of painful recurrence, while at the Morgue it was not uncommon to see two or more bodies simultaneously arriving, while the room, or rather shed, generally devoted to the reception of bodies upon which inquests are to be held by the Coroner, was so overcrowded that large numbers of coffined bodies had to be deposited temporarily in the yard in front of the Morgue, where "Dead John," the keeper, or one of his assistants, was kept constantly employed in endeavoring, with hose and water, to keep them cool. "The signs of decomposition are very early discernible, and after a short time the coffins emit not alone disagreeable odors, but that fog peculiar to putrescent humanity, and a dozen such coffins present the appearance of a lime-kiln in full blast." The Morgue is one of the necessary disgraces of the city, and while the Commissioners of Public Charities and Correction are to be commended for the establishment of the institution, they are to be seriously and emphatically condemned for the manner in which it is conducted. This horror of the city is made unnecessarily horrible by the rudeness and carelessness of the employés, the filth and dirt at all times observable, and the absence of any means, such as vaults, etc., to preserve the dead in decency. The Morgue is an institution which needs constant inspection.



COFFINED BODIES AT THE MORGUE WAITING FOR THE CORONER.

THE ARABIAN SLAVE-TRADERS.

THE pursuit of the Arabian slavers who infest the Gulf of Arabia has of late been attended with considerable success, and it is reasonable to hope that the traffic may eventually be suppressed. The British sloop of war *Spiteful* has lately finished a successful cruise and returned to England. During the last month of her stay in the



BLOWING UP AN ARABIAN SLAVE DHOW BY THE CREW OF THE BRITISH SLOOP OF WAR "SPITEFUL."

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Arabian Gulf she captured and destroyed six vessels employed in the slave-trade, and rescued two hundred men, women, and children from slavery. One of her officers has furnished an illustration, which we give, of one of the most exciting of her chases. It represents the blowing up of a very large and heavily-armed slave dhow, which, on perceiving the *Spiteful*, had immediately run in for the shore. On arriving at the place she was found to be secured in a narrow creek, between lofty cliffs, of which the numerous fighting men of the dhow had taken possession, while the remainder of her crew were seen hurrying the slaves away to the mountains. The pinnace and cutters of the *Spiteful*, manned and armed, were sent away at once to destroy the slaver, which they did by blowing her up, under a heavy fire from the desperadoes on the cliff, who held their position very pluckily in spite of a rapid and accurate fire from the ship and boats. Some few slaves were found hidden in the dhow, from whom it was ascertained that above 350 slaves had been landed from the vessel. On the destruction of the dhow her crew fled into the interior. The prize-crew of another dhow, taken a few days before by the pinnace, were attacked by her former crew, and another mountain Arab tribe, who kept up a heavy fire of musketry on her from the shore, but happily without much effect. The pinnace had to blow up the prize, as the fire was too heavy to tow her out of the creek where she was anchored. Two of the slavers destroyed were armed with 6-pounder carronades, for which they had a good stock of ammunition.

WOLF-HUNTING IN FRANCE.

An undergraduate of Dublin, being called on to enumerate the most regretable events in Irish history, commenced his list with that of the extermination of the last wolf in 1710. No brute in Europe is better adapted than the wolf for being run to death, and none affords the huntsman a better apology for hunting. A bear hunt is most frequently a duel or an assassination. The stag, the roe-buck, and even the wild boar, are inoffensive when unmolested; the fox and the badger are too small to be personally dangerous, but the wolf is at once a foe to be respected for his teeth, a brigand accountable for a life of rapine, and a test of strength and mettle for the fleetest dogs. By the term dogs must, however, be understood the ordinary pack, for the greyhound is often able to attain the wolf on sight, and in such case he invariably mars the sport. In the Aube a couple or two of greyhounds usually accompany the meute both in boar and wolf hunting; the consequence is that most frequently, when the game takes the open country, the greyhounds follow the wolf on sight, and either seize it at once, or so impede its pace as to enable the pack to arrive and finish the hunt abruptly. In some cases the chances of an exciting run are further diminished by the admission of rifles, and it too often happens that a solitary wolf, the sole hope of the meet, is shot dead in the cover before the dogs give tongue, leaving the huntsman to disperse for lack of game, or to go in for foxes. Still, occasionally, in spite of guns and greyhounds, a fair run takes place, and in such case the sport, for heat and spirit, is all the most ardent huntsman can desire; the wolf bursts unexpectedly from the cover, and straining for some distant point in possibly another department, bounds straight ahead through all kinds of country, and leads the hounds a chase which often ends in their exhaustion and discomfiture. But the wolf is far less often the object of a royal hunt than of a popular battue. His destruction is sought by persons whose sole aim is to destroy him, and the means least likely to fail are those adopted for the purpose; his retreat is surrounded by the peasants and villagers of the locality, and sometimes by the united populations of two or three cantons. All sorts of weapons are called into use; old muskets, horse-pistols, bayonets, swords, bludgeons, and above all, pitchforks. Dogs of every description join the hunt, from the huge farm watch-dog to the common village cur. A circle is then formed round the thicket, and when the nature of the ground and the number of persons permit, the ring tightens gradually till the assistants are able to join hands. A second circle is then formed outside, composed of strong nets suspended across the runs and issues, and in order to scare the wolf from attempting to pass elsewhere, the men hang up their caps and blouses in the intervening spaces. Up to this moment every thing is accomplished with the greatest precaution and the least noise possible, but no sooner are the arrangements complete than the dogs are let loose, and the men begin shouting and hallooing and thrashing the foliage with long sticks. Presently the dogs grow furious. Their instinctive aversion for the wolf becomes redoubled by the consciousness of his presence, and when excited from time to time with a heavy scent, they howl and gnash with a sort of frenzy. This excitement of the dogs soon gains the men, who, from mere noise and clamor, proceed gradually to yells and imprecations. They then set to, regularly abusing the wolf in terms, and the less disposed he shows himself to quit the cover, the more vehement are the invectives heaped upon him. The prevailing atmosphere is, "Bouge là, affreuse bête qui manges les moutons;" but many others, given in patois, require rendering to be understood, such, for instance, as the following: "Show up and fight, you great bony cadger." "Come out and pay the dogs, you mangy thief." "Fire his tail, the carrion howler." The wolf meanwhile remains insensible to the abuse of his persecutors. A mortal fear detains him, and in spite of the terrific din around his lair, he lies close and immovable within a few yards of the enemy. Sometimes, when the woods are too dry to permit of the use of fire, it becomes necessary to probe the thicket with sticks and pitchforks; but in times of moisture, the men make powder-paste balls and throw them lighted into the wolf's retreat. This method, if well employed, soon dislodges him. The intent posture of the dogs prepares the spectators for a sudden bolt, and the next instant the wolf dashes through the ring, and becoming entangled in the nets, the scene closes in confusion, amidst stifled groans and hard breathing. The conduct of the dogs is peculiar; the small ones howl strangely, hiding their tails and trembling with convulsions. The large ones appear transported with a kind of rabid ecstasy, their jaws grind and chop, their eyes become wild and bloodshot, and their hair bristles on all their limbs. When once, however, the dogs have fairly killed the wolf they refuse to touch his dead body. Not so the men; these thump and fork the carcass until the skin becomes utterly worthless for the furrier, and nothing remains in the way of profit but the small premium claimable at the Mairie. A cord is then attached to the poor animal's hind legs, by which he is trailed home in triumph, and the money received from the mayor, augmented by donations solicited from door to door, is spent in drunken revelry over his mutilated remains.

BALZAC AT HOME.

BALZAC's own works, original and exceptional in their introspective power, lead the reader into close mental relations with the writer, and necessarily suggest much speculation as to what the outer ways and habits of such a man may have been. His habit of beginning to work at midnight is in harmony with the impression which his writings make upon us. It is fit that his terrible investigations should be made in silence and secrecy, and that his pen should move to its dread office like the knife of a surgeon who deals with forbidden things dragged out of the tomb. This was the way he operated: he went to bed very early, and slept till midnight, when he rose to write down those painful revelations of human suffering, human iniquity, and human folly which have fascinated mankind because they have laid bare the mysteries of an inner world hitherto known only in obscure glimpses, and exactly analyzed fitting thought and unrecognized passion. Balzac would sometimes be so far lost in the contemplations which accompanied his work that he would discover himself, with a shock of surprise, at early dawn in the woods of Versailles or on the Place du Carrousel in his dressing-gown and slippers, without his hat; having wandered out in the agitation of composition, churning his thoughts by rapid movement. An unexpected highwayman darting out of the woods, or a lunatic escaped from the asylum, would hardly have startled him more than this apparition of himself; and first he would pause to wonder at his own position, and then he would hastily climb on to the roof of a Versailles omnibus, and jog on steadily for a while, and forget to pay; a forgetfulness which was not wholly unaccountable, for he rarely had a penny in his pocket. This proceeding excited no astonishment; for all the drivers knew him and humored him, and they suffered the account to run on and the debt to accumulate *ad infinitum*.

In spite of his plain features and strange, slovenly costume, Balzac was a favorite with Parisian ladies; because, though he exhibited them in his novels as vicious, frivolous, and cold-hearted, he was a great extoller of their personal beauty; and he allowed them the gift of beauty not only in the days of sunny youth, but gave them a further grant in their more mature years. He postponed to the furthest possible date the death of loveliness; and so the coquettish matron, full of days, poring over his pages, saw her hours of enchantment prolonged further than she had ventured to hope, and beheld an empire created for her more extended and more solid than her most sanguine mood had ever dared to shape.

Whatever their follies, however, and whatever their misdemeanors, Balzac had a great relish for their admiration, and a pretty woman's smile was worth all the laudation of all the critics in his eyes—his eyes in that case governing his thoughts. But, though his success in that direction was very dear to him—though he was extolled on all sides—and though, as a novelist, he was the fashion—he had a personal grievance. He was not a dramatist; and he saw in the large proportions of his contemporary Victor Hugo's genius, in the comprehensiveness of his grasp, in the fullness of his imagination, in the vigor and vastness of his conceptions, a power of such magnitude as seemed to reduce his own to a contracted span. Hugo was a novelist, a poet, and a successful dramatist; and every play that he produced caused a strange fermentation and irritation in the mind of his rival. Balzac, on each of these occasions, wondered and wondered, and struggled vainly after plots and situations. He was perplexed; how was it that such a man as himself, who could see so deeply into the intricacies of human passion—into the most remote and winding ways of the human heart, should fail when he tried to write a play? He resented his deficiency, and could not find its explanation; yet, to any one who has read his novels, it is evident that their peculiar force depends upon qualities essentially opposed to those which are required for the construction of a drama. He makes his impressions by careful detail and elaborate description. His characters explain themselves by the help of minute circumstance. His story unfolds itself gradually, and in his satire his own presence is always felt. Every one of his works is stamped with the special image of his features, and his view of life is one-sided. The large range of the dramatist, the various passions, the exaltation of the poetic mood, the concentration of plot, the construction of situations which at once reveal a character or unravel a tissue of events—all these things, which constitute the power of a play-writer, were wholly alien from the mind of Balzac. But he would not believe that any gift could be denied to him, and while the loud applause of Hugo's audiences rang in his ear he resolved that he too would be the author of a drama. And, so resolved, he foresaw, according to his wont, a mine of inexhaustible wealth as the necessary result of his determination.

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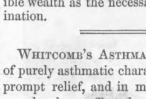

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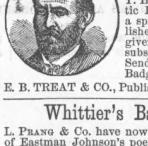

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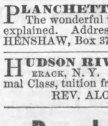

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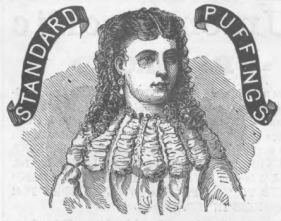

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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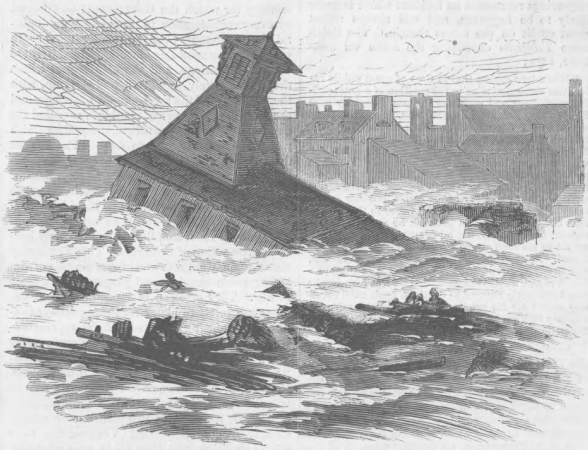
THE GREAT FLOOD IN MARYLAND—JAMES E. CARR RESCUING WOMEN AND CHILDREN.



THE GREAT FLOOD IN MARYLAND—DESTRUCTION OF THE LARRABEE IRON-FOUNDRY.

THE MARYLAND FLOOD.

THE sudden rise in the Patapsco, Lehigh, Jordan, and other streams of Maryland and Pennsylvania, which have their rise on the eastern slope of the Alleghany Mountains, has caused immense damage to property in various parts of the country, and sad and serious loss of life in Baltimore and Ellicott City. Our illustrations on this page and on page 500 were sketched on the spot by our artist, Mr. THEODORE R. DAVIS, and may be relied upon as accurate and complete.

The reason of this sudden flooding of the streams has been attributed to the overflowing of a lake near Baltimore and various other equally unsatisfactory causes; but as simultaneous floods occurred at various places along the Atlantic slope of the Alleghanies, it is doubtless to be attributed wholly to the heavy fall of rain which began on the morning of July 24 and lasted until one o'clock of the same day. The singular part of the affair and the most difficult to explain is the rapidity with which the streams rose. The Patapsco River at Ellicott City and Jones's Falls, which runs through Baltimore city, rose at the rate of five feet in ten minutes! The water came down those streams like a great continuous wave on the sea-shore. The river at Ellicott City rose ten feet before a drop of rain had fallen there, and was at one time forty feet high! In Baltimore the rise was so rapid that a gentleman en-

THE GREAT FLOOD IN MARYLAND—DESTRUCTION OF THE FAYETTE STREET BRIDGE, BALTIMORE.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

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tering a cigar store in a dry street returned with his lighted cigar to find himself knee-deep in a rapidly rushing stream. A passenger car, while crossing a street, was caught by the flood which had just commenced to pour through it, and with its passengers swept for several blocks toward the river. The market-men were caught at their work, and only had time to get on their benches and stalls for safety, and these were washed away with their occupants. So rapid was this rise, and so wild and furious the rushing torrent, that the lives of many persons were jeopardized, and several were lost. Had it occurred at night, as in the great flood of 1837, the loss of life could not but have been immense. Cradles with their freight of infantile humanity were washed out of the houses and carried down stream. The streets were undermined, and in one instance a wagon-load of persons—fifteen in number—were swallowed up in a hole, and soon found themselves struggling in water up to their waists. Bridges were carried away so suddenly that the passers could not get away. Most of the bridges connecting East and West Baltimore were totally destroyed.

Our illustrations will give an idea of the ravages of the flood at its greatest fury. One of our engravings represents an incident which is never likely to be forgotten, and will always reflect great credit on the actors therein. The Baltimore *Telegram* describing the scene we illustrate, says:

"It is a true saying that in time of great public calamities some man rises to the position of a great public benefactor; and such was the case yesterday with Police Commissioner JAMES E. CARR. He at first sight apprehended the character of the calamity, and he immediately sent for boats and organized a sufficient force of policemen to manage them. He soon had work enough to do. He led the van in his boat in places of great peril, and rescued women and children from death. Two parties he rescued from Davis Street were in the upper story of the house, holding each a child above their head, with the water to their necks and fast increasing. In his task he was frequently thrown in the water, but he continued setting an example to his men which they all most willingly followed. At one time he was swept off by the current, and the news swept throughout the city, causing profound regret wherever heard, that he was lost, but he was fortunately rescued to continue again until necessity ceased for his good work. Too much praise can scarcely be awarded to the Police Commissioners and the police for the manner in which they labored."

Another illustration shows the destruction of the Larrabee Iron-Works. A house to the north of it was first swept away, which gave to the falls at this point a new channel, and permitted the flood to mark the foundry for its special prey. It soon brought it down to the ground, and its lofty cupola now inclines at an angle of sixty degrees.

A third illustration, on the first page, is of the destruction of the Fayette Street Bridge, Baltimore. Several bridges had given way above this street, and with an immense amount of accumulated drift-wood dashed with full fury against the Fayette Street Bridge. For a long time this edifice resisted the attacks of the waves; but at last, as if lifted by some mighty hands, the bridge tumbled into the vast abyss without leaving a trace behind. The waters took the immense iron fragments as if they had been feathers, and, after toying with them a while, threw them with great force upon Baltimore Street Bridge. This caused the north side of the bridge to give way.

The loss of life and property at Ellicott City was even greater than at Baltimore. Our illustration on page 500 is of the scene presented at the Patapsco Mills at the height of the flood. Near these mills—one of which was carried from its foundations, and the other materially damaged—were a row of large stone-houses. The occupants were frequently warned of the dangerous appearance of the freshet, but, trusting to their former experience, they chose to remain yet a little longer, thinking there would be time to escape when the worst came. Within a few minutes the flood rose so rapidly that all communication was cut off, and the current rushed so swiftly that it was found impossible to render them any aid. At this time the water had only reached above the lower story of the houses, and no danger was apprehended if the occupants could reach the roofs. This they at once proceeded to do; but the water still rose higher and higher, and sped on its frightful course with immense velocity; and, to add to the terrors of the hour, huge masses of drift rubbish came rushing upon the doomed dwellings.

Every effort was made by the horrified citizens to rescue those who were in peril, and quite a number were saved; but, owing to the speedy work made by the flood in its fearful velocity, many perished within a dozen yards of the shore.

The whole of the lower part of the town was flooded, goods were washed out of stores into the streets, and furniture out of house, all lying in tangled heaps, with here and there trees, logs, stones, and the debris of houses and bridges.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1868.

CONCLUSION OF "HARPER'S HISTORY OF THE REBELLION."

THE concluding chapter of "Harper's Pictorial History of the Great Rebellion" contains a remarkably candid and admirable statement of the political situation since the war. The writer begins by acknowledging the difficulty of satisfactorily describing events in which we are actors; but he is evidently free from mere partisan feeling. He regards the question from the grounds of reason and the Constitution, and with a careful collation of all the facts, and his conclusions are therefore of very great value. They are not the less agreeable to us because they vindicate the general wisdom and necessity of the Congressional policy of restoration, while the writer distinctly shows the fatal blunder of the President's policy. Yet he has little confidence in what he calls the "splendid theories" of MR. SUMNER and MR. STEVENS. The necessary measures of reconstruction, he thinks, were evident from the first, excepting the general suffrage. That became an evident necessity at a later period. But if the principle of the Fourteenth Amendment had been accepted by the rebel States, reorganization might have been effected long before. He is rather disposed, therefore, to blame the tardy action of Congress; but it seems to us that he furnishes good reasons for the delay.

One of the most vital and controlling elements of the case was the actual disposition of the late rebels, and that could be determined only by experience. As the result has shown, it would have been a disastrous mistake to assume that acquiescence in emancipation, renunciation of the rebel debt and of the right of secession, would alone have been sufficient to insure the security for which the Government was bound by every consideration to provide. The doubtful and reluctant, even protesting manner in which the JOHNSON Legislatures agreed to these obvious conditions, and the black-codes which they immediately passed to nullify them, with the testimony of the most candid observers, and the general experience of mankind, revealed the delicate and perilous nature of the problem with which the country had to deal. The utmost deliberation was essential, not only for the preparation of judicious legislative measures, but for the education of the popular perception that the measures were judicious. The President, with the Democratic party, and the disaffected population of the recovered States, were bitterly hostile to the action of Congress. They constantly threw upon Congress the responsibility of delaying reconstruction and perpetuating a state of war. They asserted to the country that Congress was solely to blame for the oppressive taxation by refusing to receive loyal representatives. They insisted that MR. JOHNSON'S policy was a continuation of MR. LINCOLN'S, and that "a Central Directory," a despotic committee of the House, had usurped all the power of the Government and paralyzed the country.

Against so insidious and plausible an assault Congress could only hope to oppose the facts of the situation, and they could only gradually be disclosed. The Fourteenth Amendment was therefore slowly matured. It required the civil equality of all citizens; the renunciation of the rebel debt; the security of the national debt; the disfranchisement of certain leaders, and without controlling the State regulation of suffrage, provided that no rebel State should gain political power by rebellion, by limiting the basis of representation in case of arbitrary exclusion by reason of color. This was not only fair, but it was evidently fair. The Government had the same right to provide for the national security by such conditions that it had to abolish slavery during the war. As the masterly report of the Reconstruction Committee on presenting the amendment declared, if all the political rights of rebellious States are fully restored the moment they lay down their arms rebellion is inevitable upon any political defeat, and the Government has no protection whatever.

This amendment was a test of the situation. If frankly accepted, reconstruction would rapidly proceed; if rejected, other measures or total inaction were imperative. The amendment was further, and this has not been sufficiently remarked, a final effort to harmonize the Executive and Congress. For if it were ratified it would be by the Legislatures which the President had assembled. It was, however, contemptuously rejected, and the alternative was imposed upon the country of waiting for better counsels at the South or of trying other measures. Inaction, however, was practically impossible. The country was impatient for something to be done, and it had by very large majorities in the State elections supported the general policy of Congress. Yielding to that impatience, and acknowledging that support, Congress passed the military bill which set aside the JOHNSON Legislatures, that had shown an invincible determination to oppose the national will, and began the work of reconstruction upon the basis of equal rights. This bill was in no other sense unconstitutional than every reconstructive act of the President's, and the Emancipation Proclamation itself. "The object of the war was to conquer peace, and after the war there remained the no less difficult work of securing the peace which had been conquered. Was the security of the contest any less important than the conquest itself?"

This is the general view which is presented with ample detail, and, as we think, with generally sound reasoning, in this admirable chapter. Our exceptions to the writer's view would be, as we have already indicated, that the delay which he deprecates was necessary in the very nature of the case; and we think he is hardly just to the "splendid theories" of the radical leaders which have, as he himself shows, been vindicated. They were theories founded in very just views of human nature and of historical experience, and the policy derived from them was conclusively defended by the same argument which the writer so justly employs in support of the military bill. This chapter has evidently been prepared with great care and conscience; and we can honestly say the same of the other political and military chapters of this copious and richly illustrated chronicle of the war. It presents a full gallery of portraits of all the conspicuous soldiers, sailors, and civilians; a comprehensive and valuable series of maps and plans; with accurate and most interesting illustrations of all the famous scenes, objects, and battles of the war. We can not hesitate to commend it as the most desirable contemporary illustrated history of the rebellion which has appeared, or is likely to appear.

"THE PHYSICAL FORCE" PROGRAMME.

THE Democratic party enters upon the campaign with all the reckless braggadocio of BLAIR'S letter. It already threatens "physical force," and evidently hopes to carry the election by noisy bullying. It has tried that game, however, once before, in 1860, under more favorable circumstances, and its success was not very encouraging. Emboldened, however, by the signs of a reaction in the elections of the last autumn, it now announces that it will not submit to the law regulating the counting of votes in the Presidential election. The New York *World*, feebly emulating the tone of MR. BLAIR, its candidate for the Vice-Presidency, says:

"It is proper that the usurping demagogues in the Federal Capitol should be warned in time against proceeding to such extremities that forbearance would cease to be a virtue. The actual majority of the citizens of the United States must have a fair opportunity to decide who shall govern the country. If the will of the majority is defeated by political knavery, they will have power (*being* a majority) to redress the wrong; and Congress mistakes the temper of American freemen if it supposes that they will not have also the *will*. If we are fairly beaten after an honest election, we understand and shall practice the proper virtue of a minority—submission. But we shall not tamely submit to be cheated. If the Republican party administer the Government for the next four years, it must be in virtue of an actual majority, not a fictitious majority obtained by proscription and exclusion. The physical power of the country resides with the arithmetical majority; and as the Constitution has provided no other tribunal for deciding on the claim of electoral votes to be counted, it concerns the peace of the country that Congress do not interfere to prevent the voice of the actual majority from deciding who shall be President."

Now the actual majority of the voters do not decide a Presidential election. If one hundred and fifty-nine electors are necessary to a choice, they may have received in each State in which they are chosen only one hundred majority, and the minority majorities ranging from two to a hundred thousand. Pennsylvania and New Jersey have together thirty-three electoral votes. New York alone has thirty-three. The electoral vote of New York may be determined by fifty majority, but in opposition it neutralizes that of Pennsylvania and New Jersey combined, which may be determined by fifty thousand majority. It is not the actual majority of citizens that decides: it is the majority of the electors chosen in the States who elect the President.

The *World* says that the Republican majority must not be obtained by proscription and exclusion. This, if it is any thing more than bombastic nonsense, means that certain ex-rebels are proscribed and certain States excluded: and therefore that if the vote of any person now disabled in the State of South Carolina shall be refused, or a vote assuming to be that of the State of Mississippi, if Mississippi has not complied with the law, shall not be received, the "arithmetical majority" will "redress the wrong"—in other words, revolt in arms. It announces that there is no tribunal but the "arithmetical majority" to decide the claim of electoral votes to be counted.

Of course as Congress, in pursuance of the general principle of reconstruction, has decided that the vote of Texas and of Mississippi, if they have not conformed to certain conditions, shall not be received, the "arithmetical majority" will settle with Congress if it holds to its decision. The *World's* bravado amounts to this, that if the vote of the rest of the country is balanced, or nearly so, and that if Texas and Mississippi would elect SEYMOUR and BLAIR, then "the arithmetical majority" will count that vote, and carry SEYMOUR and BLAIR into the White House, as WADE HAMPTON recommends, at the point of the bayonet. And such is the patriotism and profound regard for the Constitution, of WADE HAMPTON and ROBERT TOOMBS, and other similar devotees of the Democratic party, that if those votes would elect GRANT and COLFAX they would of course insist upon marshaling them also in the same manner to the Executive mansion.

The Southern Democratic leaders—WADE HAMPTON, ROBERT TOOMBS, HOWELL COBB, RAPHAEL SEMMES, and the rest, who are conducting the Democratic campaign in the Southern States—would like nothing better than to see the country again in arms. They have nothing to lose by it, and revenge is sweet.

THE DEBT AND ITS AUTHORS.

THE Democratic papers and orators are very fond of emphasizing the fact that the United States have a great debt, and that the people are heavily taxed. They declare that when the Democratic party controlled the Government the public expenses were infinitely smaller and the taxes were practically imperceptible.

Very well; granting that the debt is large and that the taxes are heavy, why do they not continue and tell us why they are so? For the same reason that the criminal prefers not to plead guilty. The debt is large and the taxes are heavy because the Democratic party, when it was constitutionally removed from power, rose in rebellion at the South, remained as a party hostile at the North, and compelled the Government to fight desperately for its existence. An enormous war makes an enormous debt. Those who caused the war create the debt. Who began the war? Was it JEFFERSON DAVIS, WADE HAMPTON, ROBERT TOOMBS, RAPHAEL SEMMES, and the other Southern Democratic leaders who fired upon Fort Sumter, or was it Major ANDERSON who defended it? If the people had submitted to the cannon of those Democratic patriots and conservative friends of the Constitution there would have been no debt and no taxation to-day—and no country. The rebellion was plotted in a Democratic Cabinet and Senate. The debt is the price of the salvation of the country from the rebellion of Democrats. If the Democrats had acquiesced in the constitutional result of an election in which they took part there would have been no war, no debt, no increased taxation. The debt is a Democratic debt, and the taxes are sharp hints of a foiled conspiracy of Democrats against the Government.

And what is the remedy for this increased taxation which the Democratic platform proposes? Swindling. First the Democratic leaders take the money from our purses, and then the honor from our name. As we have achieved a material victory in the war, they are trying to prepare for us a moral defeat in refusing to pay the expenses of the war. And this, which is the purpose of those whose haughty hearts still swell in the hatred of the Union, and who disdain the Government when they do not control it, is to be submitted, in the words of MR. RICHARD O'GORMAN, to "the calm, quiet, thoughtful common-sense of the people." Does MR. O'GORMAN, who has now been in this country long enough to understand something of that common-sense and of its conclusions, doubt what its verdict will be upon a proposition of national infamy? Does he suppose that a people whom the rebels could not conquer they can dishonor?

MR. O'GORMAN came from a country in which a part of the population was oppressed. He landed in a country where a part of the population was enslaved. He saw that slavery panoplied in every kind of sophistry and interest and tradition. He saw it in possession of every department of the Government. He saw it haughty, defiant, desperate. He saw it apparently intrenched a thousand times more securely than the oppression of England in his own country, an oppression against which he had ventured his life in the name and hope of Irish liberty. MR. O'GORMAN has seen that slavery triply mailed pierced to the heart by "the calm, quiet, thoughtful common-sense of the people." Joined to the slave lords, who are now defeated rebels, against a just and equal Government, MR. O'GORMAN is busily engaged in the work of trying to resuscitate the corpse of an infamous tyranny. He appeals to "the calm, quiet, thoughtful common-sense of the people."

That common-sense has already doomed him and his confederates to the same fate. Enemies of the national life and the national honor, the common-sense that baffled their attempt at secession will defeat their effort at repudiation and revolution.

THE RECESS OF CONGRESS.

THAT the cry of a running pickpocket should be "Stop thief!" is not surprising, nor that the party whose candidate for Vice-President and whose most conspicuous orators call for a reversal of the Reconstruction Acts by the sword, should denounce their opponents as preparing for civil war.

The Southern Democratic leaders all say, "If you will keep away the soldiers, we can manage the voting down here." That is to say, that the Ku-Klux Klan will take care of loyal men if there is no national force to appeal to. It is the hope of the late rebels to organize such a system of terror in the newly restored States that they can easily control the vote. WADE HAMPTON and his friends have arms: they are the owners of the land; they are the employers of laborers; they are intensely hostile to the Union and to Union men; their spirit was plainly shown in the black-codes passed three years ago and in their speeches of to-day, and there is no doubt of the mischief they mean, or of the mischief they might do. The Union men, especially the new citizens, are, by their dependence as laborers, by their general want of land, by their long habit of subservience, and by being unarmed, peculiarly at the mercy of

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men like HAMPTON, TOOMBS, COBB, and the other Democratic chiefs.

The Governors of the restored States, apprehending trouble, would, under the Constitution, call upon the President for aid. But they know that they would call in vain. The President has declared that he does not acknowledge them, and his sympathies are known to be with the disaffected class. Congress, therefore, considers what should be done to protect loyal citizens from the KU-KLUX KLAN and a conniving Executive, and thereupon the party organs, which delight in BLAIR'S letter, which consider TOOMBS and HAMPTON eminent defenders of the Constitution, and contemplate their purposes against loyal citizens with perfect equanimity, cry out that Congress is preparing civil war. When HORATIO SEYMOUR can persuade the American people that he was as patriotic as GRANT, then the late rebel Generals may hope to convince the country that it is GRANT and his friends, and not they who wish for civil disturbance.

Congress is under the most solemn obligation to take care that the loyal men of the Southern States, and especially the new citizens, are protected in voting. It is not excusable for dealing with the subject except according to its knowledge of the situation. It is certainly not bound to deliver loyal men into the hands of their bitter enemies because the President will not help them. In the present excited state of feeling in the disturbed States, a feeling unspeakably inflamed by the declaration of the Democratic purpose of overthrowing the whole system of reconstruction, the abnormal situation must be constantly remembered. With a President in harmony with Congress there would be no apprehension. But with the present dull and dogged Executive the worst must be assumed. The experience of three years should have taught all loyal men, who with General GRANT desire peace upon a secure foundation, that the President can no more be trusted than CHARLES I. He must be always suspected and watched. It would, therefore, have been an inexplicable mistake if Congress had insisted upon adjourning until December. It has done wisely in taking a recess. Undoubtedly, within the two months of the recess, the President will take some surprising step intended for mischief. Indeed, as we contemplate the official career of this man, whom the truest Union men did not wish to nominate for Vice-President four years ago, there is profound satisfaction in reflecting upon the character and career of SCHUYLER COLFAX, whom, taught by terrible experience, the same men have now nominated for the same position with all its possibilities. GRANT'S quiet tenacity is like LINCOLN'S; and COLFAX will betray the principles of his party when GRANT betrays his flag.

DROUGHT IN PARTS OF EUROPE.

A DROUGHT unparalleled since 1798 was, at our latest advices by steamer, prevailing in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and of a character so general and severe as to cause very gloomy apprehensions. In parts of France, Spain, and Germany the want of sufficient rain is complained of, but it had not reached the proportions of a serious drought. The want of rain is attributed to the prevalence of polar rather than of equatorial influences, by which the atmosphere of a rainless region has been distributed over England for a period of unusual duration. Whatever may be the cause, its effects on production, and the wants which may be supplied by food from more fortunate regions, will no doubt be carefully considered. The wheat harvest of England is being gathered in better order, so it is stated, than usual; but there is a great falling off in the crop of oats, barley, and hay, and, what is more important, the root crop, except what was planted early, and the pastures are nearly dried up. Its first effects upon our market were shown in the considerable demand a few weeks since for cheese and butter, and in the advance in the price of Indian corn. The supposed extensive crop of wheat harvested and being harvested in England has prevented any rise there in the price of wheat; but wheat came very slowly upon their local markets, and it will doubtless be found that the grain is very much shrunk. Our wheat is obtained by the English at all seasons for the purpose of being mixed with theirs, as by the union better bread is the result; but whatever may be the extent of their crop of wheat an unusual amount will be required to supply the loss of other crops.

The quantity of land depastured in a country so diversified with hill and dale as England is greater than the quantity under plow, and, when the pasturage fails, whatever crop may be in excess of the usual production is called upon to supply this want, and that, also, of the crops which suffer from the same cause. "Nationally, in the longest sense" (says the *Economist*, in a late Number), "*nothing*, it is said, *matters but the wheat crop*, and though the saying is exaggerated the essence is true: Give us cheap bread for man, and the price of food for other animals matters but very little." To this it may be safely answered, that when the other harvests all fail cheap bread is an impossibility.

A drought is one of the most serious calamities that can be visited upon a people; and although only about three-tenths of the English population are agriculturists, and the full amount of articles of food produced there falls far short of the total consumed, yet it will be found that the effects of the drought—the English not being accustomed to it—are not accurately understood by those who urge that it may be compensated for in an unusual wheat crop.

STRABO remarks of the climate of England "that the sun generally shines only for a few hours, and that in the morning and evening it is hid in clouds or fogs." The freshness and peculiar lustre which vegetation almost universally exhibits except in winter, are due not so much to heavy as to drizzling rains, and to frequent dews and fogs; but this season the English can boast of the brightness of an Italian sky. As the matter possesses unusual interest, we select some statements from our English files to show the duration and extent of this visitation.

Wales.—"The farmers in the Welsh valleys are suffering severely, there being nothing for cattle to eat. The grass is literally burned up, and on being felt by the hand crumbles into dust just like dried herbs. To make matters worse, there is no dew, the land being as perfectly dry at early morn as at noonday. The farmers on the hill-sides are still worse off, as water has to be carted up for all purposes, the springs and small mountain streams being completely dried up. The farmers are driving the cattle on to the mountains, which are usually more moist."

The Moors.—"On one moor it is said more than half of the young birds are gone for want of water, none surviving but those hatched near springs or burns. You may travel for miles on the high ground and not see a single grouse. In my opinion there will not be more than twenty brace killed by one gun this season, Crops of all kinds are gone here. I do not know what is to be done for want of fodder."

At the trial of the Leicester agricultural show on the 13th July, of steam and other plows, it is observed, "The leading feature of the day has been the immense number of broken shares, resulting of course from the baked state of the ground. Passing from one field to another the visitor has come upon numberless heaps of disabled iron-work, and it has not been difficult to discover the history of their grief."

"Many wheat fields in this district (Newcastle) are now literally swarming with insects much resembling the common flea in both color and size, which have located themselves in close proximity to the grain. Several large fields in the vicinity of Walker present a very remarkable appearance from this cause, the mass of insects imparting a dark tint to the summit of every stem, and the damage caused by their troublesome presence is likely to inflict heavy loss upon the farmers. It is one of the most destructive species of the Aphis."

"The harvesting time on this farm (the Prince Consort's model farm at Frogmore) this year is considered to be *six weeks earlier* than the average of seasons." Wheat heavy and in fine condition; beans and oats cut and above the average. The London *Express* of the 6th says:

"The long-continued drought is becoming a matter of serious import to the country. The traveler by railway, through any part of England, reads the same story in county after county. Fields which should be green and fresh have an arid and rusty look, as if their vegetation were artificial, and had grown shabby. The soil is hard and droughty, the hedges are bald and brown, while the grass of parks and pleasure grounds is burned down as completely as if it had been singed. London is suffering too. Our sewers and drains are abnormally offensive, and our streets have, over and above the general closeness and stuffiness of July, a fusion of foul flavors. The taints and odors are spreading from the courts and alleys over our handsomest and most spacious thoroughfares, and are intensifying and thickening in their native homes as well. Night after night does the sky give promises which the morning breaks. The sparse dribblets of the last week have done little more than sharpen our sense of the evil. When will the rain come? is still on our lips."

The *Daily News* of the 7th say:

"The want of rain is beginning to be seriously spoken of in Ireland. In consequence of the continued drought the hay harvest is extremely light (though of the best quality), and the supply of milk and butter is necessarily curtailed owing to the distress which cattle endure from want of sufficient moisture."

The *Freeman's Journal* says:

"Since the summer of 1798 such a season has not been known. We have had no winter, and March was only equaled in its genial character by April and May, in which we had nearly all sunshine and no showers."

The Mark Lane *Express* of the 12th inst. collects together reports from all parts of England, which confirm what we have thus presented. We give some specimens of these reports:

From Lincolnshire.—"Intense heat continues. In many cases it is damaging the wheat, and as for barley it is now past recovery, and is dying prematurely, to become, without doubt, bad in quality and in quantity. Pastures can never recover under any circumstances, so that fat meat after a few weeks must be scarce and dear, and the chance of a turnip crop is hopeless."

Warwickshire.—"The root crops in this district are generally very poor, and in not a few instances have been given up as entirely lost."

Suffolk.—"The drought continues, parching up every thing green and rendering the country most dreary."

From the east coast of Scotland.—"We are still without rain so much needed by spring corn and root crops."

A correspondent of the *Gardener's Chronicle*, in England, writes that he was then at an elevation which commanded a view of the country for thirty miles in extent, and that the hedges and trees which send their roots deep into the earth were alone green, and that the pastures were universally suffering. "The popular delusion" (he adds) "that grass is green will soon be among the forgotten fallacies of the past."

The Manchester *Guardian*, of the 13th ult., says: "Rain has fallen on only three out of the last 104 days in the Manchester water-shed, and the fall on those occasions was so small that it was entirely absorbed into the ground and the reservoirs received none."

Advices by telegraph show that the drought was broken about the 24th of July.

The fact that the existence of a drought "in the interior provinces of the north of Spain," and in parts of Germany and France is also spoken of, shows its extension upon the Continent, but in a much less severe form than that prevailing in Great Britain and Ireland.

In England the price of meat had fallen, because both cattle and sheep had been slaughtered in excess of what was usual owing to the scarcity of hay, oats, and pasturage; but wheat had fallen but little, as the crop had reached the market much earlier than usual, although not in large quantities.

The question whence the supply will be obtained to make up this unfortunate deficiency is one of great interest. The crop of wheat in California will amount this year to seventeen millions of bushels, such is the estimate; and as freights are low at San Francisco for outward cargoes, competition from that quarter may be expected. In many parts of Europe the crop of grain promises to be full, and in the United States a wheat harvest unprecedented in quantity is now being gathered. The law of distribution, by which the deficiency in one country is supplied from the excess in others, will soon be in full operation to the advantage of the United States as one of the countries upon which the favors of Providence, in respect to what is gathered and what is promised, have been bountifully bestowed.

"REGULAR AND PEACEFUL."

MR. HENRY C. MURPHY, now State Senator from the Brooklyn district, was chairman of the committee upon resolutions of the late Democratic Convention, and is a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor. Indeed, at the late Democratic meeting in Brooklyn, over which he presided, Mr. MURPHY was introduced by some enthusiast as the next Governor of the State, which was, at least, premature. In his speech upon taking the chair Mr. MURPHY said that the Democratic party was pledged to a reversal, by regular and peaceful means, of the Congressional policy of restoration. Undoubtedly Mr. MURPHY wishes that this were all. Undoubtedly he would very gladly have the country believe that the Democratic party was pledged to this and nothing more. But he has not stated the case exactly. Mr. MURPHY has forgotten what the country very well remembers.

The facts are that the Democratic Convention, having declared, upon Mr. MURPHY'S suggestion, that "the Reconstruction acts (so-called) of Congress, as such, are usurpations, and unconstitutional, revolutionary, and void," proceeded with enthusiasm to nominate General BLAIR for Vice-President, who had just stated, in the most unequivocal manner, his remedy for these "usurpations," and these "unconstitutional, revolutionary, and void" acts of Congress. We do not find that Mr. MURPHY in his speech mentioned General BLAIR'S plan. It is this: "There is but one way," says the Democratic candidate for Vice-President, "to restore the Government and the Constitution, and that is for the President elect to declare these acts null and void, compel the army to undo its usurpations at the South, disperse the carpet-bag State Governments, allow the white people to reorganize their own governments, and elect Senators and Representatives." So said General BLAIR just as the Convention met. That statesman continued: "We must restore the Constitution before we can restore the finances; and to do this we must have a President who will execute the will of the people by trampling into dust the usurpations of Congress, known as the Reconstruction acts. *I wish to stand before the Convention upon this issue.*"

Undoubtedly he did, and upon that issue he was nominated; and in nominating him the Convention pledged the Democratic party to his plan. Is that plan, as stated by himself, as supported by WADE HAMPTON, by FORREST, by HOKE, by all the Democratic delegates who believe with HAMPTON that the rebellion is not a lost cause if SEYMOUR can be elected, a "reversal by regular and peaceful means?" Just as much as JEFF DAVIS'S request to be let alone was a regular and peaceful policy. Just as much as WADE HAMPTON'S demand upon his party that if the KU-KLUX KLAN can succeed in doing as it pleases at the South SEYMOUR and BLAIR shall be placed in the White House, "in spite of all the bayonets that shall be brought against them." This may be what Mr. MURPHY calls peace and regularity; and RAPHAEL SEMMES agrees with him. But we doubt if the country does.

ANOTHER CERTIFICATE FOR MR. SEYMOUR.

JACK FALSTAFF swore that he made himself hoarse with hallooing of anthems in his youth. Mr. HORATIO SEYMOUR'S "friends" swear that there was no such Union patriot as he during the war, and they are bringing forward all kinds of certificates to prove it. But Mr. SEYMOUR will be accepted as a loyal Union man when Jack Falstaff passes for a saint—and not before. We add the following to the list of certificates:

Mr. THURLOW WEED, a pretty good "Conservative" authority, in a letter written in September, 1865, says: "In 1862 Governor SEYMOUR, urged by Judge STRYKER and other loyal Democrats (as Hamlet urged his mother) to assume a virtue, made a patriotic speech in Brooklyn, and was elected Governor. In the days of disaster which followed, Mr. LINCOLN, realizing Governor SEYMOUR'S power for usefulness, and mindful only of his country's welfare, charged me to say to Governor SEYMOUR that if he would use his position and power to crush the rebellion, a grateful people would reward him with the Presidency. I gave the message of an enlightened and patriotic President to a metaphysically-muddled Governor, whose Secession and Copperhead proclivities and associations brought deserved reproach and destruction upon himself and his party."

A STALE SLANDER UPON MR. COLFAX.

LAST year, when the Democratic papers circulated an absurd falsehood that Mr. COLFAX had written "Sixteen Reasons" why General GRANT should not be nominated, we published a note from the Speaker which effectually disposed of the libel. As the poison is now again showing itself, and with increased virulence, we again apply the antidote.

"SOUTH BEND, INDIANA, *September* 14, 1867.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am very much obliged to you for having anticipated my denial of any knowledge of the 16 Reasons Circular, as well as of any sympathy with its charges, in your editorial, which I have just seen. I am satisfied that it was the weak invention of an enemy, intended to create the impression which it did. But the suspicion by any Republican that I sympathized with it has been very annoying: and I am the more grateful that with your wide circulation you so kindly and promptly expressed your opinion.

"Respectfully yours, SCHUYLER COLFAX.

"To the Editor of 'Harper's Weekly.'"

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEWS ITEMS.

CONGRESS adjourned on July 27, taking a recess until the 21st of September.

The miners of Pennsylvania, lately on a strike, have returned to work at old wages and hours.

Jeff Davis and family have gone to Europe.

A tournament and other chivalric exercises was held at Manassas, Virginia, on July 21, by the ex-rebels in honor of the victory at Bull Run in 1861. The only Northern celebrations of victories during the late war have had for their purpose the erection on the battle-fields of cemeteries for the fallen.

Three desperadoes, belonging to an organized band of robbers in Indiana and Illinois, were lately arrested for robbing the Adams Express car at Brownstown, Indiana. While being conveyed under guard to the Brownstown jail they passed through Seymour, where they had formerly lived. The citizens of that town gathered in a mob and hanged them. On July 25 three others who had been arrested shared the same fate.

It is believed that there are twenty thousand tenement-houses in this city, which contain, on an average, four families to each story, with five persons to each family, each person having about fifteen square feet of ground area, and four hundred and eighty cubic feet of air—one thousand cubic feet of air being absolutely necessary for the health of each individual.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Roman Revolutionary Committee in Rome chose the 3d of July, the second anniversary of the victory of the Prussians at Sadowa, as the occasion for an address of congratulation to the Prussian Minister to the Papal Court. In the address is the following passage—very significant in view of the late advancements toward civil and religious liberty in Prussia, Austria, and Italy: "We hope that great Germany will not forget the sympathies of the Romans, and the prayers they constantly put up for her prosperity, and that the settlement and growth of her power will be fertile of happy results to us."

Caraccas, Venezuela, was taken by assault on June 23, and the successful revolutionists inaugurated a new Government, with General Monagas at its head. Among the refugees from the war scenes is American Minister Stillwell, who was afraid of his life if he remained.

Annexation to the United States is talked of in Panama, threatened in Hayti, and feared in Mexico. The Panama people wish it; Salnave terrifies the Haytiens with the idea; and the Mexican papers have a cock-and-bull story of a coalition of European powers with the United States to divide up Mexico, and sell it out to the American Government.

It has been ascertained that the Coreans beheaded the crew of the American vessel *General Sherman*.

The latest Eastern reports are highly encouraging as far as China is concerned, but not so with regard to Japan. The rebels in China were defeated in their attempts on Tientsin, and the siege had been abandoned. From Japan comes the statement that the late Tycoon, Stots Bashi, now in rebellion, had raised another army of 200,000 men and a fleet of war vessels, and was threatening Jeddo. In the mean time the Mikado, who appears to have fallen into bad hands, was promulgating edicts against all native Christians, and his men were doing all in their power to intimidate foreigners from settling at Osaka.

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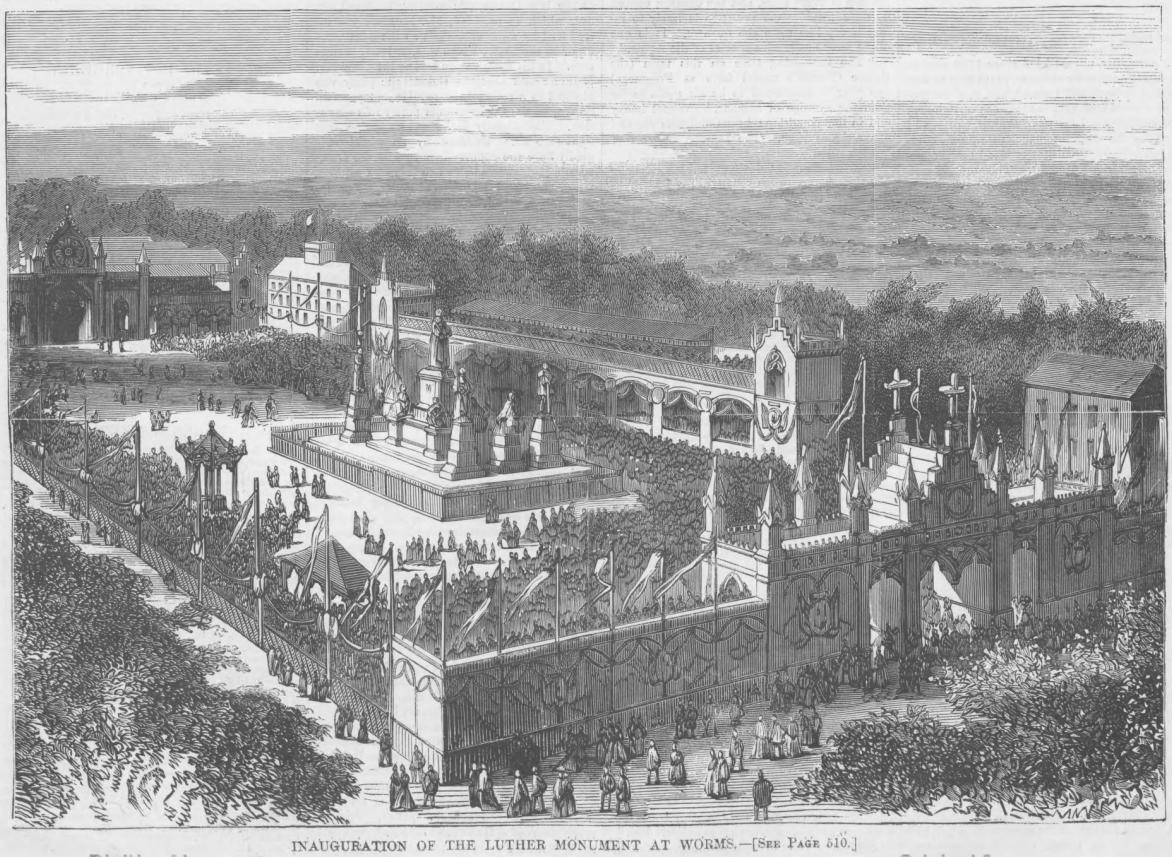
THE GREAT FLOOD IN MARYLAND—SCENE AT THE PATAPSCO MILLS AT THE HEIGHT OF THE FLOOD.—SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



INAUGURATION OF THE LUTHER MONUMENT AT WORMS.—[SEE PAGE 510.]

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THE MOONSTONE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

Printed from the Author's Manuscript.
RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.

SIXTH NARRATIVE.

Contributed by Sergeant Cuff.

I.

DORKING, Surrey, *July* 30, 1849.—To Franklin Blake, Esq. Sir,—I beg to apologize for the delay that has occurred in the production of the Report with which I engaged to furnish you. I have waited to make it a complete Report; and I have been met, here and there, by obstacles which it was only possible to remove by some little expenditure of patience and time.

The object which I proposed to myself has now, I hope, been attained. You will find, in these pages, answers to the greater part—if not all—of the questions, concerning the late Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite, which occurred to your mind when I last had the honor of seeing you.

I propose to tell you—in the first place—what is known of the manner in which your cousin met his death; appending to the statement such inferences and conclusions as we are justified (according to my opinion) in drawing from the facts.

I shall then endeavor—in the second place—to put you in possession of such discoveries as I have made, respecting the proceedings of Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite, before, during, and after the time, when you and he met as guests at the late Lady Verinder's country house.

II.

As to your cousin's death, then, first.

It appears to me to be established, beyond any reasonable doubt, that he was killed (while he was asleep, or immediately on his waking) by being smothered with a pillow from his bed—that the persons guilty of murdering him are the three Indians—and that the object contemplated (and achieved) by the crime, was to obtain possession of the diamond, called The Moonstone.

The facts from which this conclusion is drawn, are derived partly from an examination of the room at the tavern; and partly from the evidence obtained at the Coroner's Inquest.

On forcing the door of the room the deceased gentleman was discovered, dead, with the pillow of the bed over his face. The medical man who examined him, being informed of this circumstance, considered the post-mortem appearances as being perfectly compatible with murder by smothering—that is to say, with murder committed by some person, or persons, pressing the pillow over the nose and mouth of the deceased, until death resulted from congestion of the lungs.

Next, as to the motive for the crime.

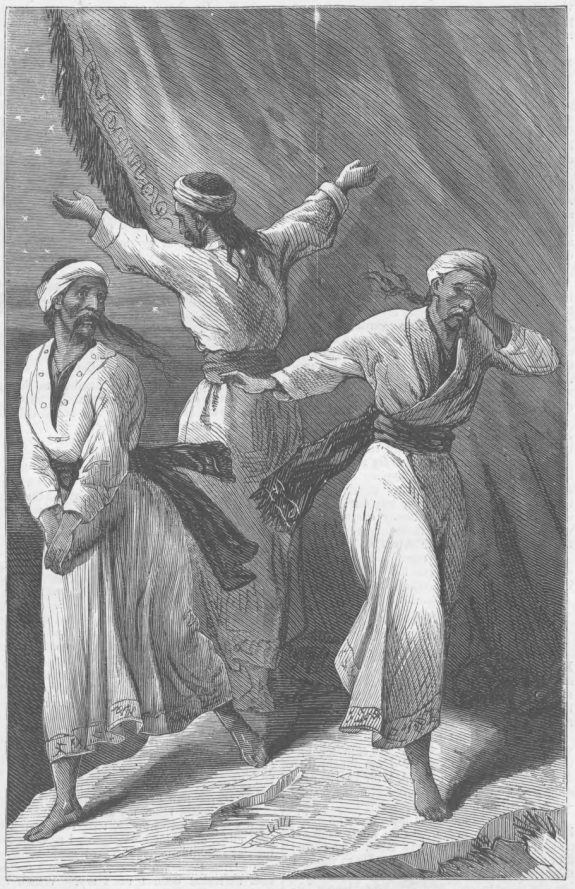
A small box, with a sealed paper torn off from it (the paper containing an inscription) was found open, and empty, on a table in the room. Mr. Luker has himself personally identified the box, the seal, and the inscription. He has declared that the box did actually contain the diamond, called the Moonstone; and he has admitted having given the box (thus sealed up) to Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite (then concealed under a disguise), on the afternoon of the twenty-sixth of June last. The fair inference from all this is, that the stealing of the Moonstone was the motive of the crime.

Next, as to the manner in which the crime was committed.

On examination of the room (which is only seven feet high), a trap-door in the ceiling, leading out on to the roof of the house, was discovered open. The short ladder, used for obtaining access to the trap-door (and kept under the bed), was found placed at the opening, so as to enable any person, or persons, in the room, to leave it again easily. In the trap-door itself was found a square aperture cut in the wood, apparently with some exceedingly sharp instrument, just behind the bolt which fastened the door on the inner side. In this way any person from the outside could have drawn back the bolt, and opened the door, and have dropped (or have been noiselessly lowered by an accomplice) into the room—its height, as already observed, being only seven feet. That some person, or persons, must have got admission in this way, appears evident from the fact of the aperture being there. As to the manner in which he (or they) obtained access to the roof of the tavern, it is to be remarked that the third house, lower down in the street, was empty and under repair—that a long ladder was left by the workmen, leading from the pavement to the top of the house—and that, on returning to their work, on the morning of the 27th, the men found the plank which they had tied to the ladder, to prevent any one from using it in their absence, removed, and lying on the ground. As to the possibility of ascending by this ladder, passing over the roofs of the houses, passing back, and descending again, unobserved—it is discovered, on the evidence of the night policeman, that he only passes through Shore Lane twice in an hour when out on his beat. The testimony of the inhabitants also declares that Shore Lane, after midnight, is one of the quietest and loneliest streets in London. Here again, therefore, it seems fair to infer that—with ordinary caution and presence of mind—any man, or men, might have ascended by the ladder, and might have descended again, unobserved. Once on the roof of the tavern, it has been proved, by experiment, that a man might cut through the trap-door while lying down on it, and that in such a position the parapet in front of the house would conceal him from the view of any one passing in the street.

Lastly, as to the person, or persons, by whom the crime was committed.

It is known (1) that the Indians had an interest in possessing themselves of the Diamond. (2) It is at least probable that the man looking like an Indian, whom Octavius Guy saw at the window of the cab speaking to the man dressed like a mechanic, was one of the three Hindoo conspirators. (3) It is certain that this same man dressed like a mechanic, was seen keeping Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite in view all through the evening of the 26th, and was found in the bedroom (before Mr. Ablewhite was shown into it) under circumstances which lead to the suspicion that he was examining the room. (4) A morsel of torn gold thread was picked up in the bedroom, which persons expert in such matters declare to be of Indian manufacture, and to be a species of gold thread not known in England. (5) On the morning of the 27th, three men, answering to the description of the three Indians, were observed in Lower Thames Street, were traced to the Tower Wharf, and were seen to leave London by the steamer bound for Rotterdam.



"NEVER MORE WERE THEY TO LOOK ON EACH OTHER'S FACES."

There is here moral, if not legal, evidence that the murder was committed by the Indians.

Whether the man personating a mechanic was, or was not, an accomplice in the crime, it is impossible to say. That he could have committed the murder alone seems beyond the limits of probability. Acting by himself, he could hardly have smothered Mr. Ablewhite—who was the taller and the stronger man of the two—without a struggle taking place, or a cry being heard. A servant girl, sleeping in the next room, heard nothing. The landlord, sleeping in the room below, heard nothing. The whole evidence points to the inference that more than one man was concerned in this crime—and the circumstances, I repeat, morally justify the conclusion that the Indians committed it.

I have only to add that the verdict at the Coroner's Inquest was Willful Murder against some person, or persons, unknown. Mr. Ablewhite's family have offered a reward, and no effort has been left untried to discover the guilty persons. The man dressed like a mechanic has eluded all inquiries. The Indians have been traced. As to the prospect of ultimately capturing these last, I shall have a word to say to you on that head when I reach the end of the present Report.

In the mean while, having now written all that is needful on the subject of Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite's death, I may pass next to the narrative of his proceedings before, during, and after the time when you and he met at the late Lady Verinder's house.

III.

With regard to the subject now in hand, I may state, at the outset, that Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite's life had two sides to it.

The side turned up to the public view presented the spectacle of a gentleman, possessed of considerable reputation as a speaker at charitable meetings, and endowed with administrative abilities, which he placed at the disposal of various Benevolent Societies, mostly of the female sort. The side kept hidden from the general notice exhibited this same gentleman in the totally different character of a man of pleasure, with a villa in the suburbs which was not taken in his own name, and with a lady in the villa who was not taken in his own name either.

My investigations in this villa have shown me several fine pictures and statues; furniture tastefully selected and admirably made; and a conservatory of the rarest flowers, the match of which it would not be easy to find in all London. My investigation of the lady has resulted in the discovery of jewels which are worthy to take rank with the flowers, and of carriages and horses which have (deservedly) produced a sensation in the Park among persons well qualified to judge of the build of the one and the breed of the others.

All this is, so far, common enough. The villa and the lady are such familiar objects in London life that I ought to apologize for introducing them to notice. But what is not common and not familiar (in my experience) is that all these fine things were not only ordered but paid for. The pictures, the statues, the flowers, the jewels, the carriages, and the horses—inquiry proved, to my indescribable astonishment, that not a sixpence of debt was owing on any of them. As to the villa, it had been bought, out and out, and settled on the lady.

I might have tried to find the right reading of this riddle, and tried in vain—but for Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite's death, which caused an inquiry to be made into the state of his affairs.

The inquiry elicited these facts:

That Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite was intrusted with the care of a sum of twenty thousand pounds—as one of two Trustees for a young gentleman, who was still a minor in the year eighteen hundred and forty-eight. That the Trust was to lapse, and that the young gentleman was to receive the twenty thousand pounds on the day when he came of age, in the month of February, eighteen hundred and fifty. That, pending the arrival of this period, an income of six hundred pounds was to be paid to him by his two Trustees, half yearly—at Christmas and at Midsummer-Day. That this income was regularly paid by the active Trustee, Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite. That the twenty thousand pounds (from which the income was supposed to be derived) had, every farthing of it, been sold out of the Funds, at different periods, ending with the end of the year eighteen hundred and forty-seven. That the power of attorney, authorizing the bankers to sell out the stock, and the various written orders telling them what amounts to sell out, were formally signed by both the Trustees. That the signature of the second Trustee (a retired army officer, living in the country) was a signature forged, in every case, by the active Trustee—otherwise Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite.

In these facts lies the explanation of Mr. Godfrey's honorable conduct in paying the debts incurred for the lady and the villa—and (as you will presently see) of more besides.

We may now advance to the date of Miss Verinder's birthday (in the year eighteen hundred and forty-eight)—the twenty-first of June.

On the day before Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite arrived at his father's house, and asked (as I know from Mr. Ablewhite, senior, himself) for a loan of three hundred pounds. Mark the sum; and remember at the same time that the half-yearly payment to the young gentleman was due on the twenty-fourth of the month. Also, that the whole of the young gentleman's fortune had been spent by his Trustee by the end of the year forty-seven.

Mr. Ablewhite, senior, refused to lend his son a farthing.

The next day Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite rode over, with you, to Lady Verinder's house. A few hours afterward Mr. Godfrey (as you yourself have told me) made a proposal of marriage to Miss Verinder. Here he saw his way, no doubt—if accepted—to the end of all his money anxieties, present and future. But, as events actually turned out, what happened? Miss Verinder refused him.

On the night of the birthday, therefore, Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite's pecuniary position was this: He had three hundred pounds to find on the twenty-fourth of the month, and twenty thousand pounds to find in February, eighteen hundred and fifty. Failing to raise these sums, at these times, he was a ruined man.

Under those circumstances, what takes place next?

You exasperate Mr. Candy, the doctor, on the sore subject of his profession, and he plays you a practical joke, in return, with a dose of laudanum. He trusts the administration of the dose (prepared in a little vial) to Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite, who has himself confessed the share he had in the matter, under circumstances which shall presently be related to you. Mr. Godfrey is all the readier to enter into the conspiracy, having himself suffered from your sharp tongue, in the course of the evening. He joins Betteredge in persuading you to drink a little brandy-and-water before you go to bed. He privately drops the dose of laudanum into your cold grog. And you drink the mixture.

Let us now shift the scene, if you please, to Mr. Luker's house at Lambeth. And allow me to remark, by way of preface, that Mr. Bruff and I, together, have found a means of forcing the money-lender to make a clean breast of it. We have carefully sifted the statement he has addressed to us; and here it is at your service.

IV.

Late on the evening of Friday, the twenty-third of June ('forty-eight), Mr. Luker was surprised by a visit from Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite. He was more than surprised when Mr. Godfrey produced the Moonstone. No such diamond (according to Mr. Luker's experience) was in the possession of any private person in Europe.

Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite had two modest proposals to make in relation to this magnificent gem. First, Would Mr. Luker be so good as to buy it? Secondly, Would Mr. Luker (in default of seeing his way to the purchase) undertake to sell it on commission, and to pay a sum down, on the anticipated result?

Mr. Luker tested the Diamond, weighed the Diamond, and estimated the value of the Diamond, before he answered a word. *His* estimate (allowing for the flaw in the stone) was thirty thousand pounds.

Having reached that result Mr. Luker opened his lips, and put a question: "How did you come by this?" Only six words! But what volumes of meaning in them!

Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite began a story. Mr. Luker opened his lips again, and only said three words, this time. "That won't do!"

Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite began another story. Mr. Luker wasted no more words on him. He got up and rang the bell for the servant to show the gentleman out.

Upon this compulsion, Mr. Godfrey made an effort, and came out with a new and amended version of the affair, to the following effect.

After privately slipping the laudanum into your brandy-and-water, he wished you good-night, and went into his own room. It was the next room to yours, and the two had a door of communication between them. On entering his own room Mr. Godfrey (as he supposed) closed this door. His money-troubles kept him awake. He sat, in his dressing-gown and slippers, for nearly an hour, thinking over his position. Just as he was preparing to get into bed, he heard you talking to yourself in your own room, and going to the door of communication, found that he had not shut it as he supposed.

He looked into your room to see what was the matter. He discovered you with the candle in your hand, just leaving your bedchamber. He heard you say to yourself, in a voice quite unlike your own voice, "How do I know? The Indians may be hidden in the house."

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Up to that time he had simply supposed himself (in giving you the laudanum) to be helping to make you the victim of a harmless practical joke. It now occurred to him that the laudanum had taken some effect on you which had not been foreseen by the doctor, any more than by himself. In the fear of an accident happening, he followed you softly to see what you would do.

He followed you to Miss Verinder's sitting-room, and saw you go in. You left the door open. He looked through the crevice thus produced, between the door and the post, before he ventured into the room himself.

In that position, he not only detected you in taking the Diamond out of the drawer—he also detected Miss Verinder, silently watching you from her bedroom, through her open door. He saw that *she* saw you take the Diamond too.

Before you left the sitting-room again, you hesitated a little. Mr. Godfrey took advantage of this hesitation to get back again to his bedroom before you came out and discovered him. He had barely got back, before you got back too. You saw him (as he supposes) just as he was passing through the door of communication. At any rate, you called to him in a strange, drowsy voice.

He came back to you. You looked at him in a dull, sleepy way. You put the Diamond into his hand. You said to him, "Take it back, Godfrey, to your father's bank. It's safe there—it's not safe here." You turned away unsteadily, and put on your dressing-gown. You sat down in the large arm-chair in your room. You said, "*I* can't take it back to the bank. My head's like lead—and I can't feel my feet under me." Your head sank on the back of the chair—you heaved a heavy sigh—and you fell asleep.

Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite went back, with the Diamond, into his own room. His statement is, that he came to no conclusion at that time—except that he would wait, and see what happened in the morning.

When the morning came, your language and conduct showed that you were absolutely ignorant of what you had said and done overnight. At the same time, Miss Verinder's language and conduct showed that she was resolved to say nothing (in mercy to you) on her side. If Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite chose to keep the Diamond, he might do so with perfect impunity. The Moonstone stood between him and ruin. He put the Moonstone into his pocket.

V.

This was the story told by your cousin (under pressure of necessity) to Mr. Luker.

Mr. Luker believed the story to be, as to all main essentials, true—on this ground, that Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite was too great a fool to have invented it. Mr. Bruff and I agree with Mr. Luker, in considering this test of the truth of the story to be a perfectly reliable one.

The next question was the question of what Mr. Luker would do, in the matter of the Moonstone. He proposed the following terms, as the only terms on which he would consent to mix himself up with what was (even in *his* line of business) a doubtful and dangerous transaction.

Mr. Luker would consent to lend Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite the sum of two thousand pounds, on condition that the Moonstone was to be deposited with him as a pledge. If, at the expiration of one year from that date, Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite paid three thousand pounds to Mr. Luker, he was to receive back the Diamond, as a pledge redeemed. If he failed to produce the money at the expiration of the year, the pledge (otherwise the Moonstone) was to be considered as forfeited to Mr. Luker—who would, in this latter case, generously make Mr. Godfrey a present of certain promissory notes of his (relating to former dealings) which were then in the money-lender's possession.

It is needless to say that Mr. Godfrey indignantly refused to listen to these monstrous terms. Mr. Luker, thereupon, handed him back the Diamond, and wished him good-night.

Your cousin went to the door, and came back again. How was he to be sure that the conversation of that evening would be kept strictly a secret between his friend and himself?

Mr. Luker didn't profess to know how. If Mr. Godfrey had accepted his terms, Mr. Godfrey would have made him an accomplice, and might have counted on his silence as on a certainty. As things were, Mr. Luker must be guided by his own interests. If awkward inquiries were made, how could he be expected to compromise himself, for the sake of a man who had declined to deal with him?

Receiving this reply, Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite did, what all animals (human and otherwise) do, when they find themselves caught in a trap. He looked about him in a state of helpless despair. The day of the month, recorded on a neat little card in a box on the money-lender's chimney-piece, happened to attract his eye. It was the twenty-third of June. On the twenty-fourth, he had three hundred pounds to pay to the young gentleman for whom he was trustee, and no chance of raising the money, except the chance that Mr. Luker had offered to him. But for this miserable obstacle, he might have taken the Diamond to Amsterdam, and have made a marketable commodity of it, by having it cut up into separate stones. As matters stood, he had no choice but to accept Mr. Luker's terms. After all, he had a year at his disposal, in which to raise the three thousand pounds—and a year is a long time.

Mr. Luker drew out the necessary documents on the spot. When they were signed, he gave Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite two checks. One, dated June 23d, for three hundred pounds. Another, dated a week on, for the remaining balance—seventeen hundred pounds.

How the Moonstone was trusted to the keeping of Mr. Luker's bankers, and how the Indians treated Mr. Luker and Mr. Godfrey (after that had been done) you know already.

The next event in your cousin's life, refers again to Miss Verinder. He proposed marriage to her for the second time—and (after having been accepted) he consented, at her request, to consider the marriage as broken off. One of his reasons for making this concession has been penetrated by Mr. Bruff. Miss Verinder had only a life-interest in her mother's property—and there was no raising the missing twenty thousand pounds on *that*.

But you will say, he might have saved the three thousand pounds, to redeem the pledged Diamond, if he had married. He might have done so certainly—supposing neither his wife, nor her guardians and trustees, objected to his anticipating more than half of the income at his disposal, for some unknown purpose, in the first year of his marriage. But even if he got over this obstacle, there was another waiting for him in the back-ground. The lady at the Villa had heard of his contemplated marriage. A superb woman, Mr. Blake, of the sort that are not to be trifled with—the sort with the light complexion and the Roman nose. She felt the utmost contempt for Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite. It would be silent contempt if he made a handsome provision for her. Otherwise, it would be contempt with a tongue to it. Miss Verinder's life-interest allowed him no more hope of raising the "provision" than of raising the twenty thousand pounds. He couldn't marry—he really couldn't marry, under all the circumstances.

How he tried his luck again with another lady, and how *that* marriage also broke down on the question of money, you know already. You also know of the legacy of five thousand pounds, left to him shortly afterward, by one of those many admirers among the soft sex whose good graces this fascinating man had contrived to win. That legacy (as the event has proved) led him to his death.

I have ascertained that when he went abroad, on getting his five thousand pounds, he went to Amsterdam. There he made all the necessary arrangements for having the Diamond cut into separate stones. He came back (in disguise), and redeemed the Moonstone on the appointed day. A few days were allowed to elapse (as a precaution agreed to by both parties) before the jewel was actually taken out of the bank. If he had got safe with it to Amsterdam there would have been just time between July 'forty-nine and February 'fifty (when the young gentleman came of age) to cut the Diamond, and to make a marketable commodity (polished or unpolished) of the separate stones. Judge from this what motives he had to run the risk which he actually ran. It was "neck or nothing" with him—if ever it was "neck or nothing" with a man yet.

I have only to remind you, before closing this Report, that there is a chance of laying hands on the Indians, and of recovering the Moonstone yet. They are now (there is every reason to believe) on their passage to Bombay in an East Indiaman. The ship (barring accidents) will touch at no other port on her way out; and the authorities of Bombay (already communicated with by letter overland) will be prepared to board the vessel the moment she enters the harbor.

I have the honor to remain, dear Sir, your obedient servant, RICHARD CUFF (late sergeant in the Detective Force, Scotland Yard, London).*

SEVENTH NARRATIVE.

In a Letter from Mr. Candy.

FRIZINGHALL, *Wednesday, Sept.* 26, 1849.—Dear Mr. Franklin Blake, you will anticipate the sad news I have to tell you, on finding your letter to Ezra Jennings returned to you, unopened, in this inclosure. He died in my arms, at sunrise, on Wednesday last.

I am not to blame for having failed to warn you that his end was at hand. He expressly forbade me to write to you. "I am indebted to Mr. Franklin Blake," he said, "for having seen some happy days. Don't distress him, Mr. Candy—don't distress him."

His sufferings, up to the last six hours of his life, were terrible to see. In the intervals of remission, when his mind was clear, I entreated him to tell me of any relatives of his to whom I might write. He asked to be forgiven for refusing any thing to *me*. And then he said—not bitterly—that he would die as he had lived, forgotten and unknown. He maintained that resolution to the last. There is no hope now of making any discoveries concerning him. His story is a blank.

The day before he died he told me where to find all his papers. I brought them to him on his bed. There was a little bundle of old letters which he put aside. There was his unfinished book. There was his Diary—in many locked volumes. He opened the volume for this year, and tore out, one by one, the pages relating to the time when you and he were together. "Give those," he said, "to Mr. Franklin Blake. In years to come he may feel an interest in looking back at what is written there." Then he clasped his hands, and prayed God fervently to bless you, and those dear to you. He said he should like to see you again. But the next moment he altered his mind. "No," he answered, when I offered to write. "I won't distress him! I won't distress him!"

At his request I next collected the other papers—that is to say, the bundle of letters, the unfinished book, and the volumes of the Diary—and inclosed them all in one wrapper, sealed with my own seal. "Promise," he said, "that you will put this into my coffin with your own hand; and that you will see that no other hand touches it afterward."

I gave him my promise. And the promise has been performed.

He asked me to do one other thing for him, which it cost me a hard struggle to comply with. He said, "Let my grave be forgotten. Give me your word of honor that you will allow no monument of any sort—not even the commonest tombstone—to mark the place of my burial. Let me sleep, nameless. Let me rest, unknown." When I tried to plead with him to alter his resolution he became for the first, and only time, violently agitated. I could not bear to see it; and I gave way. Nothing but a little grass mound marks the place of his rest. In time the tombstones will rise round it. And the people who come after us will look, and wonder, at the nameless grave.

As I have told you, for six hours before his death his sufferings ceased. He dozed a little. I think he dreamed. Once or twice he smiled. A woman's name, as I suppose—the name of "Ella"—was often on his lips at this time. A few minutes before the end came he asked me to lift him on his pillow, to see the sun rise through the window. He was very weak. His head fell on my shoulder. He whispered, "It's coming!" Then he said, "Kiss me!" I kissed his forehead. On a sudden he lifted his head. The sunlight touched his face. A beautiful expression, an angelic expression, came over it. He cried out three times, "Peace! peace! peace!" His head sank back again on my shoulder, and the long trouble of his life was at an end.

So he has gone from us. This was, as I think, a great man—though the world never knew him. He bore a hard life bravely. He had the sweetest temper I have ever met with. The loss of him makes me feel very lonely. Perhaps I have never been quite myself again since my illness. Sometimes I think of giving up my practice and going away, and trying what some of the foreign baths and waters will do for me.

It is reported here that you and Miss Verinder are to be married next month. Please to accept my best congratulations.

The pages of my poor friend's Journal are waiting for you at my house—sealed up, with your name on the wrapper. I was afraid to trust them to the post.

My best respects and good wishes attend Miss Verinder. I remain, dear Mr. Franklin Blake, truly yours, THOMAS CANDY.

EIGHTH NARRATIVE.

Contributed by Gabriel Betteredge.

I AM the person (as you remember, no doubt) who led the way in these pages, and opened the story. I am also the person who is left behind, as it were, to close the story up.

Let nobody suppose that I have any last words to say here concerning the Indian Diamond. I hold that unlucky jewel in abhorrence; and I refer you to other authority than mine for such news of the Moonstone as you may, at the present time, be expecting to receive. My purpose, in this place, is to state a fact in the history of the family which has been passed over by every body, and which I won't allow to be disrespectfully smothered up in that way. The fact to which I allude is—the marriage of Miss Rachel and Mr. Franklin Blake. This interesting event took place at our house in Yorkshire, on Tuesday, October ninth, eighteen hundred and forty-nine. I had a new suit of clothes on the occasion. And the married couple went to spend the honey-moon in Scotland.

Family festivals having been rare enough at our house, since my poor mistress's death, I own—on this occasion of the wedding—to having (toward the latter part of the day) taken a drop too much on the strength of it.

If you have ever done the same sort of thing yourself you will understand and feel for me. If you have not, you will very likely say, "Disgusting old man! why does he tell us this?" The reason why is now to come.

Having, then, taken my drop (bless you! you have got your favorite vice, too; only your vice isn't mine, and mine isn't yours), I next applied the one infallible remedy—that remedy being, as you know, Robinson Crusoe. Where I opened that unrivaled book I can't say. Where the lines of print at last left off running into each other I know, however, perfectly well. It was at page three hundred and eighteen—a domestic bit concerning Robinson Crusoe's marriage, as follows:

"With those Thoughts I considered my new Engagement, that I had a Wife"—(Observe! so had Mr. Franklin!)—"one Child born"—(Observe again! that might yet be Mr. Franklin's case, too!)—"and my Wife then"—What Robinson Crusoe's wife did or did not do "then," I felt no desire to discover. I scored the bit about the Child with my pencil, and put a morsel of paper for a mark to keep the place: "Lie you there," I said, "till the marriage of Mr. Franklin and Miss Rachel is some months older—and then we'll see!"

The months passed (more than I had bargained for), and no occasion presented itself for disturbing that mark in the book. It was not till this present month of November, eighteen hundred and fifty, that Mr. Franklin came into my room, in high good spirits, and said, "Betteredge! I have got some news for you! Something is going to happen in the house before we are many months older."

"Does it concern the family, Sir?" I asked.

"It decidedly concerns the family," says Mr. Franklin.

"Has your good lady any thing to do with it, if you please, Sir?"

"She has a great deal to do with it," says Mr. Franklin, beginning to look a little surprised.

"You needn't say a word more, Sir," I answered. "God bless you both! I'm heartily glad to hear it."

Mr. Franklin stared like a person thunderstruck. "May I venture to inquire where you got your information?" he asked. "I only got mine (imparted in the strictest secrecy) five minutes since."

Here was an opportunity of producing Robinson Crusoe! Here was a chance of reading that domestic bit about the child, which I had marked on the day of Mr. Franklin's marriage! I read those miraculous words with an emphasis which did them justice—and then I looked him severely in the face. "*Now*, Sir, do you believe in Robinson Crusoe?" I asked, with a solemnity suitable to the occasion.

"Betteredge!" says Mr. Franklin, with equal solemnity, "I'm convinced at last." He shook hands with me—and I felt that I had converted him.

With the relation of this extraordinary circumstance, my reappearance in these pages comes to an end. Let nobody laugh at the unique anecdote here related. You are welcome to be as merry as you please over every thing else I have written. But when I write of Robinson Crusoe, by the Lord, it's serious—and I request you to take it accordingly!

When this is said, all is said. Ladies and gentlemen, I make my bow, and shut up the story.

EPILOGUE.

THE FINDING OF THE DIAMOND.

I.

THE STATEMENT OF SERGEANT CUFF'S MAN (1849).

ON the twenty-seventh of June last I received instructions from Sergeant Cuff to follow three men, suspected of murder, and described as Indians. They had been seen on the Tower Wharf that morning, embarking on board the steamer bound for Rotterdam.

I left London by a steamer belonging to another company, which sailed on the morning of Thursday, the 28th.

Arriving at Rotterdam, I succeeded in finding the commander of the Wednesday's steamer. He informed me that the Indians had certainly been passengers on board his vessel—but as far as Gravesend only. Off that place, one of the three had inquired at what time they would reach Calais. On being informed that the steamer was bound to Rotterdam, the spokesman of the party expressed the greatest surprise and distress at the mistake which he and his two friends had made. They were all willing (he said) to sacrifice their passage-money, if the commander of the steamer would only put them ashore. Commiserating their position, as foreigners in a strange land, and knowing no reason for detaining them, the commander signaled for a shore boat, and the three men left the vessel.

This proceeding of the Indians having been plainly resolved on beforehand, as a means of preventing their being traced, I lost no time in returning to England. I left the steamer at Gravesend, and discovered that the Indians had gone from that place to London. Thence I again traced them as having left for Plymouth. Inquiries made at Plymouth proved that they had sailed, forty-eight hours previously, in the *Bewley Castle* East Indiaman, bound direct for Bombay.

On receiving this intelligence, Sergeant Cuff caused the authorities at Bombay to be communicated with overland—so that the vessel might be boarded by the police immediately on her entering the port. This step having been taken, my connection with the matter came to an end. I have heard nothing more of it since that time.

II.

THE STATEMENT OF THE CAPTAIN (1849).

I am requested by Sergeant Cuff to set in writing certain facts, concerning three men (believed to be Hindoos) who were passengers, last summer, in the ship *Bewley Castle*, bound for Bombay direct, under my command.

The Hindoos joined us at Plymouth. On the passage out I heard no complaint of their conduct. They were berthed in the forward part of the vessel. I had but few occasions myself of personally noticing them.

In the latter part of the voyage we had the misfortune to be becalmed for three days and nights off the coast of India. I have not got the ship's Journal to refer to, and I can not now call to mind the latitude and longitude. As to our position, therefore, I am only able to state generally that the currents drifted us in toward the land, and that, when the wind found us again, we reached our port in twenty-four hours afterward.

The discipline of a ship (as all sea-faring persons know) becomes relaxed in a long calm. The discipline of my ship became relaxed. Certain gentlemen among the passengers got some of the smaller boats lowered, and amused themselves by rowing about, and swimming, when the sun, at evening time, was cool enough to let them divert themselves in that way. The boats, when done with, ought to have been slung up again in their places. Instead of this they were left moored to the ship's side. What with the heat, and what with the vexation of the weather, neither officers nor men seemed to be in heart for their duty while the calm lasted.

On the third night nothing unusual was heard or seen by the watch on deck. When the morning came the smallest of the boats was missing—and the three Hindoos were next reported to be missing too.

If these men had stolen the boat shortly after dark (which I have no doubt they did), we were near enough to the land to make it vain to send in pursuit of them, when the discovery was made in the morning. I have no doubt they got ashore, in that calm weather (making all due allowance for fatigue and clumsy rowing), before daybreak.

On reaching our port, I there learned, for the

* NOTE.—Wherever the Report touches on the events of the birthday, or of the three days that followed it, compare with Betteredge's Narrative—Chapters VIII. to XIII.

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first time, the reason my three passengers had for seizing their opportunity of escaping from the ship. I could only make the same statement to the authorities which I have made here. They considered me to blame for allowing the discipline of the vessel to be relaxed. I have expressed my regret on this score to them and to my owners. Since that time nothing has been heard, to my knowledge, of the three Hindoos. I have no more to add to what is here written.

III.

THE STATEMENT OF MR. MURTHWAITE (1850).

(In a Letter to Mr. Bruff.)

Have you any recollection, my dear Sir, of a semi-savage person whom you met out at dinner, in London, in the autumn of forty-eight? Permit me to remind you that the person's name was Murthwaite, and that you and he had a long conversation together after dinner. The talk related to an Indian Diamond, called The Moonstone, and to a conspiracy then in existence to get possession of the gem.

Since that time I have been wandering in Central Asia. Thence, I have drifted back to the scene of some of my past adventures in the north and northwest of India. About a fortnight since I found myself in a certain district or province (but little known to Europeans) called Kattiawar.

Here an adventure befell me, in which (incredible as it may appear) you are personally interested.

In the wild regions of Kattiawar (and how wild they are you will understand, when I tell you that even the husbandmen plow the land armed to the teeth) the population is fanatically devoted to the old Hindoo religion—to the ancient worship of Brahmah and Vishnu. The few Mohammedan families, thinly scattered about the villages in the interior, are afraid to taste meat of any kind. A Mohammedan even suspected of killing that sacred animal, the cow, is, as a matter of course, put to death without mercy in these parts, by the pious Hindoo neighbors who surround him. To strengthen the religious enthusiasm of the people, two of the most famous shrines of Hindoo pilgrimage are contained within the boundaries of Kattiawar. One of them is Dwarka, the birth-place of the god Krishna. The other is the sacred city of Somnauth—sacked and destroyed, as long since as the eleventh century, by the Mohammedan conqueror, Mahmoud of Ghizni.

Finding myself, for the second time, in these romantic regions, I resolved not to leave Kattiawar without looking once more on the magnificent desolation of Somnauth. At the place where I planned to do this, I was (as nearly as I could calculate it) some three days distant, journeying on foot, from the sacred city.

I had not been long on the road before I noticed that other people—by twos and threes—appeared to be traveling in the same direction as myself.

To such of these as spoke to me I gave myself out as a Hindoo-Boodhist, from a distant province, bound on a pilgrimage. It is needless to say that my dress was of the sort to carry out this description. Add, that I know the language as well as I know my own, and that I am lean enough and brown enough to make it no easy matter to detect my European origin—and you will understand that I passed muster with the people readily; not as one of themselves, but as a stranger from a distant part of their own country.

On the second day the number of Hindoos traveling in my direction had increased to fifties and hundreds. On the third day the throng had swollen to thousands; all slowly converging to one point—the city of Somnauth.

A trifling service which I was able to render to one of my fellow-pilgrims during the third day's journey proved the means of introducing me to certain Hindoos of the higher caste. From these men I learned that the multitude was on its way to a great religious ceremony, which was to take place on a hill at a little distance from Somnauth. The ceremony was in honor of the god of the Moon; and it was to be held at night.

The crowd detained us as we drew near to the place of celebration. By the time we reached the hill the moon was high in the heavens. My Hindoo friends possessed some special privileges which enabled them to gain access to the shrine. They kindly allowed me to accompany them. When we arrived at the place we found the shrine hidden from our view by a curtain hung between two magnificent trees. Beneath the trees a flat projection of rock jutted out, and formed a species of natural platform. Below this I stood, in company with my Hindoo friends.

Looking back down the hill, the view presented the grandest spectacle of Nature and Man, in combination, that I have ever seen. The lower slope of the eminence melted imperceptibly into a grassy plain, the place of the meeting of three rivers. On one side the graceful winding of the waters stretched away, now visible, now hidden by trees, as far as the eye could see. On the other the waveless ocean slept in the calm of the night. People this lovely scene with tens of thousands of human creatures, all dressed in white, stretching down the sides of the hill, overflowing into the plain, and fringing the nearer banks of the winding rivers. Light this halt of the pilgrims by the wild red flames of cressets and torches, streaming up at intervals from every part of the innumerable throng. Imagine the moonlight of the East, pouring in unclouded glory over all—and you will form some idea of the view that met me, when I looked forth from the summit of the hill.

A strain of plaintive music, played on stringed instruments and flutes, recalled my attention to the hidden shrine.

I turned, and saw on the rocky platform the figures of three men. In the central figure of the three I recognized the man to whom I had spoken in England, when the Indians appeared on the terrace at Lady Verinder's house. The other two, who had been his companions on that occasion, were no doubt his companions also on this.

One of the Hindoos, near whom I was standing, saw me start. In a whisper he explained to me the apparition of the three figures on the platform of rock.

They were Brahmins (he said) who had forfeited their caste in the service of the god. The god had commanded that their purification should be the purification by pilgrimage. On that night the three men were to part. In three separate directions, they were to set forth as pilgrims to the shrines of India. Never more were they to look on each other's faces. Never more were they to rest on their wanderings, from the day which witnessed their separation to the day which witnessed their death.

As those words were whispered to me the plaintive music ceased. The three men prostrated themselves on the rock, before the curtain which hid the shrine. They rose—they looked on one another—they embraced. Then they descended separately among the people. The people made way for them in dead silence. In three different directions I saw the crowd part at one and the same moment. Slowly the grand, white mass of the people closed together again. The track of the doomed men through the ranks of their fellow-mortals was obliterated. We saw them no more.

A new strain of music, loud and jubilant, rose from the hidden shrine. The crowd around me shuddered and pressed together.

The curtain between the trees was drawn aside, and the shrine was disclosed to view.

There, raised high on a throne, seated on his typical antelope, with his four arms stretching toward the four corners of the earth, there soared above us, dark and awful in the mystic light of heaven, the god of the Moon. And there, in the forehead of the deity, gleamed the yellow Diamond, whose splendor had last shone on me, in England, from the bosom of a woman's dress!

Yes; after the lapse of eight centuries the Moonstone looks forth once more over the walls of the sacred city in which its story first began. How it has found its way back to its wild native land—by what accident, or by what crime, the Indians regained possession of their sacred gem—may be in your knowledge, but is not in mine. You have lost sight of it in England, and (if I know any thing of this people) you have lost sight of it forever.

So the years pass, and repeat each other; so the same events revolve in the cycles of Time. What will be the next adventures of the Moonstone? Who can tell?

THE END.

CHILDREN'S SELFISHNESS.

A LOVE of property is generally considered so harmless in a child that it is encouraged rather than controlled. But surely it would be wiser, as well as more in accordance with truth, to bring up a child with the idea that almost all which it enjoys is lent or given to it by others, and that very little is really its own. Out of that little, not out of other people's property, should come the gifts of the child; the constant sharing with others of all which it most enjoys, not being enforced as a painful duty, but permitted as a privilege, without which no good thing would be either truly good or sweet.

There are parents who conscientiously make their children always pick off a little crumb from their cake for the mother, the nurse, or perhaps the elder sister, who has conscientiously received the crumb into their mouths with many grimaces, indicating the immense value and magnitude of the gift, while the little hero who has conferred this vast benefit sits down with satisfaction and gobbles up his huge slice of cake. This is considered to be making the child generous; but alas! how little is this generosity like that which will be required of him afterward, perhaps at some heart-rendering sacrifice, before he can be a truly generous man.

I know of nothing more likely to produce the effect desired with regard to property than the making of an equal distribution, wherever this can be done. The child, I think, should give as much as he takes himself, just as we are required to do in after-life by good manners and good feeling. And here would be another useful lesson, that of teaching the child to share the common lot without complaining, than which there are few lessons more desirable to be learned in early life, few more difficult to learn for the first time in mature age.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

N——, G——, and I were talking of the Western Indians and their tribal relationships, when I remarked that I thought the Kaws were an offshoot of the Dakotas or Sioux. N—— replied that his supposition had always been that the Kaws came from the *Crows*.

Yes, said G——, or from some other *Cause*.

Will the Ethnological Society "make a note on't?"

At one time during the war Captain J——, of the Sixty-third ——, was on duty at Corinth, Miss., as field-officer of the day. An attack from the enemy being considered probable, from some information received, he was sent for by the commanding general during the night, and questioned as to the condition of the grand guards and outposts. He reported promptly that he had just made the rounds of his lines, and found them all in a "*passable*" condition.

OFTEN ON A STRIKE—The lightning.

EXTRACTS FROM A MODEL LOVE-LETTER.

"MY DEAR JERUSHA,—Every time I think of you my heart flops up and down like a churn-dasher. As a goeling swimmeth with delight in a mud-puddle, so swim I in a sea of glory. Visions of ecstatic rapture, thicker than the hair of a blacking-brush and brighter than the hues on a humming-bird's pinion, visit me in my slumbers; and borne on their invisible wings, your image stands before me, and I reach out to grasp it, like an old pointer snapping at a blue-bottle fly. When I first beheld your angelic perfections I was bewildered, and my brain whirled around like a bumble-bee under a glass tumbler....Since the light of your face fell upon my life I sometimes feel as if I could lift myself by my boot straps to the top of a church steeple. Day and night you are my thought. Your hair is like the mane of a sorrel horse powdered with gold; and the brass pin skewered through your waterfall filled me with unbounded awe. Your forehead is smoother than the elbow of an old coat, and whiter than seventeen hundred linen. Your eyes are glorious to behold. In their liquid depths I see legions of little Cupids battling and fighting like cohorts of ants in an old army cracker. Your nose is from a chunk of Parian marble, and your mouth puckered with sweetness. Nectar lingers on your lips like honey on a bear's paws, and myriads of unfledged kisses are there ready to fly out and light somewhere like young bluebirds out of the parent nest. Your laugh rings on my ears like the wind-harp's strain, or the bleat of a stray lamb on the bleak hill-side. The dimples in your cheeks are like bowers in beds of roses, or like hollows in cakes of home-made sugar....I am dying to fly to your presence and pour out the burning eloquence of my love as thrifty housewives pour out the hot coffee. As the song-bird hungers for the light of day, the cautious mouse for the fresh bacon in the trap; as a lean pup hankers after new milk, so I long for thee....If these few remarks will enable you to see the inside of my soul, and me to win your affections, I shall be as happy as a woodpecker in a cherry-tree or a stage-horse in a green pasture. If you can not reciprocate my thrilling passions I will pine away like a poisoned bed-bug, and fall away from the flourishing vine of life an untimely branch; and in the coming years, when the shadows grow long from the hills and the philosophic frog sings his evening hymn, you, happy in another's love, can come and drop a tear and toss a clod upon the last resting-place or

"JULIUS EPAMINONDUS MUGGINS."

A RACY COMPARISON.

If lovely maidens will display
Their charms so freely to beholders,
What wonder sporting men should say,
They're winning by a neck and shoulders?

"I didn't like our minister's sermon last Sunday," said a deacon, who had slept all sermon-time, to a brother deacon. "Didn't like it, brother A.? Why, I saw you *nodding assent* to every proposition of the speaker!"

An old lady on a steamboat observed two men pumping up water to wash the deck, and the captain being near by, she accosted him as follows:

"Well, Captain, got a well aboard, eh?"

"Yes, ma'am; always carry one," said the polite captain.

"Well, that's clever. I always disliked this nasty river water, especially in dog-days."

Why is a married man like a candle? Because he sometimes goes out at night when he ought not to.

A new adage has been suggested: "As the days begin to shorten, the heat begins to hotten." Very applicable to July.

A venerable lady in the hundredth year lost her daughter, who had attained the good old age of eighty. The mother's grief was great; and to a friend who came to condole with her she remarked,

"Oh dear! oh dear! I knew I never should be able to raise that child!"

A surgeon, whose wife is a great scold, being asked what he thought would be the greatest triumph of the surgical art, replied, "To take the jaw out of a scolding woman."

DIGGING FOR MONEY.—"What are you digging for?"

"I am digging for money."

The news fled—idlers collected.

"We are told you are digging for money?"

"Well, I ain't digging for any thing else."

"Have you any luck?"

"First-rate luck—pays very well—you had better take hold."

All doffed their coats and laid hold vigorously for a time. After throwing out some cart-loads the question arose:

"When did you get any money?"

"Last Saturday night."

"Why, how much did you get?"

"Four dollars and a half."

"Why, that's rather small."

"It's pretty well—six shillings a day is the price for digging cellars all over the town."

The spades dropped, and the loafers disappeared.

The Democracy, in search of the national plunder, gave up their *Chase*, hoping to *see more* spoils in New York. Their opponents must *Grant* them a ruinous spoil in November.

A gentleman was trout-fishing on the sides of "Old Saddleback," a mountain in the interior of Maine, a hundred miles from the coast. Supposing himself ten miles from a village, and half as far from a house, he was surprised by hearing the blows of an axe. Soon he came to a small clearing, where the proprietor of the axe surveyed him with some curiosity.

"Hallo, stranger!" said he.

"How are you, Sir?"

"Well, now, stranger, where be you from?"

"I'm from New York."

"From New York! Why, I should think you'd hate to live so fur off."

"Ah, must we part? my poor, poor heart
Will pine in mute despair;
Oh! ere you go, to cheer my woe,
Leave one lock of thy hair!"

Alfred replied: "It can not be"—
And his tears came rolling big—
"I've not a lock to spare for thee;
Dearest, I wear a wig!"

The first apple was eaten by the first pair.

"Young man, what's the price of this silk?" asked a deaf old lady.

"Seven dollars," was the reply.

"Seventeen dollars!" exclaimed she; "I'll give you thirteen."

"Seven dollars, ma'am, is the price of the silk," replied the honest shopman.

"Oh, seven dollars," replied the lady, sharply, "I'll give you five."

RITUALIST AND SPIRITUALIST.

The one, always restless,
Inclineth to Rome;
The other, more staid,
Is contented with—Home.

MRS. MACRIGHTWING. "Och! Sorrer, thin, and is the poor crayter jist dead?"

UNDERTAKER BELMONT. "Oh no, he's been dead this long time, but his friends couldn't bear the notion of his being buried; so we embalmed him and kept him in sight till—well, till we couldn't keep him any longer."

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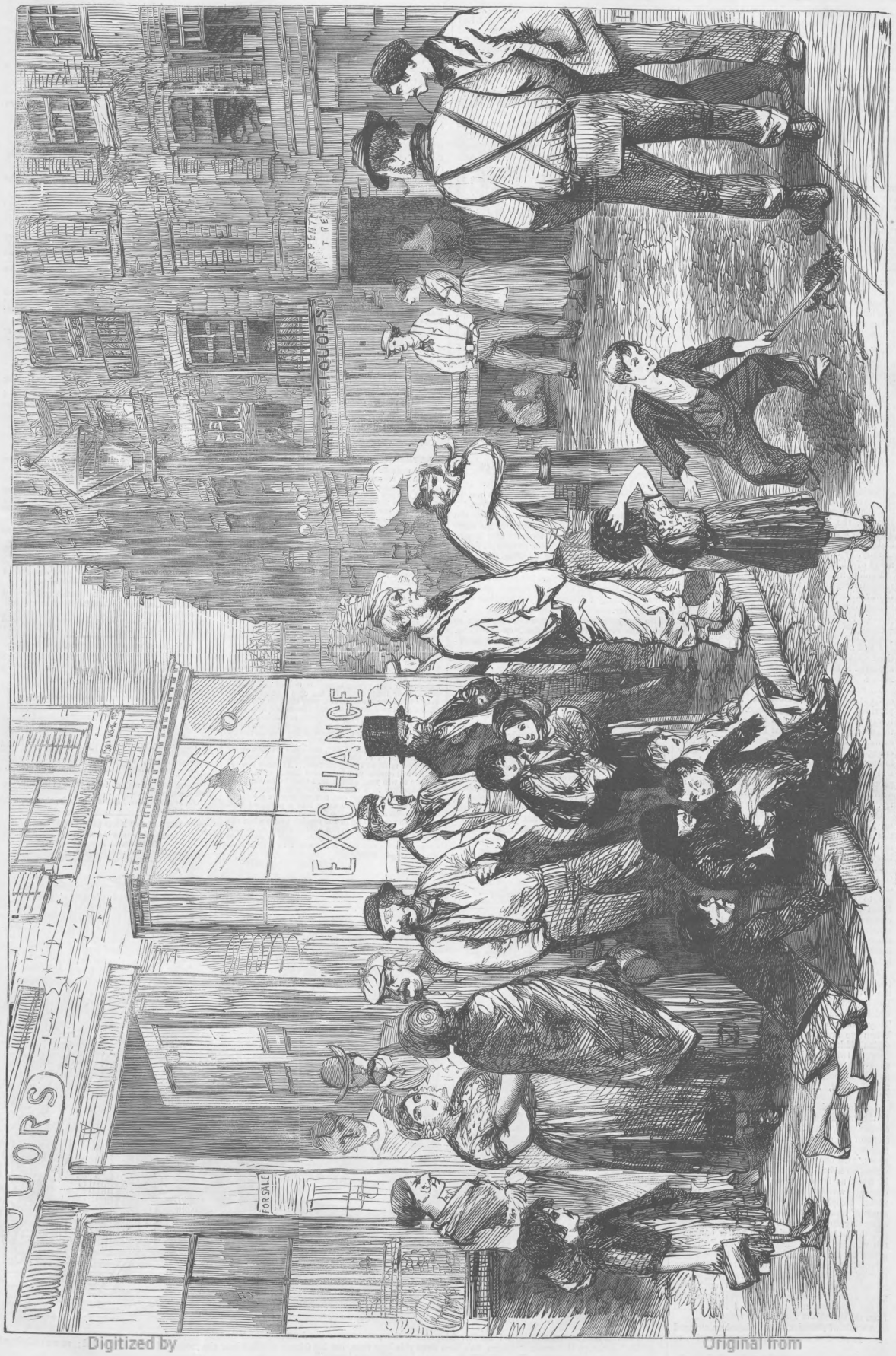

SUNDAY MORNING IN THE FOURTH WARD, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 505.]

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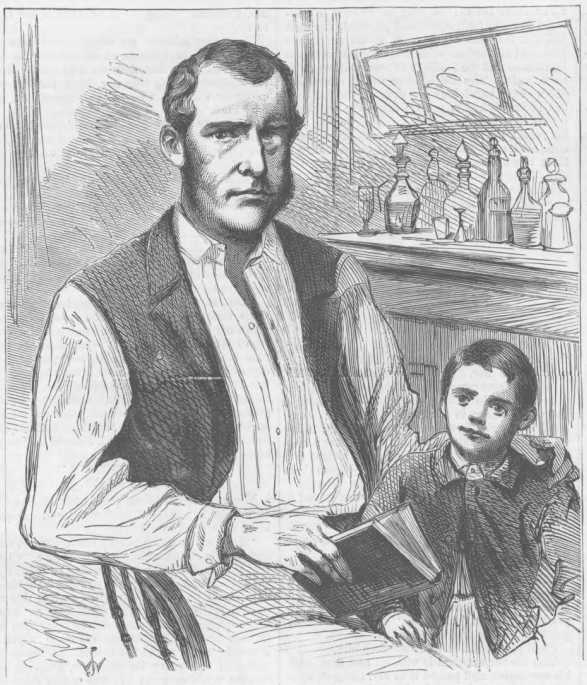
THE "WICKEDEST MAN" AS HE IS.

ONE of our New York city reporters has lately been exciting the sympathies of citizens and the curiosity of friends at a distance by a highly-colored sensational account of JOHN ALLEN, the keeper of a low dance-house in Water Street, who is designated as "the wickedest man in New York." The story, told with the perfect art of a practiced sensational paragraphist, has been widely circulated and extensively believed.

It really contains not more than a grain of truth, and that grain is distorted and discolored until it is not recognizable. The fact is that JOHN ALLEN is probably no worse, and certainly no better, than his peculiar class. He is the keeper of one of the lowest of the many vile haunts for sailors to be found in this as in every great maritime city; and he deliberately, calculatingly, and cunningly, makes money by the prostitution of women and the drunkenness of men. He is a man with some little education, for the most part picked up from newspapers and the current literature of the day; but he is superior in this respect only to the men in the same line of business, and far inferior in general intelligence to the majority of our mechanics. He is without moral sentiments, and never had a religious idea; he reads religious papers, tracts, books, hymns, etc., apparently only for the purpose of making a display and exhibition of his knowledge, just as negro minstrels sometimes amuse the thoughtless by burlesques of religious exercises. He is a powerful man, and his roughest visitors hold him in awe; being a shrewd man, he knows the importance of keeping an orderly house, and it is due to him to say that *he* enforces order in his house and vicinity. He is as good as an extra policeman in his block, and hence the certain amount of respect in which the police hold him. Our sensationally-disposed friend, with a number of missionaries, visited and saw the man and his establishment under peculiar circumstances. When any member of the Health Board, which possesses certain powers and much influence with the Police Commissioners, visits his house, JOHN ALLEN naturally makes it look as clean and healthy as possible; when any of the various city missionaries, who have their influence also with the Police Commissioners, call, he "puts on his religious face," as he expresses it, and makes his establishment appear as respectable and moral as possible.

These were the ideas which he expressed to this writer when he, with an artist, called to see and portray the house and the man just as they are. In fact it was the doleful burden of his whole conversation that Mr. DYER, his biographer, had painted him too white. He seemed to feel, and certainly argued, that he, unlike another individual who keeps an extensive dance-house in even hotter regions than Water Street, was blacker than he was painted. We can not quote all the language which he used in expressing this idea to us.

"Mr. DYER," he said, very nearly as we give it here, though not *verbatim*, oaths, indecency, and all, "Mr. DYER saw my place under peculiar circumstances. When a gentleman comes here we endeavor to treat him right. We try to entertain each man in the way he likes best; if a minister comes, we can sing hymns with him, and he can hear CHESTER say his Catechism; but we've got liquor, and there's the women for them as has the stamps to spend that way. (Mother! mother!" he exclaimed to his wife, as a couple of men walked through the outer room into the dance-hall—a sort of cage where the women seemed to be confined like wild beasts—"a couple of drinks for these gentlemen.") Then he returned to his argument with us, telling of the performances at night, taking care to impress on our minds the fact that they were very different from those which the ministers witnessed, and illustrating the style of his evening visitors by imitations of their drunken manner, and quotations from their filthy and profane language.



JOHN ALLEN, THE "WICKEDEST MAN," AND HIS SON CHESTER.

He denounced Mr. DYER very roundly, and spoke of him with great contempt as a "sensation writer." He objected to being called "the wickedest man in New York."

"I am not the wickedest man," he said. "I do a great deal more for the poor than the sensation writers, any how. I feed the hungry and clothe the naked. I give away all my cast-off clothing, and I've taken many a poor fellow to Chatham Street and bought him shoes. And I let 'em sleep here by the stove on cold nights. My neighbors will tell you that there ain't a more charitable man in the street than JOHN ALLEN."

And certainly the neighbors—police, merchants, and all—say JOHN ALLEN is a quiet, peaceful, law-abiding, generous, and charitable man.

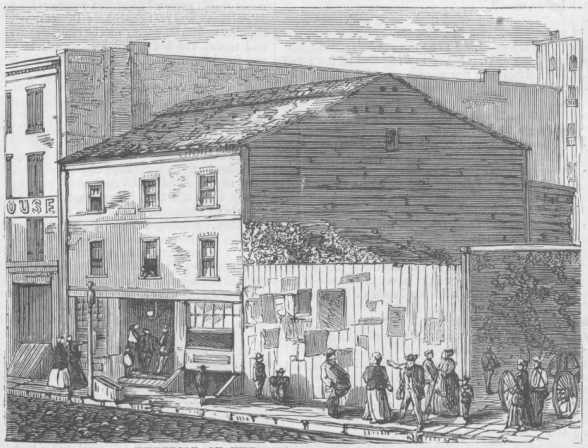
"And Mr. DYER speaks of my house as if it was a den of prostitution," he said, suddenly, after a brief conversation with a drunken peddler who had stopped at the door to pass the compliments of the morning, and swear a while at a truckman who had "insulted" him. "It's nothing of the kind. It's a boarding-house—just like yours," he added to our artist, thereby causing that gentleman to wince a little, and then blandly smile his appreciation of the remark. "The women pay their board just as you do. Many of them are old, and don't make money and can't pay; but I never turn 'em out into the street on that account. They pay in what they make, and do odd chores about the house. The other women who make more, pay their board and spend the rest for clothes—" And then, as if suspecting some one would suggest it, he quickly added, "and whisky."

THE DANCE-HALL AT THE "WICKEDEST MAN'S" HOUSE.

Apparently the most of it went for whisky, for the several women that we saw had very little clothing upon their persons, and a great deal of the peculiar color that comes from excessive drinking in their faces. They were old, ugly, haggard, bestial, and toothless—"One set of teeth to seven women," suggested a companion—and generally pitiable beyond expression.

ALLEN was asked in regard to his promise to Commissioner ACTON to quit the business.

"I did promise," he said. "Mr. ACTON sent for me to come to head-quarters. I went up, and there I found DYER with him. I had made up my mind not to speak to DYER again because of his misstatements about me, but there I was face to face with him, and *I* would not run away. Mr. ACTON asked me if I would quit the business, and after a while I said I would, and promised to quit by May 1, or sooner if I could. And I will," he added, emphatically, "for the *business is ruined*. I'm overrun by people that



EXTERIOR OF THE "WICKEDEST MAN'S" HOUSE.

THE "WICKEDEST MAN" CATECHISING LITTLE CHESTER.

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come here to look at me, as if I was a wild beast. They bore me to death, and don't spend any money. I have to see hundreds of them a day."

This last remark was meant for a clerical-looking gentleman, who had entered the room a few minutes previously. He had come, as he said, to pay his respects to MR. ALLEN, and say how much he admired him for his determination to quit the business.

"I'm much obliged to you," replied JOHN ALLEN, extending his hand. "We always try to treat our friends right. I've had a good many visitors lately. I'm always glad to see all them that come to spend their stamps. I don't care much to see any others. The fact is," he added, in an under-tone to the writer, "I'm bored to death by just such fellows."

As we had not come to "spend any stamps," I suggested to the artist to take the hint and leave. He remained, however, to witness the examination of the boy, little CHESTER, which was announced as the next feature in the entertainment. This writer, having very little disposition for any further performances, took his leave. The rest of the story is from the pen of the artist:

"Want to see what the boy knows, do yer?" said ALLEN, to the group of wonder-seekers which had congregated in his little outside bar. "CHESTER, come in here!" he shouted, to an active assister in a juvenile gutter-game going on just in front of "EMPIRE HALL." The boy came at once, but was somewhat retarded in his movement by a disposition on the part of his nether garment to fall about his heels. "Stretch yourself, Sir!" said ALLEN; and the boy quickly inverted himself and stood on his head with bare toes clutching at the edge of the top of the bar-counter.

"Up with yer!" shouted ALLEN, again. "Want yer to talk; and mind yer look the gentleman there square in the eye, too! Speak up! Le's hear yer! Who's the first man?"

"Adam, Sir."

"And what's the first woman's name?"

"Eve, Sir."

"D'she have any children, and what's the oldest one's name?"

"Cain, Sir."

"What did he do?"

"Killed Abel, Sir."

"What did the Lord do ter him?"

"Put the mark of sin on his brow."

"Can't hear yer, can't hear yer!" roared ALLEN; and the boy exerted himself anew, answering promptly a number of Biblical questions. "What der yer believe?" shouted ALLEN. "Give us yer creed, CHESTER!" The boy at once repeated the Creed without a single mistake.

"Lem me see now," said ALLEN, seating himself. "CHESTER, yer know geography and something about a good many things. How many teeth's a man got?"

"Thirty-two, Sir."

"An' how many's a boy got?"

"Twenty-four, Sir."

"An' how's a baby off?"

"Ain't got none, Sir."

It is unnecessary to follow the examination through. Several questions in Natural Philosophy were answered promptly and in the main correctly. History was the next subject under consideration; in that study the child's school report must be very perfect.

"How many Presidents have we had?"

"Eighteen."

"And, CHESTER, yer know whether there was any Masons among the Presidents?"

"Yes, Sir, all but one was."

"What's his name?"

"FILLMORE, Sir."

"Give us a Bible story, sing us a song, an' we'll let you off."

CHESTER paused a moment: then told how Samson was the strongest man, and gave some account of the use that he made of his strength.

"MR. ALLEN," remarked a reverend visitor, in a voice tremblingly earnest, "take care of that boy. Do not ruin his life as you have thus far ruined your own. How old is he, MR. ALLEN?"

ALLEN deigned the gentleman no reply, but quietly asked: "How old yer, CHESTER?" "Six years old, Sir!" "When, Sir?" "27th of May last, Sir!" "What time?" "Half past nine o'clock in the morning, Sir!"

"But," continued the clergyman, "does the little boy know what he has been telling us as a parrot, or does he comprehend what he has learned?"

"Give me that paper," quoth ALLEN to one of the persons near him; "yer know the boy never saw it. Take that paper, CHESTER! Want to hear what there is in it."

The child read with facility, and quite as rapidly as most boys of ten or twelve years of age, four or five paragraphs, containing words that children are prone to believe were placed in the spelling-book to promote discomfort and deteriorate their school reports.

"Now sing us a song, CHESTER," said ALLEN, taking the paper from the boy. "Reb. first; then give us a Union one. Set yer own key if you like," he added, as the boy looked inquiringly at him, "an' I'll help yer."

The child hummed the scale, struck a note.

"Too low," said ALLEN. "Want 'bout G flat."

The next trial proved to be successful, and father and son sang "Rally round the Flag." The song finished, CHESTER was remunerated by the visitors, and permitted by his father to "git into the street."

When our artist was about to leave he received a cordial invitation from the proprietor to call again. It is the usual invitation of JOHN ALLEN to his friends, and for the benefit of himself and his friends we give it as he uttered it. "Come in to-night," he said; "come in to-night and see the dancing, and *bring plenty of stamps with you.*"

Such is this man and his house; our account and illustrations are by no means exaggerated; the portrait of the man is a photograph, and the picture of his character is drawn from life; the house—exterior and interior—is truthfully portrayed; and what makes the story still more painful is the fact that it is the true story of numberless other men and places in this city. There are dozens of such places along the wharves in the Fourth and other down-town wards, and life in that district is horrible beyond description. Perhaps the illustrations by Mr. STANLEY FOX of ALLEN'S establishment, and the large picture on page 504 of "Sunday-morning in the Fourth Ward," will give the reader an idea of what we can not express in words. The dwellers in country places and small cities have no idea how the lives of hundreds of thousands of creatures pent up in New York are thus wasted. Such groups as we represent are to be found on any Sunday or holiday morning. Just such idle men, slatternly women, and ragged, unkempt children, crowd round the closed doors of the public houses, and loll against the walls, or play in the gutters. There is little or no escape for them into better scenes than their own alleys, courts, and lanes, fetid and vile, in spite of sanatory laws and Health Officers. They must always be so as long as the dwellers therein have no wish to make them better; so long as infancy is educated in filth, both moral and physical, the man will not feel the degradation which surrounds him, and all manner of missionaries, except the Policeman and the Sanitary Officer, will, we fear, be in vain. The Legislature which closed the doors of the pernicious gin-shop on the Sabbath has accomplished a great work; the one that forces the tenement-house landlord to see that his rooms are not crowded to suffocation, that compels him to let his suffocated tenants have a little ventilation, that empties the cellars of the city of the mass of humanity stored therein and drives them into the air and light, will have done an equally good service to the cause of humanity and religion.

A WOMAN'S JUSTICE.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN the gentlemen returned to the library they found Cecil seated, Major Middleton's desk open before her. She was very pale, but her hands no longer trembled, nor did her voice falter. She recalled, in a few sentences, her brother's last words—how, in the first instance, he had exacted a promise from her to destroy without inspecting *every thing* contained in that desk; and how that, afterward, in one of those violent fits of irritation to which he was subject—more than usually increased by the knowledge that Mr. Chester had been in the house—he had forced a promise from her that she would read whatever she found there. Then, unfastening the secret recess, she produced the miniatures, letters, and marriage certificate.

It was curious to observe how Mr. Cathcart warmed to his work the moment he scented a mystery. He looked at the miniature; he had known Cecil and her brother all their lives. "No possible mistake," he said, "as to who is the gentleman; but who is the lady?"

Cecil placed the certificate before him.

The lawyer scanned it without and then with his spectacles, and passed it to Mr. Chester, simply saying, "Awkward!" He then read the letters. Nothing could be gathered from the expression of his countenance, as one by one, after asking Cecil if he were to pass them on to Chester, he did so.

"The witness Dacre?" inquired Mr. Cathcart, carelessly.

"Is drowned—dead."

Mr. Cathcart twirled a pen.

"There!" he said; "you have obeyed your brother's last injunction, and now you can obey his first. These papers need give you no uneasiness."

"True," said Cecil. "I have simply to seek out my brother's wife and child, and resign to them what I imagined, until this evening, was mine."

Mr. Cathcart laid his two hands firmly on the edge of the table, fixed his eyes steadily on Cecil, pushed himself back in his chair, while Cecil spoke. She became deathly white, but there was no tremor in her voice.

Ronald Chester moved as if he were going to place his hand on those of Cecil, which were clasped together on the table; but he did not do it.

"My dear Miss Middleton, my dear young lady," said Mr. Cathcart, "you can not, surely, be serious? Any woman can sign herself 'your affectionate wife;' and the major must have had strong reasons, strong cause, indeed, against this—this—person to have written these denunciatory words across so fair a face."

"When men are tired of women they write any thing," said Cecil.

"As to the certificate, it may be only waste paper," persisted Mr. Cathcart.

"It is my duty," said Cecil, "to ascertain whether it is so or not."

"You may depend upon it, if the case is tangible the woman will see to it."

"Suppose she is dead, who is to see justice done to my brother's child if I do not?"

"Believing the child to be your brother's, which might be questioned."

"I thought of that," said Cecil. "But from these letters, you see, the fact must have been admitted."

"Really"—and Mr. Cathcart smiled that peculiarly doubting lawyer's smile, which seems to have been patented by the profession—"really, my dear lady, you seem very anxious to get rid of your good fortune."

Cecil shivered from head to foot. She returned the melancholy gaze of Ronald's eyes with an intense look of love. When she could command her voice, she said:

"Justice costs me very dear, but I must render justice."

Mr. Cathcart shrugged his shoulders, and inquired "To whom?—To yourself and my friend here, or to these mysterious personages, whose very existence your brother evidently desired to ignore, until seized upon by—by— Well, no matter. But *he* made no provision in any way for his *wife* and *child*."

"His injustice could be no excuse for mine."

"What do you propose to do?"

"I fear," answered Cecil—and now her voice faltered, for she was well-nigh worn down by contending emotions—"I have nothing to propose—no *plan* to set before you; but I wish to discover Mrs. Middleton and her child. *You* will know how to set about it. I also wish those documents copied, I retaining the originals. I want this done at once, and I have not strength to copy them myself; the last four or five hours have unnerved me."

"You had better speak with Miss Middleton on this subject before it goes any further," said Mr. Cathcart, rising. "I will wait in the next room."

For some minutes no word passed between them. Ronald Chester stood beside the one love of his whole life, and she laid her head on his bosom, sobbing that dry, hard, tearless sob of agony which can be felt and heard, but not described.

"It was a dreary duty," she whispered, "and oh the cruelty of leaving me such a task! Ronald, my love, my life, you know what is my duty."

"Clearly, Cecil," he replied, "clearly, you are doing what is right, and what is honest. My noble Cecil! Never so fondly loved, never so highly honored, as at this moment when we are torn asunder!"

With a sharp cry Cecil sprang to her feet, threw back her head, and to the last day of his life Ronald never forgot the light bursting like a sudden glory through her tears.

"No, Ronald, not that. If my brother's marriage were legal, and his child lives, I can not prove my love and homage by making you master of Middleton Lea. But"—and here the heroine melted into the woman, and proved how one of her brother's poisoned arrows rankled in the wound—"you will not forsake me, Ronald; though I am faded, our love is unfading—we will go together to the New World: *that* will be our harbor of refuge, there we will love and live and toil together. Did you think I would let you go alone?"

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN Ronald Chester sought Mr. Cathcart he found him in a state of excitement and exasperation wonderful to witness.

"I never," said the worthy lawyer, "met with such an absurd case in all my experience. Chester, I have known you from your boyhood, a capital common-sense fellow, and as honorable as man could be, you surely will exorcise this romantic spirit out of Miss Middleton? Now, don't speak; if that hard-hearted scoundrel her brother had considered his marriage worth a straw, he would not in the first instance have determined to destroy its evidence, knowing the woman would crop up. It was one of those entanglements of which I dare say he had plenty, but which he did not believe in; if he had, the boy—his own boy! but I dare say he did not believe in him either. All I would entreat of Miss Middleton to do, is to let the matter rest. If there is a wife she will be certain to make her appearance; let her bring forward her claim, and then it is for us to dispute it."

"I know Cecil's sense of justice," interrupted Mr. Chester. "If the wife is living, she would, I think, ere this have made a claim. If she does not come forward Miss Middleton will believe she is dead, and will seek the child, of whom she will consider herself the natural as well as the lawful guardian."

"Lawful fiddlestick!" exclaimed the lawyer, thoroughly irritated. "I beg your pardon, my dear Chester, but I can't help it. This is simply a question of law. Of course you can influence Miss Middleton. She has no right to know any thing about that wife and child until a proper claim is made."

"But she *does* know it," said Mr. Chester, calmly, "and I know *her*. If she can find that child, and he is legitimate, she will retreat on her five thousand pounds."

"What madness! Give up all claim to that noble property—to what?—to whom? Give up her love for you—"

"No, my good friend, that has nothing to do with property, except the property we have each in the other."

Mr. Cathcart paused and stared at him.

"All I ask is to let time and the law take its course; let Miss Middleton remain as she is; take no steps to discover the child or the woman. Can she not give the law fair play?"

"Cecil does not think of law; she only thinks of justice," said Chester.

"That's an unfair hit," replied Mr. Cathcart; "but I tell you the case will not hold water. She seeks to convert a fiction into a fact. Major Middleton's death has been in all the papers; he has been buried more than a month. If there had been a wife she would have been heard of before now."

"Let us say good-night now, and meet here to-morrow," said Mr. Chester.

"Very good. I need not see Miss Middleton again to-night. Make my respects to her; tell her neither men nor women ever did any good by taking the law into their own hands. All I ask of her is to let matters have their course."

But Cecil would not do that. She would not even go to Middleton Lea until every possible means had been used to trace the woman and child, whom she felt assured had been foully wronged.

If those who do not believe in the nobility of soul that makes man only "a little lower than the angels" could have seen the earnestness with which Ronald Chester entered into Cecil's views and seconded her endeavors to trace the unfortunate woman who, either with or without cause, had been abandoned by the man who had sworn to protect her, they might have been cured of an infidelity which is alike an insult to the created and the creator.

Mr. Cathcart confessed that, insane as they both were, their insanity had done him good.

"My belief, Sir, is," he said, when talking the case over with a professional friend (for it had "oozed out" and become matter of interest, either as something to praise or blame, but at all events something to wonder at and talk about), "my belief, Sir, is that Miss Middleton will have as much happiness in what she considers 'rendering justice' as she would have had in taking possession of Middleton Lea. Now, suppose this child is discovered—which I devoutly hope it never will be—with a dancing or a singing woman for its mother—that exquisite, delicate creature, and that high-hearted man, will set off to the New World, calling themselves (and at their age too, for the lady is past thirty) rich in each other's love. Yes, and believing it, too; *believing it*, Sir!

"Miss Middleton, Sir, is the victim of the wildest dream of justice that ever disturbed a woman's brain! All I entreated of her was to wait until the wife made a claim. It is not one woman in ten who understands reason; but what makes the matter more aggravating is, Miss Middleton *does*—on every subject but this. I am very glad that such justice is not contagious, for if it was," concluded Mr. Cathcart, taking off his spectacles, and speaking in a confidential low tone to his friend, "as Ronald had the truthful impudence to tell me, there would be an end to law. However, Sir, for all that (this is strictly between you and me), it does one good to see that noble woman's disinterestedness, and know that it is real and true. It is more refreshing than a cruise to Norway in the long vacation! Selfishness, Sir, is the curse of this age of electroplate and stucco, and yet here, Sir, are a full-grown man and woman who have no idea of the sensation!"

Certainly Mr. Cathcart had never so unwillingly placed himself in communication with the police as he presently proceeded to do. Cecil, not satisfied with what she believed would be the coldness of his instructions, saw the detective officer who was to be employed in this delicate investigation, and quickened his perceptions with the hope of a handsome reward if he succeeded. Of course she was beset with friends and advisers, who held with Mr. Cathcart that it would have been wiser to have taken possession and waited. It was astonishing how all degrees of "friendliness" encircled the heiress and her betrothed—every suggestion being "for her good." She listened with the calm and gentle courtesy inseparable from her nature, but remained firm and faithful to what she considered justice.

CHAPTER VII.

HOURS and days passed anxiously and heavily, bringing hardly any information from the detective officer who accompanied the lawyer's clerk in the search which Cecil had so promptly determined upon. One week they were in Scotland; next week they were drifting from one to another of the Channel Islands, after what seemed to all but Cecil a forlorn hope. Yet the fact of the marriage, and the fact that a child was born, seemed established—to the great disgust of Mr. Cathcart. A clew gathered up in Guernsey sent the two men to Baden-Baden, whence a strange wild story was transmitted to their employers. This story was to the effect that, at what they called "a grand hotel," Major Middleton's last visit was perfectly remembered. He was accompanied by a delicate blue-eyed blonde, as tiny and fantastic as a fairy, and who sang like an angel; but who, one night after a concert, disappeared with a Russian tenor, who married her next morning. This did not disconcert the major in the least; during the whole of the following day he was the gayest of the gay at all the places

Where men do congregate,

and patronized the Russian tenor's next concert in a very liberal manner. He had created too marked a reputation for eccentricity during former seasons to admit of the possibility of a mistake as to his identity.

The beautiful blonde (thus the story ran on) had made a confidante of the lady who sat at "the receipt of custom" at the hotel, and had assured her that, even if he had been a free man, nothing would have induced her to marry "cette sauvage magnifique, Major Middleton." She had made that little excursion with him from sheer pity. "Madame Middleton," whom she described as being fierce as "Vesuvius," "dark as night," and in bad health, had altogether made life so triste for the poor major, that in pity she gave him a little variety, but to marry him!—it would have been too absurd—"he had not a note in his voice!" Of course inquiry was made if this person had stated where "Madame Middleton" was? Somewhere in Scotland, the signora had said. The officer had been there; had traced the bride and bridegroom to Oban and into the wilds of Arasaig, where the latter had established renown as a fisherman and cragsman, daring and doing what the Highlanders could not achieve. Cecil's cheek paled, and her tears fell at the record of her brother's vices; but her eyes brightened when she found his feats of courage and strength unforgotten.

The lady's beauty was also well remembered, and even in those early days of wedlock, the mistress of the hotel at Oban had observed, that "they were not that loving together as might have been expected, seeing they were just wed. The lady, 'a foreigner, poor body,' cried a deal, and the gentleman never heeded. She was 'awsome' too, sometimes, in her tempers, and she" (the landlady) "was sorry for baith." It would seem that Major Middleton soon wearied of his wedded life, for the next time he was traced—there were now no footprints of his wife—he reappeared at Baden. It was evident that he had left the lady he had married, and that he had conceived a violent hatred toward her. One of the major's brother officers, hearing of the investigation, called on Mr. Cathcart, and suggested that perhaps she might be discovered in a lunatic asylum, for the major once, and once only, had mentioned to him what he called his "miserable marriage" (they had been close comrades as brothers during the Crimean war), and had distinctly stated that she was insane. "But surely," Cecil said, "if that were the case, there

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would have been some trace of the fact—she must have been paid for in some asylum. And the child! Her brother could not have left his own child without provision.

Instead of enlightening this communication perplexed even the keen-witted lawyer. So confident did Cecil become that both mother and child were alive that she prepared for her intended emigration, making all necessary arrangements for the well-doing of Middleton Lea—as though she were its agent, not its owner. Gradually her friendly advisers dropped into mere acquaintances—hardly that. She had cast herself from her high estate by her own act, and out of the established mode and circle of her race. She was monstrously eccentric. Some whose advice had failed to make an impression on her considered her conduct as an unmarried lady highly indelicate.

Then Mr. Chester's friends gradually cooled down to nodding and "how-d'ye-doing," and in course of time became near-sighted when they met him. Some declared they thought a man little better than "a fool" who could not manage to make a woman who loved him do any thing he pleased; others sneered at the poor-spirited idea of giving up such a place as Middleton Lea! when any fellow with common-sense could have "turned the wind." A few above the common herd understood and appreciated Cecil's justice, and respected Chester for the freedom of heart and conduct he awarded to his betrothed. His independent spirit yearned to be the architect of its own fortune, and he would have accepted hers only because he could not have had her without it. There are some such nobly loving hearts still in the world, thank God!

Mr. Cathcart at length declared that every thing had been done that could be done; that every stone had been turned that could be turned, except one: an advertisement for the missing ones might be inserted in the newspapers; but Cecil shrank from *that*, it was such an exposure of her brother's vices, such a reflection on her brother's memory. She dwelt with intense pain on what she felt to be a thousand times worse than the suffering her brother's selfishness and caprices had obliged her to endure—the heartlessness and cruelty of thus abandoning his wife and child. His hardness, his tyranny, his bitter taunts were all buried with him; but this living proof of a thoroughly heartless nature wounded her beyond endurance and ate into her heart.

CHAPTER VIII.

WINTER was

"Lingering in the lap of May."

Cecil believed as firmly as ever that her brother's wife and child would be discovered, and as firmly as ever refused to assume a position to which she had no claim. Time was passing, and Ronald Chester must either go abroad or relinquish the prospect that promised brightly for the future.

It was noon, the noon of what would be a long, sunless day, calling but faint odors from the early flowers; the wind wavering between east and west; little gray clouds drifting beneath a hazy sky.

Cecil's first act when she entered the library was to shut down the window, and, though the room was due south, to draw up the blind. There was no sun to exclude. The fatal ebony desk stood in its old place. She drew a chair to the table, arranged paper and envelopes, and sat, pen in hand, not writing, but looking upward as if awaiting help to arrange and express her thoughts.

Suddenly her reverie was broken by a knock at the door. South, her old, faithful servant, in answer to his mistress's "Come in," entered, and, white and trembling, advanced to the table and grasped the back of a chair with both hands, looking earnestly at her.

"What is it, South? Why do you not speak?"

"In a minute, Miss Cecil. Just one minute to get my breath and set how to begin. I don't see how to believe my eyes or ears. I wish Mr. Chester was on the spot; and Mr. Cathcart says to me, as if I did not know it, 'Miss Middleton is an angel,' he says; 'only she shouldn't go against the nature of things, South, he says—'"

"Never mind what Mr. Cathcart said, South; that can not have agitated you."

"No, Miss Cecil; but he's below. He is in my pantry this blessed minute. I know he is; for he has as many turns in him as an eel; so, to make sure, I locked him in, and there's the key," added South, triumphantly. "The scamp!"

"Are you in your senses, South? Are you speaking of Mr. Cathcart?"

"No, ma'am; but my brain is moydered, and no wonder. It's that scamp of the world, Charles, Miss Cecil—Charles—Charley Dacre, that dared to say I was jealous of him—Charles, that knew all the ins and outs, the bads and goods, of him that's gone, that I told you was sent to America—the poor Master's pad-groom; and sure, if he had a mind to come from the bottom of the sea, where so many honest boys are drowned, he might have done it at once, and spared us all the trouble and bother we've had—not to count the expense, and keeping you out of your rights. I never was glad to set eyes on Charley Dacre before; but the minute I saw him I thought what was on the road, and that we should get the rights of every thing at last. There's hardly an ounce of flesh on his bones, nor yet a decent rag on his back, and he says he hasn't as much as would bury him!"

"South," exclaimed Cecil, breathlessly, rising from her chair, "I do not care to hear that; I want to hear about my brother's wife; he was present at the marriage?"

"He was, Miss, and at something else, too; only sit down, dear mistress, till I get out what—May I be forgiven for it, I'm a proud man to have heard! He was present *at the poor lady's funeral*, and what's more, he saw the last of the child, which died before its mother; and the mother never riz her head after that, nor, says Charley Dacre, went into tantrums nor desperation, but settled into melancholy madness, and the major put her into a lunatic asylum, and paid for her handsomely, though he would never see her after the birth of the baby, which he disowned. And when she died she was buried with her child. Oh, Miss Cecil! sure it's not fainting you are?"

Cecil did not faint. She told South to get her a glass of water, and not speak again for a few minutes. When he left the room her trembling heart echoed her murmured thanksgiving:

"Lord, I thank thee that my brother's memory is purified from the great sin that was pressing me into my grave!"

In less than two hours Charles Dacre was beneath the harrow of Mr. Cathcart's cross-examination, and the same evening the clear-headed old lawyer journeyed only a few miles out of London, to the asylum where the poor lady died, and to the church-yard where she had been buried in the same grave with her child. It is one of the unexplained readings of corrupt nature that the men who are most zealous and indefatigable in the destruction of female virtue are always the most violent against the woman whom they suspect of infidelity to themselves. Whatever cause produced Major Middleton's hatred of the woman whom he loved after his fashion well enough to marry, never came to light.

Dacre, when questioned on the point, only answered that Major Middleton was a very particular gentleman—very particular—especially when he began to get a little tired of a lady. But Mrs. Middleton was a foreigner, and as fond of liberty as the major himself, and very "wild-like" from first to last. He never knew who she was, or where she came from. Master seemed to think a great deal of her at first, and at one time told him their next move should be to Middleton Lea; but they soon got to be very unhappy. She was the only lady his master was ever afraid of. He used to swear she was mad; and so she was (Dacre thought) from the very first, off and on. Mr. Cathcart repeated this to Cecil, who entreated that no more questions should be asked. All that was necessary to be known was known. Her brother had not deserted either wife or child, and the past should be buried with them. It was as dishonorable to pry into the secrets of the dead as of the living. Dacre should have a sum of money to enable him to go where he pleased, and she—*they*—would take possession of Middleton Lea after their marriage; that is, when they returned from their wedding tour.

The worthy lawyer astonished South by rushing into the dining-room and shaking him by the hand; "as cordially," said South, when he repeated it in the pride of his heart, "as if I was a gentleman!"

"South," said Mr. Cathcart, "I look upon a faithful servant as a family friend, and you have been in the family twenty years. My blood boils when I think of the wicked cruelty that obliged her to see those letters."

"He could not help it, Sir," said South, "no more than a cat can help torturing before it destroys. To think of them two being children of the same parents, Sir!"

"And to think now of her and her husband's long-deferred happiness, South. Heaven bless them both! Nevertheless, a word in your ear, South." The lawyer's eyes twinkled as he whispered it. "I hope I shall never have in my office, as long as I live and stick to business, another case of Woman's Justice, South!"

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

DID you ever chance to spend any portion of your summer rusticating-time under the same roof with a youthful victim of Trout-fishing fever? Perhaps not; and then you can not be familiar with all the phases of this disease. It is a contagious epidemic, though not of the malignant class. It makes its appearance early in the season, and spreads with fearful rapidity in the vicinity of ponds and running brooks. Ladies rarely suffer from its visitations; its most numerous victims are boys and young men, although violent cases have occurred among those on the shady side of fifty; and even boy babies have shown marked indications of the disease. The most prominent symptoms of Trout-fishing fever, as exhibited in a boy of from ten to fourteen, are great restlessness and excitement at the mere mention of a brook or pond; and the sight of such bodies of water throws him into violent fits, analogous to, though not as distressing to witness, as those experienced by the victim of hydrophobia. He jumps wildly about, dances and screams, and no relief is obtained until he is allowed to dip a line attached to a long pole into the water. Even then the spasm occurs every time the line is taken out of the water for an instant; and sometimes it is necessary to apply the remedy many hours before the mind is restored to a tranquil state. Various other symptoms are apparent. The patient has no inclination for ordinary sports and games; he spends much time alone in fondling over fish-hooks, lines, and poles; he eschews meat, and has no appetite for any thing save trout. Nevertheless, he is not morose or selfish; on the contrary, he is remarkably kind and obliging. He asks if you have errands to do; he forestalls your wishes; he is solicitous for your health; and then he mildly inquires what will be the probable state of the weather on some succeeding day. By that you know at once that a fit is approaching; and so strong is this disease that when a crisis is at hand it is considered safer to seek the nearest suitable waters and allow the disordered nerves and muscles full play. So when he hints at a fishing excursion you regard it as a remedial agency, and make no objection.

At least, we did not object when the boy we have in mind asked us. We went with him to be on hand in case of dangerous paroxysms. We went once, twice, many times—often finding trout, and always finding pleasure. Short excursions were rather disdained by our young patient; so one afternoon, about the time country people sit down to the tea-table, we entered a lumbering old stage-coach bound far into the interior of Maine, accompanied by all manner of fishing-traps. A very jolly ride we had, part by sunlight, part by moonlight, and as no other passengers came within the coach, we appropriated all the conveniences it contained. To be sure the roads were fearfully rough; but then the views were bold and grand, and we were going a-trouting. So we laughed, and sung, and planned for the morrow. We had intended to go to the foot of Old Blue, a somewhat noted mountain, nearly 3000 feet high; but when we reached the nearest approach to it on the stage-route, we found no conveyance could be furnished on the next day. So we went on to the little village of P——, where we found excellent accommodations for the night at the hotel.

Next morning our landlord assured us trouting was not so good at Old Blue as a few miles in the opposite direction. So, breakfast over, with a sociable driver and a stout horse and wagon we started for Gold Stream, where, years ago, before it had been christened, many adventurers flocked to search for gold, though few found it. The drive was charming, and the scenery grand. A long ridge of lofty mountains encircled us, and brooks, and streams, and ponds sparkled with the full waters which a shower of the previous day had given. Our guide was chatty, and gave many an anecdote and bit of information. He took special pride in telling of the nine-pounder that caught by a New York gentleman a year or two ago in Rangely Lake, which was only about eighteen miles from where we were. This trout was carried to New York in a tank of water, various contrivances being made for its safety and comfort. It was a difficult and expensive undertaking, and when accomplished, the poor thing pined for its native waters and died in a week. In the course of our drive we rode through the bed of the famous "Runaway Pond." The story in brief is this: Nearly a quarter of a century ago this pond was a deep body of water, famed for its trout. Near by ran a stream on which was a valuable sawmill. One day some mischievous youths cut a deep channel in the bank of the pond toward the mill-stream. The waters, rushing into it, forced their way resistlessly until they cut entirely through into the stream. The whole pond pressed into the channel with amazing force and rapidity, and speedily all the waters had flowed into the mill-stream, producing an immense freshet, destroying the mill, and raising all connecting streams of water in a remarkable manner. Such is popular history of "Runaway Pond." Now a deep, sandy bed, encircled by high banks, is pointed out to the stranger, and furnishes the only obvious proofs of the truth of the story.

But dallying with the scenery, we are forgetting the trout. It is just as well, however, for Gold Stream was so high that morning, in consequence of the shower, that trout would not "bite." So, after reconnoitring the premises, with a view to a future trip, we returned to P—— to dine and rest. The latter part of the afternoon, however, when the waters had fallen somewhat, we went a few miles in another direction, to Dill's Brook, where the trout *did* bite, to their sorrow, but to our patient's great delight. The streams in this vicinity, as well as Rangely Lake, farther up the country, are very popular, and strangers from all parts of the country patronize them. But truth compels us to say that the waters are not healing—our patient is no better, and there is little hope of improvement until cold winter weather comes.

From the South come good reports respecting the cotton crops. A good deal of research has been made, and the result is encouraging. The crop is estimated at about three millions of bales.

Times have changed, and we have changed with them. One hundred years ago a good deacon of New Haven carried an umbrella to church (the first one seen in that place), and a deputation of the brethren were sent to "labor" with him, inasmuch as the use of an umbrella when it rained was thought to be "flying in the face of Providence."

The "big snake" of Tennessee has been almost caught! but, alas for the peace of the community, he has escaped, and is again at large. A trap had been set for him, consisting of an immense box, with its open end placed against the mouth of the hole into which his snakeship retired. He was seen—at least his head was—going into the trap; but the beholder was so terrified that he rushed away at full speed. The next person who ventured near the trap found it lying with one end still in the hole, but the other riven as if struck by lightning, some of the bars of iron being found fully fifty steps off. No one supposed for a moment he would be able to break the immense cage prepared for him: it would have held a lion. So says the Nashville *Banner*. *Latest intelligence.*—The snake has at length been shot by a couple of young men! He measured 29½ feet in length, and his greatest circumference was 30½ inches. He was spotted like a rattlesnake, and a terrible-looking fellow.

The Water Company in Portland are rapidly progressing with their work, and the water from Sebago Lake will be brought into the city by December—a matter of rejoicing to all residents. The main conduit will be six miles in length, and over six thousand feet are already laid. The pipe is shipped from Philadelphia; three cargoes have been received, and the fourth probably will arrive before this paragraph is read. The Company have decided to lay a large brick conduit at the lake end instead of pipe, so that the future wants of the city may be secured. From three to five hundred feet of pipe are laid daily, and every thing possible done to accelerate the enterprise. It is said that the water of Sebago Lake has been proved, by analysis, to be the purest in the known world—only one grain of solid matter being found in fifty-eight thousand grains of water. It can be used for all purposes without distillation.

A Chicago damsel has been brought into court on charge of disorderly conduct. In fact, in a fit of passion because her lover would not have his imperial shaved off to please her, she snatched up a pair of scissors and cut it off herself! The unfortunate man has been suffering for some time under her threat to sue him for breach of promise. He was engaged to her, it was true, but he had mistaken his affections. Nevertheless if he was absent from her for two days there came a note:

"DARLING,—If I do not see you in two hours I shall commence the suit. Thy adoring MARIOS."

Naturally he went. If she wished to go to a concert, and he did not profess a willingness to escort her, there came a note:

"MY OWN,—The papers are in the hands of a lawyer. "Faithfully yours."

When the climax of cutting his imperial came, he brought a charge against her. The Judge fined the parties $10 each.

The Independent Order of B'nai B'rith, which recently held a Convention in this city, is a charitable organization of Israelites, founded in 1843. This Order is a secret society similar to the Odd Fellows, or Free Masons, but none except Hebrews can become members. Yet it does not pretend to have any special religious purposes, only "to alleviate the wants of the poor and needy, to visit and attend the sick, and to protect and assist the widow and orphan." The Order is divided into 115 lodges, including over 12,000 members. These lodges are organized into five districts, which embrace every State in the Union. It is stated that a great deal in the way of charitable enterprises has been accomplished by the Order of B'nai B'rith.

HON. JAMES BROOKS, OF NEW YORK.

JAMES BROOKS was born at Portland, Maine, in 1810. His father was captain and principal owner of a brig in the merchant service. This vessel was lost at sea, and all on board perished. In it was invested all the property of the captain, and his wife was left a widow with three young children—JAMES, the eldest, being less than ten years old. When he reached the age of eleven he was thought capable of earning his own livelihood. He found employment as clerk in a "store" at Lewiston, the agreement being that he should be "kept"—that is, have his board and clothes—until he was twenty-one, and at the end of his term should receive a hogshead of New England rum. Now it happened that Mr. REYNOLDS, the keeper of that store—for it will be seen that there was another store in Lewiston—besides the multifarious matters that then formed part of the stock in trade of a country store, was the custodian of the town library, which contained, besides a few books on science, ROLLIN'S Ancient History, GOLDSMITH'S Natural History, and the like, one of SCOTT'S novels. Over all these the lad—future editor and Congressman—pored assiduously for two years, getting by heart the novel. At the end of two years young BROOKS asked REYNOLDS to release him from his ten years' contract. The request was granted. The fact was that the sharp lad had a better offer from Mr. LOWEL, the keeper of the other Lewiston store. LOWEL would give him three months' schooling every year; he should also have the privilege of selling candies upon his own account, and for his own profit. Besides—for LOWEL kept a tannery as well as a store—young BROOKS might buy raw skins, have them tanned free of charge, and sell the leather for his own profit. So, by one means and another, BROOKS made and saved some money. Meanwhile he grew ambitious. He wanted to get an "education." This, in the New England phrase of forty years ago, meant going to college. The lad kept a sort of journal, in which he wrote down, day by day, all his wishes and hopes. This he kept in his desk; but somehow it fell into the hands of good Mr. LOWEL. That worthy man saw that in his young clerk there was the making of something more than a dealer in candies and calicoes. He told the boy that he would release him from the contract to remain with him until he was of age; and would, moreover, if necessary, help him to "get an education."

Young BROOKS's small savings now stood him in good stead. He had accumulated enough to pay for tuition at Monmouth Academy, besides the charge of a dollar a week for board. After a time he returned to Lewiston, and undertook to teach the district school for ten dollars a month and his board. It was the custom to put up at auction the school-teacher for board, he to be knocked down to the lowest bidder. BROOKS was started at a dollar and forty cents a week. But competition was brisk, and the bids ran rapidly down to a dollar, seventy-five cents, fifty cents, and at last, when they reached forty cents a week, the auctioneer's hammer fell, and the teacher was knocked down to a jolly farmer, who looked as though he did not live upon four dimes a week.

"Come, young man," said he, jovially, as they mounted the wagon, "cheek up: let me tell you, a good deal of good eating can be got out of forty cents a week, as you will find out at my house."

Reaching the farm-house, he was ushered into his apartment, which certainly was not at all like the dormitory at Squeers's. Next morning the farmer undertook to demonstrate how he could make money by boarding the teacher well for forty cents a week. He led him to the pig-sty, where a fat porker was poking his nose into the trough so lazily that it was clear that he did not suffer from short commons.

"Do you see that critter? How much do you guess he will cut up?"

BROOKS, who had bought many a porker while a clerk, made a very close estimate.

"That's about the mark," said the farmer, with evidently rising admiration. "Now you're a-going to eat him, among other things; and I guess you'll have hard work to eat all your share of him this winter. I saw you looked down in the mouth when you was knocked off to me for forty cents a week; but I'll show you how I can keep you for that, and make money by it too."

He went on to explain that his farm produced almost every thing needed for the family use, with a surplus which was traded off at the store for groceries and the like. The farmer had little use for money, except to pay the taxes; and to produce this tax-money was the destination of the porker. "Now, you see, if I hadn't got you I should have had to kill the hog, take him to Portland, and sell him. This would have taken me and the team three days; and when I got back, besides losing time and trouble, I shouldn't have had more money than I shall get for you. Now all you'll eat won't be more than the whole of that hog. Call that square. Besides, you're a smart young fellow, and can teach the girls their lessons evenings. That 'll be clear profit. So I shall get my money's worth out of you, don't you fear. Come along and see if I can't do this, and not starve you either."

That winter was a pleasant and profitable one for the young teacher. He taught and went through the studies preparatory for college; and one evening in a week read aloud the newspaper to his host, and thus really began his training for his future profession of journalist and politician.

In the spring he found himself "ready for college," with sufficient money, added to what he could earn in vacations, to pay his expenses in a frugal way. He, in fact, kept at the head of his class; so that when his Sophomore year should have begun he asked to be examined for

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admission to the Junior class. The request was rather reluctantly acceded to; but the examination was satisfactory, and he was admitted to the Junior class, so that his course at Waterville College lasted three years instead of the regular four.

Having graduated at eighteen, second in his class, he returned to his mother's at Portland, having just ninety cents in his pocket. He must find something to do at once. A man who can do any thing that needs to be done need hardly look for work. A teacher was wanted for a Latin school in Portland. BROOKS gained the appointment, with a salary of five hundred dollars—a fair income then and there for a young man. Besides teaching he began the study of law, entering the office of JOHN NEAL, a man not unknown to fame as lawyer and author.

During his last year at college he had begun to write for the local newspapers—without pay, of course. The Portland *Advertiser* was then the leading newspaper of Maine. BROOKS began to send anonymous papers to this journal. The editor soon found that these articles were the most attractive things in his paper. He sought out his anonymous contributor, and engaged him to write regularly at a salary of five hundred dollars. For two years BROOKS kept up his threefold occupation of teacher, law student, and journalist. But the last, as almost always happens, at length absorbed him wholly, and he gave all his time to the *Advertiser*, saving that he also took up the kindred function of political speaker. He became popular at once, and in his twenty-first year was elected member of the State Legislature from his native city of Portland—still, however, keeping up his connection with the newspaper, for which, next year, he went to Washington as its correspondent from the capital and the South. His Southern letters were noted for their strenuous opposition to the system of slavery. Thence he went to Europe as correspondent, traveling on foot and describing what he saw.

Returning to America he received propositions to undertake the establishment of a daily newspaper, to be called the *New York Express*—BROOKS to furnish brains, and others cash. Before the engagement was consummated he was nominated as Member of Congress from the Portland district. He preferred Congress to the *Express*. The district was then strongly Democratic, while BROOKS was a Whig. There were three candidates—BROOKS, SMITH, and DUN. Two trials were made, neither candidate having a majority. On the third DUN withdrew, and F. O. J. SMITH was elected by a close vote.

The *Express* enterprise was then resumed, and the paper was started. But the men who had undertaken to furnish the capital failed to meet their engagement, and the whole burden fell upon BROOKS. The editor-in-chief undertook and performed the work of three men. Finally, the *Express* having been united with another paper, it gained a firm footing. BROOKS, who had been elected to the New York Legislature, also became one of the most popular stump speakers during the HARRISON campaign for the Presidency. In 1847 he married a lady of Virginia who was the owner of a few slaves, but the bridegroom insisted that these should be manumitted before the marriage took place.

HON. JAMES BROOKS, OF NEW YORK.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY & CO.]

In 1849 he was elected Member of Congress; and was re-elected in 1851. In 1853 he returned to the active management of the *Express*, making, however, another extended tour in Europe.

Of his more recent political course we give only the bare outline. When the election for the Thirty-eighth Congress approached the country was convulsed with the war excitement. BROOKS, who had all along belonged to the Whig party, refused to go with its successor, the Republican party, and presenting himself as an independent candidate for Congress, was elected—the Democratic candidate retiring in his favor. He ran for the Thirty-ninth Congress, received the certificate of election, and took his seat. This was contested by his Republican opponent, in whose favor the case was decided by the House near the close of the session. He was nominated for the next Congress, and elected by a large and undisputed majority. He took his seat, singularly enough protesting against the constitutionality of the House. He must now be considered as the undisputed leader of the Democratic party in the House of Representatives.

POLAR BEAR HUNTING.

THE Polar Bear is the largest, strongest, most powerful, and, next to the grizzly, the most ferocious of the five species. Its distinguishing characteristics are, great length of body and neck, the smallness of its ears, largeness of the soles of its feet, fineness and length of hair, and the narrowness of the head. It is invariably of a dingy white hue. Some have been seen which were eight feet long, and others have been captured which weighed 1500 pounds. Their size and strength and ferocity make them very dangerous to hunt, and the chase of them, by the Esquimaux and others, with dogs, and armed with lances or pikes, as in our illustration, is full of excitement and incident.

THE LATE EMANUEL LEUTZE.

LEUTZE, the artist, died of sun-stroke in Washington City on July 18, aged 52 years. His great ability as an artist had long been recognized, and he had for many years ranked among the first of American painters.

He was a native of Germany, but his parents brought him to this country when he was in his infancy, and settled at Philadelphia. His first efforts at drawing were made while at the sick bed of his father, and the pencil was originally taken up merely to beguile the time. His first real success in painting was made in 1840, with

HUNTING THE POLAR BEAR.

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his "Indian Gazing at the Setting Sun." He made considerable money off this and a few other works, which had been ordered on the heels of his success, and in 1841 he carried out his long projected design of going to Dusseldorf to study under KARL LESSING, then the chief of the Dusseldorf School of Art, and from whom LEUTZE adopted the style of hard outline and defective coloring peculiar to the school, and which a subsequent residence of study at Venice in a school of art distinguished for its voluptuousness of color could not wholly eradicate. He remained in Europe, engaged in painting, until 1859, when he returned to this country.

His first work in Europe, "Columbus before the Council of Salamanca," was purchased by the Dusseldorf Art Union; as was also a subsequent work representing COLUMBUS in chains. The latter was subsequently brought to this country.

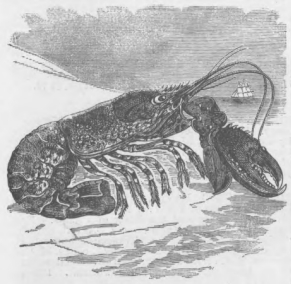
The best known of LEUTZE'S pictures are those illustrating American history, and the large painting in the Capitol, entitled, "Westward the Course of Empire takes its Way." His "Washington Crossing the Delaware" has been frequently engraved, and is familiar to every school-boy. "Washington at Monmouth," "News from Lexington," "Sergeant Jasper," and "Washington at Princeton," are among his most popular works.

THE LATE EMANUEL LEUTZE, THE ARTIST.—[PHOT. BY ROCKWOOD, 839 BROADWAY.]

A LOBSTER FACTORY.

WE lately gave an account in the *Weekly* of "A New Jersey Fish Farm," showing how trout were "manufactured" for market. We present our readers in this issue with an illustrated account of one of the many lobster factories which are to be found on the Atlantic coast of Maine. The particular establishment herein described is at Oceanville, Deer Island, in Isle Haul Bay; and the account and illustrations will indicate pretty clearly to the reader the *modus operandi* of catching and preparing this most important of the very extensive shell-fish family for market.

Lobsters are found in almost all the salt waters of the globe; but, like many other fish, they thrive better *in*, and are the finest flavored when taken *out* of, the waters of the more northern latitudes. The name of the animal is derived from a word signifying *leaper*, and was doubtless suggested by the manner in which it moves through the water by short leaps. It swims backward, its propelling power being in the tail, which it draws by a quick, forcible motion toward its body. It has no difficulty in directing its course accurately, as its eyes project from the head, and can be freely turned so as to see backward as well as in front. Lobsters go in



THE LOBSTER.

schools, having male leaders which are the largest and strongest of the school, and which maintain their supremacy by superior force. The older leaders when taken are often found to be covered with scars received from frequent and fierce conflicts for the championship. The lobster casts his shell annually, retiring for a short time to some sheltered place until the new shell hardens sufficiently to allow it to leave its retreat. During this time (May to June and July) it is said to be "sick," and is unfit for market. While "sick" it is very liable to be attacked by other fish; and when it is at all incautious and venturesome is not unfrequently slowly devoured, inch by inch, by worms, crabs, and even fellow-lobsters. Its claws are possessed of immense power, and these it uses to crush its enemies, and to prepare and hold its food. When wounded in these useful members it casts them off almost instantly, detaching them at the joint, and in a short time new ones sprout out and take the place of the old ones, so that it is not uncommon to find a very large lobster with claws not over an inch in length, or with only one.

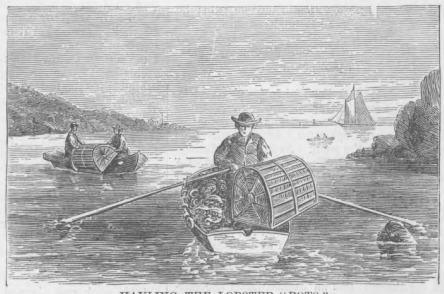
The "ova," or spawn, of the lobster are beads of a brilliant red when boiled, and are carried under the tail of the female, which is always called a "hen" lobster. The spawn is familiarly spoken of as the "coral," and is used in making lobster sauce, to give it that pink, inviting appearance which epicures esteem a *sine quâ non* in its preparation for the table. Lobsters, until boiled, are of a beautiful blue-black hue, which turns, as is well known, to a brilliant scarlet in boiling water. The "hen," or female lobster, is broader in the tail part than the "cock" lobster, and she is more prized on account, as above mentioned, of her furnishing gourmands with the coloring matter to the sauce which accompanies their salmon or turbot.

The lobster can be magnetized, and it is a feat frequently performed by old sailors for the edification and astonishment of the verdant. This is accomplished by gently stroking the lobster from the head to the tail with the hand, when it becomes passive, and, if stood on its head, will remain so for some minutes motionless with its tail in the air.

The fishing season begins as soon as the lobster has left his "sick bed," and, with his new shell, put on new vigor. The fishermen then flock to the lobster-grounds in Penobscot Bay and put down their traps by thousands. The usual method of taking them is by using peculiarly shaped nets called "pots," which are, in fact, a sort of basket stretched on hoops and covered over with netting. In the netting a circular hole is made for the ingress of the lobster (on the same principle as that in a wire mouse-trap), so that, having once found his way into the net, the imprisoned shell-fish is unable to recede. These "pots" are baited with dead fish or offal. Fish, however, are always to be preferred, and the fresher the better, as lobsters are choice in this respect, and will often decline to be enticed by a stale bait. The "pots" are sunk by means of heavy stones fastened to their hoops. Small ropes attach the "pots" to a line of floating corks on the surface of the water. They are sunk just below low-water-mark, as lobsters never travel far from the inshore rocks, which furnish them with their food. As the tide flows in the lobsters creep in with it, nearer and nearer to the shore, in search of food, and are then attracted by the sight or smell of the bait in the "pots" set to catch them. All sea-fish feed on the flood-tide, and hence, as soon as the ebb has turned, and the tide begins to flow inward, there is a general bustle and stir among the inhabitants of the salt water.

A trap is estimated to average a catch of two lobsters a day through the season; and when it is considered that the lobster-grounds of Maine furnish at a moderate estimate sixty thousand lobsters a day, some idea of the extent of the business may be realized. Nearly all the lobsters which are sold fresh in the Boston and New York markets are taken from these grounds, being transported in smacks or small vessels having wells or spaces in their holds which allow a constant flow of water through them. This is necessary, as the lobster soon dies if the water becomes foul.

But the larger portion of the catch is put into cans and hermetically sealed, and in this form goes to all portions of the globe, civilized and uncivilized. When caught the lobsters are "plugged" and "carred" by the fisherman—that is, small plugs are inserted between the joints of the claws so that the lobsters can not open them to crush their neighbors; and they are put into large racks called "cars," and moored in clear water.



HAULING THE LOBSTER "POTS."

From the "cars" the lobsters which are intended for packing are conveyed ashore to the boiling-room of the factory and placed in kettles alive, great care being taken to discard all lobsters which do not exhibit signs of vitality, it being a point with first-class establishments never to boil a lobster after it is dead, although it may have been dead but a few minutes. After being boiled in sea-water for a short time they are piled in racks to cool, after which they are "cracked," and the meat of the large claws, tail, and arms connecting the claws with the body, removed by men and girls. The meat then passes into the "filling-room," where the black string of the tail and the bone of the claws are removed. The meat is then washed and placed in the cans by girls, after which it is sauced and carefully weighed, the cover put in, and the cans passed to the solderers, who solder in the covers with the greatest care. The cans are then taken to the "bath-room" and placed in square pans holding each about one hundred one-pound cans. These pans when full are placed in large tanks of boiling water and boiled until the air in the cans has expanded so as to cause the ends to bulge out, when they are punctured and the air allowed to escape. The hole is then immediately stopped with a drop of solder, and they are replaced in the bath to complete the process. With the greatest care some cans will leak, and in the best establishments these are thrown out or opened and refilled with fresh meat, as a "third run" (or third bath) greatly injures the quality of the meat. After the bath the cans are removed to the "labeling-room," where, after cooling and the ends collapsing, they are inspected by sounding each can with a bit of iron to ascertain if the exhaust is perfect. This done, and imperfect cans removed, they are scoured in saw-dust by girls and then painted, as they would otherwise rust on long voyages. When dry they are labeled and placed in wooden boxes containing from two to four dozen cans each, and after being properly stenciled are ready for shipment.

In the establishment at Oceanville, where is packed a famous lobster known the world over as the "star lobster," and which is conducted by the Portland Packing Company (said to be the largest packing establishment in the world, carrying on nine different establishments), about three thousand cans per day are turned out, requiring about five thousand lobsters to fill them. The lobsters go into the cans in a perfectly fresh state; and years after, when opened, are found to be as fresh as when just taken from the shell, and far superior to many of the lobsters which are sold in the shell in our markets, and *cheaper*—the cost of transporting alive more than counterbalancing the cost of cans and sealing.

BOILING LOBSTERS.

PACKING LOBSTERS.

ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE.

A NEW champion for the Intelligence of Animals, M. Ernest Menault, has revived the discussion in a book full of facts and inferences which, if not all new, are all to the point. Without admitting that humans are the issue of quadrumans, he believes with Lactantius that animals possess in a certain measure the faculties of men, and that our inferior brethren, as St. Francis d'Assisi calls them, preceded us on earth, and were our first instructors. We take an example or two of what the smallest and the dullest of them, as well as the biggest and cleverest—fleas and fish as well as elephants—can do.

There were Industrious Fleas before our time. Baron Walckenaer (who died in 1452) saw with his own eyes, for sixpence, in the Place de la Bourse, Paris, four learned fleas perform the manual exercise, standing upright on their hind legs, with a splinter of wood to serve for a pike. Two other fleas dragged a golden carriage; with a third flea, holding a whip, on the box for coachman. Another pair dragged a cannon. The flea-horses were harnessed by a golden chain fastened to their hind legs, which was never taken off. They had lived in this way two years and a half, without any mortality among them, when Walckenaer saw them. They took their meals on their keeper's arm. Their feats were performed on a plate of polished glass. When they were sulky, and refused to work, the man, instead of whipping them, held a bit of lighted charcoal over their backs, which very soon brought them to their senses.

But of what use is cleverness without a heart? The flea has strong maternal affections. She lays her eggs in the crannies of floors, in the bedding of animals, and on babies' night-clothes. When the helpless, transparent larvæ appear, the mother-flea feeds them, as the dove does its young, by discharging into their mouths the contents of her stomach. Grudge her not, therefore, one small drop of blood. For you, it is nothing but

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a flea-bite; for her, it is the life of her beloved offspring!

While pleading, however, for the flea we can not do as much for the bug, though he is gifted with fuller developed intelligence. An inquisitive gentleman, wishing to know how the bug became aware of a human presence, tried the following experiment. He got into a bed suspended from the ceiling, without any tester, in the middle of an unfurnished room. He then placed on the floor a bug, who, guided probably by smell, pondered the means of reaching the bed. After deep reflection he climbed up the wall, traveled straight across the ceiling to the spot immediately over the bed, and then dropped plump on the observer's nose. Was this, or was it not, an act of intelligence?

The Fish belongs to the great Flathead family. The same sort of platitude which you see in his person doubtless extends to the whole of his character. You have met him somewhere in human shape—one of those pale-faced, wishy-washy gentlemen, whose passions have extinguished all heart and feeling. You often find them in diplomatic regions, and can't tell whether they are fish or flesh. But if their mental powers are less developed, their term of existence is more extended. They gain in longevity what they lose in warmth of temperament.

Nevertheless, the skill with which the stickleback constructs his nest is now a matter of natural history. Other fishes display an address which *we* acquire only by long and constant practice. One fellow, with a muzzle prolonged into a long narrow tube (which he uses as a popgun), prowls about the banks of tidal rivers. On spying a fly on the water-weeds he slyly swims up till he gets within five or six feet of it. He then shoots it with water from his proboscis, never failing to bring down his game. A governor of the hospital at Batavia, doubting the fact, though attested by credible witnesses, procured some of these fish, to watch their pranks. He stuck a fly on a pin at the end of a stick, and placed it so as to attract their notice. To his great delight they shot it with their water-guns, for which he rewarded them with a treat of insects.

The pike has proved himself not only intelligent, but even capable—disbelieve it who will—of gratitude.

"While living at Durham," says Dr. Warwick, "I took a walk one evening in Lord Stamford's park. On reaching a pond in which fish were kept ready for use, I observed a fine pike of some six pounds' weight. At my approach he darted away like an arrow. In his hurry he knocked his head against an iron hook fixed in a post in the water, fracturing his skull and injuring the optic nerve on one side of his head. He appeared to suffer terrible pain; he plunged into the mud, floundered hither and thither, and at last, leaping out of the water, fell on the bank. On examination a portion of the brain was seen protruding through the fractured skull.

"This I carefully restored to its place, making use of a small silver toothpick to raise the splinters of broken bone. The fish remained quiet during the operation; when it was over he plunged into the pond. At first his sufferings appeared to be relieved; but in the course of a few minutes he began rushing right and left until he again leaped out of the water.

"I called the keeper, and with his assistance applied a bandage to the fracture. That done, we restored him to the pond and left him to his fate. Next morning, as soon as I reached the water's edge, the pike swam to meet me quite close to the bank, and laid his head upon my feet. I thought this an extraordinary proceeding. Without further delay, I examined the wound and found it was healing nicely. I then strolled for some time by the side of the pond. The fish swam after me, following my steps, and turning as I turned.

"The following day, I brought a few young friends with me to see the fish. He swam toward me as before. Little by little he became so tame as to come to my whistle and eat out of my hand. With other persons, on the contrary, he continued as shy and as wild as ever."

This anecdote is averred to have been read, in 1850, before the Liverpool Literary and Philosophical Society.

The elephant, with a sort of humorous justice, is given to return injuries or insults in kind. In Madagascar, an elephant's cornac, happening to have a cocoa-nut in his hand, thought fit, out of bravado, to break it on the animal's head. The elephant made no protest at the time; but next day, passing a fruit-stall, he took a cocoa-nut in his trunk and returned the cornac's compliment so vigorously on *his* head that he killed him on the spot.

If vindictive, the elephant is also grateful. At Pondicherry, a soldier who treated an elephant to a dram of arrack every time he received his pay, found himself the worse for liquor. When the guard were about to carry him off to prison, he took refuge under the elephant and fell asleep. His protector would allow no one to approach, and watched him carefully all night. In the morning, after caressing with his trunk, he dismissed him to settle with the authorities as he best could.

Both revenge and gratitude imply intelligence; still more does the application of an unforeseen expedient. A train of artillery going to Seringapatam, had to cross the shingly bed of a river. A man who was sitting on a gun-carriage, fell; in another second the wheel would have passed over his body. An elephant walking by the side of the carriage saw the danger, and instantly, without any order from his keeper, lifted the wheel from the ground, leaving the fallen man uninjured.

At Clemency, on the borders of Switzerland, a wolf toward nightfall entered the village, and immediately gave chase to a small gray terrier belonging to no one in particular. Instead of taking shelter in the nearest cottage, the dog rushed on to the end of the hamlet, and, entering a wheel-wright's yard, leaped safe and sound into the kennel of a huge mastiff. The wolf had followed too closely to recede, and the mastiff, in spite of a heavy chain that cramped his movements, darted out suddenly and seized the wolf by the skin of the back. The sequel was remarkable. The mastiff, impeded by his chain, began to yield to the struggles of the wolf, which was a full-grown powerful beast, when, just at the right moment, another large dog arrived at full speed, accompanied by the little terrier, who had evidently seen his comrade's need of assistance, and gone off to procure it. This unexpected ally put an end to the conflict, and the wolf was speedily mastered.

THE LUTHER MONUMENT.

WE have before alluded to the inauguration of the LUTHER MONUMENT at Worms, on June 25th last, in connection with the singular fact that the same day was chosen by the Pope for the promulgation of his bull against the Protestant Reformers who in Austria are establishing the same religious liberty which LUTHER preached three hundred and fifty years ago. We now give an illustration and description of this interesting monument.

It was erected by the subscriptions of Protestants, principally German Protestants, of course; and Worms was chosen as the site, because it was at the Diet held in that city in 1521 that LUTHER first came forward as the reformer of the Church. The monument is in bronze. There are thirteen statues in all; all colossal, but of different sizes, according to the height at which they stand. LUTHER, the largest and most important, stands on the top of a pedestal of his own; his head is upraised as in the attitude of speech; his closed right hand rests on the Bible held in his left. Even so he must have looked as he uttered those famous closing words of his speech at the Diet of Worms—words fitly inscribed on the pedestal whereon he stands: "Here I stand: I can not do otherwise. God be my helper. Amen."

At each corner of LUTHER'S pedestal sits one of his precursors in the work of Reformation—each chosen from a different country, to show that the work was not begun by LUTHER, but was rather the protest of Christendom against error. These four statues are PETRUS WALDUS, WICKLIFFE, HUSS, and SAVONAROLA. These five statues are the heart of the monument, and are to be surrounded by a stone balustrade, except on LUTHER'S side, where there are to be steps. On the four corners of this wall are to stand, like towers on a castle, the four cornerstones of the Reformation in Germany: on LUTHER'S right FREDERICK the Wise, of SAXONY; on his left PHILIP the Magnanimous, of HESSE; behind PHILIP, REUCHLIN, the humanist; and behind FREDERICK the thoughtful and modest MELANCHTHON.

Between these corners will come, on three sides, high pedestals for three sitting symbolical female figures—Spires, Augsburg, and Magdeburg. Spires, because there the Reformers first took the name of Protestants; Augsburg, because of the Confession; and Magdeburg, the witness unto blood for the new Church, sitting sorrowful, with bowed head and broken sword. The pedestal is to bear certain portrait medallions and bass-reliefs, and on the coping of the walls are to be the heraldic bearings of thirty different states and cities.

This work was planned by RIETSCHEL; but he died at the very beginning, and it was finished by two of his pupils.

REVELATIONS OF POMPEII.

FEW persons, perhaps, are aware of how much we are indebted in the matter of the preservation of history to the spade. By digging into the earth, where glimpses of the life of past generations have been stored and preserved almost as freshly as when they were deposited ages ago, we now see with our own eyes the domestic implements, the tools, the toys, and the buildings of the ancients; and day by day we are filling in the picture of the past with the veritable people that then lived, and with details of the manner in which they spent their daily lives—matters which are more interesting, after all, than a mere history of wars and great political events, the truth of which it is so difficult to gain in the lifetime of any generation. Even with regard to Bible history, how much have we learned of the sacred places of Palestine by means of the excavations now being carried on by the committee under the secretaryship of Mr. Grove! As these discoveries are daily brought to light by means of photography, every subscriber to the fund might be said to see with the eyes of the actual discoverers.

It is, perhaps, well that the earth has buried for centuries the remains of the buildings in which these events occurred. Had they been exposed to the weather in past times, art would not have been able to preserve and repeat infinitely what the spade has discovered. In the same way the domestic life of the beautiful city that was destroyed by the eruption of Vesuvius long before the sacred events we have mentioned is now presented to us in the museum at Naples. Here we may gather the condition of the city, the ways of its people, their very attitudes in that scene of terror, as well as we could tell the routine of Parisian life fifty years ago. It will be remembered that the city of Pompeii was destroyed by the dust and ashes and gases from an eruption of the mountain, which fell softly, and fixed, as in a mould, all the inanimate objects as they then stood in the city, and, indeed, such of the inhabitants as could not escape. By a very ingenious method the gentleman who has had the direction of the works of excavation which have been for a long time carried on there, has presented to us not only the forms of some of the citizens, but the texture of their dresses, the hair, beards, and head-dresses, and the very attitudes of terror they presented when overwhelmed. His plan was this: Wherever the pick struck into a hollow, instead of breaking it up, he poured plaster of Paris into it—just, in fact, as he would into a mould—and in several cases he was rewarded by the earth yielding up models of some of its long-perished people. In one case, a perfect group of Pompeians was thus preserved, and is now in the museum. Among these is a woman, apparently of noble birth, lying on her side, with limbs contracted, showing that she had died in convulsions. The form of the headdress is preserved, and the texture of her robe; the rings still remained on the finger-bones, and not far from her was found a bunch of keys and some silver money, and the remains of a linen bag. A servant lay beside her with an iron ring upon her hand; and in an apartment close at hand a young girl was discovered with her skirts thrown over her head to protect her from the falling pumice-stone. In some of the vintners' shops the wine-stains are yet preserved upon the counters, and where a wall was found in the course of being built, the mortar is close at hand and the tools of the mason. There is something inexpressibly touching to us in the discovery of this object, destroyed while in the act of being constructed. In the museum specimens of the furniture of houses of every grade of society are stored, and the domestic belongings of the Pompeians are brought before the spectator actually as they appeared in life. In one case, where a dining-room was discovered, all the guests appeared to have been suffocated as they lay upon their bronze table couches partaking of their meal—or rather their skeletons did. All the furniture was found preserved in the most perfect manner; even the dishes, with some remnants of food, remained. The oven of a baker, with the loaves remaining in it, was also found; and it is an evidence of the conservative habits of the people of the country that the form they retained was exactly the same as that in which they are fashioned to this day at Palermo and neighboring cities. Possibly we shall never see such a perfect resurrection of a long past civilization as in the case of Pompeii, for the reason that the conditions of its destruction were the means of its preservation even to the minutest details, which we can only liken to the wondrous preservation, even to the scales of fishes, of a pre-Adamite world continually being found in geological formations.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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RECONSTRUCTION.

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SAMUEL LOVER.

DIED JULY 15, 1868.

So pass they from us, each his silent way,
The cherish'd ones whose names our memories store,
Death turns upon them his cold gaze, and straight
They are no more!

One brave, true soul! One tried and loving heart!
For him the threefold nation long shall mourn:
The stranger sadly breathe his name: the friend
Lament forlorn.

His was the witching voice, that, we believed,
Well might the ear of Death itself arrest;
And his the wit that might the phantom's hand
Stay with a jest.

But he is gone! He will not charm us more:
The ripple of the pleasant song is still;
To younger hands he yields the lyre—but who
Has caught his skill?

Ill can we spare him from the little band
Of bright, fresh, healthy singers left us now;
Our solace is—the wreath of a life's fame
Glows on his brow!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1868.

"AT THE POINT OF THE BAYONET."

EVERY day makes it plainer that the policy which the Democratic party has chosen to submit to the public judgment in this campaign is not one of administration merely, but of absolute and forcible revolution. It proposes to reverse all the national legislation of the three last years, to subvert the reconstruction which the country has approved, to disperse organized State governments by the bayonet; by the same means to reinstate those who for the highest crime against the Commonwealth have been temporarily disfranchised; to deprive hundreds of thousands of new citizens of the ballot, and thrust them back into a semi-enslaved condition—a project which can not be accomplished but by the most sanguinary measures. Proclaiming a wholly arbitrary test of citizenship in color—a test involving caste and inconceivable injustice, which embraces the entire disaffected class, and excludes a large body of the loyal people—it announces that if its claim is disregarded it will appeal to "physical force," and place its candidate in the White House at the point of the bayonet.

It will not be forgotten that the party which thus enters into a political campaign with a loud threat of civil war is the one that has previously made the same threat and fulfilled it to the letter. In 1860 the Democratic orators said that "the South" could not be expected to submit to the election of Mr. LINCOLN. In 1856 Mr. FILLMORE, absurdly called Conservative, had said the same thing in view of the election of Mr. FREMONT. It was not bravado merely. Whatever the Northern portion of the party may have thought intended, the Southern portion was sincere and resolved; and it was that portion which had entirely controlled the party and dictated its policy, because it was the positive element.

This history repeats itself. In 1864 the positive element was the Copperhead majority represented by Mr. VALLANDIGHAM. Mr. VALLANDIGHAM made the Democratic platform of that year, which was merely a proposal to succor the rebellion and secure its success. In any event it was revolution: and revolution in the interest of the Slaveholding oligarchy. The national conscience and sagacity, however, were too strong: the Union and progressive free society were saved. In 1868 the same spectacle is presented. The war is over. But the passion and purposes of its chief instigators remain. Defeat in the effort to destroy the Union has not taught them love of the Union. Profound hostility to the principles of society which have prevailed, and to an interpretation of the character of the government which has triumphed, does not sink into acquiescence without further struggle. Foiled in the field, what chance is there in political intrigue? Oppressed with debt, strained by long and severe exertion of every kind, vexed by the delay of complete pacification, is not the country an army fatigued after its victory, sleeping upon the field, and fatally exposed to one daring, desperate assault? This was the question with which the old, positive, ruling element of the Democratic party entered its Convention. Part of the Northern wing, which that element despises, had suggested in advance some acknowledgment of actual events. The war, it said, cautiously, may have been a mistake, but it must be honestly paid for. Reconstruction may be unconstitutional, but it is accomplished, and can be reversed only in the way itself provides. The party, justly or unjustly, has become such a stench in the national nostrils that it may be better to take a candidate from without its lines. Indeed, said this wing of the party, with an air of valor, on the very day before the Convention met, if the Southern delegates take part in the action of the Convention, they must abide by it.

It may be imagined with what disdain the Southern delegations read these words in a paper which their mere distant frown had forced to renounce its candidate. They came to the Convention led by WADE HAMPTON, a relentless South Carolina rebel, who declared upon his way to take his seat that the cause of the rebellion was not yet lost. WADE HAMPTON the rebel, and VALLANDIGHAM the Copperhead, combined, and ruled the Convention. Instead of recognizing actual events, their effort was to undo the result of seven years. The spirit of the two men made the platform. VALLANDIGHAM put into it repudiation, which is national disgrace; and WADE HAMPTON the reversal of reconstruction, which is rebel revenge. Then HORATIO SEYMOUR was made candidate for President, who had declared that the success of the war would be the ruin of the Union; and FRANK BLAIR for Vice-President, who had insisted that reconstruction should be subverted by force, and who said that he wished to be nominated upon that declaration only. After eight years the spirit of the old slaveholders—arrogant, inhuman, un-American, barbarous—which had been laboring to destroy the Government by force, and only because it promised peacefully progressive liberty, returned to its familiar arena, a Democratic National Convention, and immediately resumed control of its old machine—the Democratic party—to secure its old purpose: exclusive political power.

Could any misfortune be so disastrous to civilization as the restoration of such a spirit and such a party to power in this Government, which is truly the van-guard of equal constitutional liberty? Think of WADE HAMPTON, of ROBERT TOOMBS, of HOWELL COBB, of VALLANDIGHAM, of PENDLETON, of SEYMOUR, of FORREST, of FERNANDO WOOD, with a policy founded upon their declarations and principles, succeeding ABRAHAM LINCOLN and the policy of the war for the Union! Is that by any possibility or sophistication a policy of peace or an era of any thing but the most exasperated hatreds? Does any American citizen, still open to argument and reflection, honestly suppose that the spirit of WADE HAMPTON is more the spirit of peace and fraternal union than that of General GRANT, or that the career and the declarations of FRANK BLAIR promise wiser counsels than those of SCHUYLER COLFAX?

Yet this is the sharply defined issue which the Democratic party has chosen to offer to the country; and it could not have done a greater service to civilization. Had it followed the advice of its shrewder but unprincipled minority, instead of its relentless and haughty majority—had it veiled its hatreds and its hopes—it might have pushed its hand nearer to the power and plunder it burns to clutch. But it deploys upon the open field. It flaunts its black flags in the sunlight. It loudly demands repudiation, disgrace, anarchy. It eagerly threatens civil war if the country will but give it a chance. Let the country lift its eyes—let it behold the years from Sumter to Appomattox—let it reflect who and what made those years—and answer!

THE TRUTH *VS.* "A GREAT STATESMAN."

THE Democratic organs are fond of saying that the only document which the party of ROBERT TOOMBS and VALLANDIGHAM need to circulate to insure success is the speech of Mr. SEYMOUR upon the finances. They seem to suppose that the country must have the profoundest confidence in a party whose financial ability has been illustrated in national office by such models of economy and patriotic devotion as the last Democratic Secretary of War, JOHN B. FLOYD, and the last Democratic Secretary of the Treasury, HOWELL COBB. If, however, in the absence of any such conspicuous national officers, the country desires to study the Democratic genius for economy and financial administration, let it study the municipal government of the city of New York. Or if, unwilling to decide by examples, it would know the exact facts in regard to the wasteful extravagance of the Republican party, let it begin by ascertaining the truth of Mr. SEYMOUR'S statements.

A plausible orator, who fluently rehearses figures in detail, has it all his own way until his figures can be verified. Mr. SEYMOUR is very apt at that kind of argument which exact knowledge always confutes. A promiscuous audience may be pardoned if it can not upon the moment marshal the facts which dispose of the figures which the orator has carefully crammed. But the nimblest confidence-man can not finally outrun justice. A year ago Mr. SANFORD E. CHURCH, Chairman of the Finance Committee in the Constitutional Convention of New York, made an elaborate report, involving a great quantity of figures intended to prove that the State was practically bankrupt. It was designed as a partisan campaign document. It alarmed many persons who had no means of verifying its statements, or of discovering its sophistries. Mr. HUTCHINS in the Convention, and Mr. D. A. WELLS in reply to inquiries of Mr. JOHN M. FRANCIS, made vigorous exposures of the document. But it served its purpose. It was a good MORGAN.

Mr. SEYMOUR has been trying the game upon a larger scale. In his New York speech, just before the election, he unrolled an imposing array of figures, to show not only the enormity of the taxation of the country, but the reckless waste of the administration. The moral of his speech was evident; if you would have taxation lessened and enjoy a severely economical system put those famous financiers H. SEYMOUR & Co. into power. Now mark how plain a tale puts a demag—that is to say, a "great statesman"—down. Judge his whole assertion by a part of it. Mr. SEYMOUR says, "Since the war closed in 1865 the Government has spent for its expenses, in addition to its payment on the principal and interest of the public debt, more than one thousand million of dollars. Of this sum there has been nearly eight hundred millions spent on the army and navy and for military purposes. This is nearly one-third of the national debt. This was spent in time of peace." There is a very explicit assertion. A third of the national debt has accumulated since the war closed, and the country is paying for its army and navy nearly $270,000,000 in a time of profound peace! Could there be a guiltier extravagance? Could any thing call more loudly for H. SEYMOUR & Co.?

Now Mr. BLAINE, a very attentive and able representative in Congress, from the State of Maine, heard, through the Democratic papers, these smooth and fluent assertions of Mr. SEYMOUR, and he immediately went to the Treasury Department to ascertain their accuracy. And this was what he found. When the war ended there were nearly a million of men in the Union armies, and nearly five hundred vessels, with their proper crews, blockading three thousand miles of coast. This immense force was mustered out of service as rapidly as possible. Months of pay were due to more than half the army; the closing bounty was due to all; and the sailors, besides back-pay, had millions of prize-money to receive. This vast sum was to be provided at once, and the people supplied it. Thus, within one hundred and seventy-four days after GRANT'S closing victory, the Treasury disbursed $625,000,000. That is more than three-fourths of the sum stated by Mr. SEYMOUR as the war and navy expenses of the last three years, and intended by him to convey the impression that such was the *current rate* of those expenses—and these three-fourths of the whole amount he mentions were disbursed in one sum at the close of hostilities, as the necessary expense of mustering out the vast forces of the Union. These $625,000,000, being deducted from Mr. SEYMOUR'S total of $800,000,000, show that the current legitimate expenses of both branches have been $175,000,000, or a little more than $58,000,000 for each year. Now, as to comparative Democratic economy, it appears that in the year 1858, under Mr. BUCHANAN, the expenses of the navy were $14,000,000 in gold, and of the army nearly $26,000,000 in gold: for both nearly $40,000,000 in gold, for a smaller army and navy than those which the rebellion has rendered necessary. That is to say, the army to-day, under the management of General GRANT, costs much less per regiment in paper than it cost per regiment in gold under the last Democratic administration.

Mr. HORATIO SEYMOUR, it seems, quotes figures, and partly by concealing, partly by distorting their true significance, produces an entirely false impression. This would be unspeakably contemptible in a demagogue. What is it in "a great statesman?"

VIEWS OF A DEMOCRATIC LEADER.

THAT some of those who tried to destroy the Union and the Government to save slavery may have been sincere may be admitted. But that those whose only feeling is profound regret and mortification at their failure, who still believe in the right of secession, and the excellence of slavery, and who frankly acknowledge that they do not despair of the cause, should be intrusted with the Government of the United States is absurd. A man like General LONGSTREET, who honestly declares that he thought his view correct, that he submitted to the decision of the sword, that the sword decided against him, that he yields to the decision and will make the best of it, is a man whom every body can respect and trust. So one, like WADE HAMPTON, who announces that although worsted in the field he yet hopes to make his cause triumphant, may be respected for his frankness, but he is to be trusted in politics exactly as a torch may be trusted in a powder magazine.

Now WADE HAMPTON is a representative of the Democratic leaders in this campaign in the Southern States. The spirit of his speeches is that which animates the supporters of SEYMOUR and BLAIR. He is, as the New York *World* declares, the successor of CALHOUN in the affections of South Carolina—the word South Carolina being used to describe those inhabitants of the State who hold CALHOUN'S nullification and secession theories. Upon his way to New York, as a delegate to the Democratic Convention, General HAMPTON proudly proclaimed his unfaltering faith in the final success of the rebellion. In the Convention he was placed upon the Committee on the platform, and he added to it the words describing the reconstruction acts as "revolutionary, unconstitutional, and void;" and he says that every single member of the Committee warmly approved and declared that they would carry out those words to the end. At a ratification meeting in New York before he left General HAMPTON proposed that if there were a majority of white votes—which he thought might be obtained, an opinion in which the Ku-Klux Klan agrees—then SEYMOUR and BLAIR were to be put into the White House at the point of the bayonet.

Upon his way home General HAMPTON spoke in Baltimore. His speech was an expression of ardent admiration and sympathy for Marylanders who, like Marshal KANE, took arms upon the rebel side. These were "the brave and true men of that immortal army." Reaching Charleston he was received by his friends of the Democratic party with enthusiasm. The speech he made was a glowing rhapsody in honor of State rights, and a boundless eulogy of the men who, with him, had fought against their country. Speaking of the recreant soldier who, with conscious falsehood, announced that the battle cry of the Union soldiers was "Booty and beauty," WADE HAMPTON exclaimed: "So long as patriotism, constancy, and valor are esteemed the wondrous story of her [Charleston's] defense will stir the hearts of brave men, and noble women will teach their children to lisp the name of BEAUREGARD." The whole speech is conceived in the intensest spirit of devotion to South Carolina as opposed to the United States. There is not a thought, an emotion, a word in it which is not inspired by the old South Carolina provincial jealousy of the Union and devotion to CALHOUN'S doctrine of supreme State sovereignty. As for the colored citizens this chivalric gentleman says plainly let them vote for SEYMOUR and BLAIR or starve. "Agree among yourselves, and act firmly on this agreement, that you will not employ any one who votes the Radical ticket. Use all the means that are placed in your hands to control this element." The next morning General HAMPTON repeated the substance of the speech, saying that he still had the torn flag which his comrades had loved so well and defended so gallantly, and he would cherish it until they had a State again.

Is this the kind of talk which becomes those who, when the country requires peace above all things, aspire to direct the government? After our experience of the last seven years do we want CALHOUN again and his theories and measures? Yet this is what the Democratic party proposes. Again, as for years before the war, the inhuman purposes and impracticable conceits of aristocratic visionaries control its councils. They were always the bane, they have lately been the tragedy, of our politics. Those who would restore CALHOUN and trample upon the graves of loyal soldiers—who would justify WADE HAMPTON'S rebellion and abandon four millions of loyal people to unimaginable suffering—will do as WADE HAMPTON advises, and vote for SEYMOUR and BLAIR. Those who are convinced that CALHOUN was the most fatal enemy of the principles of the Union, and who are resolved that the enormous expense of money and of life in the war shall have gained something, will now throw their votes, as four years ago they raised their prayers, for GRANT, liberty, and peace.

A "TYRANT" AND A "BUTCHER."

ON the 4th of July, 1863, when HORATIO SEYMOUR was derisively asking a New York mob "Where are the victories that were promised us?" and instigating the riots that broke out a fortnight afterward, General GRANT was receiving the surrender of Vicksburg and of the Mississippi, after one of the most heroic and skillful campaigns in military history. On the 13th President LINCOLN wrote to him the following letter:

"MY DEAR GENERAL,—I do not remember that you and I ever met personally. I write this now as a grateful acknowledgment for the almost inestimable service you have done the country. I write to say a word farther. When you first reached the vicinity of Vicksburg I thought you should do what you finally did—march the troops across the neck, run the batteries with the transports, and thus go below; and I never had any faith, except a general hope that you knew better than I, that the Yazoo Pass expedition and the like, could succeed. When you got below, and took Port Gibson, Grand Gulf, and vicinity, I thought you should go down the river and join General BANKS, and when you turned northward, east of the Big Black, I feared it was a mistake. I now wish to make the personal acknowledgment that you were right and I was wrong.

"Yours truly, A. LINCOLN."

When GRANT was entering upon the final and triumphant campaign, the President wrote to him as follows on the 30th April, 1864:

"LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT,—Not expecting to see you before the spring campaign opens, I wish to express in this way my entire satisfaction with what you have done up to this time so far as I understand it.

"The particulars of your plan I neither know nor seek to know. You are vigilant and self-reliant, and, pleased with this, I wish not to obtrude any restraints or constraints upon you. While I am very anxious that any great disaster or capture of our men in great number shall be avoided, I know that these points are less likely to escape your attention than they would be mine. If there be any thing wanting which is within my power to give, do not fail to let me know it.

"And now, with a brave army and a just cause, may God sustain you!

"Yours very truly, "A. LINCOLN."

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General GRANT replied the next day from his head-quarters in the field as follows:

"Your very kind letter of yesterday is just received. The confidence you express for the future, and satisfaction for the past, in my military administration, is acknowledged with pride. It shall be my earnest endeavor that you and the country shall not be disappointed. From my first entrance into the volunteer service of the country to the present day I have never had cause of complaint; have never expressed or implied a complaint against the Administration or the Secretary of War, for throwing any embarrassment in the way of my vigorously prosecuting what appeared to be my duty.

"Indeed, since the promotion which placed me in command of all the armies, and in view of the great responsibility and importance of success, I have been astonished at the readiness with which every thing asked for has been yielded, without even an explanation being asked. Should my success be less than I desire and expect, the least I can say is, the fault is not with you.

"Very truly, your obedient servant,
"U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General."

It is instructive to contrast with this conduct of an "odious tyrant" and a ferocious "butcher" the earnest, untiring, patriotic devotion to the Union and the Constitution of TOOMBS, VALLANDIGHAM, SEYMOUR, COBB, PENDLETON, FORREST, and Company. All true Conservatives will of course agree with Mr. ROBERT TOOMBS that the only way to save the Constitution is to defeat GRANT, and follow the advice of Mr. ROBERT TOOMBS by electing SEYMOUR.

THE FALL TRADE.

THE monthly report of the Agricultural Department for July is more favorable as to the breadth of land in the United States devoted to grain, and the condition of all the crops we raise, than any hitherto presented; and as there are strong indications of a considerable foreign demand for our products, it may be inferred that the fall trade will be as active as the year of an earnest political contest will allow. The report to the 28th July, with respect to cotton, shows that but eighty thousand bales for export and use remained in the United States, the price of which on the 1st instant advanced on what was called an active market, due in part to speculation, but chiefly to the difficulty of obtaining good middlings, as the quantity thus estimated at the several ports constituted the entire refuse of all the markets in this country. It is not so easy to arrive at an estimate of the quantity of cotton goods manufactured and held at the mills and by jobbers; but as full time was not made in May and part of June, it is inferred with confidence that the quantity on hand, and to be manufactured, is not at all in excess of what will be required up to the time when the new crop will appear. Sales of raw cotton are since reported quiet.

The Imperial decree admitting cereals into France free of tonnage duty after October may well be accepted as evidence of a large foreign demand for our agricultural productions.

Our imports are somewhat lighter than were those of last year to this period, and it is well known that country merchants have been purchasing with unusual caution, and are consequently not heavily stocked.

A new feature in our exports—which we trust may hereafter be on a scale of equality at least with our imports, for no country is safe which permits an excess of the latter—has been developed, owing to the drought in England. One of the steamers of WILLIAMS & GUION'S line took out on her last voyage a quantity of hay. Hay has not, we think, been exported to Europe for many years. The quantity of oil-cake found in this market was immediately procured and sent there, and contracts for its delivery as manufactured were also made by English agents. Clover seed was sent over to be used on the termination of the drought, and the wants due to this cause were partially supplied by the export of cheese, butter, lard, bacon, corn, etc., which articles must continue to go forward until a new crop comes to their relief.

All the conditions, therefore, required for such a fall trade as we have indicated will be found to exist if there is no disappointment with respect to our crops. They constitute the real basis of our prosperity, inasmuch as probably seven-tenths of our population are devoted to agriculture, and their labor is employed on lands which yield the most bountiful harvests, except in the few States in which they have been partially exhausted by careless cultivation.

The question whether or not there is any thing in the condition of our finances and politics to interfere with an active trade can not be overlooked.

The platform of the Democratic party affirms that the action of Congress in subjecting the Southern States to its policy of Reconstruction is unconstitutional, null, and void, and General BLAIR declares that it is the duty of the President, using the forces of the United States for the purpose, to set the new governments aside, and reinstate those which existed during the rebellion. With respect to the Five-Twenties, they allege the right and duty to pay them in greenbacks. These doctrines, which are revolutionary in their character, and are based on repudiation, can not be adopted by the people of the United States without giving a reverse action to its whole machinery, political and financial, and creating anxiety at home and abroad.

We misconstrue all the signs of the times, and place a very erroneous estimate on the wisdom, virtue, and firmness of the American people, if they are willing, at the very moment of success in that experiment, and when the Southern States are about to emerge from pecuniary troubles, owing to bountiful crops of grain, and the promise of a good cotton crop, to plunge them and the country once more into those difficulties which General GRANT foresaw when, in his letter of acceptance of the presidential nomination, he stated that it would be his policy and duty, if elected, to secure *peace*. He discerned, long in advance of the assemblage of the Democratic Convention, that this single word not only involved the main issue of the canvass, but that it constituted the basis of our prosperity as a people, and this the election of General GRANT will no doubt secure.

NATURALIZED CITIZENS.

THERE is no country so interested in the naturalization question as the United States, because there is none which has so large and so constantly increasing a foreign population. As we have more than once shown, however, while the country has often talked of its policy and position upon the subject, as if they were peculiar, it has had none whatever except the custom of other nations. It is now plain that some decisive declaration of principle should be made. It is absurd for us to permit any power to claim as subjects persons who have been admitted to citizenship in the United States, and who take part in the government of the country. But foreign powers are rapidly conceding our view of the subject, and are treating with us for the security of naturalized citizens. Is this the moment to select to strike an attitude and insist that if our views are not accepted the most direful consequences shall instantly ensue? What we want is good sense and good humor, not buncomb and bluster.

There are two methods in which the subject may be disposed of. We may declare by law that if a claim of foreign allegiance shall be practically asserted against a naturalized American citizen, the President may arrest any subject of the offending government, and virtually declare war. Or we may settle the matter by treaty and mutual good-will. This question is especially of the kind called international. The different nations, not their rulers only, are concerned in the subject of expatriation. The situation and necessities of each, as moulding their public opinion, should be fairly considered. But if every nation is to define its policy upon such questions in a harsh and haughty manner—if, for instance, when England, whose general law upon the subject we have hitherto followed, and which has always asserted what we are persuaded has now become an unreasonable and intolerable doctrine, says that she is ready to accept our general view of the question, and to make some mutual amicable arrangement, ought we to insist that we will settle it by a law of our own, to which we will compel her assent at the point of the bayonet?

Such a proposition is as unreasonable and intolerable as the old British doctrine itself. It is unmanly, dishonorable, and therefore wholly unworthy of the United States. Our first duty is plainly to settle the difference by treaty. If the attempt prove to be impracticable—if England or any nation declines to yield what we feel that we can not properly relinquish—we are then evidently justified in settling it alone, and by laws that we must unhesitatingly enforce by all recognized and worthy national means. But the action of Germany, and the words of the British Foreign Secretary, show that we are not yet compelled to take this course. The question is, upon every account, better settled by treaty; and foreign powers are willing and ready to treat. They are considering the terms of a good international understanding; and we, knowing precisely what we want, may wisely wait a little until they have determined, knowing, as we do, that at such a time and under such circumstances no naturalized citizen is in serious danger.

THE WELLS SEMINARY.

UPON the eastern shore of Cayuga lake, twelve miles above Cayuga bridge, and in the very centre and garden of New York, is the little village of Aurora. It is scarcely more than a hamlet with a few hundreds of inhabitants; but it has a delightful aspect of general comfort and rural repose. Among those who have chosen this pleasant spot for a home is HENRY WELLS, noted in the Express business as one of its founders and most skillful managers. For many years it has been his wish to devote an ample sum of money to the foundation of a school for the higher education of women upon the same general plan as the Vassar College at Poughkeepsie. In pursuance of his intention Mr. WELLS devoted to the purposes of the seminary a part of his fine estate immediately adjoining the grounds of his own residence; and at his expense, Mr. S. D. MANDELL, of Aurora, an architect of modesty, ability, and of the utmost conscience in his profession, has erected a substantial and admirable building in a simple Norman style, upon the long western slope of the hill to the lake. The situation is charming, the grounds are spacious, and the building is simply and therefore conveniently arranged. It is most faithfully finished; it is full of light and air, and the chambers for the pupils are large and convenient. Mr. WELLS has thoroughly furnished the building, plainly but tastefully; and a more delightful home for the purpose it is not possible to find.

On the 23d of July, the Seminary building being completed, Mr. WELLS executed a deed of gift to a Board of Trustees for the purposes mentioned. For him it was a day of unalloyed gratification in the satisfactory accomplishment of a noble purpose, and for the lovely village a memorable festival. The lake steamer brought friends from all around and landed them upon a wharf wreathed and garlanded. Under a green arch they passed into the grounds of the Seminary, and at one o'clock the ceremonies of dedication took place in the large hall. Prayers were made; the charter of incorporation and the deed of gift were read; Mr. WELLS presented the deed in a brief and very appropriate address; speeches were delivered, and the benediction pronounced. Then there was a simple collation, and in the evening a reception and a merry dance. The day was beautiful; the order of exercises promptly followed, and every auspice was fair. Among the guests was EZRA CORNELL, for Ithaca and the Cornell University are at the head of the lake only twenty-eight miles away, and a most friendly greeting was offered by the Seminary to the University. In a few words of response Mr. CORNELL suggested with practical sagacity that the Seminary so amply founded needed but one thing, and that was a satisfactory endowment; and he proposed to be one of a hundred to subscribe a thousand dollars each for an endowment fund. He said that so noble an institution ought to be the resort of the poorer girls who could not afford to pay the fees which would be necessary to support such a Seminary. But without an endowment it would be necessarily so expensive that it would be a school for rich rather than for poor girls. Mr. CORNELL'S remarks were very cogent, and will hardly fail to be very effective.

It is in such works as these, the devotion of fortunes by private men to great public uses, that the State of New York is becoming truly imperial. ASTOR, COOPER, VASSAR, CORNELL, WELLS, give, literally, of their own. Their fortunes are the accumulations of their individual energy, sagacity, and industry. Their example vindicates the zeal of money-getting, and relieves great wealth of a sordid taint. The purpose which inspires them is the noble tribute of practical sagacity to the essential dignity and value of the intellect and of knowledge. MATTHEW VASSAR was a brewer. At the close of a long and successful life he builds a spacious and imposing college, which will adequately accommodate hundreds of girls; gives to it a thorough appointment, and its Board of Trustees fill it with accomplished teachers, MARIA MITCHELL among them. The heart and hand of the founder are devoted to the work. He sees his college established, successful, renowned; and on a soft summer morning as he sits reading to the Trustees a statement of his further hopes and wishes, his voice fails, his head gently falls upon his breast, and the old man is dead. There are few scenes more memorable; there is no death more beautiful. The old man had learned the secret of the incorruptible treasure. He understood that the duty of the rich man is to be the almoner of the divine bounty.

THE ANNUAL UNIVERSITY DISGRACE.

THE annual meeting of the Harvard and Yale boat clubs at Worcester for the University regatta has become an annual disgrace. The glory of the winning crew is entirely lost in the shame of the conduct of the collegians. Harvard, Yale, and the student character are involved in a common ignominy. The youth of Worcester, and of the country who are not "college-bred," see the stupid riot of the "young gentlemen" from the Universities, and feel only contempt for unmanly rowdies and roaring bullies. In the days of town and gown, when the students were exposed to broken heads in open warfare, there was at least a feeling of fair play that redeemed the business from being despicable. But these Worcester performances are like the excursions of Dead Rabbits from the city to some suburb, which they overrun with drunken riot, terrifying women and children, and richly meriting a souse in the duck-pond.

As the experience of some years has now shown that Worcester and all decent society have to apprehend public disturbances from this incursion of students, it is but fair to act accordingly. Next year, therefore, when the inroad occurs why should not the authorities, as the arrests are made, publish the names of the rioters in full? The young gentlemen will thus have all the renown of their noble deeds. But better still, since the good name of all students and of the Universities is involved, since all gentlemen and scholars are concerned that their fair fame shall not be smirched by these disorders, why will not the University crews, who are the heroes of the occasion, resolve not to hold the regatta if such conduct is repeated? Let it once be understood that, if the usual disorder takes place next summer, the regatta will be omitted in the following year, and every man is upon his honor; and whoever begins the riot convicts himself as a selfish lout who will be sent to Coventry by all gentlemen.

The reform must begin among the students themselves, and of course among those who feel the disgrace of this annual row and who are competent to correct it. Little children in the nursery and drunken vagabonds in the barroom are not the best models of behavior for students at two great Universities.

HOW MUCH CAN WE STAND?

AMERICAN statesmen are model believers in the bone and sinew of their countrymen. And they have boundless confidence in a favoring Providence, and in all the subsidiary agencies of wind and weather, of soil and climate, of spindles and looms. The contingents of trade and commerce, the proverbial accidents of industry, and the upsetting proclivity of circumstances, are quite too subtle, too remote from the creed of the multiplication-table, for their instant habits of calculation and comprehension. Such things require study, and they do not number study among the intellectual virtues. They agree with FUSELI that no great idea ever entered the mind by piecemeal. And, genius-like, they legislate accordingly.

Heaven always rewards a true and generous confidence. But it always punishes a false and romantic confidence. The essence of statesmanship is in discrimination, in knowing what to trust and how far to trust, in seeing clearly and vividly that accidents are as much a part of this world's system as its laws; and, furthermore, that the value of statesmanship lies in the faculty of foreseeing in what way these fortuitous circumstances are likely to combine and what consequences are to ensue. The vice of American statesmanship is its chronic neglect of the accidental element in human affairs, and hence it has ever been the most unprophetic statesmanship in the history of the world. It has rarely had any prescience. It presumes with an amazing recklessness on the bounty of nature and the productive industry of its citizens while ignoring the limits of human energy and the easy exhaustion of human forbearance.

The world owes Dr. CHALMERS a debt of gratitude for being the first to present with great breadth of illustration the doctrine of the recuperative power of nations. And MILL has done well to reset the great truth in the charms of his lucid argumentation. But while our statesmanship assumes this truth and acts upon it, we are entitled to the benefit of common-sense in putting the industry of the country on such a basis that it can fully exert its energies and restore its lost prosperity. The resources of the land are great enough for common-sense people—great enough to rescue us from the ruin impending—but not great enough to be trifled with and legislated away into chaffy nothingness. BUCKLE argues very sensibly, that the best legislation of modern times has consisted in undoing former legislation, and we commend the idea to our law-makers.

THE REBEL YELL.

THE Mobile *Register*, edited by JOHN FORSYTH, one of the most virulent of rebels, speaking of the rebel yell in Tammany Hall when the selection of SEYMOUR was announced, says:

"How clear that note used to ring upon the air of Vicksburg of a night in years long past! And who that heard it, or heard of it, will ever forget the panic it sent to the Mexicans when JEFFERSON DAVIS'S Mississippians pealed it forth at the welcome order to charge the works of Monterey? You can *read* it now in the Mississippi papers as they recount the incidents of their recent victory over violence and fraud; and it will make the air resonant from the Rio Grande to the Potomac at the last irresistible charge next November, cheering the hearts of our Democratic friends and chilling those of our oppressors. *Stand by for that yell!*"

Ay, ay, Sir! The Union boys are not very much afraid. With GRANT they silenced that yell in 1865, and with GRANT they will silence it again in 1868.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE Florida Legislature passed a bill, on August 3, taking the election of delegates to the Electoral College from the people, and vesting it in the Legislature.

General Charles G. Halpine (Miles O'Reilly), Register of New York City, died of congestion of the brain on August 3.

FOREIGN NEWS.

QUEEN VICTORIA is on a tour of Europe, to see her late husband's early home, and visit her daughters and grandchildren.

The first demonstration of rivalry and hostility between Russia and England in Asia comes from Russia. The Czar has forbidden all commercial intercourse between his newly-conquered province of Bokhara and India. *Our* system of civilization in Asia is wiser than this, and its first principle looks to the extension of trade and the opening of ports.

There are hopeful signs from South America. Chili has abolished imprisonment for debt. Peru is disposed to negotiate a peace with Spain through the mediation of the United States; and Lopez, of Paraguay, has made propositions for peace with Brazil through United States Minister Washburn.

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THE LABOR EXCHANGE—EMIGRANTS ON THE BATTERY IN FRONT OF CASTLE GARDEN, NEW YORK.—SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.—[SEE PAGE 518.]

THE LABOR EXCHANGE—INTERIOR VIEW OF THE OFFICE AT CASTLE GARDEN, NEW YORK.—SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.—[SEE PAGE 518.]

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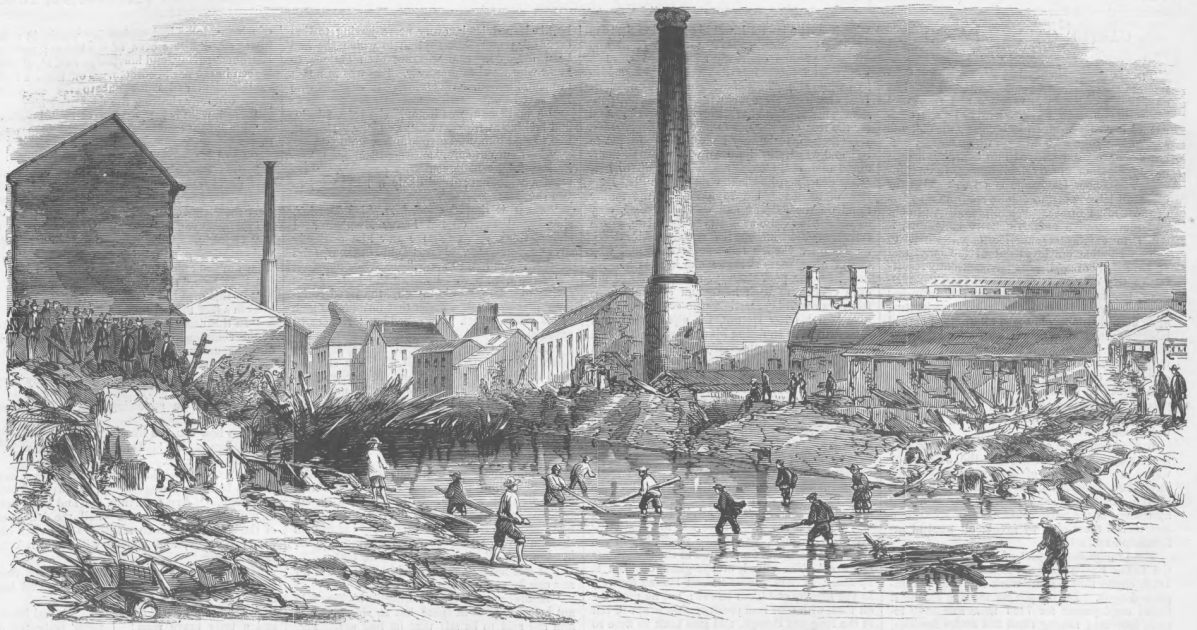
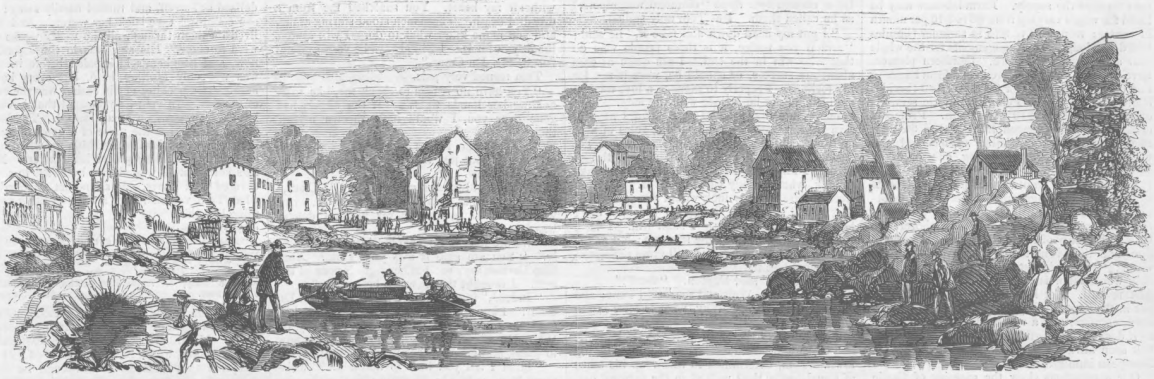
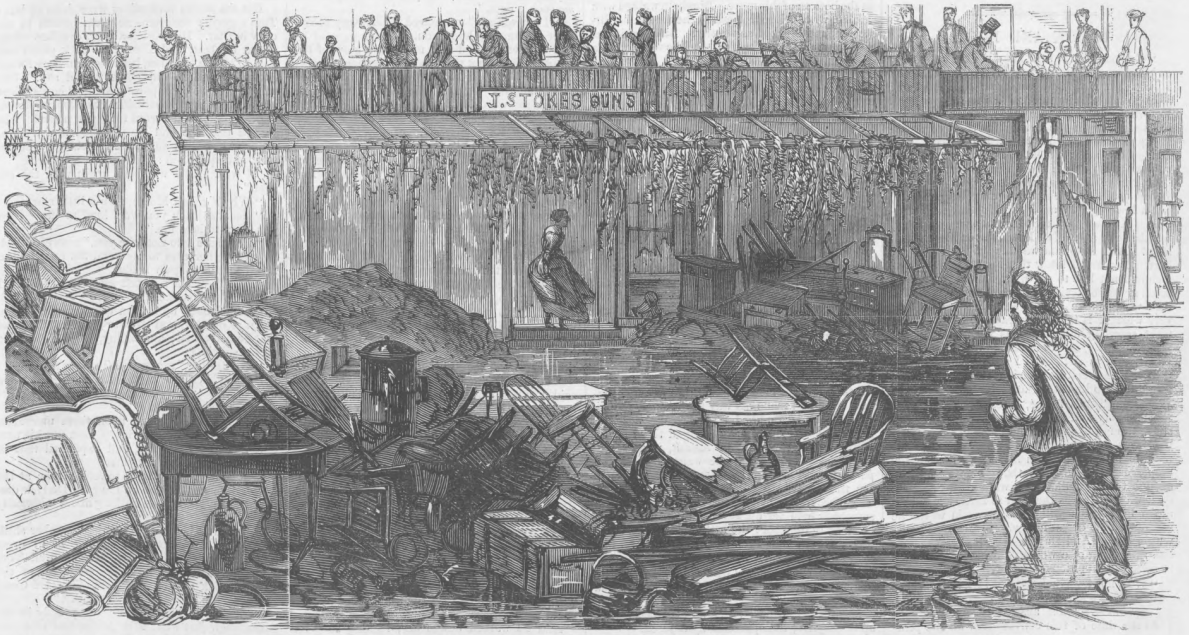


THE MARYLAND FLOOD—SCENE IN HILLEN STREET, BALTIMORE, AFTER THE FLOOD HAD SUBSIDED.—SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 521.]



THE MARYLAND FLOOD—SCENE AT ELLICOTT CITY AFTER THE FLOOD.—SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 521.]



THE MARYLAND FLOOD—SCENE IN HARRISON STREET, BALTIMORE, AFTER THE FLOOD.—SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 521.]

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CASTLE GARDEN LABOR EXCHANGE.

THE Labor Exchange lately organized at Castle Garden, the landing-place for emigrants to this city, is one of the most valuable and successful institutions in New York. During its short existence it has done much to break up the old, vile system of "runners," through whom unwary emigrants have been enticed into boarding-houses to be robbed, or worse establishments to be ruined. The Labor Exchange is a free market for emigrant labor, open to employers from all parts of the United States. While procuring prompt and remunerative employment to emigrants, it offers to employers superior opportunities to choose suitable employés out of the large and varied supply of applicants for work daily resorting to this office. It charges no fees, commissions, nor any other remuneration; it furnishes to employers not only domestic help, agricultural or unskilled labor, but also all kinds of skilled laborers, mechanics, and artisans; land speculators are excluded from its privileges; and all propositions contemplating the sale or leasing of land to emigrants are rejected. Employers must either be known to the Superintendent, or produce satisfactory references, and agents must be duly authorized by their principals, and come well recommended.

It does not make contracts for emigrants with the employer; it does not fix the amount of wages nor the term of service, nor prescribe any other condition of the contract; it leaves all these matters to be settled by the voluntary agreement of the parties immediately interested, and assists them only by giving all needful information and advice.

The semi-annual report of the transactions at the Labor Exchange from January 1 to July 1, 1868, shows that a great work has been accomplished by it. During the six months named it found employment for 7111 male and 5840 female laborers; among them 254 entire families, comprising 721 persons. Orders to the number of 15,700 were received from employers, and since the opening of spring the demand for laborers has far exceeded the supply. Farm laborers may be hired for wages varying from $6 to $10 per month in winter; from $12 to $18 in summer (besides board and lodging). Engagements for the whole year are of rare occurrence. Southern planters have, in a few instances, hired good farm hands in this office by the year for $120 to $180 (besides board and lodging). Female domestic servants obtain from $6 to $10 per month. Professed cooks have been engaged from $12 to $20 per month. Families, consisting of husband and wife, and sometimes including one or more small children, have been hired for $15 to $24 per month. Emigrants are at present reluctant to take Southern engagements, because unfavorable impressions prevail in regard to the situation and treatment of the Southern laborer, the kind and quality of food and lodging furnished to him, and the prompt and sure payment of his wages. The emigrant will build his new home only where labor is duly honored and reaps its just reward. Let him realize the fact that labor in the South leads just as surely to independence, comfort, and a respectable social position as it does in the North, and the Southern States will soon attract a large and steady stream of European immigration.

Our illustrations show the exterior of Castle Garden, with the emigrants in the park on the Battery, and the interior of the Labor Exchange.

PLUCK AND LUCK.

"CONFOUND it!" said Tom, puffing resignedly at his cigar, "from our very birth Bingham and I were always pitted against each other, and he always won all the points. I was always good for every thing epidemic that was going, and always whining in the contagious stage of something or other, and my aunt Slap Derrick, who has got the diamonds, hated me. From fourteen to twenty I was a sloven, and a bear besides! Now I have brains (I suppose a fellow may do justice to himself), but no tongue-power; muscle, but a low stature; an ugly phiz, and no small-talk. A likely portrait to win a woman's favor, whether my aunt Slap Derrick's or Mollie Miller's! And Bingham was always what you see him. You and I know that he is a coward, and I should not like to say what besides, and yet I catch myself believing in him! And his inevitable luck would make a man believe in Fate. The very weather is in a conspiracy with him. The most scowling day brightens for him, and the fairest morning is sure to turn to drizzle with me. It was always so! And I say, let him take all the cards and end it," tossing his cigar into the grate, as if to light the sacrifice.

Dayton, Tom's friend, listened smiling. He was tolerably well used to such confidences. Besides, though Tom used the language of defeat, there was a spark of battle in his eye. He was not the man to hang on his aunt's lips for the Slap Derrick diamonds, though he was ready enough to admit that they were good things in their way. He was the man to make a stand for a girl like Mollie Miller. Just as in words he announced his defeat a new resolve was kindling within him. And Dayton, who loved Tom, and had something of a woman's instinct, was quick to seize the propitious moment.

"Why not try pluck against luck?" he asked, reading Tom's look.

"By Jove, I will!" answered Tom.

At the time of this conversation all the principals of our story were together at the Rotherhithe House. Tom, his aunt Slap Derrick, his cousin Bingham, Dayton, and the Miller party; and the position of these human pawns just then was such that Tom's "I will" needed to be potent. It was fair sailing enough for Bingham, who, it was understood, would succeed to the Slap Derrick diamonds. For him thorny aunts and brambly parents discreetly stepped aside. But Tom was another pair of sleeves, thought Mrs. Miller; while Mollie herself thought nothing about it. It was her business to make pretty toilets, and gentlemen might secure her smiles if they could. And for the rest, she was not in love with Bingham—yet—though, to be very honest, she expected to be; and why not with a man who was well-mannered and well-looking? Nobody said to her, "My dear, you had better marry the Slap Derrick diamonds;" but Mollie knew the family mind on the subject, and was not averse, only as yet she felt quite at liberty to speculate, as she sometimes did when she had nothing better to do, on Tom Du Cœur's remarkable eyes, and why one of his glances should make her blush. No help here for poor Tom, you see, who had not even conceit to back him; and certainly none from his aunt Slap Derrick, who could never forgive him his low stature, his gipsy looks, and took delight in snubbing him. Nothing but cool audacity—or call it pluck, if you like—with which to fight his cousin's good looks, and good luck, and the Slap Derrick diamonds, worth, as we all know, good looks and courage both together. With all these things in his favor Tom came on in the most encouraging manner. He had always his aunt Slap Derrick's shawls or one of Mollie's maiden aunts on his arm. And it was his business to look after the picnic baskets, and the carriages, and the gipsy fires, and so on, while Bingham kept the ladies in small-talk. Or if he went up to talk with Mollie he met Mrs. Miller half-way, who said, "Oh, Mr. Du Cœur, could you do me a favor? I have left my shawl (or eye-glass, or book, as the case might be) in the summer-house, and I am afraid of the dew, in my slippers." The shawl, or eye-glass, or book is up stairs, in Mrs. Miller's third bureau drawer, as she knows, and Tom knows; but he goes, for all that, with that cool patience that is apt to tell in the long-run though, and gets back in time to see Mollie going off on Bingham's arm.

Dayton, who knew Tom's worth greater, he thought, than the Slap Derrick diamonds, was bitter enough over these "diamond worshipers," as he called them. But Tom only smiled.

"I put my head down and take it," he said; "and if you notice, it is those people who do that who win in the end. I am quite at ease about my success, or should be, were it not for my feelings. Properly to manage a love affair a man should not be in love with the lady. That is one of the first rules of art. Now I am—in love I mean—and I can't obey the rules of art; and my confounded feelings trip me. I get jealous, and sulk, and all that sort of thing: though I know all the time that it is a mistake to sulk, when nobody cares about it. I wish I were as sure that my luck would not spoil all as that I shall succeed! Laugh, if you like, but I believe in presentiments. I shall win. I have that in me that will buy the triumph; but as the prize is in my hand my luck will cross me again, and I shall lose it."

"Nonsense!" said Dayton. "Stuff!"

"Very good. Wait and see," said Tom; and in the same breath, "Why, what is Miss Miller about?"

That morning the entire party at Rotherhithe had embarked for an excursion to a neighboring town. Tom, determined to throw up his office of shawl-bearer, had walked to the forward car, where he stood talking, as just quoted, with Dayton. Perhaps something besides the shawls was at the bottom of this move. Bingham walked with Mollie, who looked as fresh as the rose in her little hat, and blushed as prettily. But then it was not a pleasant sight for Tom, and he went on in a rage, leaving Aunt Slap Derrick and her bundles to Bingham also. Mrs. Slap Derrick was not the woman to bate one jot of her claims for the prettiest girl in the world. Bingham was fully occupied with her; and meantime Mollie found that she had left her bag in the waiting-room, and sprang out to fetch it.

How in an instant, from careless ease and security, we sometimes find ourselves hanging between life and death! Mollie did not find the bag at once, and she was determined not to lose it, as it held her watch and chain. She was gone, she thought, but a moment, and the train was in motion, and her mother and Mrs. Slap Derrick screaming for her as she stepped on the platform. It was all in an instant. One moment she was trying for a foothold on the steps, the next she was being dragged by the train, clinging desperately to the railing of the car platform, sure of going under the wheels if she relaxed her hold, and sure of going under in any event a little further on. A woman had been cut to pieces there two weeks before. She had time to remember that. She saw the white, shocked faces of men looking down at her, Bingham, who had made his way to the door, among the rest, and wondered why they did not help her. She seemed to have dragged there for an eternity, yet it was but an instant, when somebody clasped her about the waist; somebody, panting and breathing hard, ran desperately with the train, slackening its speed now as her peril was discovered; helping hands were held out; somebody held her up, stunned and dizzy; Mollie stood in the door; the little knot of men made way for her; and Mrs. Slap Derrick, who had seen it all, seized her hands.

"My poor child! my dear child!" cried Mrs. Slap Derrick. "Oh, Mrs. Miller! thank God that she is safe!"

Mrs. Miller, calmly tying up a parcel, looked up in surprise, thus pathetically adjured.

"Safe! Good Lord! what has been the matter?"

"Are you hurt?" exclaimed Bingham, bustling up. "I was so frightened, Miss Mollie."

"Hurt! frightened!" Mrs. Miller began to grow hysterical. Every body talked together. Mollie leaned back, every nerve jarring to that dreadful, remorseless rhythm to which she had been dragged. She was not even curious to know who was her preserver. She was in a sort of mental swoon. When Mrs. Miller asked who had saved her,

"A brakeman, was it not?" she said, faintly, and looking at Bingham. "You saw. I should like to find him, and give him something."

"I—I am not sure," answered Bingham, hesitating, for he had seen Tom perfectly. "He wore a wide hat; very likely a brakeman, as you say."

"What is that?" cried Mrs. Slap Derrick, sharply. "You do not know, Bingham? I should think you might; I saw him distinctly over your shoulder. It was Tom Du Cœur, Miss Mollie, if you like to know."

"I did not know. I was so shocked. I was trying to get to Mollie myself," muttered Bingham, greatly abashed under that formidable look of his aunt's, which Tom called her "rhinoceros expression."

"Mr. Du Cœur!" repeated Mollie, blushing brightly. She could not tell why, but she was glad that it was Tom. "Oh! Mrs. Slap Derrick! where is he? Why does he not come here? I want to thank him. Where *has* he gone?"

"He has a bad habit of modesty," answered Mrs. Slap Derrick, dryly, which was very true. Besides, Tom did not choose that Mollie should love him, if she ever loved him, out of gratitude; and he hid himself purposely; and when Mollie found him out and seized him he attained, between vexation and shyness, to the very sublimity of awkwardness, and actually told the woman that he loved, when she was thanking him for her life with all her soul in her eyes, that

"It was nothing. He would have done it for any one."

"Really! you are too flattering!" Mollie could not help but pout at that; but as she looked at him she said to herself that he had saved her, after all, and held out both her hands to him.

"If you do not care, I have reason to do so," she said, earnestly. "And I thank you for it with all my heart. You snatched me from a dreadful death. Those men stood staring at me, and you alone knew what to do. I will always thank you for it. I will always be your grateful friend, Mr. Du Cœur."

Tom turned very pale.

"You have no reason to thank me," he said, holding her hands tight. "If the wheels had gone over you, I would have thrown myself there."

And now who knows what would have happened next, but just then Tom found Mrs. Miller at his elbow.

"We shall always be grateful, Mr. Du Cœur," commenced that lady, and broke down. She was hysterical now, whenever Mollie's danger was mentioned.

"We are all grateful," put in Bingham, smoothly. "You are sure it *was* you, Tom? Aunt Slap Derrick says so; but her sight is none of the best. I thought that it was a brakeman."

"Indeed," interposed Mollie, "it was Mr. Du Cœur. I know it now." And then she blushed scarlet. She had grown suddenly very shy of "Mr. Du Cœur." "And I do not know how to thank him enough," she persisted, bravely.

"Shall I tell you how to thank me?" whispered Tom, suddenly, forgetting his fine theories about not owing love to gratitude. "Tell me, if you can with truth, that you are willing to owe *me* such a debt."

"I am willing," murmured Mollie, very softly, after a moment's hesitation.

Tom went to bed that night in a glow of triumph. He forgot that haunting demon of his—his luck. Though he had not had an opportunity for another word, Mollie's look spoke more than many words. But his triumph was short-lived. Mollie had taken fright, and retreated behind her intrenchments. She was hardly to be seen, and not to be spoken with, alone. She was not angry. When she did lift her eyes to his they were kind eyes, though very shy. But then she would hardly look at him. Some gulf had suddenly yawned between them; and though she was merry and friendly with every one else, she kept him on the other side of it. They—the whole company—went on a walking-tour, and Mollie would not even give him her hand when they crossed the brooks, and was mum whenever he approached. And Tom, who knew nothing about women, fell behind, full of wrath and consternation, to pour his complaints in Dayton's ear.

"I believe she hates me for saving her life," he said, despairingly. "Before, she was civil; now, she won't look at me."

"It strikes me that is not a bad symptom," said Dayton, smiling, "though we shall hardly be able to discuss the question, for here she comes after us."

"Here!" Tom turned sharply, and Mollie, who was close behind him, looked greatly disconcerted.

"Mamma sent me," she explained. "We have found a house—such a strange place! and there is a man in it alone, and so ill! Mamma said, Mr. Du Cœur, that you were a doctor, and would know what was the matter, and I came because Mrs. Slap Derrick was afraid to let Mr. Bingham leave her."

"She is afraid lest I should misconstrue even this small favor," thought Tom, bitterly. "She wishes me to know that she came because she could not help herself."

And he walked beside her, looking so grim that Mollie, who had intended to bring about a better understanding, lost heart, and walked in silence also. So they reached the old house, where the rest of the party were waiting for them—a ruinous old building, with a general air of sullen wretchedness brooding over it. The man of whom Mollie had spoken lay within in a stifling den, destitute even of a window; matted, begrimed, raving, and horrible to look at, as dimly seen in the dark bedroom. Tom made a brief examination, and came out to the expectant party, carefully shutting the door after him.

"Well, what is it?" said every body together.

"Malignant small-pox," answered Tom, coolly.

"Good Heavens!"

It was Bingham who exclaimed, shrinking back as he spoke from Tom's near neighborhood. "Why, we have been here long enough to contract the disease. Aunt! Miss Mollie! pray let me persuade you to come away."

"Thank you," returned the younger lady, without stirring, and still looking at Tom. "But what are *you* going to do, Mr. Du Cœur?"

"Stay here," said Tom.

"In this dreadful den?"

Tom's face lighted up.

"In this dreadful den a man is dying for want of the commonest care; and I know the people of this country. Neither man nor woman could be hired to act as his nurse or argued out of their fears. I have no such fears, and it is my duty as a physician."

Mollie cast an appealing look at Mrs. Slap Derrick.

"But how can you live, Mr. Du Cœur?"

"He *can not* live! Tom, I will not allow it!" exclaimed his aunt.

"I think you would not wish me to leave any human being to a dog's death," answered Tom, resolutely. "And for living, you and Miss Mollie will send me a basket of—well, the delicacies of the season, and such medicines as I shall order, every day, and Dayton will leave it outside the door."

Mollie came close to him, with the look that she had worn when she had thanked him for her life.

"You are a hero!" she said. "A real hero! and a truly brave man! I never respected a man in my life as I do you, Mr. Du Cœur. And whatever I can do to help you shall be done."

The next moment she was shocked and scandalized at herself, and turned hastily away; but she could not take back her words. And Tom lived on them through all the weary weeks that were to come. His star was in the ascendant now, and Bingham's luck paled before it. He was not only Mollie's hero, but every body's hero. The packing of his basket was the event of the day. In vain he protested that it was a basket for a garrison or a hospital. The ladies had a theory that the more of a good thing the better, and sent him every thing on which they could get their unscrupulous little fingers. Mollie's contribution was always by itself, in a dish covered with leaves, and a bouquet attached, or what Tom valued more, a note, reading something like this:

"*Mr. Du Cœur:*

"DEAR SIR,—How is your gorilla? and are you sure you are quite well? And your aunt, Mrs. Slap Derrick, wishes you would write. Mr. Dayton is so unsatisfactory. He never will say any thing but that you are 'jolly,' or 'living like bricks,' or something of that sort. M. MILLER."

And though this may not be a model note in style, and certainly was written in a school-girl hand, "M. Miller" herself, not the least exacting of persons, would have been satisfied with the reception that Tom gave it, though he never answered, for fear of sending them small-pox in an envelope, during his whole six weeks of trial.

But the weeks themselves were done at last: Tom's gorilla restored—no great benefit to society in that. He was but a poor, drunken creature at his best, and Tom came back gaunt and pale. Mollie, who had been most anxious for his coming, when he did come turned shy. She was only brave on impulse; and now he was close by her he looked formidable. She looked down, and could not find a word to say for herself. She wished that she had never called him a hero, never written him any notes. Tom grew desperate, and spoke out:

"I wish that I was back again with the gorilla."

"Why?" asked Mollie, with a little start.

"Because then you were kind to me. Now you seem to hate me."

"I am sure I do not hate you," answered Mollie, raising her eyes to his; and the eyes said so much that Tom grew bolder.

"But I am not satisfied with that, Mollie. I want you to love me."

Mollie looked up at him quickly, and looked down as quickly, and tried to get away the hand that he had taken; and failing, dropped her head on his shoulder.

"My darling," murmured Tom, in a rapture.

"What!" cried a high voice that made them both start. "Mary Miller! I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself."

Mrs. Miller had come upon them unawares. Mollie uttered a faint shriek. Tom put his arm quietly about her waist, and explained that he wished to marry her daughter.

Mrs. Miller, being in a towering rage at the downfall of her designs on the Slap Derrick diamonds, retorted with something about "beggarly scape graces."

"And why beggarly?" inquired another shrill voice, Mrs. Slap Derrick coming in in great wrath. "Let me tell you, Madam, that Tom Du Cœur will succeed to three-fourths of the Slap Derrick estate; and Mrs. Tom Du Cœur will wear the Slap Derrick diamonds."

Of course in half an hour every body in the house knew just what Mrs. Miller had said, and Mrs. Slap Derrick had said; and Dayton came, beaming, to congratulate Tom.

Tom smiled faintly.

"Pluck has done its work. It is time for my luck, Dayton."

"Stuff!" said Dayton, much vexed.

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In the morning Tom was ill. By night he was worse.

"Cold and fatigue," said the sanguine. "Smallpox," hinted the foreboding. "Typhoid," pronounced Dayton.

Typhoid it was. Doctors were brought, and doctors from the first shook their heads. Generally that is as good for the patient as if Death himself had nodded at him. But I really think that Dr. Wisecure's hems and haws may be said to have saved Tom's life. Fate must always drive him into a corner, to make him stand at bay. He kindled, as he had done before, at the apparent desperation of his prospects, and vowed that he would get up.

Every body set up a shout of horror. Tom persisted.

"I am convinced," said he, "that it is not typhoid—nothing more than cold, watching, and my luck making a last attempt to trip me; and I am not going to be tripped by it; so you need not look at me as if I was marked for Paradise per Death's express. I shall not stay in bed, Aunt Slap Derrick, and I will not be doctored, Mrs. Miller; and ladies, I really beg your pardon, but I am going now to make my toilet."

The last hint was irresistible, and Tom's well-wishers retired, leaving him the field. Every body prophesied, by way of revenge, that he was a dead man; but Tom only laughed at them, and got well under their very noses. After that he was set up as an oracle, as well as a hero, and ruled every body, married Mollie, and is considered by that lady and Mrs. Slap Derrick, to this day, as a paragon of men—all thanks to pluck!

LINCOLN AND THE PROCLAMATION OF EMANCIPATION.

[*Extract from Vol. II. of* DR. DRAPER'S *History of the American Civil War, published by* HARPER & BROTHERS.]

A DEPRECIATED currency, heavy and steadily increasing taxation, the terrors of a coming military draft, the clamor of the peace party, and, above all, a profound disappointment in the result of McClellan's campaign, weighed heavily on the spirit of the nation. More and more clearly was the stern alternative presented to it—emancipation of the Slave, or destruction of the Republic.

There is reason to suppose that when Lincoln saw the wreck of McClellan's expedition coming back from the Peninsula, he made up his mind. To repair the dreadful losses of that and Pope's campaign, a vast number of men must be raised. He reflected that the balance would be equally made to incline by putting white men in one scale, or by taking black men out of the other. During that summer he had read at a cabinet meeting a draft of a proclamation of emancipation. The Secretary of State, Mr. Seward, though completely approving of its character, thought the time inopportune, and that, instead of coming after a disaster, it ought to come after a victory. In this, on consideration, Lincoln agreed. The time for such a proclamation was not when Lee was in view of Washington, and the expulsion of the national authorities from the Capitol itself by no means an improbability. There was a day on which it seemed more likely that the Confederacy would dictate terms than have to submit to them—a day on which it would have been absurd, indeed, for the vanquished President to tell his antagonists, flushed with victory, that he was going to free their slaves.

"I made a solemn vow before God," said Lincoln, subsequently, "that if General Lee was driven back from Maryland, I would crown the result by a declaration of freedom to the slaves."

The battle of Antietam was fought, and Lee, driven across the Potomac, retreated into Virginia on the night of the 19th of September. The losses of the South in this sortie had been awful. Mourning was sitting in black at every Southern fireside. And now Lincoln remembered the vow he had made. "Whatever shall appear to be God's will, that I will do."

"I claim not to have controlled events, but confess plainly that events have controlled me." Such was his solemn declaration a short time before his death. He added, "The condition of the nation is not what any party or any man expected or devised." With that religious feeling which seemed to possess him more and more thoroughly as he approached his end, he affirmed, "It is the work of God." Sincerely believing that God not only reigns, but governs, he saw, in the events transpiring before him, that there was something more than the wishes and will of man. In every phase of the conflict he perceived the arbitrament of a Higher Power. Not as a delusion of fancy, but as a reality, he recognized the dread alternative presented to his nation—to justice or die. To his surrounding friends he pointed out that, though the North was pouring forth her blood like water, and squandering treasuries of money, success was denied. The rebukes he had given to Fremont and Hunter had been confronted by the horrible catastrophe of the Chickahominy, and by the repulse of Pope into the fortifications of Washington. Once more a day of grace had been granted at Antietam, but that only half regarded, the stern summons had been again renewed from the cannon that were permitted to sweep off fourteen thousand men at Marye's Hill, and hurl Burnside's army across the Rappahannock. "What am I," said Lincoln, "that I should contest the will of God?"

From the rivers of Virginia to the Mexican confines of the Republic arose a mournful wail—How long, O Lord! how long! It came from the weary laborer, leaning on his hoe in the cotton-field under the noontide sun—it came through the moaning midnight forests, solemn and clear above their multitudinous inarticulate sounds—it came from children torn from their parents, from wives and husbands parted at the auction block; from mothers in despair, from strong men fainting under the lash, from the aged whose heads were frosted by time. In their quaint prayers the Africans talk to God as a man talks face to face with his friend. Slavery had made HIM their friend. By the flickering fires of their cabins they stealthily spelt out the Bible to see what HE had promised to them. It was their dreadful lot that had caused Jefferson, himself a slave-owner, to expostulate solemnly with his countrymen, and to deprecate the wrath of God. For who shall escape when from the hand of Eternal Justice her scales have dropped as useless—when from her brow the bandage has been raised that her uncovered and angry eyes may gaze upon unutterable wrong—when her uplifted arm, quivering with indignation, is ready to strike a blow that shall make a whole continent tremble?

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE general belief that August is a hotter month than July is not sustained by facts. The average temperature during August for the last forty years has not exceeded 85 degrees, according to reliable records; while the average heat of July during the same period has been about 87 degrees. During the heated term in July last the thermometer is said to have risen higher than for fourteen years. The great diversity in reports respecting the position of the mercury is due to a variety of local circumstances. Of course every body agrees that the thermometer should be in the *shade;* but many other influences besides the direct rays of the sun will cause the mercury to rise. And in a hot day every body experiences a certain sort of satisfaction in ascertaining how high the thermometer will run in the particular place where he himself is obliged to spend his time. Then he knows exactly how uncomfortable he feels.

According to the report of the Registrar of Vital Statistics 1142 persons died in New York city during the week ending July 18, the third week of excessive heat. As usual, the overcrowded and filthy portions of the city suffered the most; and the mortality among children under five years of age was very great.

A correspondent of the Hartford *Evening Post* says of the Democratic candidate for the Presidency: "Seymour was born on Pompey Hill, near Syracuse, a village distinguished for a massacre of Spanish and French by the Indians as far back as 1669, and for the discovery of a stone there, now in the Albany museum, bearing the date of Leo X., year 1520. When posterity digs up the Democratic party and ascertains its principles it will conclude that it flourished about the year 1520, and that this is its tombstone."

A new reservoir has been completed at Worcester, called the "Hunt Reservoir," and the water has been let into it. The main reservoir is over three hundred feet higher than the city, and the pressure of water is too great for safety or economy, so that the Hunt Reservoir was needed to regulate the flow of water. It has a capacity of about two million of gallons.

In times past it has been considered impossible to combine lead chemically with zinc; but the discovery has been made, within the last two years, that the chemical combination can be made. This discovery is destined to make a great change in the foreign and domestic white-lead trade. Manufactories have been established, and this new pigment has been introduced into the market. It promises to be very durable for both outside and inside work, grows whiter, does not crack or peel, and resists the action of weather and water.

It is stated that matrimonial insurances are soon to go into operation. It will insure men against getting bad wives and women against getting bad husbands.

The Gettysburgh Katalysine water is gaining quite a reputation, and remarkable cures are reported.

The special luxury at St. Albans, Vermont, is said to be fricasseed frogs. They are done up in fine style to please the palate of lovers of such delicacies.

A novel philanthropic enterprise has been undertaken by a number of wealthy gentlemen of this city to aid the industrious poor, who desire cleanly abodes, pure air, and suitable instruction for themselves and families. A farm has been purchased of more than 400 acres in extent, on Long Island, and lying immediately on the water line in Suffolk County, about six miles east of Northport and about forty-five miles from the city of New York, which, it is considered, possesses great advantages for the object in view. About seven-eighths of this land is believed to have a good arable soil—the remainder is woodland, and the locality is beautifully diversified with hill and plain, and has many well-protected building sites. Various buildings are in process of erection; the farm is moderately stocked, and suitable persons are in charge of it. The hope is that soon employment may be given to as many persons as it will be found expedient to collect in that particular locality. Schools will be organized and a church established. The name given to the settlement is St. Johnland, and Rev. Dr. W. A. Muhlenberg is for the present proprietor.

The report is that the city of Buffalo has to pay over $20,000 damages to St. John's Church, caused by fire kindled by fire-works. A rather expensive "exhibition piece."

Remedies, real or supposed, for hydrophobia, are given to the public in abundance at this season. One philanthropic individual is so certain that he has the means of preventing any serious results from "bites" that he offers to let any mad dogs try their teeth upon him. This man says he has been bitten several times by rabid animals, and always cured himself by making a strong salt pickle, rubbing the wound with it for an hour, and then binding an additional quantity of salt on it.

Babies are fashionable in Paris, and good-looking, nicely-dressed infants are let out at four dollars an hour.

A new invention is announced, called a "Speaker-extinguisher." It is especially designed for public conventions, dinners, etc., but will doubtless become so popular that it will be needful to introduce it into churches. The "extinguisher" consists of "a large sheet-iron cone, which fits into a grooved plate. The plate is fixed on the floor, and the cone fastened above by a chain of sufficient length to admit of its descending to the groove. It is so arranged that at the end of five minutes it falls, and becomes almost air-tight. Every speaker is required to stand upon the plate, and informed of the time he can employ. If he exceeds five minutes the cone falls and shuts the fellow under, so that he can't extricate himself or be heard."

Binghamton, New York, is a handsome city, and one in which a great deal of business is done. But the chief interest of the place centres in the State Inebriate Asylum, which is prominently located on a high hill, and is a very elegant building of white stone. It has not far from ninety inmates, many of them talented men. Quite an interesting course of lectures was sustained last winter wholly by the inmates of the asylum, for almost every class and profession is represented there, and there are many literary men who, when in a right state of mind and body, are eloquent speakers.

New York and other large cities are anathematized as being dens of crime and rascality. The dwellers in cities are depraved enough, no doubt; but it is reliably stated that full seventy-five per cent. of the crime committed in the largest cities is by non-residents, and that the most objectionable places of amusement and sin subsist chiefly on patronage from the rural districts. This fact should not be overlooked by those who regard New York as a modern Sodom, and question whether there is any thing good in it.

About 1500 buildings have been erected in Washington during the past year. Before the rebellion the population of this city numbered about 65,000; now it is said to have a population of 130,000, including the suburb of Georgetown.

It is estimated that about 500,000,000 lead pencils are used every year. In Germany, where the pencil trade is most flourishing, there are several manufactories, the largest of which is at Stein, kept by the Faber Brothers. It is a family business with them, their father and grandfather having been engaged in it before them, and has been carried on until the name of Faber, as a pencil maker, is renowned. There are several manufactories in this country, where nearly all the work is done by machinery; but in Germany the pencils are mostly made by hand.

Perhaps one of the most novel applications of electricity has been made by Robert Houdin, who lives in the village of Saint Gervais, a short distance from the city of Blois, in France. A visitor presenting himself before the door sees a gilt plate bearing the name of Robert Houdin, below which is a small gilt knocker. He raises this, and no matter how feeble the blow, a delicately tuned chime of bells, sounding through the mansion, announces his presence. When the attendant touches a button placed in the hall the chime ceases, the bolt at the entrance is thrown back, the name of Robert Houdin disappears from the door, and in its place appears the word "entrez" in white enamel. The visitor pushes open the door and enters; it closes with a spring behind him, and he can not depart without permission. By a certain number of chimes which are sounded the number of visitors is announced. When a carriage arrives at the gate, the movement of the gate is announced at the house. The letter-box, too, has an electric communication with the house. The carrier, previously instructed, drops in first all the printed matter together; then he adds the letters, one by one. Each addition sounds the chime. And when he is desired to take away letters for mailing, another chime, of a special nature, warns him that they are ready. An electric current regulates the time throughout the house, Mr. Houdin's study clock being the standard. Every morning this clock sends, at different hours, electric impulses to awaken three persons. But in addition, the apparatus forces them to rise, by continuing to sound until the circuit is broken by moving a small key placed at the further end of the room. To do this the sleeper must rise, and then the object sought is accomplished. The temperature of the green-house is also recorded by electricity, so that the gardener can not neglect his duties without his master knowing all about it; and he evidently regards Houdin as a sorcerer.

There are several American sculptors who have taken up their residence in Florence. Powers, indeed, has become, as it were, a part of Florence. His studio comprises five or six large halls, in which a dozen skilled workmen are constantly employed. The cast of his busts and statues, and the repetitions in marble which are being wrought out, form a tolerably complete gallery of his labors as a sculptor. One of his most recent works represents a tall, beautiful Indian woman as in the act of running, but with a weariness of body and limb which indicates that the end of her flight is near. Her head is turned to one side, as if listening to the sound of pursuit. The face expresses both fear and pain, not sharp and desperate, but dulled by the knowledge of an inevitable fate.

Since he first came to Florence, in 1838, Powers has made fully five hundred portrait busts, besides a number of ideal works, all of which have been repeated. The bust of Proserpine, for instance, enjoys such a remarkable popularity that it has been reproduced in marble more than *eighty* times.

It is said that there are more than one hundred and fifty manufactories of India rubber articles in America and Europe, each employing from three to five hundred operatives, and consuming more than ten millions of pounds of gum per annum. Yet the business is considered in its infancy; certainly it is increasing. Nevertheless, there is no probability of the demand for material exceeding the supply. The belt of land around the globe, five hundred miles each side of the Equator, abounds in gum-producing trees; and they can be tapped, it is said, for twenty successive seasons. Forty-three thousand of these trees have been counted in a tract of country thirty miles long and eight wide. Each tree yields about three table-spoonfuls daily, but the trees are so close together that a man can gather the sap of eighty in a day.

The discovery of the virtues of coffee as a beverage is ascribed to the superior of a monastery in Arabia, who, desirous of preventing the monks from sleeping at their nocturnal services, made them drink the infusion of coffee, having heard the shepherds of the country say that they observed their flocks were more lively after browsing on the fruit of the plant. Its reputation spread through the adjacent countries, and in about two hundred years it had reached Paris. A single plant brought there in 1714 became the parent stock of the French coffee plantations in the West Indies. The Dutch introduced it into Java and the East Indies, and the French and Spanish all over South America and the West Indies.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

VERY ALARMING.—The Waterford *Mail* says the intense heat in that part of Ireland has created quite a frenzy among the cattle, who are rushing about the country, half mad, in all directions. An excited mob of British Bulls is bad enough; but think of a stampede of frantic Irish Bulls! Perhaps they are all moving toward Rome, to be canonized into Papal Bulls. Nothing more crazy can well be imagined.

An Irishman wants to save four thousand dollars. He is in doubt whether to save $200 a year for twenty years, or $20 for two hundred years.

We do not wish to make young people during their courtship unhappy, but who was it said, "Love makes Time fly: then Time makes Love fly?" Surely a Frenchman.

A well-dressed and rather pompous youth asked a young lady who was reading in the cars, "Is that seat engaged, Madam?"

The answer was direct: "Yes, Sir, and I am engaged too!" and the lady resumed her reading.

A suppressed titter from some ladies close by caused the young gentleman to make his exit.

CHANGE OF RELIGION.—During the dog-days Mayor Hoffman has become a *Muzzle*-man.

THE DEMOCRATIC CHERUB HAS NOTHING TO STAND ON.

QUITE RIGHT.—The gentleman who, a week or two back, "*spoke against time*" at a public meeting, has been obliged to apologize!

A "LIGHT EMPLOYMENT"—Candle-making.

"Pa, is Pennsylvania the father of all the other States?"

"Certainly not, my child; why did you ask that question?"

"'Cause I see all the newspapers call it Pa."

The gentleman whose "back was *turned*" when we last saw him, writes to tell us that he has received no benefit from the operation—as *yet!*

"Ah!" said a mischievous wag to a lady acquaintance of an aristocratic cast, "I perceive you have been learning a trade."

"Learning a trade?" replied the lady, indignantly; "you are very much mistaken."

"Oh, I thought by the looks of your cheeks you had turned painter."

The lady waxed wrathy, and the wag vamosed.

HOW TO SLEEP IN CHURCH.

Assuming that it is a duty, let us consider the manner of performing it. Like all other Christian practices, there ought to be uniformity in the manner.

1. It is an improper manner of performing this duty to nod, and for the plain reason that the worshiper attracts too much attention. We are every where taught to avoid ostentatious display in our worship. The Pharisees were condemned for praying at corners of the street, that they might be seen of men. On the same principle the nodding worshiper is condemned, for he is making too public a display of his devotions.

2. Nor is it proper to snore in the performance of this duty—partly for the foregoing reasons; but mainly because it is a direct infraction of the golden rule. Suppose, for instance, that your next-door neighbor is asleep; by your snoring he will be disturbed, probably awakened. This is not doing unto others as you would they should do to you.

3. It is wrong to injure one's health while offering worship; and all physicians admit that to sleep with the head thrown back and the mouth wide open is liable to produce sore throat and hoarseness. Besides, flies sometimes get into the mouth on such occasions, and by their injurious explorations tickle the delicate membranes and cause horrible sternutations and coughing, which is very injurious to health.

4. To sleep with head resting on the arms of the worshiper and the face buried up in the cuffs of the coat, is the most improper way of offering a sleep worship. First, because it is also injurious to health, and, mainly, because it is a direct violation of the Scriptures, which command us to let our light so shine that men may profit by our example. In this case it is impossible to know whether the Christian worshiper is asleep or awake. It is a positive case of lukewarmness—neither the one thing nor the other.

An officer who was inspecting his company one morning spied one private whose shirt was sadly begrimed.

"Patrick O'Flinn," called out the captain.

"Here, yer Honor!" promptly responded Patrick, with hand to his cap.

"How long do you wear a shirt?" thundered the officer.

"*Twenty-eight inches long,*" was the rejoinder.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

The baker and his customer
A kindred nature show;
The latter needs the "staff of life,"
The former *kneads* the dough!

If "a pin a day is a groat a year," as the proverb has it, what will ten-pins every day bring a man to?—To the bowling-alley, we suppose.

LOVE'S LABOR LOST—A hen setting on wooden eggs.

TO REFORMERS.—The man who would "mend the age," must put a "stitch in time."

WEATHER-WISE.—Always be particular in observing where the wind drops; you may be called on to raise it at a moment's notice.

The Democratic Party nails its flag to the mast of a vanquished ship, and goes down with shouts of defiance.

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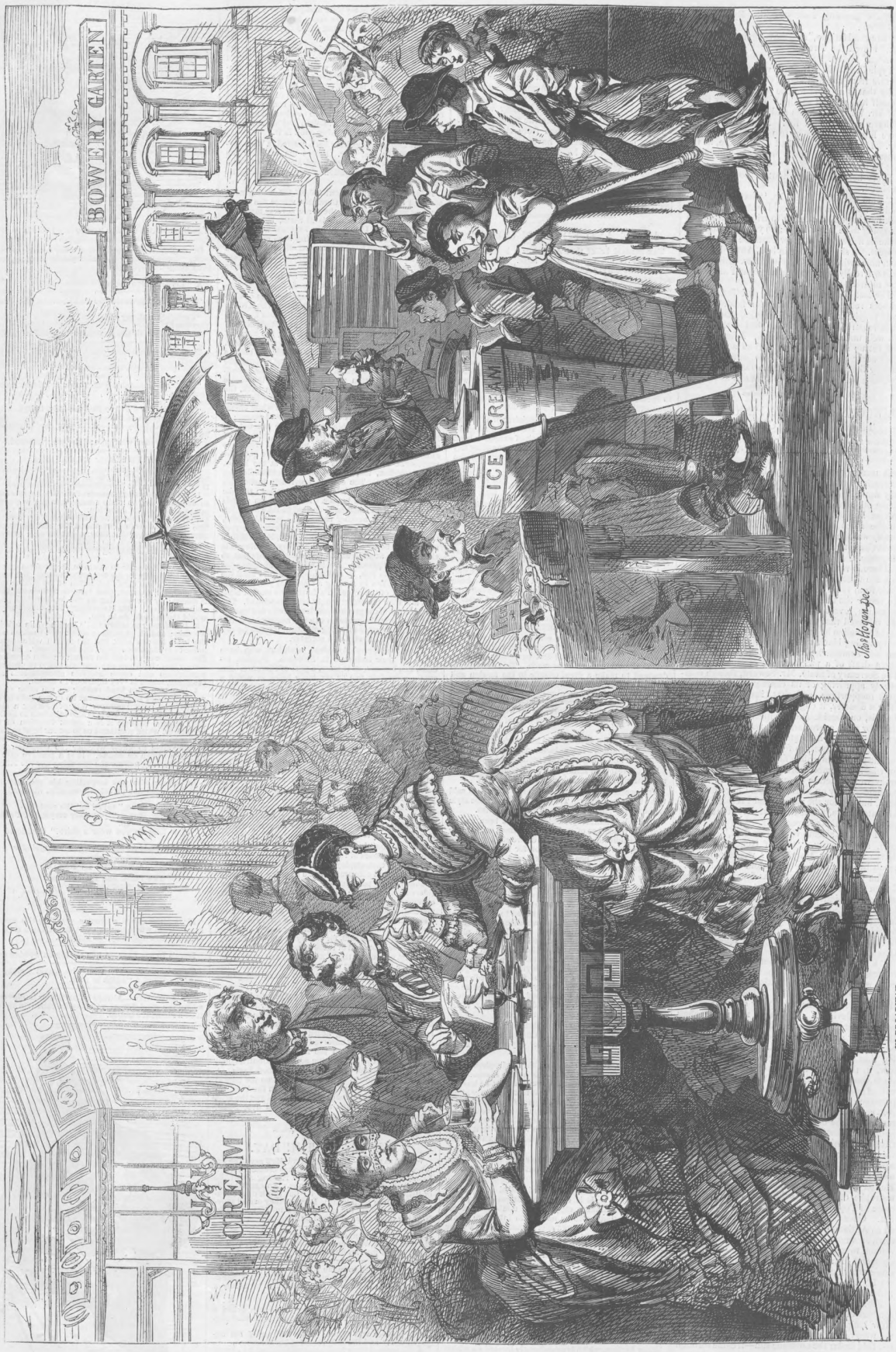

IN THE BOWERY.

IN BROADWAY.

"UP AMONG THE NINETIES."—[SEE PAGE 521.]

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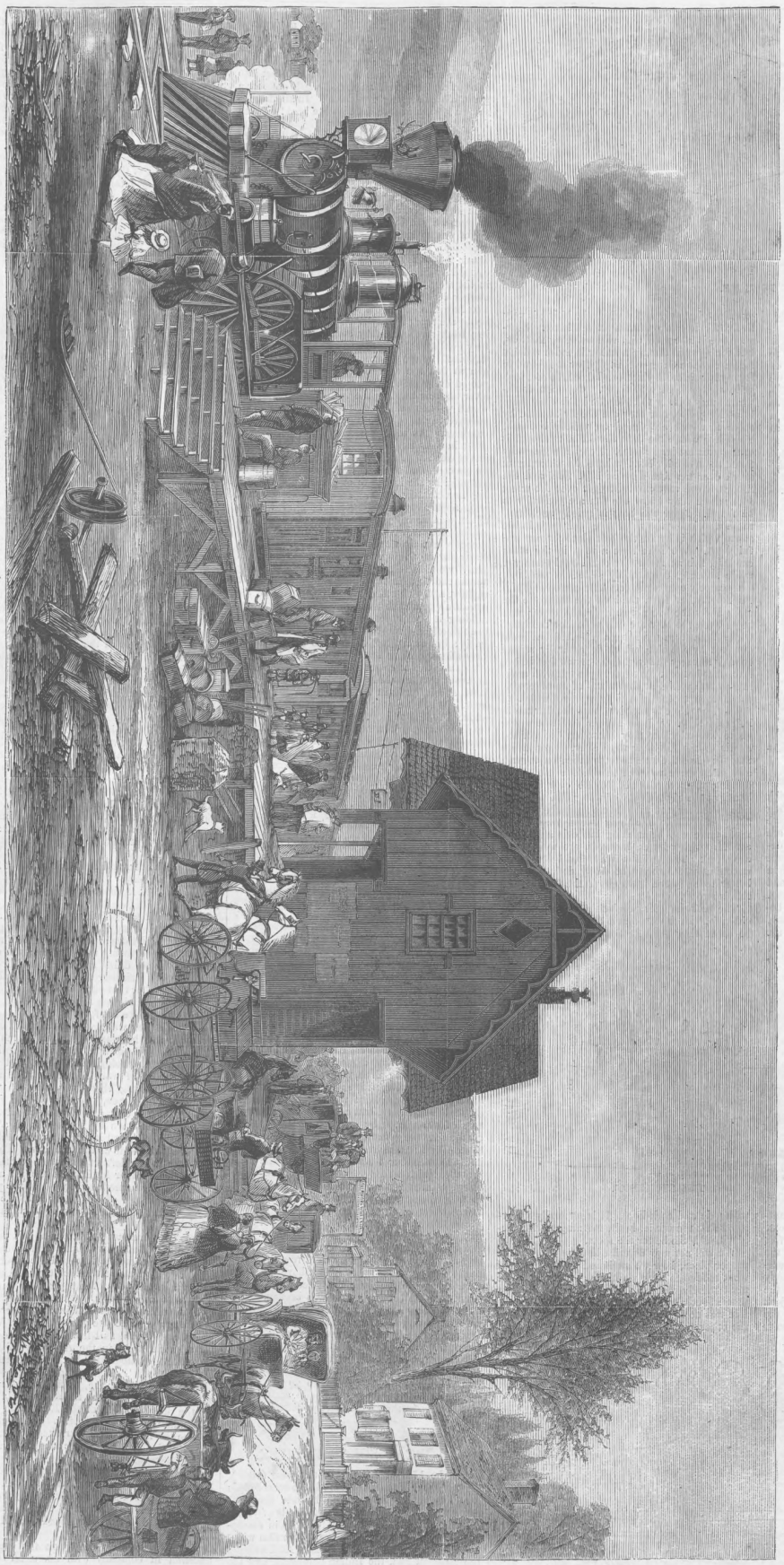

"THE VILLAGE DÉPOT."—FROM A PAINTING BY E. L. HENRY.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD, 839 BROADWAY.]

"UP AMONG THE NINETIES."

HE was a very sensible, as well as witty and devout man, who, during the late "torrid term" in this city, thanked Heaven that it *was* a *term*, and found its natural limit at last. It was, alas! the unnatural limit to many lives. That terrible July week of hot days and suffocating nights will be long remembered by its mortality rate. Nothing like it has been known in a quarter of a century—the rate of deaths from sun-stroke was greater than that of the cholera; the city mortality usual to the season was more than doubled; and the deaths from heat were twice as great as was ever known, except in the year 1866, and was considerably greater than in that year. The fatal heat—the close atmosphere—penetrated every where, and all classes were affected by it; and sun-strokes were as frequent within doors as in the open air.

We gave lately a full account of the horrible scenes at the Morgue and the hospitals. They were not the only places affected by the consequences of the heat, but the public places of amusement and the churches were deserted; the streets were promenaded by gentlemen in their shirt-sleeves; the cooler spots were crowded to suffocation; the residents of Fifth Avenue stole a lesson from the denizens of the Five Points, and made evening lounging-places and even bedrooms of their house-tops. One of our artists (probably struck by an idea rather than the sun, and drawing inspiration rather than disease from the heat-poisoned atmosphere) has happily illustrated the "torrid term" in our engraving on page 500, from another and more pleasant point of view than that which we adopted last week. The picture at the same time presents most admirably the contrast existing between Broadway and the Bowery, those two great arteries of the city, filled almost to bursting with such different blood. Every citizen of New York will recognize instantly the accuracy of the picture; nothing could more clearly convey to the minds of the thousands of distant readers, who are always wishing to know more about New York, the vast difference between the two great streets, and the two great classes of the metropolis. Each scene is a very frequent one; but you never see the Broadway character in the Bowery, and the Bowery waifs do not deign to lunch on Broadway. The elegant saloon and the stylish dresses are never seen in the Bowery, and, thanks in part to an efficient police, the nuisances of street eating-counters are not often found on Broadway.

THE MARYLAND FLOOD.

ADDITIONAL particulars of the Maryland flood indicate that the disaster was much more serious, both to life and property, than was at first supposed. We give on page 517 several illustrations of the scenes at Baltimore and Ellicott City which, with those presented last week, will give the reader an idea of the horrors of the flood.

Our first engraving shows the scene on Jones's Falls at Hillen Street, Baltimore, on the second evening after the subsidence of the flood. The drawing was taken from just above Hillen Street, looking down Jones's Falls, as the usually narrow and shallow stream is called, toward the accumulated débris of the flood at the bridge across Gay Street.

The engraving at the bottom of the same page represents the scene at the same time on Harrison Street, through which, it will be remembered, the water ran in great fury. At the time the sketch was made order had been restored, but such order was never seen before. The streets were filled with broken and muddy furniture, the awnings were hung with grass, driftwood, and various other substances which had floated down with the angry tide; the cellars of the houses were filled with water; the basement floors were uninhabitable, and the residents were confined to their upper chambers.

The other illustration shows the scene of the greatest destruction, at Ellicott City. It was on the east bank of the river that the flood was most destructive. The greater part of the buildings destroyed were there situated, and all the persons whose lives were lost were dwellers in this ill-fated section. So complete is the destruction on that side that those entering the town in that direction scarcely recognize it as once forming a material part of the flourishing city. In all thirty-two buildings were swept away, thirty of which were dwellings, and the lives of forty-three persons are known to have been lost. The entire row of houses between the turnpike bridge and the Patapsco Mills were all swept away. The most of the persons whose lives were lost were occupants of houses in this row.

The Granite cotton-mill, belonging to BENJAMIN DEFORD, of Baltimore, an immense structure, erected in the most substantial manner at a cost of $50,000, was among the most valuable buildings destroyed. The ruins of this mill are shown on the left of our engraving. All the employés in the factory escaped, except MATHIAS M'CAULEY, an old man, employed as a cloth-packer, who perished with the building.

Next in point of loss was that sustained by the Patapsco flour-mills. CHARLES A. GAMBRILL'S lower flour-mill was entirely swept away, there being scarcely a vestige left to mark where it stood. WILLIAM STELL and another man, WILLIAM SNYDER, were in the mill at the time, and with its ruins were carried down the stream. STELL was subsequently rescued at the Relay House, six miles below. His body was badly cut and bruised by coming in contact with the floating débris. The upper mill was also materially damaged, the northwest corner being washed out, and all the machinery on the lower floor, together with a large quantity of flour, etc., carried away. The bridge belonging to the mills across the Patapsco, connecting with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, was swept away.

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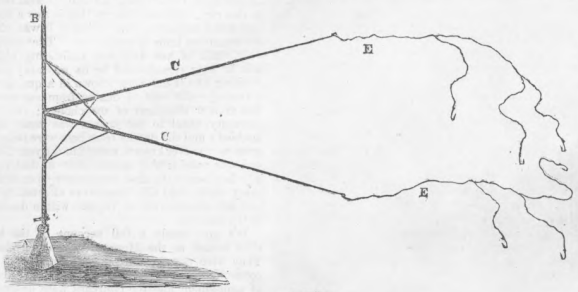
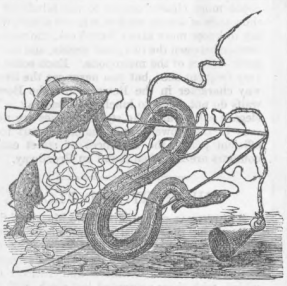


THE BOWLINE.

PERCH FISHING AND STURGEON CATCHING.

IT was a hot day in July. We were going to fish for perch in the Delaware—that sport of which the ladies are so fond—and the plan we had determined on was one we had often followed with success. There are various methods of fishing for perch, but the one most in vogue in our neighborhood was to use the "bowline" from a boat. As all our readers may not be familiar with this piscatorial instrument as illustrated above we will describe it. A is a "dipsy lead," weighing nearly a pound. B is a stout cord, held in the hand of the fisherman. C C are slender rods of whalebone, to the extremities of which are fastened long catgut snoods, E E, holding two or three hooks each. Upon the delicate elasticity of the "bow" (as the whalebones are called), much of the success of the fisherman depends. Sometimes the bows are in one piece and bent at an angle of about 90°, but are often in two parts, each about fifteen inches long, and joined at the angle for convenience in carrying. The bow is supported and steadied above and below, as is shown in the drawing, and should hang, almost horizontally, about ten inches above the lead. The tide, carrying out the snoods and hooks, causes them to float near the bottom of the river, and at such a distance from the rest of the apparatus that the fish are not led to suspect the existence of deception; while the whole arrangement, in a well made bowline, is such that the slightest nibble will be felt by the forefinger of the fisherman. Frequently six fish will be hauled up at a time, as often as the line can be baited and lowered. Now there is no doubt that to pull up a perch on several or each of the hooks is very pleasant and encouraging, but if one of the fish happens to be an eel the case is widely different, and it must be got off the line quickly and decisively, or such a "mess" will ensue as may put an end to one's fishing for an hour. The appearance of a line, if an eel is not instantly removed, is something like that in the cut. Add to the trouble of disentanglement the fact that every thing is covered with slime from the body of the unfortunate *anguilla*, and the comfort of the situation can be imagined. A heavy knife or small hatchet is very useful when the eel can not be detached by the dextrous jerk known to experienced fishermen. As to the bait there are various kinds in use. Shad roe is excellent, but only useful when the biting is very lively, for it easily washes off the hook. Sturgeon roe is also used, and various other matters, but for general fishing nothing is more reliable for perch than dung-worms. They are found in barn-yards, in moist places, and should be red, with yellow rings, and very lively. Common earth-worms may answer to cover the hook when there is nothing else, but they are chiefly affected by those fish that are found on muddy bottoms. The place where the boat should be anchored is of the greatest importance. Perch are generally found upon sand "bars," where the water is not much over ten feet deep at high tide, and the fishermen are very careful to get over the exact spot where they know the fish are generally to be found. After the boat is quietly anchored, those who know the most take their seats in the stern, which is by far the best place for successful sport. We have seen a man in the stern catching fish as fast as he could haul them up, while another, comfortably seated in the bow, had scarcely ever a nibble. The reason is plain, for the further from the boat the lines are the more likely the fish are to approach them; and those from the bow are carried under the boat, while those from the stern are floated out some distance by the tide, which is generally strong enough to carry the lead eight or ten feet before it touches bottom. We have been out with amateurs who sneered at the efforts of more experienced men to find the right spot at which to anchor. "Here is the river, and the fish are in it," said they. "Let's anchor any where and go to work." But they knew but little of the habits of the fish they were after, being aware that they had the bad taste to lunch on worms, and often came to grief in consequence of indulging their appetites. While over a sand-bank, at the right depth of water and phase of tide, perch may be caught in abundance, so at a few yards' distance, among reeds, weeds, and mud, there will be nothing but eels and a few cat-fish (which latter, however, are well worth catching). The position illustrated below is not uncommon. As may be easily deduced, it is better to anchor a little above the bank if the tide is strong.



A MESS.

The best time for perch-fishing is during the ebb-tide. In the flood and high tides they may be taken near shore, among the spatterdocks, with pole and cork-line. It is generally understood that the earlier in the morning the tide begins to ebb the better the sport.

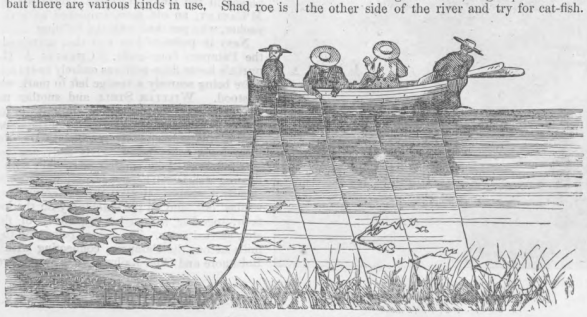
THE STURGEON.

We will not now describe how we reached the proper place, how we anchored and fished, and what moderate luck we had. These things we must merely mention, and proceed to tell how that about three o'clock we concluded, as the tide was no longer suitable, to go up a creek on the other side of the river and try for cat-fish. With this intention we pulled up the anchor and rowed leisurely toward the Pennsylvania shore. When we were about a quarter of a mile from the shore, and pulling gently at the aft oar, we saw rise swiftly up from the depths, ten feet into the air, and but half an oar's length distant, a great, white, shining apparition! In another instant a great sturgeon fell into the boat! Seven feet long he was, and terribly frightened; and he tossed and rolled and lashed his tail, so that had we been in a light boat we should certainly have been introduced into the sturgeon's element almost as quickly as he was into ours. But the stout fishing-boat was wide enough and strong enough to hold a raging sturgeon; and so it held him safely, and he raged in vain. For an instant we sat in silence. The surprise and fright was so sudden that we only stared at the great fish, which, now having wedged his head under the seat, began to lash his tail and body about in a fearful manner. From their position in the stern two of the party were in imminent danger of being knocked overboard every time that immense tail swept by them, which it did at about the rate of thirty times a minute. Crowding back as far as they could get themselves, they held up their feet so as to be out of the arc described by the sturgeon's tail. We soon began to feel the necessity of acting, for we expected every moment that, with his body for a lever and his head as the fulcrum, the sturgeon would wrench off the seat under which he was endeavoring to squeeze himself, and thus injure the boat. As their position prevented action, those in the stern could only shout "Knock him in the head!" Another—a novice—hastily put on his coat, and seizing his basket, seemed to be actuated by the intention of getting out and going immediately home. However, he stopped, and, apparently changing his mind, sat down again, still tightly grasping his effects.

Therefore it was that the man in the bow was the only one on whom we could rely. He was ready for any thing. "Take an oar and kill him!" we shouted; and seizing one, and striding across the boat, in front of the prostrate fish, he rapidly, and with all his might, began to ram the creature's head with the handle of the heavy oar, holding it nearly perpendicularly, so as to get the full effect. Most of the mighty blows struck fairly; but as the fish's head was rounded, and very slippery, those strokes which slid off came with their full force on the bottom of the boat. In about a minute he had a hole in the sturgeon's head and a crack in the bottom planks of the boat. When we saw the water coming in we shouted to him to stop. But no; his blood was up; the sturgeon was not yet dead; and until he was—whang! bang! crack! crash! In a few minutes the apertures in both the boat and the sturgeon's head were considerably enlarged; and perceiving that the fish was nearly dead, and that the boat was nearly swamped, the mighty rammer ceased his efforts.

As we had no time to spare, if we wished to reach the shore before the boat should fill with water, the gentlemen at the stern let down their feet and passed their disabled enemy; and four oars being manned, we ran the boat ashore at the mouth of the creek before she had time to swamp. There we hauled up, and examined into our condition. The boat and the sturgeon were the greatest sufferers. The latter, however, showed that he was not as easily defeated as we supposed; for on attempting to handle him he began to flounder about in such a way as to show that he had enough life in him to give us trouble yet, particularly as he seemed desirous of squeezing his way up toward the bow of the boat, where he would interfere with our rowing. However, we tied him to the seat in such a way as to keep him there for the short time he had to live; and then, after resting and congratulating ourselves upon our good luck in securing the fish, and escaping with so little damage, we concluded to row to our starting-place, which we thought could be done by keeping near shore and continuously bailing. It proved hard work, but we reached the tavern in safety, and astonished the inhabitants of the village by our extraordinary haul. By the time the great fish had had ropes attached to him and had been hauled on shore, and we had collected our lines, baskets, etc., the boat was filled with water up to her gunwales. The sturgeon measured several inches over seven feet in length, and was estimated to weigh, at the least, two hundred pounds.

Such adventures as this of ours are not of common occurrence, although more than fifty years ago the same thing happened to the writer's father and his brother, as they were rowing across the Delaware, about thirty miles above where we were fishing; but they did not secure the sturgeon, and the brother's arm was broken. The fishermen told us that though these fish very often sprang out of water, near their boats, they seemed perfectly able to avoid coming nearer than was safe for themselves and the boatmen; but our man asserted that they were so much worse of late years than they had been when he was young that he was afraid to go out alone, for he considered that they made entirely too close shaves in their gymnastic performances.



ANCHORING ANY WHERE.

A GREAT SOLAR ECLIPSE.

ON the 17th of August, of this year (1868), there will occur the most remarkable solar eclipse that has taken place within historic times, or that will take place for many hundreds of years. A black shadow upward of 140 miles in diameter, surrounded by a penumbra 4000 miles wide, will sweep from the eastern parts of Africa across the Arabian Sea, the Indian peninsula, and the East Indian Archipelago—a distance of more than 8000 miles. The Royal and the Astronomical Societies of Great Britain have sent out expeditions, well supplied with telescopes, spectroscopes, polariscopes—in fact, with all the appliances of modern astronomical science—to take advantage of so favorable an opportunity for obtaining an answer to the interesting questions respecting solar physics which have been suggested by the phenomena of former eclipses. The Russian Government has sent an expedition to Aden, almost the nearest point at which the eclipse will be visible as a total one. The French Government sends out M. Jansen, the eminent observer, at the head of a well-appointed expedition. The Pope sends out Father Secchi. Mr. Pogson, the superintendent of the Government observatory at Madras, will also take part in the work of observing the eclipse. He has been supplied by Mr. Huggins, the eminent spectroscopist, with instruments for analyzing the light from the corona and the colored prominences. A particular interest is attached to the inquiry in consequence of the remarkable discoveries which have been made during the past few years by direct examination of the solar orb. The whirling motion of the solar spots; their strange periodicity; the singular association which exists between this periodicity and the periodicity of terrestrial magnetic variations; the suspected influence of the planets upon the solar atmosphere; these and many other singular discoveries await interpretation, and a strong impression prevails among astronomers that the solution of these problems will be hastened if the observations of the great eclipse should prove successful. Every thing seems favorable—the regularity of the Indian climate; the long range of inhabited country traversed by the shadow; the careful preparation which has been made for spectroscopic observation, and for taking photographic views of the phenomena presented during the totality. All these circumstances, and the exceptional character of the eclipse itself, combine to afford promise of interesting and important discoveries.

SHANNON'S MODEL.

IMMEDIATELY to the right of the space in the handsome galleries of the Academy of Design allotted to water-colors there has been, since the opening night of this Annual Exhibition, a large vacant space. The fact that the position is one of the best lighted in the room makes visitors, who are not wholly ignorant of the troubles of "hanging committees," wonder why it is not filled. Some of the invited guests, who were present on the opening night, and who remember the scene which occurred in front of the large painting catalogued "No. 123. Venus Rising from the Sea," which hung there for that single evening, may know why it hangs there no longer, and it may be they are aware of the romance connected therewith; but few even of these can have heard the particulars of the final dénouement of this singular family history. Hence I tell it.

In the spring of 1865 Mr. Thomas B. Shannon entered my study, and, throwing himself on the lounge with a fatigued air, exclaimed:

"Well, congratulate me!"

"On what?"

"Work is over, and I am ready at last for my two years' holiday."

"Your work is about to begin, I suppose you mean."

"No, no, I say. It is over, I tell you. Oh! you don't know, my dear fellow, the drudgery of talking commissions; the settlement of money-matters; the drawing up of terms; the closing of bargains with drafts and checks which I can't understand. Painting the pictures is nothing. That is the labor that physics all pain—the labor I delight in. Painting is pleasure."

But, to be more brief, Shannon explained that the commissions which he had sought had been obtained, and he was authorized to make one large equestrian portrait, two large paintings illustrative of mythological subjects, and several from sketches of war incidents and American scenery. Among them was one of "Venus Rising from the Sea," for Mr. Gideon L. Vanderwater of this city, a gentleman of culture and wealth, well known by the artists as a liberal patron, and admired by them as a sensible and critical connoisseur of the fine arts. The artist was very wisely left uninstructed in his treatment of the rather hackneyed theme; a handsome sum was named as the price of the picture, and the privilege of exhibiting it before its delivery to the purchaser was also claimed and granted.

It is not necessary to narrate at this point the incidents of Shannon's two and a half years' stay in Rome, or to notice in detail the result of his labors. Only one of the incidents of that residence, and only one of the pictures painted by him, have aught to do with this history. The incident will be mentioned in its proper place; the picture was the one ordered by Mr. Vanderwater, and which, as I have before stated, hung for a single night in the Academy of Design, New York, catalogued "No. 123. Venus Rising from the Sea. T. B. Shannon."

Unfortunately for me, as the narrator of this story, I did not arrive at the Academy of Design on the opening night of the Exhibition of 1868 until a late hour of the evening. I am compelled to give the facts of the occurrences on that evening from the statement made to me by Mr. Shannon.

The painting arrived from Europe but a few days before the opening of the Exhibition, and was hung immediately without being previously shown to Mr. Vanderwater. It was, therefore, only after being there displayed that Mr. Vanderwater saw it.

He entered the Academy on the evening in question in company with his sister and his youngest daughter, his wife and eldest daughter being at this time in Europe. Soon after entering the room he descried Mr. Shannon, and making his way through the crowd he arrested him

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and welcomed him home again in very warm terms. At the end of the conversation Miss Vanderwater, taking Mr. Shannon's arm, joined with her father in begging the artist to guide them to the picture in which they were all interested—either as painter or purchaser. Shannon might have consistently declined in the mixed crowd present, all of whom could not know the circumstances of the case and the relations of the parties to himself as far as the picture was concerned, but having no false modesty, and caring little for the opinion of those of the crowd who did not know him, and not fearing that of those who did, he acted as the guide of Mr. Vanderwater and the ladies, and escorted them to the picture.

On first looking at the painting there came from Mr. Vanderwater and his fair companions simultaneous cries, not of admiration, but astonishment. Miss Vanderwater dropped the arm of the artist, and convulsively clasping that of her father, pointed nervously to the picture and whispered in his ear. His sister made similar movements, and a hurried exchange of whispers was had between the two ladies. Mr. Vanderwater passed his hands before his eyes, readjusting his eye-glasses as if fearful they had deceived him; and then, after a few seconds of observation of the picture, he turned full upon Mr. Shannon, who stood slightly in the back-ground. A number of the promenaders, attracted by the strange manner of Mr. Vanderwater and the ladies, had gathered near by, and now observed with evident interest the scene enacted before the picture.

At length Mr. Vanderwater spoke, addressing himself to Mr. Shannon in curt but still impassioned phrases, in which the emotion he felt was smothered but not concealed:

"The face of your Venus is not a conception of your own?" he asked.

Mr. Shannon did not answer.

"It is a portrait?" continued Mr. Vanderwater, still interrogatively.

Still Mr. Shannon did not answer. He afterward confessed to me that he was somewhat surprised by the questions.

"Come, Sir," continued Mr. Vanderwater, "you must answer. You had a model for that face—and figure."

"Yes," answered Shannon—"yes, I had a model."

"Who?"

"I beg pardon, Mr. Vanderwater; *that* you have no right to ask."

"But I do ask—I will know—I have a right."

"When you have proved the right I *may* answer the question."

"That is too easily proved, I fear. Here!" he exclaimed, seizing and opening a locket which hung around his daughter's neck, "do you see this? That is her portrait."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Shannon, looking at the face in the locket. "How came you by this?"

"It is the same then?"

"The same? yes. But how here—how came you with it?"

"Easily enough, Sir. The lady—your *model*, Sir," with a sneer and curl of his lip, "is my wife."

Before Shannon could speak Mr. Vanderwater turned, and said:

"You shall hear from me again." And full of rage the old man left the room, bearing the ladies on his arms, and endeavoring as best he could, but with little success, to conceal the emotion and excitement under which he was laboring.

Shannon was utterly dumfounded by the dénouement, and I found him on entering the Academy, ten minutes after this occasion, endeavoring to reconcile the conflicting facts. He at once informed me of the incident—the simultaneous recognition by Mr. Vanderwater, his sister and daughter, of the remarkable portrait, the statement of Mr. Vanderwater that the model was his wife; the possession by him of a photograph of the lady, and yet the impossibility of her being, as he had asserted, his wife.

He suddenly turned to me, and said:

"Has Mr. Vanderwater been twice married?"

"No," I answered.

"Then his wife, if the mother of the young lady I met this evening, is a woman of forty or more."

"About forty-two, I should say. She married young."

"Then it can not be her. But, pshaw! what am I thinking of? Of course she can not be *his* wife, as—"

He hesitated, and I asked,

"Why?"

"It's of no consequence. She is a young woman, not over nineteen."

"Did you explain this?"

"I had not time. He left me so abruptly."

"You can of course satisfy him that the lady is not his wife."

"I can at least *assure* him so, for I never saw Mrs. Vanderwater in my life."

"Yet she has been for a year past in Europe—the last winter in Rome."

"Singular, isn't it? Nevertheless, my model was not Mrs. Vanderwater."

"Who was she?"

"A young Italian girl whom I met *en route* to Florence in 1865, when I was going to Rome. She was alone—in trouble—evidently flying from some one. I protected her, and she accompanied me to Rome."

"Where you set her up in business as a model, and otherwise protected—"

"Stop, Harry; no jokes on that subject."

"I beg pardon, my boy, but—"

"I can tell you no more than this."

"Will that satisfy Vanderwater?"

"To tell you the truth, my dear fellow, I don't care whether it does or not. I shall explain no further."

On the following day I saw Mr. Vanderwater. I was not authorized by Shannon to do so, but I presumed on our long friendship—though somewhat cooled since his return from Rome, some other friend having won some of his affection—to act in his interest. Mr. Vanderwater gave me a warmer reception, on my announcing my business, than I had expected, and at once took me into his library.

"I had thought to send to you for Mr. Shannon's address," he said.

I named his hotel. He had usually stopped at my house; but on his return he had gone to a quiet hotel in the city, and had declined to make my house his home as usual.

"Thank you. I would prefer to communicate with him through you, if you are in any way authorized to act for him in the matter of our business arrangements."

"But I am not," I answered.

"Then, will you act for me? I am desirous of closing our agreement for this picture. I am ready to pay the balance due him, and will make him a liberal allowance in addition to the sum agreed on, if he will renounce the privilege of exhibiting it further."

"Under the circumstances, I can promise that he will consent to the removal; but he will decline any consideration for doing so."

"Thank you. Will you see him, give him this check—filling it up for the amount you can agree on as right, you acting for me—and obtain his consent to the withdrawal of the picture from the Academy?"

I did so. I saw Shannon, paid the balance, closed the account, and carried his transfer of the picture to Mr. Vanderwater.

The same day the picture was removed from the Academy, and passed into the hands of Mr. Vanderwater. What disposition was made of it at that time I do not know.

As we left the building Mr. Vanderwater requested me to go with him to his residence, as he had a second and more serious communication to make through me to Mr. Shannon. We got into a cross-town car, which was passing the Academy at the moment, and started for his house.

As we were making the sharp curve in front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, at Madison Square, I was suddenly roused from some meditations into which I had fallen by a sharp, nervous grasp of my arm. I turned in my seat. It was Vanderwater who had startled me. He was bent in his seat gazing fiercely through the low windows of the car, and pointing at an open carriage, which came from lower Fifth Avenue, and was crossing the square, going north. In it sat Shannon, and beside him a lady.

I recognized Mrs. Vanderwater!

Her husband, too, had seen her, but instead of springing from the car and pursuing the carriage, which was now passing rapidly through upper Fifth Avenue, he sat like one in a stupor. He did not speak a word, but sat like a statue in his place, and almost as white and cold. When we had reached the street on the car route nearest to his house we got out. He took my arm, but showed no other sign of emotion. We walked a block, and turned the corner nearest his house. We were surprised to find a carriage at the door, and the servants removing baggage from it into the house. He quickened his step, drawing me rapidly with him. As we entered the gate and were ascending the steps a slight scream was heard in the parlors, followed by a cry of "Papa! papa!" and there came bounding out to meet him a young girl still in her traveling-dress. She threw her arms around his neck. It was his daughter—the one who had been traveling in Europe with her mother. She smothered him with kisses, and he carried her, half fainting with joy, and amidst her convulsive sobs, into the parlor, whither I followed. Miss Vanderwater was there, and, seeing my natural embarrassment, she came up to me and told me the particulars of her sister's unexpected arrival. Her statement was interrupted by the father, who started up and asked, wildly,

"And your mother—where is she?"

"She remains in Europe," answered his daughter. "Oh! papa—"

"In Europe? Are you sure?"

"Yes, yes; but let me tell you all about it. Oh, papa! do you know ma thinks she has found Nellie?"

"Found Nellie!" exclaimed the father.

"Oh, it is so strange! When we were in Rome early this year the Consul there told ma of a lady who had lately been privately married to a friend of his, and who strangely resembled her; and the likeness was so remarkable that the Consul afterward frequently referred to it. One day he brought us her photograph; he told us that the lady and her husband had left Rome for Paris, and that he supposed there was no harm in showing us the photograph as confirmation of what he had said about the likeness. When he gave the photograph to mamma she just glanced at it and fainted away."

Mr. Vanderwater stared at his daughter in amazement.

"When she came to, which was in a few moments, she said to me, 'It is your sister, dear—I feel it is my lost baby.' The Consul did not know what it all meant, and I was too much agitated to tell him. When ma was sufficiently calmed she told him the story of how Nellie had been lost in Paris, fifteen years before, and how all search for her had been in vain. He at once became interested in the case, and set persons to work to trace up the gentleman and his wife. He said the gentleman had strong reasons for keeping the marriage a secret—that he wished to conceal Nellie's antecedents. Oh, papa, she has been a model for one of the artists in Rome"—and amidst her sobs the agitated young girl went on to explain that the Consul and Mrs. Vanderwater were in Paris, endeavoring to trace the couple whose names he would not divulge; while she, the daughter, had been hurried home to inform her father of the discovery.

Instantly the truth flashed upon both our minds—the father's and mine.

"Quick, quick!" he said to me. "You can catch them in the coach. Bring them here immediately!"

I needed no second bidding. I sprang into the coach, from which Miss Vanderwater's baggage had by this time been removed, and after a few words of direction to the driver I was soon whirling through the avenue in the direction of Central Park. It was only after passing as rapidly as the rules permitted through the lower part of the Park that I descried Shannon's carriage in the distance, near the Croton Reservoir, beyond the Ramble. I ordered the coachman to drive up to it, and hailing Shannon, I sprang out of my coach and went up to his. The lady drew her veil more closely about her face, and Shannon, rising in his seat, endeavored to interpose his body between her and me.

"Shannon, I know all," I said.

"Know all? What do you mean, my friend?"

"Let me talk to you in quiet—you and your wife," I said.

He sat down again—sank back, as it were, in his seat. I sprang into his coach, and ordered his driver to turn back. Shannon made no resistance; the lady simply grasped his arm and asked what it all meant?

"I hardly know, my dear," he said; "but there is no reason to be alarmed. I confess," he added, turning to me and smiling, "I am somewhat astonished."

I explained in a few words, so that the lady might understand as well as he, and wound up by telling him the suspicion of Mr. Vanderwater and myself that this was the lost Nellie.

On the way to Vanderwater's Nellie told her history as far as she herself knew it. Her early life had been spent in roaming about Europe; her parents—those she had known as such—were itinerant organ-grinders, who roamed about France and Germany and England. When she was ten years old they left her with a wine-grower in Italy, and she had labored in the vineyard. Subsequently, when older, she had fled from the harsh treatment which she had endured in the wine-grower's family, and in her flight she had encountered Shannon. He had taken her with him to Rome, educated her, and eventually had married her.

I shall not attempt to describe the scene when we entered the house. It is impossible to paint such painfully pathetic scenes without in some way detracting from their pathos and beauty. The reader's imagination can supply a better description.

The remarkable likeness was not the only proof of the relationship which was finally adduced. There was found in Mrs. Shannon's possession a locket, marked N. V., and containing a portrait on ivory of Mrs. Vanderwater at twenty, which proved a perfect picture of Nellie at her present age. The relationship was satisfactorily proved; Mrs. Vanderwater was summoned from Paris by telegraph; and those curious for proof of the truth of this strange statement will find her name in the list of the arrivals by the *Helvetia* on the 27th of June.

It is unnecessary, of course, to pursue this dénouement further; the reader must intuitively know that painting, painter, and model have become domiciled in the house of their owner and father.

JOSEPH G. COGSWELL, LL.D.,

LATE SUPERINTENDENT OF THE ASTOR LIBRARY.

NEXT to the liberal donor of the Astor Library, the public of this city are indebted for its great advantages to the practical and educated Librarian who first systematized and arranged its one hundred thousand volumes. The donor, as is well known, was the late JOHN JACOB ASTOR. The first Librarian of the institution was Dr. JOSEPH G. COGSWELL, whose portrait we give on page 524, accompanied by a brief statement of his quiet but not uneventful life. It is the story of a great success in a singular field of labor.

Dr. COGSWELL from his earliest infancy evinced a great desire to obtain knowledge; he could read well enough at *three* years of age to be admitted to the public schools of his native town of Ipswich, Massachusetts; and he graduated at Harvard in 1802 at the early age of 19. Bad health induced him in the same year to embark in a ship bound to the Cape of Good Hope and Calcutta; he made such good use of his opportunity in acquiring all he could in regard to practical navigation that, on his return to America in 1807, he was urged by Mr. WILLIAM GRAY, a shipowner of Boston, to take command of a large ship then fitting out for a voyage to the north of Europe. He declined the offer in order to study law with FISHER AMES, at Dedham. On the death of Mr. AMES, in 1808, he for a time abandoned the law, and made a business trip to Barbary for Mr. GRAY; on his return he was admitted (1812) to the bar. In the same year he was married to a daughter of J. T. GILMAN, then and for several subsequent terms Governor of New Hampshire.

Mr. COGSWELL left the law, in which he had established himself at Belfast, Maine, in 1813, to accept an appointment as a tutor at Cambridge. He resigned after a year to undertake a commercial venture in the Mediterranean; this completed, he returned to Boston to be met by an advantageous and pleasant offer to accompany a young friend as tutor to Göttingen, and for an European tour subsequently. In this tour he was accompanied by EDWARD EVERETT and GEORGE TICKNOR.

While at Göttingen he first learned to understand the practical importance of a great library, that of the University there being the most systematically classified and arranged, and, for its size, the best in Europe. From Professor BENECKE, one of its principal librarians, he had lectures in the library explaining its arrangement and its mode of administration. The classification, which was the work of HEYNE, was so thoroughly scientific that, when once explained to any one, he could find any book in the library without the aid of librarian or catalogue.

While at Göttingen Mr. COGSWELL was made a Doctor of Philosophy; and then made the "grand tour" of Europe. During the year 1818 he made the tour of Switzerland on foot, traveling in this way over two thousand miles. He had an opportunity subsequently (1819) to examine the library of Dresden, in which he became greatly interested, and in which he learned much of a librarian's peculiar duties from VON FALKENSTEIN, its librarian.

On his return to America in 1821 he was appointed Librarian and Professor of Mineralogy at Harvard. Here he had an opportunity of judging of the general state of the preparatory schools in the country, and from it was led to infer that they could be essentially improved. Mr. GEORGE BANCROFT, who was then also an officer in college, and who had been at the University of Göttingen with him, and had given particular attention to the higher schools of Germany, coincided with him in the above opinion, and agreed to join with him in establishing one of a like standard. "Roundhill School," at Northampton, Massachusetts, was opened by them October, 1823, and within two years it numbered 150 pupils. Its success was followed by the establishment of several similar institutions in different parts of the country, and its influence is seen in the manly and elevated character of many of our most distinguished men who received their early education there. After Mr. BANCROFT retired from it, in 1830, it was continued by Mr. COGSWELL until 1834.

It was in the autumn of 1838 that Mr. JOHN JACOB ASTOR first decided to found a great public library in the city of New York. He had long had in contemplation to bequeath to the city a considerable sum of money as a testimonial of gratitude for the opportunity he had enjoyed in it of acquiring fortune, and of the good feelings he cherished toward it, but had not determined in what way his gift should be appropriated; and for this purpose he consulted with Dr. COGSWELL, who took the liberty to ask Mr. ASTOR what amount he intended to give, and in what way he had thought to have it applied. Mr. ASTOR replied that the sum would be three hundred thousand dollars at least, and that the only object for its appropriation he had thought of was an equestrian statue of WASHINGTON in bronze, of colossal size. In regard to the latter Mr. COGSWELL replied, off-hand, that the value of a statue consisted in its being a tribute of respect from a nation or some great public body, and that from an individual it could only be regarded as a work of art; but as the sum was so much larger than he expected—not then knowing how much Mr. ASTOR liked grand operations—he asked for a little time to deliberate upon it, and to be allowed to give an opinion in writing. Two days after he called again on Mr. ASTOR with the paper containing his opinion and his reasons for it. The substance of this paper was that the sum proposed to be given should not be applied to any object which the Government had power to provide for, or which the common feelings of humanity would be sure to secure, but to one which could only be provided for by private munificence; that among the objects of the latter class there was none of such importance and of such urgent necessity in the city of New York as a great free public library for the use of every one who saw fit to repair to it for information. Mr. ASTOR listened attentively to the paper, and was so satisfied with the reasons given in it that he at once said, in a tone of decision, "A library it shall be." His mind was also made up to carry the project into immediate execution; he directed that a plan of a library edifice should be obtained without delay; and when Mr. COGSWELL went to Europe with his grandson, in 1839, he authorized him to go to Florence and buy the very valuable library which had been formed by Count BOUTOURLIN, and was then offered for sale. Fortunately he was too late; before he reached Europe the library had been sent to Paris, and was then selling by auction. Valuable as it undoubtedly was, it was too exclusively an Italian scholar's library to be of general use in New York. The year after his return to America, by invitation of Mr. ASTOR he became an inmate of his family, and was occupied with him in almost daily conferences about the projected library. Mr. WASHINGTON IRVING and Mr. HENRY BREVOORT often joined in these conferences, and taking every occasion to advise Mr. ASTOR to take measures for carrying his intentions into immediate execution, and this would doubtless have been done but for the indecision arising from age and its infirmities. When Mr. IRVING was appointed Minister to Spain, in 1842, he requested Mr. COGSWELL to go with him as Secretary of Legation, and procured his appointment to that office, which he declined from a fear that if he left Mr. ASTOR it might operate against the library. Nor did he regard this, as was generally supposed, a personal sacrifice made for the public good. He had become strongly attached to Mr. ASTOR, and felt grateful for the uniform kindness with which he had been treated by him, and regarded it as a privilege to listen to the words of wisdom which often fell from his lips; and besides, by daily association with him, he hoped to effect the great purpose which might otherwise fail. Six years passed away in hope deferred, and but for that, on every account most pleasantly. Mr. COGS-

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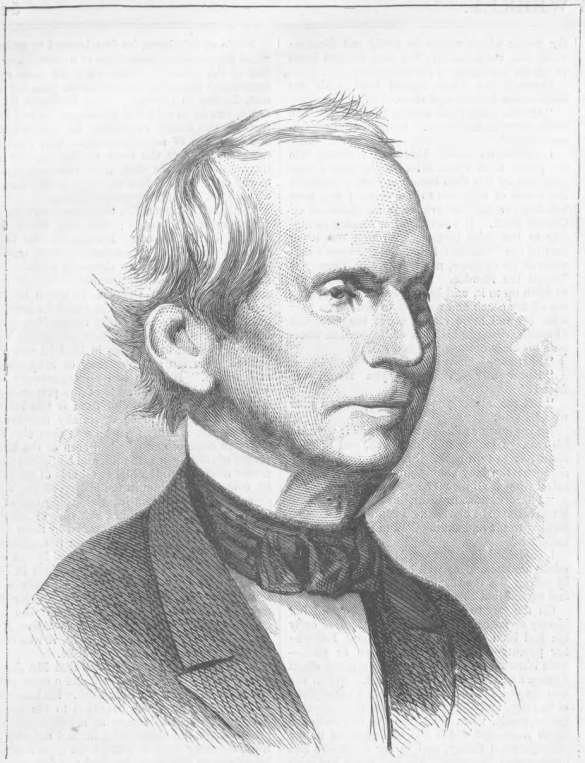

JOSEPH G. COGSWELL, LL.D.

THE SHAKSPEARIAN MEMORIAL LIBRARY AT BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.—[SEE PAGE 526.]

WELL'S relations with Mr. ASTOR, and with every member of his family, were most agreeable and harmonious, and the society he met at his table was always intellectual and cultivated.

Soon after Mr. ASTOR'S death, which happened March, 1848, the Trustees of the Library named in his will met and organized. Among their first acts was a call for plans of a library building, and the appointment of Mr. COGSWELL to the office of Superintendent. By the conditions of the founder's will the amount bequeathed for the establishment of the Library was to be paid by his executors in annual installments, the first in one year after his death, which necessarily prevented any large immediate expenditures. In the mean while the Superintendent was occupied in making small purchases of books at home, and in preparing a prospective catalogue of works deemed most important in forming the Library, which was printed in a volume of more than four hundred pages at his expense. In December, 1848, an opportunity occurred for making extensive purchases. The large and very valuable library of the Duke of BUCKINGHAM was to be sold by auction in London, which the Trustees authorized the Superintendent to attend. He succeeded in obtaining from it many rare and important works not to be had of the trade, and also made such considerable additions in London and Paris that he returned after a three months' absence with more than twenty thousand volumes. Suitable rooms were provided by order of the Trustees, in which they were opened, placed on shelves, and catalogued. The first installment of the library fund being now paid contracts were made by the Trustees for a library building in conformity with the will of the founder, who had wisely limited its cost to $75,000, and the work upon it was immediately begun.

The prospective catalogue spoken of above was

THE RAIL OR SORA.

RAIL OR SORA HUNTING IN VIRGINIA.—SKETCHED BY W. L. SHEPPARD.—[SEE PAGE 526.]

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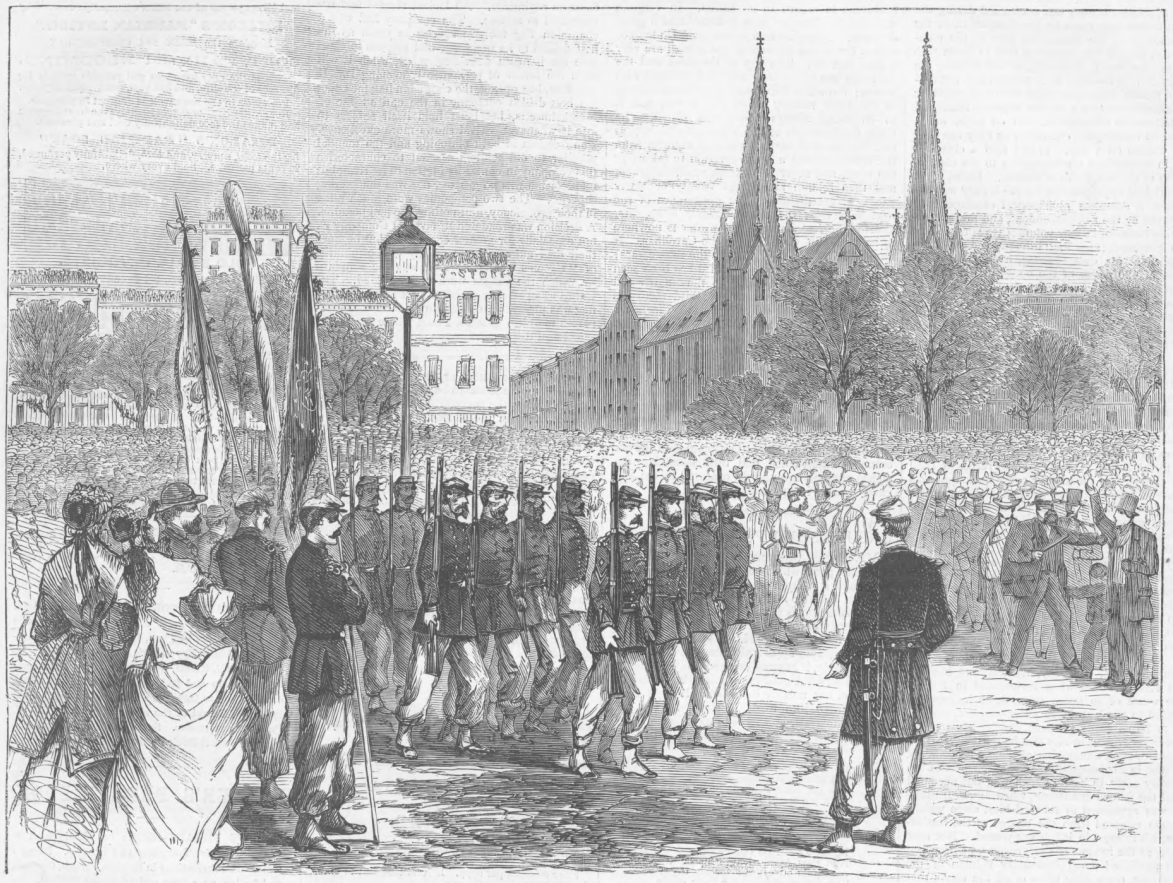
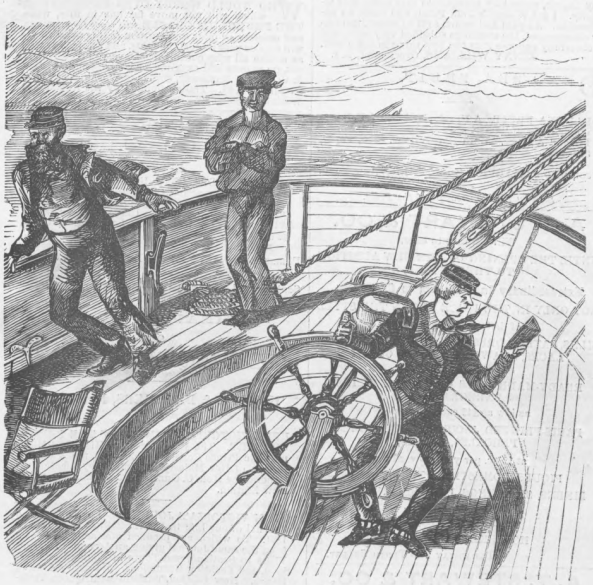


COMPETITIVE DRILL BETWEEN BOSTON AND NEW YORK ZOUAVE COMPANIES.—SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.—[SEE PAGE 526.]

finished and printed during the year 1850, serving as a manual in making new purchases. With this in hand the Superintendent again started for Europe on a book-buying tour. To this he gave fourteen months, from February 1851 to March 1852, during which time he visited all the capitals of Europe, from Naples south to Stockholm north, buying books wherever they could be bought advantageously and establishing correspondences for the library with the leading publishers and dealers in books in every considerable place. At the same time to facilitate the work he caused to be printed in Brussels several sheets of *desiderata*, which were sent through the post-offices to the principal booksellers in Europe, requesting them to affix prices to the books they had on hand, and return the sheets so marked to the house in Brussels from which they were received. In this way many books long out of print were procured that most probably would not otherwise have been found.

On his return in the spring of 1852 he found the number of volumes now bought amounted to nearly fifty thousand, and that but little more than half of the $120,000 allowed by the will of the founder for the first establishment of the library had been expended. After arranging the books thus far collected, and classifying them as far as could be done in the narrow quarters where they were placed, finding the new library edifice could not be finished for several months, he asked and obtained permission of the Trustees to go to Europe a third time in search of books, voluntarily offering to bear his own expenses. From this last trip he returned in March, 1853, with a freight of twenty thousand additional volumes. The library building was now nearly ready for use, and in June of that year all the books that had been collected were removed to it, and arranged on the shelves so soon as practicable. By the end of the year the work was completed, and early in January, 1854, the Library was opened to the public with a greater number of volumes than any library then existing in the country contain-



PURSUIT OF AQUATIC KNOWLEDGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

SAILING-MASTER OF YACHT *(to Owner, who has a great idea of his nautical knowledge)*. "Jam your helm hard a-starboard, if you please, Sir, or we'll be into her!"

OWNER. "Starboard there! I've forgotten again which side that is, but then I'll find it out in a minute!"

A MOVING TALE.

SENTIMENTAL YOUNG LADY *(on windward side, to quiet Old Party)*. "Oh! Mr. Jones, is not this 'the Poetry of Motion?' Whenever I'm on the 'glad waters of the dark blue sea' I can not keep my feelings down! Is it not so with you?"

[No response from Jones. The fact is, his feelings do not want to come up, but his breakfast does.

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ed. The whole work had been done within a period of five years. The internal administration of this institution was conducted during the eight succeeding years by Mr. COGSWELL to the satisfaction of the reasonable part of the community, though not always to that of those who wanted the liberty of abusing as well as using the books in it. So long as it was rapidly increasing a printed catalogue could not be provided for it without incurring a useless expense, but it had a manuscript alphabetical one on slips, which could be indefinitely extended, as only one title was written on a slip. It had also a classified one in manuscript corresponding to the classification of the books on the shelves. Later, when the original appropriation for the library was expended, a complete alphabetical catalogue was prepared by the Superintendent, and printed under his revision, in four volumes royal 8vo. He also prepared, and had lithographed or autographed at his own expense, a classified catalogue of 420 pages of the books in the department of Oriental linguistics. In 1859, the North library building, of the same general extent and construction as the South, was completed and presented to the Trustees by Mr. WILLIAM B. ASTOR. It now became necessary to break up the first arrangement of the books, as the shelves in the original building had become crowded, and to make such a distribution as would provide for the future increase. The appropriation of one building to works of science and the other to literature naturally suggested itself. This arrangement was adopted, and the former class of books assigned to the South building, the latter to the North. In the August recess of 1859 the change was made, and every book that was removed passed through the hands of the Superintendent, and was by him put in its new place. These various labors soon told upon him, so that he was obliged in the following June to ask the Trustees for a furlough of three months, which they readily granted. Having always experienced the recuperative influences of a voyage across the Atlantic, he took one more trip to Europe, but not without carrying the Library with him in his thoughts. He was allowed to expend $10,000 for the Library, and he brought back with him every dollar of it in books. During his absence he visited Ireland, England, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria, and France, and returned somewhat invigorated in health. The waste of so much strength as he had expended in the last dozen years was not, however, to be so easily repaired. After six months it became evident to him that he must retire from a post of such exhausting services; accordingly he sent in his resignation to the Trustees of the Library early in 1861, which was not accepted until the following autumn, when Mr. SCHROEDER was appointed to succeed him, since which, though released from the charge of the institution, his interest in it has not waned. Not long since, at the request of the Trustees, he prepared and published a supplementary volume of the catalogue, containing titles of all the books that had been added to the Library since the publication of the previous volumes, with an Index to the subjects of all the books in the Library, alphabetical and classified combined.

A SHAKSPEARIAN LIBRARY.

IN the preceding article we have given a very interesting and reliable account of the origin and growth of the Astor Library, of New York city. On the same page we illustrate the interior of the Shakspearian Memorial Library, in Birmingham, England. This library is one of the few permanent and sensible monuments which were produced by the Tercentenary commemoration. It is a purely Shakspearian Library, and the purpose is to place in it every real edition of SHAKSPEARE'S works, and every book that has been written to illustrate his plays and poems. The pertinence of locating this at Birmingham is that that city is the principal one in SHAKSPEARE'S county, and that its suburbs are filled with scholarly people. Mr. SAMUEL TIMMINS, the Honorary Secretary of the Library, did great service in editing and publishing, a few years ago, the first two editions of Hamlet side by side, on opposite pages. They were known as the "Devonshire Hamlets." Mr. TIMMINS asks contributions to this library from all students of and writers upon SHAKSPEARE. In a letter to Mr. RICHARD GRANT WHITE, the Shakspearian scholar and critic of this city, Mr. TIMMINS says: "We do not ask an favor, but we simply say to the author of every book about SHAKSPEARE, 'we have begun a literary monument to SHAKSPEARE'S genius, and we invite you to contribute whatever stone or ornament you may have formed.'" In the case of Mr. WHITE, he writes that this is needless; for the society has bought his edition of SHAKSPEARE, and his critical books. The library is the property of the town, and can not be sold or dispersed. There is a handsome and increasing yearly subscription to it, and already rare books have been sent from Germany, France, etc., as well as England. It will be the most remarkable literary monument ever set up to any author; and every American author and publisher should see that their editions are embraced in its catalogue.

RAIL HUNTING IN VIRGINIA.

THE "Sora" of Virginia, the "Coot" of the Carolinas, the "Fresh water mud-hen" of the more ignorant whites, and the "Frog bird" of the more superstitious negroes of the South, is the Virginia Rail—*Rallus Virginianus*—of the ornithologist. It is one of the most singular of American birds, and the manner in which it is caught is one of the most singular features of American hunting. Our illustrations on page 524 show the peculiarities of the bird, and indicate the manner in which he is caught.

Although WILSON has described the Sora—under the name of Rail—very little is known to the multitude in regard to its habits. In Virginia and the Carolinas the Sora is considered a great delicacy. It is a bird about ten inches in length, and in the season when they are hunted are very plump and fat. The top of the head and the upper surface of the body are black streaked with brown; the whole lower surface is orange-brown. It frequents marshy lands and rivers, and is to be found always about wet places. Its usual food consists of small snail shells, worms and the larvæ of insects which it extracts from the mud. It has a great aversion to taking to the wing, and never flies except when disturbed, and then seldom more than twenty or thirty yards. Nevertheless at the appearance of the first hard frost the Sora suddenly disappears, and for the remainder of the winter is nowhere to be found in Virginia and the Carolinas. It appears to fly well enough when the time comes; and it has been said that the bird has been seen many miles at sea. Owing to the sudden and mysterious disappearance of the bird there has long prevailed among the negroes of Virginia a belief that it turns into a frog, and hence the name given it.

The manner of capturing them as it prevails in Virginia is shown in our engraving. The huntsmen go upon the marshes at night, having a pan of burning pine-knots in the prow of their boat. The birds, which are very reluctant to leave their nests and hiding-places, fly up on the near approach of the light, and are struck down by paddles, boughs of pine, or switches with the end branches intertwined and thus secured. Immense numbers are nightly captured in the Virginia swamps in this manner.

UNPUBLISHED POEM BY MILTON.

MR. HENRY MORLEY has discovered an unpublished poem which he believes to be Milton's. He found it written in a handwriting like Milton's on a blank leaf in a copy of the original edition of Milton's poems in the British Museum. The poem was written in 1647, when Milton was 38 years old, and is signed "J. M., Ober., 1647." It is an epitaph, apparently intended for himself, and certainly, if internal evidence may be trusted, it is Milton's. A good critic might have imitated his style, but nobody but Milton himself could have infused into those long words, and far-fetched thoughts, and forced images such a subtle melody as penetrates lines like these:

"AN EPITAPH.

"He whom Heaven did call away
Out of this Hermitage of clay
Has left some reliques in this Urn
As a pledge of his return.

"Meanwhile the Muses do deplore
The loss of this their paramour,
With whom he sported ere the day
Budded forth its tender ray.
And now Apollo leaves his lays,
And puts on cypress for his bays:
The sacred sisters tune their quills
Only to the blubbering rills,
And while his doom they think upon
Make their own tears their Helicon;
Leaving the two-topt Mount divine
To turn votaries to his shrine.
Think not, reader, me less blest,
Sleeping in this narrow chest,
Than if my ashes did lie hid
Under some stately pyramid.
If a rich tomb makes happy, then
That Boe was happier far than men
Who, busy in the thymy wood,
Was fettered by the golden flood
Which from the Amber-weeping tree
Distilleth down so plenteously;
For so this little wanton elf
Most gloriously enshrined itself.
A tomb whose beauty might compare
With Cleopatra's sepulchre.

"In this little bed my dust
Incurtained round I here intrust;
While my more pure and nobler part
Lies entomb'd in every heart.

"Then pass on gently ye that mourn,
Touch not this urne hallowed Urn;
These Ashes which do here remain
A vital tincture still retain;
A seminal form within the deeps
Of this little chaos sleeps;
The thread of life untwisted is
Into its first existences;
Infant nature cradled here
In its principles appear;
This plant, though entered into dust,
In its Ashes rest it must
Until sweet Psyche shall inspire
A softening and estific fire,
And in her fostering arms enfold
This heavy and this earthly mould,
Then as I am I'll be no more,
But bloom and blossom [as] before[],
When this cold numbness shall retreat
By a more than chymick heat.
"J. M., Ober., 1647."

ZOUAVE DRILL IN TOMPKINS SQUARE.

THE competitive drill between the Montgomery Light Guard, of Boston, and Company E of the Twelfth New York Infantry, took place at Tompkins Square on July 30, and was witnessed by an immense crowd of citizens. It was hardly to be supposed that so apparently insignificant an affair as a drill by single companies would attract so great a concourse of spectators, and the police arrangements were by no means adequate. The entire State Guard became interested in the affair, and thousands of them were in attendance, besides a vast number of more demonstrative, if less interested, persons. Our illustration will give an idea of the crowd and the scene.

The uniform of the Twelfth Regiment, as is well known, consists of a dark blue coat and cap, both bordered with light-blue cord, light-blue Zouave pantaloons, and light leather gaiters. That of the Montgomery Light Guard consists of a dark-blue coat, red Zouave pantaloons, light leather gaiters, and a white cap, which, in cold weather, is exchanged for dark-blue. Half of the men were veteran soldiers, and served during the war in the Ninth and Twenty-eighth Massachusetts regiments. All looked rugged and accustomed to service. The company had won a champion flag for two successive years as the best-drilled in its regiment, and propose to compete for it again next September, when it will have the honor of permanently keeping it. It also won, last Spring, the champion flag for being the best-drilled company in the entire State of Massachusetts, but must hold itself subject to lose it whenever a rival shows more excellence. The freedom in both marching and the manual peculiar to old soldiers seemed to characterize this company in contradistinction to its rival, but its precision was no greater, nor was the loading superior. The two companies were much alike in their proficiency, and both won equal plaudits. A decision was rendered in favor of Company E, not especially for greater excellence, but because their drill adhered more closely to the minutiæ of "Upton's Tactics," which was the standard by which the judges were to be guided. The Guard was perfectly satisfied with the award, the flag was presented to Company E, and both companies marched to Astor Place, where they broke ranks and dispersed.

SEWING MACHINES AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.—"There seems to be considerable contradiction among the successful exhibitors as to the awards made in this department. The recipients of the two gold medals severally advertise that theirs is the only gold medal, thus contradicting each other; while all the other prize-holders concur that *no gold medal was awarded to any sewing machine whatever*. Happily, it is not our duty to decide this knotty question; but, be it as it may, the GROVER & BAKER SEWING MACHINES have received the very highest prize—above all medals—their representative in Paris having been decorated by the Emperor with the Cross of the Legion of Honor."

We find the above in one of our English exchanges, and transfer it to our columns with satisfaction. It is gratifying to find that the GROVER & BAKER MACHINE, which stands so high at home, should also receive the highest honor abroad.—*N. Y. Express.*

A CURE FOR ASTHMA.—Letters from Ex-President VAN BUREN, also from his physician, expressed much gratification with the result of taking WHITCOMB'S ASTHMA REMEDY.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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I GOT BIT.

Mine eyes were swollen and almost shut, my whole face and arms were covered with swellings large as my thumb, caused by musquitoes that infest this vicinity. I got Wolcott's Pain Paint, and made an application. All pain and smart, as if by magic, instantly disappeared, the swellings subsided very soon, and I cheerfully endorse it as the best thing in the world.
JENNY WILLIAMS, Greenpoint, L. I.

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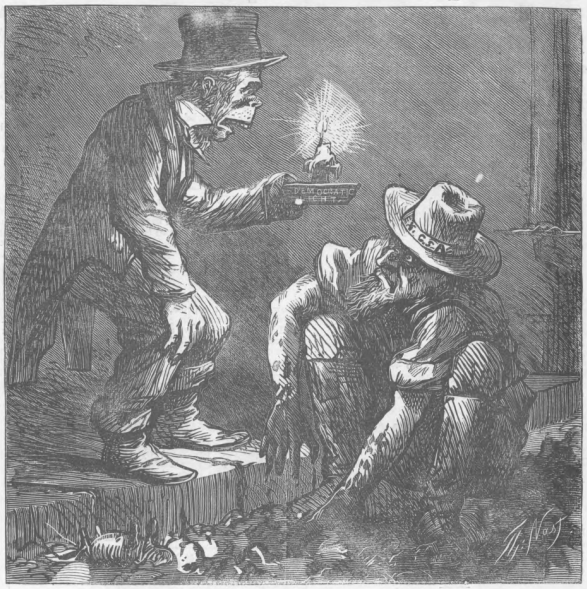

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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ROGERS'S STATUE OF AMERICA.

IN the Via della Frezza, Rome, a street that, near the Piazza del Popolo end of the Corso, runs between the latter street and the Via di Ripetta, is a sculptor's studio, known, since the commencement of this century, as the "Studio di Canova." From time to time, after that artist's death, it was occupied by men styling themselves "the favorite pupils of CANOVA." Naturally, when the fashion of admiring the works of this master went out almost entirely, the desire to claim the prestige of association with him and with the place where some of his best known works were executed, died out also. Says the matter-of-fact proverb, "One nail drives out another;" and henceforward, in future years, this studio will boast a truer charm for visitors from this side of the world, since here are being modeled, by our countryman, RANDOLPH ROGERS, the colossal figures for two of the most important among the war-monuments that have as yet been commissioned by this country. The crowning figure for the Michigan memorial to the soldiers who fell for the Union has already been cast in plaster, and left Rome for Munich, there to be worked in bronze. Our illustration is a sketch of a second colossal figure now growing into beauty under the master-hand of the sculptor. It is some twelve feet in height, and is to surmount the monument commissioned for the State of Rhode Island. While it may assuredly be pronounced equal in power and significance to the first-named, the spirit in which it is conceived, and the expression of face and form, are in actual contrast with the other statue. In the first we have the ardent, victorious genius of the State rushing on to the goal already won. With uplifted shield and ready sword, she appears still in the act of defending the cause and looking abroad for fresh foes to conquer. In the second, the subject of our sketch, America stands in her proud tranquillity, with her exultation saddened by the loss of her best and bravest, and she scatters o'er their names her wreaths of laurel and immortelles before sheathing her sword to dwell hereafter among the memories of the past. Her attitude of repose and sweetly solemn countenance tell all this, and shadow forth the Spartan mother in her pride and her anguish when, the victory being won, she counts her loss and her country's gain. Mr. ROGERS has given her no warlike emblem save the sword and a tunic of scale-armor. A cap of liberty with a starry diadem encircles her noble brow and confines her waving hair. An ample mantle flows back from her shoulders to the ground, whose folds, though very broad and massive, still betray the figure beneath them.

ROGERS, THE SCULPTOR, MODELING HIS COLOSSAL STATUE OF AMERICA, AT ROME, JUNE, 1868.—[SKETCHED BY J. O'B. INMAN.]

LONG BRANCH AND NAUVOO.

PASSING out of New York Bay, between Long and Staten islands (the latter belonging to New York, but more nearly attached to New Jersey), and just skimming the outer edge of Raritan Bay, we sail in between Sandy Hook and the New Jersey shore, and, landing near old Shrewsbury Inlet, take the railroad train for Long Branch. It has been a beautiful sail to this landing, taking us past the Nevisink Highlands, which by night, from the light-houses on the heights, give the sailors the first warning of their proximity to our coast, and which are the most interesting and charming feature of this picturesque coast.

We have left Rockaway Beach far off on the northeast, and are pushing on toward Long Branch—the most fashionable resort on our coast—which, during late years, has eclipsed even Newport. At Long Branch, during the summer, one sees a perfect microcosm of American life. There are our generals, our statesmen, our poets, our judges, our merchants, our publishers, our editors—and, above all, and most worthy of our notice, are our American ladies of fashion—the *crême de la crême* of city society, from New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Washington. STETSON has his hands full and his house full. The surf is dotted with bathers, and the beach is dotted with children at play, during the fashionable hours for bathing. Then there are the fashionable loungers with their eye-glasses, enjoying the scene and growing young again under the regenerating influences of the sea-breezes. By day there is the beach and the drive, croquet on the lawn for the children, while sewing occupies the ladies in the parlors or on the piazzas of the hotel.

Eleven o'clock A.M. is the fashionable hour for bathing. After the bath follows a short nap, and then dinner; next a walk along the bluffs. The gentlemen of leisure take a stage, perhaps, and ride down to Pleasure Bay, a mile and a quarter distant, where they fish and sail on the Shrewsbury River, returning to Long Branch in time for supper.

A few come to stay, and have a season of pleasure; but the many come and go. While the gong is calling the former to supper the latter are preparing to take the train for New York. Thus at six o'clock P.M. the broad avenue in front of the hotels is crowded with carriages rushing toward the dépôt. Meanwhile those who remain, after finishing their evening meal, promenade upon the hotel piazzas, play at billiards or ten-pins, walk on the beach, smoke on the hotel balcony, or go into the parlor and "wheel through the giddy mazes of the dance."

Such is life at Long Branch, only we have not touched upon the fun, frivolity, and gossip in which these fashionable pleasure-seekers indulge.

On the way from New York to Long Branch, and about five miles from the latter, is Nauvoo, where dwell the "Toilers of the Sea." Here every day is offered a picture which is a striking contrast to that of fashionable life at Long Branch. There are the pleasure-seekers—here are the workers. The former look upon the sea from the beach; they bathe in the surf—but they only touch the hem of Neptune's garment. But these men and boys at Nauvoo live for the most part upon the sea. There is their life and their labor. On the whole, it is a much more attractive picture than Long Branch affords. A newspaper correspondent thus describes it: "If a town was near at hand, the visitor would be reminded of the opening scene of 'Enoch Arden.' The houses lean from the ocean; boats drawn up on the shore; some landing with freight in the surf; nets drying in the sun; bronzed men, with glazed hats, moving among sloops high and dry; sand drifted like snow against the dwellings; a boy painting a skiff; a woman with a babe in her arms, looking out of the door on the broad blue ocean, watches Dermott's boat as it approaches the shore; white-caps rolling far out at sea, and ships with white sails making for the horizon's bar." There are at this

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little village of Nauvoo about fifty-five men and boys—all fishermen. For the most part their homes are upon the main land, but here is the scene of their labors. And they make money rapidly. A boat, with its fishing apparatus, costs about seventy-five dollars—a double boat, with nets, about twice that sum. These fishermen earn upon an average about eight dollars each per day. Some of them have made a fortune. "There is a man," says a fisherman to us, "who is worth a hundred thousand dollars." And this is only an isolated instance. It is from this class of fishermen, which we find not only here but at Gloucester, on Cape Cod, that our navy is furnished with sailors. Here is their school. Here they learn to brave the storm and to bear exposure to the sun and the winds. And when we are at war, here it is that we find the stalwart men and boys to man our ships. What a contrast is there between this Nauvoo—this village of fishermen—and Long Branch! Still, of the two, for natural scenery, Nauvoo has the advantage. Behind it are the beautiful Nevisink Highlands, and before it is the open sea, from which these toilers yearly gather a rich harvest. The picture which it impressed upon our memory will not soon be effaced.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1868.

"WHAT! OLD MOLE!"

WHEN LEE surrendered to GRANT and JOHNSTON to SHERMAN, and the crowd in Wall Street sang Old Hundred upon the steps of the Exchange, there was doubtless a very general feeling not only that the Union arms were victorious, but that the rebellion was suppressed. No man, however, who permitted himself to think, or to remember human experience as recorded in history, shared that sweet illusion. No cause which has become a tradition, a passion, a religion in the minds of many people is ever surrendered because of a defeat in the field, however signal. When it involves fundamental principles of society, of industry, of government, it is, in its very nature, of the extremest tenacity. It awaits its opportunity. It is served by stealth, indeed, but with an unwearied faith, and with a resolution the more indomitable that it is hidden, and which will try and try again, and in every way, the chances of success. The Moonstone, as we have just seen in WILKIE COLLINS'S fascinating story, may be torn from the head of the idol in India, and concealed for years in England, but the priests of the idol follow and follow, and plot and scheme and dare, and while they live never relinquish the hope and the effort of recovery, and when they die bequeath to their successors the duty of constant pursuit.

The rebellion was the open attempt of the aristocratic principle to subvert a free and progressively liberal Government. That principle had adjusted society in the Southern States upon the medieval basis; and as a possible necessary defense of that system it inculcated a theory of government in general, and of this Government in particular, which would paralyze any force that could interfere with its supremacy. That is to say, it had established slavery in small separate States; declared that the States alone were competent to act upon the subject; and that the same States might individually decide whether they would remain united with the rest. The aristocratic spirit in every way fostered this social and political theory. In its own section it intrenched slavery in the religious sentiment, and declared social slavery to be the surest foundation of political freedom. It exalted the grandeur and supreme sovereignty of the State, and carefully cherished suspicion, jealousy, and hostility of the Union. Within its domain it asserted the State against the national authority, and dared the local contest which the National Government declined. In 1832 JACKSON thundered; but JACKSON compromised and CALHOUN conquered.

Beyond its section, and in the country at large, this aristocratic spirit insisted that its social system was guaranteed in the Constitution; that its political theories were not expressly denied in it; that its section produced the great crop of the country, and was, therefore, the arbiter of national prosperity; that no reform in its system could be made but by means the results of which would imperil every interest and every hope; and that its views must be therefore tolerated, if not approved. Meanwhile, by an alliance with the dominant party of the other section of the country, it secured national supremacy and bent every energy to advancing its own purposes and to demoralizing the public opinion of the North, which was its chief enemy. The two ends were simultaneously pursued. Its main purpose was to change the nature of the Government to an aristocratic system. Its plan was to nationalize slavery, and to win the assent of the North by pecuniary interest; by political ambition; by open threats; by alleged doubts of Constitutional intention; and by the grossest moral debauchery. How far it had succeeded, the appalling situation of the country in 1860 shows. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS retired from Congress because the aristocratic spirit had made sure of the Supreme Court; and the victory was virtually won. In Massachusetts DANIEL WEBSTER bowed his head to the cap of GESLER, and begged his fellow-citizens to conquer their prejudices. In New York CHARLES O'CONOR insisted, before the highest court, that slavery should be re-established in the State. And when, in the interest of the aristocratic system, the Supreme Court of the United States falsified history, the Northern tools of the Southern power insolently mocked at the friends of liberty and sneered: "What are you going to do about it?"

The answer they gave was an appeal to the conscience and common-sense of the country, which resulted in the election of Mr. LINCOLN. It was then clear to the aristocratic leaders that they must instantly use their strength to accomplish their revolution. When they seceded they believed that the country would avoid war upon their terms. This was the advice of the Democratic papers; this was the expectation of Northern Democratic leaders. Mr. S. L. M. BARLOW warned one of the secession Senators, in a letter since published, merely to beware of force. But the hot-heads, as usual, baffled the plans of the craftier chiefs and began the war. It raged for four years, during which the Northern political allies of the aristocrats did what they passively could to secure an aristocratic victory. But the alliance failed, and the cause of aristocracy was lost, for the time, in the field. But defeat never converts. It is to the defeated what persecution is to the persecuted. The cause becomes even more precious, and fidelity to it a more sacred duty. The history of the Southern States since the surrender shows this plainly. At first absolute silence, inaction, apathy. Then, upon the slightest hope of aid or sympathy from the Executive, the old spirit stealthily reveals its old character wholly alert and wholly unchanged. The Black codes; the reluctant legislation upon secession and emancipation; the denunciation and hatred of Union soldiers and loyal citizens; the massacres at Memphis and New Orleans; the refusals of the amendment; the terrorism at elections, were signs of the old vigor. And as the contest between the President and Congress grew, so did the tone of the aristocratic leaders become more defiant and familiar, until throwing aside every disguise they stalked openly into the Convention of their old party, at once resume their leadership, declare that the debt of the war shall not be paid, but that the Government shall be disgraced for resisting them; that the settlement offered them by the country is unconstitutional, revolutionary, and void, and nominating a man who had denounced the war, and another who had just declared that he would resist the settlement by the sword, they hasten home to profess their unswerving fidelity to the old cause, and their warm faith of retrieving at the polls its failure in the field.

And thereupon HORATIO SEYMOUR feebly whispers from Utica, that the success of these aristocratic chiefs "would most certainly lead to that peaceful restoration of the Union and re-establishment of fraternal relationship which the country desires."

This is only the old exhortation to conquer our prejudices; to re-establish slavery in New York; in a word, to submit to the spirit which is determined to change the nature of our government, and which is not in the least dismayed, but is merely embittered by the result of the war. Civilization, free popular government, the highest interests of mankind, require that its defeat at the polls shall be as signal as it was in the field. The purpose of its adherents in this election is the same that it was at Bull Run and Andersonville, although the means are different. That the purpose may be honest and they sincere only makes their defeat more imperatively necessary. And if the friends of equal rights are not as untiring and as wary as their enemies, peace will be indefinitely postponed.

BATTERIES UNMASKED.

THOSE who wish the earliest practicable restoration of national tranquillity ought to know exactly the hopes which the action of the Democratic Convention has awakened, and the expectations with which SEYMOUR and BLAIR are supported. A few extracts will show.

Mr. VANCE, in Richmond, asserts that

"What the Confederacy fought for would be won by the election of SEYMOUR and BLAIR."

Mr. WADE HAMPTON says that when the war ended he sheathed his sword because his State commanded it. He had supposed that things would be settled as he wished. But,

"Unfortunately, things had taken a different turn than that hoped for by the supporters of truth, justice, and the Constitution; and now the spectacle presented in the halls of legislation, by those who undertake to govern the destinies of the two races, was lamentable indeed. As anxious as he was to secure peace and prosperity, he never could consent to attempt it on so false, gross, and outrageous a platform as that of the Reconstruction acts—particularly when he saw the seats of HAYNE, M'DUFFIE, and CALHOUN, in the Senate of the United States, filled by such men as SAWYER and renegade TOM ROBERTSON. [Hisses and groans for TOM ROBERTSON.].... He wanted restoration on the basis of truth, harmony, and justice; and he firmly believed we would have it in November by the triumph of the Democratic party. He had been told by no less distinguished a person than VALLANDIGHAM that Ohio was certain for SEYMOUR; and shrewd political thinkers of New York and Pennsylvania were equally confident of the same result in those States. The people were thoroughly aroused, and in November the result of it would be more rapid traveling of carpet-baggers from the South than was ever before known in the history of this country."

Mr. WEEMS, in the Georgia Convention, took the ground that *the rebellion was a war for the Constitution of the United States*, and that the hope of constitutional liberty requires the return to power of JEFFERSON DAVIS, BRECKINRIDGE, TOOMBS, COBB, and the other rebel leaders. Of the war he said:

"The Southern people were all in favor of that war. There was some division among them in reference to the expediency of separate State action, and with regard to the time when the contest ought to commence. But when the first cannon boomed from Fort Moultrie the hearts of our whole people were united, and all divisions disappeared. We waged that war for the Constitution. But the South was, for a time, overwhelmed. And the Radicals pretend that they have made peace. I tell you it is not so. They may cry, 'Peace, peace!' but there is no peace. Free government is ignored, commerce is crippled, agriculture is prostrate, civilization itself is put back; and there will be neither peace nor prosperity again until the cause of constitutional liberty, for which we contended during the war, shall be at last triumphant. For this it is necessary that in the coming election the Democratic party shall succeed. The party which at present rules the country has exhibited a spectacle of fraud, hypocrisy, and mendacity unparalleled in the annals of the world. A NERO, a CALIGULA, a MARAT, a ROBESPIERRE, would have shrunk from perpetrating the outrages they have perpetrated. And they do it, too, in the name of what they call 'the best Government the world ever knew!'"

Of the Fourteenth Amendment he said:

"Every one who voted for that amendment is a marked man henceforth, and will receive the infamy he deserves. Why did the Radicals in Congress get up that amendment? Principally for the purpose of keeping out of office such noble gentlemen and true patriots as HOWELL COBB, A. H. STEPHENS, ROBERT TOOMBS, B. H. HILL, JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE, and JEFFERSON DAVIS. They knew that if men like these should ever get back to Washington the miscreants who are now holding power would shrink away abashed at their pure presence!"

One who was present says that "as Mr. WEEMS named each of the 'patriots' in the above list there was a storm of cheers; but when he mentioned the name of JEFFERSON DAVIS the hall at once became the scene of a wild and tumultuous uproar. Both delegates and spectators jumped to their feet, as if in excitement uncontrollable. Hats and handkerchiefs were waved and shaken fiercely above their heads, and yells, and shouts, and cheers, and wild stamping, for the space of two minutes, shook the hall. Well might an old Unionist who sat beside me whisper, 'It is 1860 over again!'"

Mr. J. M. RAMSEY said in the same Convention:

"The people of Georgia have always been loyal to the Constitution. When they thought that instrument was endangered they withdrew from the Union, as they had a right to do. But the Government at Washington commenced to wage war upon them. From that hour the Constitution was overthrown. We have aroused in our might once more, under the leadership of SEYMOUR and BLAIR, to raise the Constitution from the dust. Georgia has passed through a fiery ordeal. Some of her children, during the war she was compelled to wage, deserted her and joined her enemies. Let them be, like ARNOLD, forever accursed. We have seen our soldiers fall, our cities in flames, our citizens torn from peaceful homes. We looked upon it unmoved and unblanched. But we can bear it no longer. We will now, at all hazards, recover our lost liberties, and restore the State. We are in the midst of a great revolution, which may end peacefully at the ballot-box; but if not, then the true men of the South will rally once more around their now folded banner, and will try the issue at the cartridge-box. [Loud and enthusiastic applause.] Remember the ancestors from whom you sprung. There are men in the North who are now truly with you, and who will, in such a conflict, if necessary, lead your battalions. We did not make the other war. It was forced upon us. We simply stood for the rights for which our fathers bled! And we will stand there again, come peace or war! [Loud applause.]"

HOWELL COBB, in a recent speech in Georgia, speaks of ex-Governor BROWN, who is one of those who have honorably accepted the result of the war, which Mr. COBB, one of its original instigators, has not, as follows:

"Are not the people of Georgia right in assigning him the status which he has taken for himself? If niggers are good enough for Georgia, it is that kind of Georgia that he is, and I shall not dispute the doctrine. [Laughter and applause.] Let him associate with them; but, *white men of this country, cut loose from him!* [A voice says 'Amen.'] Amen and Amen! Let it reverberate over your mountains, down your valleys, from your old men and your young men, your women and your children, until one grand chorus shall ring through every throbbing heart: 'Overboard with him!' *'He has turned traitor to the country!'* I tell you very frankly, my friends, I am not an intolerant man; but when I see a white man talking to JOE BROWN and that class of men a feeling of revulsion comes over me. I can't help it. But when I see them talking to a negro I feel sorry for the negro. That is six more votes for JOE BROWN. I will give him about three more, and quit him. I say to you, my friends, you owe it to yourselves, you owe it to the noble dead who sleep in their graves, to observe these things. You go here, and I honor you for it, and scatter flowers over those graves. God bless you for it! They are the graves of good, true, and honest, and noble, and brave, and generous men. [Applause.] But as you return from that solemn duty turn your back to the right and left upon those who dishonor the memory of the dead. You owe it to the living, you owe it to your own children, and to their children. Write down in their memories this day, and all days, and for all time to come, *the feeling and spirit of abhorrence with which you regard and estimate these men.* O Heaven! for some blistering words, that I may write infamy upon the forehead of these men [Applause]; that they may travel through earth, despised of all men, and rejected of Heaven—scorned by the devil himself. They may seek their final congenial resting-place under the mudsills of that ancient institution. [Laughter and applause.]"

Such frank disclosures of the real significance of the nomination of SEYMOUR and BLAIR alarm the Northern managers. They know that they have no hope but in deceiving the country; and they have consequently begged their allies at the South to be more prudent. The Charleston *Mercury* says:

"Private advices from our most strenuous friends at the North, request that we should protest against the imprudent expressions that have escaped some Southern speakers, since the adjournment of the National Democratic Convention. It is represented to us that great injury is accruing to the cause from such imprudence. We therefore shall make no apologies for asking the attention of our public speakers to the fact. We are all desirous of pushing on the good work of success, and no one would voluntarily impede its course who was aware of the fact. While no man in the South should be, and no true man is, ashamed of our great lost cause: and while when we speak of the past, we should speak like true men, it is questionable whether at this time any thing is to be gained by too much reference to things that jar on people's nerves. What we want just now is to win."

But after the exulting chorus that has been already raised over the platform of repudiation and revolution and the nomination of SEYMOUR and BLAIR, the silence of HAMPTON and TOOMBS will be no more deceptive than the speech of SEYMOUR. The Democratic purpose is fully revealed by the Democratic leaders; and it is not difficult to imagine what would be the "peace" which the success of such leaders would secure for all steadfast Union men in the Southern States. With the rebellion claimed as a defense of the Constitution—with the debt incurred in suppressing it dishonored—with the new State governments dispersed by the army—with the whole colored population regulated by black codes—with the most acrimonious rebels exercising power in the spirit here revealed, a spirit which is very natural to men who regard their country as their bitterest enemy—should we not have a situation that would cheer the "Conservative" soul?

MAILED WARRIORS.

GENERAL BLAIR speaks of General GRANT as a "mailed warrior," implying that he will probably prove to be Mr. CALEB CUSHING'S "man on horseback," who, in the prophetic visions of that sage, was to come riding rapidly over the horizon and trample all our liberties, as General BLAIR wishes the President to trample the Reconstruction acts, into dust. The truth is, however, that among all famous and successful soldiers there is no one who has shown less of the traditional character of the "mailed warrior" than General GRANT. When General M'CLELLAN was in command of the armies the people who now zealously portray the perils of the rule of a "mailed warrior" talked freely of his marching upon Washington, and regulating the Government at his will. Indeed, it is just the spirit of such people that makes the despotism of a mailed warrior possible. But when General GRANT came to the chief command all the traditional danger to liberty that is supposed to lurk in great military success disappeared. When the "friends" of Mr. SEYMOUR had no longer a tool in the chief command of the army, the public liberties and entire subordination of the military power to the civil administration were secure. Nobody suggested that General GRANT had better march upon Washington and disperse Congress.

Indeed, among the most extraordinary and valuable results of the war is the proof it has afforded that a self-governing people may be forced to resort to war upon the largest scale without developing the slightest tendency toward a military despotism, either in the aspiration of successful Generals or in the subdued spirit of the nation. CHARLES JAMES FOX was severely censured, even by liberal men in England, for saying at the opening of the French Revolution that a man did not cease to be a citizen by becoming a soldier. The event in France, indeed, disproved his expectations. The military régime produced the mailed warrior upon horseback whose name was NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. But on this side the sea his words were verified in the peaceful organization of constitutional government, and in the modest patriotism of the victorious Commander-in-Chief. And still more conspicuously has our late history shown that, in a popular system as far advanced as ours, the "mailed warrior," in General BLAIR'S sense, is unknown, because the successful republican soldier spurns the part.

General GRANT in the field was as distinguished for constant subordination to authority as for universal victory. Not less remarkable was his instinctive generosity toward all his Generals. He would not appropriate the least laurel of another. When he proposed his plan of campaign against Vicksburg, his friend General SHERMAN, a soldier of undoubted military genius and accomplishment, wrote an elaborate criticism of it censuring it as improper and impracticable. When the campaign was triumphant, and the fall of Vicksburg had opened the Mississippi, General SHERMAN frankly and generously owned that he had been mistaken. And when, after his great march to the sea, General SHERMAN made what was considered his very grave error in negotiation in North Carolina—an error so grave that it was gener-

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ally felt to have imperiled all the advantage he had secured—General GRANT went in person and removed the difficulty so quietly and considerately, that not only did he avoid all prominence but the sensitive soldier, whose action he overruled, remained more firmly his friend than ever. This was hardly the act of General BLAIR'S "mailed warrior;" it was the conduct of a modest, simple, and most sagacious citizen.

As General-in-Chief intrusted with the temporary charge of the War Department, and with enormous discretionary powers under the military bill, General GRANT'S action has still failed to reveal the mailed warrior. It has been uniformly that of an able, skillful administrator, and of the most "law-abiding" citizen. Calumny itself, or even ROBERT TOOMBS, who denounces GRANT'S election as a disaster, can not point to a solitary instance of an unjustly arbitrary act in his administration of the peculiar responsibility laid upon him. General GRANT, indeed, knows Mr. ROBERT TOOMBS and his kind well. He knows the quality of Southern rebel devotion to the Union and of Democratic regard for equal rights. But neither indignation nor contempt has for a moment disturbed the just moderation with which he has exercised his vast authority. The fear of danger which General BLAIR intends to excite by describing General GRANT as a mailed warrior is as reasonable as the old *Aurora* attacks upon General WASHINGTON. For GRANT is of the WASHINGTON school of mailed warriors. The perils with which the reckless ambition and depraved character of that tyrannical mailed warrior, GEORGE WASHINGTON, threatened the Government, are precisely those which are to be feared from that arrogant, unscrupulous, and passionate mailed warrior, ULYSSES S. GRANT. Indeed the only hope of saving our liberties must be—as General BLAIR intimates—to intrust them to his tranquil and judicious care, assisted by those calm nurses of freedom and patriotism, ROBERT TOOMBS, HOWELL COBB, HORATIO SEYMOUR, and HENRY A. WISE.

THE GOLD SPECULATION.

THE payment for Alaska has furnished an opportunity for carrying up the price of gold to an extent which is detrimental to the business of the country. When the appropriation for this purpose was about to be made by Congress it was stated that the payment of the seven millions which constituted the purchase-money would leave but thirty-seven millions in gold, or thereabouts, in the Treasury, and that our exports of gold since the 1st of January amounted to seventy millions of dollars. Both these statements are found to be erroneous; for it appears that after that payment has been made about forty-five millions in gold were in the Treasury on the 2d instant, and that the amount thus exported, up to Saturday last, is about sixty millions. The forty-five millions exclude what remains unpaid of the July interest, and for the bonds of '48 which have matured, amounting together to about eight millions of dollars.

It is probable that the payment of the whole sum of seven millions might have been made without sending gold abroad; but the agents in this country, who acted for the London agents of the Russian Government, have preferred to send two millions in gold, half of which went forward on Saturday, with the effect, whatever may have been its intent, to aid the speculation by which gold has been carried up; while at the same time the transfer of that amount to the London market might have been made through the instrumentality of bills of exchange, with advantage to the fund, and with equal advantage to the business interests of the United States. The price of such bills in the market here is a clear indication that this policy might have been pursued; and it will be a subject of regret not only that the payment for this purchase should have fallen upon us at this time, but that in the transfer of the amount to London there should have been a manifest departure from the course which the interests of commerce and of the fund indicated.

It is very certain that the price of gold, which reached for a moment 150, has not been carried up by any commercial demand to pay balances abroad or duties at home, and it is clear, therefore, that whatever aid is given to the movement, directly or indirectly, is in aid of speculation and injurious to trade. That a combination for this purpose exists, and that it derives support from the loans of banking institutions—now large depositaries of gold, which is improperly counted as part of their reserve—can not be doubted. A bank which lends itself to this object, acts in direct opposition to the interests of such an institution, and in direct opposition to the interests of the country, inasmuch as every advance in the price of gold, measured by their bills, discredits to that extent their own issues, and injures also those depositors who are to be paid in that medium. It is a clear fraud upon the trust which is devolved upon a bank to use the funds of depositors for any such purpose, and in every case in which a reasonable suspicion exists that such use of them is made, it would be the true policy to remove them to safer and better hands. The deposits of gold made by the parties to such a combination are doubtless special deposits, entitling the depositor to its return, and to count it as part of the reserve of a bank, applicable to the redemption of its circulation or the payment of its deposits, is wrong in principle and policy, and calculated to mislead the community. It can not be supported by an oath without a manifest violation of conscience and duty; but yet there are serious apprehensions that such is now the practice. The officers of a bank who pursue this course can, no doubt, be held personally liable to their depositors for such an erroneous statement of their reserve, in case of any loss, and may also be held liable to the public for the transgression.

The Secretary of the Treasury, who stands between these banks and their depositors, and between them and the public, will be neglectful of his official duty, and be regarded as supporting the departure from sound and honest principles, if he allows any institution, subjected to public supervision, to use its power to discredit itself and the public debt, and to mislead the community by loaning upon gold thus pawned to the bank and counting it as part of its reserve. If such a blow, aimed at the credit of the Government, is allowed its repetition will be general, and destructive ultimately to the whole banking policy.

The drought in England has reached to proportions of such magnitude as to make it evident that a large and immediate demand for supplies of food for men and animals will exist.

It is found in England that wheat is below the average crop, that barley and oats are very deficient, that the hay crop was light, and, what is more important, that the root crop—furnishing much of the support of sheep—and the pasturage are nearly destroyed. The unusual feature of sending hay to Liverpool still continues, and must continue, although whatever quantity we may send can alleviate but little the distress which already prevails in a country so distinguished hitherto for rich and extensive pastures and for vast quantities of sheep and cattle fed abundantly, excepting in winter, from this source. Our files by the *City of Baltimore* show that the withering effects of the drought still continue, and that in Russia it extends along the Black Sea, as well as the Baltic.

It is clear, therefore, that the current of gold must return to this country for extensive purchases of food and cotton, and particularly as Russia is crippled in her grain resources. If we are true to ourselves, in our financial policy and in our elections soon to occur, a career of unusual prosperity will soon be the reward of our people.

THE POPE AS MRS. PARTINGTON.

THE Pope of Rome, having come to the conclusion that the world is very much out of order, has summoned an Œcumenical or a General Council of his Church, to assemble on the 8th of December, 1869, and put it right. The bull in which the Pope summons the Council describes the present condition of the world, and is a very extraordinary document. To the ecclesiastically uninspired view the prospect is not alarming. The human mind was never so active as now. The laws of nature and of society were never so vigorously explored, nor studied with so generous an aim. The errors of the feudal and medieval theories of government, of trade, the fallacies of the old political and social philosophy, are rapidly exposed, and condemned by reason and experience. The scope and significance of the great law of liberty, which is the fundamental condition of progressive civilization—intellectual and moral independence, absolute freedom of thought and expression—are becoming constantly plainer. The bonds of ecclesiastical domination, the most fatal enemy of progress, are every where relaxed. The essential necessity of education begins to be generally acknowledged, and the best methods are earnestly and intelligently sought. Science facilitates industry, practically lengthens life, and elevates the soul by the revelation of the exquisite and sublime harmonies of nature. The general welfare of mankind is at a higher point of development than ever before; and the most advanced thought every where seems to foretell a speedy perception of the truth that the various nations are really a fraternity, and not a series of hostile camps. In a word, however vaguely and remotely, yet palpably more than ever before, the great Christian law of a true fear of God and love of man begins to affect human society.

But the Pope of Rome sees nothing but anarchy and despair. He bewails the disregard of what he calls sacred things. With one eye upon the kingdom of Italy, he exclaims that ecclesiastical property is plundered and religious houses suppressed; and with the other upon the empire of Austria, he complains that the education of children is no longer confided to the clergy, but is surrendered to impious persons. He finds every where unbridled license of speech, an endless torrent of pestiferous books and newspapers, and horrible depravity of opinion. The Papal bull is a prolonged wail against the sunrise. The Pope is like nothing in history or in any pestilent work of the imagination, but MRS. PARTINGTON painfully mopping up the Atlantic Ocean. Men will think, even about his Church. They will speak, even to expose ecclesiastical oppression. They will act, even to the rescue of countries in mortmain. They are come of age, and he wonders how he can yet hold them in the nursery. The veracious chronicler relates that a certain old hen having hatched a brood took them to walk, and was dismayed upon coming to a pond to behold her progeny making gladly for the water. The little brood launched from the shore and swam away. In vain old mother hen clucked and clucked. Her children would not return, for she had hatched ducks, and they had found their element.

LOUISIANA.

WHAT the rebel element of the population in Louisiana is capable of doing the New Orleans massacre proved. That it would gladly secure its supremacy by the most ruthless and bloody means is beyond doubt; nor can there be any question that the situation of the State is very critical. The only comment which the Democratic newspapers think fit to make upon the anarchy produced by men of whom the late Mayor MONROE is a representative, is a sneering ejaculation of "carpet-baggers;" that is to say, there would be no trouble if MONROE & Co. could have their way. What their way is was displayed in the massacre.

Governor WARMOUTH, of Louisiana, has made an official requisition upon the President for a military force with which to preserve order in the State. He forwards letters from various officers and citizens describing the disorder that prevails. Men are shot down in the streets and at their homes, and no efforts are made to bring the criminals to justice. One of the Judges refuses to go into a certain parish without soldiers to protect him, and the Sheriff of the same parish has resigned, owning his inability to arrest offenders. In another parish men, women, and children are murdered by bands of assassins who remain unmolested. In another, the peace is preserved only by armed bodies of volunteer citizens. The Governor estimates that a hundred and fifty persons have been murdered in the State during the last month and a half; that a secret organization, hostile to the colored population, has been formed with the intention of coercing the colored vote; that it was its known intention to assassinate, under certain circumstances, the Lieutenant-Governor and the Speaker of the House; and that it unquestionably meditates a bloody revolution.

The facts of the recent history of the State, and the probabilities of the case, all confirm the Governor's representations, and the duty of the President is plain. He must take every means to preserve order in Louisiana. Nor can he plead, as at the time of the New Orleans massacre, that he does not understand the facts, and has not been warned in time. He has heard WADE HAMPTON, at a public meeting, recommending the coercion of the colored vote in South Carolina, and he knows, as every body else knows, what that means. Louisiana will gladly follow WADE HAMPTON'S counsel.

Meanwhile it is useful to remember that it is to the class against whose crimes upon loyal citizens Governor WARMOUTH invokes aid of the President that the Democratic party proposes to give exclusive political power in the State, and intrust the rights and the welfare of the orderly and patriotic population.

ANOTHER ILLUSTRATION.

A LATE incident in Connecticut has not been sufficiently considered in connection with the revolutionary spirit of the Democratic party. It has been long known that the Connecticut elections, especially in New Haven, and in parts of the State easily accessible from New York, have been shamefully fraudulent. The Legislature at its recent session passed a bill to purify elections by a careful registry and a proper issue of naturalization papers. The bill was rigidly examined and vigorously discussed. It was opposed with warmth and bitterness by the Democratic party, and finally passed by a strictly party vote of the Republicans. The Democrats generally oppose a registry and all safeguards of the ballot. The point in our whole system which should be most watchfully defended is the one which they strive to leave most exposed. The reason is obvious. The Democratic party is recruited not from the intelligent youth of the country but from the most ignorant class of foreign immigrants; and every protection of the ballot founded upon intelligence, residence, and honesty at the polls is, therefore, a limitation of the Democratic vote. When the bill in question passed the Connecticut Legislature the Democratic newspapers threatened violent resistance, especially in New Haven, the scene of the chief election frauds.

The bill was placed in the office of the Secretary of State, and just before it was laid before the Governor for his signature it was discovered that *the words of the law had been secretly changed*, so as to deprive it of its most effective and desirable provisions. These forgeries, moreover, were substantially the changes which the Democratic party had attempted to introduce into the bill. The law was redrawn as originally passed, and was again adopted by the Legislature. The incident illustrates the utterly unscrupulous and dangerous spirit of the party which nominates for Vice-President a man who furiously appeals to the sword as a political remedy—which counts among its leaders the most relentless of rebels, and among its supporters the great mass of the most ignorant and reckless of the population. The Democratic party, despising equal rights, is found every where identified with acts and measures which are not only lawless but which poison the very springs of law and organized society.

LITERARY.

"The Moonstone," by WILKIE COLLINS, was concluded in *Harper's Weekly* two weeks ago, and is one of the most remarkable and fascinating of recent tales. The novelty of the plot, the consummate skill of the handling, and the unabated interest of the story, are alike striking. Mr. COLLINS is the only eminent novelist of the time who rests his work upon the ingenuity of the plot and its development. All his characters and scenes are subordinated to this. Love itself, the master-passion, is only an accessory of the mystery. The weekly numbers of his tales are seized with the eagerness with which an important letter is opened and read, or rather devoured. Yet, if the chief interest is in the development of the plot, there is often a very vivid portrayal of character in Mr. COLLINS'S novels. Count Fosco, in "The Woman in White," is an instance of this; it is one of the most successful individualizations of the day. And in "The Moonstone" the character of Miss Clack, although less delicately drawn, and with a feeling of animosity which is artistically injurious, is yet a forcible type, and very sure to be remembered. We promise every reader a most exciting and entertaining story in "The Moonstone." Nor ought we to omit a word of especial praise for the illustrations, which are many, and which are drawn with the most sympathetic appreciation of the text, and often with a poetic delicacy and distinctive character that very greatly enhance the interest and value of the work.

"Cape Cod and all along Shore," stories by CHARLES NORDHOFF, is one of the last publications of the HARPERS, and is a true American book. They are love-stories, of course; but they are of the manly, racy, homely kind, not of the velvet and satin quality. Indeed there is a sturdy honesty of tone in the book which is very attractive, and a real knowledge of character, a susceptibility to what is essentially heroic and romantic, and an unusual experience, which give to the stories an air of actual narrative. The brief description of a shipwreck in "Captain Tom—a Resurrection," is as vivid and picturesque as any that can be found. If the form is slight and the tone almost careless, the sincerity and knowledge and sweet feeling make these little stories a series of Yankee sea-side idyls; and we shall have a right to be seriously disappointed if the hand that has shown itself so skillful does not redeem the pledge of this delightful little volume.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEWS ITEMS.

WHEN General Sherman was interrupted in his speech at St. Joseph, Missouri, by unreconstructed rebels, he suggested that the ringleader should be ducked; and if the old war-dog had had his way, the barking dog would have had a good shaking as preliminary to the bath. They do things differently in Richmond, Virginia. On August 10 Judge Ould, formerly a rebel Brigadier, was interrupted while speaking by a negro who did not agree with him. Instantly the white rebels in the audience set upon the offending negro, and all others within reach; a riot ensued, in which the whites used pistols freely, wounding two negroes mortally, and two white men slightly.

Mr. Motley, late Minister to Austria, has declined a public reception in Boston, as tendered him by the Mayor and the most prominent politicians and literati of the Hub.

The Western robbers of express trains have been driven by the severe operations of Lynch law to Canada. They have congregated in such numbers, and display such a belligerent and thieving disposition, that all trains have to be guarded by soldiers just as we had to do in war times.

A bill has been introduced in the Georgia Legislature declaring negroes ineligible to the Legislature, and exempting one-legged and one-armed men from taxation.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has made its second annual report of its proceedings. From this it appears that dog and cock fights have been almost entirely suppressed, ten drinking fountains have been erected for the use of horses, dogs, etc.; great relief has been furnished to car horses during hot weather, and two hundred and fifty persons have been prosecuted for cruelty to their beasts.

FOREIGN NEWS.

STOTS BASHI has regained the ascendency in Japan and put the Mikado in prison—at least in one of the temples under the care of a high-priest. He has been urged to resume the Tycoonate but refused. The American fleet, with the *Stonewall* in possession, still holds the balance of power. The success of Stots Bashi will greatly benefit the foreigners.

The Anti-Union Convention at Halifax, Nova Scotia, has adopted resolutions declaring it necessary to use every means to effect a withdrawal from the new Confederation.

We have frequently alluded to the improving condition of Austria, and have noticed of late many signs of increasing civilization. Mr. Motley, late Minister to Vienna, reports most encouragingly of the future prospects of that country. He says, in his letter declining the Boston reception: "Perhaps you will not think it out of place for me to say on this occasion that in the country where I have so long been officially residing, it was never my lot to hear or to read any expression of unfriendly feeling toward our country. Every manifestation was courteous, kindly, and sincere; the Imperial Government throughout the war maintaining its amicable relations unimpaired with the Government of the United States. There are many clouds hanging over the present and the future of that ancient empire, but there is light breaking above them, and no man that has hopes of human progress but must wish God-speed to the efforts of the administration of the present sovereign to advance the cause of constitutional freedom and the emancipation of the people from civil and sacerdotal thralldom."

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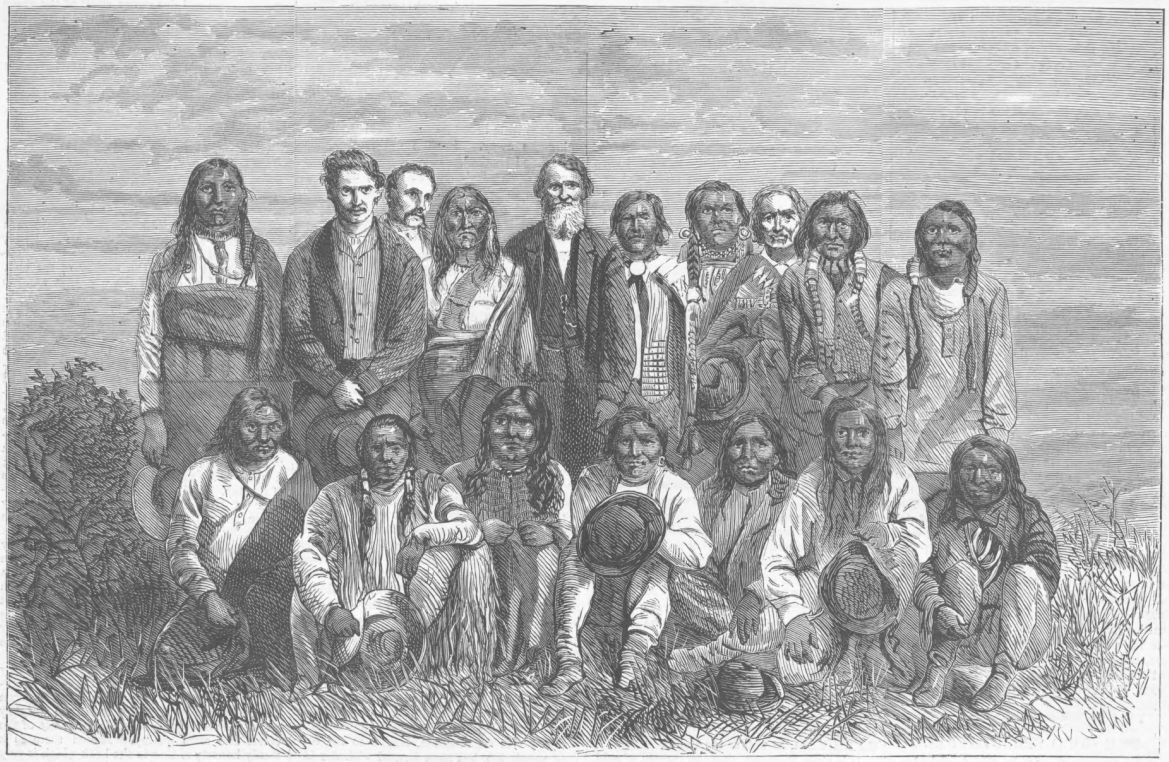

GOVERNOR W. F. M. ARNY'S INDIAN EXPEDITION.—[SEE PAGE 534.]

AFTER A HOT DAY.

IT is one of the necessary misfortunes of all poor residents of a great city that they are always distant—by time, space, or pecuniary conditions—from those breathing-places—the country or the sea-shore. The problems of houses and country sites and watering-places for the poor, we fear, will never be practically solved. Houses have been planned but never built; country sites are as dear as city lots; the means of transportation to the convenient sea-shore are inadequate and illy regulated. Our nearest approach to success in the furnishing of the people with a breathing-place is the establishment of Central Park. But though this is a great suc-

ON THE DOCKS AFTER A HOT DAY.

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THE LATE GENERAL HALPINE.

THE LATE GEN. HALPINE.

CHARLES G. HALPINE, Register of New York, Editor of the *Citizen*, and formerly a Brevet Brigadier-General in the Volunteer Army, but better known by his *nom de plume* of "MILES O'REILLY," died suddenly on August 3, aged 39.

General HALPINE was a native of Ireland, but came to this country in 1846. He settled first at Boston, and was associated with B. P. SHILLABER ("Mrs. Partington") in the publication of a literary paper. He subsequently served on the Boston *Pilot*, New York *Herald*, New York *Times*, etc. His first literary venture was a book of "Poems by the Letter H." He was the author of the famous poem, "Stanzas to the American Flag," which began:

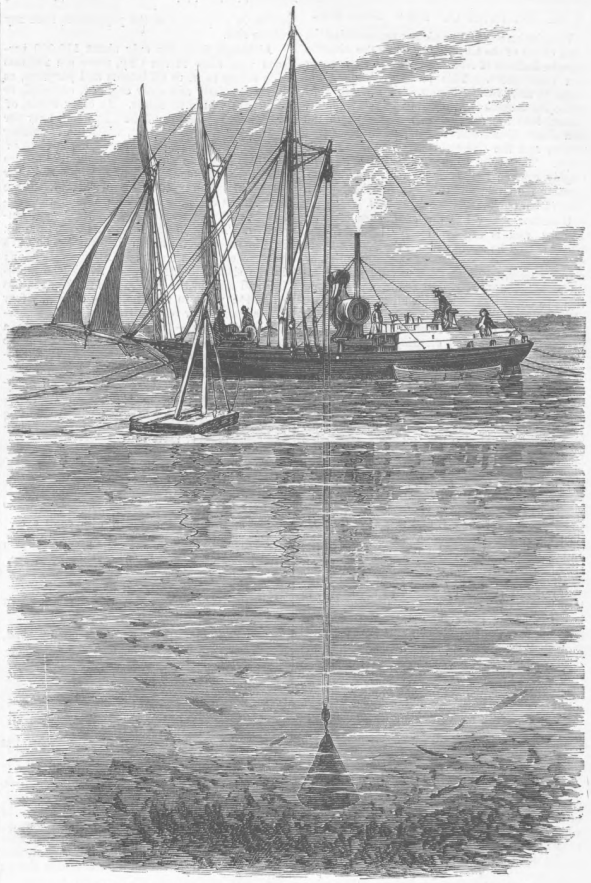
"Tear down the flaunting lie!"

and which, published in the *Tribune*, was for a long time thought to have been an inspiration of Mr. GREELEY's.

The *nom de plume* under which he was best known was assumed by General HALPINE in a communication written from the South to the New York *Herald*. It was a long and entirely fictitious account of the arbitrary imprisonment of a private named "MILES O'REILLY," who had offended General GILMORE by praising Admiral DUPONT in a poem which was circulated in camp. The writer in his next letter gave a copy of the verses, which caused great merriment wherever they were read. This performance was the first to bring the Irish lyrist before the public; and when, a few months afterward, the witty wag published to the world a full-page account of a reception-dinner given to MILES O'REILLY at DELMONICO's, whereat Mayor HOFFMAN sang a comic song, and other well-known dignitaries indulged in ridiculous speeches, his reputation was made, and in a short time the name of MILES O'REILLY was a household word.

cess, it is hardly the poor who are most benefited by it; the means of getting there are still too high and inadequate; and it is rather the wealthy, after all, who enjoy its beauties. The poor are still compelled to seek other and less pleasant and healthy breathing-places. We have shown in former issues that the majority of these are not the most delightful localities; and have before pleaded for the inauguration of steps to relieve the pent-up poor.

Among the most favored and frequented spots are the docks on East and North rivers, and any evening after the present hot days the numerous docks may be seen crowded with loungers, as is the one represented in our engraving on page 532. They are by no means always clean; the perfumes wafted on the air from neighboring ships are not always those of Arabia; the characters who haunt the docks are not always unexceptionable; yet with sundown of each sultry day come hundreds of men, women, and children to these docks for the sea air, which comes tainted perhaps, but still cooling and refreshing to their brows.



DIVING-BELL OPERATIONS ON THE WRECK OF THE FRIGATE "HUSSAR."
SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 541.]

FRANCIS DEAK.

FRANCIS DEAK, the man to whom Hungary is most indebted for the restoration of her old Constitution and her rights under the present Austrian Government, has lately become again prominent in Austrian politics, and, a few weeks since, made one of those telling speeches which end arguments and settle questions. We give in this number of the *Weekly* a portrait of this famous Hungarian leader. DEAK was born at Kechida, in the year 1803. In the earliest years of his boyhood he was remarkable for quick intelligence, and the aptitude he evinced in his scholastic studies. At college he attained high distinction; and in the year 1832 he was elected to the Diet by the Zalaer Comitat, which he represented until the year 1836.

DEAK is a man of the strictest integrity of principle. Of this he afforded evidence in 1843, when he preferred relinquishing his trust as a deputy to giving utterance to a word which his conscience could not fully approve.

In 1844 he traveled in various parts of the Continent, and in 1847 the state of his health induced him to decline being elected a deputy. Meanwhile he maintained an active correspondence with the Liberal party in his native country; and when, in the spring of 1848, Count LOUIS BATTHYANI formed a Hungarian Ministry, DEAK accepted the port-folio of Justice. On the dissolution of BATTHYANI's Ministry he retired into private life, and occupied himself in the pursuit of literature and science.

The year 1861 again called him into the arena of political action; and from that time until the reconciliation of king and people was effected in 1866, DEAK was the recognized leader of the Moderate National party in Hungary, the policy pursued by whom has now been crowned with success. DEAK has been offered office, honors, and wealth by FRANCIS JOSEPH, who has even condescended to pay personal visits to the man who was once his stanchest opponent; but the patriot has declined them all, preferring to have it recorded of him—as assuredly it will be recorded—that he served his country for herself alone.

In manner DEAK is unassuming and even diffident, and he possesses a wonderful amount of calmness and self-command. These last-mentioned qualities, together with his powerful eloquence, have enabled him to influence and even to control the turbulent spirits of his countrymen in the most excited times.

FRANCIS DEAK, THE HUNGARIAN LEADER.

PRIZES FOR THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.—[SEE PAGE 534.]

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THE INDIANS OF NEW MEXICO.

WE give on page 532 a picture representing the head chiefs of the Capote Utahs and the Jicarilla Apache Indians of New Mexico, with their agent and interpreters. This party of Indians are about to start from Abiquin, New Mexico, west of the Rio Grande River, with Governor W. F. M. ARNY, into the unexplored region west of the San Juan River, and which lies between that stream and the Colorado River of the Pacific slope. The object of the expedition is to thoroughly explore that country, with the view of locating the Utahs and Jicarilla Apaches upon a reservation outside of the settlements.

Governor ARNY has the confidence of these Indians, and is urging in their behalf that a treaty should be made with all the Indian tribes of New Mexico. He advocates the adoption of a treaty requiring each tribe to cultivate peaceful relations with all other tribes, and binding them to cease hostilities with all tribes who are at peace with the United States; to relinquish the right they claim to roam where they please in the Territory; and granting them, in consideration of the relinquishment of this right, a certain specified tract of land as their reservation, the boundaries of which should be fully defined, and the Indians be required to remain on it; the American and Mexican citizens excluded therefrom, except when permitted by the agent. The treaty should give the Indians a reasonable compensation for the relinquishment of their claimed rights, in annual payments, not in money, but in clothing, provisions, cattle, sheep, horses, and farming implements, etc., such as would be necessary for their comfort, and enable them to cultivate the soil and manufacture their own clothing. Governor ARNY urges that an Industrial School should be established on the reservation; and in the treaty it should be specified that all children between eight and sixteen years of age should be placed in the school to be educated; the Government agreeing that during that period the children should be clothed and fed, and the Indians to agree that the children shall labor at least three hours per day under the direction of the agent.

The Jicarilla Apaches number about one thousand persons, and the different bands of Utahs number over five thousand fighting men, who have studied the art of Indian warfare to perfection.

THE YACHT CLUB PRIZES.

WE represent on page 533 the solid silver prizes manufactured by Messrs. TIFFANY & Co., of this city, for the New York Yacht Club, and which are to be sailed for during the August cruise of the squadron.

The designs are exquisite, and the ornamentation, in engraving or relief, is particularly appropriate for the object of the prizes. The wine-cooler is of fine proportion, made somewhat after the fashion of a ship's bucket, supported by four feet, on which dolphins in bass-relief sport in silver waves. This is richly ornamented with a finely wrought border of chaste pattern, between which and the base is engraved a representation of a yacht race. A second piece is a superb and graceful punch-bowl, of which each handle represents a youthful Neptune holding his symbolic trident. Three equi-distant dolphins' heads support the upright handle of the cover, while on either side, from a flat chasing of ivy leaves, spring winged figures of Speed, together holding a shield or disc, on which is to be inscribed the winner's name.

The tankard and two cups are of novel and unique design. The lid of the tankard is well set off by a statuette, in annealed silver, of a sailor standing in repose by the side of a capstan, and the handle is similarly adorned by two foul anchors and a block. Each cup is made in the form of a capstan, around which the ends of the handle of (silver) rope are ingeniously twined.

The tankard, three cups, and waiter are among the very finest works of the kind that it has ever been our pleasure to behold, and the recipient may well feel proud to have won such beautiful works of art. The general forms of the tankard, cups, and waiter are Roman, though not so severely classic as to seem strange to our modernized eyes. The flat chasing known as *repoussé* for beauty of design and excellent finish deserves the greatest praise. In all these works the effect is marvelously heightened by the judicious disposition of the polished and matted grounds.

POPULATION OF LONDON.

THE City of London, comprising about ninety small parishes, is less than one square mile in area; whereas the whole metropolis, in all its vastness, reaches nearly a hundred and twenty square miles. The City *can not* enlarge, seeing that it is hemmed in on all sides. It can not increase in population, unless ordinary dwelling-houses increase in number or in height. The process has been just the reverse of this. Modern banks and insurance offices now occupy spots on which whole blocks of dwelling-houses used to stand. The Bank of England, the Royal Exchange, and other public buildings have similarly done their work as house-destroyers. From these causes the population of the City—meaning those who sleep and have their homes in the City—is gradually lessening; and there can be little doubt that this process will continue, making the City a concentrated place of business only. There are more churches and chapels, more clergymen and ministers, in this square mile of ground than on any equal area in the Queen's dominions. There are more children under education in proportion to the population. There are more customs duties, more commerce, more trading profits (as denoted by income tax), more shipping, higher rents, more ratable annual value, in proportion to the population, than any where else.

Although there are only about 110,000 persons who *sleep* in the City, there are 280,000 who *belong* to it, to all intents and purposes, as being regularly and daily engaged, occupied, or employed within its limits. In other words, of the whole population of the City about forty per cent. dwell there at night, while the remaining sixty per cent. quit the place after the close of business hours to go to their domestic firesides elsewhere. Three-fifths of those who make their money in the City spend it out of the City. These three-fifths comprise, almost to a man, the mercantile and commercial class, employers and employed. Taking twelve business hours, from six in the morning till six in the evening, 549,613 persons enter the really small City of London; in the sixteen hours between five in the morning and nine in the evening the number reaches 679,744; while in the whole day of twenty-four hours the number very nearly touches three-quarters of a million—728,986! In other words, a mass of persons, equal in number to twice the entire population of twenty cities—Oxford, Chichester, Worcester, Winchester, Wells, Peterborough, Rochester, Salisbury, Lincoln, Lichfield, Durham, Exeter, Gloucester, Hereford, Canterbury, Carlisle, Chester, Bangor, Ely, and Ripon—enter the City of London every day, and the same number leave it.

A CHANGE.

PARTING the dusky draperies of sleep
My sorrow stood, a vision with calm eyes,
Not robed in her remembered mournful guise,
Nor pallid as from tears she could not weep,
But fair, exceeding wise.

"What change is here?" I marveled, and she drew
Closer, with quiet step, to my dim bed.
Her hand was like a sunbeam on my head,
Weightless and warm; her kiss was pure as dew.
"Call me thy friend," she said.

THE DOUBLE MISTAKE.

BERTHA BELL ran down stairs with her hat and gloves in her hand.

"I will be ready in a minute, Cousin Paley!" she called, stopping an instant at the open door.

"All right! so will I!" returned Cousin Paley, following her into the sitting-room, with a gun in his hand. "I will leave my gun in this corner, Aunt Bethiah. I shall go out for another shot at ducks, when Bertha and I come back, before I go home. It is loaded with a double charge all ready."

As he spoke he placed the gun behind a small table, safely, as it seemed; but somehow it slipped and fell over. Instantly there was a flash, a crash, and a scream from Aunt Bethiah as well as Bertha. The room was full of sulphurous smoke, and somebody fell heavily upon the floor. It was Bertha, who a moment before stood laughing and pulling out her hat-ribbons.

And so in an instant all the colors of the day had changed. Instead of a ride with his pretty young cousin along the summer meadows, Paley Fairbrother jumped into the waiting chaise and rode in all haste for Doctor Peet. And in just one hour after she ran so gayly down the staircase Bertha Bell lay white and still on her mother's bed, with a smell of ether in the room and no right foot. The charge, being double, had entirely shattered it, and there was no question about amputation being necessary.

Bertha was brave as one of the early martyrs, and hopeful as a rainbow; but poor Cousin Paley was in the deeps of gloomy horror and despair.

"It was *I* that did it, Aunt Bethiah! It was I! Oh! Aunt Bethiah, I don't dare go home. I don't dare see my mother. What will my mother say? She was always so opposed to my touching a gun," he said.

Now, as it happened, Paley Fairbrother's mother was my own next neighbor in the city; and just at nightfall of that unfortunate day I heard, out in my bit of a back-yard, where I stood nailing up the grape-vines, a sound of violent weeping in the adjoining yard; and looking through the lattice, I saw Mrs. Fairbrother herself crying with all her heart.

"Some of the family must be dead," thought I, though to be sure I had little reason to take fright at my neighbor Fairbrother's tears, for they flowed with the same readiness if a pie or a principle were in danger. But this time it seemed something sad *had* happened.

"Why, what is the matter, Mrs. Fairbrother?" I asked.

"Oh, Mrs. Longley! it is too dreadful to tell!" she sobbed; and then went right on to tell it. "Paley is in the house now, crying as hard as he can cry," said she.

Just then Paley himself came to the door, his handsome boyish face flushed and stained with boyish tears.

"It was all my fault, Mrs. Longley," said he. "All my fault: and now I shall spend every cent I ever earn, excepting just enough to live on, for Cousin Bertha. Just as soon as she can wear it, I shall buy the most beautiful foot for her that can be made; and if I ever marry, I shall marry her," he continued, with the generous impulses of a boy and the satisfied assurance of a man.

Months after this I saw a carriage stop before neighbor Fairbrother's door, and pretty Bertha Bell taken out in her cousin Paley's arms, and carried into the house.

A sweet-faced girl, only sixteen, and far enough from looking upon her life as blighted and over, as I perceived when I had once seen her happy eyes and heard her glad laugh.

"Every body is so good to me," said she, gayly. "I believe, on the whole, I am well paid for my foot. Only think, Mrs. Longley, of a Beacon Street lady I never saw sending me such an elegant bouquet as this! And then the fruit I have had from entire strangers! And my *friends!* why, none of them go any where but they are sure to pick up something beautiful or curious for me. I could not be waited on more tenderly if I were the Princess Royal; and as for *Cousin Paley!*"

Bertha finished her sentence by a loving look at Paley Fairbrother, and he returned it with one so tender and protecting that I thought to myself it was not likely to be a heavy trial to the young man to take care of his cousin Bertha all their lives.

At last she was ready for the new foot—"the most beautiful foot that could be made."

"It is splendid, Mrs. Longley," said Paley, who was a great friend of mine. "Dr. Peet does not allow her to wear it longer than half an hour at a time now at first, but she can walk with it just as nice as can be. She is a little slow starting, but after that you wouldn't notice a thing different, and you will say so when you see her."

I saw her, and I did say so. Bertha could even run down stairs once more, and was ready to take her place again in the kingdom of youth and beauty.

The sun rose and the sun set, the earth turned restlessly over and over on its axis, and traveled around and around the patient sun, and Bertha kept on growing beautiful, while Paley was still tireless in the devotion which was at once fatherly, brotherly, and lover-like.

In all this time there had been no outside changes to me and mine more important than new pavements and lines of horse-railways in the city, and new growths of butter-cups and daisies in the country. But of a sudden every thing began to happen, until it seemed as though the very foundations of the world had fallen out. When, at last, life settled again into an everyday level, nothing was unchanged only that I still lived in part of my old home, but with one servant instead of four, and only my niece Lucy for company. In the general wreck of friends and fortune Lucy had been left homeless; but, although she had lost every thing else, she had kept her joyous heart, and she came to me cheerful as a cricket on my hearth.

Mrs. Fairbrother remained my next neighbor, and as she was always at hand to weep with those that wept, I had a great deal of sympathy and kindness from her, as also from Paley, with whom I was as great friends as ever.

One day Mrs. Fairbrother came in through the gate that opened in the lattice between our yards. She had a basket of early lettuce and pepper-grass in her hand, and a tear or two in her eye.

"I have brought you a taste of my lettuce, Mrs. Longley, and I *hope* it will not prove so tough you can not eat it," said she in her self-deprecating way, setting down the basket and setting herself down with a gentle sigh.

I saw at once something was the matter, and that the lettuce was only an excuse for coming in; for my neighbor Fairbrother, though we were back and forth so often, never came without a distinct errand. But the errand of the lettuce being disposed of and dwelt upon as long as it would possibly bear, still she staid, sighing softly now and then with a cloudy look. I tried talking about her strawberry-bed, her ten chickens, the poor luck she had had with washer-women; but the right thing was not touched, and the trouble remained as plain to see as a bit of undissolved camphor-gum.

"Do you know, Mrs. Longley," said she at last, wiping her eyes, "what is the matter with Paley? Something is on his mind I can see."

"Why no, why do you think so?" I returned, not much startled, for something is always on somebody's mind according to Mrs. Fairbrother. So I brought a glass of California-plant beer, knowing that drinking was a sort of universal panacea to her. It made but little difference what; hop tea, gill-run-over-the-ground, sage, wake-robin, or the best Bohea. As she often said she was not sure but she could live without eating; she knew by frequent experience she could without sleeping; but she *must drink*.

Accordingly her face brightened as she sipped the beer, but she still shook her bonnet dismally.

"Paley has fits of shutting himself up in his own room, and I can't find out for why," said she, plaintively. "Then when I try to cheer him up by sending him in to talk to you and Lucy he makes some excuse not to come. He seems to prefer to be by himself, and I can see all is not right. It may be his liver; but if not his liver, *something* is on his mind. I have tried slying a little thorough-wort tea into his coffee. That is excellent for any stomach difficulty, and Paley won't ever take medical drinks—not if he knows it; so I have to use stratagem when I see what he needs. I knew a little thorough-wort would do him no *hurt* any way, and it might touch his case; but it does not seem to."

Then she gave her bonnet another despairing shake and turned to finishing her beer. "You come in to tea to-night, you and Lucy, and see what you think," she added, putting down the glass and rising to go.

Accordingly Lucy and I went in to tea; but Paley did not appear till after we were seated at the table, although we heard him go up stairs an hour before, and his mother had called him three times. But I perceived at once that this time his mother's anxiety was not altogether fidget. Paley did really look troubled and unhappy; and although he tried hard to seem unchanged and gay, it was plainly an effort, and the effort was a failure. Mrs. Fairbrother was right. He was either ill or in trouble; but I knew Paley well enough to know the more one tried to find out the matter the less one would know, and there was nothing but to stand aside and be sorry for him without showing it.

So I talked over the last magazines, the price of strawberries, and the prospect for grapes; and Paley tried to keep the deathly look out of his face and talk with me, till I pitied him clear through my heart, while I pretended to be only criticising the cut and color of his vest.

"It isn't a case for thorough-wort," said I to myself. "Something deeper than the liver."

Presently the door-bell rang, and, Mrs. Fairbrother answering it herself, we heard her through the open inner door crying out, "You little dear! Paley will be so glad to see you! Come right straight in!"

I happened to glance at Paley at the moment, and, having on my far-seeing glasses, was frightened at his sudden paleness. But his voice sounded natural enough as he arose a moment after and spoke cordially to his cousin Bertha, whom Mrs. Fairbrother brought in with the air of bringing a pleasant surprise.

Bertha came without any trace of lameness, and with such a sweet face and charming manner that one wished she were a baby to be taken up and kissed. We all did kiss her, to be sure, even to Paley, who met her with a grave and gentle air very becoming to him. But still, though he sat by and talked to Bertha all the evening through, with eyes and ears for no one else, the same sad weight kept down his spirits.

Even my niece Lucy, who is not like me in being observing, noticed it. Lucy, who, always cheerful herself in her quiet way, supposed every body else to be.

There was as much difference between Bertha Bell and Lucy as between a full-blown rose and a sprig of mignonnette; but they were both as sweet as they could be, and it is hardly a matter of choice between roses and mignonnette; so, when I saw them together with Paley beside Bertha, like a bit of "boys'-love" or a geranium leaf, I felt it was a pity they should ever be apart, they set each other off so prettily. But this evening, although the Rose was brighter than ever, there seemed a sort of mist over the other two.

"What was it, Lucy?" said I, after we had gone home. "Was any thing wrong with you or Paley to-night?"

"Not with me, Aunt Jane. But Paley did not seem exactly natural. And he has not for quite a while. I think something troubles him; and a good many times lately he has begun to speak, or looked just ready to, and then turned away suddenly. Or not very lately, either; I haven't seen him much *very* lately."

Then Lucy made a long pause and began to take down her hair. When she spoke again her voice was constrained by an evident effort to speak perfectly natural. "Is Paley engaged to his cousin Bertha?" said she.

"Why yes, I suppose there is an understanding that amounts to an engagement," I replied, looking at her in a little surprise, but seeing nothing unusual in her face; though, to be sure, I hadn't on my far-glasses. And then I turned off the gas and went to bed.

After that I saw nothing of Paley Fairbrother for two weeks and more, and then he came in one day as I was sitting by myself.

"It is Lucy's afternoon for her music lesson, and you are alone, aren't you?" said he. Then, without waiting for an answer, he went on impetuously: "I can not bear it, Mrs. Longley; what shall I do? It is Lucy I love, and it is Bertha I must marry! What shall I do? What shall I do?"

I was more than surprised, I was shocked.

"Why, Paley! what a dreadful thing this is you are telling me! Lucy is a dear good girl, but she doesn't love you, and Bertha does, you know," I gasped out, foolishly.

"I know it, and I will not break Bertha's heart by marrying any body else; but I can not be so false as to marry her when I love another." Then he turned upon me, fiercely. "Why did you bring Lucy in my way? You should have known better!"

Poor boy! It was dreadful; yet he could take out no patent on his suffering, for many a one has gone with torn feet along the same painful road before him.

"It is too hard," said he; "I can not be true to myself without being false to Bertha. But I shall never marry. No, *never!* And some day I shall be dead, and then it will be all over."

As he spoke a shadow crossed the window, and, looking out, he started up and went through the garden door as Lucy came in through the front door.

After that I tried, of course, to keep my dear girl out of Paley's sight, and succeeded so well that for a month they hardly met at all. But in the time Bertha Bell came often, and at last took Lucy home with her for a week.

At the end of the week I was invited out to spend a day, and found Bertha's mother, whom I knew very little before, an anxious, overburdened woman, as fussy and full of melancholy foreboding as her sister Fairbrother.

Her beer was not so spirited as it was expected to be; a piece of cloth spread to whiten on the grass showed signs of mildew; and the robins were eating all her cherries.

"Sometimes I think," said she, pensively, "it doesn't pay to live."

But when Bertha came in sight her mother's cloudy face cleared in spite of herself. So thoroughly sweet in temper and manner as Bertha always was, it seemed impossible for annoyances and troubles to move her as they do those of us who keep our nerves on the outside ready to be jarred by every passing touch.

"There is nothing on *her* mind, that is certain, and I am thankful for it. Paley can not help loving her; and it would be a sin to take

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all the sunshine out of her sky," said I to myself, remembering that

"Lightest hearts
Make sometimes heaviest mourning."

So when, on our way home, Lucy told me the wedding-day of Bertha and Paley was appointed, I was, on the whole, glad he had thought better of his determination never to marry.

"They will be very happy together. It is a good thing," said I, heartily.

"I hope so," returned Lucy, with such a *little* sigh that I should never have heard it, only I had on my far-glasses, and they quickened all my senses.

Then I fell to wondering why Lucy sighed, and was very glad it was not for herself; but, before I had time to ask her, she added, "Bertha wishes me to stand with her, Aunt Jane."

"By no means. I can not consent to such a thing," I answered, decidedly, thinking of the mockery it would be to poor Paley.

"I did not want to, but Bertha was so anxious, and thought I should be such a comfort, I didn't know but I ought," returned Lucy.

"Bertha will need no comfort but her husband," I replied, severely vexed by the ignorant girlishness that understood so little at what price her happiness was bought.

Half-way back to the city we met Paley Fairbrother going out to see his bride; and the same evening as we sat by ourselves—Lucy crocheting a toilet-set for her bridal gift to Bertha, and I thinking of poor Paley and his unsatisfied heart—Paley himself tapped at the half-open door, and came suddenly in upon us.

I looked up in surprise, and was still more surprised when I saw the unburdened and even radiant look on his face, mingled yet with the unrest of anxious doubt.

"I could wait no longer," he said, in a sudden burst, "before speaking to Lucy. Bertha is *such* an angel! And there I was, the wickedest hypocrite that ever lived, going to *allow* her to marry me under the belief that I loved her best of all the world! I thought I was acting from generosity, but it was only *cowardice*, Mrs. Longley; nothing else. She put me to such shame by her own noble courage and truth. Oh! she is an *angel!* It was wrong, she said, to marry with a lie in one's mouth, and I had a right to know that she had loved Percy Hathaway—that high-school teacher at Lindsey, you know—better than me. But she never suspected till he spoke to her, and then she never gave him a word of encouragement. She felt bound to me, and meant to be faithful, only she could not begin with a falsehood in her mouth, and thought I had a *right* to know. *Such* an angel! You can't think how handsome she looked when she said that. I had to kiss her on the spot, and then I told her my story. And now if Lucy will not love me I don't know what I *shall* do!"

As he spoke in his boyish vehemence and manly passion Lucy went red and white, and red again, without saying a word or looking up, while I was dumb as she.

Presently Paley spoke again. "Speak, Lucy, won't you? I don't know what I *shall* do if you will not love me," he repeated, earnestly.

Then Lucy looked shyly up. "I never *could* see how Bertha could love any body better than Paley, but I didn't tell her so."

Poor Lucy! It seemed, with all my gratulation, and in spite of my far-glasses, that it was she who had been wearing the crown of fire, after all. Besides returning Paley's unspoken love with true womanly interest—which is *compound*—she had been sole confidante of Bertha's mistaken scruples, tearing her heart with tender sympathy, and keeping her secrets so closely that I, in my blind wisdom, did not even discover that she had any secrets to keep. But

"When the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows passed?"

Not long after this evening there was a double wedding at St. Paul's Church, and I sat in the first pew, with my neighbor Fairbrother wiping her eyes in pure delight upon one side of me, and Mrs. Bell sighing out her thanksgivings upon the other; while I looked through my glasses at the kneeling brides, and said to myself, how much better the truth serves one than a lie!

JAPANESE WRITING.

JAPANESE writing is very free and flowing, and well deserves the term "cursive," which is usually applied to it. Like printing, it is in vertical columns, commencing at the right-hand side of the page. Although this method of writing does not appear to admit of so much variety in the shape of the letters as the horizontal system, it is very rapidly done, and looks very characteristic. It is difficult for a student to decipher, as a very curious style is adopted, and the variations of handwriting always cause written characters to be less easily intelligible than printed matter. Pens and ink are of course not used: a brush, consisting of a nicely arranged bunch of hair, finely pointed, in a bamboo handle, is passed along a stone, on which some Indian ink has been rubbed down with water. The writing-paper is porous, and easily receives and retains the characters lightly and rapidly painted on it by the writer.

What renders it difficult to speak and write Japanese correctly is, that the phraseology varies according to the position in life and relationship of the person addressed. A Japanese lady, when conversing with her female relatives, uses a different choice of words from what she would do were she speaking either to her male relatives or to her servants. To fail or to misplace these expressions betrays a want of refinement and education which is instantly discoverable by the practiced ear; and thus one may be well acquainted with the colloquial language of the common people, and yet be unable to address those of higher rank.

In reference to writing, it may be mentioned that post-offices exist in all Japanese towns and cities except "Jeddo," the capital of the Tycoon. The postage of a letter from "Simonosaki" to Jeddo (for letters are received there, though there is no public office whence they can be dispatched) is five tempos (about sevenpence-halfpenny). The distance is over 200 miles, therefore the tariff is not much higher than what our fathers used to pay. In a country where money is worth so much as it is in Japan it is sufficiently high to prevent a very large correspondence being carried on, but this means of communication is always available.

THE AMERICAN ARMY.*

To create, command, and disband a great army are among the most difficult acts of a free government.

At the period of the inauguration of Lincoln, the United States were really without an army. The insignificant force which had formerly passed under that name had been dissipated by the perfidy of Floyd, the Secretary of War; the most important portion of it had been disarmed and destroyed in Texas by the treason of General Twiggs.

At the close of the war the army numbered about 1,050,000 men. Such was its strength when it was disbanded.

Enthusiasm furnished in the beginning what seemed to be an adequate supply of volunteers. But enthusiasm can not be relied upon as a steady principle of national action. It is quickly excited, and, under the influence of adversity, as quickly subsides. Men were next obtained by the allurement of bounties, and that eventually failing of its purpose, they were taken by draft.

The quality of the force thus arising changed with the changes of its origin. To the experienced military eye, the troops in the national service up to the epoch of the battle of Bull Run constituted an armed multitude, but not an army. Then it became evident that something more effective was necessary. Many months were consumed, and the skill of a trained officer, General McClellan, was exhausted; unstinted supplies were lavished; but, though a great improvement was accomplished, perfection was very far from being reached. Not without the utmost difficulty, and after many disasters, were the political aspirations of officers and men extinguished. It was in the West that the army first became what an army ought to be—a mere centre of human force, capable of being directed with mathematical precision along any given line, and brought to bear irresistibly on any given point. In the judgment of a very high military authority, this degree of perfection was first manifested in General Grant's campaign from Grand Gulf to Vicksburg.

To attain to this, an army must have lost all outward political thought; it must have implicit reliance on the mind which is guiding it. It must have complete cohesion in all its parts—from that tenacity results. Each soldier must thoroughly feel that, no matter how insignificant he as a single individual may be, he is absolutely sustained in what he is about to do by the unswerving and unfailing power of the whole force. The highest excellence is reached when the converse of this conception is attained, and the individual soldier considers that on him personally the safety and honor of the whole army may be depending. In the wars of Napoleon the Imperial Guard had been brought to this state. It is not by the pageantry of reviews that this grand ideal is reached; the perfect soldier, like his own weapon, must have passed through the ordeal of fire.

Considering the military condition of the nation when General McClellan undertook the formation and organization of the great Army of the Potomac, the time consumed in bringing that force into a satisfactory condition was far from being too long. The preceding paragraphs show how much was necessary to be done and how much was actually accomplished. From the resources furnished without stint by Congress McClellan created that army. Events showed that his mental constitution was such that he could not use it on the battle-field.

Events also showed that McClellan's solution of the Problem of the Form of the War was incorrect. He did not recognize the importance of the Mississippi Valley, and looked upon military operations there as of secondary importance. Though the force he had accumulated was already unmanageable in his hands, he unceasingly importuned the government to strip the Western armies of whatever they could for the sake of adding to his already unwieldy mass. There probably never was an army in the world so lavishly supplied as that of the Potomac before the Peninsular expedition. General McDowell, who knew the state of things well, declared, in his testimony before the Congressional Committee on the Conduct of the War, "There never was an army in the world supplied as well as ours. I believe a French army of half the size could be supplied with what we waste."

While these things were lavished on the Army of the East, no superfluities were given to the Army of the West. In his examination before the same Congressional Committee, General Pope testified that the Western army had labored under a great many disadvantages, but it had always pursued an aggressive policy from the beginning. So far as material was concerned, it was indifferently supplied compared with the Army of the East: he added, "We had nothing, you might say; I have seen men go into action there with the locks of their muskets tied on with strings. I have seen them wearing overcoats to hide their nakedness, as they had no pantaloons. When I left there there were some troops that had been there over a year, and yet had but two or three ambulances to a regiment of a thousand men." To the question, "Was it all appropriated for the Army of the Potomac?" he replied, "I do not say what became of it. I do not know that it had an existence; at least we never saw it. Our troops suffered very much, and I must say that it was understood by them to have been from neglect on the part of the government."

It was the man in the overcoat, with the lock of his rifle tied on with a string, who won victories—not the pampered, neatly-uniformed soldier.

I shall close this chapter by quoting some instructive remarks on the national armies of the Civil War. They occur in a communication made to me by one of the greatest and most successful of the generals. "Our paper armies were very large, while the officers and men for actual duty were small in comparison. As a rule, in a well-ordered army, if sixty-six per cent. of the men 'present' can be brought into battle, it is a good average; the other thirty-three per cent. are employed as cooks, teamsters, nurses, servants, etc., etc.—are sick, on furlough, detached. Then the men reported as 'absent' to guard rivers, dépôts, prisons, railroad stations, escorts, etc., etc., make fearful blanks in every regiment and subdivision of the army. During our war, at no time do I think one half of the men receiving pay were engaged with the fighting armies at the front, and this half was subjected to the farther diminution of the thirty-three per cent. before mentioned, so that in an army whose muster-rolls would give 100,000 men 'present' and 'absent' for pay, no general could expect to bring into battle, at any distance from his base of supplies, more than 35,000 men. By way of illustration, I take the case at the close of the war, when for the first time we got at the real facts and figures. 1,050,000 men were then on the muster-rolls to be paid off and discharged.

"The active fighting armies then were:

Grant at Richmond	80,000
Sherman at Raleigh	65,000
Schofield in North Carolina	15,000
Canby at Mobile and in the Southwest	30,000
Wilson's cavalry at Macon, Georgia	12,000
Stoneman in East Tennessee	5,000
Thomas in Kentucky and Tennessee	40,000
West of Mississippi (Missouri and Arkansas)	15,000
	262,000

Where were all the rest?

"Guarding thousands of miles of sea-coast, rivers, and roads, guarding prisoners, and acting as provost guards, or loafing about the country. I do not mention this in criticism, but to show how in war such vast expenses do arise, and how often the country overestimates the exact strength of armies from the official returns.

"At no single time during the late Civil War—not even in 1864, the time of the greatest pressure—do I believe that fifty per cent. of the men drawing pay as soldiers were actually within striking distance of the enemy. To this cause may be traced some of the worst failures, when the government and people behind pushed their officers 'on,' supposing that figures could handle muskets and fight battles."

* Extract from Vol. II. of Dr. DRAPER'S *History of the American Civil War*, published by HARPER & BROTHERS.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

IT is a great source of comfort and satisfaction, as well as of safety, for those who spend August in the city to know that some progress is being made every week in the work of cleansing the streets, and of mitigating or removing unwholesome nuisances. Many of the most filthy and unhealthy localities in the city have been disinfected by being liberally sprinkled with a solution of carbolic acid and sulphate of iron. Investigations have been made among the fat-boiling establishments near the North and East rivers, and it is said that the unpleasant effluvia arising from those places is due to the boiling of the fat in open boilers, and that if close steam tanks were used no offensive odors could escape. The multitudes who have been deprived of their modicum of fresh air by the manner in which this business has been conducted will be glad to be assured that the Sanitary Committee have charged certain responsible persons with the duty of closely observing these establishments hereafter, and that the permits for carrying on the business are to be revoked on the first complaint from them. This regulation should be enforced the whole year round.

A compromise has been at length agreed upon between the Board of Health and the butchers, which it is believed will in a few months bring about a very desirable change, without any unnecessary pecuniary loss to a very useful industrial class. The butchers agree, in consideration that time be allowed them to the 1st of January next to remove their slaughter-houses from the city, to submit honestly and fairly in the mean time to any regulation or ordinance, the enforcement of which the Board may deem necessary for the public health and safety, and engage to lose no time in making such arrangements that by the close of the year no slaughtering will be done within the prescribed limits. The report of the Sanitary Inspector states that a change in the process of gas making is absolutely needful for the public health and convenience; and the matter is under consideration by the Board of Health.

Rutherfurd Park Hotel has been recently opened for guests. It will accommodate over two hundred, is nicely furnished, has a fine dining-hall, reading-room, and many pleasant surroundings. The Passaic River, just in front of the hotel, is the great attraction.

One can not take up a newspaper without reading accounts of deaths from drowning. If the number who have been accidentally drowned since the 1st of June were accurately stated the list would be a long one. Wherever bathing is practiced suitable provision for emergencies should be made; and then such a sad calamity as that which occurred a week or two ago at Atlantic City, New Jersey, by which four valuable lives were lost, could scarcely be possible. A party of excursionists from Philadelphia went to spend a day of pleasure at Atlantic City, and bathing in the surf was a part of the programme. One or two of the bathers, swimming beyond their depth, called for help, but there was not even a line upon the beach. Those who attempted to rescue the sinking men perished themselves; and this catastrophe took place in broad daylight, and, as it were, in full view of a multitude of people, who were unable to render any assistance.

A case of drowning recently occurred at Fort Hamilton under peculiarly harrowing circumstances. A soldier who had been subjected to the punishment of "ball and chain" was bathing in the Narrows, near the shore. The "ball and chain" was not removed from him, nor from his companions, during the bath, although they were accompanied by a guard. This unfortunate man, either for the moment forgetting the drag which was upon him or overconfident in his strength, passed beyond his depth, and, struggling vainly to reach the pier within a few yards of him, disappeared beneath the surface. Of course assistance from his comrades was out of the question, whatever might have been expected from the guard. The body was recovered, but too late for resuscitation. The jury, in rendering a verdict of accidental death by drowning, took occasion to "protest strongly against the cruelty and danger of compelling prisoners under sentence to wear the 'ball and chain' while bathing."

The Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University is becoming an increasingly important department. Practical science will make its way through the classics; for the industrial professions of a rapidly growing country demand the help of men well educated in the natural sciences. This year twenty-five graduated at the Scientific School, and the class will probably be larger next year.

A company has been chartered under the laws of the State of New York for the purpose of constructing vehicles of hard rubber. The body of a "whalebone rubber road wagon," constructed by this company, is moulded in a single piece, without joints, and is a little more than one-half as heavy as an ordinary wooden wagon body, and less expensive. It is said not to shrink, crack, or swell, takes a high polish without paint or varnish, and is not easily scratched.

An exchange states that "a fond mother in Cincinnati broke her arm the other day while whipping a disobedient infant." She will probably try moral suasion next time.

Indiana newspapers speak of a mysterious and fatal disease which is prevailing among the cattle in some sections of the State. It is believed this disease has been brought into the country by the Texas cattle, as in all the infected districts these cattle have either been herded or driven. It is ascertained that upon all the cows that have died there are immense numbers of ticks and lice. These ticks or lice, it is believed, poison the blood and cause inflammation and partial congestion of the lungs and pleura.

There is nothing more delightful while traveling through romantic regions than to meet by accident with some soul kindred to your own who is, like yourself, inspired by the picturesque prospect. An artist on a recent visit to Catskill was contemplating with rapture a rare sunset. The heavens were flooded with golden and purple light, and field and mountain glittered with the reflected glories of the sky. Suddenly he perceived a person standing by his side, and, turning to him, exclaimed with enthusiasm: "What a magnificent picture you have here, my dear Sir!"

"Whereabouts?" was the very indifferent inquiry of the stranger.

"Look all around—the mountains, the heavens, the setting sun. What picture can surpass such a view?"

"Why, yes," replied the stranger, in a deliberate way; "I have often thought that if I could only raise money enough to set up a cake-and-beer stand in this location it wouldn't pay bad, because lots of folks travel along in this neighborhood."

The Ward Brothers have issued a challenge stating they are desirous of testing the relative merits of the oarsmen of Great Britain and the United States, and will make a match with any four men for $5000 a side; distance five or six miles straightaway; the race to be rowed in either country, on waters mutually agreed upon. The brothers propose to give $1000 to any crew willing to visit the United States, for expenses, or will take that amount and row in England.

The lobster fishery is a source of great revenue to Maine. Probably nearly half a million dollars' worth of lobsters are caught on the coast annually. There are numerous "lobster factories" which employ many hands during the summer in canning lobsters. A lobster factory is not a very pleasant place to enter. It has a slippery aspect, and the "crackers" at their work, cracking the claws and picking out the meat, have a dirty look. Those who would relish canned lobsters had better not visit the factory. At least this is the opinion of the Portland *Transcript*, which appears to have been making special investigations about the matter, and which nevertheless asserts that the lobster is good eating, and no part of the animal is poisonous. The so-called "lady" is simply the cartilaginous stomach, and would not be good eating merely because it is tough. The delicious "tom alley" is the liver, while the unimpregnated eggs form the "coral," and are considered a delicacy.

The following ludicrous story appears in the Paris *Moniteur*, and may be a caution to those who are so foolish and wicked as to indulge in practical jokes of this kind: "In a mountain district near Lyons lived a harmless idiot, of Herculean stature, who was commonly known as the 'innocent.' One day some young men told the 'innocent' that a neighbor was dead, and that he would have to join with others in sitting up all night to watch the corpse. He made no objection, and was introduced into a cottage where a man simulating death was stretched on a bed. The party sat round for some time in solemn silence, the idiot behaving with as much propriety as any one else. But one by one the others slipped away, and the 'innocent' was left alone in the death chamber. The intention was that the corpse should jump up, walk about, and frighten him out of his poor stock of wits. The conspirators remained within a few yards of the cottage to watch the working of the plot. Soon they heard piercing screams, and, holding their sides with anticipated laughter, they rushed to the cottage to mock at their victim. But as they neared the door they found, to their surprise, that the howling voice was not of the 'innocent,' but of their comrade, who had agreed to personate the dead man. When they entered the 'innocent' was beating the 'corpse' with a broken rail, and but for timely succor the joke would have been sadly earnest. When he jumped up from his grave-clothes the 'innocent,' instead of being frightened, said coolly, 'Dead man, lie still!' and proceeded to belabor him with a force which the joker was utterly incapable of resisting."

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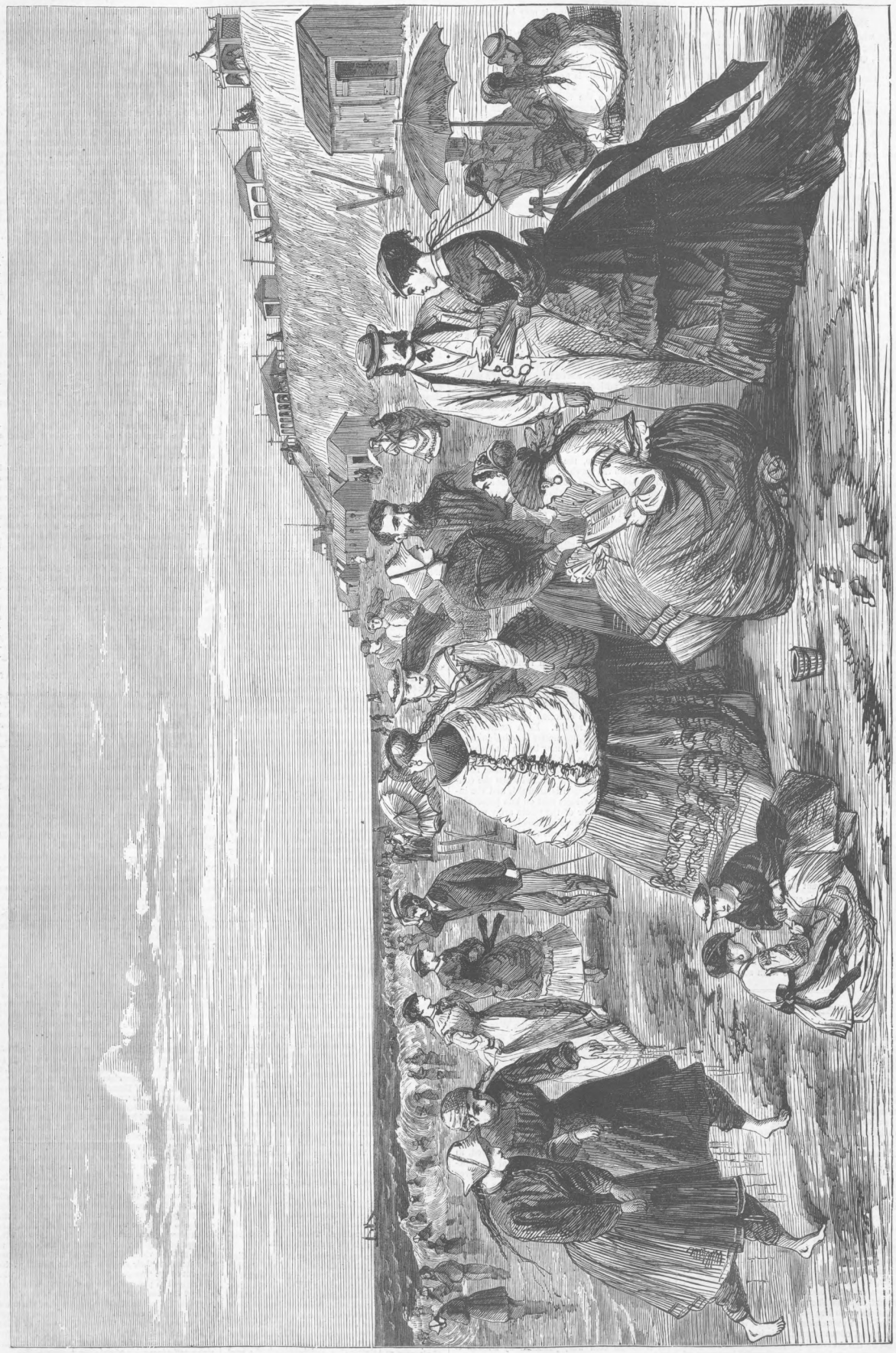

THE BEACH AT LONG BRANCH, NEW JERSEY.—SKETCHED BY W. S. L. JEWETT.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

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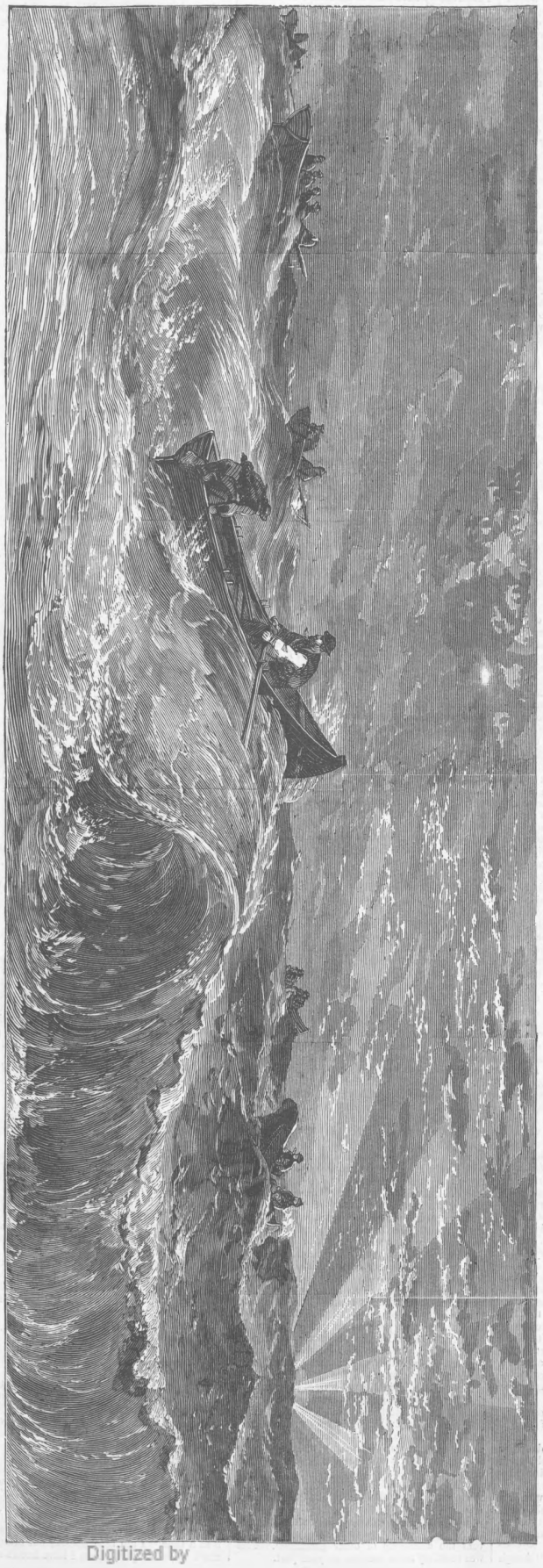
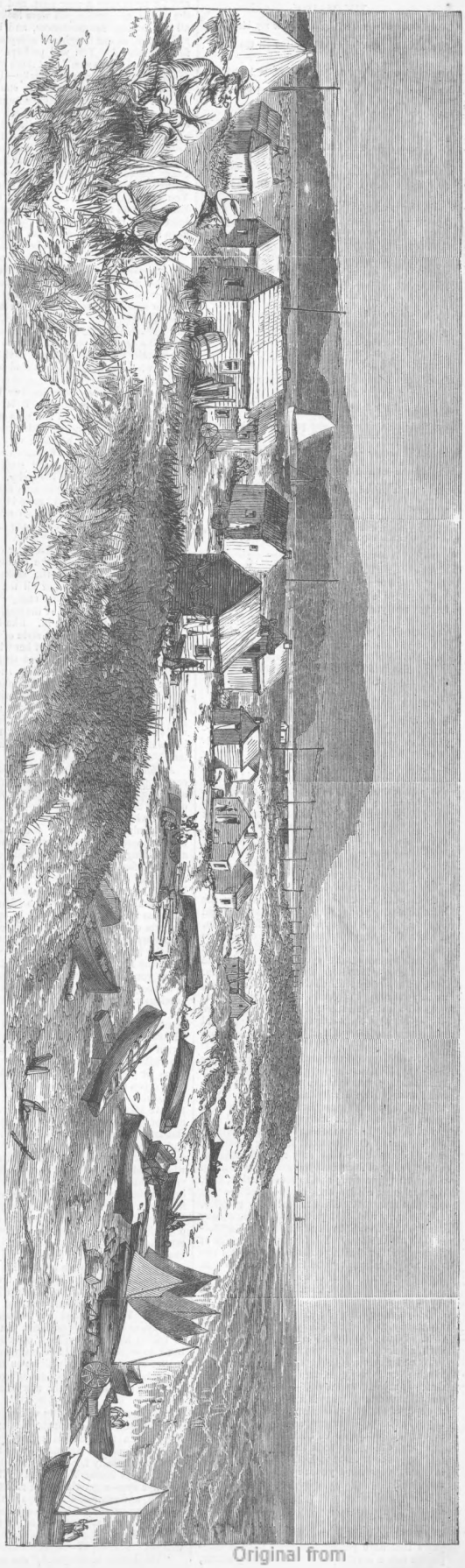


THE TOILERS OF THE SEA—FISHERMEN AT NAUVOO LAUNCHING THEIR BOATS AT DAYBREAK—[See First Page.]



THE FISHING VILLAGE OF NAUVOO, NEW JERSEY.

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MY FAIRY.

FROM heaven to earth I journeyed at my birth,
Lonesome and wae;
So a kind-hearted fay came with me all the way,
For company.

I brought no wealth, no beauty, love, or health,
And had but store
Of days for property; I think she pitied me,
I was so poor.

Only a throne—though worlds were all her own—
Had this good elf;
So in great charity, finding naught else for me,
She gave herself.

Time best can show how rich the gift will grow—
I took her name;
And now there's nothing known or dreamed I do not own,
And may not claim.

There's none to share—there's every thing to spare!
I am so grand
That I can pay earth-rates with tithes of great estates
In wonder-land.

My ancestry was proud, and fate, maybe,
Will find an heir;
Meanwhile, in my state-robe I travel o'er the globe,
And pay no fare.

My fairy's wand bears me, at her command,
Past afternoon;
Where day with night agrees I greet their majesties,
The sun and moon.

Or isles that are where seas, lonely and far,
Hoard all the sky,
I find; and I forget earth is not heaven yet,
It seems so nigh.

If I am sad my fairy makes me glad
Whene'er she will;
She finds all life has lost, she pays all life has cost,
And lulls grief still.

She sings a song sometimes; it is not long—
I know the words;
I think she learned the tune when April, come too soon,
Surprised the birds.

"Great loyalty hath faith, great royalty
Have dreams," she sings;
"Beauty hath wonderment, duty hath dear content,
And hope hath wings."

A REJECTED SAINT.

SIR,—By the terms of our copartnership, formed two years ago, our business relations can be severed by either party giving ten days' notice of dissolution.

I beg to notify you that on and after the tenth day following the date of this present notice I shall insist that all business and social relations between you and me, and between you and my family, shall forever cease.

I shall hereinafter inform you, in very plain and explicit terms, why I have come to the beforementioned conclusion; but I beg you to understand that I do not thus explain in order to justify myself for the action, for in my opinion any gentleman under the same, or even less offensive circumstances, would have been justified and warranted, morally and—as I believe on my oath as a lawyer—legally too, in expelling you from from his door not only without explanation but with indignity. I write this not only that you may understand how your conduct is viewed by my family and myself, but also that you may perceive by the positive language which I use that this must be the end of the affair, and that I have decided once and for all.

If there is any one thing which will turn the head of a poor young man of illy-balanced mind and unformed character, and make a fool of him, it is a sudden and unexpected behest of valuable property. If there is any other one thing which will turn his head with equal rapidity and make him a knave, it is an artful and designing woman. When the fortune and the woman are combined, as in your case, the youth, as in your case, becomes both fool and knave. (I am fully aware of the libelous character of this language, and stand prepared to prove it truth, and therefore no libel.)

Six years ago you entered my office as a law student. You were a young man without friends or influence; you came to me without a single recommendation; I admitted you to my office without the money consideration usual in such cases, your confident manner and candid language in applying to me—and your very evident ability, clearly demonstrated in your first legal examination—were your only recommendation. In the course of four years you gradually assumed a part of my practice; and in consideration, first, of your great ability, and, secondly, of the fact that you had greatly aided to extend my practice, I voluntarily admitted you, without the money consideration usual in such cases, to a partnership in my business. I held at that time (as at this) the first position professionally in this circuit, and in admitting you to a partnership with me I gave you the half of what is generally considered to be the most lucrative practice in the State.

At the same time, six years ago, you entered my family to become in a great measure a part of it. Socially you were a part of it; and, as such, admitted not only to the best society of the town and the surrounding country, but what is much more in my eyes, into the love and confidence of my wife and myself—a participant in all our pleasures, and, what is a far greater proof in my eyes of our great affection for and confidence in you, a sharer in our grief and a trusted adviser in our troubles. To us both you became very near and dear; you took the place of our own lost boy, and we came to look upon you as a son indeed. How have you repaid this mistaken affection?

You found when you came to us our young daughter Minnie in the first bloom of girlhood, and you at twenty became her constant companion at thirteen. In the course of the six years that have passed you grew from a companion into a brother, then to something dearer, and for more than a year past, and until within the past three months, you were looked upon by all our mutual acquaintances, and by my wife and myself, as our daughter's accepted lover and future husband. You will perhaps argue as a cold-hearted knave would that there was no cause to think thus; perhaps not legally—I admit that in law my case has not a leg to stand on; but there is a higher law, a higher morality in life which you can not afford to offend, and in the eyes of that law you are as guilty as if you had asked me for my daughter and had then treated her in the cruel and unmanly manner of which you have been guilty. The justice which is finally meted out by society to all such offenders against it, will certainly overtake you some day. You will argue coldly, I doubt not, that Minnie had no reason to believe that you loved her and intended to marry her. Not your sworn assurance and promise perhaps; but every action on your part for years past has been taken as such assurance by society. You have monopolized her company in a manner indicative to all acquaintances of an existing engagement between you, and society, until the commencement of the present season, looked forward to the fulfillment of such engagement. That my daughter so hoped and wished, that she in fact loved and loves you devotedly is, I am only too sorry to state, only less certain than that you are a villain, Sir! a villain who has deliberately trifled with her affections!

The intention of discarding her became apparent some months since. It is noteworthy that the first evidences of coldness on your part were almost simultaneous with your good (or evil) fortune in falling heir to a very large property left you by an almost forgotten relation, and the appearance in Longwood society of Miss Millicent Murray of New York city. It was this fortune and this designing woman combined that has developed the fool and knave in you.

In order that there may be no misconception of my meaning I will specify some of the grossest of your offenses.

Millicent Murray is the daughter of my wife's half-sister. She came at the beginning of the present winter to spend the season with my daughter, bringing with her all the latest fashions which her father's rather meagre purse could allow, and a large amount of the small talk which it is her nature to indulge in. She had enough of liveliness of manner and style of appearance to set all Longwood talking of her wit and beauty, though any man of common-sense (no allusion to you, Sir!) could see that she had little of the plain, modest, and sensible manners or the good looks of my Minnie. Older than Minnie, certainly, and therefore with more assurance—perhaps more ease—in her manners, but not more modest, and to a man not already made a fool by his money not more charming than my daughter.

Artful and designing as she was she could conceal from no one but the simple subject of her arts the purpose she had formed to make a conquest of the rich young lawyer—the *talented* attorney, whose reputation has come to him almost as suddenly as his fortune; and it was not long before it was whispered that the new house you are building was destined, though not originally intended, for her. Most of your friends gave you too much credit for sagacity (not to speak of honesty) to suppose that you could be entrapped by so shallow a woman, but as I have said, fortune has made a fool of you. It only required the arts of a designing woman to complete the metamorphosis; you naturally fell into the snare, and the knavery of your nature was developed. From the first fortnight of her appearance in my house you allowed her to absorb your attention to the neglect of my daughter, to whom you had previously been so assiduously attentive that all her other young male acquaintances had in a great measure discontinued their visits. It was whispered among the young men that you had flirted Minnie. Men avoid "flirted" girls, and the visits of the young men are not yet resumed. Thus far you have wronged her. After a week or two you became the constant attendant of this thorough coquette; and yet you always contrived to have Minnie present at your interviews, a witness of your attentions to her—a captive at your chariot-wheels—a trophy of your first victory, and you persisted in parading her before your new attraction. It is that part of your baseness which makes me most indignant. The fact that you could thus deliberately wound a girl's feelings in the presence of a rival proves you most infamous. That my daughter should never, under these circumstances and insults, show her indignation and disdain, proves conclusively to every man of observation and knowledge of human character that she is of a most lovely disposition—in fact, little less than an angel!

A fortnight before Christmas the invitations of the annual Corporation ball were issued by the Mayor, and among others you and myself were invited. You extended an invitation to Miss Murray, as in courtesy no doubt you were bound to do. I have not the least objections to that; but I do object, and did at the time object, to the matter-of-course way in which you said, after the young lady had reluctantly, though very graciously, decided to do what she was most anxious to do:

"Of course, Minnie, you will go with us."

I was upon the point at the moment of informing you, in the quietest manner that I could in my indignation command, that my daughter would accompany her mother and myself, when I caught her mother's eye. My wife has a very effective eye—a genuine peace-maker—and I refrained, and postponed my rage until I was in a less angry mood. That mood has only come upon me now; at least, this is the first time my wife would consent to my speaking, or rather writing. Minnie, of course, assented.

"Oh, I shall be delighted," she said, "though I shall hardly have time to get ready, we have so much to do, helping Millicent with her new dress."

Now there was a little saint for you.

And you, like a cur, Sir, you had the impertinence to say that "no doubt Miss Murray would look most lovely." It was then, Sir, that the strength of the appealing eyes of Mrs. Stoddard was most severely tested. I choked my rage and set to thinking.

I had seen the plan you were pursuing from the first, and I had before concluded that the sooner all relation between you and Minnie ceased the better it would be for her. And thinking the ball might be made a convenience in effecting this, I told my wife to inform Minnie that I could not afford to give her a new dress for the ball of this season.

"Minnie," I heard her mother say to her next day, "your papa says he is a little embarrassed in money-matters at present, and that he can not give you a new dress for this ball. I know," she added, and I confess I blushed as she said it, "I know he never says what is not true, or refuses us any thing that he can spare."

And the little saint, after looking considerably discomfited for a moment—as what woman would not?—cheerfully replied:

"Oh, I'm sure, mamma, it isn't necessary at all; my old one will do—and then it isn't absolutely necessary that I should go at all. I shall not particularly enjoy it."

But it was finally concluded that she should go, and that she should wear her ball-dress of last season. Miss Murray ridiculed the idea, not very energetically, however, and it finally resulted in Minnie's dressing in a plain, old-fashioned style, while Miss Murray appeared ready in the parlor arrayed in most gorgeous satin and diamonds. I had hoped that you, on entering the parlor after the completion of their toilets, would object to being seen with a young lady so shabbily attired as my daughter; but you had enough sense left to avoid comment on her appearance, or you saw that, plain as was her attire, she was far superior in beauty to her gaudily-dressed neighbor. When you entered the room you brought two bouquets, one of white and exquisitely-scented flowers, and the other composed of different colors, and evidently inferior to the other in beauty. With a courtly speech of commonplace flattery you handed the white flowers to Miss Murray; and with an offensively intimate, matter-of-course manner, and a very few words, offered the other to Minnie.

She took them with a gentle grace, quietly thanking you, while Millicent overwhelmed you with thanks and praise.

"Minnie," she said, "let me see if I do not like yours best. I suppose I can have which I like best, Mr. Dodge?"

"I dare say Miss Stoddard will not object to give you hers, if you prefer it," you said, as if half offended; "but I think I have chosen the best for you."

Here was an opportunity for Minnie to cut you dead by saying she did not care for either; but she only said in her sweetest manner, and like a little lady that she is:

"The white one will match your dress, Millicent, with its white ornaments, and it is much the prettiest."

"Well, if it is the prettiest, I will keep it," said the unamiable coquette, "and the red roses will do best with your old dress, dear, will they not?"

"Only a year old," said Minnie, smiling, for she saw her mamma was deeply hurt that the fact should be brought so prominently and needlessly before your notice; "and it is almost as good as new."

"Fancy!" cried Millicent; "hear her, Mr. Dodge, she says the dress she wore at the last corporation ball is as good as new."

"Why did you not have a new dress?" you asked, as you had no business to do.

"Papa had other needs for his money this year," said Minnie, "and thought my dress would do."

"Oh nonsense!" cried Millicent, "as if my papa was not always making the same outcry. I tell him I must have money, and I always get what I want."

There was more of this stupid conversation which you remember, and which it is unnecessary to the proper comprehension of this statement that I should give. Suffice that the remainder as well as what I have quoted only serves to reveal the amiability of my daughter, the unamiability of her companion, and your dullness.

You soon left with the two girls, and I followed with Mrs. Stoddard. Of all the aristocracy of Longwood and its neighborhood, assembled in the large dancing-room at the Masonic Hall, not one looked handsomer than Minnie dressed in her last year's dress—which, by-the-by, no one remembered except a few who secretly respected her for wearing it. I was not so indifferent to what was going on as I pretended, but deemed her happiness so precious to me, and my dear child so far above all price, that, if a word could have recalled you from your infatuation for the brazen woman whom you so closely attended, I would not have uttered it.

Naturally Minnie did not attract much attention from the young men present. There were some contemptible fellows who looked upon her appearance in the plain old dress as sure indication of her father's embarrassment. Some avoided her as a "flirted" young woman, but there were others still who believed she was affianced to you, and while they blushed at the manner in which you neglected her, still declined to offer attentions the acceptability of which they doubted.

But while she sat neglected beside her mother and myself you were dancing and flirting with Miss Murray—so persistently, indeed, as to prevent the attentions of other gentlemen. This was certainly noble conduct on your part.

Presently I saw you and your partner leave the waltz and come up to us, Miss Murray laughing and holding up her beautiful dress and displaying a long rent in it.

Again you spoke in that matter of course way which is to me so offensive when addressed to a lady, that tone as if you addressed Miss Murray's hired companion.

"Miss Stoddard," you said, "Miss Murray needs you. She has torn her dress. Do you mind coming to the cloak-room to mend it?"

Though it was said in the tone which implies that all the world must give way to the speaker, Minnie did not lose her temper, little saint that she is.

"Certainly," she responded, and she rose and took your arm and accompanied you to the cloak-room, and, on her knees, played the seamstress to her rival, while you stood above her and poured your stupid flattery in the ears of the smiling coquette.

A "wall flower" Minnie remained nearly to the end of the evening, but a demure and pleasant one, never once losing her temper. She danced but once. It was with you, I give you credit for that much decency. And when you asked her she quietly accepted, never once showing pique or taking advantage of the opportunity you gave her of showing to the whole company the contempt she ought to feel for you.

I can not stop to enumerate the series of indignities of this character which you have heaped upon her during the month or more since the ball. They were gross and oft-repeated offenses, each one of which ought to have long since been resented. But Mrs. Stoddard has in each instance prevented the outbreak which must now ensue. During my absence of the past week these offenses have been renewed, and you have finally capped the climax by insisting that my daughter shall accompany you and Miss Murray to visit your new house—just finished and furnished. Patience has ceased to be a virtue. This last insult is unbearable. Miss Murray could not of course go with you alone, so you asked my daughter to go as a companion to her. When you shall have returned my daughter to this roof expect no more to see her. I give you notice that henceforth and forever you must be a stranger to me and my family.

HENRY STODDARD.

LONGWOOD, *February* 15, 1868.

INDORSEMENT BY MR. DODGE.

"Respectfully returned," as they used to say in the army. My dear old partner should not let his angry passions rise and call ugly names in the manner herein displayed. However, I forgive him and hope he will get over my cruel treatment of his "dear little saint." That is not, however, one of the names to which I have objected. Miss Stoddard is undoubtedly of a very lovely disposition—I suggest to my good friend and reverenced partner that she forms in this regard an admirable example for him, and one worthy of his closest imitation. Not only that Miss Stoddard is a sensible young woman, as will be proven by the accompanying memorandum indorsed hereon, not, I am forced to say, in the most admirable legal style, but certainly couched in terms which I trust will convince Mr. Stoddard that for my cruel and ungenerous conduct, hereby fully admitted and confessed, I was not wholly to blame. Respectfully,

NATHANIEL DODGE.

MEMORANDUM BY MISS STODDARD.

DEAR PAPA,—Do not be angry with Mr. Dodge. There is *some* excuse for his conduct, though he *has* nearly broken my poor heart.

This morning he came to me and said, "I have a great favor to ask of you, Minnie. Will you grant it?"

I was, of course, very glad to promise him that I would if I could.

"My new house is finished, and Millicent is very anxious to see it." I know I winced and blushed at this, and he must have seen it, but I said nothing. "And I am anxious that she should examine and be pleased with it. Of course she can not visit it alone, and if you will kindly go—"

I did not interrupt him; he stopped without finishing the sentence, and I was only too glad to promise him, and then escape from the room and hide my feelings.

Mr. Dodge came for us at the time appointed with Cousin Millicent, and we all three bundled into the carriage, and drove to the new house. The house is very beautiful, as you know, and we were a long hour and more examining it. We had gone from parlor to garret, examining all the rooms (except one, which Mr. Dodge kept locked, and which he said he was furnishing according to his own taste, and which no lady had yet seen), when a servant came to say a lunch had been set for us, and we repaired to the dining-room. I was not hungry, and did not at all feel like eating, but Millicent insisted, and as I had come as a sort of duenna, to look after her safety, and preserve her character, I accompanied them to the dining-room.

"Miss Murray," said Mr. Dodge, when we had entered, with a significantly-courtly air, which, I confess, made me nervous, "may I beg you to do me the honor to fill the place of the hostess?"

"Oh, delighted!" she exclaimed, and he seated her at the head of the table.

"She would grace the head of the table nicely, Minnie, would she not?" he said, turning to me.

"Oh! a charming hostess!" I managed to reply; and indeed she did look beautiful, bending over the handsome urn, and pouring us coffee.

When we had finished the lunch I proposed, as there was nothing more to see, that we should return home.

"Oh yes, there is," said Mr. Dodge. "I have something particularly to show *you*, Minnie, if Miss Murray will excuse you. I fear she might not forgive me if I were to show it to her."

"Oh no," she answered; "I am already dying to know what it is."

"After Minnie," he said; "only one can see it at a time. I am sure *she* will not misunderstand me, while you, whom I have known so lit-

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tle, might be offended; but if she thinks it advisable, then you too shall see it."

"And what am I to do in the mean time?"

"Here are the parlors; pray look again at the pictures." And he showed her into the parlors.

"Jenny," he said, turning to the servant who had served lunch, "have you opened the room?"

"Yes, Sir," answered the servant.

"Come, Minnie," he then said to me, offering his arm. "I want to show you the handsomest room in the house."

"The unfinished one?" I asked.

"There is one article only lacking."

"And pray what is that?"

"I hardly know what to call it. I have heard it called by every name imaginable—a sewing-machine" (we had mounted the stairs), "man's comforter, soother, companion, nurse" (he threw open the door of the mysterious room which we had not previously seen, and as he did so he added), "but I want to call it wife."

It was a beautiful sitting-room, with every modern appliance, even to a sewing-machine!

"You see what the room is intended for," he said, when he found I did not answer. "A lady's sitting-room, as you see. I had intended that the first lady that should look into it should be the one who had promised to be its occupant, but I felt anxious to know first if you thought my wife could be happy here."

"That depends—" I answered, trying to keep up my courage and dissemble my feelings.

"On what?"

"Whether or not she loves you and is loved."

"And that you of all women know best and can best tell me."

"I!"

"Yes, you. She may doubt now that I love her, as I have long feared she may; but I have hoped against all hope that she loves me. I have long felt I could not do without her, and have tried in every way to discover that her love for me is as strong as that which I bear her. I have every confirmation but the confession, and that I hardly dare—I fear even yet to ask, lest I find that in endeavoring to test her affection I have destroyed it. You did love me once, Minnie?" And as he uttered these unexpected words he took my hand in his, and his right arm was around me. I dared not speak, and only looked up in his face with an expression half of astonishment, half of reproach, for I could not yet believe that this was not a part of the horrible ordeal through which I had been passing.

"This room, Minnie," he resumed at length, "was built for you, and you only. You only have seen it—you only shall occupy it."

"But Millicent?" I managed to stammer.

"Millicent cares nothing for me, and I care nothing for her. She is ever ready to flirt with any one; and seeing that, I have made her unwittingly an instrument in carrying out a scheme which my jealous nature suggested to test thoroughly your love and disposition."

"A cruel trick."

"I know it was, my love, but I would never have been satisfied to marry you if I had not thus thoroughly proved to my own satisfaction that you are the sweetest, most amiable, and—shall I say—loving nature in the world!"

I hope, dear papa, you won't think hard of him. I have already forgiven him for his cruelty, which he promises he will never repeat; and if you do not seriously object, and are not too bitterly angry at him, I am going soon to occupy the beautiful sitting-room at his new house.

CHARLES JAMES FOX AS A GAMBLER.

CHARLES JAMES FOX, the great English orator, enlightened statesman, and reckless man of pleasure, was a most reckless gambler, and spent half his wasted life knee-deep in cards at Brookes's Club. He used to say that the greatest pleasure in existence was winning at hazard, and the next greatest pleasure losing at hazard. Mr. Thackeray says he squandered $1,000,000 at play. Gibbon tells us of Fox once playing for twenty-two hours at a sitting, and losing about $2500 an hour. Unlike tall, thin, ascetic Pitt, who liked his bottle of port but despised "the devil's picture-books," Fox had a broad chest, and was a disorderly lion of a man capable of vast physical exertion. The fascinations of chance, and the semi-intellectual character of whist and piquet, had won his heart, and his fidelity to the green cloth was unwavering. At those games, into which he could throw his robust mind, Fox was so pre-eminent that it is said he might, if he had restricted himself to them, and avoided the dealers, have drawn a sum of $20,000 a year from his card-purse alone. But at hazard he lost hatfuls of money. Of course he won occasionally: once, it is said, $25,000 at a sitting, part of which he instantly paid away to his ravenous creditors. With the money left from these harpies and jackals Fox returned, sat down again at the fatal green cloth, and soon lost his spoils to those from whom he had won it half an hour before. How could such a desperado at cards rule a nation, or oust cold, cautious Mr. Pitt, whose whole life was one long restless fever of ambition? Yet so stalwart was the Titan of Brookes's that he has been known to play, thoughtless, hour after hour, and then stride off to the House to pour forth one of the most fervid of his generous speeches.

Dr. Johnson's friend, Topham Beauclerk, left Fox one morning after a long night at the gaming-table. Fox was almost mad at his losses; he was miserable, hopeless, and dangerously despondent. Beauclerk, the next day early, went to call on him, feeling alarmed and anxious at his broken spirits; to his surprise he found his burly friend comfortably stretched on a sofa, reading the *Æneid*.

"What would you have me do, my dear Topham?" he said; "I've lost my last shilling."

Had it not been for his privilege as a member of the House, Fox would have been half his life playing at piquet in prison. So thoughtless and good-humored was Fox, that when his brother's house was on fire he offered to bet the noble owner which beam, which chimney, or which partition would first fall to the ground; a magnanimity as great as that of Sheridan, who, when his theatre was burned down, sat down and had his bottle at an adjacent tavern, saying to wonderers: "Mayn't a man take a glass of wine by his own fireside?"

It was to the misdirected affection of his father, Lord Holland (a theorist on education), that Fox owed the first development of his taste for gambling. When only fourteen he went to Spa, where his father allowed the precocious unchecked boy to squander five guineas every night at hazard. On leaving Oxford to make the grand tour he grew still more reckless about money, and ran into debt at Naples alone to the amount of $80,000, though he was only entitled to $20,000 a year at his father's death. The man never shook off the vice that the boy had unhappily acquired. There can be little doubt that Fox's incessant pecuniary difficulties led him into many of those political inconsistencies which his truest friends lamented, and for which his enemies bitterly reproached him. He was compelled to think of place when he should have thought only of principle. These difficulties, which were his special snare, were chiefly the result of gambling and that indolent neglect which blunted his faculties, dulled his ambition, and made his life a wasted one.

We have so many authentic records of Fox's behavior and conversation that we can almost photograph him as he sits at the card-table at Brookes's. "The champion of the people" was heavy and silent till the wine grew low in the bottle. He then woke up to silence the room with the sustained thunder of his Cyclopean laugh. Full of radiant good-nature, he thoroughly appreciated the wit of Sheridan and Selwyn; and Sheridan never exerted himself so much as when Fox was present. Burke speaks highly of Fox's lovable ways; and Rogers, who never praised too much, expresses admiration for his fine tact and feeling, his open, gentlemanlike manner, so full of candor and diffidence, and the ardor and interest with which he always plunged into conversation.

Walpole, walking up St. James's Street in the June of 1781, saw a cart and porters removing furniture from Fox's lodgings. He had had a run of luck, and those carrion-crows his creditors had gathered thick round the carcass. Half an hour after this, whom should Walpole find sauntering past the same spot but Fox, who came up and talked to him with perfect *sang-froid* about the Marriage Bill. At this sale of Fox's library the first volume of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" was put up and sold for three guineas. It had been presented by the author to Fox, and the English Demosthenes had written on the fly-leaf the following note:

"The author at Brookes's said there was no salvation for the country till six heads of principal persons in the administration were laid on the table. Eleven days later the same gentleman accepted the place of Lord of Trade under those very ministers, and has acted with them ever since."

Lord Tankerville assured the poet Rogers that Fox once played cards with General Fitzpatrick at Brookes's from ten o'clock at night till six o'clock the next afternoon, a waiter standing by to tell them whose deal it was, as the two combatants were too sleepy to know.

Fox once won $40,000; a bond creditor instantly presented himself and demanded payment.

"No," said Fox, "I first discharge my debts of honor."

The creditor remonstrated. Fox then threw the bond into the fire.

"Now," said he, "your debt is a debt of honor," and paid the astonished man.

Fox used very often, after many hours of play, to retain his seat, but lay his head on the table, and instantly fall asleep, exhausted in mind and body.

One night at Brookes's Fox quarreled with Adams, whom he had teased about the badness of the government powder. Fox refused to stand sideways, saying, "He was as thick one way as the other." Adams fired, and hit his adversary in the groin, but Fox would not return the shot: as they advanced to shake hands Fox said, "Adams, you'd have killed me if it had not been government powder."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WHAT ARE THE FLIES FOR?—Our Philosopher believes that, after years of reflection, he has solved this problem. They are to make us grateful; for—consider—they might have been mosquitoes!

"SPECIAL PLEADERS"—Woman's tears.

TRANSPARENT FOLLY.

A too fond lover said to a beautiful lass,
"Your name on the window I'll write as I pass."
Said the maiden, "If so, you will never be mine,
My papa will so quickly *see through* your design."

MOTTO FOR THE REPRIEVED—"No noose is good news."

The other day, when the New York mail-bag was opened at New Bedford, a good-sized kitten jumped out. There was no stamp on the animal, showing that the New York post-office clerks are not so watchful as they should be.

THE MOST EFFECTIVE EYE-WATER—Woman's tears.

The foreman of a job office of a St. Louis paper turned out the whole edition of a pamphlet on the "Life and Assassination of Abraham Lincoln," with the startling caption: "The Life and Assignations of Abraham Lincoln." The blunder is understood to have cost him his place.

THE MODERN EVE.

From Adam a *rib* was cut *off*,
For Eve, without any demur,
And most surely the Eve of to-day
A *rib-on* would greatly prefer.

A "DRAW-BACK"—A blister!

At a collection lately made at a charity fair a young lady offered the plate to a rich man who was noted for his stinginess. "I have nothing," was his curt answer. "Then take something," she replied. "You know I am begging for the poor."

If you wish to know what you should do,
With the mercury at ninety-two,
Sit right down in your cushioned pew,
With the cool air drawing freshly through,
And put your feet up on the seat,
And lean your body in manner meet,
Then fix your eyes on the parson's face,
As if you'd note his word of grace;
But the sound of his voice is all you hear,
That comes like a hum to your Sunday ear.
Make no effort to catch his theme,
'Tis a murmur of waters afar, you deem;
Then, as its drone on your ear doth sweep,
Drop off gently, calmly to sleep;
And the preacher will vow as he sees you there,
With your solemn and very reverent air,
That of all his flock that are based on rock,
He hasn't another like you, old cock!

A clergyman, catechising the youth of his church, put the first question from a catechism to a girl: "What is your consolation in life and in death?" The girl smiled, but did not answer. The clergyman insisted. "Well, then," said she, "since I must tell, it is a young printer named F——, in H—— Street."

A CRUSTY OLD BACHELOR.

At misses and their *miss*teries
How gayly do I laugh?
I won't leave cozy *quarters* yet
For any *better half*.

"To Sleep, perchance——"

"Why is it, John," asked a lady teacher of one of her primary class in botany, "that the flower of a daisy is always on the top of a stalk looking up?"

"I can't tell," was the decisive answer.

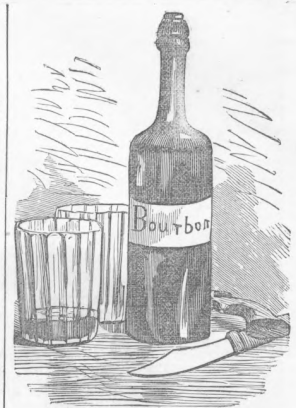
"Next?" said the teacher.

"I don't know," replied the second.

"I guess I've got it," said an urchin at the foot of the class.

"Well, what do you say, Ralph?"

"I think," said the boy, looking down upon the floor, "it's for the same reason that the school-marm's waterfall is always on the top of a stalk looking up—*'cause it's the fashion!*"



SPIRIT(S) OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

"Owing to the peculiar arrangement of the programme no piece can be repeated," was the answer White received from his landlady upon asking for a second piece of pie at dinner.

RULES FOR GENTLEMEN IN BOARDING-HOUSES.

1. Never use a scraper or door-mat for a boarding-house. This is only necessary in entering private houses. When you pass up and down the stairs, or are in your own rooms, you are at full liberty to expectorate tobacco juice; also, you should throw about your clothes in every direction. These things will show that you have a manly indifference to trifles that "women worry about," and it also will keep the servants busy.

2. Make as much noise as possible in slamming the front-door, stamping through the hall and on the stairs, whistling, etc., especially if late, and others have retired; and be sure when you take off your boots to dash them on the floor with a will. This will prove beyond a doubt that you belong to that cultivated class so justly styled "Young America."

3. If an elderly lady or gentleman board in the house, always speak of them as the "Old Lady," or the "Old Gentleman." Treating the aged with respect will make you a laughing-stock, so don't attempt it. Spirited young gentlemen should teach "old fogies" the superiority of youth to age, and the deference due to their opinion.

4. If there are children in the house, express at all times your detestation of them. This will make you popular with the young misses. When the boys of the present generation arrive at manhood we can easily imagine how very unsuitable that song will be to their feelings—

"I wish I were a boy again!"

"Do you observe how devotional Deacon Buffet is?" asked a good lady of her husband. "Yes, my dear, the Deacon is very devotional. He always keeps his head bowed in prayer till the contribution-box has passed."

INFATUATION.—A farmer in New Jersey has astonished all his friends lately by "growing" fat.

An old bachelor, who had become melancholy and poetical, wrote some verses for the village paper, in which he expressed the hope that the time would soon come when he should

"Rest calmly within a shroud,
With a weeping willow by my side."

But to his inexpressible horror it came out in print,

"When I shall rest calmly within a shawl,
With a weeping widow by my side."

The man who is indifferent to temperature may be said to "blow" hot and cold.

POSSIBLY.—When a young lady has very "sweet hair," is it a consequence of her fastening it with a "honey-*comb*?"

LETTING HIM DOWN GENTLY.

PODGERS. "D' see the Lovely Creature I Danced last Galop with?"

SMITH. "Oh yes—know her very well. Married to a confoundedly Jealous Fellow, who insists upon her Dancing with the *Plainest Men* in the room!"

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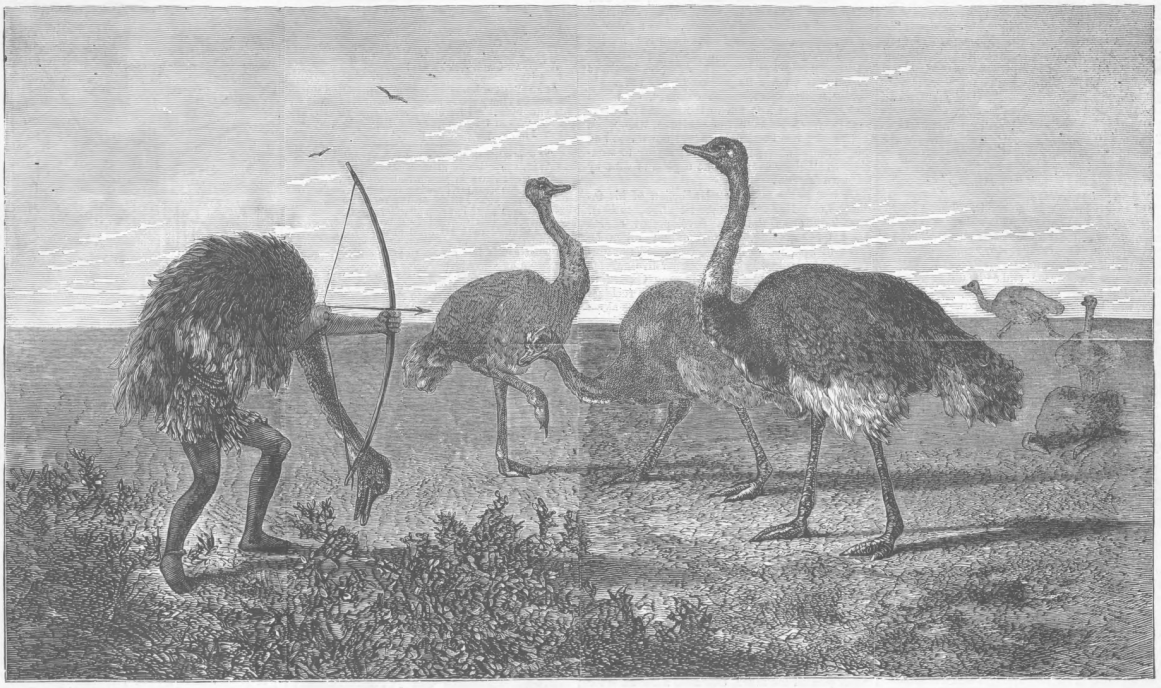


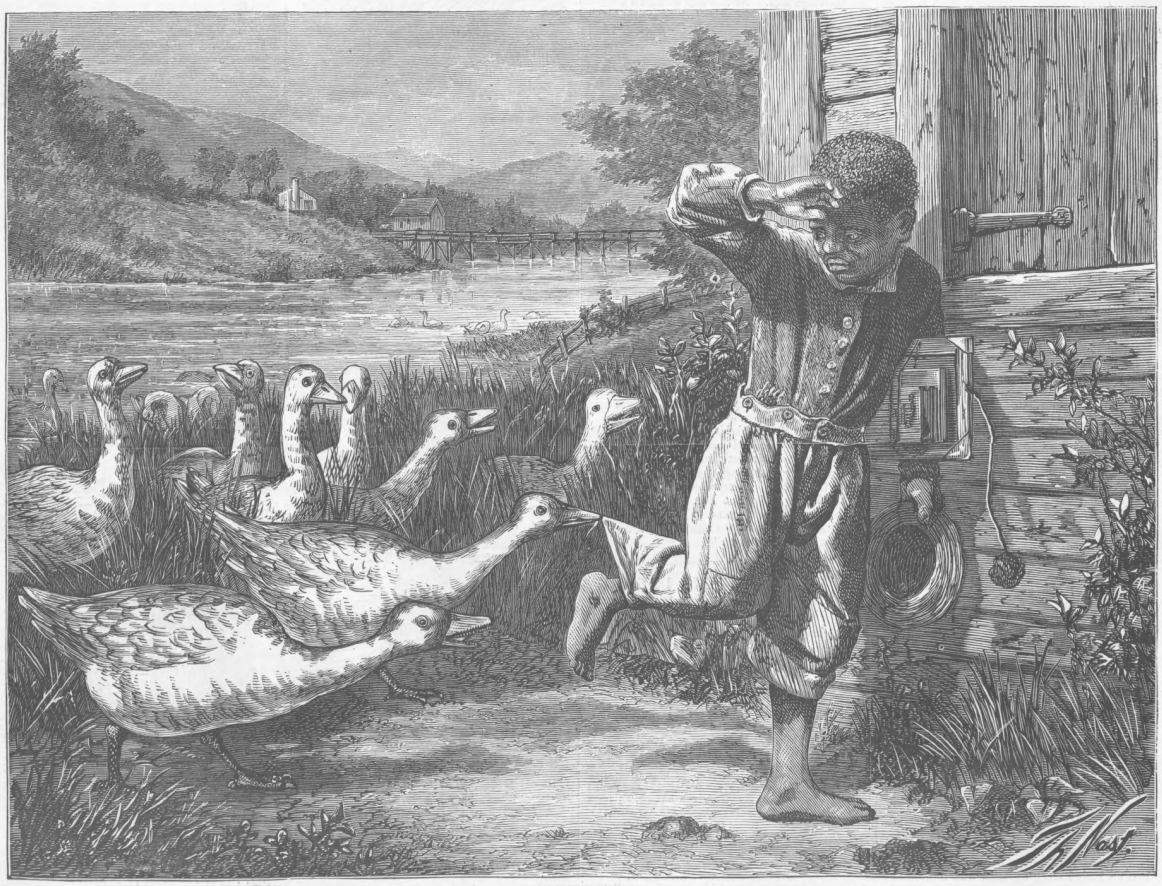
OSTRICH HUNTING.

OSTRICH HUNTING.

THE ostrich is the largest of birds at present in existence, and it was excelled in former geological epochs only by the *dinornis*, and similar members of the family *Strathionidæ*, now extinct. The African ostrich stands 7 or 8 feet high, weighs from 80 to 100 pounds, steps from 2 to 2½ feet, and strides, when pursued, about 12 feet. The South American ostrich is about 5 feet high, and is not so swift as the African.

Very different are the modes of hunting these birds. We illustrate the African method, one not entirely unfamiliar to most readers, but interesting to all. The ostriches on the open sandy plains of Africa are very difficult of approach, and the Hottentot and other African hunters assume the disguise of a dead ostrich's body, and thus succeed in approaching the birds while feeding on the plains. The South American mode of hunting them is very interesting. General KILPATRICK, our Minister to Chile, lately engaged in an ostrich hunt on the pampas of the Argentine Confederacy. He was assisted by a whole regiment of Argentine cavalry, and accompanied by Mr. SAMUEL M. CARPENTER, a correspondent of the New York *Herald*, who gave a most graphic and entertaining account of the hunt. He states that the chief weapon with which the regiment of hunters was armed is known as the *bola*, and he thus describes it:

"It is unnecessary to enter into any explanation of the use of the lasso, but the *bola* is a weapon with which very few are familiar. It consists of three thongs of rawhide, about a yard long, small, strong, and flexible, united at one end, and each having at the other extremity a round stone about the size of a tur-



PREJUDICE.

"What! won't these stupid White Geese even let me go to School without hissing and biting at me?"

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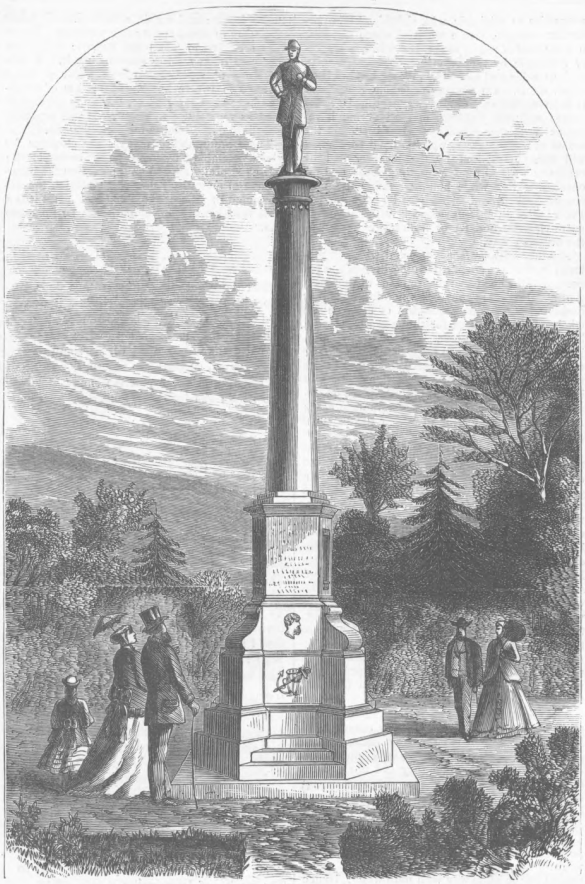
key's egg, inclosed in a thin rawhide covering. The horseman takes one of these stones in his right hand, gathers up the thong until he can start the *bola* whirling above his head, and when it has attained sufficient velocity lets go in a manner that sends the *bola* revolving horizontally through the air, like a three-spoked wheel. One hundred yards is not considered too long a distance for a man on horseback to throw at an object, and although the pursued and pursuer may be running at full speed, the *bola* seldom fails of winding round the animal and stopping its flight. As we were riding to the hunting ground a large white heron rose from the river bank and crossed the road about fifty yards ahead of our column, flying some thirty feet high. I heard a horse gallop up behind me, something whizzed over our heads, and the *bola* of one of the servants struck the heron, winding round and round its body and wings, bringing it helpless to the ground. These things are used also in taking wild horses and cattle; but for such purposes wooden balls instead of stones are used, so as not to injure the animal's limbs. I have seen a wild horse that was frantically galloping off caught around the legs at the first throw of the *bola*, and after a fruitless attempt to kick loose fall down completely entangled by the thongs.

"The hunt was commenced by the party or regiment forming in a semicircle, and moving forward to scour the pampas. We had advanced about a mile, driving before us foxes, hares, and other animals, to which we paid no attention, when I suddenly heard a shout on the left flank, and saw what at first struck me as being a twenty-inch shot with a long handle going through the bushes ahead, right across my front. Away I went, with half a dozen others, in pursuit; but the ostrich left us far behind in an instant, and we lost sight of him until a few moments later, when he struck the right flank of our semicircle, and was turned back in the centre again. The hunt now became exciting. We soon had a dozen ostriches within our lines, and the bugle was sounded to close in. The extremities, about two miles apart, soon united, and, as we closed up, every one had to be on the alert to prevent the ostriches from darting through the intervals. At length a great rush was made with revolvers, lassos, and *bolas;* and after half an hour of racing, shouting, and ground-and-lofty tumbling, we succeeded in rallying the party again with ten splendid ostriches captured. Three times the semicircle was formed, and at three o'clock, after having ridden over more than fifty miles, we arrived at camp again with thirty ostrich-skins, several live young ones, and a number of animals picked up on the way home."

CHELSEA SOLDIERS' MONUMENT.

WE illustrate on this page another of the many monuments which are being erected throughout the country to the memory of the soldiers and sailors who fell in defense of the country during the late rebellion. This beautiful Monument, the design of which it is not necessary to explain, as it can be fully seen in the illustration, has been erected at Chelsea, Massachusetts, during the present year, the expense being defrayed by voluntary contributions from the grateful people.



SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' MONUMENT, CHELSEA, MASSACHUSETTS.

SALT-MINES IN LOUISIANA.

A RIDE across a beautiful prairie from New Iberia toward the Gulf of Mexico takes the traveler to the Isle Petite Auce, the plantation of Judge AVERY. It is a beautiful bit of rolling country, rising out of the lagoons and prairies around it like a piece of New England dropped there by mistake. In sugar and cotton its productiveness is very great; as also in the matter of snakes, alligators, and mosquitoes, in which latter it is extremely rich; but its crowning glory—pending the discovery of petroleum, of which there are good signs—is the salt-mines which were discovered at a time when the South, by the destruction of the salt-works along the coast and in Virginia, was almost at a stand-still for want of that article. A negro digging a well struck the deposit, which is a splendid article of rock-salt, perfectly pure and of immense extent. It was *placered* among the States, the different pits being designated by the names of the States for whose use they were sunk.

Since the close of the war a Northern company has leased the mines for a rent of $20,000 a year, and placed them under the charge of Colonel GREENLEAF, of New Hampshire.

The sketch shows the principal opening and works as they appeared in May, 1866.

DOWN WITH THE DIVERS.

INTEREST has lately been attracted to diving operations generally by the romantic story of the attempts to recover the wreck of the British frigate *Hussar*, lost with an immense treasure on board, in Long Island Sound during the Revolution of 1775. The history of the wreck is not stranger than the account of the diving apparatus and the experiences of the divers; and as the efforts to recover this treasure have resulted in the invention of a new and improved diving-bell we give an illustration and full account of both story and experiments.

The frigate *Hussar* was lost on the night of November 25, 1780, while trying to escape the French fleet, which was entering the Narrows, by going through Hell Gate and the Sound out to sea. But she struck on one of the rocks in the Hell Gate passage, which are yet so troublesome to New York commerce, and sunk after sailing a mile further.

The officers and crew were saved, but their effects, and the immense treasure on board (amounting to some 900,000 guineas), and about 80 prisoners (Americans), manacled, were carried down with the ship. The vessel was allowed to remain as she sunk until 1794, in which year the British Government sent over two brigs; but after two years of fruitless labor the attempt to raise the wreck was abandoned for the time. A second attempt was made by the British Government to recover the treasure in 1819, but the American Government interposed, and commanded those laboring in the interest of the English Government to desist, very properly regarding all British vessels then in our waters as prizes of war. At different periods afterward attempts were made to raise the wreck, and secure the moneys, by American wreckers, but all proved futile. At length, in 1848, the "Frigate Hussar Company" formed, and every summer since the vessel is daily visited by the submarine operators. The treasure remains, however, undiscovered; but two of the decks have been removed, twenty-seven of the guns raised, also between 3000 and 4000 of the cannon-balls. Swords belonging to the officers, and a number of guineas—supposed also to be their property—were found in the cabin. Bottles containing liquor have been from time to time taken up. Manacles, with pieces of bone attached, have likewise been obtained. The recovery of these articles, however, has not inured to the pecuniary advantage of the Company, but their recovery has demonstrated beyond question that the exact location of the wreck is known.

While these investigations were progressing, inventors occupied themselves in endeavors to improve apparatus for the purpose of making submarine explorations, and in 1866 Mr. WILLIAM MONK STORM obtained a patent at Washington for what he calls the "Improved Submarine Explorer." Admiral FARRAGUT indorsed

SALT-MINES ON ISLE PETITE AUCE, LOUISIANA.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]

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it; WILLIAM W. W. WOOD, a chief engineer of the United States Navy, spoke of it in approving terms, as also Mr. SACKERSDORF, the engineer of the New York Street Department. This new explorer is 10.6 feet in height, and terminates in a cone, has a diameter of 9 feet, and weighs 32,000 pounds, and gives a space of 204 cubic feet for the three or four men who may be working in it; contains 135 cubic feet of compressed air; has two cylinders, each two feet in diameter for compressed air, which give buoyancy to the bell, and enable the operator to regulate its movements in conjunction with a water-ballast capacity of 109 cubic feet.

It is with this diving-bell that the experiments are now being made in the manner which we illustrate on page 533. On the occasion of our artist's visit fifteen minutes were occupied in making the descent of 70 feet, and a like time in coming to the surface, after the men had remained on the wreck one hour. They brought up with them a bag of dirt, which, upon being washed through a sieve, yielded some fragments of iron, a few small stones, recognized as what is known to seamen as English shore ballast, and the flint of an old-fashioned musket. The men also reported that they twice struck the wood of the ship, about ten feet from where they went down.

THE MUSTACHE QUESTION.

THE mustache question has been once more mooted at the French bar, and a young advocate has undertaken to prove to the judge—who at first refused to hear him because he appeared with this natural ornament—that there exists no formal binding prescription against the display of this badge of manhood by the members of the bar in France. We believe that the question has been settled in England in favor of liberty, but the option has not been often made use of. Even clergymen, when the mustache movement was first set agoing by Mr. Charles Dickens, were seen braving prejudice in favor of physiology, and looking, it must be owned, very wolfish shepherds. This reminds us of an anecdote we heard in Germany, of a student in theology who appeared before the examiner, after having waited an unconscionable time for admission, bearded like a pard. The learned examiner fell back astonished, exclaiming, "A *theology* with a beard!" "A beard!" cried the student, with an air of equal astonishment, and putting his hand up to his face; "Bless me, why it must have grown while I have been waiting in the ante-room!"

VEGETABLE PARCHMENT.

As long ago as the year 1841, a civil engineer, William Edward Gaine by name, conceived the idea of manufacturing tracing-paper without the employment of any oily matter. Such paper would present certain advantages over the ordinary tracing-paper which engineers and others use in preparing maps and plans. In the course of his experiments Mr. Gaine discovered that a powerful acid, called sulphuric acid, has a remarkable action on the surface of paper.

Ten years later, the same gentleman turned his attention to the improvement of paper used for photographic purposes. As every one knows, various salts of silver are employed in photography, and the desideratum was a material the surface of which shall be acted on uniformly by these salts. At the time of making the experiments, sized papers albumenized were commonly used; but the modes of sizing were so various that no uniform result could be obtained. Mr. Gaine, being aware of the peculiar action of sulphuric acid on paper, just spoken of, instituted a series of experiments to determine the action of acids of various strengths on sized and unsized papers; and while so engaged he came across a very singular and unexpected result, in no way connected with photography. He found that unsized paper—familiarly known as blotting-paper—dipped into sulphuric acid diluted to a certain point with water, undergoes a remarkable change throughout its whole texture. Blotting-paper which has been thus treated has much the outward appearance of membrane, and it has therefore been named vegetable parchment.

In order to insure this remarkable conversion of blotting-paper (technically called *water-leaf*) into vegetable parchment, many precautions are requisite. In the first place, when sulphuric acid and water are mixed together great heat is evolved, through what is called in chemistry the affinity these liquids have for each other. It is important that the mixture should be allowed to cool before the water-leaf is dipped. The large amount of heat generated when strong sulphuric acid and water are mixed, gave rise to an accident during the early attempts at manufacture. One of the workmen incautiously mixing the water and acid a quantity of steam was given off and spurted out the acid, which came in contact with the face of the operator. The effect might have been serious, but fortunately the man escaped without personal injury. The amount of dilution of the acid is an important matter. If it is too weak the paper is dissolved; if too strong it is charred. The former fact may be curiously illustrated by sprinkling the paper with water. The leaf on being dipped into sulphuric acid of proper strength will be converted into vegetable parchment; but the damp sprinkled part will be dissolved away. A number of careful trials have shown that the sulphuric acid of commerce, of a specific gravity of 1.845, commonly known as oil of vitriol, must be diluted with half its bulk of water in order that the conversion of water-leaf may be attended with success.

One can not fail to be struck with the fact that a body, possessed of such remarkable solvent properties as sulphuric acid, should, at this particular strength, give a material which will bear a great deal of rough usage, and which is scarcely assailable by the strongest chemical agents, such as acids and alkalies. Water has but little effect on it. On wetting vegetable parchment it behaves like animal membrane; that is, it becomes soft and yielding, and on drying it resumes its former condition. It withstands the action of boiling-water, which animal parchment will not. It is used by the inventor and by others as a substitute for pudding-cloths, and for enveloping fish while boiling. After use it is simply washed, and is ready to be boiled again. Food boiled in this envelope is said to possess more richness and flavor than when treated in the ordinary way.

Another curious fact connected with the material is, that the chemical composition of the paper and of the sulphuric acid remains unchanged: that is to say, the paper gains nothing and loses nothing. Except as a question of expense the whole of the acid used for the conversion could be recovered without loss. The converted paper, if submitted to chemical analysis, is found to be composed of the same elements as it was before the transformation. The explanation of this fact is, that decomposition does not take place on exposure of paper to the action of sulphuric acid; the molecules of matter of which the paper is composed are merely rearranged.

This rearrangement takes place with great rapidity. A piece of blotting-paper passed into the acid is converted, in a few seconds, into a gelatinous gummy sheet. This conveyed into water, in order to get rid of the acid, becomes, within a minute, a tough, elastic, skin-like substance, which, when thoroughly freed from acid, is the vegetable parchment of commerce. Freedom from acid is insured by repeated washings in water and by immersion in a weak solution of ammonia. Any slight trace of acid which the washing might have failed to remove is thus converted into sulphate of ammonia, a stable body, the presence of which can by no possibility injure the vegetable parchment.

Great care is taken to remove all the acid, for were any allowed to remain the paper would rapidly lose its texture, and would in time fall to pieces.

The absence of acid has been satisfactorily established by Dr. Hofmann and by other chemists. Dr. Hofmann left the most delicate test-papers for hours in contact with moistened vegetable parchment, and they did not exhibit the slightest change of color. He also cut up several square feet of parchment into strips, and boiled them for half a day with water, filtered off the liquid, and concentrated it to a few drops. This liquid was found to contain no acid, and paper moistened with it, and dried at boiling temperature, was no more affected than when treated in the same way with pure water. Hence Dr. Hofmann concludes, and with reason, that vegetable parchment does not carry within it any destructive germ. Time alone can prove the absolute indestructibility of this parchment. Specimens made sixteen years ago are in existence: they are in every respect as perfect as when first produced.

Hitherto the chief purpose to which vegetable parchment has been put is to close vessels in which preserved fruits and other eatables are contained. The advantages it possesses over bladder are, that it is inodorous, and is not liable to encourage fermentation, as, unlike animal membrane, it contains no nitrogen; it is not readily attacked by insects or mice; and it is more elegant in appearance and more economical than bladder.

A very singular use for vegetable parchment, and one previously quite unknown, was announced in 1861 by Professor Graham. It has long been known that animal membrane, though not porous is permeable under certain conditions; but no application of this fact to the purposes of analysis was made until Professor Graham published his great discovery, that crystallizable substances in solution may thus be separated from those which will not crystallize. This process is called *dialysis*. To take a familiar example. If soup which is too salt is placed in a bladder and suspended in water, the salt will be removed without impoverishing the soup. In the laboratory the knowledge of this fact is invaluable. Thus, in searching for poisons mixed with food and other contents of the stomach, as has to be done in various medico-legal investigations, one of the great difficulties formerly experienced was to separate the poison; but now, by dialysis, poisons capable of crystallizing, and these are the majority, can readily be detected. A more agreeable application of Professor Graham's discovery is in the purification of sugar. A French chemist, named Du Brunfaut, has managed this with great success.

For the purpose of dialysis animal membrane was first used; but Professor Graham found that vegetable parchment possesses the same qualities as regards permeability, and is more cleanly and less destructible. It can also be manufactured of any required size, which parchment can not. It is doubtful whether dialysis could have been so thoroughly tested and examined but for the existence of vegetable parchment.

In 1865 vegetable parchment was employed in enveloping gun-cotton cartridges used for blasting. The makers of these cartridges are at present sending out about thirty thousand a week, and the demand for them is increasing. Very recently it has been found that vegetable parchment is of great value in packeting tea. Tea thus enveloped retains its aroma for an indefinite time; and the vegetable parchment does not communicate any odor or flavor to the tea. All kinds of tea deteriorate in a short time by being packed in the ordinary papers; tea becomes injuriously affected from this cause within twelve hours; and within a week there is a loss of quality of about twenty-five per cent. Tea is very sensitive to odors and flavors; it imbibes the taste of any thing surrounding it. A single drop of sapid liquor will flavor a whole package in twelve hours. All kinds of coverings have been resorted to, but none appears so good as vegetable parchment. It will probably come into extensive use for packeting tea.

There are doubtless many other purposes for which vegetable parchment might be employed; but, as is pretty sure to be the case on the introduction of an entirely new raw material, the development of its uses requires time. That it is a most valuable substance there can be no question.

WINIFRED.

SWEET Winifred sits at the cottage door,
The rose and the woodbine shadow it o'er,
And turns to the clear blue summer skies
The clearer blue of her soft young eyes—
Turns to the balmy wind of the south
Her feverish, supplicating mouth,
To ask from Heaven and the sunny glow
The health she lost long, long ago.

The rose on her cheeks is rose too red,
The light in her eyes is lightning sped,
And not the calm and steady ray
Of youth and strength in their opening day;
Her hands are lily-pale and thin,
You can see the blood beneath the skin;
Something hath smitten her to the core,
And she wastes and dwindles evermore.

She thinks, as she sits in the glint o' the sun,
That her race is ended ere well begun,
And turns her luminous eyes aside
To *one* who asks her to be his bride—
Invisible to all but her,
Her friend, her lover, her worshiper;
Who stretches forth his kindly hand,
And saith what her heart can understand.

"Winifred! Winifred! be thou mine,
Many may woo thee, many may pine,
To win from thy lips the sweet caress,
But thou canst not give it, or answer 'yes.'
There is not one amid them all,
To whom if the prize of thyself should fall,
Who would not suffer more cruel pain
Than would ever spring from thy disdain.

"Only to *me* canst thou be given
The bridegroom sent to thee from Heaven;
Come to me! Come! Thy dower shall be
The wealth of Immortality.
Eternal youth, perennial joy,
And love that never shall change or cloy;
All shall be thine the hour we wed,
Sweet Winifred! Be thou mine!" he said.

"Take me!" she answered, with faint low breath,
"I know thee well. Thy name is DEATH.
I've looked on thy merciful face too long
To think of thee as a pain or wrong.
I know thou'lt keep thy promise true,
And lead me life's dark portals through.
Up! up! on wings to the starry dome,
Up! up to Heaven! my bridal home."

He laid his hand on her trembling wrist,
Her beautiful, coy, cold lips he kiss'd,
And took her away from sister and brother,
From sorrowing sire and weeping mother;
From all she loved. With a smile she went,
Of peace and patience and sweet content.
'Twas but life's vesture laid in the sod,
'Twas life itself to the throne of God!

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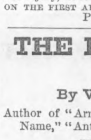

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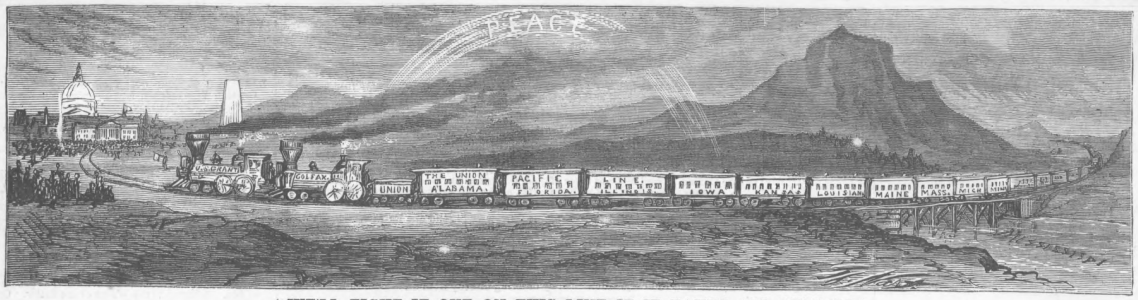

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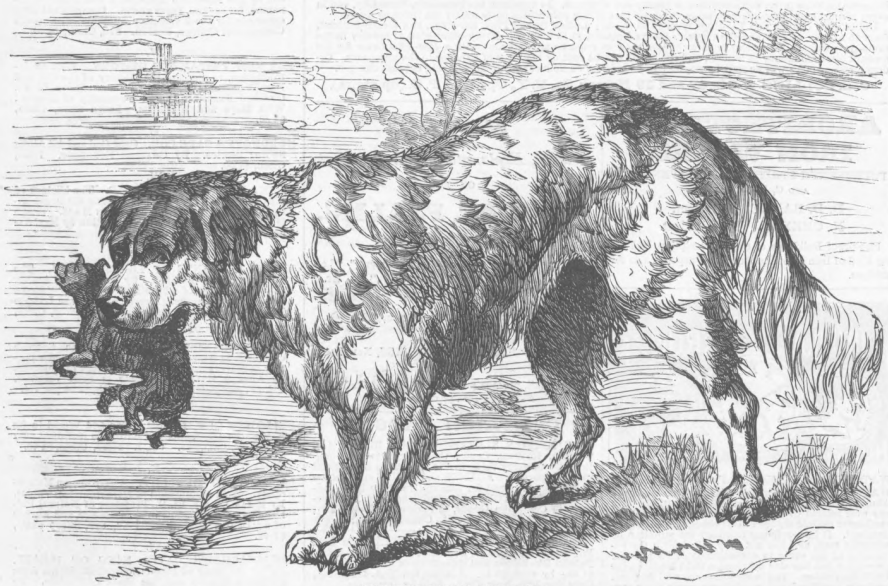

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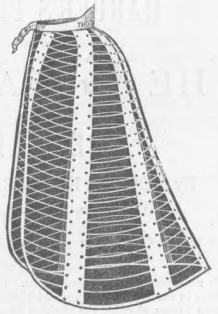

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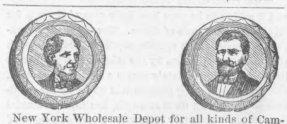

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XII.—No. 609.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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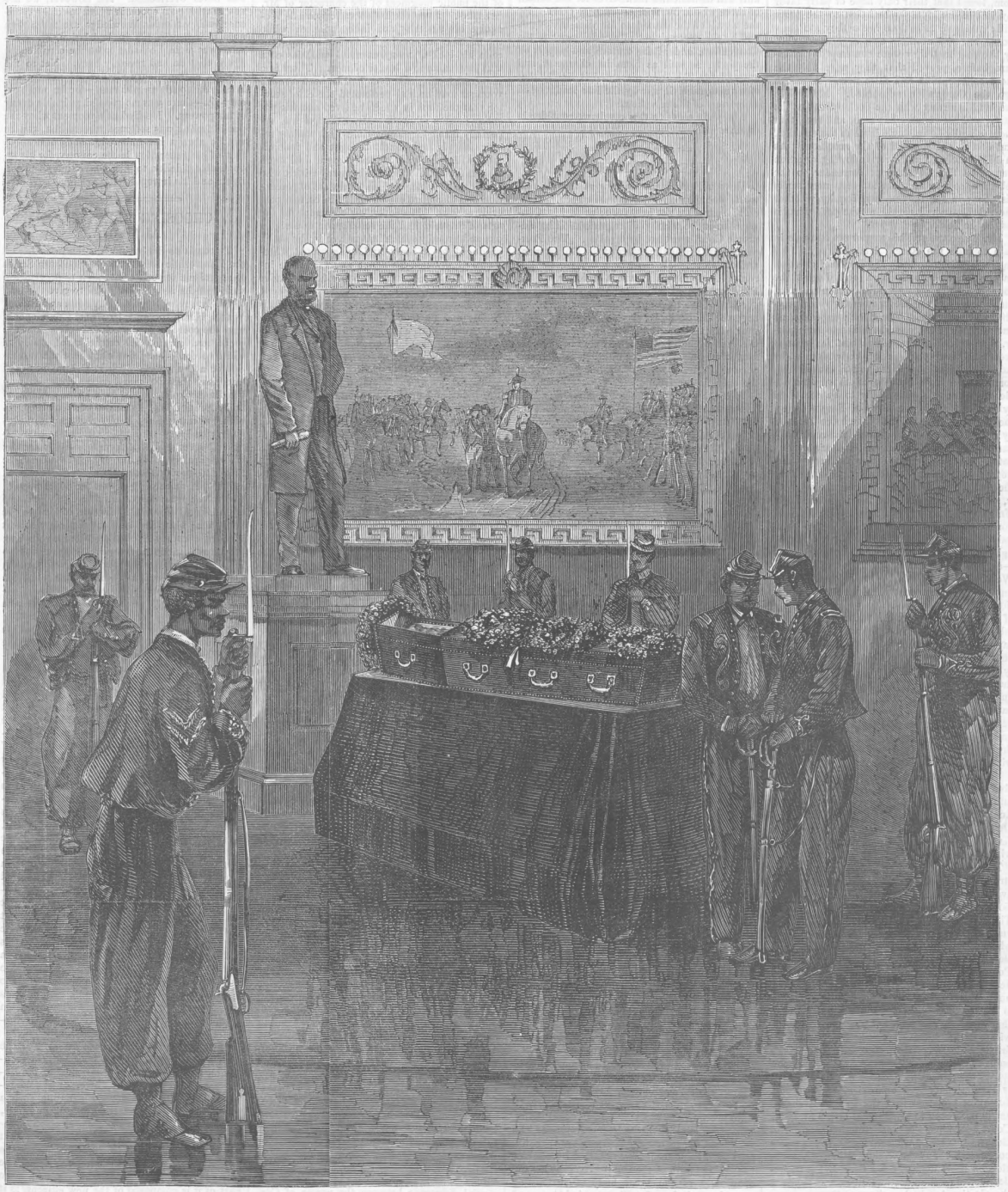

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1868.

THE PLAIN PERIL.

IT is a little more than a month since the Democratic nominations were made. The Convention declared for repudiation, and asserted that the Reconstruction acts were revolutionary and void. It nominated for President a bitter opponent of the war, and for Vice-President a man who held that it was the duty of the Executive to promote union by "trampling into dust the usurpations of Congress." It then adjourned. Its leading members instantly took the stump, and explained the purposes of the party, and the Democratic newspapers every where swelled the chorus. Those which had hoped that time and events would have taught the party caution at least, if not wisdom, found that their only hope of party favor lay in the promptest submission to the party will; and with ridiculous haste they ate their words, sneered at their own arguments, and, by showing that they were contemptibly insincere before, proved that they were only the more contemptible and false now. A month ago the Convention adjourned. Meanwhile the land has rung with the declarations of the party, and the country has seen, and sees, that there is really but a single issue in the election, and that is the renewal of the rebellion. As in 1864, the sole and overshadowing question was, shall the Government surrender to the rebellion, so now all other interests necessarily disappear in the fundamental inquiry whether the rebellion shall regain at the polls what it lost in the field.

Mr. SEYMOUR and his supporters struggle in vain to hide the issue. His orators and his papers attempt to make the financial question paramount, and to frighten and disgust the country by the grossest misrepresentation of the expenses of the Government, and by magnifying corruption. The public expenses, no one denies, are large, and the Democratic party, from which the rebellion and its support proceeded, is responsible for the burden. The Administration is, at some points, tainted with corruption — a fault to be admitted and deplored, but not a fault likely to be remedied by intrusting it to the party of FLOYD, COBB, the New York municipality, and the Tammany ring. But these questions, although ordinarily of the highest importance, are, in the nature of things, secondary to the reconstruction of the Union. So long as the integrity of the nation is in debate, so long as the problem is, whether the friends or the enemies of the Union shall control the Government, all economical questions within the Union are inevitably postponed. The public burden can be lightened—that is, taxation can be diminished —only as the wealth of the country increases. Wealth increases only by production, and industry and enterprise are essential to production. But confidence is the cardinal condition of steady industry; and until confidence is established there will be neither a movement of capital into the disordered States, nor continuous and sufficient labor. The Republican party has taken the great, primary steps toward the pacification upon which peace and consequent confidence depend. The Democratic party proposes to undo every thing that has been done; to exasperate the hostility of race, and to give, by force, the disordered States into the hands of those who hate the Union, and burn with the desire of revenge.

The Democratic policy is necessarily one of civil war. It does not propose a peaceful solution of any difficulty. And that this is distinctly understood is evident. Just before the Democratic Convention assembled Mr. C. C. LANGDON, a delegate from Alabama, wrote, with an instinctive knowledge of his party: "The Democratic doctrine is, that the reconstruction measures of the present Congress, and every thing done under them, are unconstitutional, and, of course, absolutely null and void. This declaration, I take it, will constitute the main plank in the Democratic platform, and whoever is nominated must pledge himself to stand by it and enforce it. That the Supreme Court will eventually (probably at its next term) decide all these acts to be unconstitutional is now universally conceded. Then all we want is a President whose views are in accord with that decision, and who has the nerve and the will to do his duty. It will be his duty to enforce the decree of the Court, if need be, at the point of the bayonet."

But the party was riper for a more decidedly revolutionary and anarchical policy. Mr. LANGDON proposed that the President should act in deference to a judgment of the Supreme Court overruling the reconstruction acts. But General FRANK BLAIR went further. He would not wait for any judicial decision. Let the election itself decide, cried he. Let it be understood that the question which we submit at the election is whether the new State governments shall be overthrown by force, and the election of the Democratic candidates will be the President's warrant. "There is but one way," wrote General BLAIR, and for saying so he was nominated—"there is but one way to restore the Government and the Constitution, and that is for the President elect to declare these acts null and void, compel the army to undo its usurpations at the South, disperse the carpet-bag State governments, allow the white people to reorganize their own governments, and elect Senators and Representatives."

This is the acknowledged and accepted policy of the party. That portion which, just before the nomination of General BLAIR upon this declaration, admitted that the new State governments had been recognized by Congress, and that consequently, according to the decision of the Supreme Court, there was no other lawful method of changing them than that provided by their constitutions, now assert that the election will decide whether those governments are to stand or to be overthrown, as General BLAIR says, by force. Indeed, if overthrown at all, it can only be by force; for it is not conceivable that, in several of the States, half the inhabitants will disfranchise themselves for the benefit of those who avow their hostility to them. By the words of the candidate for Vice-President, and by the eager assent of the delegates to the Convention, and of the orators and papers of the party, as well as from its character and antecedents, the issue presented is simply that of a renewed civil war by the late leaders and supporters of the rebellion.

The plain steps to this result we consider in another article.

THE WAY TO WAR.

How a Democratic success at the election would occasion civil war is easily seen. General BLAIR does not hesitate to avow it. Congress must be wholly disregarded. The Supreme Court must not be invoked. The President must usurp all powers of the Government and act alone. He must be a CÆSAR. "Because," says General BLAIR in his letter, "if the President elected by the Democracy enforces, or permits others to enforce, these Reconstruction acts, the Radicals, by the accession of twenty spurious Senators and fifty Representatives, will control both branches of Congress, and his administration will be as powerless as the present one of Mr. JOHNSON." Force is, therefore, the only alternative.

If Mr. SEYMOUR be elected, after this loud and reiterated declaration by his party that his election will mean forcible overthrow of the present State governments in the Southern States, the result is evident. He would officially declare those Governments void. He would then be impeached and probably convicted. But the Democratic party, victorious at the polls, with the whole rebel force jubilant and ready, would dispute the sentence, and rise against its execution. Meanwhile in the Southern States, the new Democratic State organizations summoned by the President would be formed. They would dispute the State authority with the present incumbents. The President would recognize the new claimants and order the army to their support, and to "trample in the dust" the others. They in turn would appeal to Congress, already engaged in conflict with the President. Meanwhile the Representatives and Senators sent from the new State organizations would arrive in Washington, and in concert with the other Democratic members would be recognized as Congress by the President. But, indeed, long before this event civil war would be ravaging the country, and WADE HAMPTON, and ROBERT TOOMBS, and HOWELL COBB, and the old rebel chiefs who say with ALBERT PIKE, "We do not love and will not pretend to love that Union, though we have agreed to obey the laws of the conqueror," would gladly behold in a desolating war and a ruined republic the fullness of their revenge.

This is the real issue. It can not be denied, for the Democratic party exultingly declares it. It can not be evaded, for the experience of the last few years has taught us that we have as desperate and dangerous elements as any country at any time. It is the relapse of the rebellion, and a relapse of disease is often fiercer than its original attack. There was never a moment when the utmost effort of every faithful citizen was more indispensable than now to the salvation of the country. On the one hand is General GRANT, with his moderation, his firmness, his tried patriotism, his singular sagacity, his signal illustration of the finest qualities of the intelligent American; and with him SCHUYLER COLFAX, who has never said a word or done an act that can inspire the least distrust, and who is in full accord with the best and most peaceful and progressive tendencies of the country. They are the candidates of those who would do the best that the circumstances allow; who would reconstruct the Union upon equal rights, who would neither ostracize nor revenge, who would not exasperate the jealousies of race, but who would neither betray the tried friends nor the pledged faith of the country. They are the candidates of the great body of citizens of proved patriotism, intelligence, industry, and of a peaceful mind obedient to law. On the other hand is Mr. SEYMOUR, a plausible politician, for whose success the rebels in arms prayed four years ago; who preferred that the Union should perish rather than slavery, and who declared the success of the Government to be as revolutionary as that of the rebellion. With him is General BLAIR, whose remedy for the situation is the naked sword. They are the candidates of all who hate the Union and who sought and seek its dishonor; of those who thought the war a crime, and demanded that the Government should yield to the rebellion; of those who would break the public word to the public creditor; of those who would put the late slave, always loyal, under the feet of his always rebel master; the candidates of the ignorant and lawless every where in the land.

Let every man be alert. There is no doubt of the issue or of the candidates. And when once they are understood there is no doubt of the country and of the result.

THADDEUS STEVENS.

THERE is great unanimity in the expression of the public judgment of the character of Mr. STEVENS. Even the Democratic journals recognize his sincerity and independence; while the Republican, praising his love of liberty, concede his lack of many essential qualities of a true statesman and leader of men. There is a universal feeling that even had he been a much younger man he had performed the chief service that the time in which he lived and his peculiar powers allowed. Mr. STEVENS was especially fitted for stormy times that mainly require simple and honest thought and indomitable will. He had, indeed, a great deal more insight than is allowed him by many critics, who are irritated because of his total want of perception and disregard of knowledge in certain other directions. Moreover, his contempt for the arts of rhetoric, and the satisfaction of a vigorous and proudly self-reliant nature in the shock produced by a blunt and exaggerated statement, diminished his direct and calculable influence. Consequently he was often a leader without followers, a ruler without subjects. His friends rejected his plans for the sake of his cause; and he had a kind of surly delight in the support of his enemies, who hoped to ruin it.

But while his plans often failed at the time and in the manner in which he presented them, their wisdom was often vindicated by the event. Take, for instance, his action in regard to the President, and upon the general subject of Reconstruction. When he came into the Thirty-ninth Congress, on the 4th of December, 1865, he threw down the gauntlet to the President upon the very first day by his motion for the Reconstruction Committee. It was considered by many Republicans a very premature and impolitic measure. They doubted whether the party could afford to break with the President, and they were not at all sure that it ought to. The situation was very confused and difficult. There were no precedents in fact, there were no provisions in law. Delight at the end of the war, and the wary silence of the Southern leaders, which was misinterpreted as acquiescence in the result; the apparent fairness of giving the Johnsonian scheme a sufficient trial, the natural reaction of feeling, all seemed to make any positive radical difference with the President very unwise. But these were the very reasons that persuaded Mr. STEVENS of the necessity of the plan he proposed. It was because the President had shown suspicious signs of want of comprehension of the true position, while he had a very definite theory of action, that Mr. STEVENS perceived the importance of some equally definite action upon the part of Congress. A policy, in the unsettled state of opinion, there could not be; but the determination that no policy should prevail which Congress did not approve was of itself a perfectly definite action. It gained time, and time was the vital necessity. The Senate, as Mr. FESSENDEN said in the debate in that body, ought not to adopt the convictions of the President without examination. The Committee was appointed. From that moment the contest between the President and Congress was relentless. But it is upon the principles of reconstruction which that Committee announced that GRANT will be elected, and the Union restored.

So with Mr. STEVENS's territorial theory. Its announcement startled those who held to the celebrated Johnsonian logic, that as the war was for the purpose of preventing a dissolution of the Union, and was successful, the Union was not dissolved and the States were as they were before. But statesmanship and the conduct of human affairs in general is not a matter of theory, but of experience and common-sense. The President and his friends howled with horror at Mr. STEVENS as a rebel and disunionist, and swore that they clung to the views of Mr. LINCOLN. Now Mr. LINCOLN's views were that the inquiry whether the States were in or out of the Union was a pernicious abstraction; while the real question was how to restore them to their practical relations in it—a subject of which Congress was the judge. This illustrates the great importance of the method of "putting things." It is not very easy to detect the essential difference between the power of Congress to determine how disorganized States shall resume their relations in the Union, and its power to determine how Territories shall become States of the Union. Yet the difference between them is all the difference between Mr. LINCOLN and Mr. STEVENS. Mr. STEVENS stated the case with a rough and startling picturesqueness of phrase—Mr. LINCOLN with sagacious moderation. But the view of Mr. STEVENS is substantially that of the Reconstruction measures.

But neither the method nor the corollaries urged by him were adopted. Congress proceeded with great and wise deliberation, as we have heretofore indicated; and the best opinion of the country has always rejected the plans of confiscation which were so precious to Mr. STEVENS. It is just here, indeed, in practical and specific measures of legislation, that his want of wisdom and of knowledge were apparent. He really seemed capable of proposing that Congress should enact that under certain circumstances twice two should make five. But the good sense of his fellow-members usually prevented his mere whims from becoming laws, while the great value of his real service was never overlooked. As, however, we are now reaching an epoch in which special experience and particular knowledge are more than usually indispensable in legislation, Mr. STEVENS was plainly ceasing to be the conspicuous figure that he had recently been. Yet to the last his extraordinary vitality did not forsake him. Although an old man—for he was seventy-six—there was no painful, palpable decay of his powers. He died at a moment when the public feeling was softened toward him, and he will be always remembered, among the noted men of his generation in the country, for his indomitable fidelity to his conviction of equal rights and his intrepid self-assertion.

CHOOSING ELECTORS IN ALABAMA.

THERE is no doubt that it is the intention of the Democratic leaders in the Southern States to organize a terrorism by which to prevent the voting of the new citizens, and to give the vote of the late rebel States to SEYMOUR and BLAIR. WADE HAMPTON and HOWELL COBB openly urge the coercion of the colored voters, and the social and commercial ostracism of the loyal white voters. We print elsewhere the resolution of a Democratic Club in Columbia, South Carolina, that no member shall employ any freedman who can not show a Democratic pass; and ALBERT PIKE, President of a club in Memphis, informs colored voters that they can procure from him "cards that can not be counterfeited," recommending them for employment by "Conservatives," and urging all Democrats to refuse to employ those who can not show such cards. If we remember that the white population in the rebel States have carefully prevented, as far as they could, the sale of land to the freedmen; that the latter are therefore almost wholly dependent upon their white employers; that they inherit the ignorance, and the subserviency to color, and the thriftless habits, which slavery engendered, we can imagine what the result of an organized system of political coercion must be. It can hardly fail to affect the election in a very serious manner.

The calculation of WADE HAMPTON and his associates evidently is, that, with the aid of the Ku Klux Klan, the seventy votes of the Southern States can all be secured for SEYMOUR and BLAIR. The cry of "military despotism," and the objection to the invalidity of elections held under military supervision, meant only that Democratic terrorism was impossible unless the soldiers were removed. "Take away the soldiers, and we will take care of the negroes," suggestively said Mr. ALBERT PIKE, Mr. JOHN FORSYTH, and the rest of the most virulent rebels. And a man must cherish a very curious view of human nature who supposes that without the utmost careful consideration of the facts of the case, and measures taken accordingly, there can be a tolerably fair election in the Southern States. It was with this conviction that the proposition was made in the Alabama Legislature that the Presidential electors should be chosen by the Legislature. This is a strictly constitutional method of appointment in that State. It has elicited a loud and angry shout from the gentry who issue cards to Democratic negroes, and who propose to keep all others both from work and from the polls; but it is a matter of very grave consideration whether the Legislature does not more truly represent the opinion of the people of Alabama than electors chosen under the system of terror and coercion organized by WADE HAMPTON and the Democratic leaders.

Governor SMITH, in his veto message to the Legislature, says that in his judgment the proposition "denies the very principles" of the Republican party. But the Governor should reflect that while in a normal situation such a system of choosing electors is not desirable, the reason is that then a general election reveals the true general opinion. But is that likely to be the case in Alabama under the circumstances? The Republican party may be in a majority in the State, and yet, as a large part of it is composed of the new citizens, is it not very evident that the causes we have designated, and the vigorous organization of unscrupulous men, may prevent that party from carry-

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ing the State? Would it then be a denial of the true principle of republican government to secure the expression of the will of the majority in another equally constitutional manner? The Governor says that the proposition implies that the colored men are not to be trusted. We do not see it so. No one doubts their fidelity to their principles, and their sympathy with the party of equal rights; but one may fairly doubt whether they can all be counted upon to assert that fidelity, by voting against the open threats of HAMPTON, PIKE, the Ku Klux Klan, and the Democratic clubs. The Governor also says that the bill denies the right of every citizen, white or black, to indicate his choice for President. That is to say, that if the bill is not passed that right will be protected. Very well: no one can ask more. The loyal country has the right to understand, from the Governor's veto, that he is conscious of the power to secure as fair an election as that by which the Constitution of the State was adopted. Such a result will justify his veto.

BUILDING IN NEW YORK.

THE time within which buildings may be commenced for occupancy next Spring is rapidly passing away, and yet many who would otherwise make immediate arrangements for the purpose are deterred from doing so by the strike of bricklayers, who claim four dollars and a half per day for a day of eight hours. A large number of eligible lots yet remain unimproved; but the fact that Central Park occupies about eight hundred acres of land, and that numerous boulevards have been projected of greater width than the ordinary streets and avenues—thereby diminishing the area on the island which may be devoted to buildings—forces upon our attention the question, what is the true solution of the difficulty before us, resulting from a constantly diminishing area and a constantly increasing population. The relief which inevitably flows from Kings County, Westchester, New Jersey, and Staten Island need not in this connection be considered.

The ordinary size of lots is 25 feet front by 100 feet deep, and on this basis the blocks, as laid out by the Commissioners, say above Fourteenth Street, have been constructed, so that their depth is not capable of being much changed. The fronts of such lots, however, may be enlarged or diminished at the pleasure of the owners. The value now attached to lots 25 by 100, in good localities, and the cost of putting up a first-class house covering the whole front, extending from say $25,000 to very large figures, depending on the scale with which it is adorned—make it impossible that any but the most favored in financial position can occupy such houses in this city, even those of the minimum cost. The sum required to furnish, added to the cost of lots and buildings, make no inconsiderable fortune thus invested; but the constantly augmenting taxation, and the increased expenses of living, constitute the chief causes for limiting the number who may enjoy life on this princely scale. Hence the number who are driven to boarding-houses and hotels, and the great interest which is manifested in the question how this last expedient may be avoided by those in moderately good circumstances.

The resort to the French style of building and living is presented by many as the true solution of the difficulty—houses extending the whole depth of a block and covering several lots, to be constructed so that families may live on separate floors on a scale of greater economy than would be possible in such houses. But there is a serious objection to this plan in the fact that no single floor can be owned in fee by any occupant; but if he aspire to the position of owner it must be limited to a share in the whole property, if less than the whole. His interest—a fifth or a third—would thus be subjected to contingencies not agreeable in the case of a fixed residence, arising from a joint ownership in which a change of shareholders might often occur, owing to the vicissitudes attending business and life itself. In case of fire a majority of joint owners might demand some use of the property not favorable to the interests of all, and, if disposed, might seriously embarrass the minority of interests with a view to the acquisition of the whole property. The true relation to be borne by the occupant to the owner of such a building should be that of landlord and tenant, as its occupancy by several joint owners is scarcely feasible. To persons intending to build for their own use this plan will generally be rejected, and another resorted to which possesses greater advantages. We refer to narrow houses.

The owner of a single lot of 25 feet front may divide it into two of 12½ feet; two lots may be divided into three of 16⅔. Three may be cut up into five lots of 15 feet each. The division which is most economical is that which forms the lots into the dimensions of 12½ feet by 100, the houses on them to be built with party-walls, and to have such depth—about 60 feet is best—as to make room for an easy staircase between the front and rear suits of rooms. If of 50 feet depth, the ceilings need to be low, so as to admit of a proper staircase, occupying about one-fourth of the whole depth. These houses may be of three or four or five stories, as may be required by the number composing the family. Their interior decoration will, of course, depend on the means of the owner. The whole width between the exterior side walls should be devoted to the entrance, which would thus be large, terminating at the staircase and a more diminutive hall, which latter extends to what is usually a dining-room. Generally these are basement-houses, having a kitchen below the floor we have been describing, with a cellar under that, and as many stories above as convenient. Where the ground is already excavated, as is frequently the case, it might be expedient to extend the under-cellar the whole depth of the lot, instead of going to the expense of filling up the yard with earth, and have also a kitchen with a deck roof where the yard ordinarily is, for summer use. The deck-roof could be used for all the purposes to which a yard is ordinarily applied.

In constructing these houses, if the three portions—front, middle devoted to stairs, and rear—were separated from each other by transverse walls, and the front and rear walls were made double, on the plan now not uncommon, the building would be substantially fire-proof, if the main timbers extended fore and aft, resting on these cross walls, instead of being inserted in the side 12-inch walls, in which case their buts are only four inches apart if the side-walls are party-walls. If the quality of being quite fire-proof is deemed of advantage, this can be accomplished more fully in the construction of the staircase, which has the advantage of being within four brick walls, and may be made partly of iron.

The feature the most objectionable in all houses, on the score of exposure to fire, is that of lath and plaster on joists extending from floor to floor, in the front and rear, and in all parts of modern buildings. It is objectionable because a draught is furnished from cellar to garret, behind the lath and plaster, more powerful than is the draught in most chimneys, and so guarded that the water from engines can not reach the fire behind these screens. Brick walls would not only cut off this draught, but make it difficult if not impossible to have any fire extend to a floor above the one which might be burning. The draught from perpendicular walls of lath and plaster is extended between all the floor and ceiling beams, so that a perfect chimney is every where found, except when brick walls are used, as we have mentioned. It is usual to have two windows front and rear to such edifices, but only one may be preferred, and that a wide opening, the front door to have the double character of door and window imparted to it. No trouble in fastening up would be given, and by a little attention the entrance could be made secure against the violence of a burglar, and indeed of others.

The best houses of this class which have been constructed have quite an appearance of elegance outside and in, and are equivalent in this respect to those of 20 feet front, which have seven and a half feet devoted to halls extending from front to rear. Many who deemed them so small as to be unsuitable for habitation have been surprised at the advantages on the score of appearance and comfort which they present.

A family inhabiting one of these structures may enjoy on separate floors the amount of room which it would occupy in a French building on a single flat, with the inestimable advantage in the former case that full and complete ownership may accompany its possession.

The question whether or not this shall be done in this expensive city, oppressed with the most disgraceful taxation, is not one of choice but of necessity to the great bulk of substantial citizens; and the sooner they unite on this plan and construct houses upon it the better. Space is gained by having party-walls on each side, and if used as we have described will be beneficial. A half dozen houses built on each of two contiguous streets would render the whole improvement so safe on the score of fire that the tax of insurance might be dispensed with or submitted to only on a moderate scale, and some general plan of heating by a single apparatus might in that case be employed; but if our capitalists will construct houses such as we have described, or if individuals will unite on this plan there will be a great demand for them by tenants and also by purchasers; and the scheme will go far toward solving the question how a growing population may be accommodated on the area which constitutes the island of New York.

A LITTLE LATE.

THE Democratic managers, justly alarmed by the plain statement of their policy which has been made by the delegates to the Convention and the leaders of the party, have warned those leaders not to speak o distinctly, and WADE HAMPTON is now trying to coo gently. It is a little too late.

When Mr. HAMPTON returned from the Convention he spoke of its action to his constituents. He had been a member of the most important Committee, that upon resolutions. The two important points of the platform were repudiation and the denunciation of the reconstruction measures. The first of these was put into the platform by the friends of Mr. PENDLETON, the second by WADE HAMPTON. Here are his own words:

"I said I would take the resolutions if they would allow me to add but three words, which you will find embodied in the platform. I added this: 'And we declare that the reconstruction acts are revolutionary, unconstitutional, and void.' *When I proposed that, every single member of the Committee—and the warmest men in it were the men of the North—came forward and said they would carry it out to the end.*"

General HAMPTON then proceeds to state that if the Democrats are successful in the election the present State organizations will fall. How? They can fall only by the repeal of the Reconstruction acts, or by the sword. But whoever may be elected President the Senate will remain unchanged. The acts can not, therefore, be repealed. Yet his Democratic allies assured General HAMPTON that they would "*carry out to the end*" the declaration that the acts were revolutionary and void; and they nominated by acclamation a candidate for Vice-President who declared it to be the duty of the President, despite the Senate and House of Representatives, to overthrow the present organizations by the sword.

Are General HAMPTON and his fellow-Democratic managers so inconceivably foolish as to suppose that the people of the United States do not understand plain words? The phrase "carry it out to the end" has, and was meant to have, but one significance. It means overthrow by force. The Charleston *Mercury* says that it has been urged by Northern Democrats to advise the Southern speakers not to reveal so much. It is, we say, a little late to close the stable-door carefully when the noble steed is kicking up his heels in plain sight. Before the Convention met the same *Mercury* said that it presumed the position taken by the Convention, and "the true principle for the Democratic party to stand on is that the Reconstruction laws are unconstitutional, and to be wiped out,.....that Congress has no jurisdiction in the matter."

Whether, therefore, General HAMPTON and the illustrious patriots COBB, SEMMES, TOOMBS, RAMSEY, and others, speak or are silent, whether they plead that their remarks and General BLAIR's letter are to be taken in a purely Pickwickian sense or not, the feelings, the views, and the purposes of the Democratic party are equally manifest. A distinguished Maine Democrat, the Hon. GEORGE M. WESTON, who, two years ago, was the Democratic candidate for Congress in the fourth district of that State, perceives the inevitable tendency of the party and does not hesitate publicly to withdraw his support from it. Mr. WESTON says that "he sees unredeemed mischief in Mr. BLAIR's policy. The flag with which he marches at the head of the Democratic column is the black flag of discord and civil war for the country, and a war of races for the South. The mass of his misguided followers are honest and well-intentioned, but it is none the less true that he is leading them in a broad and straight road to ruin."

EX-REBELS AND REBELS.

AT a late Democratic meeting in Boston Mr. JOSIAH G. ABBOTT remarked, that it was hardly becoming in Republicans, who welcomed such a secessionist as JOSEPH E. BROWN to their Chicago Convention, to cry out against WADE HAMPTON, COBB, TOOMBS, SEMMES, and others of the same kind.

There are two kinds of ex-rebels, those who concede that "the lost cause" *is* lost, and who act accordingly; and those who insist that it is not lost, and who act accordingly. The first are not a very large number; but they are very warmly welcomed by all loyal men. The last are undoubtedly a majority of the late rebels, and they are naturally allied with the Democratic party. The Republicans harmonize with Governor BROWN, and General LONGSTREET, and Governor ORR, not merely because they support the party, but because they prove by their acts that they have abandoned the cause of the rebellion; and they warn the country against WADE HAMPTON and his associates, because they frankly and openly declare their devotion to that cause, and their faith in its ultimate triumph.

Thus WADE HAMPTON, at the Commencement exercises of General LEE's College in Virginia, said, at the end of June, upon his way to the Democratic Convention, "The cause for which JACKSON [STONEWALL] and STUART fell can not be in vain, and in some form will yet triumph," and ended his speech by proposing "The lost cause." Again in Charleston, after the Convention, he said: "Never shall I admit that the cause itself failed, and that the principles which gave it life were therefore wrong." What the other Southern Democratic leaders say we show elsewhere. Governor ORR said, at about the same time: "It would have been wise for the white people to accept the Reconstruction Acts.....If the Southern Governments in 1869 are declared void the States will be left in a condition of anarchy."

Now, Governor ORR was as much a rebel as WADE HAMPTON. Is Mr. JOSIAH G. ABBOTT unable to see that a loyal Union man may very consistently sympathize with the one and "cry out" against the other?

THE MILITARY DESPOTS.

IN a late speech in Kansas General BLAIR said that the "secret of the adherence of Generals GRANT, SHERIDAN, and other regular officers to the Radical party is the tendency of that party.....toward military despotism." We have elsewhere considered General GRANT as a military despot. But the ferocious THOMAS, the liberty-crushing SHERMAN, the tyrannical FARRAGUT, the cruel SHERIDAN, are also all well known to the country. Their constant efforts to erect a military despotism upon the ruins of the republic are familiar; and not less notorious is the docile adherence to law and order of those Conservative supporters of SEYMOUR and BLAIR—Generals FORREST, HAMPTON, BEAUREGARD, WISE, TOOMBS, and Admiral SEMMES.

But one of the most alarming indications of the tendency toward a military despotism upon the part of General GRANT and his friends is the speech of General MEADE upon resigning his functions as Military Governor of Georgia. At the dinner in honor of the installation of the new civil government that artful and designing man, that despot, that remorseless satrap, said:

"In speaking on my own behalf and that of every officer present, I am sure I can say that it is with the greatest satisfaction and pleasure we yield to the civil authorities that power which under the law it has, until this day, been our duty to exercise."

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"No one in this whole land is more rejoiced at the restoration of civil authority; no one regrets more the emergency which for a time required it should be subordinate to the military; no one prays more earnestly that it may never again be deemed necessary to place the military paramount to the civil power than does the humble individual who now addresses you. And I feel confident, gentlemen, as well-wishers of our beloved country, you will all unite with me in praying for the prosperity and success of the administration of the Governor, this day inaugurated, in asking God's blessing on him and his efforts so to administer the affairs of the State with wisdom, prudence, and moderation, that peace and prosperity may reign throughout the land, and the people of Georgia be restored to the beneficent sway of civil law—the only law that should be supreme—may be led by the enjoyment of the blessings which follow a good government, to forget the wounds of the past, and that they ever were under military rule."

If this doesn't show a tendency upon the part of the regular officers to establish a military despotism, the country will have to take General BLAIR's word for it. It will be remembered that the government upon which General MEADE asks the blessing of God is one of those organizations which General BLAIR—who fears a military despotism—hopes will be overthrown by the army, and trampled into dust.

We trust that General BLAIR will continue to write letters and to make speeches, and that he and his friends, SEMMES and FORREST and QUANTRELL—if he should happen to find the latter in Kansas, for he would be a most ardent SEYMOUR and BLAIR man—will not hesitate constantly to warn the country against the designs of those reckless revolutionists, GRANT, SHERMAN, MEADE, THOMAS, FARRAGUT, and SHERIDAN.

DEMOCRATIC PORTRAIT OF GRANT.

THE following allusion to General GRANT in the New York *World*, written before the dire exigencies of party compelled it to eat its own words, is a biting sarcasm upon HORATIO SEYMOUR and certain of his supporters:

"When the man of men look upon such a character they may learn a truer respect for themselves and each other; they are taught by it that high qualities and great abilities are consistent with the simplicity of taste, contempt for parade and plainness of manners with which direct and earnest men have a strong, natural sympathy....His career is a lesson in practical democracy; it is a quiet satire on the dandyism, the puppyism, and the shallow affectation of our fashionable exquisites, as well as upon the swagger of our plausible, glib-tongued demagogues."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE Western outlaws and express robbers are becoming desperate, and mobs of citizens are punishing them at a terrible rate. On August 7 a posse of constables at Crawford, Illinois, attempted to arrest four of the desperadoes. They fired on the constables, killing one. The remainder and a mob of citizens then rushed upon the robbers, and killed them all.

Several new governors of Southern States recently made requisitions on the Secretary of War for arms under a law passed in 1796, but the Secretary has declined to furnish until further legislation is had on the subject. The governors, in consequence, have united in an appeal to Congress to meet on the day to which they had adjourned, and take action in the matter.

A new city government was inaugurated in Montgomery, Alabama, on August 15, many of the officers being colored men, and the police force being half and half.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Pope's foreign soldiers do not like his service, and are deserting in large numbers.

Austria is rapidly reorganizing her army, and the Hungarian forces are being armed and equipped. The latest revolutionary document—the report of the Prussian General von Moltke, revealing the fact that Prussia aimed at the destruction of Austria, and only "made use" of Italy—has fired anew the martial spirit. The Austrians are frightened at the revelations; Italy is indignant at being represented in the light of a cat's-paw; and France is delighted at the mistake of Prussia in thus uselessly making two enemies.

Thirty-four times the amount asked for was lately subscribed in France to a national loan.

There are horrible reports from Japan. Several great battles have been fought; half of Jeddo has been burned: all native Christians have been condemned to death by the Mikado, and many executions had taken place. A report comes from Nagasaki to the effect that 150 Christians had been taken in a steamer to sea and drowned. The consuls remonstrated in vain.

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THADDEUS STEVENS.

"I HAVE no history," said THADDEUS STEVENS to a visitor a short time before his death. "My life-long regret is that I have lived so long and so uselessly."

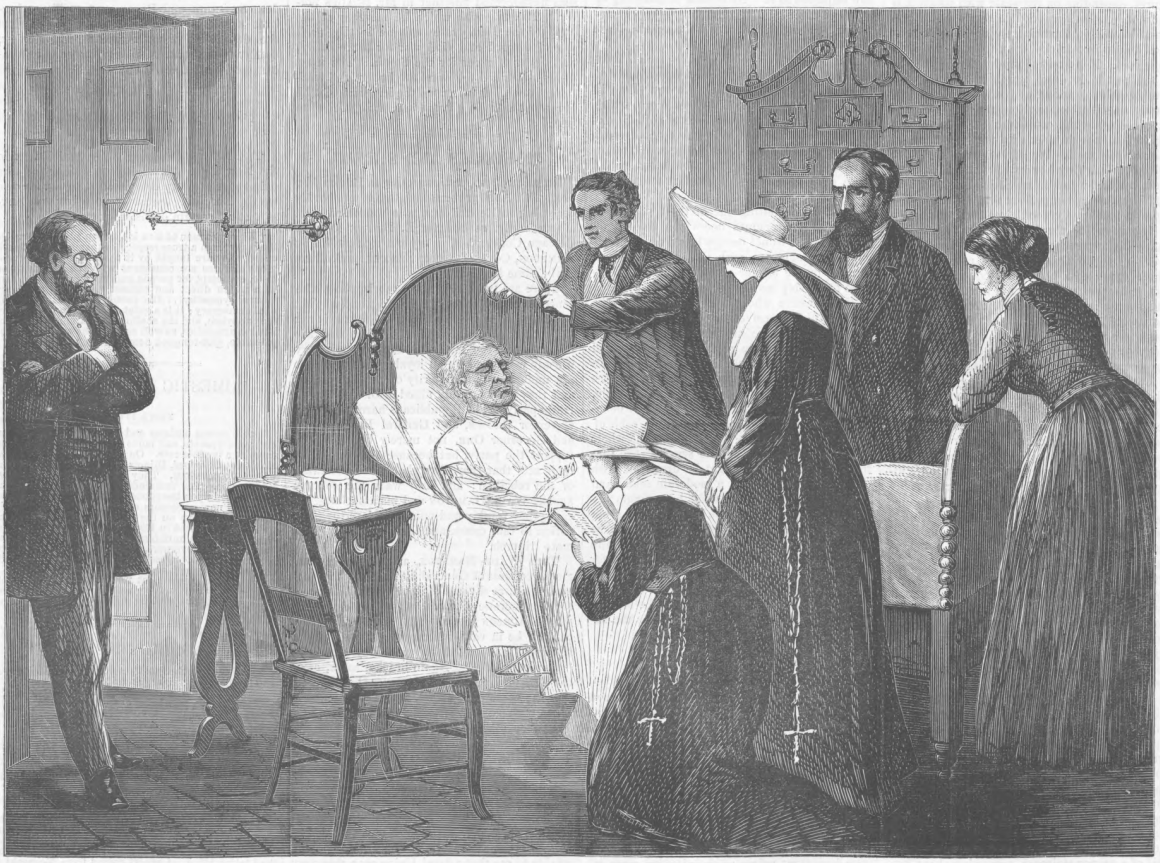
Mr. STEVENS was one of those men whose great success in life was imperceptible. There are no great salient points in his history, no single achievement of vast importance to the country and glory to himself, to point to in his honor; and yet the labor he performed, the good he accomplished, in private and in public life, was so great and signal that in dying we recognize that he leaves a void not easily filled. When it was told that he was dead, all men began to recognize and admit that he was one of those characters who make and lead public opinion, and that it was a guide whom the country had lost in him. The positive men are not so plentiful in American politics that one of the most independent and determined of them can die and the loss be unfelt.

Mr. STEVENS was one of the most positive characters this country has had in politics for many years, and the wide-spread influence which he wielded was due to that peculiarity of his character rather than to any statesman-like quality of mind, superior culture, or oratorical power. His earnestness of manner, his perseverance under difficulties, and his dogged persistency in the advocacy of his advanced ideas, were his weapons and arguments rather than the wisdom of his views. He was so far in advance of the people and the majority of his party in all his measures of political policy and economy, that people and party followed him doubtingly and cautiously, and more from a confiding trust in the correctness of the ardent advocate than from conviction resulting from his assertions and arguments. It was in thus educating people and party up to his views that Mr. STEVENS did his greatest work in national politics, and, in spite of his demurrer, made a history which will eventually be recognized as a proud one.

These peculiarities of decision and pertinacity have characterized Mr. STEVENS from his earliest youth; and in every phase of his long career they have ever been prominent. He was born at Danville, Caledonia County, Vermont, on April 4, 1793, of poor and illiterate parents. He once described his father as "not a well-to-do man," and his mother as "one of the most remarkable women he had ever known." It was to her industry and energy, and the fact that he was delicate and lame, that he owed his education. His brothers were strong and stout, and the mother, as do many other just as good and equally illiterate mothers, thought they could be good and prosperous farmers without special education, and so she devoted her frailest and weakest boy to higher professional duty, and educated him for a lawyer. "The family were poor," said an old neighbor and schoolmate of the deceased statesman, narrating the circumstances of his youth, "and Mrs. STEVENS was one of those hard-working mothers, who toil from morning till night, week in and week out. She would have worked her fingers to the bone that her boy might get book-learning. THADDEUS was a sickly boy, and very lame. Folks never supposed they'd be able to raise him. He was still and quiet like; different from the rest of boys—and sometimes they'd laugh at him, boy-like, and mimic his limping walk. They didn't mean any harm, but THADDEUS was a sensitive little fellow, and it rankled. I've always thought perhaps that's the reason he has never been back to the old homestead." In speaking once of the struggles of his mother, he used the expression that she was "a very extraordinary woman," and added that the "greatest gratification of his life resulted from his ability to give his mother a farm of 250 acres, and a dairy of fourteen cows, and an occasional bright gold piece, which she loved to deposit in the contribution box of the Baptist Church which she attended." This always gave her great pleasure, and him much satisfaction.

His education was finished at Dartmouth College in 1814; and two years after he was admitted to the bar of Adams County, Pennsylvania. He soon after entered politics as a Whig, but it was not until 1833 that he was elected to an of-

THE LATE THADDEUS STEVENS OF PENNSYLVANIA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY, WASHINGTON.]



SCENE AT THE DEATH-BED OF THADDEUS STEVENS.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

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fice. He remained in the Pennsylvania Legislature until 1839, when he was defeated by a Democratic competitor. He shortly after removed to Lancaster County to practice law.

It was during his Legislative career that he succeeded in passing, and subsequently in defeating the effort to repeal, the common school laws of the State. This he once declared was, in his mind, "the crowning utility of his life;" and next to his ability to aid his mother in her old age, the one act which gave him most satisfaction to reflect upon. The hostility of the Democracy and the wealthy tax-payers of Pennsylvania to its educational system in 1835 is almost incredible to the present generation; but so bitter and powerful was it that in the year named a Legislature pledged to its repeal was elected by a heavy majority. Mr. STEVENS was returned from his own county only by a small majority, and under positive instructions to vote for the repeal of the law. Instead of doing so he became its chief defender, and when the bill repealing the law came from the Senate, where it had passed, to the House, he made what is conceded to have been the most effective speech of his life.

"During its delivery," says a writer in the Philadelphia *Press*, "in the hall of the House at Harrisburg the scene was one of dramatic interest and intensity. THADDEUS STEVENS was then 43 years of age, and in the prime of life; and his classic countenance, noble voice, and cultivated style, added to the fact that he was speaking the holiest truths and for the noblest of all human causes, created such a feeling among his fellow-members that for once at least our State legislators rose above all selfish feelings and responded to the instincts of a higher nature. The motion to repeal the law failed, and the number of votes pledged to sustain it were changed upon the spot; and what seemed to be an inevitable defeat was transformed into a crowning victory for the friends of common schools. Immediately after Mr. STEVENS concluded this great effort he received a message from GEORGE WOLFE, then Democratic Governor of Pennsylvania, and a leading member of the Masonic fraternity. Governor WOLFE was the firm friend of popular education. Of a different and more methodical character, he did not and could not bring to the movement the attributes with which God had clothed THADDEUS STEVENS, but he was earnest and sincere. When Mr. STEVENS, in response to his invitation, entered the Executive chamber, he threw his arms about his neck, and with tearful eyes and broken voice thanked him for the great service he had rendered to our common humanity."

Mr. STEVENS entered Congress in 1848, and served until 1852; he was re-elected in 1858, and remained a member of the House until his death. Since 1860 he was Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, and also served on several Special Committees, among others that on the death of Mr. LINCOLN. As the author of the Impeachment movement he was naturally made one of the Managers of the Impeachment by the House of Representatives.

The illustrations on our first page and on page 548 are, besides the admirable portrait of Mr. STEVENS, representations of the death-bed scene and the body lying in state under the dome of the Capitol. The calm and peaceful death of Mr. STEVENS has been fully described in all the papers of the country. He was surrounded at the time by his relatives, Rev. Dr. EMORY, Dr. YOUNG, his physician, two Sisters of Charity, and two colored clergymen (one of whom, curiously enough, was at the death-bed of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS). About the last utterance made by Mr. STEVENS was an order to admit the colored clergymen to pray with him. He was baptized by one of the Sisters of Charity a short time before he expired. His death was so quiet that those in the room could not believe that he was dead. His only reference, during his last moments, to national affairs, seemed to be addressed to his nephew. "SIMON," he said, "the great questions of the day are reconstruction, the finances, and the railway system of this country. I believe GRANT will be elected, and that he will carry out the great Reconstruction laws."

The body was removed on August 13 to the Rotunda of the Capitol, and there exposed to view. The coffin was borne to the Capitol by five colored and three white pall-bearers. It was deposited under the centre of the dome, in the catafalque on which the remains of Mr. LINCOLN lay three years ago, and immediately at the feet of the life-size statue of Mr. LINCOLN. The guard of honor were the officers of the Butler Zouaves, a colored military organization of Washington. The body thus lying in state was viewed by five or six thousand persons—white and black.

BEREAVED.

THE gay, glad year was yet in its prime,
When I lost the pearl I had only won
At the close of the previous summer-time—
The pearl of my life, and her little one.

The younger drooped when the elder died—
Followed her over the broad black River,
Leaving the gap in my soul more wide,
A gap that will gape therein forever.

My loss has darkened my manhood's dawn,
Has shadowed all that was once so fair,
Till the sky of my life is quite o'erdrawn
With the web that Sorrow has woven there.

And oftentimes, when the restless ghost
Of that vanished twelvemonth haunts my brain,
I feel as if nipped with a sudden frost,
And racked with a something worse than pain.

Yet I bear it all with a bold, brave front,
And go on facing life as before,
With an inward anguish naught can blunt,
And a void in my heart for evermore.

THE LAWYER'S STORY.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

EXPLANATORY.

No lawyer in the city of more than thirty years' standing has forgotten that celebrated time when Judge ——, from the rural districts, held the circuit in New York and called his calendar at eleven o'clock at night. It was on one of those never-to-be-forgotten evenings when a half dozen of us, who had agreed to block the calendar and keep the Judge at work, were seated before the fire in the old Washington Hotel, expecting momentarily to hear that the Judge was charging the jury in the case then on, when our presence would be required across the Park. I say it was on such an evening that our old friend Mr. Blackstone, for by this name I choose to conceal the identity of one whom many will recognize in the account, related the incidents which form the basis of the following story. So much were we all absorbed in his narration, and so deeply did we become interested in the history, that when the boy came rushing in to tell us that the Judge had directed the jury to render a verdict for the plaintiff without retiring, and was actually calling the calendar, we unanimously agreed to Brother Stanley's sententious reply to his clerk who brought the message, "Tell Judge —— to go to the devil!" and we relapsed into our chairs and silence while Mr. Blackstone concluded his story. I am impressed with the idea, on re-reading the story, that I have totally failed to give it the rich tint of character and coloring of incident that his matchless powers gave it. But such as it is I let it go to the press as a sketch of some phases of life and human nature not often seen except in a lawyer's office or by a lawyer.

THE ESTRAY.

CHAPTER I.

IT was a cold night in January, 18—. I had promised myself a quiet evening by the fireside. But my promise was made without sufficient foresight. Dinner was hardly cleared away when a sharp ring at the bell indicated the presence of either a furious client or a furious beggar. It proved to be both, for it was a poor fellow whose law business I had done gratuitously for six months previously out of pure compassion for a man whose brain seemed to be wandering most of the time. His business had not been large. He had consulted me two or three times about a legacy that he expected—I never knew whence—and had made imaginary investments of his five hundred or thousand dollars in all the varieties of stock that the city could afford. And as a new stock struck his fancy he would come to me for advice as to its stability and the chances of its improvement, which advice I always gave very readily, as it cost me nothing but time, and did him no good or harm.

He was a curious-looking, gaunt, thin-featured man of thirty-five or thereabouts, and his whole life seemed bound up in this expected legacy, which he never rated at over a thousand dollars, though he once hoped it might prove a hundred more, to enable him to buy ten shares of a stock that was above par.

He did not come in, but waited for me in the entry, where I went out to see him.

"He is dying," said he, in a loud whisper, as I appeared.

"Who is dying?"

I question whether he had ever thought of such a question before. He did not know what reply to make, for he was actually ignorant of the name of the man who was to be his greatest benefactor. He stood and thought an instant, and then said:

"Why, you know. *He.*"

"But who is *he?*"

"Why he—you know—that is, you know, that I—you know—he that's going to give me the legacy, you know."

"Well; if his will is made, you are all right. What do you want to-night?"

"That's just the thing, Mr. Blackstone. His will isn't made. He's put it off and put it off, and now he is in a mighty tight place, and I'm terribly afraid if you don't hurry he'll be dead before we get there."

"So I am to go and draw his will?"

"Yes, Sir, if you please."

"But such a night as this! Think of it, my dear Sir. I am not strong. Step around to Justice Hardrup's and get him to go. He'll be glad of the chance."

But there was no putting off my client. I always found my charity work decidedly the most exacting and laborious that I ever did. So I wrapped myself in a cloak and sallied out into as bitter a storm as it was ever my misfortune to meet.

Up one street and down another, into an alley, and now into an old half-falling house, and up a rickety staircase, which threatened to yield at every step, I followed my conductor into the presence of a dying man. It was evident that he was dying. The pallor of death had settled on his old and worn countenance, which was fast assuming the rigidity that precedes the last moment.

He was a very old man. His head was entirely bald, and his eyebrows were white as snow. His hand was wrinkled and thin, his arm attenuated beyond belief. His eye was restless, roving, anxious, indicating his desire to have done with the business on which I had come. His voice was husky as he addressed me, and I started at its unearthliness.

"You are Mr. Blackstone?"

"I am."

"I want you to draw my will, and quickly, for I am going fast."

I glanced involuntarily at the garret walls, the broken table and chair, and the tallow candle that made darkness visible. He turned restlessly and spoke sharply.

"You think I have nothing to leave. I have enough to pay you for drawing the will, and that is all you care for, I suppose. See here!" and he produced from under his pillow a roll of bank-bills and gold, and shook them at me with an expression of triumph, at which I could not avoid a smile.

I asked for ink, and it was produced—an old inkhorn that might have done service in the time of Job—with a pen in it that seemed as if it had been soaked there some centuries. Taking my seat at the three-legged table I demanded his instructions, and he gave them briefly:

"I want to give all I have to that boy. He has been my best friend for two years, and has taken care of me like a friend. He knows I have a little to leave him, and I have promised it to him. Give him all—every farthing. Write, now, 'I give all I have to—' What is your name, Tom? I never heard any thing of it but Tom."

"Thomas Wentworth."

"And what is your name?" said I.

"Solomon Storms," said he, in a clear voice and great emphasis; and I heard him add, in a low tone, "Born in old Salem and died in a garret in New York." And then he muttered something I could not hear; and when he had finished I had drawn the brief form of will for him to execute, and wanted only a witness to complete its execution. I therefore left the room, intending to go to a friend's not far distant and procure some one to act as witness with myself; but as I left the doorway I stumbled against a man who was hastening by at a furious rate, and who would have fallen but for the firm grasp he took of my collar. It was evident that he thought I was a highwayman, and, to say truth, his sudden grasp led me to think much the same way of him, for I seized him instantly by the throat. We were not badly matched, and after a brief wrestle we rolled into the gutter together, and there my cloak gave way and left me free to rise and look at my antagonist. He gathered himself up swiftly and fiercely enough; but something in my appearance convinced him I was no robber, and he instantly commenced an apology for his rudeness, to which I replied by taking all the blame to myself; and then begged him, if a citizen, to save me any farther trouble by stepping up to the garret I had left and witnessing the will of the old man.

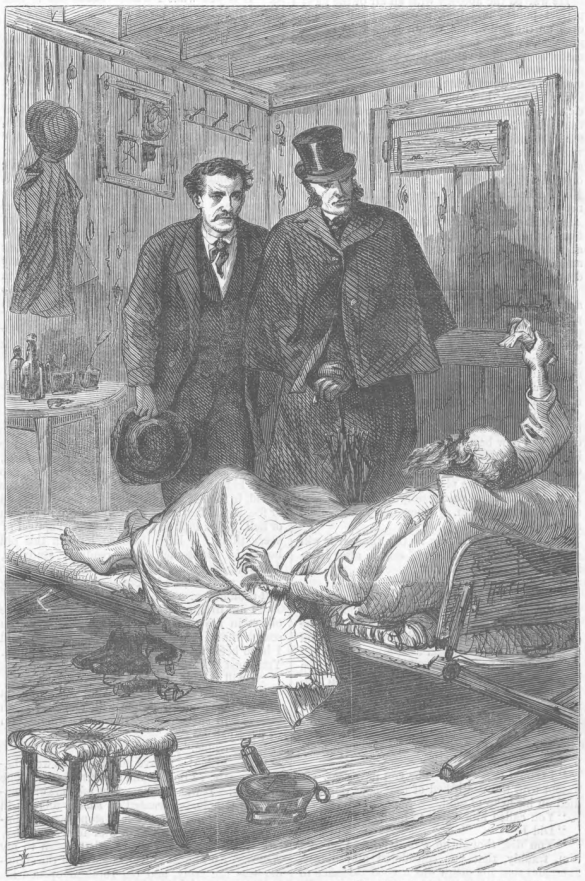
To this he readily assented, and we returned together to the presence of the dying miser, for such he evidently was. The will was signed, and as he handed it back to me he gave me a package of papers and money which he requested me to keep for his heir and deliver when he should be dead. I wrote my name as a witness, and then handed the will to my late antagonist, who signed in a swift and marked handwriting:

"Walter Ashmun, New York City."

At the very instant of his finishing the signature there was a change in the old man's countenance; a shudder passed over his entire frame, and lingered about his lips; he moaned once as if he would have spoken but could not; he fixed his weary old eyes upward as if he strove to penetrate a cloud that overhung him, but could see nothing but mists of darkness; he looked swiftly, and even wildly, at each of us, and lifted his hands up imploringly, and they fell heavily on the ragged coverlet, and he was gone from the company of those that knew him not to the presence of those who had known his boyhood eighty years before.

As I turned from the bed I saw Ashmun standing with his eyes fixed on the dead man, with a curious expression that puzzled me.

I looked at him inquiringly, but he did not move for some moments; and when he caught my eye fixed on him he turned abruptly from me, hurried down the staircase, and disappeared.



"HE PRODUCED FROM UNDER HIS PILLOW A ROLL OF BANK-BILLS AND GOLD, AND SHOOK THEM AT ME."

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Such was my introduction to one of the most remarkable men I have ever known. I have related this occurrence only for the sake of showing how I became acquainted with him, and what I have thus far told you has nothing more to do with my story.

He was not like any other man that I remember to have seen, either in personal appearance or mental structure. He was a strange compound of commonplace and sentiment, fury and gentleness, polish and roughness.

I had, of course, no opportunity to observe this at the period I have spoken of. It was not till some time later that my actual acquaintance with him commenced; for, when the will of the dead miser was proved, I was not present in the Surrogate's office on the same day that Ashmun was examined, and I did not meet him again for nearly or quite a year, during which time I had entirely forgotten his features and his personal appearance.

I was seated in my office one winter morning, zealously discussing the paper, when I was interrupted by the entrance of a man whose appearance arrested my attention. He was tall, fifty years or more of age, with an eye like an eagle's, small, quick, piercing, but unsteady. As he opened the door he looked at me, then at the table, then at the shelves, which contained a very liberal display of calf-skin, and finally fixing his eyes on my face, he smiled a very sudden smile, but very cold and harsh withal, and bowing politely he said that he hoped he had the pleasure of addressing Mr. Blackstone. I admitted my personal identity in as amiable a tone as possible, glancing involuntarily at the same moment toward the clock to see how near I was to the time for an important appointment.

He advanced a step and stated his desire to speak with me, and also mentioned his name, "Ashmun." I started immediately. Strange that I did not recognize that face. It was one to be remembered. In his youth it had been a fine, a noble face. It still retained much of its original beauty, but the lines of life had erased much, most of the delicacy of feature which once constituted its expression. There was on it an appearance of care, a look of heavy and laborious thought, as if all the pleasant things of life had been long shut out from his soul, and bitterness of one sort or another had taken possession. Yet there was a magnificence about his forehead and eyes, a look which was as if it might have been a memory of former splendor of intellect, and which at the same time was so indicative of a present powerful mind, that you paid involuntary respect to the man whose soul looked out of such windows.

While he continued silent for the space of forty seconds I had resolved all this in my mind, and then apologized for not recognizing him sooner, alluding to the strange scene in which I had last met him.

He waived the apology with an air of the most perfect polish, and took a chair and fixed his eyes on the fire with a vacant look, void of expression, which puzzled me considerably. I made up my mind rapidly that he was a broken-down man. But I was wrong. He was a man of large wealth, of acute intelligence, and, by the few who knew him, most envied of any in the city. I was again surprised, as he sat before me, that I had not before remembered who he was, for it suddenly flashed across my mind that he was the wealthy, eccentric man who lived in a stately mansion in S—— Street, of whom I had often heard during the past four years.

He raised his eyes to mine, and as he caught my look a mask seemed to fall off from his face. A sudden flash of lively intelligence lit up his features, his eye gleamed with unusual lustre, and now, with the pleasantest imaginable smile, and a voice of exceeding richness of tone, he addressed me:

"I must apologize, Mr. Blackstone, for my apparent absence of mind. Ever since I had the pleasure of seeing you—perhaps I should say the pleasure of fighting you—I have desired to meet you again. Some remarks that you made that evening were impressed on my attention. There are certain matters which I desire to communicate to a professional man like yourself. I have never been able to make up my mind to such a communication until very recently, and I have been bothering my brain until this moment to determine how best to tell my story. Strangely, it never until now occurred to me that the best course I can pursue, and indeed the only possible way, is to give you a plain account of my wishes, and so much of my past history as will be necessary to explain them. When can you give me an hour?"

"Next Friday morning at this time, if it will suit you, I will be at leisure," said I, after looking over my note-book.

"Could you not say evening?"

"Here at my office?"

"No, but at my house. To be frank with you, I want a friend more than a lawyer. Come and see me, hear me talk, learn what I am, and advise me as a man would advise his friend."

"Now you flatter me. I shall suspect you have some sinister motive if you give such reasons for wishing to see me. As a lawyer I should not ask how you came to ask my advice, but I have certainly a right to know why you seek me of all others for a friend."

"Not because I have seen any thing specially prepossessing about you."

"I should think not. For you never saw me except over the death-bed of that poor dog that died on his heap of gold."

"You called him a dog to his face."

"Did I?"

"You did, though he was dying. You told him, frankly, that you considered him detestable, and that his death was a good riddance to the world. I liked your boldness. It was the truth, spoken so plainly, and I believe you will speak it to me. But come and see me, and talk with me, and perhaps you will better understand me. Will you come?"

"To-morrow evening."

"I will expect you."

And so he left me.

I found him the next evening in his library. It was a large room with high ceilings, and shelves loaded with rare volumes of every language, old and new. Strange birds looked down from their perches with the most lifelike appearance, and it was only on a second look that you found them to be dead. Quaint devices caught the eye in the heavy carvings, and phantoms seemed to be standing in the corners, which the faint light of a shaded lamp of costly workmanship and heavy chasing at length resolved into statues of the old gods.

Reading by this lamp, and directly underneath it, sat the master of the house. His book was an old and splendid edition of Plato, and as my eye rested on the well-known imprint mark—the hammer striking the rock—and the name *Basileae per Henricum Petrum*, 1556, I smiled.

His eye caught the smile, for he was accustomed to the dim light of the room, and as he rose to welcome me, and acknowledged my bow with a most courtly reverence, he spoke in a voice whose silver tone was in accordance with the room, the light, the carvings, and the statuary.

"You find me in the humor to talk with you. I see you smile at my old companion here."

"Not at your companion, Sir. In faith, I seldom smile at Plato. I have oftener tears in my eyes for the grand old academician. I smiled for pleasure at meeting with so good an edition in your hands."

"Ah yes! I used formerly an old London edition. Until one day, as I was strolling along a street in Amsterdam, I caught sight of this. I bought it, had it bound as you now see it, and have read every page over a hundred times since then. You read Plato?"

"Seldom now. I did read Plato once, most constantly; but he and Chitty hardly work well together. I have little time for dreaming."

"Plato never dreamed, Sir. You can hardly have read him aright if you thought that."

"I said not that he did. But you can not read him without dreaming. No man can study Plato now. None of the old philosophers, not even Aristotle, the prince of philosophers, and the original author of the 'Novum Organum'—not even Aristotle can find students now. We read, we love to read, we devour them over and over again, and always with new fancies, new phantasies, vagaries, and dreams. What were you dreaming of when I entered? Tell me the truth, if you so love frankness."

"By Jove you are right! Well, I am a dreamer all the time. No one ever told me so before. I never told myself so. I like your telling me so. It is just what I want. Some one to talk to me and help me break the bonds I have put on myself. I am a machine, an automaton. I want life, freedom, freshness of thought and action. Yes, I am a dreamer. And when you came in I was thinking, most complacently, as I sat under that lamp reading Plato, that I was a student, a plain sort of a man seeking knowledge. That was a dream, certainly. Look at that lamp. I had it carved. But the centre, which you do not see, is more valuable than the gold which surrounds it. It came from Greece. Dug up there. I don't know where; but the Greek I bought it from swore by all the gods it was from the very spot where stood the residence of Socrates. Of course I didn't believe him; but I liked the lie, and resolved to give it gold to help it. Men would more readily believe a golden than an iron lie. I had it cased in precious metal, and I got to believing myself. I was my own first convert. So I read Plato, and dream that I am using the lamp over which he used to bend. What harm is there in it? The dream while it lasts is as good as the reality; and if 'we are such stuff as dreams are made of,' why we are some of us made of glorious stuff. Is it not so?"

"Yes, till the sleep comes."

"Ay, there it is. The waking is always terrible."

"Always?"

"Yes, always. Don't frown at that. I have no faith to look out of this dream-land. My life has been one of trial, disappointment, madness; my days have been so full of pain, my nights so full of hideousness, that I have no faith left in the world, in man or woman, master or servant, friend or foe, life or death. I scarcely believe in heaven or hell. You look surprised. I am skeptical of every thing. I have lived so long in this old house in lonesome quiet, reading, studying, dreaming, as you called it, that it all seems to me like a dream, and there seems to be nothing real around me.

"I am tired of living in this way. I have one object in life that I want to resume. It is a search that I gave over years ago as vain, and I have been thinking of renewing it ever since. You must help me. Can you?"

"I will think of it."

"Cautious? Very well. Will you prepare a will for me, a plain, simple will, one that I can believe will survive me—will outlast this dream which I call *me*?"

"Impossible."

"Impossible! I have not heard the word before in years. I once found a queer-looking stone in Egypt. It was an altar-stone of some old heathenish temple. I wanted to smoke tobacco in a pipe made of a piece of that stone, and to ponder on the evanescent nature of men's temples, altars, and creeds. I suggested the wish to my Arabs. An almost universal shrug of the shoulder was the reply, and old Ibrahim opened his lips to utter that word, or the Arabic for it. I stopped his mouth with a piece of gold, and there lies the pipe. I smoked tobacco in it a fortnight afterward, sitting in a newly-opened tomb, on a mummy which I chose to think was once a worshiper at that altar. Three or four thousand years ago, had some swarthy neighbor of his suggested such a future mischance to him and the altar, he would have said *impossible*. But it was so, nevertheless, as I enjoyed thinking while I studied the hieroglyphics on his breast."

"And yet you ask me to make for you a document that will admit of your faith in its validity and perpetuity. How do you know what revolutions may overturn law, or what freak of fancy may mislead my brain, or what doubt will haunt yours, founded on some dark spot in the paper which my clerk uses to engross it, which your imagination will construe into an erasure frightfully loaded with future discussions and manifold interpretations? Make you a will that you can have faith in? My dear Sir, you are trifling with me."

My singular friend looked at me for two minutes without reply. He was manifestly examining my face, to determine whether I was serious. At length an odd smile flashed out of one corner of his right eye, and at the same time an expression of quiet satisfaction settled on his countenance.

"I understand you, and I thank you again for your frank ridicule. It will help me, I think. Stephen" (to his butler, who entered in response to the bell), "some wine and tobacco. Do you use a pipe or cigar, Sir?"

"A pipe, if you will allow me."

"Allow you! I believe there is not a cigar in the house. I took it for granted you were a man of my sort, and I only asked you because—"

"You had some little doubt about it."

"Exactly so. And now to business. If, indeed, I can call it so. For it is more to gratify a whim that I have asked you here than with the expectation of receiving any valuable aid or advice. I am afraid that my desire is out of my reach or yours. Draw your chair up to the grate. Help yourself to the Madeira. There is claret or brandy, if you prefer it. I drink no wine but the long cork."

"Nor I."

"Odd again. You learned that, of course, in travel. But, pardon me, I am wasting your valuable time, and must not detain you longer from my story."

"My dear Sir, the evening is wholly at your disposal."

"Is it so? I thank you heartily. I may then take time to relate all that I wish. Stephen, some more coal on the grate. The night is growing furious out of doors. Listen to the snow on the window. Is it not terrible? God of heaven, I shudder at the thought that my child may be out in this tempest, unclothed, unloved, desolate, forsaken, lost—lost—lost!"

HOW IT ALL HAPPENED.

RAT-TAT—that's the postman—two letters for Mrs. Olinthus Lobb, Cedar Villa, Putney, and Charlotte says, "If you please, ma'am, two letters for you." Nonsense, I must be dreaming, and I shall awake to find myself still Miss Britannia Plummidge.

I have been married six weeks last Wednesday, and yet now, when any body suddenly calls me Mrs. Lobb, I have to pinch myself to make sure I am still flesh and blood. Ah! young people get accustomed to things quickly; but when you have been called by one name for forty-seven years, it seems impossible ever to change it. However, I've changed mine by a miracle.

Now I am going to tell how it all happened. Pamela and I are the daughters of a colonel in the army. He had retired as long ago as I can remember; and when he died he left us our little cottage and £60 a year. He denied himself many a comfort to do this, and the memory of our father is very dear to us. We tried to do as he would have wished us, and some years ago when Mr. Thorapson, a most respectable man, but a miller, offered me his hand and heart, Pamela said, "No, we have our father's position to maintain." So I had to decline, very reluctantly I must own, for he was a widower, and my heart seemed to long to take care of those two dear little girls. After that one offer I never got another, and I began to resign myself to what seemed my ordained portion.

Binfield, where we lived, is about twenty miles from London. It was our rule to go to town twice a year to receive our dividends, to buy any special article of dress we needed, and to feast our eyes on the tempting beauties displayed in the shop windows. This had been a plan of our dear father's, and during the London day we often spoke of him—how surprised he would have been at this alteration, or that improvement, or how pleased to see something which drew forth our wonder or admiration. On this particular occasion Pam had been staying with a friend of ours at Pentonville, and we agreed that we should meet to do our business, spend the day, and return home together in the evening. Five minutes to nine the train was to start; but I was so afraid of not being in time, that I was ready at half past seven. It being ridiculous to leave home at that hour, I took up a book—not that I could read either, because of the unpleasant feeling that I might forget something which Pam would be certain to ask for. Eight o'clock struck. It would only take twenty minutes to walk slowly to the station, and I had then half an hour to spare. No matter, I would start at the quarter past, in case of accidents. And a very fortunate thing it was I did start; for I had passed Bull's Cross when I discovered I had no pocket-handkerchief. However, I had time to hurry back and put one in my pocket. Ah! how little I thought that that trifling incident would be the means of bringing about the great event of my life!

When I reached the platform I looked about, but saw nobody I knew. The guard put me into an empty carriage, and though several of our gentlemen passed they only nodded "good-morning." So alone I started, but not to remain alone long, for at every station people got in and got out until we reached Chingford. Here I thought I was to be left by myself again, but just as the train was moving off a middle-aged gentleman rushed up. The guard opened the door of my carriage, and he was obliged to jump in, making use, as I thought, of such an improper expression that if Pamela had been there she would certainly have given him in charge. But our ears often deceive us. I have since found out that he merely remarked on finding a lady alone, "*dame seule*." Still at the time I felt rather indignant, and looked at the offender with some curiosity. He was a very thin, tall man, and so oddly dressed that I began to feel a little uncomfortable, and wish some one else was in the carriage with me. Why should he wear white trowsers? The day was not warm. Were they made of duck or jean? I suppose I must have been scanning his garb, for presently he said, in a loud voice:

"Well, Madam, may I ask if you see any thing peculiar in my dress that you are honoring it with so much attention?"

I really thought I must have sunk through the seat of the carriage. I tried to stammer out an apology, and he waved his hand with what seemed an ironical leer, saying, "Oh, no offense, no offense." Well, what with my confusion and annoyance, I was ready to faint. I felt I must have a little air, so without a thought I pulled down the window. In an instant he fired out again:

"Bless me, Madam, you are quite at liberty to commit suicide, of course, but you don't want to commit murder too."

Murder! suicide! Oh, dear, dear, what should I do? would the train never reach the next station? He must have seen my terror, for he said:

"There, there, don't look as if you thought I was mad; but if you suffered from rheumatism as I do, Madam, you'd look upon a person who put you in a draught as your natural enemy."

I certainly felt devoutly thankful now that Pamela was not with me, or there would have been quite a scene. We stopped once more and took in two ladies and a gentleman. The train moved on, and soon I heard my gruff neighbor tut-tutting, and muttering something he would do to somebody, when I discovered that his nose was beginning to bleed, and he was searching vainly in his pocket for a handkerchief. I must confess my first feeling was not one of sorrow for him. He had been what I considered offensive to me—an unprotected female with nobody to retaliate for her; but then I remembered how near I had been in a similar plight to his: had I not started at the time I did, I should have been minus a handkerchief too. I involuntarily put my hand in my pocket. Yes, there it lay neatly folded up; but I would not take it out to make matters worse by unnecessary display. At this time the poor gentleman was obliged to put his head out of the window. The ladies exchanged looks expressive of any thing but pleasure; the young man eyed him with a stare of the most profound indifference, as if it were the usual thing to travel with people who chose that their noses should bleed; and he did not desire to interfere with him, only he wished to impress upon us that *he* was at no loss, for he produced a spotless handkerchief, slowly shook it out, and used it most unnecessarily, and I thought heartlessly; and then a small voice began to whisper, "Britannia Plummidge, are you acting a Christian's part? Have you never heard a story of a good Samaritan?"

I put my hand into my pocket again; I tried to feel if it was one of my best handkerchiefs. I argued that if I had two it would be different, but you were not supposed to distress yourself for somebody you didn't know. Why, one might do nothing else but give away pocket-handkerchiefs! Then there was Pamela; she would never approve of it, and must never know of it. Oh, it was exactly like one of my Quixotic fits! I might be quite certain I was making myself ridiculous, and I resolved to entertain the notion no longer. But, in spite of trying to look at the passing scenery, and to consider what I should purchase, how best lay out my small amount of money, memory *would* recall the "sweet story of old," and I could but hang my head from a feeling that I was not one of those who tried to "go and do likewise." Without a moment's hesitation I handed my nice new handkerchief, embroidered with "B. P." in the corner, saying:

"I am afraid, Sir, you are put to inconvenience. Will you accept this? I shall not require it."

I could not see his face; but from the side glance I got, I think it wore an expression of great astonishment. However, he took the handkerchief without a word, and I quite imagined he did not intend thanking me. Presently he drew in his head, his face looking redder than ever by the close proximity of the white handkerchief, and said:

"Madam, I am obliged to you—very much obliged to you. Madam, you're an angel. You're more: you're a woman, and the only one in the carriage, too."

Here he perfectly glared at the two ladies, who didn't seem to mind it; though, had it been me, I should have felt as if I could have shrunk into a nut-shell.

We were soon at our journey's end. My companion helped me out with the greatest politeness, and then, with the manners of a courtier, said: "May I be permitted to inquire where I shall have the pleasure of returning this?" still holding the handkerchief in his hand.

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Now this was embarrassing. Pamela might blame me severely; and I should never hear the last of my indelicate liberty. Yet I felt I should like to get my handkerchief back. So after a moment I told him not to trouble himself, but should he be passing the station he might give it to the guard of the Binfield train, directed to "Miss B. Plummidge, Binfield Station, to be left until called for." He lifted his hat, and I was soon looking out for an omnibus to take me to the appointed meeting-place with Pamela.

She was there, and we spent a delightful day. I experienced some little inconvenience from the want of my handkerchief, such as when Pam would tell me to take a "black" off my nose. I had then to contrive to get behind her, and furtively rub it off with my glove. Tired enough we were when we reached home that night, but we had seen plenty to think of and to talk about. The next week passed rapidly enough, when one evening, as Pam and I were taking a walk near the station, one of the porters came up and said to me:

"If you please, Miss, there's a parcel for you here. I should have brought it up, but it says, 'To be left till called for.'"

It was a large brown-paper parcel.

"There must be some mistake," I said; "mine was but a pocket-handkerchief."

I hesitated and debated; but hesitation and debating were cut short by Pam desiring the man to take the parcel to our house; and an ominous silence was maintained till we reached home.

I remember with what trepidation I then asked whether we had not better open the parcel, and see what was in it; and though Pamela was dying of curiosity, she only said she had no desire to interfere with me in such a matter. So I cut the string, and soon my bewildered eyes were fixed on a pink brocaded silk, so rich and stiff that it would have stood alone. But there was no name, no handkerchief, nothing. I couldn't describe Pamela's wrath, nor my distress. I only know that that evening I felt that henceforth I was to be regarded as a bold woman, and a disgrace to the name of Plummidge.

And what was to be done with the unfortunate parcel? I couldn't keep it, and I couldn't send it back, because I didn't know the name of the sender. Why did I lend my handkerchief? and, when I did lend it, why was I so mean as ever want to have it back again?

Matters stood thus when we received an invitation to dinner from our doctor's wife. Now, we often went out to tea, or to small evening parties; but the circle in which we moved, in Binfield, was not much given to asking friends to dine. So this was rather an event for us. Pam became a trifle more gracious, and by the day named she was almost herself. I could have hugged her, I felt so glad not to feel the Pariah I had done for the last ten days. Pam looked very well—quite handsome I thought. I am the best work-woman, and I had trimmed her black silk with some nice lace a cousin of ours had given me, and felt quite proud of my work and my sister.

I was too taken up with the delight of having all pleasant again to think much about how I looked. Besides, Pam is so clever that people were not in the habit of taking much notice of me, unless they were deaf or invalids, and then they seemed to like to talk to me. Quite prepared to enjoy myself at Dr. Fletcher's, I entered the drawing-room behind Pam, when—oh! it couldn't be—yes it was—there on the sofa sat my eccentric friend of the railway carriage. I am perfectly sure if my nerves hadn't given way I should have rushed out. As it was, every thing and every body seemed swimming about the room; a gurgling of water sounded in my ears, and a voice seemed to come from a long way off, whispering, "Mr. Olinthus Lobb, Miss Britannia Plummidge." For fully ten minutes I had not the slightest idea what any one said or did. However, when I seemed to return to the world about me, every body was talking most agreeably to every body else, and I began to breathe again, especially when I saw that my friend did not intend showing that we had ever met before. We spent a delightful evening. Pam was quite charmed with our new acquaintance. He gave way to her, agreed with her opinions, and, though he took but little notice of me, treated us both with the greatest politeness.

I declare I thought Pam had made a conquest when he insisted on seeing us home, and asked permission to call and inquire after us the next morning. Pam had found out that Mr. Lobb was an old friend of Dr. Fletcher's, and under the shield of a fiery, quick manner, and very eccentric appearance, was always doing the kindest actions, which he would never acknowledge, or permit himself to be thanked for. Mrs. Fletcher said she advised the unmarried ladies to look after him, as he was very well off, and devoted to ladies, though, from having had an early disappointment, and spending most of his life in India and China, he had never been married.

That night, when Pam had left me, I opened my drawers and looked at the pink brocade, and smiled to think that after all I might wear that "bone of contention" at Pam's wedding, and that then she might be more indulgent about my indelicate boldness in offering my handkerchief to a stranger. I made up my mind to speak to him about the parcel should I have an opportunity, as in case of nothing coming of his attentions I could send it back. But I would be very careful in my manner and in what I said, so as not to endanger my dear sister's prospects.

A week passed, and still Mr. Lobb was at Binfield. He had a room at the "Dragon," and his attentions were getting almost pointed. I never dared breathe my thoughts to Pam, not knowing how she would take it; but when it came to inviting the Fletchers and ourselves to a little picnic, and he giving Pam his arm most of the way, I began to think she must see that all this meant something. I had never been able to speak to him; but the day after the picnic he called. Pam was out, so I mustered up courage, and told him of the parcel I had received, which I was sure had come from him; and though I knew how kindly he meant it, still I thought I would rather not accept it, as—

"As what?" he said. "You think this little trifle came from me, and yet you won't accept it? Now, I tell you what it is, Miss Britannia, I will offer you something else, and if you refuse that—why, I'll—I'll burn the dress, and I'll return—no I won't—whatever comes I'll keep that handkerchief;" and upon the spot he offered me his hand and heart, and asked me to be Mrs. Lobb.

I was never more surprised, though Pam said afterward if she ever allowed thoughts of the kind to enter her mind she should have had her suspicions. But I can not tell how thankful I was to find Pam had not taken his attentions as meaning any thing but a tribute to her superiority.

I used to smile sometimes as I saw what an amusement I and my old lover were to the young people. They could not comprehend the quiet enjoyment we looked forward to in going down the hill of life together; they were rather frightened at the red face and sharp voice, and could not understand that his heart was as fresh as that of the youngest of those who laughed.

I was pleased to find that many people would miss me and be sorry to lose me; and when we were married, notwithstanding Mr. Lobb gave my old people a dinner, and my school children a treat, there were sad faces at parting. My dear husband says he is getting all his sharp edges rasped off, and he knows his friends think him henpecked, and pity him. When he allows his voice and manners to be more like his soft, tender heart, he says: "Well, well, my dear! soon there won't be much left of old Lin Lobb except his duck inexpressibles; and, I can tell you, I won't leave them off, for they first attracted the attention of the woman who has made me the happiest man in England!"

EDWIN M. STANTON.*

DURING these dark days the fortunes of the republic depended on the firmness of the attorney general, Stanton.

When the cabinet of Buchanan had become disorganized through the resignation of so many of its members, there were three things of supreme importance to the nation to be done: 1st, to secure the Secretaryship of War; 2d, to secure the Secretaryship of the Treasury; 3d, to make Washington safe from seizure.

As respects the War Office, when the defalcation in the Department of the Interior was detected, and Floyd's acceptances found in place of the stolen Indian bonds, it became impossible for that minister to continue any longer in the cabinet. With the deepest reluctance was Buchanan constrained to admit Floyd's complicity. Often was he heard by his friends to exclaim, "He can not have done it, he can not have done it!" When Floyd's letter of resignation was handed to him, foreseeing its purport, his emotion could not be concealed. His trembling hand set the crisp and crumpling sheet nearer and then farther from his eyes, which seemed to refuse their office. With difficulty he deciphered the well-known but now mazy and swimming characters. The fortunate star of the republic was for the moment in the ascendant, and, at the earnest recommendation of the attorney general, Joseph Holt, a Kentuckian, who was true to the nation, received the vacant appointment.

The peril to the republic would have been extreme had the War Office and the Treasury passed into the hands of men connected with the secession conspiracy. As respects the latter, on the resignation of Cobb, of Georgia (December 10), Mr. Thomas, who had been Commissioner of Patents, was placed in his stead; but there was reason to apprehend that Buchanan, regarding this as a temporary arrangement, might confer the office on some one who could not be trusted. The bitter altercations going on unceasingly around him perfectly unmanned him. Thus, when news came of the movement into Fort Sumter, he was sitting at the fireside in a faded dressing-gown, his slippers on his feet. At once he turned ghastly pale. With outstretched hands and in a tremulous voice, he piteously implored forbearance. Some of the conspirators were in an adjoining room.

For once, the financial embarrassments of the nation proved to be its salvation. The condition of the Treasury was deplorable. The government could do nothing without the aid of the capitalists of New York. Again the influence of the attorney general came to the public succor. Instructed partly by their own patriotism, and partly by his clear information of the existing imminent danger, a deputation of those capitalists hastened to Washington, and gave the President distinctly to understand that the Treasury Department must be placed in charge of one in whom they had confidence, and that they should not be satisfied unless John A. Dix, of their state, was selected. Hereupon Buchanan gave him the appointment.

A French writer (Laugel) says, "Stanton, Holt, and Dix saved Washington to the Union." And so, in truth, it was. The obligations of the republic to those three ministers, and especially to the first, can never be repaid. Had the Virginians succeeded in their intention and seized the city, nothing could have prevented the Mexicanization of the nation.

But the resolute action of these three determined men was signally aided by the course of the Governor of Maryland. It was the plan of the conspirators to use in their movements the Legislatures of the Border States. Hicks, the Governor of Maryland, desiring to steer a middle course, refused to call an extra session of his Legislature, though vehemently urged to that step. While he was dreaming that the great conflict might be composed through the mediation of a foreign embassador, and when he did call his Legislature together, declaring to them that "the safety of Maryland lay in maintaining a neutral position," events were rapidly marching on. Maryland, as a state, could not be brought to act [illegible]nia would not act without her. During this condition of indecision and impediment, the three energetic cabinet ministers found means to make the capital of the nation secure.

* Extract from Vol. II. of Dr. DRAPER'S *History of the American Civil War*, published by HARPER & BROTHERS.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"OVER every hotel door," remarks a disgusted sojourner at Niagara, "should be written: 'No feeing of servants allowed.'" The truth was, that after having the greenbacks freely extorted from him by experts, located at points less than ten feet apart, on the route to the Falls, he returned crest-fallen to the hotel, and attempted to get some dinner, without having beforehand quietly put some change into a waiter's hand. The result was, he could not get any thing to eat for a distressingly long while; and when he did have a little something brought to him, it was cold—all except the ice-cream, which was hot; and being unable to obtain a spoon with which to eat it, or even a knife or fork for that purpose, there was nothing to be done but to drink it if he wanted it at all. He found he had made a mistake at the beginning of the dinner.

Another, in commenting upon the vampire-like Saratogians, says that a genuine native will take a dollar for a glass of Congress water, and thank you without flinching; that if you rub against a hack its proprietor will demand three dollars, and should you smell of a banana or an orange you are gone unless you have a supply of small change; and advises all before going to Saratoga to go to a broker's and secure 1000 ten-cent stamps for the Congress-water boys, 500 quarter stamps for New York papers, boot-blacks, and cigars; 250 fifty-cent stamps for waiters, bows and arrows, ten-pins, and billiards; 100 dollar bills for chamber-maids, neck-ties, and barbers; and 20 five-dollar bills for wine, hack hire, etc.

Nevertheless, there is no lack of accommodations at Saratoga, with its three dozen hotels, and numerous cottages; only the sharpers must be made to understand that one has traveled before, and knows his rights.

Mount Desert Island is a favorite resort of New Englanders. It is a sightly spot, located in Frenchman's Bay, east of the mouth of the Penobscot River. There is a tradition that the island was discovered by a Frenchman by the name of Des Arts; and hence the natives place an emphatic accent upon the final syllable. The island is about 60,000 acres in extent; and the view from Green Peak, a mountain 1800 feet high, is exceedingly wild and romantic. There are two hotels at Southwest Harbor, and six at Bar Harbor: and as something like a thousand permanent visitors (for the season) are reported at these two places, and more have applied but can not find accommodations, it is proposed to have some new houses built before another summer. At Mount Desert the fishing is unsurpassed, and bathing and driving are popular amusements.

Not less than forty thousand persons are said to have visited Long Branch last summer; and, if present indications are to be relied upon, the number will be greater this year. Hotels and cottages are full, and an animated scene may be witnessed every day on the arrival of the trains.

Before the opening of the Methodist camp-meeting at Sing Sing this year quite a village had sprung up in the grove. It is about thirty-six years since the Methodists of New York city and vicinity began to hold camp-meetings upon this ground; consequently those who have grown up in the habit of resorting there every year feel a strong attachment to the spot; and it has become a custom with many to pitch their tents there several weeks before the meeting, and to remain after its close.

Almost every body has heard of the "old silver trumpet," whose clarion call still rings as clear as ever through the camp-grounds. It is a genuine trumpet, of solid silver, twenty-six inches long, and of elegant figure and great purity and sonority of tone. On its tube is engraved the inscription: "Blow ye the trumpet in Zion, and sound an alarm in my holy mountain." This trumpet is much older than this camp-meeting.

The Louisville *Courier* gives an account of the shocking death of a Catholic priest, by accidental burning. It states that it had been the custom of the priest—B. J. Spaulding—to keep a gas-light, with a sliding tube, burning in his bedroom at night. It seems that, during the night, the tube slipped down and came in contact with the mosquito bar. In a few moments the bed-clothing caught fire; and when the unfortunate man awoke, he was enveloped in flames. He managed to extinguish the fire on his person, but not until his flesh was shockingly burned. In his terrible agony he rushed into the bath-room adjoining, and bathed in cold water, which had the effect of intensifying his sufferings. His calls for help soon brought a friend to his room, and medical aid was promptly summoned; but before the arrival of the doctors he became frantic with pain, and a second time immersed himself in the bath-tub. On the arrival of the physicians the proper remedies were applied for his relief, but to no purpose. He lingered in great agony until death relieved him of his suffering. His resort to water is supposed to have caused the fatal result.

New York, as well as several other cities, has been greatly excited in regard to the cattle plague, which has been very fatal among Western herds transported hither. Beef has been at a discount in our markets—more probably from mere apprehension than from any well-grounded belief that any diseased meat will be offered for sale at a respectable market. The details of this malignant disease have probably been published in every newspaper throughout the country. At present the matter is receiving the strictest and most careful attention from the Metropolitan Board of Health. The diseased animals have been killed, orders issued to prevent the transportation of any sick or infected cattle; disinfectants are used wherever needed, and the most stringent regulations issued in regard to the offering of any portion of diseased animals as food. This will be regarded as a culpable offense, and will be punished with the heaviest penalties the law allows.

During the week ending August 8 there were 751 deaths in New York city. Of these no less than 538 were children under five years of age. This mortality is largely due to the impure and injurious food consumed. Unripe and decaying fruits and vegetables are offered for sale and recklessly eaten. It should be a punishable offense to offer for sale any kind of unwholesome food.

After much contradictory gossip about the matter, Mlle. Adelina Patti has become the Marquise de Caux. The marriage took place in London, on the 29th of July, at the Roman Catholic chapel of St. Mary, Clapham Park. Her husband, the Marquis de Caux, is a nobleman attached to the Imperial Court of France. He is about forty-two years old, and his bride twenty-five. The marriage ceremony was short, and, of course, performed in Latin. The bride wore a robe of white satin, seen through a covering of white tulle, and her head was adorned by a wreath of orange blossoms, from which fell a veil of rich Brussels lace, descending almost to her feet. She looked extremely well and in most cheerful spirits. Her bridemaids were attired in white muslin trimmed with blue satin; their head-dresses consisting of elegantly-shaped bonnets to correspond, ornamented with the same colored ribbon, and surmounted with a luxuriant display of forget-me-nots. It is announced that Madame de Caux is to commence a short engagement at Hombürg on the 15th of August; and will shortly reappear at the Italian Opera of Paris, and also fulfill her engagement at St. Petersburg.

Omaha has twelve churches and two wide business avenues full of stores. There are three large hotels in the place, fifty lawyers, twenty-five physicians, one Republican and one Democratic daily paper. The schools are not yet as well organized as they should be, but the people seem thoroughly interested in educational matters. The city lies 967 feet above the sea; the air is very dry and invigorating—excellent for consumptives.

Fifteen hundred people dined at Congress Hall, Saratoga, one day last week.

Encke's celebrated comet will make its appearance about the last of August, according to the best calculations. It passes around the sun once in a little more than three years. This comet was discovered by M. Melthoin, of the Paris Observatory, in *Aquarius* in 1786; by Miss Caroline Herschel, of England, in *Cygnus* in 1795; by M. Bouvard, of Paris, in *Ursa Major* in 1805; and by M. Pons, of Marseilles, in 1818. Upon this last discovery, M. Encke, of Berlin, whose name it bears, calculated with great exactness the elements of its motion, and found them to coincide with the elements of the previous comets, thereby establishing their identity, and also he calculated that the comet moved round the sun in about twelve hundred days. He predicted that it would return to its perihellon in 1822. This prediction was verified by M. Bumker at New South Wales, who discovered it in that part of the southern heavens which Encke had previously indicated.

A total eclipse of the sun will occur on August 18. No smoked glass will be needed in this vicinity, however. It will be visible (?) in many parts of the Eastern hemisphere.

According to the Nashville *Gazette*, a mysterious robbers' cave has been discovered in the vicinity of Carthage, Tennessee, on the banks of the Cumberland River. The attention of some boys who were fishing was attracted by seeing baskets lowered by ropes from the rocks above. The children concealed themselves and patiently watched for further developments. The baskets continued to ascend and descend, and finally, toward night, a suspicious-looking man came out of the cave, got into one of the baskets, and was drawn to the top of the precipice. The boys imparted this information to men in the neighborhood, and early the next morning investigations led to the discovery of an immense cavern. This cavern the men explored but a short distance when they were startled by the groans of a human voice coming from a dark recess in the cavern, and the emaciated and almost lifeless form of a man stretched upon a heap of straw, and securely tied with ropes, was found. He was immediately rescued, and medical attention provided; but as yet appears unable or unwilling to tell the awful secrets of his prison.

A sarcastic writer, commenting on ladies and their toilets at watering-places, remarks: "Men do not faint; ladies do, whenever they are not attired in their new, white, snowy muslins. Natural instinct keeps them up if any very pretty thing they have on would not bear the dash of a basin of cold water. The frill, flounce, and puff style abhors crumpling as naturally as mad dogs do the river."

The tropical heats of July are said to have literally burned up the crops throughout a large portion of the Russian Empire. Indications show that there will be great distress in not a positive famine there during the coming winter. In France, however, the harvests will be uncommonly fine. The wine crop in particular will not only be one of the most abundant ever known, but will be superior in quality.

The statistics of the Labor Exchange in San Francisco give some interesting and curious facts in regard to the different prices paid to mechanical laborers. For example: bell-makers have $2 00 a day; bell-hangers, picture-frame makers, and varnishers, $2 50 a day; stone-cutters and wagon-makers, $4 00 a day; carpenters, from $3 00 to $4 50 a day; bricklayers, plasterers, and machinists, $5 00 a day; and smelters, $7 00 a day. They are paid in gold.

A visitor at Stamford, Connecticut, says that if some of the mosquitoes there were only painted with the right colors he should mistake them for canary-birds, they are so sizable and musical. The supposition is that they do not bite—canary-birds never do!

The Early Rose Potato has been, and still is, a subject of interest among agriculturists. This variety of potato was originated by Albert Brezee, of Rutland County, Vermont, in 1861. After being tested three years it was offered for sale. The demand became so great that the potatoes sold by the pound at almost fabulous prices. They are reported to be two or three weeks earlier than any other variety, excellent in quality, and very productive.

Among certain Amazonian tribes the Indian bridegroom is subjected to a singular test. On the day of his marriage, while the wedding festivities are going on, his hand is tied up in a paper bag filled with ants. If he bears this torture smilingly and unmoved he is deemed fit for the trials of matrimony.

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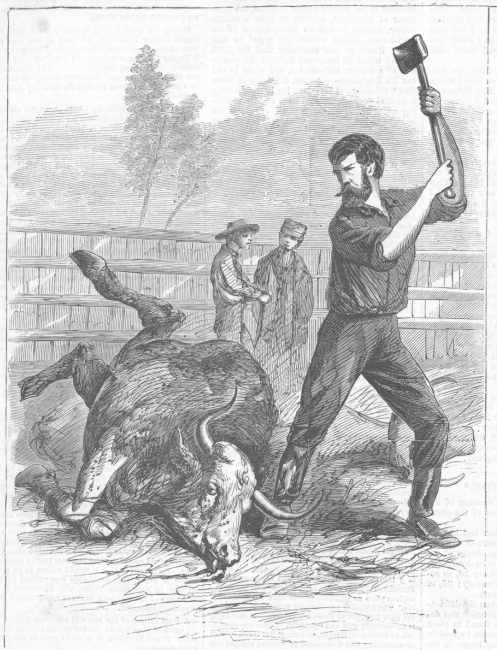
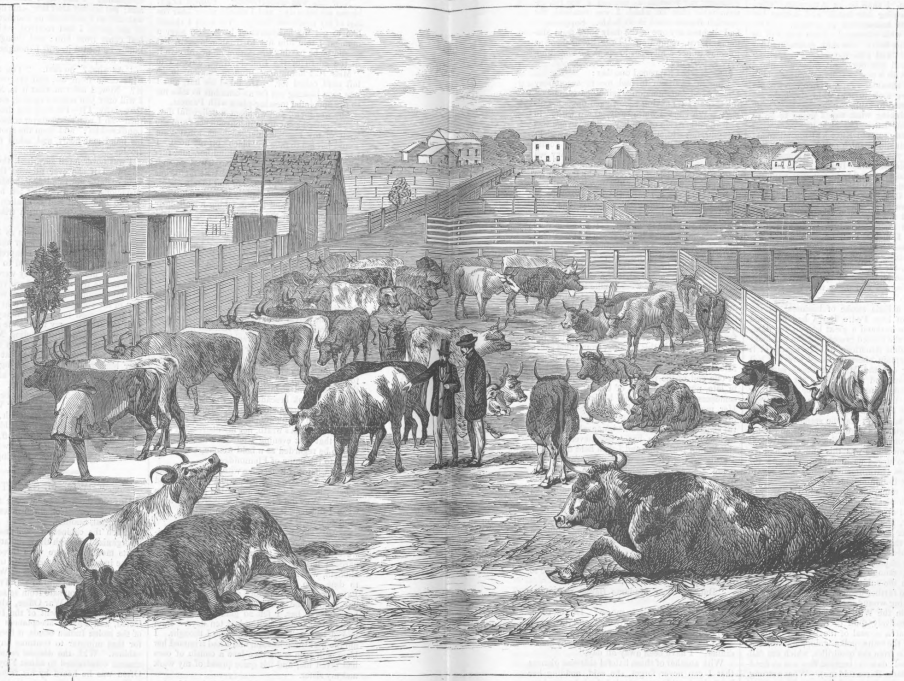
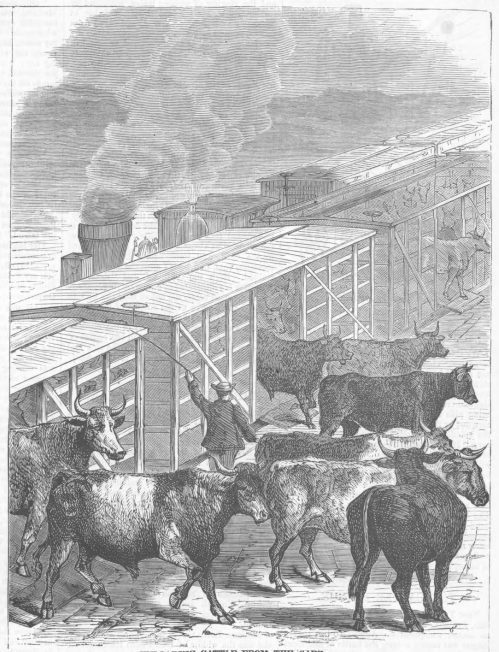


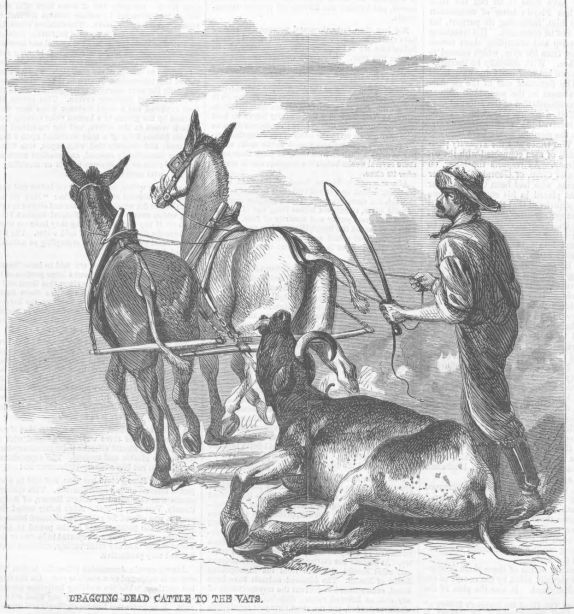
SLAUGHTERING DISEASED CATTLE.



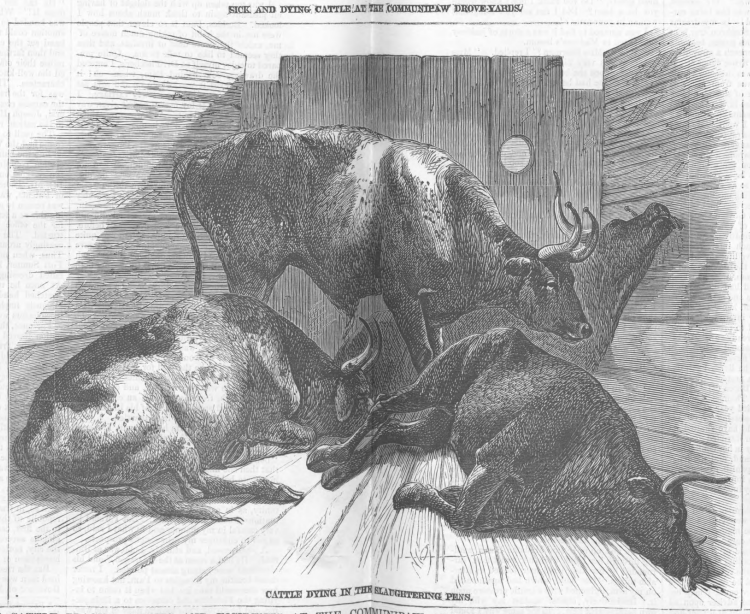
SICK AND DYING CATTLE AT THE COMMUNIPAW DROVE-YARDS.



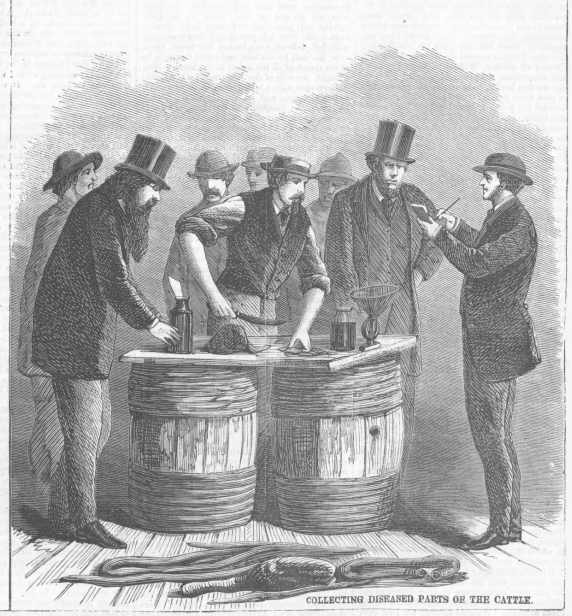
UNLOADING CATTLE FROM THE CARS.



DRAGGING DEAD CATTLE TO THE VATS.



CATTLE DYING IN THE SLAUGHTERING PENS.



COLLECTING DISEASED PARTS OF THE CATTLE.

THE CATTLE PLAGUE—SCENES AND INCIDENTS AT THE COMMUNIPAW ABATTOIR.—Sketched by Edwin Forbes.—[See Page 554.]

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A HINT TO HORSEMEN.

"Do you bruise your oats?"

"Yes."

"And brush your horses by machinery?"

"No. Who ever thought of such a thing?"

Well, try; and make the same fly-wheel that turns your chaff-cutting machinery do duty to put a polish on your chestnuts, and they will shine like satin. Hair-brushing by machinery is hardly applicable to human heads; none but the shortest crop of bristles and the toughest of skins being able to support it; while fine hair, if not torn out by the roots, is apt, if long, to get round the spindle and scalp the patient before he can say, "Hold, enough!"—a thing not likely to occur in dressing the horse. Grooms, of course, will for a time be against the method, and old hands sadly bothered to use the rotating brush; but with several horses to dress, the saving will be great, the flying polisher passing over the surface with ten times the velocity of the hand. The use of the machine would not abolish the hand-brush, any more than the lawn-mower supersedes the occasional use of the shears for trimming round shrubs and borders. The scheme is well worth a trial. It saves seventy-five per cent. of labor, and with far more brilliant results.

THE CATTLE PLAGUE.

NEW YORK gets its beef principally from Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, and Texas; and it was no sooner whispered on August 10 last that a plague was raging among the cattle in and from those States than our efficient Board of Health summarily put all beef into quarantine. The sale of cattle from those States was prohibited; in many instances drovers were required to repurchase from the butchers, and consign their cattle to the "soap-fat man;" orders were issued prohibiting the reception of the cattle from the suspected States into the State of New Jersey; Governor FENTON ordered the Mayors and Health Officers of Albany, Buffalo, Elmira, Dunkirk, and Jamestown, the principal railroad cities on our western border, to allow no infected animals to pass these points for the East; Pittsburg redoubled her police to guard against their reception there; and altogether New York came very near having an excitement over the stopping of its roast beef. But such is the confidence of the people in the efficiency of the present Board of Health that these summary proceedings, which under former systems of city sanitary government would have served to painfully excite all classes, rather tended to allay agitation. Hitherto the same action would have resulted in the sudden and total disuse of beef, and the markets would have been deserted; as it was the demand was as great as ever, the people apparently feeling that the vigilance and energy of the Board of Health was sufficient guarantee of the wholesomeness of the market supplies.

It appears that this disease, now prevalent in all the Northwest cattle-raising districts, is not the rinderpest or the pleura-pneumonia, but a species of infectious fever of a malignant type. It appears to have been carried to Illinois by Texas cattle, and is, therefore, known as the "Texas fever." Some suppose it to have resulted originally from the close packing in cars to which the animals are subjected not only on their way to this market, but when being conveyed from various parts of the West to the pasturages in Illinois and Indiana. About thirty thousand Texas cattle have been taken to Champaign County, Illinois, during the last three months, and it is supposed that the disease was generated among these during their long journey, and that the rest have been infected with it.

We devote a large part of our space to the illustration of this subject. On pages 552 and 553 will be found a number of illustrations of the reception, appearance, and disposition of the cattle —the good, bad, and indifferent—at the Communipaw abattoirs.

One of these, the first in the natural order of the story, though not first in the arrangement of the pictures, represents the "unloading of cattle from the cars." It has been argued, as before stated, that this disease results from the manner in which the animals are carried. It is not an improbable though generally disputed theory. "Without warning or preparation," writes a person familiar with the subject, "the well-cared-for and quiet animals are at once driven to the stations, forced into the cars, and started for the great markets. Wearied through the long days and hours of standing, frightened by shrill noises and the roaring of passing trains, wrenched by sudden starts, hungry and thirsty, whether in summer's heat or winter's cold, and saved from falling, in their exhaustion, only because they are so closely packed they are obliged to stand, it may be inquired whether their prison-houses, named cattle-cars, reeking with filth, have not, through years, accumulated from these agonies the germs of the disease which, at last, has burst forth to avenge their sufferings." It is understood that on all Northern roads the drovers are compelled by law to feed and water the cattle every twenty-four hours, but on the Southern roads, by which the Texas cattle come, there are no such wise regulations. And it is not certain that the Northern drovers fully comply with the law. The only place at which cattle are watered on one of the principal routes between Chicago and New York—a four days' journey—is at Crestline, and there they are not *fed;* and frequently, in order that the company may make up lost time, the animals go unwatered through their long journey.

When cattle received by the cars are found to be infected they are immediately slaughtered at the abattoir at Communipaw, by being knocked in the head, and immediately dragged to the steaming vats, and boiled until the grease is extracted. Both the "killing" and "dragging" processes are illustrated in our engraving. Many of the diseased cattle die before they can be killed, and these serve as the subject of another illustration. In another cut the Board of Health officers are seen collecting parts of the diseased animals for analyzation; while in the centre of the engraving is a general view of the sick and dying cattle in the yards devoted to their reception.

MARRYING AN EARTHQUAKE.

IT was in the famous hotel of St. Thomas, West Indies, that I first saw Madame Barca. Many of the residents of that Hispano-Dano-Niggery-Yankee-Doodle island, as a clever traveler has described it, live permanently at this hotel, which is remarkable for exhibiting the strangest juxtaposition of splendor and squalor, luxury and discomfort, bustle and stagnant dullness, fashion and vulgarity, thrift and shiftlessness, the whole institution being eminently representative of the conglomerate little purchase of Mr. Seward. The town is lovely viewed from the sea, disgusting when actually visited; the high parts of it are resorted to by invalids for its salubrity, its docks are speedy death to unacclimated seamen; the government is Danish, the language is Spanish, the business is Yankee, and the society is eclectic, being composed of shreds and patches of Spanish aristocracy, Hebrew wealth, English and Scotch colonialism, and American naval and money-making cosmopolitanism.

Madame Barca was of the Spanish aristocracy, she was the widow of Don Pedro Barca del Algarva, and was immensely wealthy in lands and sugar plantations. The sugar plantations did not produce much nowadays, but her territorial possessions were vast and valuable. So those who had no eye for the "blood" in the little Spanish lady paid cheerful homage to her money-bags. She was still young and pretty enough, with her delicate complexion, her sweet, black eyes, her soft brown hair, and petite figure, to be easily queen of all the ladies at the hotel. Mrs. Pinhoir, the wife of the Jew trader, was a splendid creature with a white skin, black eyebrows, immense arms, and all that; and the Misses Sherman, the daughters of the American naval commander stationed at St. Thomas, were very pretty New Yorkish-looking young ladies; but Madame Barca had such life, such vivacity, such sweet arts of flirtation, such an unfailing stream of musical bad English (she had been sent to a New York boarding-school when a girl), and such a knowledge of the world that all the other women seemed stupid and bread-and-butterish beside her.

I was placed directly opposite her at table when I first came to the hotel. I had heard all about *la Barca* before I went there from some friends of mine among the officers of the United States steamer *Tuscahatchie*, who were intimate with her, and I was, therefore, somewhat fortified against the sweet, but rather ostentatious and overdone confusion, with which she noticed my presence at dinner as her new *vis-à-vis*. She was prettily dressed in the purest and freshest of white, and as she took her seat with smiles and good-evenings to all and pushed down the voluminous starched folds of her dress between her neighbors' chairs with a thousand little laughing "Excuse me's," she bent a long but timid glance on me, and, coloring slightly, bit her under lip, as if she feared she had made too much stir and perhaps annoyed the new gentleman. Several times during dinner, after her liveliest sallies in the talk, she honored me with that same furtive, apologetic glance, as much as to say, "I didn't mean to; it came before I thought; don't judge me harshly."

I judge her harshly! I was charmed, bewitched, conquered, and though my cold Northern propriety would not permit my eyes, right at table, to "look love to eyes that spoke again," I resolved that Madame Barca and I were to become better acquainted, and that she should flirt with me to her heart's content.

After dinner as I was standing in the parlor talking with the Misses Sherman and their papa, Commander Sherman, with all of whom I was very well acquainted, *la Barca* came flying up the room, her skirts fluttering like the rushing of mighty pinions. She burst impetuously upon Captain Sherman.

"Oh pray, Mr. Commandator, tell me. They say the Secretary Seward buys San Thomas?"

"Yes, Madame Barca," says Captain Sherman, "the great American Real Estate broker is negotiating for this happy isle."

"Oh, then, I shall be an American," cried Madame, clasping her hands and rolling her beautiful eyes heavenward in ecstasy. "Oh, what pride! what pleasure! Then you will be my sister, Miss Kitty," she said, embracing that young lady; "and you, too, Miss Flora," kissing her; "and you our great Admiralissimo," she shouted with a peal of laughter, putting both hands on his shoulder-straps. Then came again that appealing look to me: Had she been too bold? it seemed to ask. As for me, I was only anxiously thinking what was *I* going to be to her? for I was left. The girls had seen what she was coming to, and Kitty had me all ready for the introduction, which now took place.

"I make you welcome to San Thomas, Mr. Browne," said Madame Barca, giving me her hand, and looking frankly in my eyes with the sweetest of smiles. "How do you like the new State of the United States? Will you come to be our Governor, Mr. Browne?"

"I should much prefer attaching myself as a loyal subject to the already reigning Queen of the Island," I replied, with a low bow.

Her Highness was pleased to smile at this, and graciously returned me a most sweeping courtesy. "Well, Sir Browne," she added, "I make you my Prime Minister; and you shall go to the House of Congress and make my claims on the Government."

This was a little stroke of business, for the fair widow of Don Pedro Barca had inherited from her late husband a great lawsuit for damages against the United States, and she was looking out for some American to take charge of it for her. Captain Sherman asked how her suit was coming on, and Madame Barca suddenly became serious and proceeded to set forth in a very clear and business-like manner the existing state of the litigation. Her case, it appeared, was very well made out, and was simple, straightforward work, except that the statement, affidavits, and arguments were in Spanish, and made altogether from the stand-point of the native. It seemed to me there was this and that and so-and-so to be urged as in accordance with the United States Government's policy with regard to our West Indian neighbors.

And so I remarked to Madame Barca. She listened with pleased and serious attention, and I soon found myself talking to her like a lawyer to his client, and her listening to me like a lone widow to her adviser and protector. But business is one thing and friendship is another, and Madame Barca was lady enough to see that she was making improper use of an evening conversation, and, though deeply interested, abruptly turned from the subject, saying she should consult with me further upon it.

The evening wound up with dancing, as it always does in the West Indies, the ladies there are so excessively fond of it. I danced with Madame Barca several of the "quick" dances, as they call the waltz, polka, galop, and so forth, in distinction from the quadrilles, which are called the "dead" dances (because they are so deadly dull, Madame Barca told me). What a strong, supple, graceful dancer she was! We seemed hardly to touch the earth; it was like being carried through the air by a bird! In my dreams that night, need I say the fair Southron ever bent upon me those eyes of wondrous power, beaming sweetly askance at me from beneath a stray tress of brown hair loosened in the flying dance?

The next morning while I was dressing a little note was brought me. It was from Madame Barca, written in the prettiest of sloping Italian handwriting, and requesting me in very brief and set terms to call at her apartments that morning on business of importance. I went. Madame was in a charming morning-wrapper, and with just an engaging trifle of a languid and *negligé* air about her. She looked perhaps a shade older—no, more mature—than on the evening before, and I guessed she must be a year beyond thirty. Drawing up a chair so as to sit exactly opposite me, she began by telling me she desired to engage my professional services in her lawsuit against the United States Government. She gave me the whole history of the case, with great clearness and infinite animation. Naturally enough, as I was getting much interested, she glided into the story of her own life, and I learned that Madame Barca was the daughter of a wealthy Costa Rican gentleman, who had been beggared by a revolution, and had died with a broken heart. The eloquence and pathos of this part of her story, her tears, and her sweet smiles as she dried them, were very interesting, to say the least, and I was impelled to proffer her my sincere sympathy, as I had already agreed to bestow my most earnest professional exertions in her behalf. She had resolved never to marry after her father's reverses while he lived, but after his death, being left without a protector, had accepted the offer of Don Pedro Barca del Algarva, a wealthy old planter of St. Thomas, who had died two years ago, in the third year after their marriage, leaving her in possession of all his property. I believe she would have chatted on till dinner-time had not a caller intruded upon us. I left her feeling myself deeply in her confidence, and the press she gave my hand, and the long, searching look from those Spanish eyes as she closed the door, expressed an implicit, nay even a somewhat tender, trust in my interest and sympathy.

How could I refuse my charming client such poor comfort as my sympathy would give? How could I decline to execute the many little commissions she intrusted to my care, even though they were beyond the strict pale of the case in hand? How could I help calling daily at her rooms for consultation when she sent for me, although nothing further could be done with the suit at present? In fine, how could I help becoming gradually her intimate adviser upon all things, and her constant attendant at dinner and in the evening? Any neglect on my part might endanger my position as counsel in the fat, interminable case on which I was retained, the Spanish female mind is so fickle. Supposing I had slighted any one of the daily notes from Madame Barca, requesting "Dear Señor Browne to come to her a moment to speak of something very important?"

This is what happened one day:

Captain Sherman invited me to accompany himself and daughters on a sailing party, one of the ship's yawls having been rigged up as a sail-boat. We started quite early, as we wished to visit the other side of the bay. The voyage was pleasant, but without incident, save the sea-sickness of Miss Kitty, the elder of the two young ladies, who was unable to stand the heavy sea raised by a sudden squall. Her father was detained by official business at the dock when we returned, and the care of the helpless girl was devolved on me. I procured a conveyance to the hotel, but her illness was so severe that I was obliged to carry her to her room in my arms. This was just before dinner. I found a note from Madame Barca in my room. It was only the regular daily note, requesting me to see her on "very important business." It had come just after I left in the morning. I thought it of no great importance, and that a word with Madame Barca at dinner would make it all right.

How little we can be aware what hurricanes may be impending unseen above our heads (especially in the West Indies) this story of earthquake and hurricane will show nowhere more forcibly than right here. There were but few people at the table this evening, from some cause or other. None of the Shermans were there; Mrs. Pinhoir was absent, and I was almost alone at one end of the room. Madame Barca came in late, not the sunburst of beauty and blithesomeness she usually was, but pale and still. Her mouth was set and angry. She avoided my eyes, fixing hers immovably upon her chair till she got to it, and then as immovably upon the table-cloth. I bade her "Good-evening," but she did not notice me, and I then held my peace. Hardly tasting of what was put before her, Madame Barca soon withdrew from the table. When I came into the parlor I saw her outline at one of the windows, the room being unlighted and empty. I approached her and said, quietly:

"Madame Barca, is any thing amiss?"

Those wondrous eyes of hers were terrible with hate and fury now. I am afraid I almost quailed beneath their fierce, threatening glare. She burst out with

"Mr. Browne, you have insulted me. Go your ways! No man shall do again such insolence to me!"

"But, my dear Madame Barca—" I stammered.

"How dare you talk to me so? Do you think me a child? You insult my note, and then come to me this way!"

"I did not see your note till a moment before dinner. I have been away all day."

With another of those hateful sidewise glances that I can never forget, she said, nodding her head slowly, "Do you think I don't know where you have been? Did I not see you bring that woman in your arms?"

I was amazed to find it was a storm of jealousy that raged in Madame's bosom.

"Who? Miss Sherman?" I replied. "Miss Sherman was very ill, sea-sick in a squall that nearly swamped the boat."

"I wish she had been drowned! Oh, I wish you were both drowned in that water!" answered Madame Barca, rising and pointing with a wild gesture to the harbor, and glaring into my face.

"Madame," said I, utterly dumfounded, "I will leave you then."

I turned to go, when Madame Barca threw herself back upon her chair, and covering her face with both hands, began to sob loudly.

I stopped, for I could not find it in my heart to leave the poor little lady in this unhappy plight. Luckily I had soon a pretext for speaking to her.

"Pray be calm, Madame Barca," I said; "some one is coming."

She hushed immediately, though not without difficulty. It was only a servant with lights. I ordered him to wait a while, and he withdrew again. I went and stood at the window by Madame Barca.

She continued to weep bitterly, and I was perplexed what to do. If I attempted to soothe her, I should only be repulsed and contemned, I thought. I was still debating with myself what course I should pursue when I felt her hand laid softly on my arm. Her face, glistening with tears, was lifted appealingly to me, and her eyes were now filled with a sad sweetness.

"Can you forgive me?" she asked. "I have been very angry and very wicked."

"There is nothing to forgive," I answered.

"Oh yes, there is a great deal, a great deal," she said, again hiding her face. "I have wronged my good friend. Oh, Mr. Browne, you have been so kind, so generous, so noble to me that the thought of your being indifferent distressed me so much!"

"I am not, I could not be indifferent, dear Madame Barca," I replied. "I should have hastened to see you this morning, had I got your note." My anxiety to comfort her was running away with my discretion, and I went on, "It is my chiefest pleasure to do your service. I have often feared that I have taken up too much of your attention. But something has told me I was not wholly unwelcome."

"Oh no! oh no!" said Madame Barca, smiling through her tears, while her sweet face, surrounded by her disordered hair, looked unutterable things. Her hand, which had again rested on my arm, tightened with a gentle pressure upon it. Instinctively, almost against my will, my own hand sought hers. In the same way I found myself saying, the next moment, "There *is* some-

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thing stronger than a mere business tie between us. Why should we not confess it?"

Still keeping her hand, I stepped out upon the balcony, and we seated ourselves in the corner furthest from the window.

"Why should we not acknowledge it?" I repeated, desperately; for, though I am a coward in such extreme moments, I felt that I was in for it now. I passed my hand around her waist, and she pressed closer to me, and her face burying itself in my bosom was her reply.

How long we sat this way I can not tell. She did not move, and seemed to be in perfect peace and happiness. For me, I thought of home, my country, my long-cherished plans of business, and the aims I had set on a career in society and politics, and how this unlooked-for West Indies love affair was to affect them all. Was I happy? Could this impetuous Spanish woman's love, with its tropical storms as well as warmth, compensate for all that was gone? I confess I turned my chin in the tangled hair of the fair head upon my breast to look at the mansion upon the heights over the bay buried in rich groves of bread-fruit and orange-trees, and reckoned the amount of pleasure the possession of it would bring me, and questioned whether I should not gaze with truer happiness upon the trees in Trinity Church-yard from my law-office window. Which was the road to life-long happiness, up the hills to the mansion, in due time, or down to the dock to-night, to the English steamer, which sailed on the morrow for Havana?

The head lifted, the face turned all its sweetness again upon me—white arms were wound about my neck. "My love!" I murmured, and kissed her. One long embrace, another kiss, and she was gone. As she disappeared in the window, with a tender look over her shoulder, I saw how it was. I loved her eyes, and was happy as long as their light beamed upon me.

They did beam upon me with undimmed splendor now for many pleasant weeks, and I was happy enough. The courtship was like the long summer of the tropics, or say it was the Caribbean trade-wind of love. The affair was much talked about at St. Thomas when the match came out, and I believe public opinion was divided as to whether I was a "lucky dog" or not. Whatever Mrs. Grundy might have said, every body came to the wedding—the American naval aristocracy from the port, the Yankee sutlering aristocracy from the town, the Spanish Hidalgo aristocracy from the plantations, and the Danish aristocracy from the custom-house. We retired at once to our villa, and I was installed as monarch of all I surveyed on one of the finest plantations in the West Indies. Lovely groves of bread-fruit-trees, mangoes, orange-trees, pines, limes, and so forth, were mine, so that I could

"Walk all day, like the Sultan of old, in a garden of spice."

This was all very delightful. Madame was sweet and happy during the honey-moon, and I was rapidly becoming completely resigned to settling down to a life of indolence and luxury under a broad-rimmed Panama hat. True, thoughts of the rainy season shortly to come, and of the day when the terrific lightnings of Madame's eyes should break forth, sometimes disturbed my siestas. But I had not long to anticipate the day of evil.

It came like a thunder-bolt out of a clear sky. We were sitting, just before night, on the veranda overlooking the bay, enjoying the refreshing sea-breeze. Suddenly the floor beneath our feet rose and fell. Madame was thrown from her seat upon her face. I started up, but could not take a step before I was prostrated also. The stone-walls above our heads bulged and cracked and grated. The terror-stricken negroes and cattle were flying in every direction, and adding their shrieks and cries to the thunder that rolled under the ground. It was an earthquake. Though almost paralyzed with terror myself amidst the din, darkness, confusion, and impending destruction, I contrived to raise up my wife, and bore her, fainting and helpless, over the shaking ground away from the house. It was my intention to take the carriage and make for the bay, where we could take refuge on board one of the ships. But neither by threats nor entreaties could I procure the assistance of any of the negroes, who were flying from the place. So we started away on foot, the ground shuddering and leaping under our feet like a frightened horse. We were not too soon. Scarcely had we gained the open road when a shock of terrible power came, and we heard the crash of the falling walls of our villa. A small stone-house near the road, used for a resting-place on the way up the mountain, went down in this shock before our eyes, the stones flying from the walls as if from the effects of an explosion. What a night was that for my poor wife! Her terror was greater than mine and continually urged her forward over the rough road; but her delicate frame was not equal to the demands made upon it, and between her mental and physical sufferings she became a most pitiable wreck. Her Jesuitical religious training made her superstitious, and she was in utter terror of an unsanctified death upon the road; her mind was not of the strongest, and she alternately reproached and caressed me. Her fierceness and her fondness were equally trying under the circumstances, and my feeling toward her was changing, in spite of myself, from love to pity, and from pity still further away from love.

We reached the town at last in safety. The earth was still vibrating when day broke, with frequent strong shocks. How changed was the face of the hills where our villa had stood! There was a pile of ruins in its place now, and the great trees which had stood around it were bent and pitched together at sixes and sevens.

We procured a boat, and put off for the *Tuscahatchie*. Captain Sherman would receive us with open arms. We had nearly reached her sides when the severest shock of the whole earthquake visited the doomed island. We saw from where we sat in the boat an immense tract of the ridge of rock above our estate slide down and sweep all before it, and an arid waste of stones silently, but relentlessly, take the place of the fertile green groves on the hill-side.

So my suddenly acquired wealth in the West Indies went more quickly than it came. No, I beg pardon, there yet remains to me Madame Barca (for she returns to her widow-name here in Washington, for convenience in making her claims) and our eternal suit against the United States Government. Yes, Madame Barca is a treasure, to be sure, though I don't see much of her nowadays. At all events she is a favorite with all the public men at the Capital, from Mr. Seward down to the local of the *National Intelligencer*. The fact is, we have learned the ropes so thoroughly in pushing our suit that we have both taken to lobbying for a livelihood, and it supports us very handsomely while the St. Thomas business is waiting adjustment. Madame has rooms of her own at Willard's, and is happy enough in combining the life-long and never-ending, if not lucrative, business of lobbying with her old pastime of flirting. As for me, well—the Earthquake turned my life wrong side out and upside down.

FERGUSON'S "MECHANICAL PARADOX."

THE remarkable history of James Ferguson is, of course, familiar to most of our readers. Those not acquainted with the strange story of how he taught himself to read books at seven, the heavens at fifteen, and art at nineteen, will find it fully detailed in Mayhew's "Life of Ferguson" and Smiles's "Self Help," both published by Harper & Brothers.

It appears by a letter of Ferguson's, hitherto little known, that one of his most famous inventions—the Mechanical Paradox—was constructed for the singular purpose of proving to a skeptical watch-maker the existence of the Trinity. The letter, which is dated London, April 10, 1776, is curiously illustrative of Ferguson's habits of thought and expression, and is all the more interesting from this fact. It is as follows:

"One evening I went to a weekly club with a friend; and on our entering the room (or very soon after) a watch-maker began to hold forth violently against a Trinity of Persons in the Godhead, wondering at the impudence of the person who broached such an absurd doctrine, and at the weakness and folly of every one who believed it. I happened to sit just opposite to him, and the table between us, and (you may believe) plenty of wine and punch upon it. I gave him a severe frowning look, on which he asked me my opinion concerning the Trinity. I told him that all my belief thereof depended upon the opinion I had of the sure knowledge and veracity of the Revealer; but that I did not think it was a proper thing to be talked of over our bottles, bowls, and glasses, and should, therefore, be desirous of talking to him about his own business.

"'Very well,' said he, 'let us talk about it.'

"'Sir,' said I, 'I believe you know very well how one wheel must turn another, or how a pinion must turn a wheel, or a wheel a pinion?'

"'I hope I do,' said he.

"'Then,' said I, 'suppose you make one wheel as thick as other three, and cut teeth in them all, and then put the three thin wheels all loose upon one axis, and set the thick wheel to them, so that its teeth may take into those of the three thin ones; now turn the thick wheel round; how must it turn the others?'

"Says he, 'Your question is almost an affront to common-sense; for every one who knows any thing of the matter must know that, turn the thick wheel which way you will, all the other three must be turned the contrary way by it.'

"'Sir,' says I, 'I believe you think so.'

"'Think!' says he; 'it is beyond a thought—it is demonstration that they must.'

"'Sir,' said I, 'I would not have you be too sure, lest you possibly be mistaken. And now, what would you say if I should say that, turn the thick wheel which way you will, it shall turn one of the thin wheels *the same way*, the other *the contrary way*, and the third *no way at all*?'

"Says he, 'I would say that there never was any thing proposed that could be more absurd, as being not only above our reason, but contrary thereto, and also to plain fact.'

"'Very well,' says I. 'Now, Sir, is there any thing in your ideas more absurd about the received doctrine of the Trinity than in this proposition of mine?'

"'There is not,' said he; 'and if I could believe the one, I should believe the other too.'

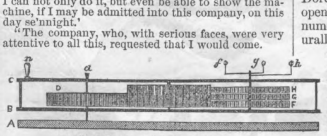
"'Gentlemen,' said I (looking at the company), 'you hear this—bear witness to it.'

"The watch-maker asked me whether I had ever made or seen such a machine. I told him that I had not, but I believed that I could make it, although I had never thought of it till that instant.

"'Your head must be wrong,' he replied; 'for no man on earth could do such a thing.'

"'Sir,' said I, 'be my head right or wrong, I believe I can not only do it, but even be able to show the machine, if I may be admitted into this company, on this day se'nnight.'

"The company, who, with serious faces, were very attentive to all this, requested that I would come.



FERGUSON'S MECHANICAL PARADOX.

"So I made the machine—all of wood—and carried it (under my coat) to the same room on the day appointed; and there was the watch-maker.

"'Well, old friend,' says he, 'have you made your machine?'

"'Yes, Sir,' said I, 'and there it is: let us take it to pieces. Are these wheels fairly toothed and fairly pitched into the thick wheel?'

"'Yes, they are,' said he.

"'I then turned round the great wheel, whose teeth took into those of the three thin wheels, and asked him whether the uppermost thin wheel did not turn *the same way* as the one did that turned it, whether the next wheel below did not turn *the contrary way*, and the lowest thin wheel *no way at all*.

"'They do,' said he, 'and there is a fallacy in the machine.'

"'Sir,' said I, 'do you detect the fallacy, and expose it to the company.'

"He looked a long while at it, took it several times to pieces, and put it together again.

"'Sir,' said I, 'is there any fallacy in the machine?'

"'I confess,' said he, 'I see none.'

"'There is none,' said I.

"'How is it, then, that the three thin wheels should be so differently affected? The thing is not only above all reason, but is even contrary to all mechanical principles.'

"'For shame, Sir!' said I: 'ask me not how it is; for it is a simpler machine than any clock or watch that you ever made or mended; and if you may be so easily nonplused by so simple a thing in your own way of business, no wonder you should be so about the Trinity; but learn from this not, for the future, to reckon *every* thing absurd and impossible that you can not comprehend. But now I hope you remember what you said at our last meeting here—namely, that if you could believe such a thing as this, you would then believe the doctrine of the Trinity. You own the truth of the machine; what do you say to your promise?'

"He humm'd and ha'd, and asked me whether I would let him take it home to consider it. I told him he might, but desired he would bring it to me to-morrow morning. He promised he would, and did so; but gave it me with some hearty curses, telling me he saw it was true, but did not understand it, and wanted me to explain it to him, which I refused. I kept it for six years without finding any person who could explain the principles on which it acted, and then put the sun and earth with ecliptic and moon's orbit to it, seeing it would then be a kind of orrery, and published the description."

As a model of the "Mechanical Paradox" may readily be constructed by any one out of a few pieces of soft wood, with the aid of a pocket-knife and pair of compasses, we shall give a short account of the parts which may be sketched on paper and reproduced easily.

The machine consists of two pieces of thin wood, B, C, made into a frame by being joined at the corners. This frame, by the use of a handle, *a*, may be turned round an axle, *a*, which pierces the frame, and is fixed in a stationary board or table, A, and carries within the frame an immovable wheel. This first wheel, which we shall call D, when the frame is made to revolve, turns a second and thick wheel, E, which, like the remaining three wheels, F, G, and H, moves freely on its axis. F, G, and H, are the three thin wheels driven by the thick wheel, E, and in such a manner, when the frame revolves rapidly, that the uppermost one, H, turns the same way as E does; the second wheel, G, turns the contrary way; and the lowest wheel, F, turns no way at all. This curious result may be made more apparent by attaching wire brackets, *f*, *g*, *h*, to tubes fixed in the respective wheels, F, G, and H.

In making the machine of pieces of wood or lead, the wheels may be all of the same diameter; D, E, and F may (D and F must) have an equal number of teeth. G, however, must have at least one tooth less, and H one tooth more, than the fixed wheel D, as in the original model. They may, however, have two or three teeth less and more respectively than D, and this will increase the difference in their forward and retrograde motions.

THE STORY OF GUSTAVE DORE.

In the present French school of painting, Gustave Doré occupies a high rank and a peculiar position. He has had no master; he belongs to no school; he makes his own path. His training, too, has been rather remarkable. He was born in Strasburg in 1832, where his father was appointed State engineer. He had scarcely reached his tenth year when his yearning for art manifested itself irresistibly. He drew in his copy-books, in his school-books, on envelopes, and no sheet of paper was safe from his pencil. The little Doré had but one wish, and this wish would allow him no rest. He wished to go to Paris, and there devote himself to painting. His father, however, who was deeply interested in the welfare of his son, and who saw no certain means of existence for him in the career of an artist, endeavored to divert him from his idea, and even to excite doubt in him as to his talents. But Doré was not to be intimidated, and when his father determined to take him to Paris during his holidays, the boy concealed a thick packet of drawings in his box, and having arrived at the capital, he repaired, without saying a word to his father, to Charles Philipon, and, placing his productions before him, requested him candidly to give him his opinion.

Charles Philipon was a man of quick mind and rare warmth of heart. It was he who introduced political caricatures into France. At the beginning of the July Government he had established a witty paper called *La Caricature*, which in the course of a year entailed on him no less than fifty-four political processes. When this paper was stopped by the September laws, he established the *Charivari*, and subsequently a long series of other witty papers, some of which still exist. His fame had reached the young Doré. Philipon, who was pleased with Doré's open, free manner, gave great attention to his numerous productions, and found in them naturally all the faults of a boy working without direction, but at the same time he admired the rich imagination they evidenced, and a rare acuteness of observation, rare even among more mature artists. He did not spare his blame, but praise predominated in his verdict. Doré returned triumphantly to his father, and made him at once acquainted with his interview with Philipon. His father was astonished, and repaired immediately with his son to Philipon. The latter repeated his verdict upon the young artist, and concluded with these words: "Your son is born for art, and if you repress the artist spirit within him, he will only bungle through any other career, and never achieve any thing. The saying, 'Art doesn't pay,' is not always a true one. There are artists who gain much money, as well as fame, and I am much mistaken if your Gustave does not some day belong to these successful artists. He is already able to support himself by his talent; and if he likes to work for my paper, I shall be glad to have him."

These words decided Doré's father to yield to his son's wish, upon condition, however, that he should yet spend two years in a school at Paris. Doré was accordingly placed in the Collège Charlemagne, where he in nowise belonged to the worst scholars, though he drew much by stealth. At the age of fifteen he left the school-bench, and appeared as an independent artist, whose works were received with pleasure. When the February revolution broke out he drew numerous caricatures for comic journals, and surprised the public by the great number, as well as by the originality, of his works. This surprise is not diminished. Doré has now begun to illustrate different works with a rapidity bordering on the marvelous.

Doré has already drawn more than twenty thousand illustrations. Such power of work alone is sufficient to excite admiration. The productive author can scarcely write quicker than Doré sketches his illustrations. His appearance is very attractive. He looks like a youth of twenty-four, who, with bright, happy eye, is gazing forward into the world. He possesses unusual strength of body, which is doubtless to be traced to his great fondness for gymnastic exercises. Few can compete with Doré in social talents. He talks well; he sings admirably; he plays the violin, if not perhaps with professional skill, yet with great understanding; and he is a clever conjuror, rarely failing in a trick. He possesses a wonderful capacity for work. His imagination blindly obeys his iron will, which is deterred by no difficulties. When the wish occurred to him to learn English he took an English grammar and dictionary to bed with him every night, and in a few months he read the *Times*, and could make himself intelligible to every Englishman. At this moment he is engaged in a series of paintings, in which he is representing some of Shakspeare's most powerful scenes.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE LARGEST MOUTHFUL IN THE WORLD—The Bight of Benin.

TONIC FOR THE INSOLENT—Sarcy-parilla.

A "COOL REQUEST"—"Please pass the ice!"

BABY POETRY.

Written during the July heated term.

Dood mornin, daddy,
How do oo do?
Radder hot wedder
I sink, dont oo?

'Momter up to 90,
Makes a fellow sweat,
Hope it'll get cooler,
Aint done it yet.

How's all the fotes,
Unties, aunts, and tozzens?
Hope em's all well.
(Got em—by de dozens.)

Mammy says Ise fat,
Toodent be much fatter
(Mighty sure o' dat),
And dats whats de matter.

Des I'll have to stop,
Ditten rasser lazy,
'Fraid my baby talk
Make old daddy crazy.

Tell you what you do—
Dont oo say oo cant,
Take me out November next,
I doin to vote for Drant!

A witness in court who had been cautioned to give a precise answer to every question, and not talk about what he might think the question meant, was interrogated as follows:

"You drive a wagon?"

"No, Sir, I do not."

"Why, man, did you not tell my learned friend so this moment?"

"No, Sir, I did not."

"Now, Sir, I put it to you on your oath, do you not drive a wagon?"

"No, Sir."

"What is your occupation, then?"

"I drive a horse, Sir."

"CURE FOR LOVE."—Take of spirits of resolution, 14 ounces; sirup of good advice, 12 ounces; oil of absence, 2 ounces: powder of disdain, 4 ounces: extract of don't-care-a-tiveness, *quantum suf.* Put these ingredients into a sauce-pan of sound reason, with a handful of heart's-ease, stir it up with a quantity of thyme, and strain it through a box of patience. A small portion of this mixture to be taken daily.

Second remedy.—See your sweet-heart before breakfast three mornings in succession.

"Ma, if I should die and go to heaven should I wear my moire-antique dress?"

"No, my love; we can scarcely suppose we shall wear the attire of this world in the next."

"Then tell me, ma, how the angels would know I belonged to the best society?"

Two preachers were on the same platform. One of them, who was preaching, happened to say: "When Abraham built the ark—" The other, who was behind, ventured to correct his blunder by saying: "Abraham warn't there." But the speaker pushed on, and only took occasion shortly to repeat still more decidedly: "I say, when Abraham built the ark—" "And I say," cried the other, "Abraham warn't there!" The preacher was not to be put down in that way; so, addressing the people, he exclaimed, with great emphasis: "I say, Abraham was thar, or tharabouts!"

"I am afraid you have settled melancholy," said a landlady to a cadaverous lodger. "No, Madam," he replied; "my melancholy won't settle; like your coffee, it has too much grounds."

PROMPT REPLY.—"Why did Adam bite the apple?" said a schoolmaster to a country lad.—"Because he had no knife," said the urchin.

"Hiram," said an Eastern farmer to his hired man, who was working in the field, "it looks as if it might rain. S'pose you leave off work, and go play dig cellar."

"Is a man and his wife both one?" asked the wife of a certain gentleman, in a state of stupefaction as she was holding his aching head in both her hands.

"Yes, I suppose so," was the reply.

"Well, then," she said, "I came home drunk last night, and ought to be ashamed of myself."

This back-handed rebuke from a long-suffering and loving wife effectually cured him of his drinking propensities.

The young man who offered for publication a poem commencing with the following stanzas should be informed that he renders himself liable to prosecution for illegal distillation:

"Oh, come, dearest, come, for love's nectarine wine
Bubbles up from my soul to o'erflow into thine,
And no succulent grape which the Rhine zephyrs kiss
Imprisons such dulcet elixir as this.

"Then fly, and your passionate soul shall be filled
With this delicate juice from my spirit distilled;
You may drink till the founts of my being are dry;
Till you reel with delight! Oh! then—fly to me—fly!"

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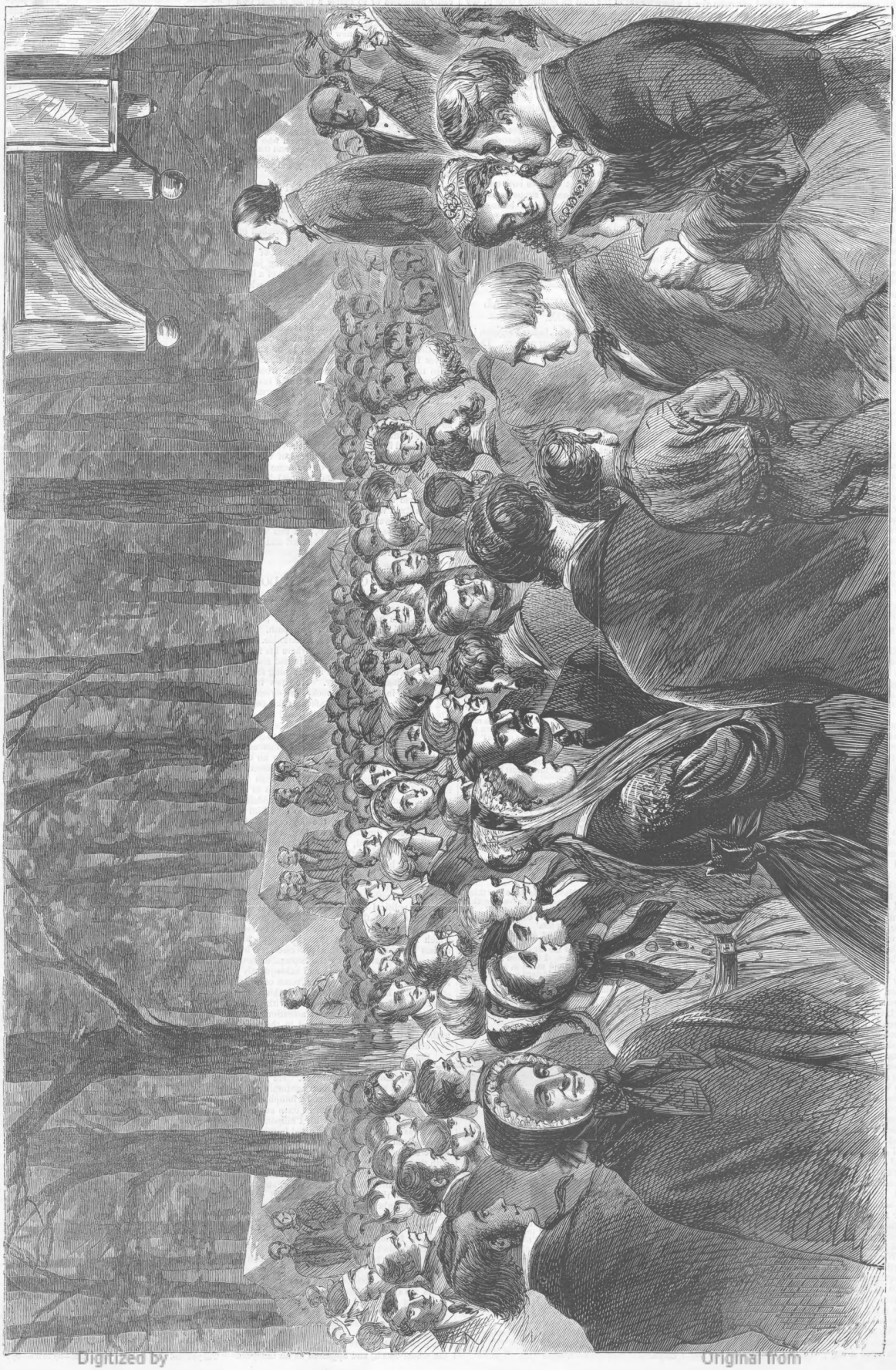

METHODIST CAMP-MEETING AT SING SING, NEW YORK.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 557.]

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"FUN OR MISCHIEF?"

WE reproduce on this page one of J. SANT'S contributions to the exhibition of works of Art at Leeds, England. The original is painted with that freedom of style and power of rendering character for which Mr. SANT is celebrated, and the engravers have done full justice to the artist's work. It is the face, full of fun or frolic, of one of those merry, lovely children with whom the world is so plentifully blest, and the arch expression of the lovely features form a most pleasant study.

THE "HENRY TROWBRIDGE."

THE wrecking of the bark *Henry Trowbridge*, on August 5, off Neversink is at once one of the most singular and disastrous of marine casualties which we have lately been called upon to relate and illustrate.

The vessel left New York on August 4 with a crew of 10 seamen and officers, and under command of Captain F. HOTCHKISS. The wife and two children of the Captain were aboard. The freight consisted of fifty horses, forty sheep, twenty-four mules, and the rest of staves, all consigned to Barbadoes.

On the 5th instant, when off Neversink, hardly well out of New York Bay, the bark shipped a heavy sea, which shifted the deck load, causing the vessel to careen and become not only unmanageable, but completely at the mercy of the heavy sea which was rolling at the time. Her foremast was snapped off about five feet above the deck, and every thing movable seemed to have been washed overboard. Four of the seamen were in the hold at the time, and were instantly drowned; one while lying in his bunk, another while sitting on his trunk, and in these positions their bodies were found when the water was pumped out of the hold.

Captain HOTCHKISS, wife and children, the mates, cook, and two seamen were on deck at the time of the squall, and succeeded in launching a boat, but one of the children of the Captain was unfortunately lost in the transfer to the boat. The others outrode the gale in the frail boat, being blown out to sea, but eventually reaching Halifax in safety.

The wreck was found on the 6th instant by the pilot boat *Nettle*, and towed into this port. Our artist has sketched the wreck as it appeared drifting at sea when discovered by the pilot-boat. Since it was moored in the East River it has been visited by thousands of curious persons.

"FUN OR MISCHIEF?"—[FROM THE PAINTING BY J. SANT.]

THE SING SING CAMP-MEETING.

ONE of the largest camp-meetings ever held by the Methodists in this country was that at Sing Sing, closing on Thursday, August 13, after a week's session. The grove in which the meeting was held is situated on the summit of a lofty hill about a mile and a half from the railroad. The approach to this eminence by the pedestrian is strikingly typical of BUNYAN'S "Pilgrim's Progress"—at least so far as its difficulties are concerned, being very steep and rough, and abounding in pitfalls. From the summit a beautiful prospect is afforded of the surrounding country.

Here, upon this romantic Zion, were seating accommodations for 3000 people, but on some days the attendance was over 5000. It is said that every Methodist church in New York, and nearly every one in Brooklyn, besides a host of others, were

WRECK OF THE BARK "HENRY TROWBRIDGE."

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represented in this vast audience. Surrounding the circular open space in which religious services were held were nearly 400 tents for the accommodation of those who remained permanently on the ground. A squad of the Metropolitan Police was at hand, and good order was preserved throughout the session. The steamers and railway trains were crowded daily, and at the dépôt and wharf one would have almost thought himself in New York city, so great was the crowd and so numerous and persistent the hackmen.

The characteristic features of this religious gathering have been admirably seized by our artist in the illustration which we publish on another page. It is a picture which invites study.

Among the reverend gentlemen present we may mention Mr. KIRK, of Brooklyn, who preached the opening sermon; Mr. HEDSTORM, of the Bethel ship; Mr. C. D. FOSS, J. S. INSKIP, J. M'ALLISTER, and D. S. BROWN, of New York; W. H. BOOLE, of Brooklyn, and Dr. BOWMAN, of South Carolina. Mr. CHAUNCEY SHAEFFER, the well-known and eloquent member of the New York Bar, took a very active part in the religious exercises.

The final day of the session was the most interesting. In the morning the *Agape*, or Love Feast, was celebrated. Within the space of an hour and a half 381 persons spoke, each one for the most part confining himself to the quotation of some appropriate text of Scripture, or of some stanza from the Methodist hymn-book. A woman aged 82, who had been converted during the session, spoke at considerable length, and very effectively. One of the most interesting features of the day was Dr. BOWMAN'S address. He was very much affected, and was moved even to tears when he spoke of leaving his Northern brethren. The Rev. Mr. INSKIP turned around and took the Doctor in his arms, embracing him with fervor. The audience was much moved; some wept, and many said, "That's the sort of reconstruction we want." It shows how these gatherings conduce to the growth of Christian charity. This charity overleaps even sectional differences. The Rev. STEPHEN H. TYNG, Jun., and HENRY WARD BEECHER—the one an Episcopalian and the other a Congregationalist—were both invited to deliver discourses, though neither was able to do so on account of accidental circumstances.

The camp-meeting has ceased to be a novelty in this country, and the prejudices once existing against it exist no longer. It was originally an outgrowth of our primitive Western life. When churches were few and far between, the religious service in a grove supplied the spiritual necessities of an immense number of people. These camp-meetings were, and still continue to be, a civilizing influence; and they conduce, as we have shown, to the cultivation of the widest Christian charity and fellowship. They have called forth some of the finest displays of oratorical power. The great Methodist preachers—the M'GEES, BASCOM, FISK, OLIN, DURBIN, and others—have here found an arena for the most splendid display of pulpit oratory, and have produced the most wondrous effects upon their hearers.

In the South, the negroes have always been a prominent element in camp-meetings. It is true, their tents were behind the speaker's desk, and his back was turned toward them; but after the white people had had their preach, then the negroes had their own gathering, and a most enthusiastic affair it was, too. "Gathered in a compact mass," says a writer in the *Weekly* for August 10, 1867, "about one or two leaders, keeping time to the song with hands and feet, and swaying their bodies, not ungracefully, in unison with its strains, they would make the woods fairly ring again. Their rich voices seemed never to wear out; through the afternoons, and far into the night, their melodious music would float above all other sounds." The time has come now when Sambo can face the preacher; his vote will stand him in good stead even in camp-meeting. But he will never display more religious fervor than in those old times when he was a slave.

These camp-meetings, wherever held, in the West, South, or North, with their fluctuating audiences, numbering sometimes in the course of a long session upward of half a million of people, are a striking phenomenon of American life—characteristic at once of its freedom and its spiritual vitality.

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According to Physiologists, the human body is renewed once in seven years. Every day, every hour, every moment, the flesh, the cartilage, bone and muscle of the frame, are wasting away, and being imperceptibly replaced by new material. Health depends upon the nature of that material, and whether it shall be pure or diseased, full of vitality and elasticity, or feeble and flaccid, depends mainly upon the action of the stomach. In warm weather the waste of the system is very rapid, and if it is not as rapidly repaired by the great sustaining organ, the consequence is debility, emaciation, and decay. It is, therefore, of paramount importance *that the stomach be kept in a vigorous condition* at this trying season, and the safest, surest, and best tonic that can be employed for that purpose is

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TRAVELING IN SIBERIA.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Stratensk, Shilka River, Eastern Siberia.—A Tarantass.—Getting out of Difficulty.—A Bouriat Village.—Crossing the Selenga.—Finding Lodgings at Kiachta.—Theatre at Maimaichin.—The Tiger.—A View in Irkutsk, Eastern Siberia.—The Author, with Compliments.—Farewell to Irkutsk.—A Yashok.—My Kazan Kibitka.—Valley of the Yenesei, Krasnoyarsk.—Changing Horses at a Siberian Station.—Lost in a Snow-Storm.—The Boundary.
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ILLUSTRATIONS.—Sphinx Ligustri.—Cocoon of Attacus Prometheus.—Pupa of Same.—Cocoon and Larvæ.—Cocoon packed.—Ichneumon laying.—Pupa of Sphinx.—Larva of Ichneumon.—Pupa opened.—Chrysalis.—Caterpillar.—Caterpillar and Larva.—Cocoons.—Parasite laying.—Allotria and Aphis.—The Mad Apple.
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Samples sent postpaid on receipt of 25 cents.
[*See Advertisement on Page* 558.]

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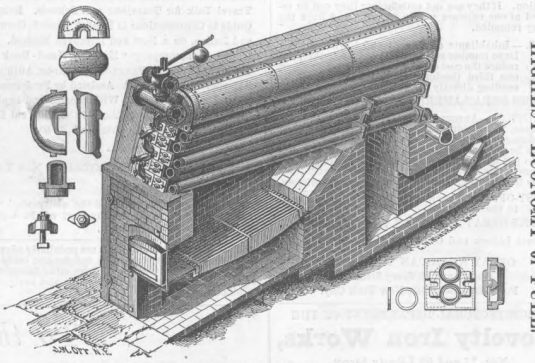
ROOT'S WROUGHT-IRON SECTIONAL
SAFETY BOILER.
POSITIVE SAFETY from EXPLOSION.
HIGHEST ECONOMY of FUEL.



[From the *New York Independent*, April 30th, 1868.]

STEAM CIVILIZED.

A recklessness of human life is the essence of barbarism. The command, "Thou shalt not kill," limiting the power of parents, husbands, and masters, was a first step toward the civilization of the Jews. War is thoroughly barbaric, because it is even worse than reckless of human life. Not a few remains of barbarism linger even in our years of peace, and hide in dark corners from the light of our civilization. The late disaster on the Erie Railway was barbarous, if it was, as is charged, the result of negligence on the part of those whose duty it was to provide safe rails on which their patrons must ride. Every steam-boiler explosion is a relic of barbarism, if the owners have not done all within their power to secure safe as well as cheap machinery. The immense number of persons whose lives are endangered in mills, manufactories, and steamboats, and on all the sidewalks of down-town streets, renders it a prime duty to secure the safest kind of boilers and the best qualified engineers.

Mr. JOHN B. ROOT has long been most favorably known for his valuable improvements on the steam engine; but his improved steam-generator promises to civilize the lusty and dangerous savage which we call steam. The name given to this invention is ROOT'S WROUGHT-IRON SECTIONAL SAFETY BOILER.

The prominent difference in plan of construction between this Boiler and the ordinary forms is, that it has no large shell to contain the water and steam. To avoid the waste of fuel in trying to force heat through thick plates of iron, this shell is always made too thin to bear high pressures. The evidence of this is, that it is the shell that always explodes. This Boiler is built up entirely of the best Wrought-Iron Boiler Tubes, four (4) inches in diameter, and the water and steam are contained in them instead of being around them, as in the common Boiler. The fire and heat surround instead of passing through them. All these Tubes are tested to 300 pounds per square inch, and we are told will sustain two or three times this pressure without giving way. We are assured that Tubes never *explode*, as is the case with boiler shells, but are *ruptured* at the weld, or weakest part, and that the results are inconsiderable compared with explosions of shells. The above test would burst most common boilers.

These Tubes are in each Boiler all of equal length, are laid up, with spaces between them, with the heads resting upon each other, and on an inclination. These heads are of iron, square, and are screwed upon both ends of the Tubes. They have two openings in each, and the Tubes are all connected together by Elbow Bends covering these openings, and held in place by bolts and clamps. The joints are all tight, and all on the outside. There are no joints exposed to the severe action of the fire. The heads form the ends of the Boiler, and the sides are inclosed in brick walls, thus forming a large combustion chamber filled with a cluster of Tubes. This plan secures slow and perfect combustion; more so, evidently, than can be the case in small tubes or flues with rapid draft through them.

The water is supplied at a cross-pipe at the lower rear corner, and steam taken to the engine at the front top corner.

Considering how few corporations have souls, and how many yet remain barbaric, it is fortunate that this new Boiler thus combines economy of fuel with economy of life and limb. The ordinary Tubular Boiler is more economical than the Flue or Cylinder, because it has a large proportion of its surface of tubes or thin iron, but this is all tube surface, and yet far stronger than the ordinary forms.

But another advantage deserves especial notice. It will be seen that it can be taken completely to pieces, and the parts carried through any common door. There is no need to tear down walls in order to admit an immense structure of boiler-iron. Accordingly, it has in several cases been selected for mines, where it had to be conveyed in sections on the backs of mules, and set up in other places where it would be difficult to introduce any other boiler.

The prices are reasonable, and it costs less to erect it. It is wonderfully accessible for examination, cleaning, and renewal, and can be cheaply enlarged by adding Tubes at top or side. Parts can be removed or replaced without disturbing the rest of the Boiler. Finally, we believe it to be in every respect the most desirable Steam Boiler yet introduced. Its large sale to discriminating purchasers is good evidence of its possessing the valuable qualities claimed for it.

The inventor is extensively manufacturing this economical and humanitarian Boiler, and is receiving orders for it from every direction.

May the time be near at hand when steam explosions shall be no longer possible, or cease to be dangerous, and then we may begin to hope that the millennium of steamboat travelers shall anticipate but a little while the millennium of railway tourists, who shall one day be delivered from the barbarous parsimony and greed of railroad managers, who are unwilling to expend a dollar to make a track safe or a car incombustible.

For Descriptive Pamphlets and Price-Lists of this Boiler, and Catalogues of Steam Engines, Steam Pumps, &c., address
JOHN B. ROOT, 95 and 97 Liberty Street, New York.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XII.—No. 610.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1868, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

"THE PET CALF."—By R. Ansdell.—[See next Page.]

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"THE PET CALF."

WE give on the preceding page one of the most pleasing of the works of art exhibited at the Leeds (England) Gallery, and one which we are sure will appeal to the sense and taste of all our friends in the country. "The Pet Calf" of Mr. ANSDELL, the artist, is an admirable representation of an incident which we have all seen at some farmstead—a young heifer, shy and timid, half afraid yet half inclined to make a friend of the pretty milkmaid, with bright, sparkling eyes and pleasant smile, who coaxes the wild little creature to follow her, and who has already no doubt given it its meal of milk from the can.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1868.

A "SOLEMN KEY."

WE have received the following note from Dayton, Ohio:

"The Cincinnati *Commercial* has a report of the speech of Hon. D. W. VOORHEES at Terre Haute, Indiana, in which he says of Mr. SEYMOUR: 'He saved the army of the Union at Gettysburg, and for it received the personal thanks of ABRAHAM LINCOLN and EDWIN M. STANTON. This recorded fact is the solemn key to his whole conduct during the war.' How true the above is will you please inform A REPUBLICAN?"

Mr. SEYMOUR was exactly as loyal and faithful a Union man as Mr. VOORHEES. They were both what was significantly called Copperheads; and nothing is more amusing than the attempt of those who denounced the war as fratricidal and infamous to prove that their candidate, Mr. SEYMOUR, supported it. The facts are becoming very familiar, but it is useful to consider them.

Mr. SEYMOUR was always an apologist for slavery and a defender of the policy of the slaveholders. When they seceded because of the result of the election of 1860, in which they took part, Mr. SEYMOUR assailed the party which had elected Mr. LINCOLN as responsible because it had not yielded to the threats of the slaveholders and permitted their policy to prevail. And he stated in the form of a question that "successful coercion by the North is no less revolutionary than successful secession by the South." This was a repetition of BUCHANAN'S doctrine, supplied by JEREMIAH BLACK, that the Government could not rightfully "coerce" a State. Mr. SEYMOUR'S whole influence was directed to secure a compromise with rebels; but the loyal people insisted that the rebellion should be suppressed at every cost; and when the rebels began the war they did not shrink.

On the 28th of October, 1861, Mr. SEYMOUR made a speech which was a virtual justification of the rebellion and condemnation of the Government, and in which he said that the Union should be sacrificed rather than slavery. In September, 1862, President LINCOLN issued his preparatory proclamation of emancipation. There were signs of a reaction of public sentiment against the war; and recalling his words of the year before, and the fact that he had never spoken one word of encouragement to the soldiers or of sympathy with the Government, the Democratic party nominated Mr. SEYMOUR for Governor. At least seventy-five thousand voters were absent from the State in the field, of whom a vast majority were opposed to him. But notwithstanding this advantage, his party managers were afraid of trusting him upon a platform of unconditional submission to rebellion, and Judge STRYKER and others persuaded him to make a speech at Brooklyn, which was the same kind of war speech that RICHARD O'GORMAN made in the great Union Square meeting after the firing upon Sumter.

Mr. SEYMOUR was elected Governor, by the vote of the city of New York, over General WADSWORTH, who had a majority of the votes in the rest of the State. It was the hope and expectation of his party that he would embarrass the national authorities by his official action, and his appointment of JOHN A. GREEN, one of the most notorious Copperheads, to a high military position in the State, greatly encouraged the peace faction. But the work that was logically and justly expected of Mr. SEYMOUR was nothing less than a counter-revolution. His message in January, 1863, showed the willing spirit, but the flesh was weak. Instead of recalling the New York regiments, or taking some decisive step of open hostility, Governor SEYMOUR chose the safer path of destroying confidence in the Government, and thereby paralyzing the national arm.

The dark summer of 1863 found LEE marching into Pennsylvania. On the 15th of June, Secretary STANTON asked aid of Governor SEYMOUR "to repel this invasion" of the States of Pennsylvania and Maryland. The Governor sent the troops. On the 27th of June Secretary STANTON thanked him for his "energy, activity, and patriotism," and President LINCOLN also thanked him. The latter further told him, through Mr. THURLOW WEED, that if he would use all his power to crush the rebellion, a grateful people would make him President. Mr. WEED, in recording this fact, adds: "I gave the message of an enlightened and patriotic President to a metaphysically-muddled Governor, whose Secession and Copperhead proclivities and associations brought deserved reproach and destruction upon himself and his party." The simple truth is, that when the demand of the Government for troops was made upon him, Governor SEYMOUR was suddenly compelled either to begin the counter-revolution by refusal, or to send the regiments. But, as the soldiers were not to "invade the South," but to defend a State from invasion, he found an excuse for avoiding a responsibility which he did not dare to assume. That his action belied his words and wishes, and disappointed the ardent men of his own party, is indisputable; and that the expressions of the Secretary of War revealed the intensity of his anxiety lest Governor SEYMOUR should act as he had always spoken, is no less unquestionable. Had the loyalty of every Governor been what Mr. SEYMOUR'S was, the result of the war may be conceived.

Governor SEYMOUR lost no time, however, in showing his party friends that they need not suspect him of loyalty, and in furnishing a bitter commentary upon the "patriotism" that Secretary STANTON mentioned. The Secretary's note was written on the 27th of June. On the 4th of July, when the event of the great battle, for which the New York troops had been summoned, was yet unknown—when it was the instinct of every loyal and generous heart to cheer public confidence, and encourage the soldiers in the field, Governor SEYMOUR came to the city of New York to make a speech. Not only was the moment as critical as any during the war from the actual military situation, but because the draft had been found indispensable. This was the measure of the Government which excited the most serious and threatening hostility that was manifested during the war. Should the draft be forcibly resisted, there seemed to be no escape from a universal convulsion.

The city of New York was full of the bitter enemies of the Government and its measures. Most of the organized militia had been sent away by the Governor upon the requisition of the national authorities. There were but a very few United States troops at the posts near the city. New York was virtually without a military force in any extremity; and of this fact, and of the feeling and character of a vast part of the population, Governor SEYMOUR was especially aware. Deep gloom among the loyal, eager and angry hate among the disloyal, was the disposition of the public mind. This was the time and this the place of the Governor's speech. Imagine what a man would have said to whom the cause and the country were dear. Remember what thoroughly loyal citizens every where in the country felt that day! Imagine what Governor JOHN A. ANDREW of Massachusetts would have said in such an hour and under such circumstances! His words would have been inspirations of hope, and faith, and lofty cheer. All good men, whose hearts and prayers were with GRANT and his men at Vicksburg, with MEADE and his men at Gettysburg, would have felt, as they listened, that whatever the issue of the battle, the cause, while such leaders as ANDREW remained, was unconquerable.

Governor SEYMOUR'S speech was a taunt and a sneer. As if to make abject repentance for sending the soldiers he began in a strain of bitter derision. "We were promised victories for to-day, said he, and instead of them comes the midnight cry of help from Pennsylvania. He proceeded to paint the situation as hopelessly as he could, and, alluding to the draft, warned the Government that the bloody doctrine of public necessity could be proclaimed by a mob as well as by a Government. The mob heard and applauded. It knew that the soldiers were absent, and that the police were few, however brave. It was sure of the secret sympathy of the Governor, and it made ready. Having sown the seed on the 4th of July, the Governor, on the 11th, went out of the State into New Jersey, and on the 13th the mob rose. On the 14th the Governor returned and addressed the rioters dripping with innocent blood, saying to them, "Let me assure you that I am your friend;" and adding, that, "as a test of my friendship," he had sent to Washington "to have this draft suspended and stopped." On Thursday night the militia and United States troops began to arrive, and the riots were suppressed. On the 3d of August the Governor wrote to the President urging the suspension of the draft, saying, threateningly, as if to suggest another mob, "the temper of the people to-day you can readily learn."

HORATIO SEYMOUR bitterly denounced the war; palliated the rebellion; denied the right of the Government to "coerce States;" discouraged enlistments; pronounced for slavery rather than union; sneered at the "promised" victories; instigated the riots; threateningly urged the suspension of the draft; presided over the Chicago Convention that called the war a failure, and demanded submission of the Government, and by his whole conduct so satisfied the rebels and Copperheads that they prayed for his success when again a candidate for Governor in 1864, and they have made him their candidate for President in 1868. On the other hand, when LEE invaded Pennsylvania in 1863, and the national authorities asked aid to repel him, Governor SEYMOUR sent the State regiments and was thanked. Whether this is saving the army at Gettysburg, and is "the solemn key" to his conduct during the war, our correspondent may now decide. Whether it is the story of a loyal American citizen the country has long ago decided.

THE STARS AND BARS AT THE DEMOCRATIC PEAK.

THE spirit and method of the Democratic party in this election can not be too constantly exposed. Their orators can not restrain their threats. As in 1860 they said that "the South" could not be expected to acquiesce in a defeat at the polls, so now their speeches are in the same tone. WADE HAMPTON, the chief Southern Democratic leader, in his first speech after the nominations, said, that SEYMOUR and BLAIR in a certain contingency must be placed in the White House at the point of the bayonet.

The large and the small cry in chorus. Captain RYNDERS announces that,

"If fraud should be attempted he would be one of the multitude who would literally take up arms against the tyrant, and by the bullet regain what had been lost unfairly by the ballot."

HOWELL COBB said the other day at Atlanta, quoting from the Democratic platform,

"The Reconstruction acts are null and void and shall not stand...,The grinning skeletons which have been set up in our midst as legislators shall be ousted by FRANK BLAIR, whom our party has expressly appointed for that purpose."

JOHN FORSYTH, one of the most blatant rebels, says in his Mobile *Register*, speaking of the reconstruction acts:

"We may as well say that the people of the South do not intend to submit to that permanent rule, result as the Presidential election may. And they have only submitted to its indignities and insults so far because they have been waiting for the good sense and justice of the American people to relieve them from it, and restore them to their civil rights in the November election."

The Meridian *Mercury* in Mississippi says:

"We must make the negro understand we are the men we were when we held him in abject bondage, and make him feel that when forbearance ceases to be a virtue he has aroused a power that will control him or destroy him."

WADE HAMPTON, in a speech in Charleston, says:

"Agree among yourselves, and act firmly on this agreement, that you will not employ any one who votes the Radical ticket. Use all the means that are in your hands to control this element."

The Democratic clubs are following HAMPTON'S advice. One in Columbia recently resolved:

"That no member of the club shall employ, rent lands to, or patronize any Radical, after the present contracts have expired; and that from this date we will not give any employment to any freedmen who are straggling over the country as day-laborers who can not show that they are members of some Democratic association."

The *Republican Banner*, a Democratic organ in Nashville, announces that in a conflict of races:

"So far as the white native citizens of this State may be compelled to take part in it they will be very careful throughout the sanguinary carnival which would naturally ensue to remember Fort Pillow in act as well as word, and

'Throughout the bloody conflict
Seek the white man, not the black.'"

The hero of the massacre at Fort Pillow, and a delegate to the Democratic Convention, General FORREST, said at a recent meeting of rebel officers in Memphis, speaking of the militia bill of that State:

"Troops would be called out. They would be backed by the Federal forces. President JOHNSON, notwithstanding all he and others had done to gratify his pride in the National Convention, had gone back upon the Democracy. He did not look for any help from him; but it mattered not how many were arrayed against him and his old comrades.....He would toot his horn. He knew that his old troops would answer as they had always done. He bade them arm themselves, and be ready. They were already drilled, and needed no drilling.....*He should be in favor of giving no quarter!*"

Undoubtedly; and General FORREST was of the same opinion at Fort Pillow.

Mr. GREEN CLAY SMITH, Governor of Montana, in a late speech for SEYMOUR and BLAIR in Washington, remarked:

"Virginia, as well as all the Southern States, is entitled to the same privileges as before the rebellion. She was conquered as Virginia, and is still the State of Virginia, and her electoral vote must be counted. Should it be cast for GRANT it would be counted by this Radical party, and the Democrats would say Amen. Should it be cast for SEYMOUR and BLAIR, by the Eternal it shall be counted."

The new organ of the Democratic party in New York, the *Democrat*, says:

"It will persistently and unflinchingly advocate the equality of States or another war."

General BATTLE, of the rebel army, advocates SEYMOUR and BLAIR at Mobile in a strain of which this is an illustration:

"The Democratic party....indorses principles for which you battled.....Not only does it declare in favor of that Constitution so dear to you," etc., etc.

The Vicksburg *Times* says:

"It was this identical letter of FRANK BLAIR to his friend, Colonel BRODHEAD, that secured the Missouri hero the nomination for Vice-President. We want just such ammunition as FRANK BLAIR uses."

ALBERT PIKE, strenuous for SEYMOUR and BLAIR, exclaims, in the Memphis *Appeal:*

"The South is our land; the North is a foreign and hostile realm.....The day will come when the South will be independent."

Mr. RAMSEY, a Democratic orator in Georgia, says:

"We are in the midst of a great revolution which may end peaceably at the ballot-box; but if not, then the true men of the South will rally once more around their now folded banner, and will try the issue at the cartridge-box.....There are men in the North who are now truly with you, and who will in such a conflict, if necessary, lead your battalions."

The Petersburg *Index* declares that

"Virginians are not to be frightened. Virginia has an unquestionable right to vote, and Virginia will vote.....To the counting of our votes the National Democracy stands solemnly pledged."

Mr. WILLIAMSON, in a speech at Shreveport, Louisiana, says:

"Let no man leave his native State. Let us lay our bones in Louisiana; and if these scalawags and carpet-baggers remain, let's hunt them from the country."

These are illustrations merely of the words and the spirit of the party which calls itself Conservative and professes a peculiar veneration for the Constitution. It agrees with RAPHAEL SEMMES, the pirate of the *Alabama*, who declares that he gives his allegiance, heart and soul, to the old flag, *provided* that SEYMOUR and BLAIR are elected. The old flag, undoubtedly; but the flag of stars and bars, not of stars and stripes. Does the country believe that such a spirit and such men will secure peace and prosperity?

THE PLATFORM OF CIVIL WAR.

SEVERAL of the States lately in rebellion have, under the direction of Congress, framed Constitutions, and have elected Senators and Representatives who have been "admitted to the councils of the Union."

The Democratic party declares that the action of Congress and of the States upon the subject is unconstitutional, revolutionary, and void. The Committee that reported the declaration also pledged themselves to carry it out to the end. The Convention that adopted it nominated a candidate who had just stated his opinion that the President ought to subvert by force the organization established by that action. The supporters of the Convention and its candidates declare that the election will determine whether those State organizations are unconstitutional, revolutionary, and void. If they succeed they claim that the existing governments are invalid, and must fall.

But the Supreme Court of the United States has also expressed itself upon this subject, and in the most peremptory and conclusive manner. In the famous DORR case, in Rhode Island, where the question was which of two claimants is the lawful government of the State, Chief-Justice TANEY delivered the opinion of the Court, as follows: "Under this article of the Constitution it rests with Congress to decide what government is the established one in a State. For as the United States guarantee to each State a republican government, Congress must necessarily decide what government is established in the State before it can determine whether it is republican or not. *And when the Senators and Representatives of a State are admitted to the councils of the Union, the authority of the government under which they are appointed, as well as its republican character, is recognized by the proper constitutional authority. And its decision is binding upon every other department of the Government, and could not be questioned in a judicial tribunal.*"

This is the Constitution as interpreted by the Supreme Court. Of course, therefore, when a State government has been recognized by Congress, its Constitution can be changed only according to its own provisions or by revolution. It is consequently impossible to disturb the present State organization of South Carolina, for instance, or of Alabama in any other way. When, therefore, General BLAIR and the Democratic party insist that it shall be done by the direct command of the President to the army, it spurns the Supreme Court which says that the President is bound in this matter by the action of Congress, and it appeals openly to revolution.

The Democratic papers which before the meeting of the New York Convention admitted this, which said that a change in the new State organizations could not be otherwise made "even if we elect a President," and which added, "and as to proclaiming a vain purpose to do it, we do not see how that is to help us gain, either in the North or the South, the votes needed to make the Democratic party a majority," have now been driven by the party whip into the revolutionary attitude. They said then: "When the Democratic party comes into power negro suffrage will be the existing rule in the Southern States; a rule which can no more be rightfully abrogated by Federal authority than it was rightfully introduced by Federal authority." They now say the election is to determine whether that regulation shall stand or be overthrown by Federal authority. They

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hoped that their campaign would be conducted upon lawful, constitutional grounds. They find that it is defiantly waged upon an issue of open revolution, and they acquiesce.

HARVEST PROSPECTS ABROAD AND AT HOME.

ALL the circumstances connected with the drought in Great Britain and Ireland will be deliberately weighed, as it is one of those remarkable visitations which leave a deep impress upon the condition of the people. It affects immediately the comfort, health, and prosperity of the whole kingdom, and will be the means of transferring to those food-producing countries which possess a surplus no inconsiderable share of the profits which the English annually derive from their great manufacturing industry. If the United States had suffered this misfortune we could not have borne it without an amount of distress, social and pecuniary, that would have imperiled our entire financial system. It falls upon a kingdom of immense accumulated wealth, whose fortitude and activity will be commensurate with the calamity. They will meet it without the shock that would have been occasioned here. We should be thankful to an All-wise Providence that we inhabit a land not yet so thickly populated as to be exposed to want on the score of food, and that we look to the results of harvests in other countries only to know to what part of the world we shall send the large surplus of our agricultural industry. Centuries must pass before this power shall be changed. The advantage of our rich lands—the only unfailing capital—we seem scarcely to know until the sufferings of those people are spread before us who, having ever an insufficient supply of food from their own tillage, are compelled to watch with intense interest the harvests and the granaries of all other countries. England nearly half a century ago awoke to the fact that her population had become too redundant to feed without importing grain. In 1858 her importations of food for home consumption amounted in value to over a quarter of a million of dollars. They may be reckoned now at between four and five hundred millions in our currency, without estimating the unusual want which this year's drought will occasion. What value the English will be obliged to import to make up for their present deficiency in the thirteen months between their present and the next harvest is not estimated in the British press, but how they shall meet the deficiency is the absorbing theme of discussion in England. An unusual number of their agents is now scattered over the world to obtain supplies at the cheapest rates, so that the burden of the drought may not be too oppressive. The opinion is universally expressed in their newspapers that, owing to the extent of their wheat crop, the price must fall; but occasionally the power of foreign countries to fix it is admitted, as in the comprehensive article in the London *Saturday Review* of the 1st of August. "Foreign supplies are necessary in the most favorable years, and the extent and availability of those supplies have always an important influence upon prices. *Prima facie*, with a good crop at home, prices should go down, *but that would not be the case unless we can be assured of abundant imports*. Our interest in the crops of foreign countries is therefore only second to that which we have in our own." . . . . "The world's granaries are very empty, and there is but little on the way from foreign parts." This is what we have contended for, that the price of grain at Liverpool this year will be determined more by the cost of her imports than by the home supply.

The situation in England we understand to be this. An unusual breadth of land has been sown in wheat, and the advantage has been enjoyed of gathering it without damage from rains. It is assumed there, quite universally, that the crop is not only the largest, but the best ever harvested. Mr. MECHI, the eminent agriculturist, states that this is so, and gives the quantity per acre and the weight of his own production to sustain the position; but whether his lands were irrigated or not from the stream which he says has flowed with sufficient abundance through his farm does not appear. Mr. LITTLE, an intelligent correspondent of the London *Times*, doubts if the general estimate by the community is accurate, as it would show that wheat could come to perfect maturity without the benefit of rains in the growing months. These it wanted in April, May, June, and July, and he refers the abundance of the crop during a previous season of drought to the advantage of copious rains in June, although the residue of the season was dry. We suppose that when this year's crop is measured, which is possible only of a part of it, it will be found deficient per acre, both in quantity and quality, and particularly as to spring wheat. The English have a saying that drought there never breeds dearth, and another that if successful in wheat it matters not so much as to the other crops; but these were originated when the population could be fed easily by home production. BACON said, "In times of dearth it drained much coin out of the kingdom to furnish us with corn from foreign parts." The impression doubtless prevails, as it is assiduously published of this *national* crop—for such wheat is—that it is so abundant as to affect the price of what they will obtain in other markets. The fact, however, must be the reverse of this, whether the wheat crop be large or small.

We published in December some statistics showing that 34,700,000 acres of land, of the 77,000,000 of which the United Kingdom is composed, remain uncultivated. The residue, 42,300,000 acres, is divided into lands devoted to grains, roots, clover, gardens, etc., consisting of about 20,000,000 acres, and the remainder to pasturage. The wheat lands, which are the strongest and best, consist of between 3,500,000 and 4,000,000 acres, but the disproportion between them and the whole shows that the fate of the residue is much more important to England in every season. It is upon this residue that her millions of animals are fed, that the enormous products of her dairy are raised; and it is here that the drought has fallen with most severity. Our English files show that so dry is the herbage, and so full of dried leaves the woods, that fires—consuming occasionally grain fields, stacks, barns, and houses, and running over heaths and through woods; lighted by engines, and from the careless use of matches—had opened a new source of danger. Cattle were universally suffering, and we suppose—dwelling no longer on these painful details—that the destruction of pastures and green crops constitutes the chief element of loss, and will impose a necessity for imports far exceeding what would have arisen from the entire destruction of all the wheat alone.

The activity of Liverpool in obtaining supplies now in California—which has already loaded several vessels—in the markets of the Baltic and Black Seas, and particularly here, is due to the necessity to bridge over the time which will elapse before the new crop of the world will be capable of safe transfer. In October and November, up to the close of navigation, new wheat will come forward from the West; but as Indian corn of the crop of 1867 did not reach this market till February of this year, and that by railroad, and not in very good condition, the crop of 1868 is not expected to arrive much sooner than February, 1869, unless stimulated by an important demand. Southern markets could supply it earlier, though with danger of heating. It is the old crop of wheat and corn on which reliance in the mean time is placed; and as this exists in only limited quantities, the holders of it, wherever they may be, hold what will unquestionably continue to be in great demand. The *City of Boston* took out twenty-five barrels of potatoes, which is the second new feature of this year's trade. The want of England will be urgent for wheat and barley at her planting-season in September, October, and part of November; but for the six months' supply of food she will require immediately before her harvest of 1869 she will be able to call upon this year's crop in every agricultural region. Our means of supply will be quite ample, while competing countries on the Baltic and Black Seas are suffering from drought, and Spain and France, if not importers, can not be exporters of grain. Our surplus on hand and from this year's planting will all be wanted; and as our farmers are almost never obliged to sacrifice their grain, their ample rewards will bestow activity on all the great interests of the country.

POLITICAL TERRORISM.

THE exhortations of the Southern Democratic leaders against the employment of all freedmen who have not certificates of Democracy, and the immense advantage which the landholding and educated class, organized for the purpose of coercion, necessarily have over the landless laborers who depend upon them for employment, should suggest to every good citizen the actual situation in the Southern States. It is the determination of the managers of the Democratic party to carry those States at every hazard; and we repeat what we said last week that he must cherish curious views of human nature who does not see the chances of their success.

A fair appeal to the people of the United States could result in nothing but the most signal Republican triumph. But the Democratic party does not mean to have a fair appeal. Hitherto it has been considered infamous for employers to coerce in any manner the vote of their workmen. If the proprietors of any great factories, for instance, in New York, should privately announce that all the hands would be dismissed who did not vote a prescribed ticket, they would be justly denounced as traitors to the most sacred principle of freedom of the ballot. If they did it publicly, they would be branded as public enemies. Yet the Democratic leaders in the Southern States say openly to the party, "Agree among yourselves, and act firmly on this belief that you will not employ any one who votes the Radical ticket." That means much more than it could mean elsewhere in the country. It means starvation. Meanwhile the Democratic clubs in those States are organizing with this purpose, and they will obey their instructions with murderous fidelity.

The answer made to such remarks is, that the Republicans control the State governments, and they must keep order by means of the State militia. But there is no militia in the Southern States. The State governments have no arms, and the supplying of arms to them by the National authorities is forbidden. The only arms in those States are in the hands of the late rebels.

The situation of multitudes of loyal voters there is consequently this: they are ignorant; they have a habit of dependence: they own no land, and look for employment to those who despise them as inferiors, and who openly declare that whoever will not vote as they direct shall starve. Against those who will not be intimidated by this threat the employers will not hesitate to use force and every kind of terrorism; the State authorities who should keep the peace have no arms; and the President to whom the authority may constitutionally appeal takes sides with the employers. Of course, under such circumstances there is a very plain danger that the minority of the voters in those States may coerce the majority. On the one hand, there are armed Democratic organizations professedly engaged in coercion of the vote of the poor laborer; on the other, there is a State government to which a law of Congress refuses arms. It is the imperative duty of Congress to secure a fair election; and the situation in the Southern States seems to us a sufficient reason for a September session.

THE MASK FALLING.

THE New York *World*, which was the chief Democratic paper in the city of New York until the recent establishment here of the *La Crosse Democrat*, under the name of the *Democrat*, always speaks of the General of the United States Army, who compelled LEE to surrender and DAVIS to fly, with the utmost scorn and contempt. It finds immense satisfaction in calling him sneeringly HIRAM or ULYSSES or SIMPSON, or HIRAM ULYSSES SIDNEY SIMPSON NAPOLEON. A few weeks ago, having deprecated "violence and scurrility" in political argument, and extolled "dignity and candor," it illustrated its exhortations by this exquisitely humorous and dignified argument, wholly free from scurrility:

"Sam Ulysses he got drunk,
Fell in the fire and kicked up a chunk,
Kicked up a chunk and broke his shin;
Guess that he won't do it again."

The same paper is not satisfied, however, with ribaldry upon General GRANT. Speaking of the civil administration of other eminent Union Generals in the Southern States—soldiers whom the Democratic party will never forgive, both for their success in suppressing the rebellion, and for their subsequent resolute defense of loyal Southern men against rebel Democrats—the *World* says:

"We will not follow these men into that retirement in which life is not long enough for them to linger until their excesses can either be forgotten or repaired. They have acted their part, strutted their little hour, and they can stand aside. . . . The men were either political courtesans, like POPE and SICKLES; wooden literalists, like MEADE, M'DOWELL, and CANBY; inflated popinjays, like ORD; or impetuous, insubordinate men, like SHERIDAN and MOWER. Bad as the laws were, they had a humane side which these men were too stupid to see or too hardened to regard. Hence the suffering of the South, and hence the reproach under which these eight generals writhe."

On the other hand the same paper says of a speech of WADE HAMPTON, one of the most implacable of the rebel chiefs, who supports SEYMOUR and BLAIR because he thinks their election the surest way for the "lost cause" to be recovered, that it "does honor to the American character." "In those words the true American citizen speaks." WADE HAMPTON says that the cause of "the South" is not lost, and that the present political contest involves issues more momentous than those of that which is just ended. Such words can have but one meaning; and the *World*, which sneers at GRANT and maligns his associates, rapturously exclaims that WADE HAMPTON "exhibits a practical temper and a just political vision which do honor to the American character."

BASE COIN.

JOHN A. GRISWOLD is unassailed and unassailable as a candidate for Governor of New York, except by the merest partisan recklessness. Some of the most unscrupulous of the Democratic papers have been endeavoring to tarnish his patriotism in connection with the monitors. If the reader, however, will remember that Mr. GRISWOLD left the Democratic party because of its attitude during the rebellion, he will perceive both a very obvious explanation of Democratic slanders, and a very cogent presumption against any unpatriotic action. But Mr. GRISWOLD'S patriotism and character are not subjects of presumption.

Mr. GRISWOLD, with C. S. BUSHNELL and J. F. WINSLOW, contracted with the Government to build an iron-clad vessel upon ERICSSON'S model. The Naval Board prescribed that there should be a guarantee and forfeiture in case of failure to withstand the heaviest fire at the shortest range and only one hundred days were allowed for the work. Mr. GRISWOLD and his partners agreed, and as the advances of the Government for material and labor were insufficient, Mr. GRISWOLD supplied the balance, and the vessel was built and delivered according to contract. Mr. GRISWOLD and his partners risked $275,000, the stipulated price, which would have been lost had the *Monitor* failed in the fight with the *Merrimac*. So, after the contract was made for the *Dictator* and *Puritan*, Mr. RICE, the chairman of the Naval Committee in the House, moved to amend so that the Government should pay the then value of the *Puritan* and the material on hand necessary for her construction. Mr. GRISWOLD voted for the motion, which saved Captain ERICSSON from ruin.

This base coin of miserable slander, with which the Democratic papers conduct the campaign, representing Mr. GRISWOLD as a selfish and grasping trader in national misfortunes, and General GRANT as a weak, worthless cotton thief, should be very summarily nailed to the counter.

A SENSIBLE SCHEME.

WE recommend to our readers a consideration of the Tennessee Manual Labor University, chartered by the Legislature of that State, and under the control of the colored citizens. The Board of Trustees have purchased a site of three hundred acres in Rutherford County, twenty-seven miles from Nashville, and near Murfreesborough. The object of the institution is to furnish to the indigent youth of the State an opportunity for literary, physical, and moral education. The principal feature is the instruction proposed to be given to young men and women in manual labor. The agent of this institution, who is collecting contributions in this city—Mr. DANIEL WADKINS—comes to us with authentic certificates from Governor BROWNLOW and other prominent citizens of Tennessee. We recommend the scheme to all philanthropists who desire to promote the interests of the freedmen in that State.

LEAD PIPE AND LEAD POISONING.

IT is beyond dispute that all the "salts" and "oxides" of lead are dangerous poisons. It is affirmed, upon the highest scientific authority, that some of these poisonous compounds are inevitably produced by the contact with lead of any of the water found in nature. The results of lead poison are well known. They take mainly the general forms of colic and paralysis. The quantity of lead necessary to manifest its effects is very small. Every glass of even the purest water which has passed through a leaden pipe is liable to contain more or less lead. Lead, moreover, possesses the special property, that when introduced into the human system it is not readily thrown off, but remains there, so that quantities almost infinitesimally introduced, in time amount to sufficient to produce their normal effect. It has long been a desideratum to produce a pipe for the conveyance of water for domestic use which should be free from this serious objection. Iron pipes meet this want, but are troublesome from rust, leaking at joints, difficulty of repairing, and their adaptation to the various indispensable situations is so difficult that they can never come into general use. Tin was next thought of. This metal is only very slightly acted upon by any of the substances contained in water, and none of the compounds thus formed are poisonous. There were, however, many obstacles—mechanical and economical—to be surmounted in adapting this metal to that purpose. These obstacles, we are assured, have been overcome in the "Lead-Encased Block-Tin Pipe," manufactured by THE COLWELLS, SHAW, & WILLARD MANUFACTURING COMPANY. This consists simply of a continuous pipe of solid tin, encased with an exterior covering of lead, so that the water conveyed through it never comes in contact with the poisonous lead, but only with the innocuous tin. The manufacturers also claim that the "plumbing" of a house, taking all things into consideration, can be executed as economically by the tin-encased, as by the usual lead pipe.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEWS ITEMS.

GENERAL SHERMAN has officially informed the Secretary of War that the Indian atrocities in Kansas are too horrible to detail, and that he has directed General Sheridan, who is in pursuit, to inflict summary punishment upon the perpetrators. The President and the Secretary have both acquiesced in General Sherman's instructions in the matter. Gen. Sheridan has issued an order directing the forcible removal of the Indians to their reservations, and compelling them to deliver up the perpetrators of the guilty acts. All commercial or friendly intercourse with them is forbidden. General Sherman reports to the War Department that he has ordered General Sheridan to kill if necessary, and the President has again signified his approval.

The Russian Grand Duke Alexis sailed for this country on August 22. He is the third son of the present Czar, Alexander II., and is just eighteen, and unmarried. He comes, however, for his health, not a wife.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE French people are evidently growing weary of military pageants. At the review of the army at Marseilles, on Napoleon's birth or *fête* day, the crowd cried out for peace and against war. The parades, which were once their amusement as celebrations of the glory of France, have become their horror as indicative of war. An election which occurred about the same time resulted in the defeat of the Government candidate by a large majority. These and other straws show that the wind is peaceward, though the designs of the Emperor are warlike.

They are apparently near the end of the unfortunate war in Paraguay. A new cabinet favoring peace has been chosen in Brazil. The people are clamorous for peace. Sarmiento, the newly-elected President of the Argentine Confederation, is opposed to the alliance with Brazil, and there is an outcry against President Mitre for having formed it. Besides, the allies have lately been again badly repulsed before Humaitta, with a loss of three thousand men: and such defeats are very powerful arguments in the hands of the peace party.

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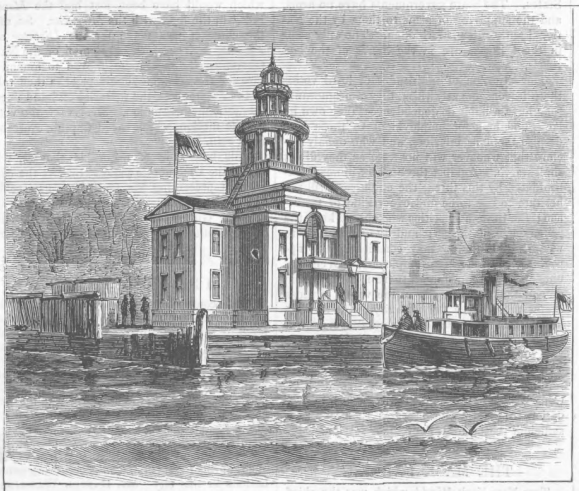
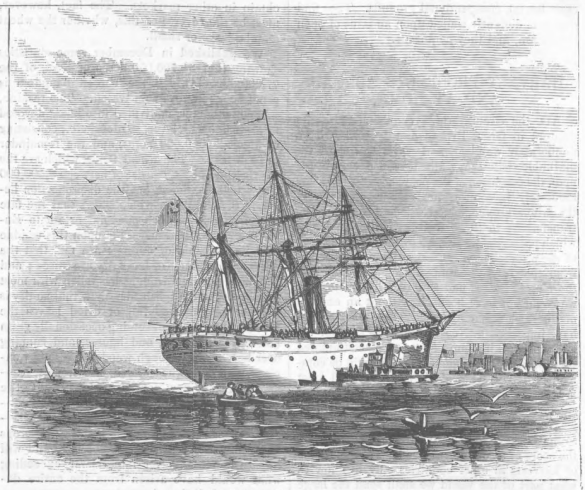
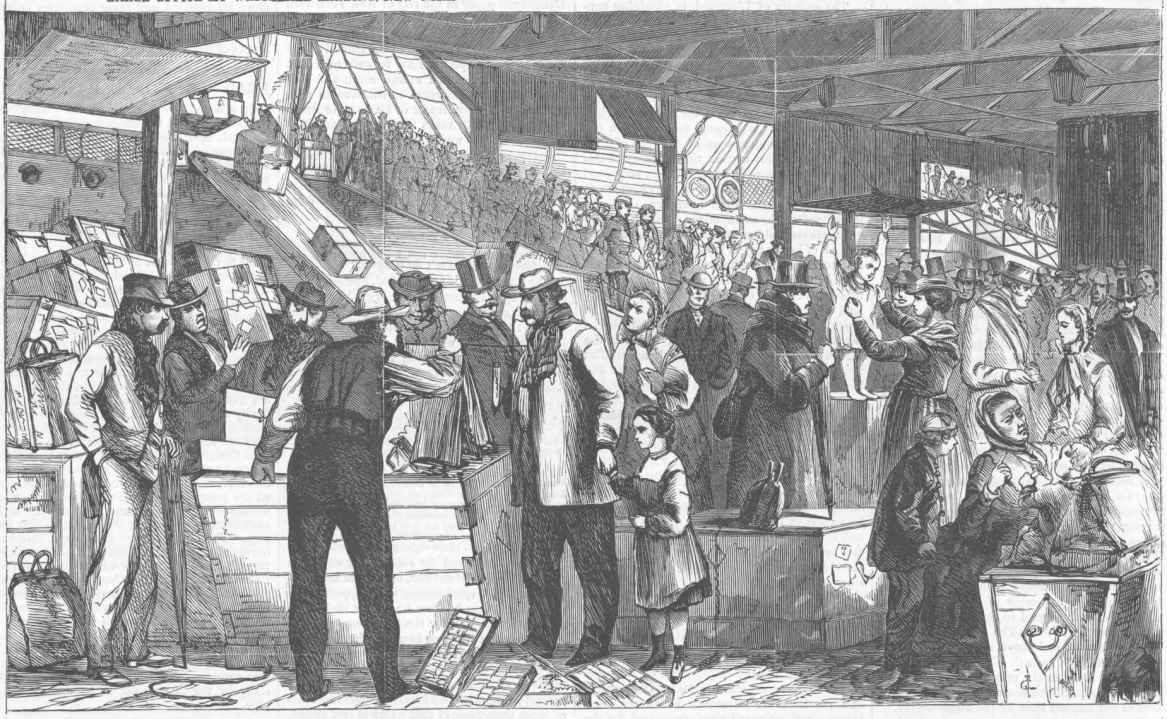


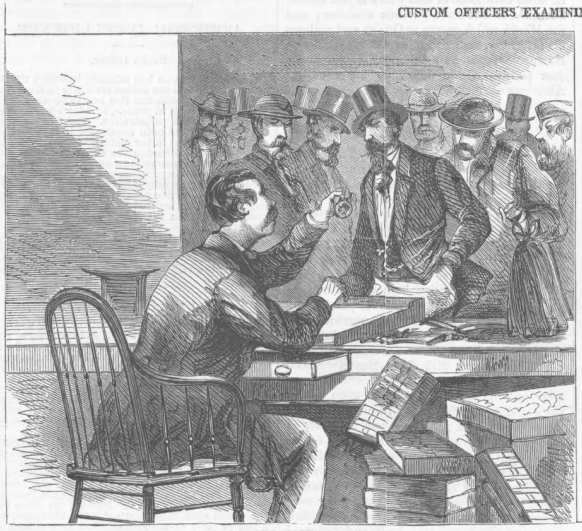
BARGE OFFICE AT WHITEHALL LANDING, NEW YORK.



CUSTOM OFFICERS BOARDING A STEAMER.



CUSTOM OFFICERS EXAMINING BAGGAGE AT THE DOCK.



PASSENGERS PAYING DUTIES.

SEARCHING A SUSPECTED SMUGGLER.

COLLECTING THE CUSTOMS—OPERATIONS OF THE CUSTOMS INSPECTORS AND AGENTS AT NEW YORK.—SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 567.]

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THE LAWYER'S STORY.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

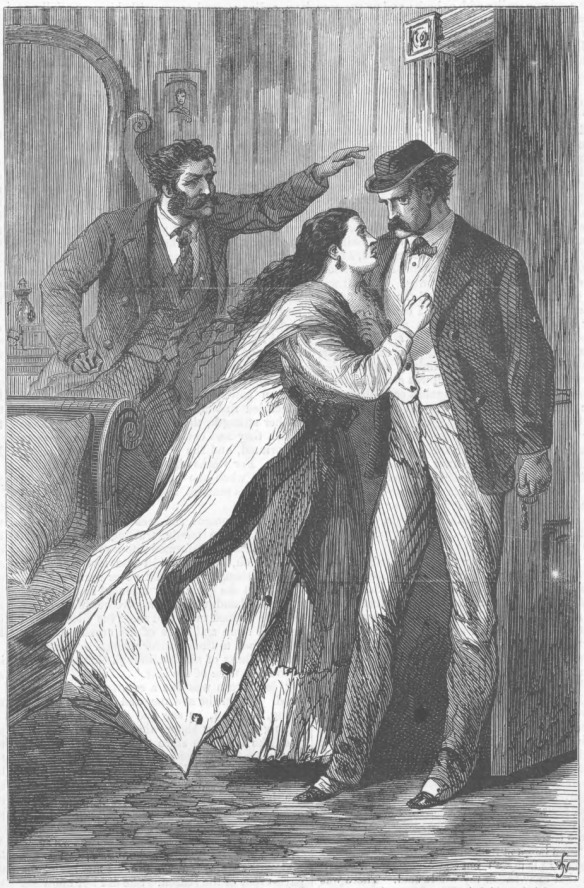
"I ASKED you to prepare a will," began my companion, after a silence of a minute or two, during which the smoke was ascending in curling rings from the bowl of his pipe, and lost itself in the darkness of the upper part of the room. But none passed from his lips, for he seemed to be too much buried in thought to permit him to smoke, and the golden mouth-piece rested motionless on his lip until he spoke:

"I made my will fifteen years ago. It lies in that case yonder. You shall read it some day. It is perhaps as well as any new one I could prepare. But it is in favor of one who was, I then thought, in the world, and whom I should soon meet, and whom I should educate to be worthy the great estate I could give her. But I have never met her. I have never heard of her. I know not if she be alive, or whether her fair locks that I so loved once have lain in the dust for nearly a score of years. No, I am wrong. I do know that she is not dead. I said I had faith in nothing. I have in that. Though I have not seen my child in seventeen years, yet I know that she lives, and that I shall see her before I die. I know it as well as I know my own existence. I have not dreamed that. No; I have learned it, and believed it, and it is true. Somewhere within the circumference of the world I have a child, and that is all I know of her residence, and yet she is my child, my own child!

"I have searched creation for her. For five years I did nothing but hunt the world over for her, and for ten years past I have done nothing but dream over that search, except when I have started off on its renewal, and come back to dream and start again. I have sought her from Russia to the Cape of Good Hope, from Hudson Bay to Patagonia.

"You smile, but I am serious. This search is my whole life, and though for some years I have abandoned it, my faith is growing so strong that I shall yet meet her in the world that I am determined to renew it again.

"You would think me a maniac if I should relate the thousand follies I have committed in this all-engrossing pursuit. I once stopped a Russian sleigh on the route to Siberia to see if she were in it. I boarded a schooner in a gale of wind off the coast of Peru to ask for a list of her passengers. I never saw a means of conveyance or a group of persons that I did not think it possible she was there, and unless I examined and satisfied myself I would be in despair for weeks afterward with the idea that I had missed her. Nay, I turned at every face I met, looked under every bonnet, and hurried up and down street after street of strange cities with no other object. Sometimes I forgot that I was looking for a human being, and looked as I would for a lost ring or jewel. I was asked a thousand times what I was searching after. In those labyrinthine catacombs of Egypt I was so mad as to go through every chamber, and look behind every pile of mummies, it perchance I could find some trace of her there!



"WALTER, YOU ARE THE ONLY FRIEND I HAVE ON EARTH."

"Can you understand what I mean? I was a monomaniac, insane, mad; and when I shall have told you my story you will hardly think it strange that I was mad. To have loved what I loved, to have lost what I lost, were surely enough to have maddened one more than man. Sometimes I think I am mad now. Sometimes I lie awake in the night-time, and believe that all this terrible story of my love and loss is a myth, a fancy, a dream, and that I am a young, strong, joyful man again, and I look around my room in the dim fire-light, and I call 'Eve! Eve!' and when the door does not open, and she does not come and lie down by me, I shudder, and remember what I am, and I shrink under the cover and tremble, and lie like a frightened child, lonesome, and beyond all words desolate.

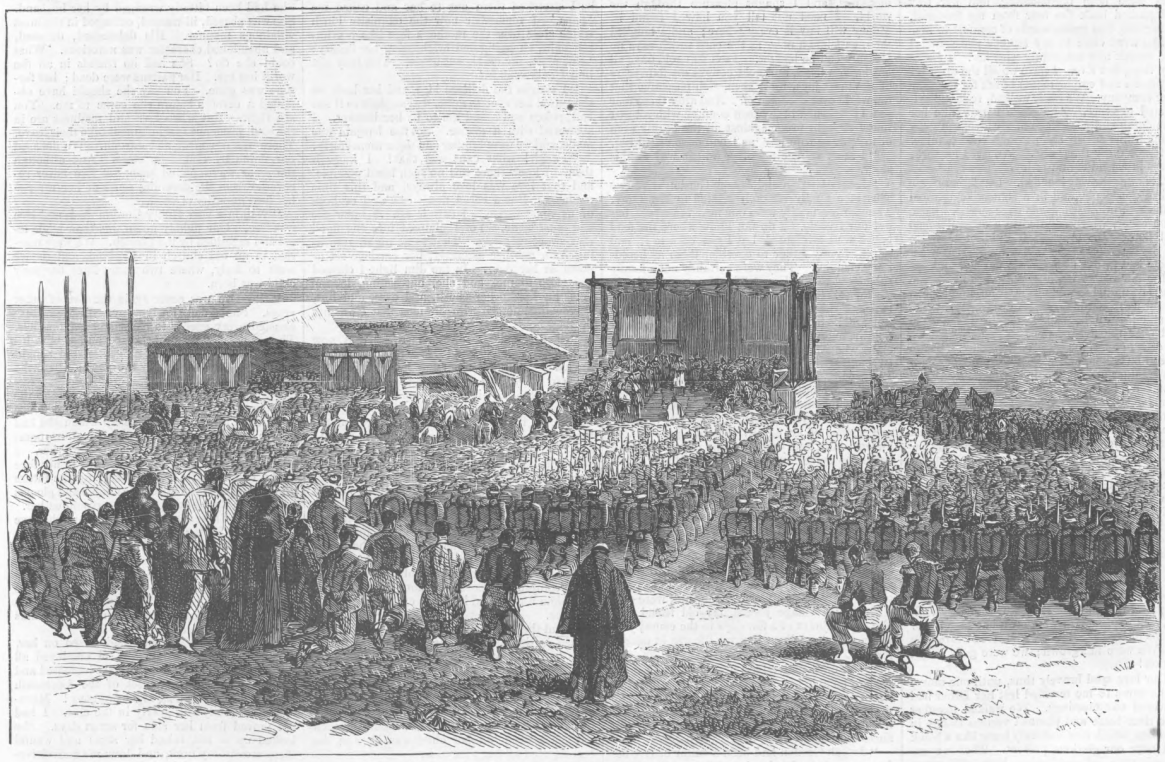
"And I can not longer remain alone. I have sought you to tell my story to some one that could talk with me—to whom I could talk—that the weight of this one terrible thought on my soul may be in some measure lessened.

"I was a wild boy. My father had a respectable property, sufficient to make my allowance liberal, and the result was my ruin. Yes, ruin is the word. I was absolutely ruined. I went to college, kept fast horses, good wines, drank freely myself, and made my rooms the resort of all who loved the good things of the world. It was my pride to have brilliant scenes in my rooms, to be constantly surrounded by the gay, the laughter-loving, the free. Sometimes I studied, and I ranked at least respectably as a scholar. I delivered the farewell address to my class, which I remember was esteemed an honorable appointment. I graduated, and fancied myself a man. I was still a boy, but a boy of ardent, dreamy nature. I had no restraint of mind, no sort of discipline. The effect of the reckless life I had led for four years in college was precisely what might have been anticipated in my after-life. I did not understand any of the laws of life, and I cared nothing for them. My wish was my law. Desire was always the reason for possession. Hence, perhaps, all my suffering.

"I had never loved a woman. Rare truth! I was twenty-one, and had never known that I could love. I had looked into many pretty faces, and, if the truth were known, I had pressed my lips to many soft cheeks; nay, to many red lips, perhaps, that were not unwilling; but that was in the country where I was brought up, and no one thought all that very wrong. The year after I graduated a new era commenced with me.

"I will not stop to describe to you the exceeding beauty of Eve Gray. She was beautiful; let that suffice. I met her at my own home, and did not recognize the child I had known from childhood. She was like a vision of heaven to me, and somehow she learned to regard me very much as a girl of thirteen would regard a boy of the same age, not as a woman of nineteen, learned already in the world's ways, would look on a man of twenty-two.

"We rambled over the hills together. We sat side by side in the glen. The moonlight was no different to us from the sunshine. We made all alike, and we loved each other. She was my angel. God sent her to me, I believed, to renew my soul, to make me a new man, or a man for the first time, by making me a child again, innocent, and full of fresh, warm feeling, untutored, unfeigned. As I looked into her matchless



CAMP OF THE PAPAL ZOUAVES—THE POPE PRONOUNCING HIS BENEDICTION.—[SEE PAGE 567.]

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eyes beaming with love and life, and on her features adiant with beauty, I blessed God and believed in Him and heaven. I could not tell you half our love. It was pure and perfect. She reverenced me and I worshiped her. Well, was that wrong? God never meant to forbid our worshiping beauty, so we only acknowledge His command over it. In worshiping His beautiful things we worship Him.

"And she was beautiful. Yes, I must tell you of her. I love to linger on that beauty now, and recall the features which my boy lips have caressed a thousand times, the brow that was so calm with thoughts of me.

"You have been in Florence. Do you remember that picture of the Virgin by Carlo Dolci, known in the catalogue of the Gallery of the Pitti Palace as '*La Santissima Annunziata*?' That calm and heavenly face in its matchless outline was hers. A thousand times I have looked from her countenance to that canvas and back at her speaking features in their serenity and calmness, and wondered where the painter saw her, for he must have seen her, in dreams or in reality.

"She was very graceful. No motion was abrupt. If she rose or walked, or seated herself, or threw her form on the leaves or on the grass, all that she did was gentle, graceful, and beautiful. If she spoke, the words escaped from her lips not as if forced out by any impulse or volition, but as if her thoughts, pure and holy always, had become living, and were making themselves known in a sweet flow of music.

"Her form was full and perfectly rounded; her foot was exquisitely small; her hand perfectly fairy in its proportion; I feared to grasp those delicate fingers in mine. There were two features of her face that attracted more attention than any other. These were her lips and her eyes. The former were chiseled with all the skill which cut the lips of the first Eve, and they were as tempting as Adam found them before. But there was a slight and constant curl on the upper lip, a shade of contempt for all the world, a consciousness of superiority, a pride of soul that bound her to my proud heart more than aught else.

"Her eyes were of a deep blue, flashing with lustre, and they gleamed through the bars which her long lashes placed across them with a radiance which startled you. On me they never looked save lovingly, and now that so many years have passed since I last met their gaze, I thank God that that last look of hers was full of woman love! Yes, I thank God, for when I remember her and her pure faith I believe in Him! and I refuse to doubt even where I dare not believe. We are boys till some great event makes men of us. We can't date the change exactly; but, when we analyze our lives past, we remember that just about the time of some terrible blow, just about the date of some overwhelming joy or sorrow, we grew suddenly thoughtful and reasonable, or, in other words, we became men. So it was with me. My mother died. To me it was terrible. I had not thought she could leave me alone; but so it was, and I was desolate in my grief. It was in that hour of agony that I learned the blessedness of Eve's gentle love. It was then that her presence soothed me, kept me on my knees when I would have been blaspheming, and her tiny hand pushed back the hair from my forehead, and her holy lips spoke words of comfort to me.

"She lived close by my father's place, and I found myself now constantly with her. I forgot every thing but Eve. I gave up all the ordinary enjoyments and employments of life for the sake of her company. We read, walked, rode, talked, dreamed together. And while I grew like her in the depth and gentleness of my love, she grew like me in the energy and determination of mine. We forgot every thing else. We lived for three months in a wild dream of joy.

"This was the way it ended. Our fathers were political opponents, and in a contest of unusual closeness certain hard words were spoken by one or the other, which resulted in a quarrel of no small fierceness. At first it did not interfere with the meetings of the two families; but when it had come to open blows in a public highway, and the binding of both parties over to keep the peace, lest a duel should ensue, it became impossible for us to continue our frank intimacy. We had still private meetings. There was a deep wood near the line of the two parks where we met daily, and sometimes twice a day. There we read or talked, and whiled away many a glorious summer afternoon. How distinctly I now remember it! Seated here in my city mansion, surrounded by these relics of the wealth and learning and arts of the Old World, with the roar of carriages coming in to us from the crowded street, and the swift tramp of multitudes hastening to a thousand scenes of pleasure or of pain, I remember that bank where the dead leaves lay thick all summer long, and the shawl thrown down for her to sit on, and the sunshine scarcely stealing through the branches of the trees, and the sharp chirp of the woodpecker, and the chirrup of the squirrel, and the call of the crow far overhead, and the solemn sound of the wind in the tall hickory and oak trees, and the rare beauty of the girl who sat by my side and read from my book, while her hand lay on my shoulder or was pressed in mine. Why we were very children, you say, and so we were; but angels nor the sons of God ever loved with more of love than we. We were full-grown; we were gods in our affection!

"Our love sped bravely thus, until one morning she came to me terrified lest her father had discovered our meetings. We walked together to the river bank and planned various things in the future, which now suddenly hung like a black cloud over our glorious present. Then we exchanged vows of everlasting love, and wrote them down, and called each other by the sacred name of husband and wife. It was no play. It was a solemn reality with us both; and no one ever went to the altar in magnificent church, or spoke the vows of marriage in the presence of a multitude, with more meaning or earnestness, or with a higher conception of the greatness of those vows, than we in the forest, on the river bank, on that summer afternoon. The wine is with you, Mr. Blackstone.

"Eve Gray was a woman. You smile. I will smile too. I tell you the whole story there. She was a woman. Well, what of that? I was a man. Each had faults belonging to the sex, and both had pride abounding. Her pride was backed by the waywardness and the weakness of her sex, mine by the folly, unkindness, madness of mine. We were living in the present. We had no future. We lived for the passing hours. A slight thing disturbed the serenity of our lives. She was calm and determined, I boisterous and obstinate. I never could tell precisely what the difficulty between us was. When it was all over I tried in vain to recall the origin of the quarrel. It was some trifle. I can only remember that in the progress of it much was said about my obstinate adherence to a refusal to be at a certain dinner or evening party at which she wished to meet me. Certainly it was nothing more than that; but the end was a general overhauling of all our offenses against each other, and one afternoon, in a small tempest of passion, we parted.

"We thought the parting was for a day or a week at most. Alas for the sad uncertainty of human prophecy! We met no more for years, and that little thoughtlessness was our ruin.

"I was obliged to leave my home suddenly to attend to some business for my father in a Southern city. Eve heard nothing of this, of course, and naturally supposed that I was pettish, and she grew more angry.

"I wrote to her from Charleston. The letter never reached her. Her father doubtless suppressed it. I was obliged to go from that city to Europe. I was absent two years, and then heard, by a casual remark in a letter from my father, that Eve was married.

"I was in Florence when I heard it. The blow was terrible. I found myself, an hour, two, four hours after I had opened the letter, standing with it in my hand before that picture of Carlo Dolci of which I have spoken, gazing at the heaven I had lost. Then came over me like a flood the memories of the grand old forest in which my years of greatest joy were dead and buried, and I seemed to be in their grave with them listening to the solemn wind moaning in the trees above them. I shuddered when I awoke to perfect consciousness. I was now a new, another man. The second great change in my life had occurred, and I was a wanderer on the face of the earth, homeless and hopeless.

"Men laugh at human love. I have sometimes laughed at it myself, but never since then. I tell you that blow shook my whole soul. There was no part of it in which it did not overthrow every thing, from the heaven in which dwelt the memory of Eve, to the depths where lay, unknown before, remorse for the last parting that I now knew my own madness had caused.

"Year after year passed on, and I wandered all over the world. Wealth I had in overflowing measures, and I sought pleasure through the world. I need not tell you how I found it. Money will buy it every where; and I laughed then, as I laugh now, at the cant which says no pleasure can be bought. I tell you gold buys all but heaven itself, and gold bought me four years of the most joys, most keen, rich pleasures that the world ever dreamed of. And after those four years I returned to my own country with a heart that I thought proof against all the beauty even of my young wife Eve, as I had once called her.

"I must retrace my steps a little way in this story.

"Henry Gordon and Joseph Gordon were two sons of a family remotely related to Eve Gray. The Gordon family were our near neighbors, but not our friends. I do not know where the feud between us originated, but I was born to it, and taught by my father to consider them as hereditary enemies. They were certainly not a family calculated to win love. There were no ladies in the house. The old man lived with his twin sons in a half-ruined house that was very like his fortune. The boys were ill-featured, shaggy-headed fellows, upon whom I practiced my father's principles when we were at school together. I thrashed them, as you lawyers say, jointly and severally. I first whipped Henry for being impertinent, and then Joseph for interfering, and the next day both of them together for daring me to strike them. This was all boyish nonsense; but it was the commencement of an enmity that has grown more violent daily and yearly to this day, and which helped to curse my life. You see that I admit frankly that my own evil passions have caused all my trials.

"At length I made the enmity mortal by what I thought great fun, though it was serious in its consequences on the boys. They were bad boys enough, and worse scamps were not in the country. But I confess to some compunctions of conscience when they were convicted, through my instrumentality, of robbing the solitary pear-tree in the yard of a poor woman, and were sentenced by a village justice, my old friend and ally, to a sojourn of a few days in the county jail. From that day I knew that my life was in danger hourly.

"You must understand my character in those days to be able to appreciate the effect which this enmity produced. I was accustomed to make much of all such emotions, and my mistaken father taught me that I was to live for family alliances and enmities.

"Joseph Gordon had been a suitor of Eve before I saw her after leaving college. She knew him thoroughly, and as thoroughly detested him, but as a country neighbor she was forced to be on ordinary good terms with him, especially as he had never declared himself as a lover. But when he saw the growing intimacy of Eve with me his anger was boundless. He followed us one day to the old forest, and thrust himself rudely into our company, and took the opportunity to insult me in Eve's presence. I repeated the lessons of school-days. I gave him a terrible beating then and there, with Eve looking on, trembling, beseeching, yet, I verily believe, enjoying the scene when she knew I was victor. He became after that like a blood-hound in pursuit of revenge. He shot my dogs. He hamstrung my best horse. He even dared to attempt to get me to fight him with pistols, and I thrashed him again for the insult. There was no method he did not pursue to annoy and persecute me. And he has had his revenge.

"Eve Gray had been the wife of Henry Gordon more than four years when I returned and heard the story of her marriage. She told me all. How she had resisted entreaties, threats, and commands; how she had been deceived; and, finally, spirit-broken and ready to die, had sought peace and death rather than that immolation. And when they had driven her to despair—when they had persecuted her even to the threshold of death, she still resisted with superhuman power, until, suspecting at the last her concealed reasons and the unknown source of all her strength, they left in her way a paper in which they had caused a notice of my death to be printed, and she read it and remembered no more. For weeks she was insensible or delirious, and when she awoke to reason they told her she was married, and the wife of Henry Gordon.

"That moment she was changed, fearfully changed. The gentle, trusting, confiding girl was suddenly transformed into a proud, revengeful, but oh, how beautiful and lovely woman! She had thought she could never survive such a union, but she grew fairly splendid in the hatred of her husband, which now gave her life. Every day she learned more and more his vileness, and suffered more and more of his cruelty, but she had seemed to thrive under wrongs. The world knew nothing of all this, though Gordon's reputation was none of the best.

"My return was like a resurrection from the dead. When she saw me, and knew that I was living, and not, as she had supposed, a shade among the other shapes that filled her haunted past, she has often since told me that her emotions were first and only unspeakable joy that she had in the world a hope of aid against the brutality of the man to whom she was bound. For she hoped all things, though her life seemed hopeless.

"She loved me better than in the old time. How did I know it? I knew it by my own soul; by her soul; by her eye; by her voice; by all that makes us akin to that we love. I met her at the gayest rout of the season. She did not know me at the first, in my dark dress and with my bearded face. But as I approached her she trembled, and when I spoke she nearly fainted.

"The next day I called on her. There was a child of two years old by her side—her child; and the mother's love for me seemed to pass to her by inheritance, for she sprang into my arms as I stretched them out to her and called me 'papa.' I remember now the exquisite blush which stole over the mother's face like a crimson light, changing and brightening her beauty: 'Not papa, my child, but uncle. You may call him Uncle Walter.'

"I caught the delicate idea, and her look, as she raised her eyes to mine, was as plain as if she had spoken and asked me to be her brother. I answered with a glance. So the bargain was made, and we were brother and sister thenceforth.

"Faugh! what cant was that! I knew it then. I knew there was no such bond possible, and that love was love always, and this time madness. But I cared not. She or I or both of us must perish. I saw it all. I knew the end must come. Yet I plunged into the flood that swept us along. That same night, returning from another assembly, her carriage set us down at her door. In the dim light I clasped her close to me, and she, unresisting, let me press my lips to her cheek, and eyes, and lips, and soothed herself with the idea that I was her brother.

"Shall I tell you of the madness that now took possession of us? How day by day we sapped the foundations of our honor, our religion, our salvation? It was not she that did it. It was both of us—ignorant, stupid, suicidal that we were. We knew the end. Our eyes were wide open from the first. She never doubted that she was lost when I met her in the crowd; and from that moment she had regarded her destruction here and forever as sure. But what sweet destruction! Those hours were purchased by the sacrifice of eternity, and they were cheap at that!"

Ashmun rose from his chair, and walked up and down the room while he continued, furiously:

"They were like goblets of wine in the crater of Vesuvius. They were like water to the lips of Dives. They were hours which in their mad flight compressed more joy, more wild, exulting joy, than a thousand lifetimes ever knew, before or since.

"And the end came with speed. A year had passed in this dream. We met daily; and the days had the wings of angels—fallen angels, if you please—but they were winged gloriously.

"One evening I was startled by a furious ringing of my door-bell, and a message from Eve demanded my immediate presence. I was surprised. I had seen her but a moment of each day for a week, for her child was ill, and she had devoted all her time to it.

"I was shown to her room, and found her standing silent and motionless by the dead body of her child, with her stern eyes fixed on the face of her husband, who, with his brother, were at a little distance. I had not met Joseph Gordon since my return from Europe, but I had heard of him as a gambler and a companion of the debased of both sexes. As he saw me enter the room he sprang furiously toward me.

"'What business have you here?'

"'I have not come uninvited.'

"'You are at least not needed. Thomas, show him the door.'

"'Stop, Walter Ashmun. I sent for you. I desired you to be here to-night. Walter, you are the only friend I have on earth. My father and mother are both dead. I have no living relative but one old uncle who has forgotten, if indeed he ever saw me. You were once nearer and dearer to me than all others. Yes, Henry Gordon, before I knew you he called me wife! Perhaps I was not his wedded wife in law. But I have been your wife, and I am so no longer. I renounce you. I will not be called by your name. I abhor you, and I will leave you.

"'Walter, see that dead child! He has murdered her. Yes, I said the word. The poor, sick child lifted her lips with some lingering love for him, and in his drunken mood he struck her—struck the gentlest child that ever sought a father's kiss, and she lay down and died. Then he struck me. Here—look at my cheek. It tingles yet with madness. And then he went out to his drunken companions, and I sent for you.'

"'Enough of this,' said Joseph Gordon, while Henry stood as if in a drunken stupor.

"'Will you leave this house, or must I put you out?'

"I was perplexed not a little. But Joseph Gordon gave me no time for reflection. He advanced and took me by the collar, and I had no hesitation in striking him a blow that loosened his grasp and nearly floored him. He seized a chair, the first weapon at hand, and struck at me. I avoided the blow, closed with him, shook his life nearly out of him, and threw him out of the door and down the stairs, doubtless breaking some bones, and leaving him senseless at the foot of the staircase.

"Then I walked down, bewildered, not knowing what I did, and as I passed out into the street I felt the touch of Eve's hand on my arm.

"'I will go with you, Walter. Take me somewhere to die.'

"I was not surprised nor startled. It seemed perfectly natural. We walked along the street together to my home. We entered the door as the door of our own house. We sat in this library. Yes, in this room, in that chair yonder, and she shuddered as she buried her face in my breast, and then looked up at me with a pale but peaceful face, and the struggle was over.

"One week after that we were on the sea. You look shocked. You had not anticipated this of Eve Gray. I know it was a terrible, a deadly sin. I know there is no blacker page in all that the recording angel has written than the one which bears this story.

"But in some respects it was palliated. She had been defrauded into the marriage. Perhaps it were better to say she had never been married to him, for she never remembered any such ceremony, though it was duly performed during her delirium by a hired scoundrel of a priest. She had been bitterly wronged by her husband. She was abused, ill-treated, outraged in the most villainous manner. His debauched, debased, and abandoned character was notorious. What could she do? She had no friends in all the world but me. Her parents were dead; her fortune was gone. You say she should have obtained a divorce before she came to me. You are right. But when love and madness are in the soul, prudence and judgment take their leave. There was our error and our sin. We debased our union by that deep stain. And although the error was repaired soon, yet Eve never recovered from the damning sense of her error—her first impurity of deed.

"Within a year Henry Gordon died, and Eve was free. Our unholy union was then made legal and sanctified by the Church. We were married in an old church in England, and thence went to Italy, where two years later our only child was born.

"But Eve was never again the Eve of other years. She faded slowly away. In vain I exhausted every energy to cheer and comfort her. The memory of the past pressed on her with insupportable weight, and her gentle soul sought refuge from the storms of the world where the weary find certain repose.

"From time to time her mind reverted to the religious instructions of earlier years, and once she met in Florence a clergyman whom she had known in America, and he came to our rooms and talked gently and pleasantly with her. I watched with joy the return of color to her face as the comfort of a certain faith for the future took the place of the miserable doubts and glooms with which my philosophy had surrounded her.

"Perhaps had she lived longer she might have saved me. Perhaps had she been left to me I, too, might have faith where now all is doubt—might have hope where now I but wander hopelessly.

"My joy at her returning cheerfulness was without foundation. She was not to be with me any longer, and the gloom which still surrounds me began to settle on my road.

"Eve was sick. A fever had seized on her, and I thought she would die. I employed all the skill of Naples, but the disease increased and hope ended with the sunset of the fourteenth night. That long, long night of agony! Morning broke dimly and grayly in the east. I had not moved from her side for seven days. She looked up at me, raised her arms and wound them around my neck, and drew me convulsively down to her and buried my head in her bosom, while she spoke hoarsely and faintly and with difficult utterance.

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LEFT BEHIND.—DRAWN BY CHARLES A. BARRY.—[SEE THE POEM, PAGE 570.]

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LEFT BEHIND.

See the Illustration on Page 569.

Now the old, weary light
Is wrapped in shadows, and the moon's astray—
I am alone to-night,
And sad, for he had never been away
Until he went up into Heaven to-day.

The time has seemed so long!
'Twas early when the angels came for him;
Only a bird's first song
Was heard in the trees, and all the sky was dim
Save one white line upon its outer rim.

They came so silently,
They passed so soft I never knew them nigh.
They might have pitied me.
Kind ones—they might have let me say good-by!
He will not hear me now, Heaven is so high.

How shall I learn the change?
I can not reason; grief has made me slow.
The one that's left is strange—
He waits a while, and then he, too, will go;
The one that's gone I can not see or know.

I shall not hear of him,
I can not tell if he is far or nigh;
Down here, where skies are dim,
I shall be waiting while the years go by,
The weary years to come before I die.

Ah me, if I had thought
God's people stood close by me in the dawn,
I would so have besought,
So wept, so prayed, they never could have gone,
They never would have left me thus forlorn!

I know I must be still,
They tell me pain is good when it is past;
They say it is God's will
To make his children happier at last;
But oh, the future looks so vague and vast!

'Tis growing dark and late,
And there are lights set in the house on high.
If there be fairer state—
If there be dearer love up in the sky,
Perchance it is a pleasant thing to die.

We, who are left alone,
Do fret so, down in the dark, and call and weep;
Do cry so for our own.
It will be well when stillness grows so deep
We can forget the world and fall asleep!

HANNAH R. HUDSON.

TWO FOOLS.

"SILENCE," they say, "is golden." If so, the speechlessness of Miss Percy's lovers was a fortune in itself. Up to her thirty-fifth birthday her admirers, if she had any, had kept their thoughts to themselves, choosing to let concealment prey upon their damask cheeks rather than tell their love.

That they should all, with one accord, maintain such strict notions of propriety was a singular coincidence. It was as if they had entered into a league to stand and adore at a respectful distance.

Why this should be so Miss Percy was at a loss to imagine. Her manners were undeniably gracious (indeed she had already smiled away a set of natural teeth); and she had admission to the first circles of society. It really did seem unkind in *some* man that he did not propose.

The deeper Miss Percy dived into the recesses of her brain to discover the cause of this masculine fault of omission, the deeper grew the mystery. She was not a beauty; but what of that? She was certainly a blue; she knew the poets from Chaucer to Tennyson, besides possessing the "deep, poetic heart" in her own right. "Depth," in fact, was her forte; perhaps, if any thing, she was rather too deep. At all events she was not understood. Alas! Such has been the fate of peculiar worth from the foundation of the world.

"I stand on an eminence grand and solitary," sighed Miss Stephanie, gazing in her mirror. "I feel my wrinkles. Thirty-five to-day. The noon of life. I see the 'noon-mark' on my forehead. Let me think," she continued, earnestly, "Yes, I will marry! Before the year is over 'the only daughter of the Honorable Rufus Percy, one of our first citizens, shall be led to the altar by—by—' Well, time enough yet to make a choice."

"Stephanie," said Mrs. Percy, breaking in upon her daughter's reverie, "what cap shall I wear to the wedding?"

"Wedding? Wedding?" repeated Stephanie, with an air of bewilderment; for in her dream she seemed to be already kneeling in bridal robes, and was just about receiving the ring upon her taper finger.

"Yes," continued Madam Percy. "Of course I desire to make a respectable appearance. I don't know, for my part, why I shouldn't care as much as I did when I was young. It strikes me a few orange flowers wouldn't be amiss in the border."

"What border?"

"Why, my cap-border, dear."

"Bless me, mamma, where are you going with a cap?"

"Stephanie, my love, I am talking of our Golden Wedding. What else do you suppose?"

"To be sure, mamma; I had forgotten," sighed Stephanie, now fully aroused to the fact that she was not at the altar, and that the bridegroom was yet undiscovered. "No wonder I can not make it possible that such a bright-eyed old lady has been married fifty years. Why, mamma, when I celebrate MY Golden Wedding do you know I shall be *eighty-five!*"

"A hundred more likely," laughed Mrs. Percy, spreading some elegant lace over a chair back and admiring the delicate pattern. "No, Stephanie; I have given you up entirely. What say to my wearing a pearl-gray silk with this rich lace? How finely it would light up with my diamonds!"

"You seem to be easily discouraged about me," said Stephanie, querulously. "I may marry yet. Stranger things have happened."

"Yes, they say we shall travel to the moon in a balloon," said Mrs. Percy, coolly; "but I doubt it. Now about these invitations?"

"My sweet mother, your raillery is quite out of taste!" exclaimed Stephanie, with some agitation. "If I have been so fastidious in my early youth as to slight good opportunities, it is not too late yet to repent."

"Very true; but I advise you to

'Be wise with speed;
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.'

Now do turn your attention to my cap."

But the sentimental young lady murmured to herself, unheeding the question of caps and wedding-cake:

"Come to me, O my love, my fate,
Ere all be cold and desolate:
Come, I have sought thee far and near;
Come, lest I wither while I wait;
It is the evening of the year."

"I don't see what is going to be done with our Stephanie," wailed Madam Percy to her husband; "she seems to have every gift of mind except common-sense. On all subjects but love she talks rationally."

"Yes, there's a screw loose about the poor child," responded the head of the family. "Not that we love her less than any of the eight who are married and settled in life; but we certainly can not take that pride in her we did in them."

"I accept it as a discipline," said Madam Percy, patting her gray curls, "sent to humble us and lead us away from the vanities of this present evil world."

After which pious remark the good lady devoted herself for the rest of the evening to dyeing her hair, which was so intensely white as to be of itself another means of discipline.

The night of the Golden Wedding rolled around, and was smiled upon by all the stars of heaven. It was a perfect evening in June. The Percy mansion was overflowing with guests; and, to suit a poetical fancy of Stephanie's, the trees upon the lawn were hung with colored lanterns, which lighted up the flower-beds with various grotesque colors, and converted the neatly-trimmed hedge and luxuriant grass into the appearance of a huge kaleidoscope.

Stephanie gazed upon the enchanted scene with eyes that had in them a far-away look. She was thinking of the beloved unknown.

"'Oh face that I have never seen,'" she softly repeated to herself, "'come to me, my love, my fate!'"

But as yet, among the gay throngs of relatives and friends, no such face had appeared, no strange guest, who could be mistaken for a "love" or a "fate;" only Uncle Johns, Aunt Matildas, and cousins and cousinesses to the third and fourth generation, with a due sprinkling of well-meaning friends, who could not claim the least relationship, but were freely tolerated on account of their golden gifts.

"My prophetic soul tells me he is coming yet," thought Stephanie, who had been reading "Elective Affinities" that morning, interspersed with dribblets of "Maud" and "The Princess." "I wonder if he will know me by delicate intuition?" pursued Miss Percy. "I believe I am looking my best to-night."

This was probably true; but a superficial observer would have classed poor Stephanie with the "hopelessly unmarried." She had no features in particular and was far from being a fright; but with all her studied elegance, acquired in the best society, she was woodeny, with the straightness and stiffness of an old-fashioned clothes-pin. She also wore a decided mustache, which seemed a waste of substance, considering the poverty of her large head in respect to hair. However, it is not of the least use for wise people to declare of the uncertain future that this or that event will not take place. Stephanie had a hope, though it bordered on despair, a glimmering hope that to-night would be a turning-point in her destiny. And, as if the hitherto hard Fates were suddenly mollified by her appeal to their mercies, the curtain actually rose upon a remarkable arrival. The word "curtain" is to be understood in a metaphorical sense; for as a matter of fact the strange gentleman alluded to was first seen out of doors directly in range of a green lantern. He was tall and well formed, with commanding presence and clearly cut features. He had just entered this variegated fairy-land, and was standing near Miss Percy, though truth compels us to say with no delicate intuition that he was "the coming man."

"Miss Percy—Mr. Pendleton," said a mutual friend. And so the first step was taken, and every body knows it is "the first step that costs."

Stephanie looked up and met a pair of brilliant eyes shining down upon her with respectful admiration.

"Welcome, Sir," said she, impulsively, "welcome to this happy land where

'Every flower writes music on the air.'"

An auspicious beginning this, with poetry to start with! Stephanie, being seized with a new idea, made a hasty movement backward, and nearly lost her balance over a verbena-bed.

"Can it be, Sir, that this is our cousin Hosea Pendleton?" ("Our unmarried cousin," she added, mentally.)

"The same, dear Madam, and your humble servant ever. As I chanced in Boston I saw a notice of your Golden Wedding there, and hastened here to pay you my respects."

"He talks in blank verse," thought the enraptured Stephanie.

"Allow me to congratulate you, my dear Madam. Time has most kindly dealt with you."

"Oh, you flatter, Sir."

Little dreamed the fair Stephanie of the mistake her guest was making. Owing to his near-sightedness and the deceitful hue which the green lanterns threw across her thin features, he supposed he was addressing the venerable bride of the evening, his unknown cousin of a third remove, Mrs. Percy. But he was soon undeceived; for his cousin of the fourth remove, Miss Stephaine, immediately suggested that she was ready to lead him indoors and present him to her respected parents, who were standing in the hall under a blazing coronet of gas-light.

Mr. Pendleton could see, despite his poor eyesight, that he was the lion of the evening. Stephanie clung to him like a sweet-pea. Stay; this is mixing metaphors. Who ever heard of a sweet-pea's clinging to a lion? Rather he was the star of the evening, and she a humble firefly looking up at him in a fervent glow of adoration. To say that her appreciation of him was without effect upon Mr. Pendleton would be to do injustice to the most susceptible of men. All his life long—and he was now of mature age—he had been a silent adorer of ladies. To hold silk for them, to sit in a corner and gaze on them, to hand them to their carriages, to be in some sort a foot-stool for their charming feet, had been to him a precious privilege. They all seemed willing to be admired; but when it came to serious intentions Mr. Pendleton had always found them exceedingly coy. Sometimes they declared they were averse to matrimony altogether; but their objection was soon overruled by some happier swain; so the discomfited Hosea had often been doomed to look on at their weddings, holding a bouquet of flowers before his breaking heart. The number of times that brittle organ had been broken and mended was an anatomical curiosity; still at the time of his introduction to his fair cousin it was as good as new and quite ready to be demolished again by whom it might concern. Not that Stephanie was likely to prove dangerous, but there were a few lovely young girls in the company who might.

As Hosea looked about him his dying hopes revived again. He felt an insane desire to distinguish himself in some way, and so win the favor of these unknown charmers. Toasts and speeches were going the rounds; he determined to make a speech himself. True, he had never undertaken such a thing in public but once, and then had broken down ingloriously; but to-night he felt inspired; he should immortalize himself, he knew. He stole softly along to Dr. Shaw, the master of ceremonies, and whispered in his ear, "You'd better call on Mr. Pendleton to make a speech."

Now who Mr. Pendleton might be was a profound mystery to Dr. Shaw; but at the next opening he politely invited that mythical gentleman, "if present, to come forward and offer a few remarks."

To the worthy doctor's surprise the summons was answered by the very person who had whispered the suggestion. Stephanie, not being in the secret, was delighted to see the magnificent Mr. Pendleton walk out and take possession of the door-stone. The manner in which he did it was truly imposing. There was an expectant hush in the air.

"My dearly beloved uncle and aunt," exclaimed the amateur orator, with a grand flourish; and then stopped. He had made a mistake in the relationship, to begin with.

"My dear *cousins*," resumed he, after a pause long enough to count sixty; and stopped again. The fountain of inspiration had been choked at the first gush.

"Poor soul! Can it be that my presence disconcerts him?" thought Stephanie, in a flutter.

"Or—ahem!—I mean—ahem! I did not intend to be called forth; I had no intention of coming forth—and—and—so forth!"

A preternatural gravity settled upon the guests. Another pause ensued, during which Stephanie's heart throbbed with sympathy, and her mother was "disciplined" to the last degree of endurance. Then, with a desperate jerk, Mr. Pendleton caught up the thread of his discourse again.

"I did propose to—to—propose to—offer myself—*myself* to offer—a few remarks."

But after wiping the drops of anguish from his forehead, and throwing an appealing glance at the ceiling, the poor man gave it up, and added:

"But there seem to be no—no remarks to offer!" and rushed off the door-stone in despair.

Little Mrs. Blossom, being rather hysterical, giggled outright, to her own shame and consternation. The well-bred Mr. Percy looked apoplectic; his lady wife seemed to be roasting mentally over a fire for martyrs; the tender Stephanie alone felt pity for the man who had tried to speak and made a cat's cradle of the thread of his story.

"Poor dear!" thought she; "if, as I believe, we have each met our fate to-night, no wonder we feel a tumult of the soul. It is a pity, though, he should attempt to deliver an oration under such circumstances!"

She looked up, to see the man leaning over her chair.

"Well, fair cousin," said he, with the utmost composure, "how did I do? Made a mess of it, *didn't* I?"

"Not so very bad, Mr. Pendleton."

"I stammered, I know I did," returned the orator, candidly. "I forgot my speech; but how can you expect a man to remember any thing under such a battery of bright eyes?"

Stephanie's dull orbs shot forth a very unnecessary sparkle. She did not know that Fanny Blossom and Mary Bell, the two mischievous girls standing close by, constituted the bright-eyed battery; and that Mr. Pendleton's heart had already undergone a slight shock.

"I am sorry you should feel any embarrassment," said she, with a conscious blush.

"I have the misfortune to be so very susceptible," sighed Mr. Pendleton, casting a tender glance toward the pink and white Blossom, who was regarding him with a smile.

"What a pity, Mr. Pendleton," said the Blossom, roguishly.

"Very gallant, I am sure," chimed in the Bell, laughing behind her fan.

"Little did I dream of meeting such attractions when I came," exclaimed Mr. Pendleton, rapturously patting the left pocket of his vest as he spoke.

Miss Stephanie was startled. What would he say next? There was such peculiar guilelessness about the man, such unworldly simplicity, that it was barely possible he might propose on the spot. Stephanie was ready and waiting for the declaration; but she did not wish it proclaimed from the housetop; she very much preferred that it should be spoken decently and in order.

"Come, my friends," said she, starting up with the grace of a wooden doll on wires, "let us join the party in the music-room."

But alas! as they obeyed her suggestion it somehow happened that she and Mr. Pendleton drifted away from each other in the crowd. She did not see him again until the close of the evening. He made his adieu very politely, it is true, but she could not fail to perceive that the impassioned tenderness was gone from his voice and manner; there was no longer the slightest danger of a declaration. Danger, indeed! Stephanie groaned as she laid her weary head on the pillow.

"It is just like me," said she. "I was always nipping my proposals in the bud. Mr. Pendleton was certainly impressed; but now he has gone away discouraged."

"Oh, Stephanie," said Mrs. Percy next morning, in a tone of extreme vexation, "what a perfect success the whole affair would have been if that stupid cousin—"

"Mamma," replied Stephanie, with flaming cheeks, "I presume you refer to the princely Mr. Pendleton. I am sorry he blundered so sadly. His is pre-eminently the gift of silence, and he should not have attempted to speak. He confessed to me that he is a very susceptible man, and the—ahem—the unexpected pleasure of meeting me—"

"Unexpected fiddlesticks!" broke in mamma, forgetting her manners. "If you have but a thimbleful of brains, Stephanie, it is your duty to make use of that thimbleful. Cousin Hosea is certainly a simpleton; but, for all that, he does not care about you. I heard the man with my own ears making love to Fanny Blossom. I could wish," added Madam Percy, pouring a cup of coffee with an air of resignation, "I could wish you had common-sense; but, my daughter, your weakness of intellect is my discipline; I accept it as such."

Poor Stephanie gazed at her dry toast as sorrowfully as if it had been the remains of her last friend. The bright hope which had sprung up the night before seemed to have gone out with the light in the green lantern.

But she despaired too soon. Cousin Hosea had not been smitten by her mature charms, it is true; still she was destined to hear from him again; the Fates, grown merciful at last, were turning the tide in her favor. Ashamed of his failure as an orator, the brilliant Mr. Pendleton determined to show Misses Blossom and Bell that, at least, he knew how to write. So he droned away at a dull sketch of the Golden Wedding, published it in a newspaper, and sent it exultantly to those blooming young ladies, and also, as a matter of form, to his pensive cousin Stephanie.

Miss Percy's sensitive spirits rebounded from freezing point to summer heat in a moment.

"He has *not* forgotten me, mamma! See how my fate seems to hang on that one evening, as I always thought it would!"

"Your fate, you foolish child!"

"She does not appreciate; she can not understand," thought Stephanie. "Why do I speak to her of my deepest feelings? I will act for myself. Hitherto I have been bound by conventionalities; I have nearly shipwrecked my happiness by being too coy. I will now try what a little boldness will do."

Seizing a pen, she wrote at once to thank Mr. Pendleton for his kindness in sending the interesting newspaper. She delicately hinted at the unusual pleasure his brief acquaintance had given her, and trusted he would generously pardon any unintentional coldness he might have observed in her manner on the night of the Golden Wedding, for verily it had not been dictated by her heart.

"This will encourage him," thought Stephanie, with a sigh of relief; "he will surely answer my letter."

He did. Mr. Pendleton had never received such a missive before, so elegantly expressed, so replete with kindly interest. What she meant by "coldness" he could not divine; and concluded it must be a figure of speech. His reply was thoroughly commonplace, but studied with extreme care. Mr. Pendleton's advantages had been good, and he could write correct English.

Stephanie was alarmed. She was too happy; she was afraid to trust to her emotions.

"I have been deceived a thousand times," thought she. "How many men have seemed to be just as nearly on the point of proposing as Mr. Pendleton is, yet have passed me by on the other side? Another disappointment would crush me."

Stephanie tremblingly took up her diamond-pointed pen again.

"It certainly will do no harm for me to ask him what his intentions are."

"Because, my beloved friend," wrote she, tearfully, "I feel that I *can not* allow myself to be trifled with!"

"Trifled with! Good gracious!" exclaimed the astonished Mr. Pendleton, dropping the letter at the third paragraph, as if it had contained explosive properties.

He let it lie on the floor till he had rubbed his bald head to the color of a peony.

"As if I wouldn't give a pretty sum if I only knew *how* to trifle!"

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Then, being a very susceptible and ill-used man, who had always sued in vain for a lady's love, he took up the letter reverently and—pressed it to his lips.

"Well, well, to think of my making a conquest at last! Hosea Pendleton, is this you? John Meader says wives come to us like four-leaved clovers, when we least expect it. How true! What! that old maid? Homely, too. I must declare it's none of my seeking. That shows it's *fate!* What a deep impression I've made! Poor girl! She is the first that ever seemed to appreciate my real worth. Begs me not to trifle with her! Certainly I won't. And she an heiress in her own right! 'Am I serious?' she asks. 'Why, of course I am. And really I do wonder I never thought of it before!'"

Mr. Pendleton's next letter contained a formal offer of marriage. It was the first Stephanie had ever received, but there was no mistaking the ring of the true metal.

"Oh mamma, congratulate me!" she cried.

"You foolish child, who would ever have dreamed of your marrying at your time of life; and such a simpleton as Cousin Hosea!"

"After all, he's of good family, my dear," said aristocratic Mr. Percy, trying to choke down his chagrin, and call up his philosophy, "a branch of my own tree. What could be more respectable?"

"Yes, my dear husband; if a fool catches a fool it is all right, and we should consider it a means of discipline," was the pious response. If poor Stephanie is only happy, I will accept the lesson without a murmur."

And Stephanie was happy, supremely so; Mr. Pendleton also, as soon as he had duly considered the matter. They settled down to a quiet, harmless life; and it came to pass as years went on that they appeared to develop a little commonsense. The numerous disappointments of the heart which had made them both so cruelly conspicuous were now healed forever, and though never a brilliant couple they have ceased to be regarded as two fools.

PARIS ON VELOCIPEDES.

YOUNG PARIS is just now carried away by the rage for velocipedes; and these machines are now the crowning nuisance of the grand, new avenues of the great City. They are machines with two broad wheels, across which the rider sits and propels the instrument and himself with his legs. Parties of men go out velocipeding just as our fast youths go out yachting or driving or skating. Sometimes an enthusiast may be seen flashing through the streets in single blessedness, puffing and rushing like a railway train. The "knowing ones" survey each other's velocipedes with the awful solemnity with which horsey men survey the points of a horse. The other day, the sprightly little Queen, Fatima Djoumbe, on a visit to Paris, from the east coast of Africa, near Mozambique, was terrified by the sudden appearance of one of these grotesque vehicles, carrying a young dandy along like the wind, and her sudden shriek was duly placed on record. A rich proprietor of Valence was also compelled to utter a cry of alarm when he found himself face to face with a couple of velocipedes on the public road, and his frightened horses upsetting his carriage into a ditch. The gentleman brought the case into court, but got no damages.

This nuisance is one of the "awful" punishments which Napoleon has brought upon himself for insisting on improving the Parisian streets. He has persisted in macadamizing and asphaltizing the roads until they are so smooth that the velocipedes roll as swiftly along them as they would across a parlor floor, and as noiselessly, too, as if the floor were carpeted. The consequence is that foot passengers are discomfited and horses affrighted. The Parisians scarcely know whether to laugh or scowl over this new rage, which they call a superior sort of skating for all weathers. Is the repaving of Broadway with the improved Belgian, and the extension of the Nicholson and Stafford pavements in New York, to inflict the same nuisance on this City and people? Is Central Park to be given up next summer to the velocipede skaters? Young New York, no doubt, will shortly drive some of these fast vehicles in the Central Park and along Fifth Avenue.

This *new* mania, over which Paris is so excited, is after all an old one. It was known many years ago in London, England, as the "mania for hobby-horses." For two or three years, from 1819–22, it raged there, and an account of the mania says that "it might literally be said that every man had his hobby. Hobby-horses figured in the parks, and were to be seen in every road, not only round London, but near most large towns in the country, whither this fashion was carried. Dandies, or not dandies, all were infected with this strange mania, which furnished matter for caricature upon caricature in great abundance.

There is an old cut in existence taken from a caricature published on the 8th of April, 1819, representing the military episcopal Duke of York—he was commander-in-chief and prince-bishop of Osnaburg—riding his hobby for economy, on the road to Windsor. It was a period at which the outcry against the extravagance of the civil list—in which the Duke partook largely—was particularly loud and violent. John Bull, who is somewhat astonished at the figure cut by the royal hobby-rider and his boasts of economy, exclaims: 'Dang it, Mister Bishop, thee art saving, indeed, thee used to ride in a coach and six; now I pay thee £10,000 a year more, thee art riding a wooden horse for all the world like a gate-post.'"

TIME'S HEALING.

THE worketh wonders in his onward course:
To those who bear their burdens with meek heart
He lendeth courage, energy, and force.
Then, "bring forth fruit with patience," O my soul!

Time creepeth with a feeble ling'ring pace,
He bendeth down his aged back and stoops;
Yet aids the suff'ring in their toilsome race.
Then, "bring forth fruit with patience," O my soul!

Beneath the shelter of his soft dusk wing
He leadeth on in welcome shade to peace,
And gently smoothens every rugged thing.
Then, "bring forth fruit with patience," O my soul!

His scythe, with noiseless surely-sweeping swath,
Mows down abuses, prejudices, wrongs;
Induces amity, assuages wrath.
Then, "bring forth fruit with patience," O my soul!

His kind old hand, for all its trembling eld,
Hath oft the skill to disentangle knots
That we have hopelessly intricate held.
Then, "bring forth fruit with patience," O my soul!

The silent dropping of his hour-glass sand
Is like the unheard stealing on of "joy"
That "cometh in the morning" from God's hand.
Then, "bring forth fruit with patience," O my soul!

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

NOT long ago an English gentleman was rowing about a small lake with several of his children and one or two friends. A little girl, three years old, leaned over the boat's side to drink, and fell into the water. Her father jumped in after and seized her, rose once or twice, and then sank never to reappear alive. He probably could swim a little; but it is clear that his knowledge of the art could hardly have been sufficient to be of any practical use, even to himself, in ordinary circumstances. It has been remarked that it is a "difficult gymnastic feat" to support even an inanimate body in fresh water. Whether this is true or not depends on many varying circumstances. Certainly an inanimate body is less troublesome to manage than a living and terrified person who clutches at and drags down his would-be preserver. An English journal, in commenting upon the accident above-mentioned, gives some suggestions in regard to trying to save another in the water. If the drowning person is insensible he may be towed by the hair, or even by one hand; but when any power of struggling, or clasping, remains, pushing is the only safe method. The swimmer should, with his right hand, seize his friend by the back of the neck, or, better still, under one arm from behind. He should then, keeping this arm straight, take, as nearly on his right side as possible, the strokes that may be necessary to bring him to a place to which he can cling and support his companion till help arrives. The onward motion so far counteracts all downward tendency that, except the swimmer makes the mistake of trying to raise the other above the surface, no effort to "support" will be necessary. These directions, simple as they are, could not, of course, be followed in an emergency unless, in addition to a good knowledge of the art of swimming, one retains his presence of mind.

In France swimming is systematically taught, and there is hardly a town of any importance, if situated on a river, without its floating bath and swimming school. In England, however, no such facilities are common; nor are there any adequate arrangements made by the public authorities in most American cities for bathing and swimming.

Caution should be used not only in preventing the spread of the cattle disease among animals, but also in handling the deceased cattle. In the vicinity of Troy a man skinned two cows which had died. His hands and arms were somewhat scratched by berry bushes, and in this manner the poisonous matter or virus was inoculated into his arm. The limb began to swell and pain him very much. He consulted a physician, but his condition rapidly grew worse until it resulted in his death. A sister, who had attended the deceased during his illness, was also infected by contact, and it is doubtful if she recovers.

At this season, when mortality among children from cholera infantum is excessive, a few suggestions for the prevention of this disease, given by a physician of New York, may be useful: Preserve cleanliness of room, clothes, and person of child, and secure fresh air for it. Use light flannel covering of chest and bowels at all times, and other covering to suit the changes of weather. If a child under six months old does not nurse, its milk should be prepared as follows: Boil a tea-spoonful of ground barley with a gill of water for fifteen minutes; to which add a little salt, half the amount of boiled milk, and a lump of loaf-sugar; give it to the child lukewarm. If the child is over six months old, the boiled milk and barley-water should be in equal quantities. If the child is costive use farina instead of barley flour, or use oat-meal gruel, strained before it is mixed with the milk. Beef tea or beef soup may be added to this food for five months, or older. No child under two years of age should be allowed the miscellaneous diet of the table.

The Pacific Railroad Company are now engaged in erecting sheds over the exposed parts of their track to protect it against the deep snows of the Sierra Nevada mountains. Last winter the sheds that had been built were crushed by the weight of the snow that fell upon them. Those that are now being built are of heavy timber frame-work, with pointed gable roofs, and look as if they could withstand almost any pressure of snow. Nearly forty miles of the track will have to be thus covered, and the quantity of timber required will be enormous. Not less than twenty-two sawmills, most of them worked by steam, are run night and day, employing nearly two thousand men; and yet they do not work up to the needs of the Company. In a few weeks twenty-eight mills will be running. It is estimated that it will require no less than 800,000 feet of lumber to construct a mile of sheds.

There is some comfort in the dim and distant future for those who suffer great irritation from the bites of mosquitoes. The *Lancet* mentions it as a curious fact that the susceptibility of the whole, or different parts, of the system to the action of poisons and irritants appears to be limited, and the bites of mosquitoes, the action of vesicants, and the power of vaccine and other animal poisons, can not be made to perpetuate their effects on one and the same system. So, after being poisoned enough, we shall be proof against their bites. However, it is not so much their long *bills* as their perpetual *notes* that annoy; and nothing is better than good netting to keep the creatures at a distance during the night.

It is stated that a French author, being desirous to write a biography of Charles Dickens, wrote to that gentleman for materials, but received none, Mr. Dickens replying that he "had long ago formed the intention of writing an autobiography."

A curious story is told by the Nashville *Banner* of a wolf-chase through the town of Tullahoma. A party of hunters were on their way to the mountains, when their hounds run upon a wolf by accident. A race followed. The wolf, not having time to choose his course, went tearing through the streets of Tullahoma at a tremendous rate, pursued by hounds and hunters. Every body in town joined the chase—at least almost every body, until the crowd numbered eight hundred. The excitement was increased by an offer made of five dollars to any man who would bring the scalp of the wolf to the authorities of Tullahoma. The race continued between four and five hours, when the exhausted creature, having been chased through the town two or three times, took refuge in the mail car of the Nashville train, which just arrived as his strength was failing. The mail agent retired to the tender of the engine. Suddenly the train started, carrying the wolf, to the disappointment of the gathering crowd at the station. About the time the train got outside the town the monster jumped out and made good his escape.

The Green Mountain State has produced a wonderful story, which any body is at liberty to believe. This is the substance of the tale: There is a man in Vermont who can not speak to his father. Previous to his birth some difficulty arose between his mother and father, and for a considerable time she refused to speak with him, but the difficulty was subsequently healed. The child began to talk at the usual age, but was always silent when with the father. He so continued until five years old, when the father, having exhausted his powers of persuasion, inflicted punishment for what was regarded as stubbornness. This elicited nothing but sighs and groans. The child apparently could not speak to him, although he endeavored to do so. And when the boy grew to mature age all efforts to converse with his father were fruitless. A pretty tough story this!

A remarkable criminal trial has been recently held at Posen, Germany. A master bookbinder, named Wittmann, was accused of having poisoned six persons in six years, namely, his four wives and two children. All of the wives had some property, and had made wills in favor of the husband before their death. On the death of the fourth wife suspicion was excited, and a thorough investigation made, which resulted in proving that arsenic had been used to poison them all. Wittmann has been sentenced to death. His motive seems to have been merely to obtain money.

In Syria the regulations pertaining to divorces are singular. If a man divorce his wife he can not see her face again. If both man and wife agree to a divorce, it takes place; if not, there is a secret meeting held of the friends of the parties, called the assembly of verification. If the fault be on the side of the husband, he must, on separation, give the wife the half of his property, and *vice versa*. One of the most singular customs of the Druses is, that if news, true or false, go abroad that a man has divorced his wife, the cadi sends for him, and says: "The news of your divorce having gone abroad it must take place." And if the man should say, "I have not divorced my wife," it is of no avail.

The following incident may seem a rough one; but the uneducated Irishman brusquely expresses a feeling which many, we fear, and alas! not better, indulge—that there is no occasion for prayer until danger is imminent. Two raftsmen were caught recently in a gale on the Mississippi. The raft was just emerging from Lake Pepin as the squall came. In an instant it was pitching and writhing as if suddenly dropped into Charybdis, while the waves broke over her with tremendous uproar. Expecting instant destruction, one of the men dropped on his knees and commenced praying with an earnestness equal to the emergency. Happening to open his eyes an instant, he observed his companion, not engaged in prayer, but pushing a pole in the water at the side of the raft.

"What's that yer doin', Mike?" said he: "get down on yer knees now, for there isn't a minute between us and purgatory!"

"Be aisy, Pat," said the other, as he coolly continued to punch with his pole: "be aisy, now, what's the use of prayin' when a feller can tech bottom with a pole?"

The Artesian well on the Colt estate in Hartford has now reached a depth of between 1300 and 1400 feet. Work has been suspended on it during the extreme hot weather, but will now be resumed with the aid of a new steam-engine of greater power than the one hitherto used. The lowest rock yet struck in boring this well is a very dark slate.

Don't sneeze too violently! A man in Nevada City sneezed his shoulder out of joint a week or two ago. Four men and a surgeon gave it considerable pulling to get it into place again.

The streets of London are watered with a weak solution of salt and chloride of lime. One watering a day is sufficient.

Is there not some truth in the following which we clip from an English paper?

"Every thing nowadays must be done on a large scale; a lie must be a big lie to be properly respected. The unhappy wretch maddened by drink or jealousy, who, in a moment of temporary insanity, gives a blow which deprives of life all that he loves best in the world, is an awful murderer. The directors of railways who, by mismanagement, kill a few hundreds of the human race, are courted and respected. The heartless creditor who, by his harshness, drives his unfortunate debtor to take the benefit of the act of suicide, may be admired by all for his many charitable works. For our part we would, so far as possible, punish causes. If, whenever a railway accident occurred, a couple of directors or railway officials were tied on to the 'buffers' of the engine and forced to travel thus for a month or so daily, we much doubt if railway smashes for the next few weeks would be of such frequent occurrence."

Fashions repeat themselves in the course of years, if we are able to understand a passage in Jeremy Taylor's sermon on the marriage ring: "Menander, in the comedy, brings in a man turning his wife from his house because she stained her hair yellow, which was then the beauty." Menander flourished about three hundred years before the Christian Era.

A learned savant of Sweden accounts for the terrible earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, and tempests we have experienced within the past year or two by a theory that the crust of the Earth has been very seriously depressed and broken. He also intimates that, by the exit of subterranean fires and other causes, the ices of the Poles have been greatly reduced, and the angle of the equator with the plane of the ecliptic very perceptibly diminished.

A writer at the "Springs," in commenting upon the "prescribed manner" of imbibing Congress water, remarks that a "green one," going to drink for the first time, walks carefully and timidly; if there is a crowd, he is the last man and every new-comer gets ahead; he takes the glass tremblingly and looks into it and through it; then he takes a swallow and looks beatific; takes another and another, as he would castor-oil, with a terrible pause; perhaps, having finished the first glass, he remembers that he may be watched, and so he quietly takes another, and then leaves for a walk like a man who has done his duty. But your regular drinker is the first to come, and as jealous and tenacious of his place as the one next to the rail of a monkey's cage. He swallows glass after glass like nectar, and only stops when he is full up to the throat. He then takes a turn or two to shake it down.

Why will not newspapers give *important* details when they tell about any thing wonderful or excellent? An exchange says: "There is a village out West so healthy that people can't die there, but are obliged to go to the next town if they are tired of living; and there were two men who lived there *so old* that they did not know who they were, and nobody could tell them!" But what is the *name* of that village? Have the doctors carefully suppressed it?

Is there any limit to electrical wonders? The American *Artisan* describes a book containing 24,993 ems of solid matter which was both set and distributed by an electrical type-setting machine in six hours thirty-nine minutes. One of these machines, it is said, may be placed in a newspaper office in Boston or New York, and be operated on by a reporter in any other place connected with the machine by telegraph. That is, the reporter may take his notes to the telegraph and set them up in type at the distant office. Truly this is the age of inventions!

An old stone house in Guilford, Connecticut, is supposed to be one of the oldest houses now standing in the United States. It was erected by the Company who first settled the town, in 1640, for the use of their leader, a minister of the Church of England. The stone of which the building is constructed was brought, on hand-barrows, from a ledge some considerable distance from the place where the house stands. The cement used in building the walls is said to be harder than the stone itself. The house was used by the first settlers as a kind of fort, for some time, to defend themselves against the hostile savages.

An eccentric Irish gentleman has lately launched a yacht weighing sixteen tons on Lake Govana. The yacht, however, was built in Dublin; so, when completed, it was mounted on an iron truck drawn by twelve horses, and in her the owner, his wife, and retinue traveled to his castle; and it is said they greatly enjoyed the journey, which occupied four or five days. All along the road crowds assembled to witness the singular spectacle; and many amusing comments were made by the quick-witted Irish.

A new method of ventilation, called the Ruttan system, is announced, the distinctive feature of which is the introduction of warm air near the ceiling, and the passing out of bad air near the floor.

Newspapers certainly produce some literary as well as natural curiosities. For example, a Wisconsin paper says: "During a fierce thunder-storm near Mount Desert the lightning came down through the roof of a house and a bed, upon which lay a husband and wife, throwing the man out of bed, thence into the cellar and out through the drain, and then plowed up the ground to the barn-yard, where it killed a cow."

A Springfield journal tells of a horse which ran away in that city, "throwing the driver out and cutting a severe gash in one of his hind legs."

A notice of a recent steamboat explosion in a Western paper ends as follows: "The captain swam ashore. So did the chamber-maid: she was insured for $15,000, and loaded with iron."

A Western editor describes the scene at a popular lecture thus: "Three thousand ladies were hanging on the lips of one man." A pretty strong man that!

A Syracuse printer, in setting up a book publisher's advertisement, construed one of Dickens's works thus: "'Barney,' by Rudge—$1 50."

A New York daily is responsible for the statement that "ex-Governor Andrew was born in 1818, previous to which event he had two strokes of apoplexy, one in 1804, and the other in 1806."

Tooth-picks are inexpensive luxuries; consequently the fatal accident reported from Chicago last week never need to be repeated. A woman in that city died from the effects of swallowing the point of a needle, which broke off while she was picking her teeth with it.

The name of the new Territory is sometimes seen spelled *Alaska*, and sometimes *Aliaska*. Mr. Sumner says: "I think the spelling 'Aliaska' is a mistake, for which the Coast Survey in their first map of this country are partly responsible. On that map this country is spelled Aliaska with an *i*. On inquiry there I found they had no particular authority for the spelling, and on my suggestion it was altered to Alaska in a subsequent edition." It is a good rule to adopt the most simple mode of spelling words, which is sustained by good authority—therefore Alaska is preferable.

According to the Detroit *Post* there are the remains of many wrecks in the waters of Lake Erie, which, though deposited many years ago, are yet in an excellent state of preservation. No less than seven vessels are mentioned, among them the steamers *Washington* and *Atlantic*, considerable portions of which lie in their original position. On a still day the remains of the *Atlantic* are plainly visible.

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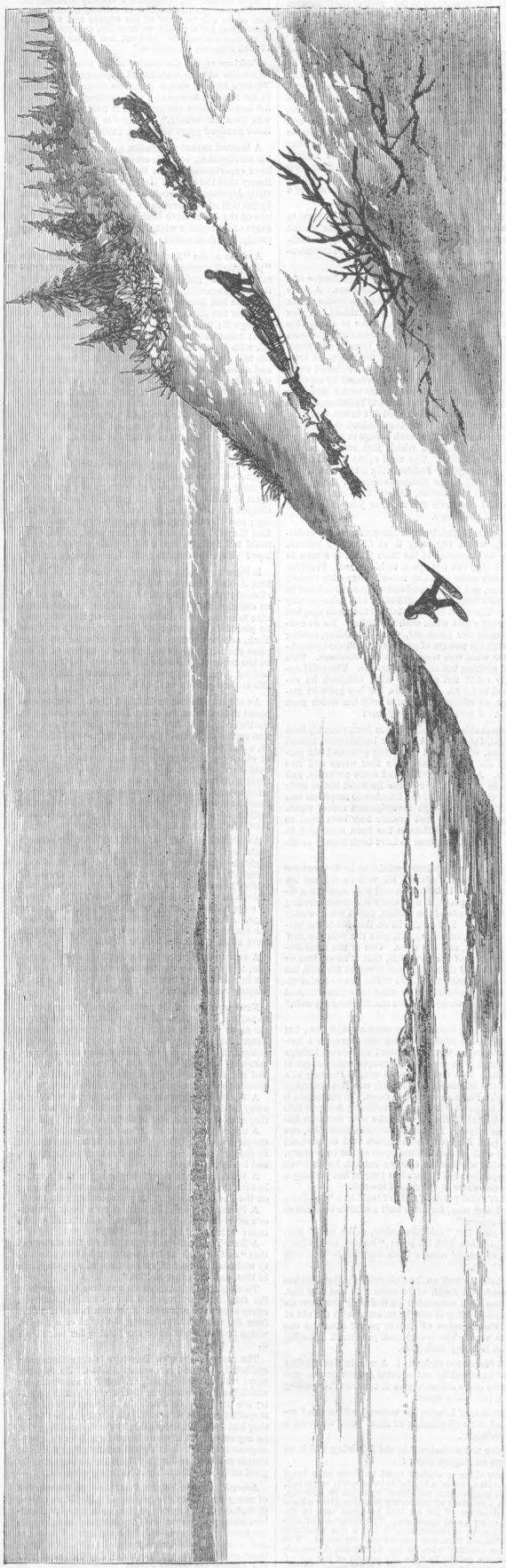
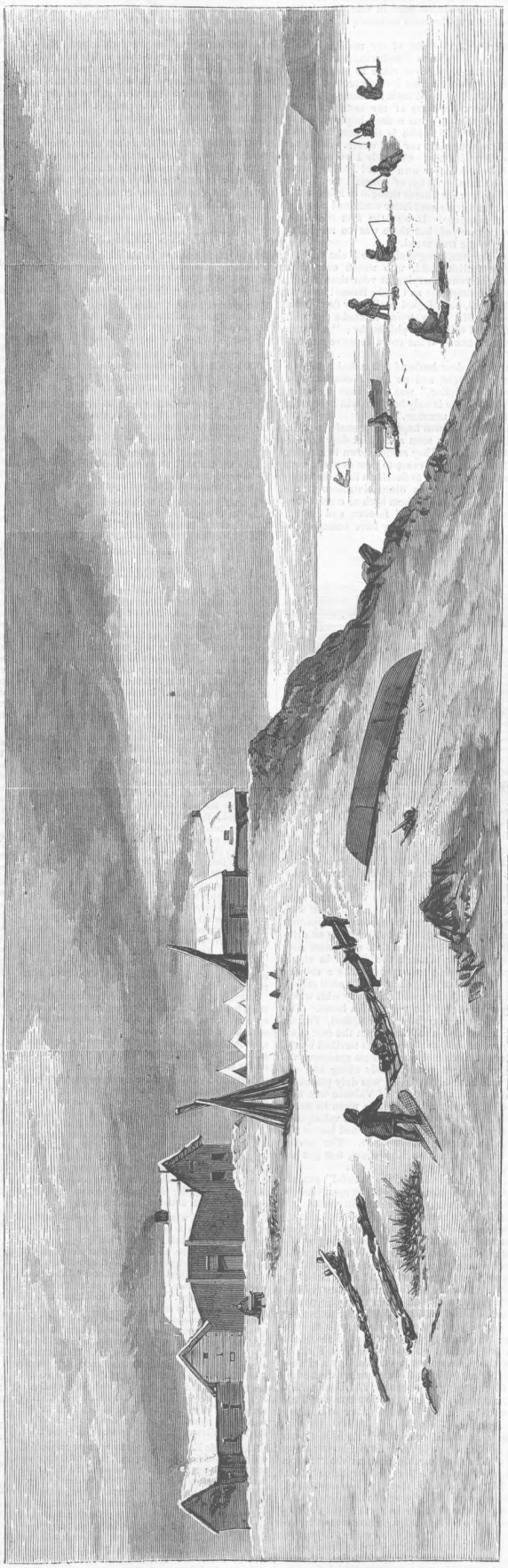


SCENES IN ALASKA—FIRST VIEW OF THE YUKON RIVER.—[SEE PAGE 574.]



SCENES IN ALASKA—UNALACHLEET: INDIANS FISHING THROUGH THE ICE.—[SEE PAGE 574.]

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A CHINESE WEDDING AT SHANGHAI.—[SEE PAGE 574.]

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ALASKA SCENES.

IT seems that Alaska, at $7,000,000, is not such a dear bargain after all. It is reported that a company of American capitalists have offered $10,000,000 in gold for the trading monopoly of the country, leaving the United States to carry on the government. We do not know how true this is, but the fur trade of the country alone appears to be so valuable that the Treasury Department at Washington has dispatched a special ship to Sitka to see to the suppression of the illegal collection of the skins by unauthorized persons, and the unlawful killing of the animals out of season. Laws and regulations for the protection of the animals in their breeding seasons are being prepared, and it is evident that the government authorities are of the opinion that the fur interests are valuable.

From all accounts, however, the soil of Sitka is not the most valuable in these United States and Territories. We give on page 572 a couple of illustrations by which, at a glance, the reader will be convinced of the truth of this assertion. It is difficult to conceive of any more dreary-looking landscape than that on the Yukon River (not Youcon, as the map-makers say). The first of these represents the artist's first sight of this, the principal river of Alaska. It rises in British Columbia, about two hundred miles east of Sitka, and runs due north through Alaska to the Arctic Ocean. Of the first glimpse of this river the artist says: "About noon (of November 11, 1866) we could see a faint streak of blue over the trees. We traveled hard to reach it, and at sundown broke from the woods, shot down a steep bank, and stood on an immense snow-covered field of ice, the mighty Yukon. Hardly a patch of 'clear' ice was to be seen; it was every where covered with a wintry mantle, the river in but a few places still open, and running swiftly. From bank to bank was not less than a mile, and several of the thousand islands of the river were visible in either direction." The Yukon is the great highway of the country in winter for the Indian hunter, and for the traveler or trader, and dog-sledges are universally used. When arrived at such a bank as that represented in our illustration it is no uncommon thing for the sledge to run over the dogs, pushing them into the snow, but rarely hurting them. The driver always does his best to impede the progress of the sledge, often by throwing himself on the ground, hanging on to it all the while, till it reaches the level surface of the river.

Another illustration represents the most northern post on the coast of Russian America—that at the mouth of the Unalachleet River, in Norton Sound, Behring Sea. The engraving shows a number of the Indians engaged, as they are constantly at the commencement of the winter, in fishing through holes in the ice of the river. A small kind of "white fish" is taken in quantities. Unalachleet is the starting-point on the coast of the direct route to the Yukon River, and the sketch represents the Unalachleet frozen up and snow-covered, as it appears during eight months of the year.

A CHINESE WEDDING.

CHINA is the Paradise of matrimonial match-makers. All the courting there is done by proxy—and the "go-between" is employed, not by the lovers, but their parents! The go-between is not even instructed whom to court, but he goes into the market and chooses hap-hazard. He is a sort of walking personal in the *Herald*—an amateur matrimonial agent. Altogether, courting in China is a very slow affair.

The marriage notices are never accompanied by the significant words "No cards." The fact is that "cards" precede the marriage, and the betrothal is not accomplished until cards on which are written the hour, day, month, and year of the birth of the candidates for the holy state are exchanged, and then the parties are firmly bound forever. The marriage may take place in a month, or not until twenty years after, still the betrothed parties are bound by the exchange of cards, and no man puts them asunder.

The ceremony of marriage is very interesting. We give on page 573 an illustration of a marriage as witnessed lately at Shanghai. The artist thus describes it in full:

While staying at Shanghai I was invited by the compradore of a mercantile hong to visit his house upon an occasion of this interesting nature. The bridegroom was a man of thirty-five, one of the agents of the firm at Hakodadi; the bride was twenty years of age, and daughter of a wealthy Shanghai native merchant. All the company wore their best dresses: long loose coats or pelisses of dark purple silk, lined with skins or embroidered, under which they had lighter gowns of blue silk; their heads were covered with silk or velvet hats topped with colored glass buttons and tassels. They sat at several little tables, six guests at each, and feasted on twenty-six different dishes. The bridegroom, who was distinguished by wearing a large necklace of crystal and green jade, assisted the host and other friends in serving the courses after dining, smoking, and drinking tea, they enjoyed a concert of music performed on shrill instruments. A salute of guns was fired and a few crackers let off in the court-yard and street outside. A gorgeously-decorated sedan-chair, or rather cage, was then sent to fetch the bride, who arrived at four o'clock in the afternoon. The dining-room, in which the ceremony was to take place, had been cleared and garnished; only two tables being left, on which were placed several large candlesticks, decked with paper flowers and containing lighted candles; some joss-sticks were likewise set burning on the tables, in front of which a scarlet foot-cloth and cushions were laid, upon which the wedded pair were to pledge their mutual vows. The company was by this time increased by the arrival of many ladies, wives of the male guests, handsomely attired in sky-blue silk pelisses, lined with ermine, and a profusion of jewelry, necklaces, bracelets, rings, with gold pins, and other ornaments in their hair; they had also their pretty tiny shoes. The chair in which the bride was carried having been borne into the room with a stately procession, the curtains around the chair were then drawn aside by the bride's nurse, who at once led her forth; a bird of the most gorgeous plumage, quite a bundle of embroidery, in scarlet, black, and gold, with a belt of pink silk and ivory round her waist, and her head crowned with a tiara of false jewels, and further decorated with crimson paper flowers upon a chignon, and with a crimson silk veil, two feet in length, entirely hiding her face. The bridegroom had meantime come in from an adjoining room, preceded by a master of the ceremonies, with a lighted candle in each hand. Standing near one of the tables, he took three burning joss-sticks in his hands, and responded to the questions put to him by a priest, bowing repeatedly at the shrine of the joss or idol, some pictures of whom hung on the walls. The bride, having been placed beside him, supported by the old nurse, who had a little scarlet flag in her hand, was similarly addressed, and made the proper responses. A green ribbon was then handed to the bridegroom, and a red one to the bride; these were knotted together, and the new husband, amidst a flourish of music, led off his new wife to their nuptial chamber. Here several of their family and friends, including two older wives of the same man, awaited them, ranged on each side of the bedstead, to pronounce the prescribed benedictions, and to bestow a quantity of ground seed and nuts, of different sorts mixed together, which they did not eat, but had sprinkled over them. After a little time the newly-married couple returned into the dining-room and sat down to a sumptuous repast. The old nurse first carefully tasted every article of food, to see whether it was fit for her young lady to eat. A baby, two or three months old, was then brought and placed on the bride's lap, to test her love for children. The bride and bridegroom were afterward formally introduced, in their new character, to every one of their respective friends and relatives on each side, the names being proclaimed by a herald or usher. This lasted an hour or more, but the gentleman and lady were at last permitted to retire. Large bowls of oil, with floating wicks alight, had been placed around the marriage bed, as a votive sacrifice to the deity on their behalf. The bride's trousseau, filling ten huge boxes or trunks, was deposited in one corner of the room. After three days' seclusion the newly-wedded pair began to receive visits of social congratulation.

We believe the officers of the MANHATTAN to be honest and responsible, and their plan fairly set forth in their prospectus, to which we direct those contemplating Life Insurance, leaving each to judge for himself.—*N. Y. Tribune* (Aug. 11). See Prospectus in next column.

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OBJECT.

The object of this Association is to secure a cash payment within forty days after the death of a member of as many dollars as there are members in the class to which he or she belongs, to his or her heirs.

MEMBERSHIP FEES.

The membership fees are six dollars at joining (for which a policy will be furnished), and one dollar and ten cents on the death of each member, of which due notice will be given. One dollar from each member goes to the widow or heirs of the deceased member, and the ten cents for the expenses of collecting.

INVESTMENTS.

The By-Laws of the Association require that one third of the money received as new membership fees shall be made a sinking fund to meet payments falling due by the delinquencies of members. This fund is held by the

NATIONAL TRUST CO.,

and will be invested in United States Bonds, or real estate, or bond and mortgage upon New York City property, which property shall be double the value of the money so loaned.

THE FUNDS.

The remaining two thirds, after paying the expenses of the Association, shall be invested in real estate in the City of New York, or in bond and mortgage on property in the City of New York, the interest of which shall go to pay the current expenses of the Association. If a deceased member leaves no heirs, the money becomes the property of the Association, with the proviso that the expenses of burial shall be paid out of such funds—said expenses, however, not to exceed one hundred dollars.

A member failing to pay his fee of one dollar and ten cents within thirty days from date of notice, forfeits all claims upon the Association, and also forfeits all money previously paid. In the Pacific States this time is extended to sixty days. A member having no permanent residence must notify the Secretary, and appoint a representative to pay his fees.

When members choose they can send ten dollars and fifty cents to the Treasurer to prepay their fees, which sum will pay for ten deaths, thus saving the trouble of sending $1 10 each time, besides a saving of fifty cents. No man is so poor that he can not pay $6 now, and $1 10 occasionally, thus securing $5000 to his heirs. The average number of dollars each person will have to pay to secure $5000 will be $30 per year, a little over fifty cents per week. This makes this mode of insurance cost about one sixth what they would have to pay any regular Insurance Company for a $5000 policy.

This company is divided into ten classes for men, and ten classes for women. As soon as these classes are filled ten new classes will be adopted. Men and women are not allowed in the same classes. Every thing is done to make each class equal.

CLASSES.

In class A all persons betw'n the ages of 15 and 20 yrs.
In class B all persons betw'n the ages of 20 and 25 yrs.
In class C all persons betw'n the ages of 25 and 30 yrs.
In class D all persons betw'n the ages of 30 and 35 yrs.
In class E all persons betw'n the ages of 35 and 40 yrs.
In class F all persons betw'n the ages of 40 and 45 yrs.
In class G all persons betw'n the ages of 45 and 50 yrs.
In class H all persons betw'n the ages of 50 and 55 yrs.
In class I all persons betw'n the ages of 55 and 60 yrs.
In class K all persons betw'n the ages of 60 and 65 yrs.

The classes for women are the same as above. Any one that is found to give his or her age wrong will be expelled, and the moneys paid forfeited to the Association. Each class is limited to 5000 members. Each person pays $6 upon becoming a member, and $1 10 each time a member dies *belonging to the same class he or she may be a member of.*

A member of one class can not be assessed this dollar if a member of another class dies. Each class is INDEPENDENT, *having no connection with any other.*

ILLUSTRATION.

Class "A" has 5000 male members. A man dies. The Association pays over, within forty days, $5000 to the widow or heirs, and the remaining members forward, within thirty days, $1 10 each to the Association to reimburse it. Failing to send this sum, they forfeit to the Association all moneys paid, and the Association supplies a new member to fill the place of the retiring one.

ADVANTAGES.

The advantages of this Association over ordinary Life Insurance Companies are, no panics can break it; the fees are so small, and required to be paid at such long intervals, that any man can secure to his family a competency upon his death.

HOW TO BECOME MEMBERS.

Any one desiring to become a member must send $6, in check, bank draft, postal order, or by express, the expressage being paid by the applicant. *Under no circumstance will the Association be responsible for moneys sent but in this way.* Agents are not allowed to receive moneys, but must ask for checks, &c., &c. Persons paying an agent otherwise than by check do it at their own risk. All checks, &c., must be payable to the order of W. S. CARMAN, Treasurer. Accompanying the money must be a paper giving the applicant's full name, age, birth-place, present occupation, who the policy is in favor of, post-office address, town, county, state—also, a *Medical Certificate* now stating forth the physical condition, and whether, in the opinion of the doctor examining, the applicant is a proper person to be insured. Blank forms of application for membership will be sent upon application.

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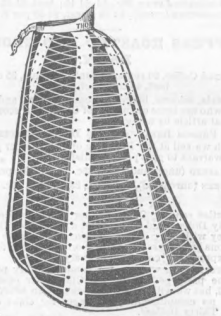

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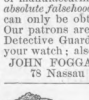

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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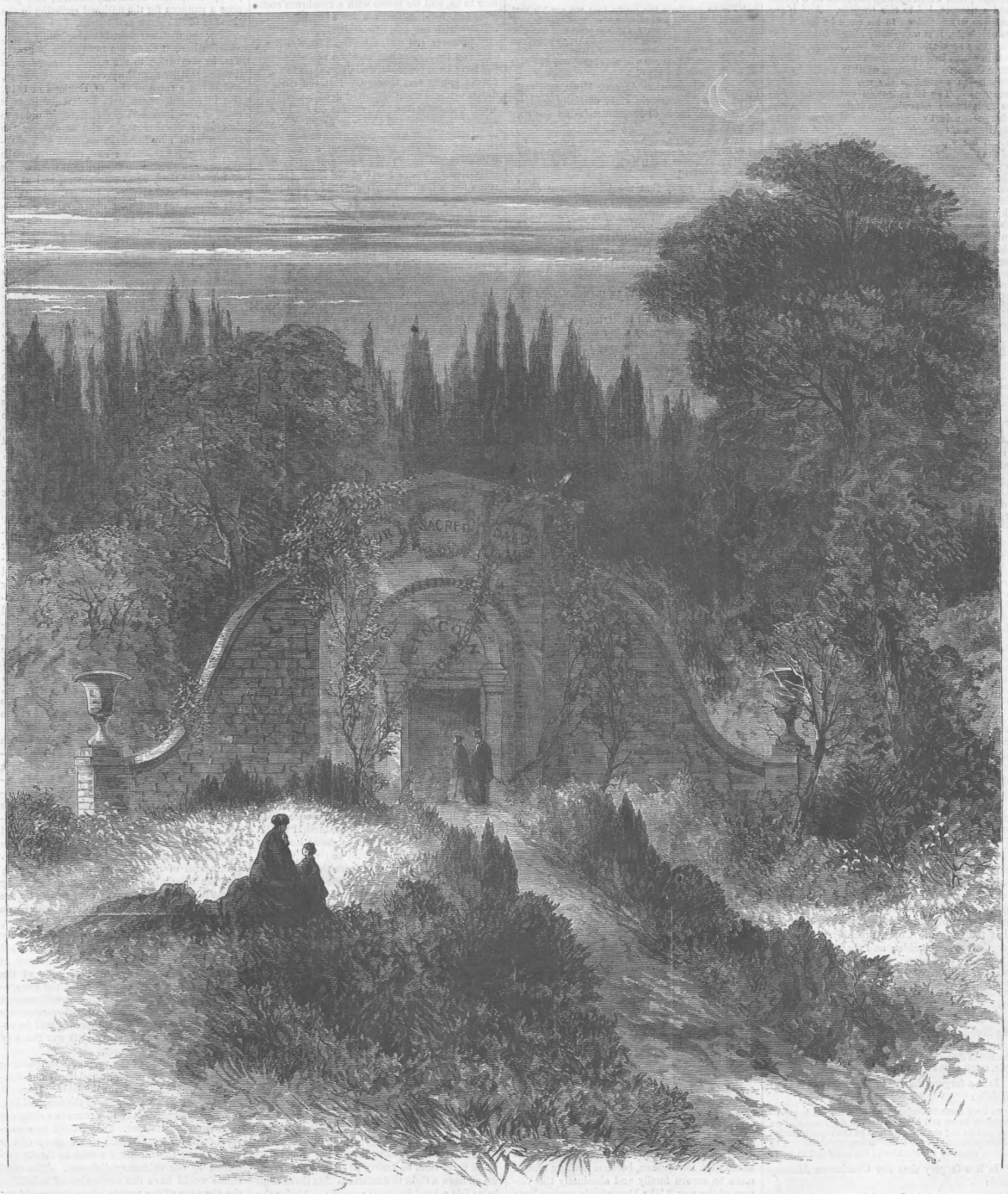

TOMB OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN AT OAK-RIDGE CEMETERY, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.—SKETCHED BY F. D. SKIFF.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

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THE TOMB OF LINCOLN.

IT is now three years and four months since our President, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, was brought to sudden death by the assassin's bullet. His death was the occasion of universal grief. His funeral procession from Washington to Springfield was the march of a conqueror, whose grand victory had been won. He was buried on a beautiful spring-day in May, 1865, in the cemetery at Oak Ridge, Springfield. On our first page we give an illustration of the tomb which has been erected to his memory.

As we stand in the presence of this tomb we remember the first months of the secession movement—the violent threats of war uttered by the Southern branch of the Democratic party of these days—the peaceful declarations of the newly-inaugurated President, which said to Southern Democrats, "If war must come not we but you are to be the aggressors." We remember the terrible struggle of four years, and how, when it was over and the people were uniting in anthems of praise to God for a Union restored, the cloud burst upon us, and we heard that our President had been murdered.

We do not forget that the violence of the Democratic press, which held up LINCOLN as a tyrant and a usurper, led to this tragedy. And if the assassin was urged on to his work by this partisan violence, it is now pretty clearly evident that Southern revolutionists have fully learned the lesson in which BOOTH had been instructed. They have come to understand what is meant by terrorism—to appreciate the use of the assassin's weapons. The investigation recently made as to ASHBURN'S assassination fully sustains the charges made by Republicans, both as to the motives and the agents concerned in the murder. From every portion of the South we hear daily of the murder of Union men. There are special organizations to carry on this bloody work. And these murderers are the allies of the Democratic party. A Mobile Democratic sheet explicitly declares that the Congressional plan of restoration shall be defeated, even if it should be necessary to resort to the dagger of a BRUTUS in order to accomplish that result. Is it not time that this violence should be suppressed by the uprising of the people in their majesty, and by their repudiation of the party which threatens revolution in the event of its success, and war in the event of its failure, and which courts the alliance of assassins?

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1868.

ARE THEY FORGERIES?

THE New York *World* says: "The radical newspapers have forged speeches, and put them in the mouths of Southern Democrats by whom they were never uttered."

Is it a forgery that FRANK P. BLAIR, the Democratic candidate for Vice-President wrote to Colonel JAMES O. BRODHEAD on the 30th of June:

"There is but one way to restore the Government and the Constitution, and that is for the President elect to declare these acts [of reconstruction] null and void, compel the army to undo its usurpations at the South, disperse the carpet-bag State governments, allow the white people to reorganize their own governments and elect Senators and Representatives?"

Is it a forgery that WADE HAMPTON said at a Democratic ratification meeting in New York:

"And I want you all to register an oath that when they ['the white people of the South' without regard to the exceptions of the reconstruction acts] do vote, that these votes shall be counted, and if there is a majority of white votes that you will place SEYMOUR and BLAIR in the White House in spite of all the bayonets that shall be brought against them?"

Is it a forgery that WADE HAMPTON said at his reception in Charleston, that he proposed in the Committee on the Platform in the Democratic Convention to insert the words, "And we declare that the reconstruction acts are revolutionary, unconstitutional, and void?" and that he added:

"When I proposed that, every single member of the Committee—and the warmest men in it were the men of the North—came forward and said *they would carry it out to the end!*"

Is it a forgery that Mr. C. C. LANGDON, delegate to the Democratic Convention, said in a published letter before the 4th of July, that the reconstruction measures are "unconstitutional and, of course, absolutely void," that this would be the chief plank in the Democratic platform; that the Supreme Court, probably at its next term, would so decide; and that he added:

"Then all we want is a President whose views are in accord with that decision, and who has the will and the nerve to do his duty. It will be his duty to enforce the decree of the Court, if need be, at the point of the bayonet?"

Is it a forgery that JOHN FORSYTH said, in the Mobile *Register*, speaking of reconstruction:

"And here we may as well say that the people of the South do not intend to submit to that permanent rule, result as the Presidential election may?"

Is it a forgery that RAPHAEL SEMMES said at Mobile:

"I have come to declare that I have given in my allegiance, heart and soul, to the old flag, *provided* we can restore the old flag again to be the representative of the principles of the Constitution, which we will be able to effect by the election of SEYMOUR and BLAIR?"

Is it a forgery that the Charleston *Mercury* said:

"Peace was made by General SHERMAN in the spring of 1865, in his terms of capitulation with General JOHNSTON. That was peace, and nothing else ever will be peace?"

Is it a forgery that ALBERT PIKE said:

The South is our land; the North is a foreign and hostile realm ... If the old Union can not be restored, we will hope to see the South independent before we die?"

Is it a forgery that General BATTLE, of the late rebel army, said at the Democratic meeting in Mobile:

"The Democratic party indorses principles for which you battled?"

Is it a forgery that the Richmond *Enquirer* says:

"The next Democratic House of Representatives, in case of a contest, will recognize, and only recognize, such members as come there under legal constitutions, and that have been adopted by the free consent of the white people of the State?"

Is it a forgery that the Richmond *Whig*, speaking of the BLAIR letter, said:

"He declared without any hesitancy, and in terms too clear and decided to be misunderstood, that, were he President, the whole Executive power should be employed to blot out every vestige of Radical reconstruction?"

Is it a forgery that WADE HAMPTON said:

"Try to convince the negro that we are his real friends; but if he will not be convinced, and is still joined to his idols, convince him at least that he must look to those idols, whom he serves as his gods, to feed and clothe him. Agree among yourselves, and act firmly on this belief, that you will not employ any one who votes the Radical ticket?"

Is it a forgery that ALBERT PIKE, as President of a Democratic club, officially said of Democratic cards of recommendation for colored men:

"We hope that hereafter, when any Democrat desires to employ a colored man in any capacity, he will ask to see his card, and if none is produced will refuse to employ him?"

Is it a forgery that the Chattanooga *Union* said:

"Suffer any and all taunts or tyranny until after November, and then—well, we would rather be a nimble squirrel than a white radical?"

Is it a forgery that the New York *World* said of such speeches of WADE HAMPTON as we have quoted:

"We have found them to be the candid and persuasive utterances of an honest and courageous man?"

And if these are all forgeries, why is it that the Charleston *Mercury* said:

"Private advices from our most strenuous friends at the North request that we should protest against the imprudent expressions that have escaped some Southern speakers since the adjournment of the National Democratic Convention.....It is questionable whether at this time any thing is to be gained by too much reference to things that jar on people's nerves. What we want just now is to win?"

If these are not forgeries they show distinctly that the policy of the Democratic party, should it succeed at the polls, will be the forcible overthrow of the governments of the Southern States. That will necessarily produce civil war.

THE TRUE FINANCIAL QUESTION.

THE responsibility for the debt we considered last week. It rests with the Democratic party. Has the Republican party shown a disposition to increase or to diminish the national expenses? This is the real financial question of the campaign. The Republicans were compelled to make a debt to save the Government. The country of course means to pay it. It can not pay it, however, without taxation and without a spirit of economy in the party that controls the Government. Yet even if that party evinced a recklessness that can not be proved against the Republican, it by no means follows that the country would find relief by throwing itself into the hands of the Democrats, for reasons that we have suggested. What, then, are the facts?

The receipts for the last fiscal year were $406,300,000. What becomes of this great sum? The mass of it goes to pay the necessary debt. For interest, $141,635,551. For principal paid, $34,749,777. For bounties, pensions, and other war claims, $83,683,291. Here are about $260,000,000, including the cost of the Freedmen's Bureau and Reconstruction expenses. How could a Democratic administration reduce this amount? For the Bureau is now to end, and the Reconstruction expenses have mainly ceased. Besides this sum, however, there are the ordinary expenses of the Government, the Civil list, the Interior, the War and Navy Departments, and the Engineer Bureau, all amounting to a little more than $146,000,000. This absorbs the revenue, and Senator SHERMAN, who is especially conversant with financial matters in Congress, says: "I can not recall a single item of appropriation, except for the Freedmen's Bureau and Reconstruction, that was not supported by all parties, both in the Senate and House."

But Congress has materially lightened the expenses. It opposed the enormous pressure for extra civil and military pay, involving millions of dollars. It has abolished that temporary but most indispensable institution, the Freedmen's Bureau. Nothing has been more malignantly opposed by the rebels and Copperheads than the Bureau, because nothing tended more to secure finally and absolutely the victory of the war. The Democratic orators have made the loosest statements of the enormous expenses of the Bureau, devoted, they declare, to the support of lazy able negroes. Mr. D. W. VOORHEES lately asserted that it spent for that purpose ten or fifteen millions a year. The truth is, according to General HOWARD, the unimpeachable chief of the Bureau, that, deducting the pay and allowances of army officers and the commissary stores from army dépôts, the total actual cost of the Freedmen's Bureau has been less than six millions of dollars. It has been no less the friend of the poor whites than of the poor blacks, and its service to the country has been of the noblest and most invaluable character. In the other departments of the Government there has been a similar reduction, so that the aggregate appropriations for ordinary expenditures have fallen from $146,000,000 to $91,000,000. With all the drawbacks the expenses of the Government this year will not exceed $100,000,000, exclusive of the public debt and bounties and pensions.

Now, how is the money raised for these expenses? In other words, what is our system of taxation? The subject was comparatively new to us, and we began with a cumbrous complication, levying taxes upon a multitude of articles with the aim of equalization. Gradually, however, the system becomes simple. The taxes on food, clothing, and the necessaries of life have been repealed, and upon manufactures except spirits and tobacco. But the customs duties are laid upon imported goods, and yield about $165,000,000. The taxes on spirits and tobacco have yielded as much as $55,000,000 in a year. But the frauds were so enormous that the rate was reduced, and a return of $100,000,000 from those two sources is now estimated. There are besides these the income tax on all incomes over $1000; the license tax; the stamp tax; the tax on railroads and other corporations, and miscellaneous taxes upon such articles as billiard tables, carriages, and plate. The expenses of collecting the internal revenue last year were less than three per cent., which is a smaller rate than that of customs collection, or of any local State or city tax in the country.

This may not be a perfect system of taxation. But it is constantly tested by experience, and is rigorously modified to meet the necessities of the country. Have the Democrats, who so vehemently denounce the tax-gatherer, proposed any method more effectual? Looking at the facts and figures, is the Democratic party likely to stop the visits of the collector except by refusing to pay him? If the party of which the Southern chiefs have again taken the command should come into power, will it probably insist upon paying the cost of suppressing the rebellion and decline to consider the pensions of rebel soldiers and compensation for rebel losses? Certainly not. It will either say, pay the whole; or it will stand by its platform and repudiate the whole.

CONGRESS AND THE SOUTHERN VOTE.

THE frank declarations of the leading Southern Democrats that the colored vote must be coerced or coaxed for SEYMOUR and BLAIR—the system of certificates which decrees starvation against any colored laborer who can not prove his Democracy; the thoroughly aroused rebel spirit which haughtily declares that it supports the Democratic candidates, because their success will be substantially that of the rebellion; the terrorism which is already directed against known Union men; the constant murders without punishment; and the total want of an organized militia—place the alarming situation of the Southern States beyond question.

There is a general demand from loyal men in those States for the assembling of Congress in September, to provide for the arming of a loyal militia. The late correspondence upon the subject of the right of the Marshal to call upon the United States troops shows how very slow any such remedy would be; and without the moral support arising from the consciousness of an efficient military force immediately available it is not to be expected that the loyal Union vote will be generally polled.

The objection to the assembling of Congress seems to be that many of the members are needed upon the stump. But the work could be very soon done, and the votes necessary to complete it would probably be quite as serviceable to the cause as the speeches that might be made elsewhere during the time. The only really valid objection would be an evident want of time to pass proper laws, and perfect organization under them, between the 21st of September and the election. But that must have been considered when the resolution was taken to adjourn to that date, or there is a very serious responsibility upon the Republican majority. The Southern States are the weak point of the campaign, for there the probability of a fair expression of the will of the lawful voters is smallest. The Democrats do not mean that the lawful voters shall prevail, but that "the white vote" shall be known at all events. What we all have a right to demand is that there shall be as fair a lawful vote as possible. Under the circumstances as they now appear that is not to be expected; and Congress, which is responsible for the want of a proper militia organization in those States, is morally bound to do what it can to secure a fair election.

TAXATION.

MR. SEYMOUR says in his letter of acceptance: "The hours of toil of our laborers are lengthened by the costs of living made by the direct and indirect exactions of Government. Our people are harassed by the heavy and frequent demands of the tax-gatherer." Mr. PENDLETON asks at Bangor: "Why is it that your taxes consume such an enormous amount of your yearly supply?" The lesser orators of the party repeat the assertion and the question. "We are taxed," they say, "beyond precedent. If we did but know it, we are the most oppressed and tax-ridden people in the world." And having exhausted epithets in describing taxation, having made the most astounding misrepresentations of the expenses of the Government, and carefully refrained from proposing any financial policy except that of Jeremy Diddler, they propose a panacea for the national suffering in the election of SEYMOUR and BLAIR.

Now the national debt is undoubtedly large, and the burden upon the tax-payers is heavy. Yet, in proportion to the national resources, it is much smaller than the present debt of France, and is not a third of that of England in 1816. But in considering a debt and relief from it sensible men look first at its origin, in order to determine whether those who administer the Government may justly be charged with a responsibility for the debt; and, secondly, at the character of those who denounce it as a means of bringing themselves into power, and at the general policy that they advocate. Pursuing this course, we find that our debt of $2,500,000,000 is the price of our continued national existence, which is the guarantee of our individual welfare. The debt is the cost of defending the Government against the bloody and desperate and prolonged assault of those who now aspire to control it. To subdue Mr. WADE HAMPTON and his legion, for instance, probably cost the Government more than a million of dollars. In the Democratic Convention, which protested so pathetically against the enormity of taxation, there were scores of ex-rebel officers, both civil and military, who were individually chargeable with several millions of the debt. To suppress their insurrection the debt was incurred. Twenty-five hundred millions of dollars is the price of the Union that we have maintained, of the cancer of slavery that we have cut out, of the commanding position and vast influence among nations that we have won, of the fundamental principles of a free government that we have vindicated and are vindicating. This is the origin of the debt, and it can not be forgotten.

Is the Republican party justly responsible for it? The rebellion was plotted under a Democratic President. Its chiefs were Democratic cabinet officers, Democratic senators, Democratic governors and judges. It was sustained in arms by Democrats; Democrats did their utmost to paralyze the Government in the contest. The Democratic Convention declared the efforts of the Government futile, and demanded surrender to the rebellion. And now that at this vast cost the rebellion, waged by the arms and prolonged by the sympathy solely of adherents and leaders of the Democratic party, has been subdued, those leaders step forward, denounce the debt which they compelled the country to incur, and demand the control of the Government which they could not overthrow.

What, then, are the promises under which the demand is made? Are they such as reasonably to justify the expectation of a return of that public confidence without which prosperity and relief from taxation will be indefinitely postponed? The policy announced by the Democratic party by which to pacify the country and cement the Union is revolution and repudiation. It is distinctly declared by the candidates and the leaders that the present organizations of the Southern States are void; and the most unqualified assertion that they ought to be at once forcibly overthrown by the President secured for the candidate who made it an enthusiastic nomination. This policy, which the framers of the platform ardently agreed to carry out to the end, can be carried out only by involving the States concerned in anarchy. Congress and the decision of the Supreme Court will sustain one of the governments; the Democratic President will support the other. In the nature of things compromise will be impossible. The difference will be referred to force. Is another civil war the way to relieve taxation?

The other point of the proposed Democratic policy is repudiation. The public demoralization that would follow is incalculable. It would be poison at the very sources of the national life. It would properly make this country a despised outcast among nations. We should be a society of swindlers, and the whole glory of our victory over the rebellion would be fatally tarnished by our voluntary dishonor. The rebel chiefs would have the exultation of beholding the disgrace of the people whom they could not defeat. To them the satisfaction would be the

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same. They are indifferent whether they humiliate us by arms or by arts. But the moral character of every public question is its really essential part. But the industrial ruin, like the public demoralization, consequent upon repudiation is inconceivable. Already the actual loss to the country from the mere suspicion of a possible intention to repudiate may be estimated at millions of dollars. Such a suspicion is a shock to the public credit which is felt through the whole system, and every dollar which is thus lost is taken from the resources with which the pressure of the debt is to be relieved. In public as in private affairs, honesty is the best policy. The man who to relieve present necessity becomes a thief must not hope to be received among honorable men. But a man whom honorable men despise can hardly make an honest living. Is national dishonesty the way permanently to relieve taxation?

The whole matter comes then to this—that the party whose rebellion against the Government caused the debt now, as a means of obtaining control of the Government, denounces the taxation necessary to pay it. According to the Democratic oracles the Republican party is three times guilty: first, of not submitting to rebellion; second, of suppressing it by arms; third, of wishing honestly to foot the bill of expenses. "Heavy and frequent demands of the tax-gatherer!" "Enormous amount" of taxation! shout Messrs. SEYMOUR, PENDLETON, VALLANDIGHAM, WADE HAMPTON, and their friends. Mr. HAMPTON, if you had not taken up arms against a Government that never injured you; Mr. SEYMOUR and Mr. PENDLETON, if you had never patted Mr. HAMPTON upon the back, the taxes would neither have been frequent nor enormous, and your names would not be those of willing witnesses of their country's destruction.

WHY WALL STREET IS DULL.

THE brokers of Wall Street are complaining that they never knew so dull a season as the summer of 1868. Though the rate of interest has been unusually low, the accumulation of capital enormous, and the traffic on the railways large, the business in stocks has not been more than half that of last summer, or one quarter that of the palmy days of 1863 and 1864. Why is this? Is the gambling instinct dying out? Have people got over the desire to make sudden fortunes on the Stock Exchange? Or have the leading operators of the street, in an insane greed for inordinate profits, held the common-sense of the public too cheap, and killed the goose that laid golden eggs?

In olden times, when a man proposed to speculate in Wall Street, he bought one or more hundred shares of stock, if he deemed it low, then awaited events; if his calculation was correct, the stock rose, and he sold out at a profit; if his calculation was incorrect, the stock fell, and he sold out or was sold out by his broker at a loss. Nowadays speculation is different. A party or clique of wealthy operators combine together to buy not a few hundred or thousand shares, but the whole of a given stock; and their theory is, that, after having secured control of the stock, they will elect themselves directors, appoint their friends and relatives to the offices, cause the price of the stock to advance by shrewd manipulations, then sell out to the public at the advance. Nothing can be prettier than such a scheme; nothing easier, with unlimited command of money, than the accomplishment of the first four steps in the programme; nothing more profitable, provided the last step can be achieved, and the public persuaded to buy the stock from the clique at the advance. It is just possible, however, to underrate the common-sense of people at large. The public is stupid, probably; but there are some baits too gross even for its stupidity. As a general rule, it does certainly prefer to buy stocks when they are dear rather than when they are cheap; but there is a limit to its credulity, and if cliques are too greedy, and want to make too much money, the public is apt to stand aloof and refuse to trade altogether.

This is what has happened this summer. Last winter and spring wealthy combinations of operators secured control of nearly all the leading stocks—New York Central, Michigan Southern, Cleveland and Pittsburg, Fort Wayne, St. Paul, and Rock Island. At the annual elections the new proprietors elected themselves directors of their respective railroads, and appointed their friends and relatives to the offices. Next, by very simple manipulations, they forced up the market-price of the stocks they held some ten or fifteen per cent. Thus far all went well. The cliques appeared to have made—on paper—very large profits. All that was necessary to crown the operation with success was to realize the last step in the programme, and to sell out to the public at the advance. There was a hitch here.

For, at the very first attempt to market their stocks, the cliques discovered that the public would not buy. Glowing newspaper articles dilated on the heavy railroad earnings and the brilliant crop prospects. They fell perfectly flat. The brokers had no orders, and Broad Street was quiet as a country meeting-house. A dull and dogged public would not see that Michigan Southern which, in June, 1867, was pronounced by its Directors dear at 67, should be cheap, in June, 1868, at 87; or that Northwestern, which, in 1866, was considered inflated at 40, should now be worth 70; or that New York Central, which, in the hands of the most experienced railway men in the country, had not averaged par, should now be a purchase at 125. There was no use arguing the question. The public could no more be moved than the Stock Exchange building itself.

Baffled in their first attempt, the cliques now set to work to convince the public that it was wrong, and that their stocks were really cheap.

The way to do this was to pay dividends. There was a trifling difficulty in the way. They had no money to divide. But they had control of their own stock books; so they printed off a quantity of new stock, made a present of it to their stockholders, and called it a dividend. Now, said they to the public, see what you might have made had you bought our stock.

The appeal fell as flat as the newspaper articles. The public had heard of Micawber, and hadn't much faith in his methods of finance. They looked on with respectful astonishment at the declaration of ten per cent. scrip dividends by companies which, by their own showing, had not really earned a dividend for years, and which were compelled to sell bonds every few months to keep their roads in order. But buy they certainly would not. The genius of the clique managers filled people with admiration. The public talked of them, dined with them, went on excursions with them, extolled them to the skies—did every thing, in short, except buy their stocks.

The case was becoming alarming. Summer was waning. Four months of the easiest money-market on record had passed, and no stock had been marketed. The roads had been doing famously, but the stocks were duller than ever. What was to be done? As a last desperate resource, cash dividends were declared on Michigan Southern and Pittsburg. Of course the companies had no cash to divide. The Pittsburg Company was then, and is now, selling 7 per cent. mortgage bonds at a discount in a 4 per cent. money-market to provide means to equip and repair its road. The Michigan Southern, only last year, nearly defaulted on its interest; and since then the increase in its earnings has been trifling. Still, money could be borrowed; borrowed it was, and the dividends duly paid. As a delicate piece of pleasantry the Michigan Southern dividend, being the first for four years, was called "semi-annual; while the Pittsburg dividend, being the first for two years, was pronounced "quarterly." Will it be believed that even this bait failed to arouse the public? Such, alas! was the case. There was, if possible, even less inquiry for the stocks after than before the dividend. Every resource had now been exhausted. The money-market, the traffic on the roads, the temper of the press, had all been in favor of the cliques, and yet, here were autumn and a stringent money-market at hand, and they actually held more stocks than they had held in May.

If any man, outside or inside of the cliques, gravely wonders at this result, let him, first, do the public the justice to believe that, stupid as it may be, it is not wholly idiotic; and secondly, let him compare the present prices of stocks (adding thereto the dividends just declared) with the usual prices of the past ten years. The following table tells the story:

Stocks.	Present Price.	Usual Price.	Advance Per Share.
New York Central.....	130	100	$30
Michigan Southern.....	70	99	29
Cleveland & Pittsburg...	70	98	28
Northwestern	35	91	56
Do. Preferred.....	60	91	31
Rock Island.....	95	112	17
Fort Wayne.....	95	111	16
St. Paul.....	40	77	37

Be it remarked that these "usual" prices are not panic prices, but fair averages for the past ten years. Within four years all these stocks have sold, in panics, $15 @ $20 below these "usual" prices. Was it reasonable on the part of the cliques to expect the public, merely because the money-market was easy, and the roads doing well for the time, to forget that whenever in the past ten years stocks had for a season advanced above these usual prices, they had soon afterward receded below them?

Again, was it doing justice to public common-sense, poorly as the cliques may think of it, to overlook the fact that the events of the past year have almost destroyed confidence in railway investments? The year 1867 ended in a Wall Street panic, caused by the discovery of the fact that one of the most esteemed companies, the Chicago and Rock Island, had surreptitiously issued and sold in open market five millions of new stock. A month later the financial community was again shocked to learn that the Directors of the Rock Island had fled the State, carrying with them their books and their money, and had procured an act from the Iowa Legislature postponing indefinitely the election of Directors in that Company. A couple of months later followed the surreptitious issue and sale of ten millions of Erie stock, under circumstances so barefaced and shameful as to disgrace the whole community in which such crimes could be perpetrated. And it is with these scandalous transactions, fresh in every man's memory, that the cliques of 1868 expect a confiding public to buy their stock at thirty per cent. advance over the old average!

If any man wants to know where this state of things will end, let him study the history of the past. Nothing is new under the sun. This is not the first time that oversanguine men have undertaken bold enterprises, in ignorance of the laws of trade, and in a somewhat contemptuous misapprehension of the common-sense of the public. Such men, when disappointment overtakes them, often struggle hard and manfully against inevitable disaster. But the end comes, for all their struggles, sooner or later, and values, like water, find their level at last.

THE TRUE DEMOCRATIC DOCTRINE.

THE spirit of the Southern Democrats, by whom the Democratic managers now hope to carry the election, may be seen in the following extract from the Mobile *Register*, an ardent supporter of SEYMOUR and BLAIR. It was those who, according to their leader ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, were trying to found an empire on the corner stone of slavery who were fighting for human liberty, and the Government of the United States was a faction hostile to freedom. We have not seen a better exposition of the Democratic doctrine of which SEYMOUR and BLAIR are the representatives:

"Already the word 'Copperhead' has lost half of its odium in the Northern public mind, and 'rebel' is getting to be understood as an armed protest against a faction that was inimical to human freedom, and was at open war with the Constitution of the United States. The world will at last understand that the South never did or mean to 'rebel' against either the Union or the Constitution of the United States, but only against a faction, in whose hands both were in peril of destruction. The Confederate States bore the old Constitution with them, and set it up on their own altars, for a purer, holier, and safer worship. And history will yet write that it was that act, that, through fire and blood, saved the Constitution, and enabled the nation in the fullness of time to vindicate and re-enthrone it in their hearts, and again plant it upon the altars of a common country."

POISONED MEATS.

IT is very amusing to see the Democrats trying to wheedle the colored vote. At a late Barbecue at La Grange, in Arkansas, the Democratic Committee placarded this attractive bill through the neighborhood: "Come one! Come all! Both White and Black! As the infamous lie is in circulation that the meats for colored persons will be poisoned, we nail that Radical trick to the counter by offering choice of tables to our colored friends, or we will divide places with them." Dividing places we understand to mean occupying alternate seats, which shows a degree of social intimacy that was not to be expected, and which is, at least, suspiciously sudden. This conversion of the Arkansas Democracy is peculiarly Providential, for on the 17th of last January its Convention in that State declared first, for "A white man's government in a white man's country;" second, "The incapacity of the negro for self-government;" and, third, for "The exclusion of negroes from an equal participation in making the laws, and from the rights and privileges of social equality."

We trust that our friends in the Southern States will show to the colored voters in the plainest manner, that, politically speaking, the Democrats are trying to get hold of the black hand to cut the black throat with it. They want black votes to help them into power that they may abolish black voting. Let our friends invite the colored voters to meditate the words of the Charleston *Mercury*, a distinguished Democratic authority, which asks whether "Southern men" are "to be driven at will by negro slaves; to be domineered over by black barbarians; to be legislated out of their property by ignorant savages." Or these of the Richmond *Enquirer*, equally Democratic and authoritative: "This was intended to be, and must always remain, a white man's government. None but white men must vote or hold office." Or these of the Mobile *Register*, no less Democratic and representative, which describes the "negro vote" as "null and void, and a sum of villainies," and begs the Democratic party not "to send the army down to settle our domestic disputes, and turn the scale in the contest of white men with black scalawags."

If the opinion upon this subject of conspicuous individual Democrats is desired, let the colored voters be reminded of the speech of Mr. ROBERT TOOMBS at the SEYMOUR and BLAIR ratification meeting at Atlanta, in which he describes the Georgia Legislature as "two hundred and twenty very respectable gentlemen, leaving out the kinker-heads (laughter), the honor of whose acquaintance I have not, my association not lying in that direction just at present, not having qualified (laughter)." Or the equally dignified and honorable remarks of Mr. HOWELL COBB: "Tell them that you have seen the poor, ignorant, debased, unhappy, unfortunate, and deluded nigger taken, not by the voice of persuasion and of argument.... to fill up the ballot-box that formerly received the votes of the good and true men of Georgia." Or the declaration of Senator HENDRICKS, of Indiana: "We meet the question squarely; we are against negro suffrage." Or the observations of the New York *Sunday Mercury*, true-blue Democrat: "Nobody but a restless fanatic ever doubted that the negro is a natural barbarian; that in his own tropical home he never rises above cannibalism and frequent holocausts of human sacrifices." And it adds, speaking not of FORREST, QUANTRELL, and their companions, but of those who, when their masters were away to fight to keep them in hopeless slavery, spared the homes those masters left: "Their instinctive relish for carnage and blood-thirsty ferocity will assert itself whenever proper opportunity offers."

In consideration of this universal and traditional Democratic contempt, slander, and derision of the colored race, perhaps the "choice of tables" or even the offer "to divide places" will not be very seductive to the new voters. And, upon the whole, they may very naturally suppose, despite the assurance of the Committee, that the meats *are* poisoned.

ELLIOTT, THE ARTIST.

THE loss of Mr. ELLIOTT, the artist, is sincerely deplored, not only by his personal friends, but by all who knew him. He was a man of the truest modesty and simplicity of nature, and of a quaintness of humor that was very delightful and endearing. Always unobtrusive, he was not personally widely known, but his works, his portraits, are familiar to every body. They have a vigor, and freedom, and brilliancy, which always distinguish them, and the likeness is always curiously felicitous. Born in the centre of the State, his home for more than thirty years had been chiefly in this city, from which he strayed upon his professional errands. For the last two or three years, however, he had resided at Albany, where he died. Now that he is gone, the seal of silence upon friendly and loving lips has been broken, and those who have the best right to speak of him, speak with the sincerest admiration and affection of his personal qualities. The interest of the public, however, is mainly with his works, and that interest will be enduring. Of all the fraternity of artists, none was more generally beloved by his fellows than ELLIOTT; and the work of none would be more missed than his upon the walls of the Academy.

THE DIFFICULTY WITH GRANT.

THE Democrats having accused General GRANT of every mean and malignant villainy possible, now allege that he was really responsible for the indescribable atrocities of the Andersonville pen. This they do upon the authority of a most appropriate ally, ROBERT OULD, the rebel Commissioner of Exchange. The Union Commissioner, General MEREDITH, has, however, restated the terrible truth of the matter.

Why do not the Democrats declare the real secret of their hostility to General GRANT, that he compelled LEE to surrender?

ANOTHER WITNESS.

A private letter to us from Alabama says:

"What I consider first, and most to be deplored, is the universal proscriptive policy the South is again adopting in order to make the poor and susceptible subservient to their will in the canvass now going on for the election for President. Intimidation and threats are freely used; news-venders are cautioned against selling papers and periodicals that entertain views distinct from the prevailing rebel sentiment of the place, or that are in favor of the Republican cause.....Eighteen months ago the local papers advised the news-venders to suppress the sale of *Harper's Magazine* and *Weekly*; and for my expostulating with them on the inconsistency of such unwarranted proscription I was severely assailed in print.....I will soon leave for my old home in Brooklyn. I have been over six years at the South, and over three years here at Mobile; and I find loyalty to the Government more odious now than on the first day I landed in Dixie."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

IN Vermont the State election is being held as we go to press. Last year the Republican majority was 20,000; in 1866 nearly 23,000. A Republican gain in this election will be a very decisive indication of a Republican victory in November. The election in California takes place September 2. Then there is a lull until the 14th, when Maine will speak. In October elections will be held in Pennsylvania, Iowa, Ohio, Indiana, and West Virginia.

Secretary M'Culloch and Commissioner Rollins have made a compromise in regard to revenue appointments, which are to be divided half and half between the two parties.

General Rosecrans's Sulphur Springs mission resulted in nothing more than a correspondence between him and prominent Confederate Generals. Before this meets the eyes of our readers that correspondence will probably be published. It is a trivial circumstance any way. The questions of the campaign are too profound for either General Rosecrans or General Lee to decide safely. The people will decide them in November.

The Indians are again on the war-path; but General Sherman is equal to the emergency. He has virtually declared them under martial law.

FOREIGN NEWS.

IN Paraguay, South America, Humaita, General Lopez's strong-hold, has fallen, after the most desperate resistance on the part of its defenders. It yet remains to be seen whether this is the decisive battle between Paraguay and the Allies.

The new British Parliament assembles on the 10th of December.

The election for the Department of Jura in France has resulted in the triumph of the Opposition candidate, 22,428 against 10,290. It must be noted that in 1863 the Opposition only received about 1500 votes out of 30,500.

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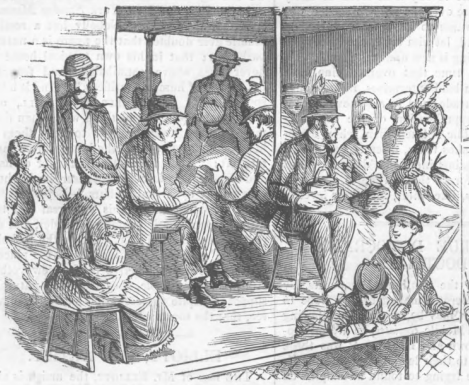


FROM NEW BEDFORD.

FROM NANTUCKET.

BATHING ON THE BEACH.

CAMP-MEETING AT MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD is celebrated for its camp-meetings. Its location is peculiarly adapted to those who desire to mingle their holiday summer excursions with healthy spiritual enjoyment.

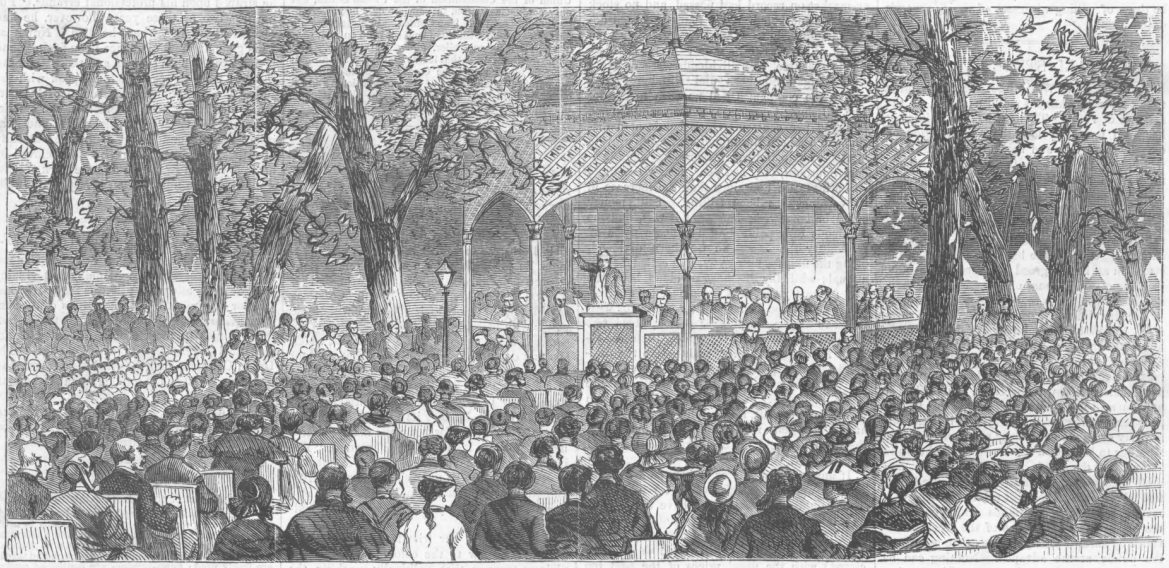
The *Tribune* correspondent thus describes the locality, and the means of reaching it:

"A sail of three hours takes you from the quaint little city of New Bedford, across Buzzard's Bay and Vineyard Sound, to Martha's Vineyard. If you must economize your time or money, or if there are ladies in your company, you will take the little steamboat which makes daily trips to the various towns along the Bay and Sound; but if there are no such overruling obstacles, a much better way will be to get a sail-boat at New Bedford and spend half a day on the excursion, cruising around the Elizabeth Islands, which lie between New Bedford and the Vineyard, and separating the Bay from the Sound....A mile or thereabouts south of Holmes Hole, on the northeast shore of the island, is the grove in which the Wesleyan Methodists for many years past have been accustomed to hold one of the most remarkable camp-meetings in America. They first assembled here for prayer in 1835, and, except one brief interval, they have met here annually ever since, though it is only within the last six or seven years that their gatherings in this spot have acquired a national importance."

The daily attendance last year was 10,000; and this year it is probably greater, as not only New England but the Middle States contribute to the gathering. The camp is in a beautiful grove of scrub-oaks, washed on two sides by the sea, with a salt-water pond in its rear, into which the sea flows at high-tide over a narrow strip of beach. The grounds, including 150 acres, are owned by an association of Methodists, who have been offered a charter by the Massachusetts Legislature. There are over 200 cottages on the ground, one-fourth of which have been erected during the present summer. "In front," says the correspondent from whom we have already quoted, "there is a pretty little veranda, and three or four feet of garden may be fenced in before it. Over the front-door there is generally a balcony. The high-peaked roofs, the balconies, the door and window frames, are all decorated with scroll-work; stained glass, silver door-plates, hanging lanterns, and other luxuries are beheld at every turn; the houses are gayly painted, the verandas bloom with rare flowers, the little miniature yards are decked with moss and shell-work, and under the trees, which cast a thick shade over all, are rustic benches and swings for the children." Besides the cottages there are over 400 tents.

These thousands of people who frequent Martha's Vineyard at this season have more and fresher pleasures than those who summer at Newport or Long Branch. Here you see the latest fashions, and innocent flirtation is not unknown among the lads and lassies. They play croquet. Just below the steamboat landing there is a beach for bathing. And then there is fishing and sailing for those who are fond of aquatic sports, several good sail-boats being always at anchor off the pier. When evening sets in the girls put away their croquet and attend to the tea-making; then comes the evening service around the cottage doors, while outside the young people are promenading in the gayly lighted streets of this improvised village. The utmost care is taken by the Committee of Regulations to prevent fire, and all smoking is forbidden in the tents.

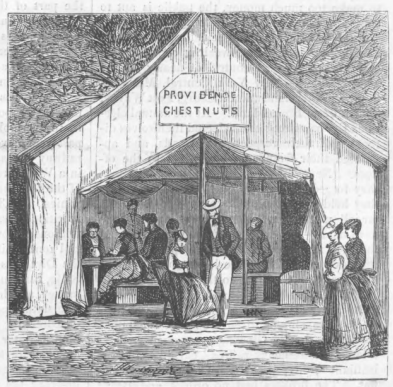
Our artist, Mr. SHEPPARD, has seized upon some of the most picturesque features connected with this beautiful camp. The daily services began on the 24th of August.



THE PREACHERS' STAND.

COOKING.

SPECIMEN OF COTTAGES.



STYLE OF TENTS.

CAMP-MEETING, MARTHA'S VINEYARD.—[SKETCHED BY W. L. SHEPPARD.]

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INDUSTRIAL FAIR BUILDING, SAN FRANCISCO.

THE Industrial Fair at San Francisco promises to be the largest and most successful one ever held on the Pacific coast. We give below an illustration of the building in which it is to be held, which is situated on Union Square, covering nearly two-thirds of the entire square. On the Stockton Street front two pillars stand 80 feet high, flanking the main entrance. In the rear of these is the main pavilion, or hall, which is 288 feet length of roof, with nave of same length, 80 feet wide, and 63 feet high (average), with wings 50 feet wide and 272 feet long—the roof, where it joins the nave, being 40 feet high and sloping to 28 feet at the eaves. Around the entire nave runs a gallery for promenade purposes, which is 9 feet wide and 15 at end, where staircases descend on each side to the main floor. The Art Gallery is 205 feet long by 30 wide. The various artists of San Francisco have largely engaged space for the exhibition of their works. The especial object of the Fair is to exhibit California products and manufactures, including wines as a prominent feature. Sixteen gold and fifty-six silver medals will be awarded.

THE LAWYER'S STORY.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.

To recover a child for a father who had been the seducer of the mother, for this, in fact, was the sum of all this story, was a task that I did not covet. Besides this it was totally out of the line of professional employment. But he did not ask this. He, in fact, only asked a friend, and friendly counsel. And when I had penetrated the folds of his mind, and learned that under that strange, wild garb was a warm heart yearning to atone to the dead mother, the early dead, for all the wrongs he had brought on her, and to obey her dying command to take care of her child, that child whose name with his own formed the last sweet sounds of those beloved lips, sounds that yet lingered in all the air that he breathed in all countries and at all times, I began to be ready to assist him in accomplishing this desire; and at length, promising him my aid as it might be from time to time available, I left my new friend to his lonesome house.

The incidents in this story are hardly to be considered professional incidents. They rather came to my knowledge in a professional capacity, and it is for this reason that I have chosen to relate them as a lawyer's story. My own connection with the incidents was from time to time during a period of several years after this.

I did not at first direct any special attention to the matter. But at Mr. Ashmun's request I examined the will of Henry Gordon, which was proved in the Surrogate's office in New York city. It was in some respects curious, and I was led by its examination to look into the state of his property at the time of his death. A series of discoveries, which it is not necessary to recite here, induced me to believe that he had property in —— County. Among other items I learned that a lawyer named Whitstone, a resident of that county, had transacted his business, and was in fact the confidential friend and adviser of both the brothers. On directing a search to the clerk of —— County I had returned a trust deed, executed by Gordon to this same Whitstone, for the settlement of a small income on Stephen Gray, the brother of the father of Eve, wife of Henry Gordon. I had learned that her parents were dead before her departure with Ashmun, and that they had died leaving no property. This trust deed was dated about a year after the disappearance of the younger Eve. At Ashmun's urgent solicitation I consented to go up to —— County to see Stephen Gray and make some inquiries there. But the autumn day on which I rode into the little village of —— was unpropitious for my inquiries.

Stephen Gray was dying! So said the boys in the street as they looked up at the closed shutters of his window, where they were used to see his face on a pleasant morning in the springtime, where he was wont to sit and watch them on the shady sidewalk as they passed along to the door of the school-house. For thirty years now had the old man occupied that room and taught the village boys and maidens their first steps toward knowledge. The humble schoolmaster's influence had already been world-wide, and he was proud of his life—as proud as any statesman of his hard-earned laurels or his achieved triumph. For had he not heard of his boys in many lands? Was not the finest book on his table a volume written by one whom he had taught till he went to college, and did not the first page of the book contain a testimony of the boy's love and loving remembrance? And had not Stephen Gray been named in the halls of learning, and even in the national Congress? There was a worn old newspaper in his drawer, carefully preserved, wherein was a report of the speech of his most brilliant scholar; and he had read over and over the passage in which the orator told the men of his nation that those were the principles he learned from his schoolmaster in the up-country.

"WE ACCORDINGLY PREPARED FOR HIS TRIAL IMMEDIATELY," ETC.

Peacefully had Stephen Gray labored, and after working well it appeared now that the time was come when he might take his rest. He felt that he needed it, and was not unwilling to lie down. The school-house was open yet, but the boys were not called in; and the village girls gathered for a little while each morning at their school-room, and wept while Susan Gray told them of the old man.

Gentle Susan Gray! The memory of her winning loveliness comes back like a breeze of spring on a summer's day. She was a slender girl, with dark brown hair and dark blue eyes. Her cheeks were of the peach hue that is softest and most beautiful, while her chin and forehead were rounded in that perfection of contour which we sometimes see in the old paintings of Saint Cecilia. She was not called beautiful, but very, very lovely. The boys loved her in her girlhood. The young men loved her in her maidenhood. The children looked fondly and smilingly up at her in the street; and the old men blessed her for an angel, as she was, flitting across their dim visions. But she had not smiled now for seven days. Just so long had Stephen Gray been lingering where the roads parted, uncertain which to take. And now he was no longer hesitating or doubtful, but was passing swiftly by the dark road of death.

The light in the room was very dim, for the heavy wooden shutters were closed. Only a ray streamed through a crescent-shaped orifice and fell on the carpet near the side of the bed on which lay the giant form of the schoolmaster. His eyes were closed, but the occasional twitching, convulsive movement of his lips indicated painful thoughts. His grandchild knelt by a chair at the head of the bed. Old Mr. Johnson, the clergyman, stood on his left. Mrs. Duncan, the Scotch lady with whom he had lived for two-score years, was at the foot of the bed. Mrs. Whitney, the best friend of Susan Gray, sat on the right side of the old man and held one of his wasted hands in hers.

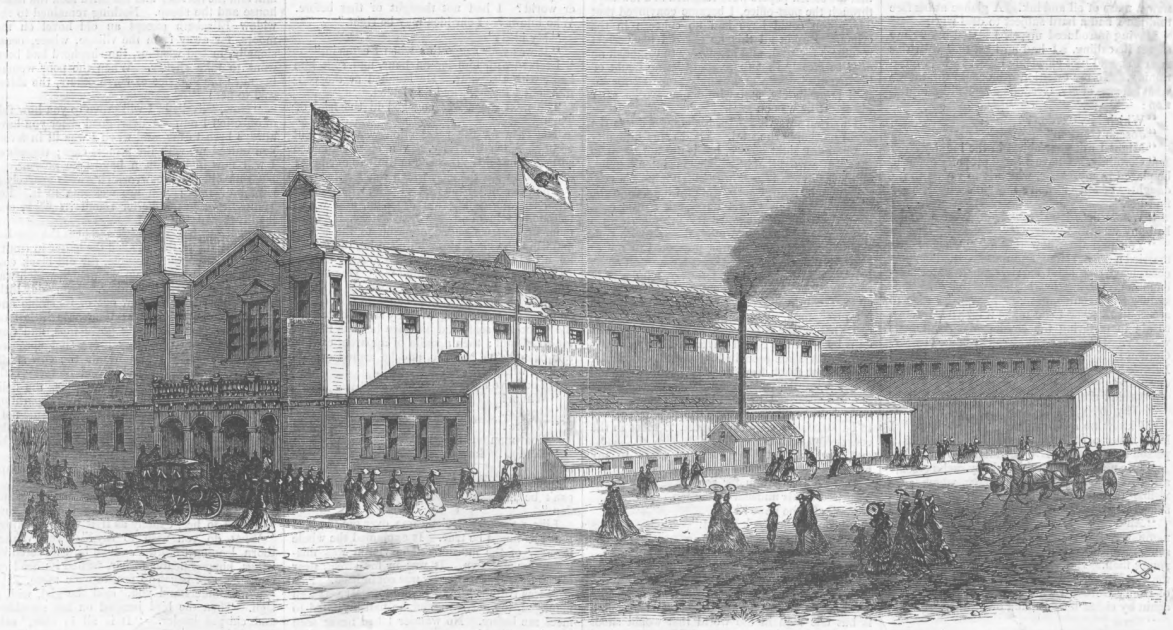
"My little one," murmured the thin lips of the dying schoolmaster.

Susan sprang to his side, and as his eyes opened they rested on that countenance with a joy that seemed to shine out of them, as if he fancied he were already looking into the face of a seraph.

"My little one, my darling bird, the old man's hour has come; and before the sun shines on the grave of my son under the church wall I shall be with him in the quiet places of the better country."

There was a quaintness in the expression which reminded all of them that the old man's love of quiet was his teacher when he thought of heaven.

"Dear Susy, come closer to me while I whisper to you. I had a dream just now. I thought I was with him and with mother. She was not old nor sad-eyed nor feeble, but she was young and fair as in the good days of our youth, and she was bright-eyed and shining as the people of that country all are; and while I looked at her I awoke, and your face was over mine, and oh, how like to her face both here in the old time



MECHANICS' INDUSTRIAL FAIR BUILDING, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.—[SKETCHED BY L. R. TOWNSEND.]

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and there in my dream! You are beautiful, my little child, and yet the day will come when your beauty will be dust, and those dear tresses that lie now on the old man's cheek will be hidden out of sight. But what grand times we will have then, my Susy, in the good country! Heaven is close to us, dear, and I am stepping now across its borders. Yet this was heaven, too, and the faces around me were pleasant and—and—and—"

"Susan," said the old man, after a long pause —"Susan, the boys have been here this morning again, have they not? I am glad the boys love me. It is pleasant to die out of a place where one is loved, and go to a place where all is love. Love—love! Yea, I thank God for the hope, through Jesus Christ our Lord!"

The voice of the dying teacher grew strong and bold as he uttered the last words, and he lifted himself in his bed. "Open the shutter a little more, if you please, Mrs. Duncan."

The beautiful light flushed his face with unwonted radiance, and he gazed out of the window at the corner of the little school-house, which stood next to his own, and at the elm-tree which hung over it. The first frost had touched the leaves, and some of them were falling. A group of boys stood near the door, looking sadly up at the shutters as they were thrown open. The old man knew they were there, though he did not see them, but he thought and thought till his brain ached with his sorrow.

"Oh, I shall not see them again! I am sorrowful exceedingly, now; for I am leaving all that I love, and when shall we meet again?" Then, as if he knew that his weakness was somewhat childish, he changed suddenly, and exclaimed, somewhat harshly, "Close the shutters—close them tight. Let no earthly light come across my vision. That single gleam effaced all the joy my dream had left me!"

For an hour after that he lay silent, but there was a visible alteration in his appearance. His features assumed an unnatural look, and his eyes were opened from time to time, but evidently without seeing. Then he began to murmur something, at first indistinctly, but at length in a clear, full voice, and they recognized passages of Holy Writ. But, as he continued, his voice began to break. His utterance grew indistinct; he paused, opened his eyes, and stared fixedly at Susan, muttered "He changeth my countenance and sendeth me away;" his hand was raised for a moment to the head of the fair girl, and he sought to bless her with his last words, but his utterance failed him, and Stephen Gray was gone to his wife, and was at rest in a quiet place.

I remained at —— three days, and saw Stephen Gray's body committed to the earth on which he had walked so many years. During these days I had not been idle in my inquiries about the Gordons, but I found that all search resulted in but one end, to wit, the necessity of consulting Whitstone, the lawyer who had been the adviser of the two brothers.

He was an old practitioner, sharp at times as an axe newly ground, and I have usually found that sort of sharpness very much like the axe in its liability to have its edge turned or broken by contact with any hard substance that twists a little. He was a fair specimen of a class of lawyers whose name is legion, whose professional triumphs are on technicalities, and with whom the perfection of legal acumen is in taxing large bills of costs, or in defending criminals charged with petty larceny.

I found my man in a den which he called an office, garnished with a few chairs, a goodly array of books around the walls, and a table covered with what had once been black cloth, but was now a mass of oil and ink. A glance at his face told me I had a hard subject to deal with.

Having introduced myself I stated briefly my object in calling. I had an idea that with this man I should best effect my object by bold questioning. To my question if he could inform me what became of Mr. Gordon he replied by a question:

"Which Mr. Gordon?"

"Joseph Gordon."

"Might I ask your object in the inquiry?"

"Certainly. I have a large property about to be placed in my hands, which is to revert to the daughter of Mr. Gordon's brother's wife, if I can find her."

"Where does it arise? I did not know she had any wealthy relatives."

"You perhaps know that Mrs. Gordon was married a second time, and that she died in Florence, leaving a child surviving her. Her husband is still living, but has lost his child. This history is, of course, not new to you. I wish to ascertain whether I can make it for your interest to aid in restoring the child. Mr. Ashmun is wealthy. If you are not already retained by Mr. Gordon so closely as to prevent your aiding me, I think I can make it an object for you to be on our side."

"I think not."

"Why so?"

"I know no such person as you speak of. I have never even known that there was such a person as a younger Eve Ashmun."

"I do not think I mentioned any such person," said I, fixing my eyes on his face, which gave visible tokens of his chagrin at having overstepped his mark in naming the child.

"Ah—yes—I—thought you said the child's name was the same as the mother's. I have some recollection of Mr. Ashmun when he was a young man. But I know nothing of him or of the Gordons of late years. After the elopement of Henry Gordon's wife she was never heard of again by either her husband or brother."

"Never?"

"Never."

"Do you happen to know the present residence of Joseph Gordon?"

"No; I never heard of him after his removal from this place."

"I beg your pardon, but from your certainty that his sister was never heard of I gathered that you must have seen him from time to time."

The coolness of my intimation that I did not believe him staggered the man. I hastened to add, "Mr. Whitstone, we may as well understand each other. You know where Eve Ashmun is. If you will tell me I will pay you ten times your demand. If you will not, I must find her without your aid."

"Try it," sneered Whitstone, "and we will see whose arm is strongest: yours to find, or ours to conceal."

"So be it. But before I leave you let me give you a hint. I did not come here with any hope to secure your services. I wished only to know one fact; whether Eve Ashmun was alive or dead. You have not been keen enough to conceal that, and I am perfectly content with the result of this interview."

And with this result I was forced to be content. I returned to New York and communicated to Ashmun the success of my inquiries. It but aroused him to greater anxiety, and indeed to such insanity as made me anxious about the result; but six months of vain search calmed him again, and I forgot him, except when I occasionally called for an hour to talk with him, or when he rushed furiously into my office with some whim in his head that I had to talk out of it.

CHAPTER IV.

I HAVE already intimated that this story is not strictly a professional story, but is one with which I became acquainted in the practice of the profession. It has already been seen how little active part I have taken in it, and indeed how little of the lawyer has appeared necessary in the history. A somewhat remarkable occurrence led me to a professional acquaintance with other actors in it, and to a final elucidation of the mystery which hung around the fate of Eve Ashmun.

A young man who had been a student in my office was assigned by the court to defend a man indicted for murder. It was a curious case. An old citizen had been knocked down in the street and robbed of valuable papers, and was found dying on the pavement. He lived only long enough to describe his assailant, and the next morning a man named Thompson was arrested by the police as fully answering the description of the murderer. Withal he had blood on his sleeves and a slung-shot in his pocket, and answered incoherently when questioned. The case was strong against him. The Grand Jury were in session, and he was indicted the day after he was arrested, and was arraigned the next day; and on his stating that he was a stranger, without friends or money, the court assigned counsel for him, and his plea being entered he was remanded. Within a few days he was supplied with funds, and directed the young man who was his counsel to retain other and older counsel, and to spare no expense in obtaining his acquittal. Preston came to me and begged me to forego the rule I had long ago adopted, not to have any thing to do with criminal practice. At his urgent desire I consented to aid him in the defense, and went with him to see the man.

Thompson was a broad-shouldered, brawny sailor, whose stout limbs would have made him a fearful antagonist in a fair fight, and on looking at him I repented that I had accepted his retainer. He had a bad face, a villainous face. But on conversing with him I became half satisfied of his innocence, and on learning that the murdered man's pocket-book was not taken, and that his stolen papers were returned in a few days through the post-office, I became convinced that Thompson could have had no concern in the crime. Beside all this he averred his perfect readiness for trial, and his ability to establish an *alibi* so clearly that there could be no doubt of his acquittal. We accordingly prepared for his trial immediately, and within four weeks after his arrest he was on trial.

I had an interview with his chief witness the night preceding the trial. I had some difficulty in obtaining sight of him, but it did not occur to me till afterward that he avoided me intentionally. When I did see him it was in Thompson's cell, and without light, except the dim light from the grating. In this gloom he struck me as a fit companion in countenance for my client. He was a tall, finely-formed man, dressed with considerable elegance, and was presented to me as Captain Jamison. He represented himself as an Englishman of wealth and family, who was in the city accidentally. Thompson was his servant and traveling valet, or factotum, a sort of American dragoman. The evening previous to his arrest, that is, the evening of the murder, he was on a boat on the North River coming from Albany, with Thompson in his company as usual. He did not reach New York till some six hours after the murder was committed. Another servant was prepared to corroborate his testimony, and would be in court at the trial. This seemed to be satisfactory, and we parted to meet in the court-room the next morning.

At ten that evening Ashmun came to my house.

I had not seen him for some weeks, and was surprised at his unusual animation.

"What's the news?"

"I am on the track at last."

"Ah! and how so?"

"I have been shot at to-night."

"And you think the next shot will speed you, and you give up the search in this world. Is that the idea?"

"Bah! no. Don't you understand? There is but one man in the world that would shoot me. He must be near. See! I kept the pistol ball. It is the only message I have had from Gordon in years. But I prize it. Do you know my life has been attempted once before?"

"I have heard nothing of it."

"I met, three nights ago, a man about my own size, who jostled against me on the pavement with a force that nearly drove me into the gutter. You have some experience of my way of behaving in such cases. It was very much that way our acquaintance began. I turned swiftly enough to catch the scoundrel's arm as he aimed a blow at my head with a short club. He howled as I twisted his arm in its socket. I don't think he will use it again in a hurry. Surprised, and in fact rendered useless by the twist I gave him, he took to his heels. I should have supposed the collision accidental, but when this pistol ball came into my library window last night I began to think Gordon was about, and I strongly suspect he designs my murder."

"For what possible motive can he do so?"

"Did you not tell Whitstone that I had made a will in Eve's favor?"

"I did."

"He will murder me and marry Eve, who is wholly in his power. Or, worse than that, he would destroy us both, and secure my fortune to himself by a will which he would get Eve to make. I can see through it all, in a dozen different points of view."

"I doubt it; it is too horrible."

"I tell you, Blackstone, I know my man. He is one of the vilest scoundrels that the world ever produced. Such men make me believe there is a hell."

"Well, you must go to-night. I have a murder case to-morrow, and I wish to be ready."

"A murder case? I will come and see you try it. Who knows how soon you may be defending some one for the murder of your friend Ashmun!"

"I will play the traitor and let him hang, if I dream there is the remotest possibility of his guilt of such a crime."

"Not so. Save him if you can, even though he be Gordon himself, and let him live for me to haunt him. If I could but be a ghost; if I could but get rid of this weight of flesh; if I could but be here, yonder, every where, with the speed of thought; if I could but— Blackstone, in pity hire some dog to kill me. I wish I were dead now. I will stand at my window to-night to be shot at. I will light the room, open the shutters, and—will that be suicide? I am sick, tired, weary of all this. Good-night! I am going. Good-night! If I could but find her!"

I saw that he was in one of his strange moods, and I dared not let him go home alone; so I made him sit down, and I strove to calm him.

"I know not why it is," said he, "that I have been so restless of late. I have been strongly impressed with the idea that my child is near me, and that I am soon to see her. Oh, my friend! could you but know the glory of that vision which haunts my memory! Could you but sleep my sleep and dream my dreams! Could you but see my dead wife in her magnificent beauty—but look into the unfathomable blessing of her eyes—but hear the music of her words of perfect affection—and know that all this was once yours, but may never be yours again—never! never!—you would know the terrible meaning of that word, 'never.' The world is full of mocking beauty. The sky weighs me down as if it were a load on my shoulders. The wind shrieks in my ears. The sunshine burns into my soul. For sky, air, and sunshine were once the joys of our young lives, and they are now witnesses of all the bitterness that curses me. But it is nearly over. This presentiment, if you so choose to call it, is so strong that I am not doubtful, but certain, that I shall find Eve soon. Do you think—do you think it may be in another world? I had not thought of that before. Who knows? Your idea may be right."

"My idea?"

"It was your suggestion when I came in."

I talked with him for an hour, and sent him home with a servant. He laughed at the caution, but I insisted, and he yielded.

The next day I was engaged in the trial of Thompson.

The case for the prosecution was made out without much difficulty. We cross-examined witnesses but little, trusting entirely to our proof of absence from the city, which was ample.

I had examined the first witness, who was the other servant of Captain Jamison, and whose testimony was clear and satisfactory. At the moment that we called Jamison to the stand, and while the clerk was administering the oath, I felt a hand on my shoulder, and looking up saw Ashmun taking a chair behind me. He nodded, and I acknowledged his presence by a smile, when I was startled at the change in his countenance. He was staring over my shoulder toward the witnesses' seat, and his gaze became intense for an instant; then a smile of apparent exultation passed over his face, and he leaned over to me and whispered:

"You have him at last."

"Whom?"

"Gordon."

"Where?"

"That man on the stand."

"Gordon! Impossible! It is Captain Jamison."

"Ah! his mother's name. Blackstone, I can't be mistaken; that man is Joseph Gordon."

Like a thunder-stroke came over me the idea that this might be true. It explained the whole mystery of the murder. The victim was mistaken for Ashmun. It was in his street, near his house, that the murder was committed. This *alibi* was trumped up to clear him. It was well managed, too. No wonder he had hesitated to meet me before. No wonder I had never seen his face till this moment. That scar on his cheek was a mark in his youth. I remembered it myself twenty years ago. All this flashed through my mind in the instant while I turned from Ashmun to the witness, and as the judge said "Proceed, gentlemen," I can not define the impulse which induced me to abandon the case before me and demand of the witness in a tone which startled him and the whole court-room,

"Your name is Joseph Gordon?"

"Henry Jamison," said the clerk of the court, but not soon enough to check the fury that gleamed from the eyes of the witness. I recovered my composure, whispered to Ashmun to leave the court-room and wait for me at my office, and then proceeded with the examination. I never recollected precisely how the trial ended. I was never so much embarrassed, for while I was defending the prisoner the conviction was growing on me that he was guilty. The judge spared me the trouble of attending to the case. Before the witness had answered ten questions the court intimated to the district-attorney that he would do well to abandon any idea of conviction, and the verdict of not guilty was recorded without the necessity of the jury retiring.

While I was gathering my papers together the prisoner and Captain Jamison disappeared. An officer handed me a sealed envelope. It contained a large counsel fee, but I never saw my client again.

I hastened to my office to meet Ashmun, but he was not there. I remained till the evening, but did not see him, and called at his house on my way home. He was out. The next day I heard from his servant, who called at my office, that he had left word for me that he should be out of town some days, and I need not give myself any concern about his business. I understood the vague message, and waited patiently for news of his success. I next heard from him in a singular place. The following is a copy of his brief note:

"—— COUNTY JAIL, *December* 8, 18—.

"Come up here and see me. Yours, "ASHMUN."

I obeyed the summons with as much speed as might be.

LITTLE WHITE-THORN.

A Breton Legend.

IN those beautiful old times when wrong never prevailed long over right, when the good prospered, and the wicked were confounded—that is to say, in the times before the world was turned upside down, there lived in Finisterre a pious widow, who had an only daughter, a child of thirteen, with hair like spun silk, and blue eyes, and a face so delicate and white in its transparency that the country people called her little White-thorn. The widow's father was a large farmer owning land of his own, and feeding on the moors large flocks of sheep, and pasturing in the water-meadows numerous cattle. A sparkling brook that slid down the purple moor-sides was conducted by him to a mill he had built in a depression on the fell slope, among some green ash-trees and flowering elders, and there the stream rushed foaming over the big water-wheel, looking, from a distance, in the sun, like a large wavering white tuft of cotton-grass. He had also built a bake-house, where his wheat-flour was made into delicious white cakes, and his barley-loaves were baked brown, and where, also, his great buckwheat pancakes were prepared for the laborers who tilled his soil.

Alas! even in those good old times, before the world was turned upside down, people died. The farmer fell ill, deceased, and his property was divided among his children. He had three sons; his only daughter was the widow, the mother of White-thorn. The eldest took the house, the land, and the milch kine; the second took the mill and the horses; and the third took the bake-house and the sheep. Nothing remained to the widow Elizabeth except an old hovel on the moors, far away from the village, where, occasionally, in bad weather, the shepherd had been wont to take shelter. When the poor woman bewailed the injustice of her brothers, the eldest said to her:

"Now, Elizabeth, I will prove to you how full of affection I am. A dear, good sister you have always been to me, and when I was ill in fever, you nursed me with the utmost care; therefore, I will now make you a handsome present. I have an old black cow, which yields scarcely a cupful of milk; you are welcome to it. Let White-thorn put a halter round its neck, and lead it to your hovel."

So Elizabeth took a stick and beat the cow behind, and White-thorn pulled the halter in front; and thus, after much trouble, the old black cow was brought to the hut on the moors, which was all that belonged to the widow. Every day little White-thorn took the cow out of its stable and pastured it on the moors; there was little food for it there except young gorse tops, and fern shoots, and the thin gray grass that sprouted about the marshy spots. While the cow snuffed after herbage, the girl picked flowers—little deep blue gentians, marsh marigolds, the delicate wavering tufts of cotton-grass, the sparkling sun-dew, and the turquoise-blue forget-me-not; and these she made into nosegays, which she brought to her mother at sundown, to adorn the cottage table.

One day, as White-thorn was making a chaplet of daisies, she noticed a beautiful bird perched on a whin-bush, singing sweetly. The little creature turned its brilliant eyes on the child and twittered to her, exactly as if it were speaking. "What do you wish to say?" asked White-thorn, leaning toward it. The bird fluttered its wings, hopped nearer to her, turned its head on one side, and began to prattle once more. "I can not understand you," said the girl, with a sigh. Then the bird jumped on her shoulder, and chirped louder. "It is all in vain," said White-thorn. "You must speak Breton if you would make me comprehend." But, as the little bird could not do this, it spread its wings, smote the air with them, once, twice, thrice, and was gone.

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The sun had now set; White-thorn looked round. In the still, green sky hung the silver speck of the evening-star, like a gem dropped on a sunlit lawn. And there, flying in the soft air, was the bird, like a tiny dark spot, becoming smaller and smaller, till it had quite disappeared. And all that while the star became brighter and brighter, till it burned like a lamp of fire. Now White-thorn called the black cow. She could not see the dear animal any where. She ran hither and thither, but perceived no traces of it; and the darkness fell, and she would have lost her way had not she heard her mother's voice calling loudly, "White-thorn, White-thorn!" "Here am I, mother. But where is the cow?" "The cow is here, my child." White-thorn hastened to her mother, and found the old woman standing by the mangled remains of the black cow. The wolves had fallen on it and devoured it, leaving only the bones, the horns, and the black tail, with the black tuft of hair at its extremity. White-thorn uttered a cry of sorrow, and flung herself on the grass beside the bones of the cow. "Do not lament over a beast as over a Christian," said the widow. "Come within, White-thorn, we will have our supper, and then go to bed."

The little girl was hardly able to sleep all night; her heart ached for the cow, and as soon as the sun rose she started from her bed, and ran forth in her white night-dress, with bare feet and arms, upon the moor. The morning light glistened in the gossamer that was flung over the gorse bushes, and the long spider-threads, strung with dew, were like rosaries of diamonds which the sun told, winking and flashing in each. And there, perched on a bush of yellow broom, was the sweet bird who had sung to White-thorn the day before. The girl ran toward it, and, kneeling beside the broom, listened attentively to its twittering. The little creature seemed to speak earnestly to her, but not a word could she understand. Then, heedlessly, she put her naked foot on a celandine that lay like a cup of gold in the grass. Now, be it known to all good children, that whoever touches that flower with bare feet, and with conscience undefiled, acquires the knowledge of the languages of birds, beasts, and fishes. The soul of White-thorn was transparent, and unstained as a mountain burn; so, no sooner had she touched the little golden blossom, than, all at once, what the bird said became intelligible to her.

"White-thorn, dear White-thorn," were its words, "I love you well, so listen to what I say."

"Who are you?" asked the child, astonished at her newly-acquired power.

"I am Robin Redbreast," answered the bird. "And I have the power of every year making one good, poor child happy. This time I shall do this for you."

"Oh you darling Robin!" exclaimed White-thorn. "Then I shall have a little silver cross on my breast, and a new pair of wooden shoes, so that I need not run about barefoot any longer."

"You shall have a golden cross and satin shoes, like a great lady," said Robin Redbreast.

"How so, my dearest birdie?"

"Follow me and you shall see."

Little White-thorn jumped up. Robin smote the air with his wings, once, twice, thrice, and was away, flying over the glistening fragrant moor, toward the sea. And every now and then it perched on a gorse tuft or a shrub of white heath, and chirped loudly, Follow me. The child followed gladly, and the bird led her down the moor-side among gray lichened granite rocks, then over a buckwheat field, where the tiny whitish pink pin-points of flowers were sipping the dew that dripped from their leaves, then out on the yellow sand strewn with shepherd's purses and kelp. In the bay were seven little holms, usually surrounded by laughing blue water, but now the tide was out, and a strip of oozy sand led to them. Robin Redbreast stayed his flight, and said:

"Do you see any thing on the beach?"

"Yes! I see a pair of wooden shoes brightly polished, shoes that have not yet been browned at the fire, and a staff of holly that has not yet been lopped of its leaves and berries."

"Put on the shoes and take the staff."

"I have done so."

"Now, walk along the sands to the first of the seven isles, go round it till you reach a cliff before which rank sea-rushes grow."

"And what then?"

"Pluck the rushes and twist them into a rope."

"What next?"

"Then strike the rock thrice with your staff, and a cow will issue from it, lay the rush-rope round its neck, and lead it home to your mother."

White-thorn followed these directions implicitly. She walked lightly in her wooden shoes over the treacherous sand, she wove her rope of rushes, struck the rock, and from it came forth a cow, with a skin as soft as that of a mole, with eyes gentle as those of a spaniel, and with a beautiful white full udder. White-thorn threw the halter round its neck, and led the beast home to her mother, who was overjoyed to see it. But how was her wonder increased when she began to milk little Sea-cow, as White-thorn called her. The milk spirted between her fingers and flowed without cessation, like water from one of the moor springs. Elizabeth filled all the pails, then all the pots, jugs, kettles, and mugs, with milk, and still the stream flowed. "Run, run, White-thorn, to your uncle Joseph, and borrow a couple of pails," cried the widow. And the child skipped over the heather to the farm, and told the farmer the wonder.

The news soon spread, and half the village came to see. Every one brought a pail or a pitcher. They found Elizabeth seated by the cow, in a great pool of milk, which poured from the sea-beast, flowed in a white rill over the threshold, and was lost in the moor sand outside. Never was more delicious milk tasted, never was richer cream seen. Joseph gazed in astonishment; he tasted the milk, smacked his lips, tasted again, shook his head, and then said:

"Dear sister, you know how I have always loved you. You have, I am certain, a true sisterly affection for me, and you will not refuse me the cow when I ask you for it, and offer instead all my cows."

Elizabeth replied: "Sea-cow is priceless. How could I give her to you for your cattle? She is worth more than all the cows in the village."

"Well, then, dearest sister, I will give you my farm and farm-house, the stables, the carts, and horses."

Then Elizabeth yielded. She took the key of the house, she cut a turf in the fields, drank out of the well, lit a fire on the hearth, and cut a handful of hair out of the horses' tails, as evidence that all these now belonged to her. Then she gave the Sea-cow to her brother, and he went away with the beast to a large town, where the demand for milk would be as inexhaustible as was the supply. But poor White-thorn cried, for she loved her Sea-cow dearly; and all day long her cheeks were wet with tears. At evening she went into the stable to see if all the cattle were supplied with hay, and then she sobbed aloud. "Oh, why is not dear Sea-cow here?" she wailed. Immediately she heard a lowing behind her, and, on looking round, saw her Sea-cow returned. After the first transports of delight were over she asked, stroking the creature's soft hide:

"Who has brought you back to me, pretty pet?"

"I have returned of my own accord. I could not live with your uncle, who is a wicked and avaricious man."

"Alas! my mother will have to give up the house and farm, now that you have come back."

"Not so," replied the cow. "For your grandfather had left all to your mother, but the brothers destroyed the will, and robbed your mother of what is rightfully hers."

"But you will be recognized, my pretty darling."

"Not if you will do what I bid you. Pluck three clover leaves and bring them to me."

White-thorn obeyed; and, while the cow munched the green leaves, she called, as bidden, Robin Redbreast, three times. Now, the third time she called, all at once the cow was changed into a beautiful horse, to White-thorn's great delight.

"You will certainly not be recognized now," said she; "and I shall henceforth call you Sea-horse."

The widow was rejoiced when she heard what had taken place. Next day she brought the horse out to lade it with corn for the market. Imagine her astonishment when she saw the back of the horse lengthen to accommodate as many sacks as she deemed fit to send to market; so that Sea-horse alone could carry more corn than all the other horses in the village. This was soon known to the second brother, Phillips, who came, examined it, and bid for it his mill, his horses, and all the pigs he fed. The widow accepted the offer; the mill became hers, and the Sea-horse was transferred to brother Phillips, who left the place with the horse to go to a town where the amount to be carried would be equal to the capacity of the horse for bearing. But White-thorn was sad at heart, and at night, when she went to the stable, she sobbed, and said: "Oh, dear Sea-horse, why are you not here?" Then she heard a neigh behind her, and, looking round, she saw that Sea-horse had returned.

"I could not remain with your wicked uncle," said the animal; "so I have returned to you. Now fetch me three clover leaves, and while I am eating them call thrice on Robin Redbreast."

White-thorn obeyed implicitly, and the Sea-horse was suddenly transformed into a beautiful sheep, with long fleece as white as wool and as fine as silk.

"You dear creature," exclaimed White-thorn. "I shall call you Sea-sheep."

The widow came in next morning to see the wonder, and, as she gazed on the sheep, she said: "Run, daughter, and fetch me the shears, for the poor creature is so encumbered with its wool that it can scarcely move."

Well, the Sea-sheep was shorn, and, as fast as the wool was cut off, fresh wool grew; and it became evident to Elizabeth that Sea-sheep was worth all the sheep on the moors around. The third brother, Kaspar, soon heard of this, and he hastened to the farm, where he examined the wool with surprise.

"I must have this sheep," said he. "Sister, I will give you the bake-house, and my sheep and oxen, in exchange for this creature."

The widow agreed to the bargain, and the man drove Sea-sheep away. But his road lay along the cliffs, over the frothing, tossing blue sea, and, as he came out of the lanes above the water, the sheep suddenly leaped off the headland into the sea and swam to the Seven Isles, and vanished at the rock where grow the dark green rushes, which opened to receive it and closed behind it. In the evening, White-thorn waited in vain in the sheep-fold for her beautiful pet; but the night passed, and it returned no more. Then she went, sad at heart, over the heather. On a holly-bush sat perched Robin Redbreast, and the bird said to her:

"Dear White-thorn, you must not expect to see Sea-sheep again, she has gone forever. Your uncles are punished for their avarice and injustice. You have now enough to live upon, so be content. Buy yourself a golden cross to hang on your bosom, and satin shoes, and—forget not the poor."

With these words, Robin fluttered his wings. He beat the air once, twice, thrice, and darted up high into the clear blue sky, and little White-thorn saw him no more.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE latest reports from various sections of the country give indications of a very satisfactory harvest. In most of the States the wheat and corn crops are unusually large; hay is plentiful, hops abundant, and potatoes doing ordinarily well. The cotton crop varies a good deal in different sections; in Louisiana the yield will be large, notwithstanding the rains have caused some damage and the cotton worm appeared; in West Florida cotton will be a failure, and reports from Alabama are unfavorable; in Georgia and Mississippi, however, the prospects are encouraging. In South Carolina the cotton looks well, the corn crop is excellent, fruits are abundant, and the farmers are jubilant. In Kentucky, Tennessee, Texas, and some other States, fruit has been plentiful and of fine quality; but in general the crop of peaches and apples will be light, according to present indications.

In England and Scotland the harvests were unusually early, and the season very propitious for wheat; but the drought has been very severe, and plenty of wheat and hops will not compensate farmers for the total or partial loss of many other valuable crops. Still, if late rains fall pasture grass will grow rapidly, and some late crops be secured, which will mitigate the evil of a short supply of stock food. A correspondent of the London *Times* contrasts the years 1867 and 1868, as follows:

"Last year had no summer; this year, during the summer months, the heat has been almost unparalleled. Of the cereal crops last year wheat was the only deficient crop; this year wheat is the only abundant crop. Last year the failure of a turnip crop was the exception; this year it is the rule. Last year the abundant supply of natural fattening green foods warranted the prediction of lower prices of beef and mutton, which was realized; while this year, from the unusually short supply of such foods, and from the enormous cost of fattening sheep or cattle, the prices of beef or mutton will probably range higher in the ensuing spring than at present."

A great deal has been said from time to time about the adulteration of the milk sold in our city. There is no doubt that watered milk is sold by minor dealers, and that milk is sometimes spoiled by being brought to market before the animal heat has been properly eliminated; there is also some need for caution against what is known as "swill-fed" milk. Yet investigation proves that, on the whole, New York is well supplied with rich, pure milk. It would be useful to have a special inspector of an article so largely consumed by our citizens; but large and responsible dealers apparently conduct their business in an honest and honorable manner. It is a good test of the quality of milk to ascertain how much cream will rise on it when allowed to stand. Some firms sell great quantities of cream; and as cheese is said to be made from the skimmed milk, we are not to suppose that any cream is surreptitiously removed from what we buy as "*pure* milk!" Not less than 25,000,000 gallons of milk are consumed by New York city every year.

In hot and sultry weather ice, which we have come to regard as rather a necessity than a luxury of life, is often difficult to be preserved, even in refrigerators. This is undoubtedly in great measure owing to want of care, or want of knowledge. Not only should the ice be surrounded by the most perfect non-conductors of heat, but the water produced by melting must be instantly carried off from the ice. An English writer on the subject says that, "Ice has two 'natural enemies,' warm air and water, but the latter is by far the more deadly. Water at 40° will melt ice with ten times the rapidity of air at 80°." A moderate-sized block of ice can be preserved a very long time by wrapping it carefully in dry flannel, and placing it on a grating so that no water can accumulate underneath. When the flannel becomes wet it should be replaced by another dry piece. If housekeepers would give a little personal attention to the matter, instead of leaving the care to servants who do not understand the science of non-conductors, there would be little difficulty in having ice for breakfast, even if the "ice-man" does not come "in season."

In the volcanic region of the south of France, at Mont d'Or, in Auvergne, are baths which are curious alike for their age and for the peculiarity of the water. On entering "Les Bains" a cavern is seen hollowed in the solid rock, in a dark corner of which is a small, covered aperture. The cover being removed from this a puff of steam arises from the hot spring below. The sides of the cavern are hollowed, and benches placed around it. The patient on beginning a course of baths extends himself on the highest bench; he descends gradually every quarter of an hour until the hot steam becomes insupportable; he then is wrapped in a blanket and conducted to a room where a coffin-like bath of rough stone, filled with a mud-colored fluid, awaits him. Although of uninviting appearance, this bath is most pleasant, the skin becoming softened, white, and childlike; the water itself feels like liquid velvet, so soft and creamy to the touch. No one is permitted to take a vapor at Mont d'Or without a doctor's orders to do so. Two eminent medical men attend Les Bains the entire season, which is from June to October.

Religious services in the open air are becoming frequent in this and other cities. In Boston preaching on the Common is listened to with attention by large audiences.

At West Rutland, Vermont, there are ten different marble quarries in successful operation, while on the western edge of the valley three others are in process of development. The whole thickness of the marble in these quarries is nearly fifty feet, and it is so stratified as to be easily worked in separate layers, ranging from two to six feet in thickness. There is a great variety, both in color and quality of marble, from the purest white to the coarsest colored rock, the best often lying in close proximity to the poorest. One layer of marble may rest between two of limestone, and all so strangely intermingled that from the poorest there may be some beautifully variegated marble produced.

A curious suit has been brought for divorce in St. Louis. The wife, in presenting her petition to the court, declares that her husband is a monomaniac on the subject of shooting; that he frequently points a loaded pistol at her, sleeps with a pistol under his head, and says he will "unload the pistol by putting a load into her." She desires to be legally relieved from loaded pistols.

A singular accident occurred at the execution of the murderers of Prince Michael in Servia. A musket-ball rebounded from the post to which one of the criminals was attached and struck the forehead of the officer who was in command of the executing party. He was killed on the spot.

The following story is said to be one which Mr. Dickens picked up in his late visit to this country. A man in America knew every body. Name what celebrity you could, Palmerston, Guizot, Arago, Landseer, Livingstone, Mario—no matter. "Oh yes, I knew him very well indeed." At last a provoked cynic asked, "Did you happen to know the Siamese Twins?" The omniscient but conscientious speaker at once replied, "Well, one of them I knew exceedingly well, but I am not quite sure whether I ever happened to meet the other."

A thrilling accident occurred at Niagara Falls a short time ago. A little girl while getting upon the railing of the bridge leading from the main land to Goat Island lost her balance and fell into the rapids. Instantly a young man named Moulton plunged in to rescue the child. Grasping the little one and keeping her head above water both were swept on toward the precipice, [illegible] destruction seemed inevitable. But Moulton, being an expert swimmer, struggled manfully with the rushing torrent and succeeded in reaching the shore only about fifteen feet from the brink of the cataract. The young man risked his life more nobly than those who venture into danger merely for notoriety.

The Wesleyan Methodists held their annual Camp Meeting at Martha's Vineyard last week. They first assembled there in 1835, and with the exception of a short interval, have met there every year since. In 1867 the daily attendance was about 10,000; this year it was estimated to be larger. The camp grounds are owned by an association of prominent Methodists; there are one hundred and fifty acres in all, though not quite twenty-five are occupied at present. There are about two hundred wooden cottages on the grounds, which may be hired with the consent of the officers of the association; and during the meetings tents are of course thickly sprinkled among the oak-trees. Stringent regulations for maintaining order are enforced; no dirt or disorder appears any where, and card-playing and liquor-selling are forbidden at all times.

Tomatoes, whether eaten raw or cooked, are most healthful and highly nutritious. The tomato season ends with the frost; but if the vines are pulled up before frost comes, and hung in a well-ventilated cellar with the tomatoes upon them, it is said they will continue to ripen for some weeks.

The Swiss have begun to make practical use of the glaciers. Near Martigny small cubes of crystal clearness are cut from the ice, packed in boxes, and sent off in fast trains to the large cities of France, where they arrive with little waste.

A pretty good story is told of a Western man, who, stopping in Boston for a day, bought a cigar after dinner, and sauntered out for a walk. Soon a policeman tapped him on the shoulder and notified him that he had incurred a fine of two dollars for smoking in the street. The stranger broke a V, and paid the penalty. Shortly after a child who wanted a "penny" to buy a loaf of bread, and hadn't had any breakfast or dinner, moved his Western generosity, and he bestowed a remnant of gingerbread upon the hungry one. Thereupon a second officer approached and informed him that he had violated another ordinance of the city, with a $2 fine. The booster handed out the $3 bill. The officer presented him the change. He shook his head: "Keep the whole—I shall want to whistle presently."

The recent fires in the Canadian forests have caused losses which are estimated at several millions of dollars. A large lumbering district at Bisset's Creek, containing fifteen or sixteen buildings, has been completely destroyed. Many other sections have been overrun by the devouring element.

In San Francisco fruit-shops are scattered, or rather congregated, in the greatest profusion throughout the city. It has been said that Californians eat fruit as if they lived on nothing else, and yet they eat every thing else as if they had never touched fruit. A recent writer, speaking rather disparagingly of the San Francisco fruit-market at the present time, remarks: "'Fruits is out;' we having only oranges, bananas, pine-apples, pears, apples, and strawberries. In a few weeks we shall have some variety, and in September and October, and even away into November, the varieties are so great, and the specimens so excellent, that even the Californian with his immense power of fruit consumption is absolutely in despair what to select, and very often how to get through with what he has selected."

There recently died at Wesel, in Germany, a man by the name of Rentz, who was the possessor, while living, of a beard eleven feet long. It is now in possession of the Museum, he having stipulated in his will that it should be taken off and preserved.

In the vicinity of Wexham, Wales, the magnificent spectacle of a mountain on fire has been recently witnessed. Vrondeg, near which is a spur of the Eglwyseg Mountain, is the scene of conflagration. Every effort has been made to prevent the spread of the fire, an extremely difficult task on account of the dryness of the turf and the almost total absence of water in the neighborhood. At the last accounts it had extended over a surface embraced in a circumference of about nine miles.

Innumerable remedies have been proposed to cure hydrophobia—enough to make a huge volume. But the *Siglo Medical*, a Spanish medical journal, suggests a preventive to this dreadful disorder. Whether the preventive would not be almost as bad as the disease, may be a question—at least, it is an exceedingly disagreeable one. This is the general idea: For a long time past the peasants of Galicia have entertained the idea that dogs bitten by vipers, which are very common in that province, are not liable to contract hydrophobia after recovering from the bite of the reptile. This belief has induced them to endeavor to protect their dogs from the danger of *rabies canina* by having them bitten by vipers while young. A Spanish physician has instituted experiments with a view to test the efficacy of this preservative by causing a number of young dogs to be stung by vipers, and, after recovery, to be subjected to the bite of mad dogs. The result was, that in every case they were found to be insensible to the virus of hydrophobia, no matter how often or at what period of their life they were subjected to the ordeal. If dogs are prevented from contracting hydrophobia, men are indirectly protected from being attacked with it; so, perhaps, it will not be considered necessary that every body should be inoculated with viper virus!

They have some curious specimens in Boston. A man lately applied for a marriage license, and on being asked the name of the lady, said he didn't know; that two girls had agreed to have him, but he hadn't yet concluded which he would have. He proposed to buy a license with his name inserted, and when he came to a conclusion would fill up the blank with the other name. He seemed somewhat disappointed when informed that such a style of doing business was not customary in Boston.

The largest dog in the world, according to report, was one raised in Pennsylvania from the Siberian blood-hound stock. This dog, when but a year old, had attained the length of seven feet nine inches, was thirty-six and a half inches high, and weighed two hundred pounds. A challenge of a thousand guineas was offered in 1862, when his owner exhibited him in London, for the production of a larger specimen, but the article was not forthcoming.

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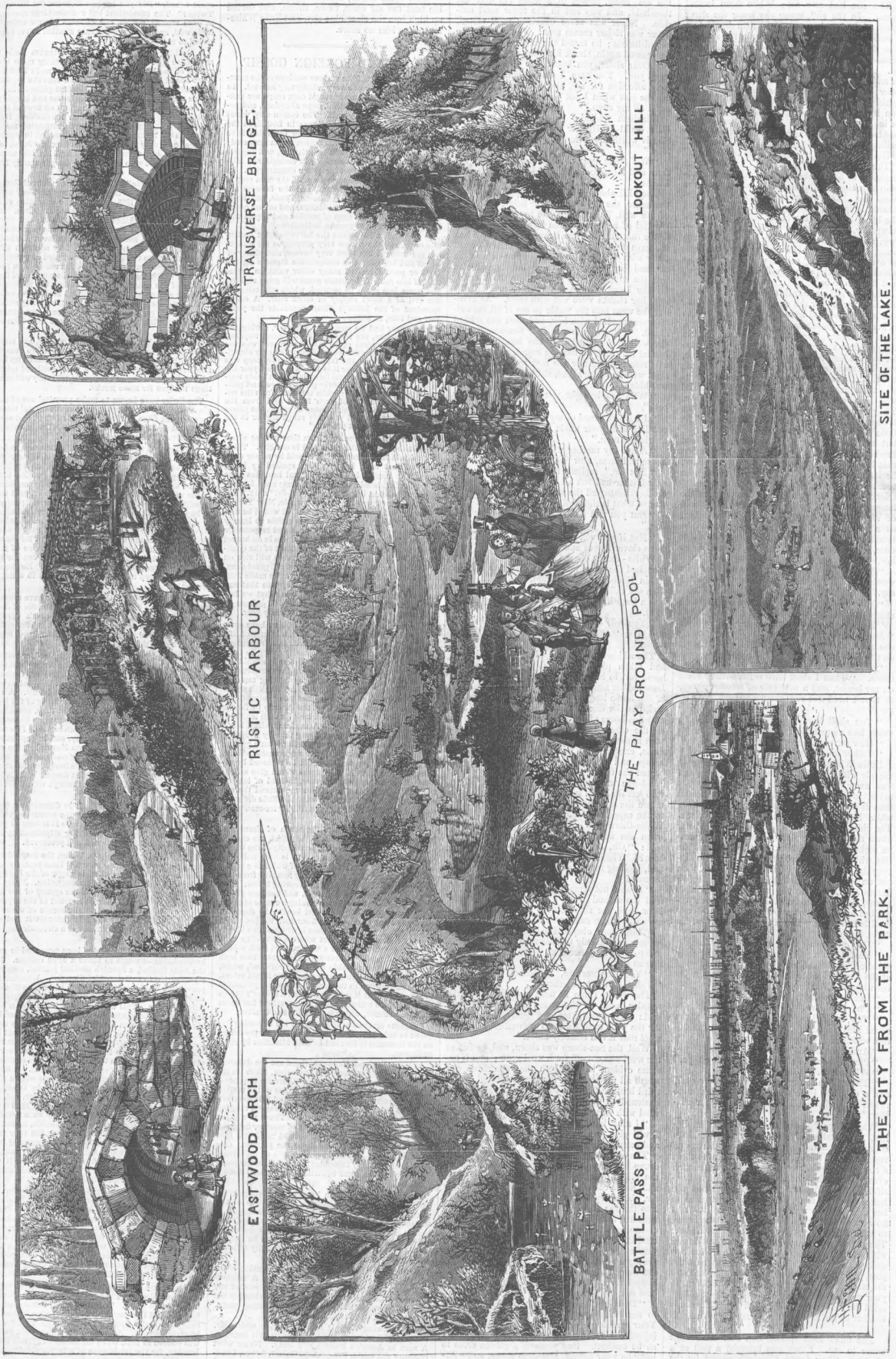

PROSPECT PARK, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY H. FENN.—[SEE PAGE 586.]

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THE FIRST BIRD OF THE SEASON.

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PROSPECT PARK, BROOKLYN.

THE Commissioners of this Park begun their work in 1861. The grounds were surveyed, but that year proved unfavorable to carrying forward the necessary improvements. The breaking out of the war had paralyzed commerce and checked industry. Almost all that was done beyond surveys was the thorough organization of the Board of Commissioners, and the appointment of a watchman to protect the trees and shrubbery from depredation.

The lands embraced in the Park as first laid out extended over a space of nearly 320 acres, costing $1,357,606. Three-fourths of this sum had been paid in 1864. "The grand features of the plan," says the Sixth Annual Report of the Commissioners (for 1865), "are simple and easily comprehended; but the Commissioners wish to direct attention particularly to three regions of distinct character embodied in it, in each of which, it will be observed, the suggestions of the natural condition of the land are proposed to be developed. They are, first, a region of open meadow, with large trees standing singly and in groups; second, a hilly district, with groves and shrubbery; and third, a lake district, containing a fine sheet of water, with picturesque shores and islands. These being the landscape characteristics, the first gives room for extensive playgrounds; the second offers shaded rambles and broad views; and the third presents good opportunities for skating and rowing."

This plan involved a considerable enlargement of the original boundaries of the Park. "The Commissioners," continues the Report, "have now no doubt that the Park will soon become a favorite resort for all classes of our community, enabling thousands to enjoy pure air, with healthful exercise, at all seasons of the year; while its magnificent bay and ocean views, with the beautiful drives through its broad meadows and shady groves, free from the dust and confusion inseparable from crowded thoroughfares, will hold out strong inducements to the affluent to remain in our city, who are now too often induced to change their residences by the seductive influences of the New York Park."

Messrs. OLMSTED, VAUX, & Co. were employed to set forth a general plan for the laying out and improvement of the grounds. The success of these landscape architects in Central Park was certainly a sufficient assurance of their competency for this work. These artists recommended an extension of the Park to the south and west so as to include a broad plain, "overlooked on the Park side by the highest ground in the vicinity from the top of which there is a prospect to the southward, which includes a large sweep of the ocean, the Highlands of Navesink, Sandy Hook, and all the outer harbor of New York." The extension involved an addition of 250 acres. The broad plain, already alluded to, has been chosen as the site for the formation of a lake. Forty acres of ground adjoining the Park have been selected as the parade-ground for the military of Kings County.

Several interesting relics have recently been developed upon the Revolutionary battle-field which constitutes a portion of the Park. Mingled balls and bones are frequently turned up by the workmen, marking the spot where once the tide of battle surged. The little bluff on the east, commanding the Flatbush and Old Port roads at their junction in the Valley Grove, was the site of a small two-gun battery, which enfiladed the former road, up which the Hessians marched to assault Sullivan's lines on the memorable morning of the 27th of August, 1776, and from which they more than once recoiled in dismay. A few rods in front of this battery, and almost in the centre of the Flatbush road, stood the Dougan Oak—a famous landmark—which was felled on that morning to obstruct the passage of the enemy between the hills. This location will be easily recognized as the road-way immediately in front of the old Valley Grove Tavern, leading southerly into Flatbush. The battle-pass, with the site of the redoubt, will be carefully preserved and distinctly marked for the veneration of future generations.

The improvements are rapidly progressing, and the Park has already been opened to the public.

ELECTRICAL NOVELTIES.

MAN has lately entrapped electricity into a great many curious functions. Of its public services we need hardly speak: telegraphs have become too familiar to be longer regarded as curiosities. There have been difficulties in the way of getting a good and cheap source of electricity, which have barred the way to their extensive introduction; but some of these are removed, and we may entertain better hopes for the future. A celebrated London photographer has erected a magneto-electric machine for conducting some of his operations which require an intensely bright illumination, and has thus apparently become independent of the sun: in reality, he is using the solar rays which came to our planet thousands of years ago, for what is coal but "bottled sunshine?" A Birmingham electro-plating firm also set up a similar machine for depositing their precious metals; and a sugar refinery another for generating ozone to bleach sugar. An ingenious inventor has proposed to illuminate buoys and beacons by electricity, and a French firm has offered to light the English channel by the same means.

Quite recently M. Blondeau brought before the French Academy of Sciences the results of some experiments for ripening fruits by electricity. He electrified apples, pears, and peaches, all of which ripened under the influence of the fluid, while other fruit on the same trees remained far from ripe. He electrified seeds and grains by steeping them in water and submitting them to the action of a powerful current. Peas, beans, and wheat were so treated and sown in good soil. By the side of them were sown similar seeds not electrified. The former sprouted sooner than the latter, developed more rapidly, and were more vigorous. Most mysterious of all, some electrified beans grew upside down, the roots in the air and the stem in the soil.

The most curious application of the electric light was that attempted lately at one of the Paris theatres. The actors were decked with glittering crowns, and, to add to their brilliancy, they were so made that a chaplet of electric sparks encircled the wearer's head, the necessary current being supplied and led to the coronet from a concealed battery. But the "sensation," pleasing enough doubtless to spectators, painfully verified the truth of the Shakspearian maxim touching the uneasiness of the head that wears a crown, for one of the performers was grievously injured by the passage of the current through his or her head instead of through the star-spangled ornament. Not quite so striking, but still curious, are the electrical jewels made by MM. Trouvé and Cadet-Picard. These consist chiefly of scarf-pins and brooches, representing heads of men and animals which roll their eyes and work their jaws. Some are in the shape of tiny soldiers which beat drums, rabbits that play on tambours, and birds that flap their wings and fan their tails. They are worked by tiny electro-magnets concealed within them, and connected by fine wires with little batteries carried in the pocket or elsewhere about the dress.

PARTED ONCE.

So we two clasp hands once more, Jamie,
Though our youth long since has passed;
And none are by to sever us now—
Do you mind when we parted last?
Do you mind the tears we shed, Jamie,
The tender embrace that clung?
We can look back now with a pity strange
On the grief when we were young.

But the burnie that trickled then, Jamie,
Has grown to a river deep,
And none can bridge o'er the wide, dark gulf
Where the hopes of childhood sleep.
The pale ghosts stand on the shore, Jamie,
And wail o'er what might have been,
But the world and its waves of greed and care
Too long have rolled between.

They said we were idle bairns, Jamie—
Too young to meet toil and pain:
Do you think, in the City of Heaven, we two
Shall be children once again?
And should we have been worse off, Jamie
Had we risked that toil and care,
And learned high lessons of love and faith,
And helped each other to bear?

There is gold on this withered breast, Jamie,
And gems in this thin, gray hair:
But, oh! for the gowans you plucked me then,
In my tangled locks to wear!
You have lands in the far-off East, Jamie,
And ships on the treacherous sea:
Ah! who can restore the treasures of youth,
And love to you—or to me?

A GOOD PAYMASTER.

THE place was a farm-house, low roofed, elm shaded, vine bedecked, and neatly painted. The time was nine o'clock on a June morning, according to the nine strokes of the old-fashioned eight-day clock that stood in one corner of the low-ceiled kitchen where good Dame Allen turned masses of golden butter over and over in the whitest of wooden trays.

"Five minutes after nine," Essie Hicks said, referring to a tiny Geneva watch.

"You are fast," commented a young man, resting for a moment on the well curb, and turning a pair of honest brown eyes on the young lady who hung over the lower half of the old-fashioned door.

The girl glanced up quickly. "Fast?" she echoed, with a twinkle of soft, blue eyes. "Oh no! I never talk slang, I never bet, I drink no wine; when I ride a horse I do it with fear and trembling; there isn't a particle of Di Vernon about me."

"I referred to your watch, Miss Hicks," said the young man, gravely.

"To be sure!" exclaimed the young lady, as if the idea had just occurred to her. "But perhaps you are slow." She ran her eye over the young man with a glance that took in the gravity of his sun-burnt face and the lack of style in his garments.

The young man's face flushed to a crimson hue, but he replied quietly as if he did not comprehend the personality of her allusion.

"I have taken great pains in regulating the clock. It is a good time-keeper."

"I suppose it regulates the rising and setting of the sun," said the young lady with a little sarcasm in her tone.

"Only my mother's son," answered the young man, unheeding the sarcasm. He picked up a plow-share and moved away, setting the example to a heavy, dull-eyed workman who followed him to the fields.

Essie Hicks looked after the young farmer.

"Terribly self-opinionated!" she said to herself, but she took the key from her chatelaine and turned back her watch five minutes.

Observe the girl returning to her old leaning attitude over the low door. It is not a face and form often seen in farm-houses. It would be more in place at Saratoga, or Newport, or Nahant. That complexion hints of furnace-heated rooms in winter and sea-fogs in summer, of lily white and a trifle of rouge perhaps. That hair learned its habit of frizzing from a hair-dresser. That arch of the neck and that coquettish turn of the head were never learned out of society, and the white Marseilles dress, fitting so exquisitely the small graceful form, is the work of no country *modiste*. Mark the whiteness of the small hands toying with her chatelaine! Note the delicacy of the slippered foot that pats impatiently the hard, bare floor! Observe, most of all, the weariness of the face that is turned toward Dame Allen now, and watches so intently the moulding of the rolls of golden butter!

"Is it for sale?" she asked, as Dame Allen patted the last roll almost tenderly and dented it deeply with her ladle.

"Most of it is to sell," answered Dame Allen, with a pleased smile.

"How much is butter a pound?" inquired the young girl, seriously.

Dame Allen almost laughed. It was a question worthy of a woman who had been brought up to careful and industrious habits.

"Eighteen pence or thereabouts," she answered, with pleased loquacity. "Mr. Cummings always gives me the best price in the market. He says to me sometimes 'there's no butter comes to town that can hold a candle to yourn, Miss Allen.' You see, dear, I don't leave my milk too long, and I do my own salting, and I work it myself, and it stands to reason it should be better than my neighbors ef they leave it to their hired help."

"How many pounds have you there?" asked the young lady, meditatively.

"Twenty pounds, more or less," answered Dame Allen, proudly.

Essie Hicks looked out of the window, thoughtfully. She was indulging in an example of Multiplication.

"Eighteen by twenty!" she said to herself. "So little! I spend the sum without a thought that woman works so hard to earn. How long have you lived here?" she asked, a few minutes after.

"More'n forty years," answered Dame Allen. "My husband that is dead and gone brought me here the day we was married, and I've never been away two days at a time sence. I think the worst thing that could befall me would be to have to leave this place."

"Forty years!" Essie Hicks exclaimed, in a tone of incredulous astonishment, leaning her pretty head on her small hand, and looking over the broad meadow-lands with eyes that saw not, for their gaze was inward and profoundly meditative. "Forty years!" she repeated. "And I have not lived half that time!" Watching the young girl standing there, with shadows creeping into the inward-gazing eyes, with wrinkles gathering on the smooth white brow, and lines of pain contracting the delicate mouth, you could easily guess how the inward thought was contrasting the content of that elderly dame with the discontent of her young life. Forty years of quiet country ways, and that woman asked for nothing different; and there was she, whose age was scarce a score, weary, restless, and *blasé*. The worst evil in that dame's life was change of locality, and continuity in one place was the worst evil in hers.

"Don't you ever get tired?" she asked Dame Allen, raising her beautiful blue eyes to the calm face of the woman who was surveying her tray of golden butter with a face full of intense satisfaction.

"Tired of what?" asked Dame Allen, wonderingly.

"Of every thing," answered Essie Hicks. "Don't you ever get tired of the milk, and butter, and the table-setting, and dish-washing, and the drudging from morning till night, and—" She paused suddenly. Upon her word she could not think of any thing else in that woman's life. It was only milk, and butter, and table-setting, and dish-washing, and drudgery all the time.

Dame Allen answered, "I never look at my work in that way. When Robert lived it was a comfort to work fur him and please him, and when Robert died, there was my children to do fur. It's always a comfort and a pleasure to work fur those you love, Miss Hicks. There is nothing in the world so tiresome as selfishness. I've always found it was better to work fur other people than myself. I can't explain it; but you see, dear, we don't ever pay ourselves very well fur the work we do fur ourselves. Other people pays us better. I couldn't ever begin to pay myself fur my own work like my husband paid me with his love and protection; and now that he's dead and gone, look at my children! Just look at Dick; what a blessing and treasure he is to me every day of his life! God bless him! Dick's a boy to pay to the uttermost farthing what he owes. He does it in money, and he does it in love. Dick's just like his father—just like his father!" And Dame Allen wiped away tears of pride for the living and pain for the dead.

Essie Hicks followed Dame Allen's movements as she carried away the tray of butter as if she had listened to strange philosophy. And yet it struck her it was not altogether new. She had heard similar doctrine on Sundays sitting in her cushioned pew, and catching now and then a word from the preacher's desk of One who went about doing good, but she had not listened as if the preacher's story of that self-sacrificing life had aught to do with her life of pleasure; and her neighbors' bonnets, and her own wardrobe and plans for the coming week, had interested her more. Dame Allen's words more than the preacher's set Essie Hicks thinking of her life that had hitherto been one of self-seeking. She repeated the words again and again: "We don't pay ourselves very well fur the work we do fur ourselves. Other people pays us better." She began to believe it, recognizing in herself the bad paymaster for the work she had done herself. She went to her work-basket and picked up a delicate piece of embroidery. She did not need it. She had spent hours upon it already. She would spend hours more; and when it was done she would not care for it. That was the way she paid herself. "Yes, I believe," she said to herself, "that other folks would pay me better. They couldn't pay me much more poorly than I pay myself."

Dame Allen returned to the kitchen, and, rolling up her sleeves, proceeded to knead a mass of spongy dough into shapely loaves of bread. Essie Hicks let her sewing drop and watched her.

"You've had to work very hard, haven't you?" she asked. The tone of inquiry was sympathetic. It was easy guessing that sympathy was an element of good in a character that in all human probability had run a risk of being spoiled. Dame Allen's answer was cheerful.

"I've seen pretty tough getting along sometimes, but I've never had more laid on me than I was able to bear. After my husband died, and I couldn't see no way but to sell the place, my heart most broke. Dick had been away to college a while then, you see. He took learning wonderful easy, and his father said he wanted him to take a higher place in the world than he had. Dick examined the books after his father died, and looked over all the notes and papers. I knowed pretty well how affairs stood, but Dick had been away to school, and didn't know his father was as much encumbered as he was. He got very sober like as he looked over them papers, and went around the farm as ef he bore the weight of the world on his shoulders. It was pretty hard to think of going away from the old spot where my husband brought me more than twenty years before. It seemed to me as ef I had taken root like the trees in our door-yard. But one night I seen Dick setting at the desk with little piles of paper all around him and his head leanin' down onto the desk so sorrowful like. I went and set down beside him, and says I, 'Dick, there ain't no use tryin' to keep the place. Ef your father had lived he would have been forehanded enough to make the next payment, but we can't do it. We'd better sell out, and you can go back to college, and the younger ones must take their chance.' Dick raised his head at that, and shook it in the sober like way he'd got sence his father died. It wasn't like his old, jolly way one bit. 'Mother,' he says, 'I've got it all settled now.' He took up one of the piles of papers—school-bills he said they was. 'Ef father hadn't paid so much for my schoolin,' he said, 'there'd a been money enough to pay off the mortgage. Now,' he says, 'I owe that to you and the younger children.' Then he went on to say that old Squire Smith was goin' to advance the money, and he was goin' to stay here and work the place. 'It will make you all a good living,' he said, 'and after a while the mortgage and the other debts will be paid off.' He's been at it ever sence, Miss Hicks, paying off every cent against us jest as fast as he could make it. He's one to pay the uttermost farthing, as I told you. He does it in money, and he does it in love."

"It's too bad your son couldn't remain at college," Essie Hicks remarked, and her tones were sympathetic for the son.

"It's a wonderful pity," assented Dame Allen. "He's such a hand fur his books. Why, you ought to see the stacks of books he's got up in his room, and he's always reading and writing every spare minute he gets. Ef you'd like any books at any time, Miss Hicks, you'll find 'em up in Dick's room."

"Thank you," answered Essie Hicks. "I'll go right up and look at them. I've wanted a book to help kill the time ever since I've been here."

She went up the stairs with a bound to the low-ceiled, white-curtained room. What a simple room it was! She remembered the fault Dan Wykoff and Ben Douglass and Guss Livingstone were always finding with their rooms at the hotels in Saratoga and Newport and Long Branch. What would they say to a room with meagre furniture like Dick Allen's? She went to the book-rack, the stained boards and leather hangings of which bore witness to the fact that Dick Allen had been his own upholsterer; and then her eye ran over the books. There were series of histories, piles of scientific works, and volume after volume of Greek and Latin. Essie Hicks regarded the books with wonder. Greek and Latin always commanded her veneration, she often said, in a playful way, and it was her habit to bow to all mysterious things that she did not understand. She opened a few of them, and turned over the leaves meditatively. There were pencil marks on the pages, and some of the leaves were worn as if they had been subject to studious perusal. "It's quite remarkable," Essie Hicks thought. "Dan Wykoff and Ben Douglass and Guss Livingstone would be quite beyond their depth in books like these." She replaced them all upon the shelves, and went down without a book.

"Didn't you find any to suit?" asked Dame Allen.

"Oh! they were quite beyond me," answered Essie Hicks, with a laugh. "Your son must be a scholar." "A gentleman and a scholar," she quoted to herself; and then she wondered if it was an apt quotation. Dan Wykoff and Ben Douglass and Guss Livingstone were gentlemen; but Dick Allen wore coarse clothes, and his face was sun-burnt, and his hands were rough. But then she thought of the Greek and Latin, and the story of self-sacrifice she had heard that morning, and she had a dim consciousness that in some way Dick Allen was superior to those others she had met in fashionable society.

A colored woman at the door, thrusting in her turbaned head, exclaimed, "Lud! Miss Allen, who's goin' fur to take a cold bite to de men in de field? I'se got de sass to clean fur dinner, and you'se up to your eyes in bread-dough. Yer hadn't orter to let de children all go to school, Miss Allen. I had a massy! I'll be dumswizzled

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ef I know how under de sun and canopy de basket is to be got to de men. Now does yer know any way, Miss Allen?"

"I will take it," said Essie Hicks, tossing her embroidery in a work-basket and springing to her feet.

"Lud, Miss! yer a pretty one to take it!" exclaimed the negro servant, surveying the young girl from head to foot. "You'll spile your gown, and them little shoes of yourn 'll be a sight to see after you've traipsed through the clover-fields."

"Oh no! it won't hurt my dress, and there are plenty more shoes where these came from," answered the girl, carelessly. She took a hat from the wall—a jaunty hat of braided straw, with a waving plume that touched her shoulder—and, picking up the basket, she started across the fields, singing—

"There was a little woman as I've heard tell,
She went to market her eggs for to sell."

"Dar's a fine little lady fur yer," commented the negro servant, looking after the white-robed figure crossing the fields of clover. "But, den, fine fedders makes fine birds, and I'm sartain sure dar isn't any market for her eggs in this part of de country."

"She's an extronary young woman," remarked Dame Allen. "To think of her being interested in the price of butter and the like of that, when she never in all her life raised a finger toward earning her bread or making her butter."

"Will she stay all de summer long?" asked the negro servant.

"Mostwise ef the air agrees with her," answered Dame Allen. "She was pretty much run down, and her father thought a farm-house would be the best place in the world for her. Her father was brought up in these parts, and he come to me, and says he, 'Miss Allen, I'd be glad ef you'd take my daughter fur the summer. She's a little willful,' says he, 'but she hasn't known a mother's care since she was a little child, and it's a sad pity fur girls when they lose their mothers.' 'That's the truth, Mr. Hicks,' says I, 'it's a pity for boys and girls to lose their mothers, and their fathers, too, fur that matter,' and I thought of my boys without any father. I never look at Dick, slaving on the farm when he ought to be in college, but I think it's a great loss fur a boy when his father dies. It's the Lord's will, though, and I didn't mean to complain. Eleven o'clock!" she exclaimed, as the eight-day clock gave forth eleven strokes. "It's high time this batch of bread was in the oven. Just look out of the window, Nancy, and see ef Miss Hicks is findin' her way across the fields. These New York girls haven't much gumption about any thing that don't concern their clothes, and worsted work, and fancy fixins of one kind and another."

"Lud, Miss Allen! de gal is makin' a bee-line fur de men," answered Nancy, standing in the doorway, and shading her eyes from the sun. "What a lively little thing it is—as spry as a chipmunk! I guess Mister Richard 'll open his eyes to have his dinner fotched him by dat little beauty, wid her ribbons a-flyin' and her fedders a-bobbin', like as though as ef dey was alive, as it were. Lud bless us! she's a fine little lady, and no mistake. You needn't concern yourself any longer, Miss Allen; she's done got dar, and de men has got dar cold bite, and de work in de kitchen has hadn't to stop a minute, owin' altogedder to Miss Hicks. Lud bless her!"

Dick Allen, turning an angle with a plow, thinking of the epithet "slow" applied to him by a pretty girl that morning—an epithet that rankled in his bosom because the girl who used it was wondrously pretty, and he did not like to stand condemned in her eyes as an old fogy and behind the times, glanced down the furrows of fresh turned sod, and saw the young girl coming with a basket. All the young man's face flushed crimson. He knew the kind of men such girls admired—men with white hands, and easy manners, and fashionable attire. He had known such men. It had been possible for him to stand among them had he disregarded the claims of the widow and the fatherless. But the widow was his mother, and the fatherless his own brothers. Not for such as he was disregard of these holy claims possible, and the crimson flush faded, and he raised his head with the conscious dignity of a true manhood, and met Essie Hicks's kindly blue eyes and reverent bow.

It was the Greek and Latin, and that giving up of college that brought the kindness in her eyes, and the reverence in her bow, she said to herself when she analyzed her mood. And now that Dick Allen gave her thanks with courteous kindness, she observed what fine eyes he had—"such a lovely shade of brown"—as she expressed it in true woman's parlance, and then what a noble forehead he had! If he dressed as well as Dan Wykoff, and Ben Douglass, and Guss Livingstone, he would be a handsomer man than either of them. She was coming to this conclusion slowly, asking questions about the land, and plows, and harrows. Her manner of interrogation was interested and sympathetic, like that in which she had talked to Dame Allen that morning of the price of butter and the bread kneading. It was a manner that was certain to elicit interest from the party with whom she talked. It had won from Dame Allen the encomium of "extronary." It was winning from her son an honest admiration that beamed on his somewhat grave face and shone out of his honest brown eyes.

Essie Hicks's manner would have puzzled the girls of her set. Sue Douglass would have said, with a curl of her red lips, "That farmer lad! Pshaw!" Katie Clark would have shrugged her bare shoulders and said, carelessly, "You know we don't care to bring down such game as that. It's a waste of ammunition, and the fun wouldn't pay for the powder." And Clara Jewett, who should have been a Vere de Vere, would have smiled in the cold way that is characteristic of the Vere de Veres and said, complacently, "If Miss Hicks's health compels her to go out of the world and beyond the bounds of civilization, she is quite justifiable in getting all the amusement she can out of the people she meets. The pursuit of amusement is our inalienable right."

But Essie Hicks would have shamed the Vere de Vere reasoning. She had no thought of amusement standing before Dick Allen with a reverence in her face and a real interest in her manner that Dan Wykoff and Ben Douglass and Guss Livingstone would have given much to have awakened, and the young man comprehending somewhat of the reverence, and conscious dimly of the interest, forgot his sun-burnt face and hard hands and coarse garments and talked with Essie Hicks as he might have done if he had stood side by side with those other men that had fallen to her lot in life.

"It is a strange lot," Essie Hicks said, musingly, thinking seriously as men like Dick Allen could make her think, and talking earnestly as men like him could make her talk.

The young man's eye ran over the half plowed field.

"Rather a hard lot," he answered. "Though indeed it was pretty enough before the flowers were all turned under."

"You are very practical," Essie Hicks replied, with a smile. "I mean our lot in life. You mean this lot of land."

"My lot in life means this lot of land," Dick Allen said, with a strange bitterness in his speech. He turned almost abruptly from the young girl and laid his hands on the plow. By the movement he seemed to turn from more than the girl. Ah! the brain fancies, the heart dreams, the boyish aspirations which that morning talk had awakened and from which he turned. He was a strong man. He had put his hand to the plow, and he could not look back.

Essie Hicks returned to the farm-house thinking of her lot in life on a level with the Wykoffs and Douglasses and Livingstones and Clarks and Jewetts. And then she fell to thinking of Dick Allen. How the girls of her set would sneer at his coarse clothes and country manners! And how the gentlemen would stare at a man who plowed and sowed and reaped and earned bread for himself and others by literal sweat of his brow. Ah that brow! Essie Hicks's eyes grew kindly and her face grew reverent again. She was thinking of the Greek and Latin books on the hanging shelves of leather and stained wood.

A few nights after, Essie Hicks, writing letters by the little table in Dame Allen's sitting room, glanced off her sheet to find Dick Allen's eyes on her face. She flushed a little, this girl who in fashionable society had all her nerves and blood-vessels under such control that she was never known to blush, and she inquired, kindly, "What are you studying, Mr. Allen?"

"Greek," he answered, simply.

"It is quite beyond me," Essie Hicks said, with a smile.

Dick Allen sighed. "And me," he muttered, inaudibly, laying his book on the table and walking to the window.

Essie Hicks picked up the book. It was a Latin Virgil.

"Why, he said it was Greek," she commented, inwardly. "What did he mean?" She glanced up with questioning eyes. Dick Allen was regarding her attentively with an eager, thoughtful gaze. She was answered by the gaze. He meant her. It was an answer that sent the crimson currents into her pale cheeks as she gathered up her papers and closed her port-folio.

"How much better you're looking, Miss Hicks!" said Dame Allen, aroused by Essie's movement. "I think ef your father could see you he'd be pleased with the color in your face and the brightness of your eyes."

Poor innocent Dame Allen! Essie Hicks's father could take no pleasure in color and brightness that a word and glance from your son had brought. And, Essie Hicks, you had better be with people of your kind—chatting with Sue Douglass, playing duets with Katie Clark, and outgeneraling Clara Jewett with unconscious skill. You had better be waltzing with Dan Wykoff, at Saratoga, or boating at Newport with Ben Douglass, or climbing the White Mountains with Guss Livingstone. You had better be any where than at Dame Allen's farm-house. It is a quiet, peaceful place; but there is danger in the quiet, and there are thorns beneath the roses. As for you, Dick Allen, you had better never have known the fair girl with the pretty ways and sympathetic tones. Your path lies over rough places. Thinkest thou feet like Essie Hicks's shall bear thee company?

He did not think it. He was a practical man. He said to himself Miss Hicks is a practical woman. When the summer is over Miss Hicks will be nothing to me. The farm-house will be nothing to Miss Hicks.

What trifles destroy our nice calculations!

It was only the giving way of a little piece of leather, the disarrangement of a bit of harness, and there was a frightened horse dashing over the dusty road, and behind the horse a frightened woman clinging to a man, pale in spite of sunburn. Dick Allen had said he would be very circumspect in that ride—it was the last, for the summer was well-nigh over; but he forgot his resolution with those white arms clinging to him, and he said, tenderly, in the tones that lovers know,

"Be quiet, Essie, my darling, I would give my life for you."

When the danger was over, and Essie Hicks unhurt still clung to her protector, Dick Allen said, with a sad tenderness,

"I never meant to tell you all my heart. I said our ways were very different, and you could never share my life."

The crimson flush that made Essie Hicks beautiful above most women stole into her pale cheeks and her lips parted to make reply.

Dick Allen stopped her.

"I will not take your answer now," he said. "You are going to your home and friends for a few weeks. When you return you shall tell me if you are content to share my life."

"I shall be content," Essie Hicks answered. She had been thinking of Dame Allen's words, "We never pay ourselves very well fur the work we do fur ourselves. Other people pays us better." "I will work for Dick Allen, and I shall be content with Dick Allen's pay," she said to herself. She meant well; and Dick Allen saw angel hands bearing him over life's rough places.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AN EXCUSE FOR BEING QUARRELSOME.—In very hot weather you may be as disagreeable and disobliging to your friends as you please. If a coolness arises, so much the better.

PERSONAL.—There has been some difficulty about the right definition of "personal luggage," a term invented by the railway companies. We should think a trunk that refused to shut up when you sat upon it an irritating baggage, but the offense does not involve personalities. We see, however, that there is a traveling-bag advertised as "answering all purposes." It would depend of course on the nature of the replies whether such luggage would be personal.

IT IS SO.

I've seen many a girl
Who would marry a churl
Provided he'd plenty of gold,
And would live to repent
When the money was spent—
When she found that her heart had been sold.
It is so! It is so!
You may smile if you like,
But it's so!

I've known many a lass
Who would thoughtlessly pass
Whole hours parading the street,
While her mother would scrub
All the while at the tub,
Never minding the cold nor the heat.
It is so! It is so!
You may smile if you like,
But it's so!

There is many a man
Who will "dress" if he can,
No matter how empty his purse;
And his tailor may look
When he settles his book,
But his patron has bolted, or worse.
It is so! It is so!
You may smile if you like,
But it's so!

I know people so nice
They will faint in a trice
If you mention hard labor to them;
Yet their parents were poor,
And were forced to endure
Many hardships life's current to stem.
It is so! It is so!
You may smile if you like,
But it's so!

There are many about,
With a face "long drawn out,"
Who will prate for the harm of a laugh;
Yet they'll cheat all the week,
Though on Sundays so meek—
To my mind, they're too pious by half.
It is so! It is so!
You may smile if you like,
But it's so!

SAGACITY OF THE SERPENT.—A Python at the Zoological Gardens once swallowed his blanket. He was supposed to have mistaken it for a rabbit. This supposition is probably erroneous. More likely the Python wanted an anodyne, being troubled with a pain in his inside, and swallowed the blanket because he mistook it for a counterpane.

MAKING A "MULL" OF IT.—It is said that a Prussian chemist has suggested the introduction of a new element into the game of war. He proposes the employment of canvas bags filled with powdered veratria—the most powerful sternutatory known. These bags are to be discharged from cannon, and the effect of the bursting of one of them in the enemy's ranks will be, that every man in its vicinity will be suddenly seized with the most violent fit of sneezing. It is not anticipated that they will literally "sneeze their heads off," but generals will be unable to issue orders, aides-de-camp to transmit them, or officers to give the simplest word of command; horsemen will sneeze themselves out of their saddles, and taking aim will become a physical impossibility. A regiment of snuff-taking Highlanders might hold out a little longer; but it appears, from all accounts, that even the most seasoned votary of "sneeshin" would be forced to succumb to the power of veratria.—Meanwhile the needle-guns of the opposing forces would be mowing them down by hundreds, until nothing was left to the unfortunate victims of this diabolical scheme but to "suratchishew-render."

A grim old judge, hearing a flowery discourse from a pretentious young barrister, advised him to pluck out the feathers from the wings of his imagination and stick them in the tail of his judgment.

COMFORTING. — Smith says he never minds wearing himself out over-night, because he's always sure of being "done up" in the morning!

GRAMMATICAL LOVE-LETTER IN POETRY.

Accept, Dear Miss, this article of mine,
For what's indefinite who can define?—
My case is singular, my house is rural,
Wilt thou, indeed, consent to make it plural.
Something I feel pervades my system through,
I can't describe, yet substantively true,
Thy form so feminine, thy mind reflective—
Where all's possessive good, and naught objective.
I'm positive none can compare with thee
In wit and worth's degree;
First person indicative, but prove—
Let thy soft passive voice exclaim, I Love:
Active in cheerful mood no longer neuter,
I'll leave my cares both present, past, and future,
But ah! what torture must I undergo
Till I obtain that little Yes or No?—
Spare me the negative to save compunction—
Oh, let my preposition meet conjunction;
What could excite such pleasing recollection
As hearing thee pronounce this interjection:—
I will be thine, thy joys and griefs to share,
Till Heaven shall please to point a period there.

FASHIONABLE BOARDING-HOUSES.

Rules for the Lady of the House.

1. A lady who keeps a boarding-house should impress the fact upon her inmates that they are merely boarders, and, as such, not entitled to the sympathies of life.

2. Let it be distinctly understood what the hours are for meals, and that the table will never be kept standing, no matter what the emergency.

3. Ladies should never be taken as boarders while there is any possibility of getting gentlemen; but when it is absolutely necessary, in order to "fill up," to receive them, then let them understand that gentlemen would have been decidedly preferred.

4. It is scarcely necessary in this enlightened age to say, "Don't take children:" indeed, children being allowed to live in any house—except those owned by their papas—is a remnant of barbarism which should never be tolerated by proprietors of boarding-houses.

5. Great cleanliness is not at all necessary in a boarding-house. Boarders can eat quite "enough" without any fanciful nicety.

6. Fuel is a considerable item. The most approved modern plan to save this article is to have stoves put up very late in the season, and take them down very early; and if there be furnaces, to lay in just enough of coal to last till early spring.

7. When the lady of the house has a marriageable daughter the parlor should be appropriated for her especial use, every evening, for the entertainment of her beaux. Boarders have no right to intrude in the parlor of a boarding-house except to receive a friend, especially after gas-light.

8. Let the boarders look out for their own comfort. Let your prices be the highest, and give as little as you possibly can in return. Let the least trifle, not at the regular meal-time, be an extra. Go late to market. There is a great saving in this. You can then get bargains in meats and vegetables. It don't matter about them being very fresh for boarders. Haslets and other bits called offals make excellent hashes, and are very cheap. First-class butter is never necessary. Desserts are very expensive. Many people cut a pie into eight pieces; manage to get ten out of one. Have very small plates for custards, and let them be but two-thirds full. For your puddings, etc., instead of having dessert plates, have the smallest-sized saucers; no one who has any regard to their reputation will ever ask for a second supply of dessert.

PUN-GENT QUERIES.

Which is most to be pitied—a pensive lady or an expensive one?

Is it necessary for a "limb of the law" to "branch out" in *fruit-less* oratory?

Is "stealing editorial thunder," to *lighten* the labor of writing, considered a canonical or *civil* "write?"

Can a printer who "sticks" type be said to *adhere* to his profession?

Is a "so-so" sort of farmer a good grain-raiser?

Is haughty-culture commendable in farmers' daughters?

When a dog insists upon lying on the "mat," would you consider him "dogmatically inclined?"

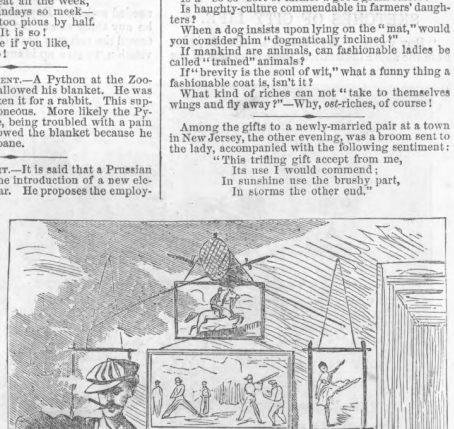
If mankind are animals, can fashionable ladies be called "trained" animals?

If "brevity is the soul of wit," what a funny thing a fashionable coat is, isn't it?

What kind of riches can not "take to themselves wings and fly away?"—Why, *ost*-riches, of course!

Among the gifts to a newly-married pair at a town in New Jersey, the other evening, was a broom sent to the lady, accompanied with the following sentiment:

"This trifling gift accept from me,
Its use I would commend;
In sunshine use the brushy part,
In storms the other end."



THE NATIONAL GAME.

"GENTLEMEN,—OWING TO SUDDEN AND SEVERE ILLNESS, I WILL BE UNABLE TO ATTEND THE OFFICE TO-DAY.

"I AM, WITH RESPECT," ETC.

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SKETCHES OF NEW YORK CITY LIFE—"BOY WANTED!"

SKETCHES OF CITY LIFE.

"Boy wanted!" says the sign. But to judge from the above illustration, there is no lack of the needed article. Boys—why there don't seem to be any thing else! To some youngster in that crowd the call may have come, like a pleasant invitation, to give up idling and begin a life of industry; and years hence that sign, or the advertisement seen in the morning paper, may be recollected by him as the turning-point in his life, and seem as illustrious as if printed in letters of gold. Or the advertisement may have met the eyes of some poor starveling, who wants a chance to live; and to him it means a possible succession of dinners, and of nights spent in a comfort-

SKETCHES OF NEW YORK CITY LIFE—"HOT CORN!"

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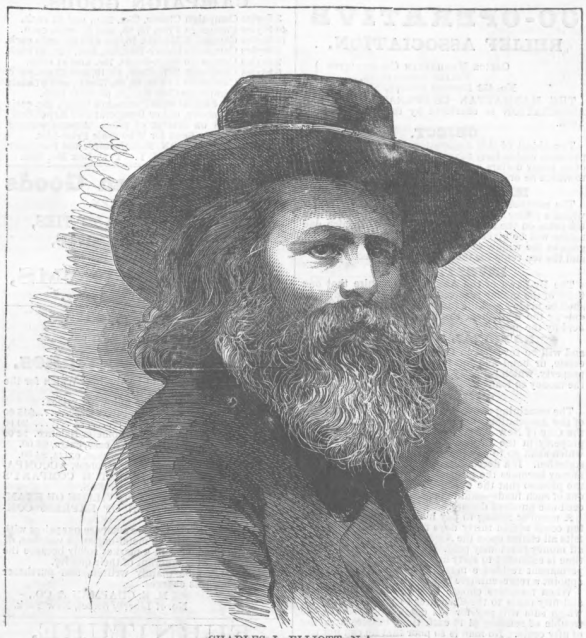


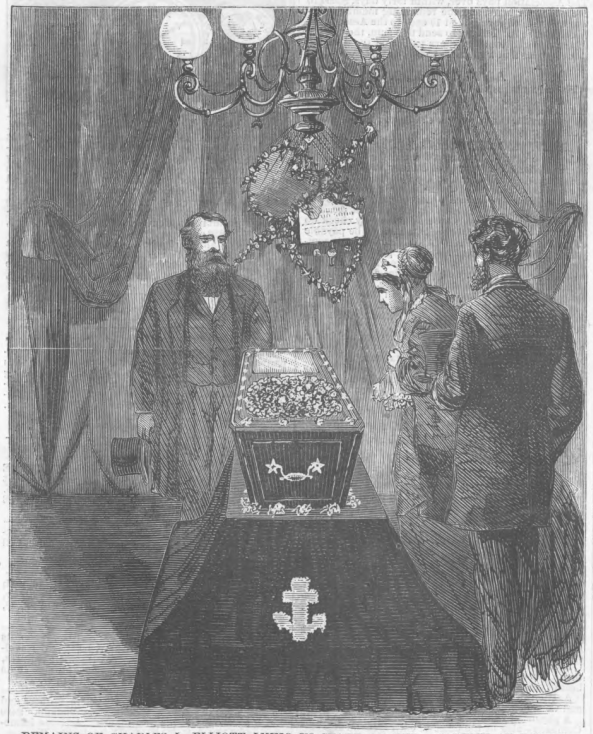
CHARLES L. ELLIOTT, N.A.

able bed. Our artist has shown the kind of answer which these advertisements receive. These boys are not all of the street. There are in this city hundreds of boys, sons of respectable parents and regular attendants of our schools, who every morning look in the daily papers for those two magic words, "Boy wanted!" and if they are successful in their search, the earliest possible moment finds them mingling with the crowd sketched by our artist—a crowd which fills the street for a considerable distance, and which winds up the staircase to the very door of the advertising proprietor who has had the audacity to raise and brave this storm of boys. He selects the boy who best meets his fancy, and then the crowd disperses. At this time, when business is so stagnant, there is a slim chance for boys who want places. Be patient, boys! You are *all* wanted, and sooner or later the call will come for each one of you. Take the chance when it comes, and then work on, and patiently wait your employer's call to "come up higher."

Our other sketch—"Hot Corn!"—introduces us to a night-scene in summer-time—a scene familiar to every one who has taken a midnight stroll among the by-ways of this city.

THE LATE CHARLES L. ELLIOTT.

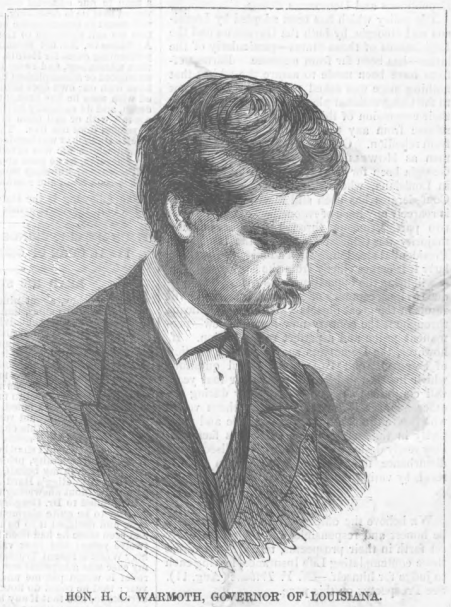
THE decease of Mr. ELLIOTT has deprived this country of her most distinguished portrait-painter. He died in Albany on Tuesday, August 25, from a tumor on the brain. Mr. ELLIOTT was born in Scipio, New York, in 1812. His early years were passed for the most part in Syracuse. His father, an architect, wished him to enter upon mercantile pursuits. That did not satisfy the boy, and he came to New York, where he studied art under TRUMBULL and a painter named QUIDOR. He tried portraits, but was not successful. He illustrated IRVING and PAULDING; but at last went into the interior of the State, where he devoted his undivided attention to portrait-painting. Then he returned to New York, where he has lived and painted ever since. One of his most characteristic portraits — that of FLETCHER HARPER—was sent to the Paris Exhibition. One of the best art-critics in this country thus described his portraits in a former Number of this journal: "ELLIOTT's portraits are dashing and brilliant. They are often roughly criticised for crudity and extravagance of color. But although like GILBERT STUART he is fond of color, like GILBERT STUART he is a master of color. Perhaps the secret of his great popularity as a painter is the vividness of his portraiture. The critics may call it a superficial likeness, but it is a likeness so graphic that it is saluted with an involuntary smile of recognition and pleasure. Then there is a magnetism in his portraits; an air of cheerfulness and high spirits which is enlivening and delightful; and if his companions of other days still speak of him fondly as 'CHARLEY ELLIOTT,' it is because the boy's heart still beats unchanged in the busy and famous painter."



REMAINS OF CHARLES L. ELLIOTT LYING IN STATE AT THE ACADEMY OF DESIGN, NEW YORK CITY.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.]

A MAGICIAN'S RESIDENCE.

ELECTRICITY is a wizard's power. With it, and a little mechanical skill, a man may turn his house into a magician's castle. The late ingenious Mr. Appold—of centrifugal pump notoriety—indeed, did this without it. His room doors opened as you approached them, and shut behind you; his stable gates did the same; upon touching a spring the window-shutters closed and the gas was turned on; his apartments maintained themselves at a uniform temperature, and at a proper hygrometric state, by regulating thermometers and atmospheric damping apparatus; in short, his house was full of surprising devices, created and worked out by his wonderful inventive and executive skill. Had he pressed the subtle fluid into his service there is no saying into what a palace of enchantment his dwelling would have been transformed. But what he did not do has been done by the famous Robert Houdin, who has made electricity do the work of a retinue of servants and a watchman to boot. The ex-conjuror lives at a country seat called the Priory, near to his native town of Blois, and there it is that these wonderful applications have been effected. A visitor presenting himself at the portal finds the name of "Robert Houdin" upon a door-plate, above which is a little knocker; operating upon the latter a great bell sounds within the house. In a few moments the lock is thrown back, and the name on the plate changes, like a pantomime trick, to "Entrez." The visitor obeys, and the door automatically closes behind him. If more than one person enters, the invisible and inanimate "concierge" makes known the fact by tinkling a small bell, which keeps up its tintinnabulum so long as the door is held open. The carriage-gates, some distance off, announce themselves open or shut in the hall, where an inscription exhibits the words, "The gates are open," or "The gates are shut," as the case may be. The letter-box on the gate tells in the house how many letters have been put into it, and, by an arrangement with the postman, which are letters and which book-parcels or newspapers; and if the postman is wanted at the house to carry correspondence to the village, he is apprised of the fact by a bell, of the ringing of which he knows the meaning. The horse, in a stable more than forty yards from the house, is fed at regular intervals by electrical intervention. At stated times a clock sends a current, which opens the orifice of a shoot or hopper, and allows the due proportion of provender to fall into the manger. This same clock is charged with the transmission of time to two large external dials, and to several smaller ones about the domicile, all of which go together in sympathy, so that Father Time has here a company of subalterns that march step by step with irrefragable order. Then it rings bells at the proper times for meals and other regular household duties, calls up the servants by alarms in the morning, and at night puts a galvanic current in connection with a wire that communicates with all the doors and windows, so that if any of these are attempted by burglars an alarm is instantly given. Lastly, the green-house telegraphs its temperature to the conjuror's study. If the gardener allows the thermometer to rise above or fall below certain limits, his master is apprised of the irregularity, and he is called to account next morning. The poor man knows when he has been at fault, but does not know who or what tells the tale, and he thinks he has a sorcerer to serve; and so, in the only sense in which we can nowadays regard the word, he has.



HON. H. C. WARMOTH, GOVERNOR OF LOUISIANA.

LOUISIANA AND GEORGIA.

THESE are both reconstructed States. In the elections held last spring the Hon. H. C. WARMOTH was elected Governor of Louisiana, and Mr. BULLOCK Governor of Georgia. The majority in Georgia in favor of the new Constitution was over 17,000; in Louisiana nearly 18,000. Owing to the larger negro vote in Louisiana, the candidate for Governor was a more pronounced Radical. This candidate was claimed by the Radical Republicans in 1865 as the delegate from the "Territory of Louisiana." When Louisiana was first organized as a State Government under Mr. LINCOLN's administration, the Senators and Members of Congress from that State were admitted. The admission of representatives was, however, refused by a subsequent Congress.

In Georgia, where almost every thing depended upon the white vote, a more conservative candidate was presented. Thus Mr. BULLOCK was elected Governor by the same voters who elected

GOVERNOR BULLOCK OF GEORGIA.

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a Legislature about equally divided as between Republicans and Democrats.

The policy which has been adopted by Louisiana and Georgia, by both the Governors and the Legislatures of those States—particularly of the latter—has been far from extreme. Earnest efforts have been made to assure the whites that nothing more was asked of them than to assent to the Congressional plan of restoration, and that their concession of this point will secure them a release from any political disabilities resulting from rebellion. Owing to the opposition of such men as HOWELL COBB, these efforts have in Georgia been for the most part fruitless; while in Louisiana, where the opposition of the late Confederates has been still more virulent, there is scarcely any hope of reconciliation between the two parties, except through an overwhelming majority for General GRANT in the impending Presidential election. Such a majority—particularly if it comes chiefly from the Northern States—will bring the opposition to its senses, and conduce to its acceptance of the situation. This will result in the great objects which the Republicans throughout the country now have in view—permanent peace and a perfect reconciliation. If, however, the Democrats succeed in the election of SEYMOUR and BLAIR, the vexed questions which have disturbed the nation for four years will continue to agitate the country during another administration. Let all Southern voters who desire the speedy return of peace and prosperity in their section remember this fact. If they really desire the perpetuation of discord and disturbance, they will most surely help on that result by voting the Democratic ticket.

WE believe the officers of the MANHATTAN to be honest and responsible, and their plan fairly set forth in their prospectus, to which we direct those contemplating Life Insurance, leaving each to judge for himself.—*N. Y. Tribune* (Aug. 11). See Prospectus on this page.

DOTY'S CLOTHES WASHER is worth one dollar per week in any family.—*N. Y. Tribune.*
R. C. BROWNING, General Agent,
No. 32 Courtlandt St., New York.

THE UNIVERSAL CLOTHES-WRINGER, lately improved with Rowell's patent double gear and new clasp extension, soon saves its cost in labor and clothes. The only Wringer with the PATENT STOP, without which cog-wheels play out of gear and are of no use when most needed. Sold every where. R. C. BROWNING, General Agent, No. 32 Courtlandt St., New York.

OUR readers will notice the advertisement in our columns to-day of LAPORTE'S PARIS KID GLOVES, and will, no doubt, recall the name of LAPORTE, whose peculiar signature they have seen in the beautifully-cut and elastic kid gloves brought home by many a returning tourist from London.

The introduction of these admirable and widely-known gloves into the United States deserves more than a passing notice. LAPORTE'S Kid Gloves have been in use for nearly a quarter of a century by the Queen and Royal Family of England, and also by many of the most noble and distinguished families of that and other countries. It is noted for its beautiful shape, giving to the hand that graceful outline so rarely seen in ordinary gloves, heightening the effect of a handsome hand, and concealing in a measure any natural defect in those that are otherwise.

Our enterprising merchants will not be slow in availing themselves of the advantages which have already been derived by European dealers in this glove. One house in London (the well-known firm of J. & R. MORLEY) sell annually 30,000 dozen of LAPORTE'S Gloves.—*Times.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR removing FRECKLES, TAN, PIMPLES, and all other blemishes, use Phalon's "PAPHIAN LOTION." Sold by all druggists. Price $1 25 per bottle.

FOR the *Toilet, Bath,* and *Nursery,* use Phalon's "PAPHIAN SOAP." 25 cts. per cake. Sold by druggists and by PHALON & SON, 517 Broadway, N. Y.

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"Absurdly moderate in price, and perfectly satisfactory in shape."—*N. Y. Times* (June 29th).

Boosey & Co.'s new Catalogue of Cheap Musical Publications free. BOOSEY & CO., 644 Broadway.

PAIN PAINT.

Ask for Wolcott's Pain Paint, in white outside wrappers—take none other—or send to the General Office for it. Pint bottles, $5; quart, $8; gallon, $20; sent free of express charges on receipt of the price. Small bottles can be bought at Drug Stores.

R. L. WOLCOTT, 170 Chatham Square, New York.

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For the best Campaign Medals, Pins, and Badges of GRANT & COLFAX, send to the oldest and most respectable manufacturers, who have made this business a specialty for the past nineteen years. We have now ready a great variety of all styles. Prices from $3 to $10 per 100. We will send to any address, postpaid, on receipt of price, *One Sample,* 25c., *Three Samples,* 50c., with Price-List. We request our Correspondents to be brief, as we are always very busy during the Campaign. We make suitable reductions on all large orders for *Dealers and Clubs.*

All moneys sent by Post-Office Order at our risk. We guarantee full amount in goods, at lowest rates, for all money sent to us. Address

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P. O. Box 3131. 55 Murray St., N. Y.

20,000 SOLD.—MAGNETIC POCKET TIME-KEEPER AND COMPASS.—handsome case, glass crystal, white enameled dial, steel and metal works, watch size; warranted to keep in order and denote correct time for two years. Satisfaction guaranteed. Sent securely by mail, post-paid, for only $1; three for $2. Address

MAGNETIC WATCH CO., Hinsdale, N. H.

ALMOST MIRACULOUS.—We seldom indorse a man in our editorial columns—never, unless convinced that he is deserving, and to speak well of him will result in benefit to the public. It is with this idea that we call attention to the advertisement of Dr. J. A. SHERMAN, No. 697 Broadway, New York, who is performing cures for Hernia, or Rupture, but little less than miraculous, and never before, to our knowledge, attempted or accomplished by any other surgeon. We have with our own eyes seen his cures—are acquainted with men he has brought to health from a living death, and do earnestly advise all who are afflicted to consult with or call upon him. A more meritorious physician does not live. The communication in this week's DEMOCRAT was handed in to us by Geo. Hodges, a man whose life was saved and health restored by Dr. Sherman, as he gave abundant proof, and to it we call attention, knowing those afflicted will thank us if they seek relief and comfort.—*La Crosse Democrat.*

The following is the statement of Mr. Hodges alluded to in the above article:

TERRIBLE SUFFERINGS FROM RUPTURE, AND FINAL CURE OF GEORGE HODGES, Esq.

READ HIS STATEMENT.

"When a boy, about nine years of age, I became ruptured on both sides, and my parents, anxious for my welfare, sought the advice and aid of our family physician, who procured and adjusted to me a truss, which I wore for some time, under his supervision, without being benefited by it. My parents then sought elsewhere, but to no purpose, for one truss after the other seemed to increase my trouble. When about fifteen years of age it was my good fortune to visit London, where I hoped to find a suitable truss for my case, but there, too, I failed. I could obtain nothing I could wear that would retain it. The next opportunity I had was in this city, where I sought out the most celebrated *truss vendors,* among whom were the gentlemen to whom I shall hereafter allude, who, from a feeling of humanity, pride, or profit, exhausted all their abilities in my behalf, without any success.

"I tried Dr. Rigg's Hard Rubber Truss, which was painful, without answering the purpose.

"I applied to Dr. Gregory, No. 669 Broadway, who seemed to be quite alarmed when I showed him my case, and declared it to be the worst rupture that he had seen since he had been in New York, for the past twelve years; and after vainly trying on several of his 'White's Patent Trusses,' he gave me up, saying my case was a hopeless one, and if I didn't find some relief it would put me under ground in less than a year; that he could do nothing for me; wouldn't undertake to, and that if any body did, they would only take my money without doing me any good.

"I called on Dr. Pomeroy, No. 553 Broadway, who arranged and fitted on several of his patent trusses, with no better result. Notwithstanding he put on some with great pressure, they did not support my case, and he gave it up, remarking he did not think that I could find any thing to do me any good; my rupture was so bad, he did not see how I had managed to live so long with it.

"After this my attention was directed to Dr. Marsh, of the Astor House, Vesey Street, and I called to see him. He tried on various trusses, which proved a failure. He then decided that his $30 radical cure truss would do, but he would have to prepare one. I left his office feeling rather dubious, yet withal I returned in a day or two after, and Dr. Marsh went to work at me again as though he meant this time to conquer; but he soon dropped his courage, and with it my case, for his radical cure truss, though adjusted, readjusted, and adjusted again and again, was a failure; it could not retain my rupture, although it was applied with painful force. Dr. Marsh, on giving up my case, remarked, 'You are in a critical condition; it's a wonder your rupture has not killed you long ago.' I was again compelled to leave his office doubly disappointed and dejected in spirits. Lamenting my sad fate, yet not abandoning my efforts, a medical gentleman on whom I called advised me to see Dr. Sheldon, No. 710 Broadway, and I did so. Dr. Sheldon, after looking at my case, fixed together and put on several of his patent trusses, all of which failed to hold. He then seemingly determined to govern my case, fixed up one with terrible pressure, which served a little better one way, but worse another, for it seemed as though it would cut me in two in an hour. I could not possibly endure it longer. Dr. Sheldon said it was the best he could do; my case was a very bad one.

"Receiving a circular of the Elastic Truss Company, No. 474 Broadway, which promised a good deal, I called there to see the Superintendent, Dr. Dike, who went at my case, strapping me unbearably tight, without helping my rupture at all.

"Having my attention called to a notice of Dr. E. B. Foote, Lexington Avenue, corner of Twenty-eighth Street, I called to see him, but his attendant, finding my rupture so bad, would not undertake to do any thing for it. This was, indeed, disheartening, and almost forced me to the conclusion that my life was inseparably linked with misery. But, as the sun looks brightest after the most terrific storm, so, after the most searching and unsuccessful trials for relief, the light of science burst upon me brightest through Dr. Sherman's illustrated card, which casually fell into my hands; and yet, to have the assurance of its being a true light, after, as I may say, having endured a series of storms and gloomy forebodings, I determined to take the advice of Fifth Avenue and Thirtieth Street, who I have heard was one of the most eminent surgeons of this city, before calling on Dr. Sherman, which I did, informing him at the same time of the failure of the persons heretofore alluded to. Dr. Sayre advised me by all means to go to Dr. Sherman and see what he could do, and to come back and let him see me after I got fixed.

"This encouraging advice from Dr. Sayre fanned into a flame the spark of hope kindled in me when I first looked over Dr. Sherman's circular, and I went to his office, No. 697 Broadway, with a step of buoyancy which I had not felt before for years. When I arrived I found several before me, but I waited my turn, and had my case examined. During the examination by Dr. Sherman I did not have the same feelings of dread and fear come upon me that I had when Dr. Marsh, Dr. Gregory, and others examined me, which circumstance tended further to strengthen my faith in the opinion that I had at last fortunately found some one equal to the task of relieving me. Subsequent to the examination Dr. Sherman gave me a more favorable opinion than any of the other parties to whom I had applied, and expressed himself in such sanguine terms that I put myself in his hands, and am now, and have been since that day, a new man, capable of taking the most active exercise without any inconvenience whatever from my rupture. I am now, practically, a sound man, and expect soon to be in point of fact.

"As Dr. Sayre requested me to call and let him see what Dr. Sherman did for me, I stepped in at his office, after proving Dr. Sherman's method a few days, to let him know that I was doing well. He examined me, and was very much pleased to express his satisfaction in very strong terms of praise, adding, 'When I first saw your rupture I was afraid that you would not be able to find any thing to do you any good.'

"The way that I have been treated since my rupture first appeared, by the numerous persons who have attempted to relieve me, in view of the relief that I have recently received from Dr. Sherman, forces me to the conclusion that it is not the incurability of rupture, but the bad treatment by injurious pressure the ruptured patient receives, which fastens to him this curse for life, or hurls him with the horrors of strangulated rupture to a premature grave.

"That the reader may more fully realize the horrible condition that I was in when I placed myself in the hands of Dr. Sherman, I would recommend him to see my photographs, taken by order of Dr. Sherman before and after treatment, which may be seen at his office.

"GEORGE HODGES.

"Thirtieth Street, near Sixth Avenue, New York."

MANHATTAN
CO-OPERATIVE
RELIEF ASSOCIATION.

OFFICE MANHATTAN CO-OPERATIVE RELIEF ASSOCIATION,
No. 432 BROOME STREET, NEW YORK.

THE MANHATTAN CO-OPERATIVE RELIEF ASSOCIATION is chartered by the State of New York.

OBJECT.

The object of this Association is to secure a cash payment within forty days after the death of a member of as many dollars as there are members in the class to which he or she belongs, to his or her heirs.

MEMBERSHIP FEES.

The membership fees are six dollars at joining (for which a policy will be furnished), and one dollar and ten cents on the death of each member, of which due notice will be given. One dollar from each member goes to the widow or heirs of the deceased member, and the ten cents for the expenses of collecting.

INVESTMENTS.

The By-Laws of the Association require that one third of the money received as new membership fees shall be made a sinking fund to meet payments falling due by the delinquencies of members. This fund is held by the

NATIONAL TRUST CO.,

and will be invested in United States Bonds, or real estate, or bond and mortgage upon New York City property, which property shall be double the value of the money so loaned.

THE FUNDS.

The remaining two thirds, after paying the expenses of the Association, shall be invested in real estate in the City of New York, or in bond and mortgage on property in the City of New York, the interest of which shall go to pay the current expenses of the Association. If a deceased member leaves no heirs, the money becomes the property of the Association, with the proviso that the expenses of burial shall be paid out of such funds—said expenses, however, not to exceed one hundred dollars.

A member failing to pay his fee of one dollar and ten cents within thirty days from date of notice, forfeits all claims upon the Association, and also forfeits all money previously paid. In the Pacific States this time is extended to sixty days. A member having no permanent residence must notify the Secretary, and appoint a representative to pay his fees.

When members choose they can send ten dollars and fifty cents to the Treasurer to prepay their fees, which sum will pay for ten deaths, thus saving the trouble of sending $1 10 each time, besides a saving of fifty cents. No man is so poor that he can not pay $6 now, and $1 10 occasionally, thus securing $5000 to his heirs. The average number of dollars each person will have to pay to secure $5000 will be $30 per year, a little over fifty cents per week. This makes this mode of insurance cost about one sixth what they would have to pay any regular Insurance Company for a $5000 policy.

This company is divided into ten classes for men, and ten classes for women. As soon as these classes are filled ten new classes will be adopted. Men and women are not allowed in the same classes. Every thing is done to make each class equal.

CLASSES.

In class A all persons betw'n the ages of 15 and 20 yrs.
In class B all persons betw'n the ages of 20 and 25 yrs.
In class C all persons betw'n the ages of 25 and 30 yrs.
In class D all persons betw'n the ages of 30 and 35 yrs.
In class E all persons betw'n the ages of 35 and 40 yrs.
In class F all persons betw'n the ages of 40 and 45 yrs.
In class G all persons betw'n the ages of 45 and 50 yrs.
In class H all persons betw'n the ages of 50 and 55 yrs.
In class I all persons betw'n the ages of 55 and 60 yrs.
In class K all persons betw'n the ages of 60 and 65 yrs.

The classes for women are the same as above. Any one that is found to give a false age will be expelled, and the moneys paid forfeited to the Association. Each class is limited to 5000 members. Each person pays $6 upon becoming a member, and $1 10 each time a member dies. *Each class is* INDEPENDENT, *having no connection with any other.*

ILLUSTRATION.

Class "A" has 5000 male members. A man dies. The Association pays over, within forty days, $5000 to the widow or heirs, and the remaining members forward, within thirty days, $1 10 each to the Association to reimburse it. Failing to send this sum, they forfeit to the Association all moneys paid, and the Association supplies a new member to fill the place of the retiring one.

ADVANTAGES.

The advantages of this Association over ordinary Life Insurance Companies are, no panics can break it; the fees are so small, and required to be paid at such long intervals, that any man can secure to his family a competency upon his death.

HOW TO BECOME MEMBERS.

Any one desiring to become a member must send $6, in check, bank draft, postal order, or by express, the expressage being paid by the applicant. *Under no circumstance will the Association be responsible for moneys sent out in this way.* Agents are not allowed to receive moneys, but must ask for checks, &c., &c. Persons paying an agent otherwise than by check do it at their own risk. All checks, &c., must be payable to the order of W. S. CARMAN, Treasurer. Accompanying the money must be a paper giving the applicant's full name, age, birth-place, present occupation, who the policy is in favor of, post-office address, town, county, state—*also, a Medical Certificate,* setting forth the physical condition, and whether, in the opinion of the doctor examining, the applicant is a proper person to be insured. Blank forms of application for membership will be sent upon application.

Agents are not allowed to receive money but in the form of a check, draft, or postal order, made payable to the order of W. S. CARMAN, Treasurer.

Each member ought to try to make new members; by so doing he benefits himself. No letter will be noticed that does not contain a three-cent postage stamp to prepay return postage.

All communications should be addressed

Manhattan Co-operative Relief Association,
No. 432 BROOME STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

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A physician will be in attendance at the office of the Company—also at the office of each General Agent—to examine applicants.

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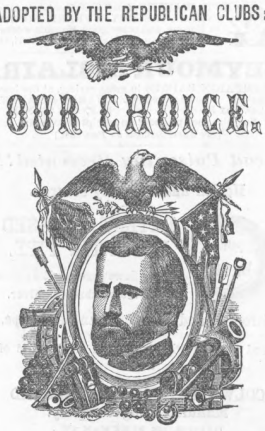

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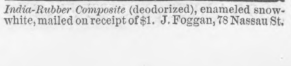

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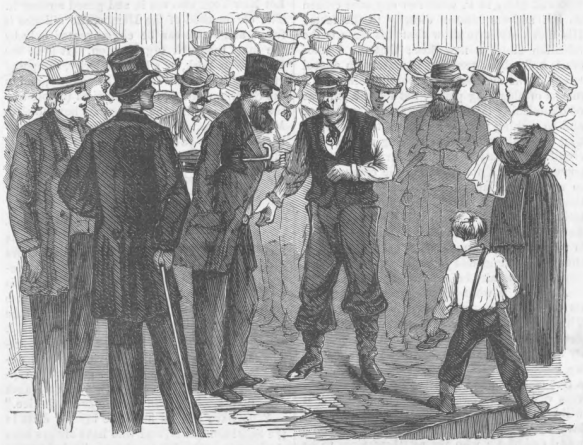
THE "WICKEDEST MAN'S" REFORMATION.

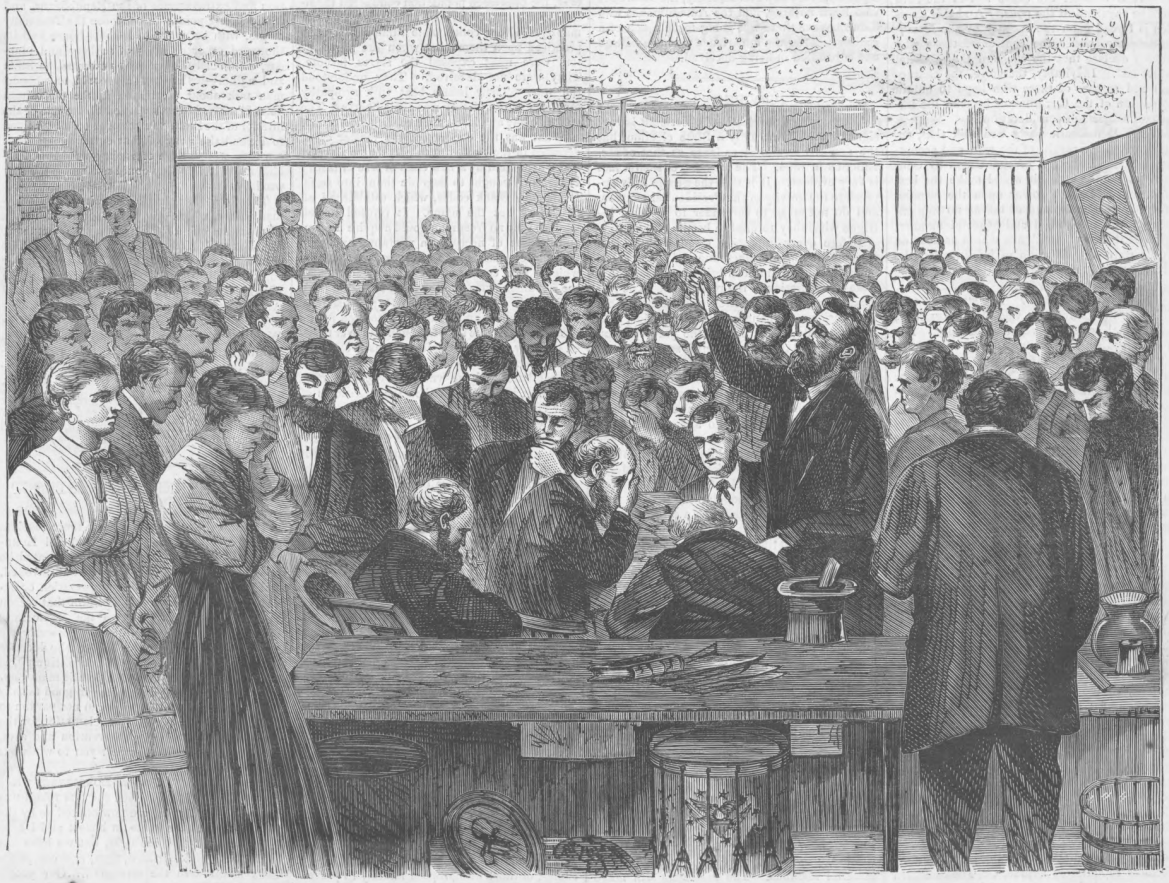
THE famous and infamous dance-house at 304 Water Street, New York, of which we gave a truthful account some weeks ago, was closed at midnight on August 30, and a notice posted on the door to the effect that it would be opened only for the hire of Magdalens to honest service. It is very gratifying to know that the place is closed; and still more gratifying and encouraging to know the reasons that influenced the act. JOHN ALLEN, the keeper, is reported to have said that he had closed his place because he had "come to the conclusion that it is wrong to keep such a place; and also to gratify his poor old father, who is tottering on the brink of the grave, and his brothers and sisters, who are all respectable people; and also for the sake of his children, to whom he wants to set a good example." The former reason given by him for *promising* to close the place, namely, "that the business was ruined," was not calculated to make one believe in the sincerity of the religious views claimed *for*, but not *by*, him. Undoubtedly his conduct since the close of the house has been such as to lead one to believe as well as hope in his reformation. Certainly his conduct if not his example is calculated to purge Water Street of the many pernicious establishments like his own which are to be found there; and if the Superintendent of Police will vigorously reinforce the ministers now laboring in that district by a few policemen, with orders to close up the other establishments immediately, great good will undoubtedly be effected in cleansing that district. It may look a little arbitrary at first glance to close these establishments by force, and it may be doing the individuals who keep them a legal wrong, but these people prosper by illegally robbing poor sailors, and the sailors are certainly entitled to as much protection as the city sharks who prey upon them. Besides, these establishments are in part indirectly supported by all tax-payers, and justice to the tax-payer demands that they should be closed. Men and women are daily sent from these haunts of vice to our hospitals to be cured of diseases generated there, and the expense to the city of taking care of the victims of the keepers of these dance and drinking houses is no small item in the expense account which the citizens of New York are taxed heavily to pay. These pecuniary reasons are only second in importance to the moral ones which might be adduced, if necessary; but they are certainly worthy of consideration.



SCENE IN FRONT OF THE "WICKEDEST MAN'S" DANCE-HOUSE.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

ALLEN'S old dance-hall has been open for the purposes of prayer daily since September 1. A reporter of the *Tribune* of September 3 thus describes the scenes, as we illustrate them on this page:

"The stranger who passed through Water Street at noon yesterday must have been impressed with the fact that something unusual was going on there. While other portions of the street presented their wonted appearance, with half-clad, fat, greasy-looking women, coarse, bloated, beastly men, and neglected children, lounging around the many dens for which the street is noted, or wallowing in the mire of the gutters, the sidewalks between Dover and Roosevelt streets were occupied by knots of men, porters, sailors, longshoremen, bar-tenders, mingled with whom were some well-dressed clerks, warehousemen, and disgust-



PRAYER-MEETING IN THE "WICKEDEST MAN'S" DANCE-HOUSE.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

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ing-looking women with sickly children in their arms. JOHN ALLEN'S saloon, or what was formerly his saloon, was literally packed with men, representing almost every class in society, and the crowd extended across the sidewalk into the middle of the street. At the further side of the inner room of the establishment were a number of clergymen—who conducted the exercises—besides a number of Wall Street bankers and brokers who are in sympathy with the revival movement in Water Street, and who have promised that funds shall not be wanting to carry forward the efforts for the evangelization of the Fourth Ward. The exercises were characterized by great earnestness on the part of those who participated, and the intense interest evinced by all who were present. Hardened criminals were moved to tears, and joined in the hymns with a fervor rarely seen except in camp-meetings. Of course, mixed up with these was much profanity, scoffing, and sneering at 'JOHN'S last dodge;' but the general impression was that Mr. ALLEN was in earnest in his professions, and that a movement had been inaugurated in Water Street that is to work a revolution there as salutary as the one that has taken place at the Five Points during the last decade. Not among the least interested of the audience were the young women who were formerly inmates of the house. They were dressed in their holiday attire, and joined in the singing with much apparent enjoyment, and listened attentively to all that was said and done. The little CHESTER was also the centre of much attraction."

TO THE HON. SCHUYLER COLFAX.

UNDER the Flag I greet you, Sir,
As one who in your country's cause
With steadfast zeal have toiled for her,
The Constitution, and her laws.

Who in her Council-Hall arose,
Ruling impartial the debate,
Yet never stooped to screen her foes,
Nor brought dishonor to the State;

Striving aright her course to guide,
With that true band of noble men
Who took their stand by Lincoln's side,
And never faltered back again.

I greet you as an honest man,
Loyal, and resolute, and just,
Who standing long in Freedom's van,
Have never yet betrayed your trust.

Gorham, New Hampshire. SUSAN J. ADAMS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1868.

SHALL THE LOST CAUSE BE REGAINED?

IT is sometimes alleged that the Republican orators and papers dwell too much upon old issues in this campaign, while the election is to be decided upon new ones. But what is the paramount issue of the canvass, and who raised it? It is whether the cause lost in the field shall be regained at the polls. And this question is forced upon the country by the Democratic party, under the control of those who frankly declare that the cause of the rebellion is not lost. Inevitably, therefore, the characters and careers of those who hope to obtain possession of the Government become the important subjects of consideration.

If the Democratic party had said that, acquiescing in the results of the war, and accepting the reconstruction of the Union by Congress as a settled fact, it would make the best of it, and had asked power upon the promise of greater economy, and of taking no step except in the most legal and peaceful manner, and had then nominated men whose names and words were a vindication of its sincerity, the canvass would necessarily have been conducted very differently.

But what are the facts? The strongest candidate in the Convention was Mr. PENDLETON, an original secessionist and repudiator. Mr. VALLANDIGHAM, his lieutenant, one of the most notoriously disloyal men in the country, put Mr. PENDLETON'S scheme of public dishonor into the resolutions. He and his chief opposed the war, and hoped the rebellion would succeed. But it failed, and the next service they could do for the late rebels was to refuse to pay the cost of subduing them. This is the financial policy of the party. Should it prevail the country is disgraced by those who tried in vain to destroy it. And of the effort at destruction PENDLETON and VALLANDIGHAM are as guilty as FORREST and HOWELL COBB—each having worked in his own way.

What next? WADE HAMPTON, one of the bitterest of the late rebels, stops at General LEE'S college on his way to the Convention and says that the cause is not lost. He comes into the Convention; is appointed upon the Committee of Resolutions; introduces a declaration that the reconstruction laws are unconstitutional, revolutionary, and void, and the other members pledge themselves to support the declaration to the end. The Convention then nominates for President an opponent of the war, who said that the success of the Government would be as revolutionary as that of the rebellion, and for Vice-President an ex-Union soldier, not because of that fact, but because he had just vehemently demanded that the Executive, without even consulting Congress or the Supreme Court, should by force overthrow the reconstructed governments in the Southern States. The Convention thus absolutely controlled by the most resolute rebels and the most reckless repudiators adjourns. The Southern States are instantly aflame with the speeches of the most violent of the rebel chiefs, who can not restrain the expression of their intense hatred for the political organization of loyal men that conducted the war to a successful end, and which has founded reconstruction upon equal rights. They exultingly affirm that the election of SEYMOUR and BLAIR will give them the success which they missed in the field. RAPHAEL SEMMES, FORREST, JOHN FORSYTH, ALBERT PIKE—the most malignant enemies of the Union and of equal rights, assert either that they still hate the Union or that the rebellion was a defense of the Constitution. VALLANDIGHAM is nominated for Congress, PENDLETON is the chosen hero of the canvass. The party papers that ventured to hope before the Convention met that the party had learned something are kicked into obedience, and pour upon General GRANT a torrent of indecent personal abuse; and grave orators, like Mr. PUGH, denounce reconstruction as an "outrage" to be "upset" by the Democrats, and "if it means war, let it come."

Now, in view of an issue of a violent overthrow of the laws by an Executive elected by those who were lately in open rebellion, and who still glory in it, what can any sane citizen do but address himself directly to the facts? His first duty is to show that this issue is the rebellion under a new face; that the Democratic talk about taxation is merely an appeal to one of the most sensitive public feelings as a means of obtaining power, not for the purpose of diminishing taxes by increasing production, and so making payment easy, but by repudiating them altogether and ruining the national credit. His duty is to show, further, that this power is sought not to pacify the country, but to restore the late rebels to the control of the Southern States, and to disable the loyal population there. In a word, it is his most urgent duty to show that the whole Democratic policy is to undo, as far as possible, every thing that the war has done, and to restore the intolerable situation of affairs before the war began.

And this is what the Republican party, by its orators and papers, is every where showing. They state incontrovertibly that we must first determine whether the reconstruction decreed by those who won in the war shall stand before we consider what the next step shall be. In a free country when a party enters upon a canvass with the declaration that, if successful, it will set aside the most vital and comprehensive laws by force, it raises a simple issue of civil war; and those who permit themselves to be diverted to minor issues, and do not see that this involves all other questions of interest and "pocket," are, however honestly, the Bourbons who learn nothing, and the Antediluvians who didn't believe there was going to be much of a shower. After the experience we have had no one is justified in being deceived.

PROSPECTS.

THE result of the election in Vermont is very significant. It was only a State election, but the majority is almost as large as that of Mr. LINCOLN in 1864. The meaning of such a fact is very evident. It is that the people fully appreciate the gravity of the Presidential canvass, and do not mean to surrender to political intrigue what they refused to hostile arms.

Before every important election there is a curious swaying and fluctuation of public sentiment. The nominations bring every man to a close consideration of the real issues. The ratification meetings, the letters of prominent men, the conspicuous changes from side to side, with the tremendous spouting of the party papers, seem to reveal that the current is setting strongly this way or that; but it is not until later that public opinion is felt to be finally settling. In 1864 the month of August was peculiarly gloomy for the Union party, and there were eminent Union leaders who almost despaired. The Democrats, feeling and seeing this, on the first of September met at Chicago and clamored for surrender to the rebellion. But the Maine election, about the middle of the month, showed how steady was the popular heart, and very soon afterward the result was a foregone conclusion.

At the present time the result would be beyond doubt if the election were to be an honest vote. But there are two disturbing elements, the situation in the Southern States and in the city of New York. The Democratic party has organized in the South for the coercion of the new voters by starvation and terror. There is no militia in those States for the defense of loyal men, and, as every advantage is with those who intend to defeat the legal expression of the popular will, there is reason to fear that they may succeed. Except for this system of terror, which Congress should have foreseen and avoided as far as possible, most of the Southern States would vote for GRANT.

It is further the intention of the Democratic party to cast such a vote in the city of New York that that of the State may be overcome, as in 1862, when HORATIO SEYMOUR was elected Governor by the city vote. The naturalization machinery for manufacturing votes is in the hands of the Democratic party, and the material abounds. The managers will make an unusually desperate effort, in the hope of saving the State for HOFFMAN, even if they can not for SEYMOUR. For a defeat in the State as well as in the country would be the severest blow the Democratic party has received. Tammany Hall, meanwhile, has conquered the rival factions. FERNANDO WOOD and MICHAEL CONNOLLY return to the Wigwam. The Honorable JOHN MORRISSEY could do nothing against the Honorable WILLIAM M. TWEED, at Albany; and, whatever the secret jealousies, the party will put forth its strength, conscious that defeat is destruction.

By the electoral vote of New York and of the Southern States the Democrats hope either to carry the election or to remain a formidable and menacing opposition. Yet the alliance upon which they count is the old one. Formerly it was the combination of Southern slavery and Northern ignorance and meanness; now it is that of the same ignorance and prejudice with the remnants of the old slave power. It talks about peaceful reunion, and draws the sword. It preaches fraternity and good-will, and proposes to trample more than half the population of some States under foot. Vermont sees this. Maine, next week, will show that she sees it. Let New York also see it, and guard against it. The old method of the Democratic alliance is fraud, and fraud can be circumvented only by the most thorough organization. It is in the city of New York, by a huge majority, composed of the most ignorant class in the country, and in the Southern States, by a terrorism imposed by the rebel class, that the Democrats hope to elect Mr. SEYMOUR. Let us, then, organize perfectly. It is not enough to have the votes; we must bring them out, and watch the enemy.

WHAT CAUSES ANARCHY?

IN 1865 President JOHNSON said to Mr. FREDERICK DOUGLASS that if the freedmen in the Southern States were allowed to vote there would be a war of races. Mr. DOUGLASS replied, "Who will begin it?" Upon which his Excellency the President of the United States sagaciously held his tongue. "The march of the human mind," says BURKE, "is slow. Sir, it was not until after two hundred years discovered that by an eternal law Providence had decreed vexation to violence, and poverty to rapine. Your ancestors did, however, at length open their eyes to the ill husbandry of injustice."

Who have always been the injured class in the Southern States, and who have always been the aggressors? When those who held more than a third of the population in slavery went to war to make that slavery more hopeless than ever, the oppressed population conducted themselves with unprecedented moderation and humanity. Every conceivable infamy had been practiced upon them; but when the perpetrators were most exposed the slaves forbore. They were not deceived. They understood the war. Their hearts beat with sympathy for those whose victory was their liberty. The victory came and left them free without a crime.

What was the conduct of the master class, defeated in their attempt to perpetuate slavery, and surrounded by a new class of free citizens? It instantly sought to degrade them into serfs. It enacted Black codes, which established all of slavery but the name. It refused to sell land, so that no freedman could acquire a farm, and became of necessity a vagrant; and then the master class made vagrancy a crime, for which a man could be sold to labor. It denied the freedmen arms and the right of sitting upon juries. In every way the master class showed its malevolence, and treated the colored man a thousandfold worse than Christendom ever treated the Jew. Still the freedmen as a class, although burdened with every disadvantage, did not retaliate, and the war made upon them in private at last culminated in the massacres of New Orleans and Memphis, in which they were mercilessly slaughtered.

Then the Government interfered, and met the haughty refusal of the conquered rebels to accept the Fourteenth Amendment by giving the colored race the defense of the ballot. Thereupon the master class began a coercion, which was still not resisted by the freedmen. They voted, and, with other loyal citizens, framed constitutions which established equal rights, and which, as a rule, were of extraordinary generosity toward those who had outraged them in every way. Under these constitutions the Southern States are organized. And now the master class deliberately declare that the whites alone shall govern, that the black who does not vote for his own disfranchisement shall starve, and that, being of an inferior race, he shall have just such a position as the master class appoints, and no other. And because these free citizens of the United States naturally ask to be enabled to defend their rights, and because in some cases there have been outbreaks, naturally springing from such a situation, the papers that called the murderous and appalling New York riots "an uprising of the people" now exclaim that anarchy impends in the Southern States.

Very well, if it does who are responsible? Those who lawfully and quietly exercise the rights conferred by the people of the United States, or those who propose forcibly to prevent them? Is there a single event in the history of the freedmen which shows that they are likely to resort to forcible assaults upon the lawful rights of the late master class? Is there a single event in the history of that class or a single trait in its character which shows that it would hesitate at any outrage upon the freedmen? If anarchy is now impending in the Southern States it is due to the spirit and conduct of those who caused rebellion to be impending there eight years ago. It is not the friends but the foes of justice and equal rights who are the authors of anarchy any where in this republic.

THE TAMMANY CANDIDATE.

THE State Democratic Convention at Tweddle Hall, in Albany, was not a wholly happy family. Tammany Hall, as was expected, nominated its candidate; but Tammany Hall was portrayed by Mr. S. D. MORRIS, of the Brooklyn delegation, in a series of vigorous touches that were more true than flattering. Mr. MURPHY was defeated by the New York ring; but he was avenged by Mr. MORRIS. Revenge, however, is all that he will receive. It is men like those who compose the Tammany ring who control the Democratic party. They are glad to use the abilities and the character of gentlemen like Mr. HENRY C. MURPHY, but they will not promote them unless those gentlemen will become their tools. In vain Mr. MURPHY, in the Constitutional Convention, argued for "the natural inferiority" of the negro race; in vain, in the State Senate, he has been a faithful party leader; in vain, in the National Convention, as chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, he pledged himself to WADE HAMPTON to support the "revolutionary and void" clause to the end; in vain he had the momentary distinction of reporting the platform; in vain the Saratoga campaign; in vain the fraternization of the Honorable JOHN MORRISSEY. Mr. MURPHY, one of the most conspicuous, capable, and estimable men of his party, was not agreeable to the Tammany Ring, and is not their candidate for Governor, and will not be their candidate for Senator.

"The clique that controls Tammany," exclaimed Mr. MORRIS in the Convention, "seek only their own aggrandizement, and care nothing for the country, nor even for the Democratic party, further than it will contribute to their selfish ends. They have made up their minds to control the entire power and patronage of the State, and if SEYMOUR is elected, they hope to grasp that of the whole United States—and what then? Democratic speakers now declaim to the masses about the corruption and extravagance of the Republicans, and it is a strong point; but suppose the Tammany clique, with its unfinished Court-house and its thousand other schemes of robbery and plunder, controlled the political power of the State and nation—with what face could any honest man talk about corruption in the Opposition party?" Mr. MORRIS warned the people of the interior of the State "to beware how they helped to extend the sway of that corrupt oligarchy: ere they were aware of it they would be gobbled up. If fair play could not do it, trickery would."

This is a Democratic portrait of the Tammany Ring, which has just nominated in the Convention one of its most active members, Mr. JOHN T. HOFFMAN, for Governor. The Democratic party of New York was formerly controlled by the Albany Regency, of which MARTIN VAN BUREN, WILLIAM L. MARCY, and AZARIAH C. FLAGG were the chiefs. It is now regulated by the Tammany Ring, of which WILLIAM M. TWEED, PETER B. SWEENEY, and JOHN T. HOFFMAN are managers. If the people of the State are anxious to extend the operations of this Ring they will vote for Mr. HOFFMAN. If they wish a State government wholly independent of cliques and in harmony with the National Administration, they will vote for JOHN A. GRISWOLD.

WHAT GENERAL LONGSTREET SAYS.

DURING the war there was no more resolute soldier of the rebellion than General LONGSTREET. When the rebellion was defeated he honestly accepted the decision he had invoked, and relinquished all further expectation or design of saving a "lost cause." For that reason he has had no quarter from the Democratic leaders; while WADE HAMPTON, notoriously one of the most persistent rebel chiefs, who declares that he yet expects to see the cause triumph, is one of the most eminent Democratic managers. The acceptance of the situation in good faith is something which Democracy can not pardon to a late rebel. It reserves its acclamation for the man who comes into its Convention and says, "Now, gentlemen, we expect you to win what we lost."

In March, 1867, General LONGSTREET wrote a letter in which he advised the late rebels "to accept the terms that are now offered us by the conquerors.....We made an honest and I hope I may say a creditable fight, but we have lost .....Let us come forward, then, and accept the ends involved in the struggle.....Our people earnestly desire that the constitutional government shall be re-established; and the only

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means to accomplish this is to comply with the requirements of the recent congressional legislation.....Let us accept the terms as we are in duty bound to do, and if there is a lack of good faith let it be upon others." If any Democratic orator has made so sensible a speech as that we have not seen it.

General LONGSTREET now says that he has had no trouble with the freedmen as laborers; that the jury question can be easily enough settled if "a district is disposed to do right;" and that the whites of the South know that the talk about "negro supremacy" is gammon. Upon these points General LONGSTREET is quite as good an authority as ROBERT TOOMBS, or HOWELL COBB, or HORATIO SEYMOUR, or ISAIAH RYNDERS.

The General further says that in his opinion the election of SEYMOUR "will re-open all the old issues, and we shall have trouble." General LONGSTREET has evidently read General BLAIR'S letter and the resolutions of the Democratic Convention, and he has observed that the spirit of HAMPTON and BLAIR absolutely rules the Democratic party. He therefore says that "GRANT is my man."

So says General LONGSTREET—so says every man who honestly rebelled and who has honestly surrendered.

GENERAL ROSECRANS AND GENERAL LEE.

ONE of the lighter comedies of the canvass is the exchange of letters between General ROSECRANS and the ex-rebel Generals LEE, BEAUREGARD, and others. General LEE, whose whole career shows him to be one of the weakest of men, and whose treachery to the Government was not less contemptible than odious, is saluted by General ROSECRANS in these words: "I know you are a representative man in reverence and regard for the Union, the Constitution, and the welfare of the country." The General then asks the representative man to tell him the public opinion of "the South." Conferring with other representative men, like BEAUREGARD, of "beauty and booty" renown, General LEE replies in a series of statements which shows that he is not familiar with the recent history of the Southern States. Indeed, a grosser misrepresentation of familiar public facts has not been made.

But one assertion is peculiarly amusing in view of the expulsion of the Georgia colored members, of the Ku-Klux Klan, of the address of the South Carolina Committee, and of WADE HAMPTON'S scheme of Democratic voting or starvation. It is the remark of General LEE that "the idea that the Southern people are hostile to the negroes and would oppress them if it were in their power to do so is entirely unfounded. They have grown up in our midst, and we have been accustomed from childhood to look upon them with kindness." The paddle, the auction-block, and the blood-hound were the emblems of this kindness before the war; the Black Codes and the massacres, since.

This letter of General LEE is put forth as a Democratic campaign document, and it is one of the feeblest conceivable.

WEST POINT.

IN our notice, published in May last, of the "Biographical Register of the Officers and Graduates of the United States Military Academy at West Point," by Major-General GEORGE W. CULLUM—who had been connected with the Institution as Graduate, Instructor, Engineer, and Superintendent—we referred to the efforts of Mr. CALHOUN, in 1818, then Secretary of War under President MONROE, as being the commencement of that active and improved policy which, in connection with the services of General—then Major—THAYER, had elevated the Institution into the condition necessary for imparting the highest skill. The publication of a second edition of General CULLUM'S able work, from the press of D. VAN NOSTRAND, 192 Broadway, containing many critical notices of it, induces us to recur to the subject. The book possesses a very deep interest to all the graduates of the Institution, and we may well be proud of the eminence which their history bestows upon West Point. To all libraries it will constitute an important addition, as it presents the main incidents in the lives of over two thousand graduates, some of them destined to almost an immortal renown. The war through which the country has just passed has this among the advantages which it can set off against some of its evils, that it has established West Point upon a secure footing—a result which may be largely traced to the powerful influence of General THAYER, who, released from the duties of his profession as a soldier, lives, at the advanced age of about eighty-three years, in Massachusetts, devoting himself as earnestly to the benefit of his country as he did in the flower of his manhood, when he was impressing upon West Point the character for which it is esteemed.

Major THAYER assumed the duties of Superintendent in July, 1817, a few months after the inauguration of Mr. MONROE, and held the position until July, 1833, only about twenty-seven years in advance of the rebellion. To his great military knowledge, acquired as a student at West Point; by active service in the war of 1812, and in visiting the military establishments of Europe after the European war; to his adhesion to the most perfect discipline; and to his firmness, precision, and unequaled capacity as a Superintendent, are due the great excellence which the Institution reached and still retains. The Administration of Mr. MONROE aided him with its confidence and support. Mr. CALHOUN, who had a great talent for administration, established the rules which, with a little enlargement, now prevail at West Point. In February, 1818, he informed Major THAYER "that it is the determination of the Department to aid in elevating the system of discipline, and to create a system of emulation among the cadets;" and adds, "that in future wars the nation must look to the Academy for the skill to conduct valor to victory."

The officers of the army who have graduated from West Point, when placed in positions in which the expenditure of public funds has been required, have almost invariably proved that the influence of West Point has made them "faithful where few are faithful found." If no other service had been rendered by the Institution, this alone would have been a sufficient recompense for the outlay. This effect may be traced to a system of instruction which looks not to the advantage of the individual so much as the safety and honor of the nation. The desire for wealth scarcely enters into the objects of those who are prepared for a life of public duty, with intellectual skill, and in strict accordance with the purest and highest principles of honor. The great soldier who has been named for the Presidency by the Republican party has proved in his life how powerful is the influence of that education. He will have this among other noble recommendations, that the public funds will be safe during his term, and that the views of honor and patriotism which West Point inculcates will be stamped upon his administration of affairs.

The experience of the war just over proved satisfactorily that, in addition to the education which West Point supplies, it is necessary to have schools of application and practice for those officers who, when the term at West Point ends, enter the artillery and the engineer service. Schools of this description to a limited extent have been authorized by Congress, but we perceive that a tract of land of about three hundred acres adjoining our possessions at Fortress Monroe has been recently purchased by the General Government for this purpose; and it is probable, if unfortunately we shall be engaged hereafter in another war of magnitude, that we may from the advantage of the school already in existence, which is to be extended at Fortress Monroe, be able to enter upon the struggle from the start without the serious mistakes which it is conceded were made at the outset of the late contest.

"I can not refrain from observing," said Mr. CALHOUN, in one of his reports as Secretary of War, "on a subject of so much importance as the education of those who may be charged with the defense of the country, and on whose skill and fidelity our honor and security must so much depend, that, whatever degree of perfection may be given to the military academy at West Point as an elementary school, yet our military education in the higher branches of the art of war must remain imperfect without a school of *application and practice*. The education of the military academy will be full and complete for officers of infantry; but those who may be promoted into the artillery and the corps of engineers ought to have the means, in a school of application and practice, to complete their theoretical knowledge in the higher branches of the science connected with their profession, and to apply the knowledge acquired to practice."

Officers of great distinction are divided in all countries on the question, whether the system of instruction to be adopted by governments should consist more of early and deep scientific study or of early practical application. These differences depend most generally upon the construction of the mind; for in the higher branches of mathematics students who are not completed are exhausted, and they naturally prefer what is practical to what is theoretical. Whereas those who are able to master the intricacies of mathematics, and to dismiss their control over the intellect, as shown by the remark of the pensioner DE WITT, when taunted with forgetfulness of their rules, "They have passed from my memory to my judgment," prove that they possess such a high order of ability as with abundant practice to enable them to form grand combinations and to act with marvelous rapidity.

In England the ascendency of the Classics is established, while in France more attention, and very great attention, is paid to mathematical studies. At West Point the French system in that respect is more followed. The first two years are devoted to the study of it theoretically, and it is more applied in the studies of the third and fourth year. French and Spanish are also taught at our academy. As the employment of a Spanish Professor was not authorized by Congress till 1857, when Mr. COXRAD, of Louisiana, was Secretary of War, we presume it had some connection with the acquisition of Mexican provinces. French is taught because many scientific military works are in that language, and because also it is more universally spoken by educated men of all countries than any other.

The subjects of instruction are few and have a direct application to the object—classical studies or those of general literature not being embraced in what is taught. In England more attention is paid to the advantages of a liberal education, while the instruction at West Point, being more special, produces an officer less adorned in some respects but more substantial. Upon graduating the class is divided into three sections founded wholly on their respective degrees of excellence. Those of the first section, as a reward for extraordinary merit, are recommended to the Secretary of War for any corps in the army they may select; the second class, for any corps but the engineers; and the last to the infantry and cavalry branches only.

The standing of each officer is ascertained by examining as well the conduct-roll which relates to discipline, behavior, order, and subordination; as also the results of studies in all the departments of instruction. It will thus be seen that a spirit of emulation is highly excited in moral as well as intellectual duties, and the result is an officer who can be trusted in any station, and who is fitted to become an ornament to his country.

"GREAT STATESMANSHIP."

RECENT disclosures have left "the great statesman" in a most ridiculous plight. It will be remembered that in the Democratic Convention Mr. SEYMOUR, in constantly declining the nomination, spoke of the false position in which his acceptance would place the party, and declared that his honor forbade him to accept. When, however, after all this, he accepted, those only were surprised who did not know "the great statesman." Those who did know him were very sure that his letters of last autumn declining to be a candidate were sufficient evidence of his hope and design of securing the nomination.

On the 20th of August Colonel WILLIAM BROWN made a speech in Frankfort, Kentucky, in which he asserted that leading Democrats intended the nomination of Mr. CHASE; that a platform agreeable to him was prepared; that Mr. SEYMOUR was one of the warm advocates of the movement, and approved the platform, urged in the New York delegation the nomination of Mr. CHASE, and wrote a speech with which to second the nomination.

This, of course, produced a contemptuous denial from the *World*. Upon which Colonel BROWN, ALEXANDER LONG, and HENRY REED return to the charge with names, dates, and challenges of denial, and finally the platform itself, upon which Mr. CHASE was to be nominated, is published. To this detailed and overwhelming declaration the *World* gasps in the most ludicrous manner that Mr. CHASE had no claims upon the Democratic party. But to the main question, in regard to "the great statesman," it makes no reply. That question is thus stated by Mr. HENRY REED, the leading editorial writer in the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, a prominent Democratic paper:

"The question, so far as Mr. SEYMOUR stands affected, is this: Was he dishonest, or merely weak? Was his conduct the result of treachery or imbecility? That Mr. SEYMOUR was either weak or dishonest, that his conduct owed its origin either to treachery or imbecility, is a thing so palpable as to forbid denial. His act was that of a knave or of a fool; and that knave or fool—whichever it may have been—of no common magnitude. It is not complimentary to Mr. SEYMOUR, when his apologists can only maintain his integrity at the expense of his understanding, and his understanding at the expense of his integrity. It is not fortunate for a party to be committed to a candidate in respect to whose character there is a question which can only be answered by an impeachment of either his intellectual or his moral fitness for the place to which it seeks his elevation."

Mr. REED defines the nomination of Mr. SEYMOUR by the action of certain Ohio delegates, and of Mr. SAMUEL J. TILDEN, Mr. BENJAMIN WOOD, Mr. PETER B. SWEENY, and Mr. S. L. M. BARLOW, of New York—all of whom are noted and ardent friends of political purity and public economy—as a "*coup de thimble-rig*."

How beautiful is "great statesmanship!"

THE "CHASE PLATFORM."

THE platform upon which certain Democrats in New York and elsewhere hoped to nominate Mr. CHASE is now published. It is adroitly written, and, although of no practical service, suggests one or two observations.

The platform does not state frankly the application of its principles to the actual situation. It declares for equal rights and exact justice for all men, that slavery ought not to be restored, and that the broadest basis of suffrage is the best. But then it says that this question must be left to the States, without national interference. Very well; but how about the reconstructed States? Is the declaration to be retroactive? Are the present organizations to be overthrown, or are they acknowledged? This is the very issue of the canvass, and the platform intentionally evades it. Mr. CHASE, however, was unequivocally committed upon this point. He had acknowledged to the new voters themselves the right of the national authority, under the circumstances, to enfranchise them. He could not honestly have accepted the platform without distinctly stating this fact.

Then the platform declares for the honest fulfillment of all public obligations, but asserts that creditors have no right to special favor in the interpretation of the laws. Certainly they have not. But the expression used is point-no-point. Mr. CHASE has plainly said the Five-Twenties must be redeemed in gold, and not in greenbacks. The Republican platform denounces every form of repudiation, and demands payment according to the spirit as well as the letter. The Democratic platform declares that the letter is quite enough. The platform we are considering evades this question also.

These are the only important points in the platform, and these are wholly obscure. The protest against centralization, the demand for economy and reduction of the army and navy, the amusing generality about labor and the laborer, are words merely. The essential difference of this platform from the Democratic is its virtual declaration in favor of universal suffrage. Had it been adopted, the policy of the party in the Southern States must have been the ballot for the freedmen. The amazing fact is that any intelligent New York politicians should have supposed that the Democratic party, the bulk of which, as the framers of this platform know, is composed of the late slaveholding rebel class at the South and the most ignorant and prejudiced negro-haters at the North, would have taken for its platform a declaration of equal rights, and for its candidate the most radical abolition statesman. And if those who drew the resolutions were willing to do this there is no good reason why they should not vote for General GRANT.

A FRENCH FRIEND.

EDWARD LABOULAYE, who thoroughly understood the war, as fully comprehends the present political situation. We are allowed to copy a few sentences from one of his letters to an American friend:

"I saw, without regret, the acquittal of Mr. JOHNSON. The respect for justice shown in his trial has raised Americans in the judgment of the world; and, on the other hand, the acquittal by one majority has condemned Mr. JOHNSON before the same tribunal. And now the election of a new President to execute the laws of Congress approaches, I need not tell you that all my wishes are for General GRANT. The wisdom and humanity shown by him during the war, his respect for law, his capacity for affairs, prove him wholly worthy to stand among the successors of WASHINGTON. I am sure that with him you will have enduring peace. The South has learned both to honor and to fear General GRANT, and his Presidency will complete the reconstruction of the Union."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEWS ITEMS.

NEW HAMPSHIRE has materially altered her naturalization laws, so that the "manufacture of voters" is not so easy a process as formerly.

The latest novelty in the list of inventions is a coffin which enables a person buried alive by mistake to dig himself out! The inventor had such faith in his work that he allowed himself to be buried in one of his coffins, and, after being in the ground two hours, resurrected himself in a manner which would have utterly astounded that "model agriculturist" Jerry Cruncher, in "A Tale of Two Cities." Of course it is patented, and at last there is a tax on death.

The United States Marshal for Kentucky can not enforce the execution of processes of the courts in that State, and the Secretary of War has intimated to him that he is entitled to the aid of the military.

The colored men in the Georgia House of Representatives were declared ineligible on September 4, and twenty-five of them at once withdrew. The defeated candidates in the election were admitted.

New York is to be more than ever the Paradise of Aldermen. All the Common Councilmen have been promoted, by a bill of the Legislature passed last session, and just signed by the Governor, to be Assistant Aldermen, and the Board of Councilmen has been abolished. If this is a step in the direction of creating an independent, active, energetic, and effective board for the government of the city, in organization, like the Metropolitan Police and Health Boards, Governor Fenton will be thanked for signing the bill.

We remarked in our last issue that a decided change in the vote of Vermont in the State election of September 1 would be indicative of the result in the coming Presidential contest. There was a decided change, and in the right direction. The majority of the Republicans is about 27,000, a gain of about 5000 votes.

Alexander H. Stephens, in a recent conversation, said that "he knew Grant personally very well, and that he was a remarkable man, of decided military genius, indomitable energy, and determined will—just the man for a *coup d'état* which would merge the republic into an empire." He might have added, without fear of the contradiction which the last part of his sentence is sure to provoke, that his experience at Fort Donelson and Shiloh proved that he was just the man to merge defeats into victories. General Rosecrans, who has lately been hobnobbing with Mr. Stephens, could have assured him of that from his experience at Chattanooga, where Grant saved Rosecrans's army from annihilation after the defeat at Chickamauga.

FOREIGN NEWS.

By the new treaty with Nicaragua the right of transit from ocean to ocean is granted, and a free port opened at each end of the route.

There was a significant scene in the Nova Scotia Assembly on September 3. Attorney-General Wilkins made a violent speech against the confederation with Canada, in which he declared that if redress is not given before the next session the people will appoint a collector of their own and have the dues paid into the local treasury, and if necessary they will appeal to another nation. Such an uproar ensued at the conclusion of the speech that the Speaker declared the Assembly adjourned. The next day a resolution repealing the ordinance by which Nova Scotia became part of the Dominion was passed with only two dissenting votes: and the Province is now "out of the Union"—in fact "seceded."

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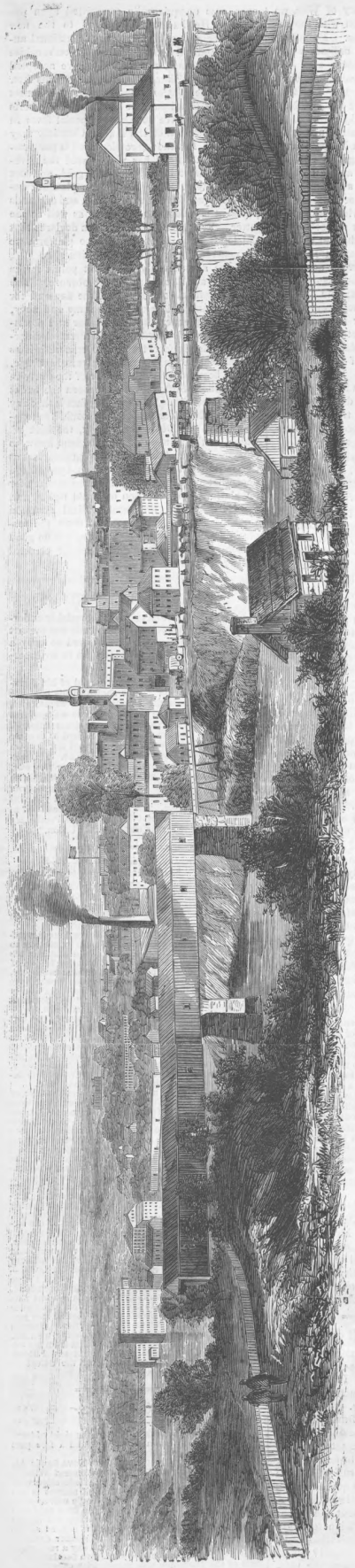
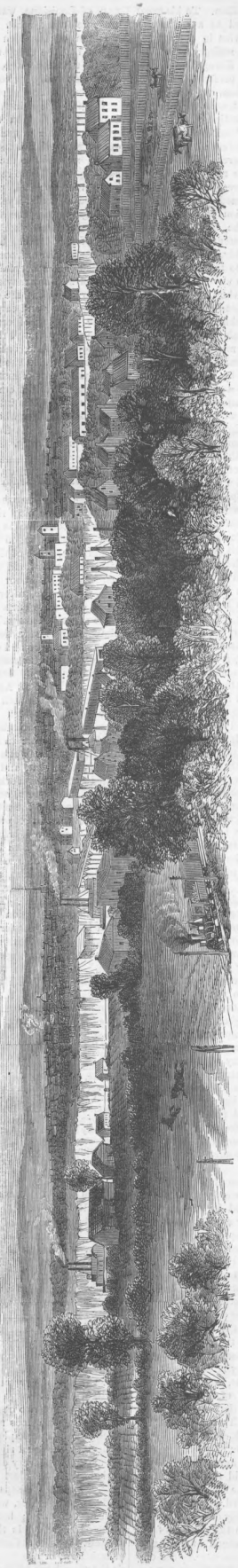
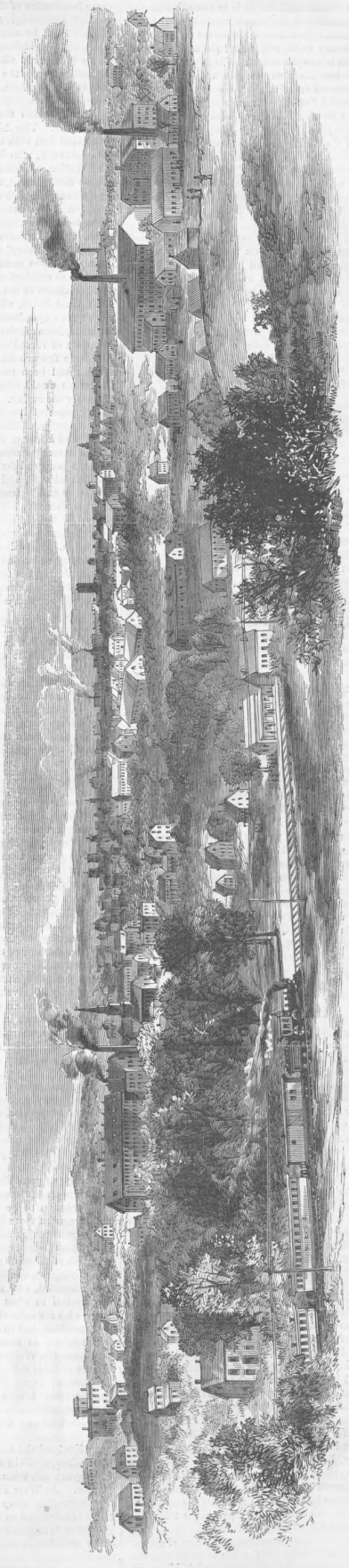


[CITY OF COLUMBUS, GEORGIA.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 597.]



CITY OF AUGUSTA, GEORGIA.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 597.]



CITY OF MACON, GEORGIA.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 597.]

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COLUMBUS, GEORGIA.

COLUMBUS, before the war, was one of the most thriving cities in Georgia. The cotton factories that gave very considerable wealth and importance to the place were nearly all destroyed by General WILSON at the time of his raid. This destruction was the occasion of very great suffering to the operatives, the majority of whom were females and of Northern origin.

It is situated on the Chattahoochee, and is handsomely and regularly laid out. The population is over 10,000.

AUGUSTA, GEORGIA.

AUGUSTA, of which we give an illustration on page 596, is a handsome city of Georgia, located on the Savannah River, 120 miles from its mouth. It has at this time about 15,000 inhabitants, and is rapidly increasing, not only in population but in prosperity and beauty.

MACON, GEORGIA.

THE little city of Macon is one of the most important towns in the State of Georgia, and one of the most picturesque. It is the capital of Bibb County, situated on the west bank of the Ocmulgee River, and at the head of steamboat navigation. It is connected by important railroads with Columbus and Augusta. The surroundings of the city make up one of its most beautiful features. The principal residences of the city are built on a light range of hills lying back from the river, while the business part covers the lower lands or basin on the levee. In 1855 the city was largely interested in the cotton trade, and engaged to considerable extent in manufactures. It has grown up to its dimensions as given since 1822, the year of its settlement, the increase being very rapid for a Southern city. During the late war it was of great importance to the rebels on account of the manufactories located there; and JEFFERSON DAVIS once alluded to it as "one of the chief arsenals and granaries of the Confederacy." A Richmond paper published during the war once called it the "National Armory and Central Laboratory of the Confederate States." The city was captured by General SHERMAN in his march to the sea. It was in an attempt to capture it that General STONEMAN was captured in July, 1864.

THE LAWYER'S STORY.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER V.

FEW readers of these pages will remember the old jail of —— County. But in that day it was the wonder of gaping boyhood and adult verdancy for many a mile. I have often stopped before the door of the court-house and looked with interest on the faces of the boys that stood gazing up at the grated windows, and heard with eagerness their whispered remarks to each other on the frowning and gloomy look of the walls and bars. I say with interest and eagerness, for in my boyhood I had looked with just such eyes on the old court-house and jail in my native village. And I well remember my awe and terror when one day my kind friend Mr. R——, one of the leading members of the bar of the State, took me with him into the county court, then sitting for the trial of some petty offenders.

I found Ashmun in a comfortable room, well

"SO WE MADE AN AFTERNOON OF IT," ETC.

furnished; and when I entered he was overhauling a pile of books which the deputy-sheriff had brought to him.

"Good-morning, my dear Blackstone. Do you know now, if you had not come at this moment, I might have been in a condition to dispense with your services for the future? I sent Mr. Deputy-Sheriff for some books. He has brought me a supply. Look at them. Wouldn't I have been an accomplished lawyer before I had finished the half of them?"

I laughed as I glanced at the array of authorities which the man had selected to amuse his prisoner, but demanded of my client how he came to be in that position.

"Ask the sheriff. He keeps me here."

"But what is the charge?"

"Murder."

I started—not so much at the answer as at the tone, which I recognized as the index to my client's most furious disposition.

"Murder?" I echoed.

"Ay, murder. They say I killed a wretch that was found dead in the highway near the town."

"And did you?"

"Cool, that, upon my word. Did I? Mr. Sheriff's deputy, do us the favor to place the oak between us. Mr. Blackstone is my adviser, and we must be alone. Wait a moment, Blackstone, till I see if the jailer is out of ear-shot. Did I kill the dog? you asked. Well, then, I did."

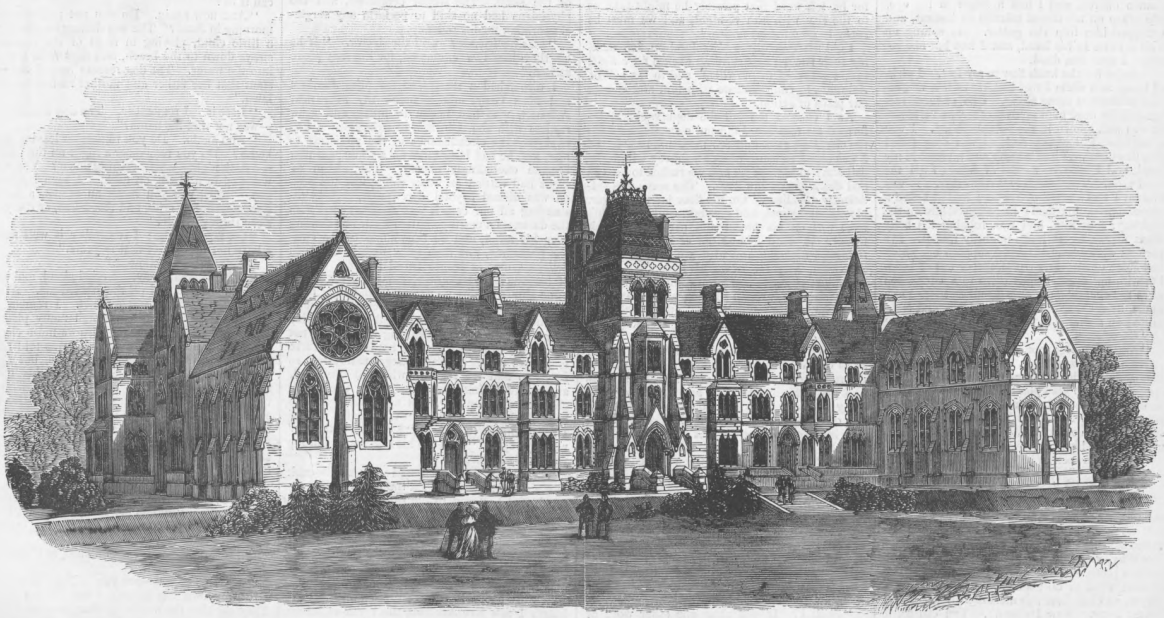
The matter looked serious, and I drew a chair toward the fire and sat down, silently eying my companion and awaiting his explanation.

"He was the villain you cleared in —— last month. The story is rather long, but you must hear it all. Take a cigar; I have no pipes, nor wine. The county authorities, it appears, claim a right to control the morals of all their prisoners, even the unconvicted, and I drink nothing but water here. Perhaps it is as well, for my brain is remarkably clear; and if you will listen I think I can now give you the clew to a discovery, and the same history will aid you to advise me as to my present position.

"When I left the court-room in New York I waited at the door to see your client, who I knew would be acquitted with such a witness in his favor as I saw he had. Once on the track of Gordon I determined to follow him like a hound. The crowd that came out of the court-room concealed him from me till the moment he passed me. Your man was near him, and I heard them mutter an appointment for the evening. I followed the man, assured that he was my safest tool to deal with. Something about the man pleased me too. He looked like a bold fellow, and the devil in his eye was just what I liked. I doubted my ability to buy him, and so concluded to cheat him. I had my rough coat on, and following him at fifty paces distance I turned up the legs of my trowsers, browned my face with a piece of bark that I picked up on the sidewalk, pushed my collar under my cravat, and dipped my boots in the first mud-hole I could find. The disguise was not perfect, but well enough for the occasion, and I staggered after my man now more closely than before. His course was direct to a sailors' boarding-house in —— Street, and as he turned to the doorsteps I accosted him. He looked at me, but made no reply, and entered the door, while I followed and fell into a chair near the bar, calling for some liquor.

"Just out of prison, penniless, and friendless, I was sure that he had not yet been supplied with money by his employer; and I judged rightly in supposing he would be ready to drink with any one who would pay for it. I poured four glasses of liquor into the large sand-box on the floor, while he poured as many down his throat, and they began now to tell on him. So we made an afternoon of it, and by evening he was as drunk as a fool, and as much of a fool as most drunken men. I got out of him the particulars of his appointment for the evening, and resolved to supply his place in the interview, come what might out of it. He knew he was drunk, and I easily persuaded him to let me do so. The hour was nine. The place in the darkest part of —— Alley, whence they were to go to some room known only to Gordon.

"I went, leaving Thompson asleep in his bed. I again feigned drunkenness, and staggered against Gordon in the alley-way. I had learned enough from Thompson to be able to personate him in the dark, and his voice was easily done. Gordon was deceived. How easily I might have killed him then, and who would have suspected me? But my object was not to kill him. I only wanted to find my child—the child of my lost Eve. So I talked little, refused to go with him, intimated that I had had enough to do with him, had run great risks for little reward, and sundry



NEW WESLEYAN COLLEGE, BELFAST, IRELAND.—[SEE PAGE 605.]

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drunken demands to know what more he wanted brought him to the point. Imagine my horror as his plans began to unfold themselves. I can not explain to you by what process of reasoning I arrived at my knowledge. His explanations were reserved and cautious, but I was not the ignorant sailor he thought he was talking with, and he was not as careful as he would have been had he known I was neither stupid by nature nor drunk at the time.

"Blackstone, listen to me. The scoundrel has planned precisely as I told you the last evening that I saw you. He knows that I have made a will in favor of Eve, if she can be found. He knows where she is. Her will is made; and although she is not yet of age he will conceal that, and no one will be able to date her birth. He will kill her next, and the inheritance will be his!"

"Impossible!"

"So you said before. I tell you, Blackstone, I know those things of those two brothers to have conceived which were enough to damn an archangel, yet which they did boldly. I was not shocked, as you are, when I learned his fiendish plan, or heard him speak of its previous failures. I was cool, calm, apparently drunk when it flashed upon me in all its hideousness, and I unraveled its details with a skill that would have done honor to a lawyer. Yes, I did. He did not dream that I understood him. But as he instructed me in my part I listened and made rapid deductions.

"First of all I was to come to this village and find Whitstone, who was to give me a direction by which to find the person to whom this letter is directed. That person found, I was to present the letter; and the next course to be pursued is indicated in the letter."

"Have you read it?"

"Of course not. It is sealed. He told me enough to indicate all. I was to bring some one to the city with me. To meet him at the —— House, and receive further instructions. So we parted.

"You may imagine that I felt myself very sure of my object now. I returned to my own house, assumed a more perfect disguise, and rejoined Thompson on his awaking in the morning. I had thought of attempting to buy him, but I gave it up. He seemed ashamed of his drunken frolic, and when I told him that he had sent me to meet his employer he was apparently frightened. I gave him briefly the particulars of the interview, told him I had personated him to save him from blame, and showed him the letter which was to be delivered in this place, and offered to accompany him on the errand. He seemed to be satisfied, and we left town together and traveled very comfortably till within five miles of this place.

"We had taken a carriage at N——, and I was driving. Thompson had been very quiet for an hour, and I began to fancy there was a look of distrust in his eye. As we entered a piece of woods he suddenly turned to me and said, 'You are no sailor.'

"'Why not?'

"'You drive too well. I never saw a sailor hold a rein like that.'

"'Show me how you would hold them,' said I, offering them to him.

"'So,' said he, furiously grasping them with one hand, and laying the whole of the long lash across the backs of the horses, who sprang like lightning at the stroke. The next instant he turned them into the gutter at the road-side, overthrew the entire establishment, lighted on his feet of course, but seized me by the throat before I could pick myself up out of the heap of brush into which I was thrown. It was a short fight. He was the stouter, I the most agile. He was choking me, and I was pounding his face; a lucky chance offered, and I had a finger in his eye. His grasp on my throat relaxed an instant, and I tripped him into the gutter. He sprang up with a knife in his hand, and I had but one resort. I shot him dead.

"As he fell the knife flew to my feet. I picked it up, and while I was looking at it a wagon-load of farmers came along. One of them recognized the dead man as his brother, and it seems he was well known in the neighborhood. I was a stranger, ill-looking, and, as was soon found out, disguised. I had a knife and a pistol in my hand, and I bore no marks of injury from the dead man. The horses had run away. It was evident I was a highway-robber; had attacked a peaceful man, unarmed; had stopped him on the highway, shot him, and was robbing his body when arrested. It looks mightily like it. My pockets were searched, and I suppose my watch and some other costly trifles, rather out of keeping with my dress, helped them to a conclusion as to my character; and as I refused to give any name, here I am, waiting your advice, and committed on a charge of murder."

"Committed?"

"No, I suppose not strictly committed, because not yet examined. But I have been here four days, and by this time Gordon must be in a tempest. I am glad you are here, for what is to be done must be done quickly. We are near the point of discovery if we are but cautious and swift. I have sent for you because I am a prisoner and helpless."

"Have you seen Whitstone?"

"I have not."

"Send for him."

In ten minutes my old friend Mr. Whitstone entered. He seemed to be as sharp as ever.

"What might you wish of me, Sir?" said he to the supposed sailor.

"Why, you see, Sir, this here charge of murder is a pretty serious one, and I haven't exactly an idee what to do about it. I sent for a city lawyer, and he's here this morning. But he says I must hang. Now I mustn't. You can fix it for me. What I want is to see the person that letter is directed to."

Whitstone started and looked at me. He recognized me immediately, and saw that the matter was serious.

"So you got this out of his pocket after killing him, did you?"

"I got that from the man that wrote it."

"Who was he?"

"You knows him, of course, Mr. Whitstone. He told us, you see, to come up here and see you, and ask where this person lived, and take and deliver this letter ourselves with our own hands. Now I knows that whomsoever it is that they'll help a poor fellow in trouble for the Captain's sake, and I want to see them."

"Let me have the letter and I'll deliver it today."

"Close at hand," thought I.

"No you don't; I wants to see the person. It's directed to Mr. Jamison. But I knows as well as you that it's a woman, and I must see her. She'll take care of me. Besides, if you don't bring her I'll send the letter to some one in New York as will pay well for it."

Whitstone was in a quandary. Ashmun finished him with a blow.

"Come, old fellow, it's no use bothering yourself. Gordon's folks must stand by me in trouble or I'll not stick to him. I'm in the market now, and the man that bids first will buy me, and it'll be too late to bid higher when I'm struck off. Mr. Blackstone yonder shall know all I know if I ain't helped somehow."

"I'll be back in an hour," said Whitstone, abruptly leaving the room.

"You'd better," said Ashmun, laughing.

I followed Whitstone from the jail, and set a young man whom I had brought with me on his track. Ten minutes afterward they rode out of town, one not far behind the other, and my young man soon brought me intelligence that he had gone to a house in the country some miles off, whose inhabitants, he had learned, were two young ladies with a housekeeper and servants. The ladies were boarders. One was named Susan Gray; of the other he could not learn the name. Susan Gray I knew, and I could claim acquaintance with her. Ten minutes after this intelligence reached me I saw from my window the return of Mr. Whitstone alone. He went into the jail, where he announced that a person would call on Ashmun in the evening, who would communicate with Gordon on his behalf.

Toward evening I rode out to call on Susan Gray. My excuse was my desire to know of her welfare, having become accidentally acquainted with her at the time of her grandfather's death.

She was exceedingly beautiful in the deep mourning she was wearing, and expressed her pleasure at seeing me in such an earnest way that I could not but admire and love her.

It appeared that she was living in a house which belonged to her uncle, whom she described as a merchant in England. His name was Jamison. He had been kind to her grandfather, though she had never seen him until since the old man's death, when he had come to America, bringing his own daughter with him.

At this I began to see the end of our search. Her uncle was, of course, my witness, Joseph Gordon, though how he had succeeded in passing for the uncle of Susan Gray I could not understand. This daughter of his was probably the object of our search, brought most opportunely from England at the very time to fall into our hands.

"Where is your uncle now?"

"He was here this morning, but has gone into town with Mr. Whitstone. He came up suddenly last week, hearing that his man was killed, and that we had failed to receive his letters. And Mr. Whitstone's visit seemed to disturb him, for he left word that possibly he might take us to the city with him to-night, and we must be ready to go on short notice."

I did not wait to see Miss Jamison, but making their sudden departure an excuse for a short call, I returned to the village and to the cell of Ashmun, to communicate with him and change our plans of action.

As I entered the jail the deputy-sheriff informed me that Mr. Jamison, a gentleman from the city, had gone in a few moments before, and I was about retiring, when a loud cry within the jail startled both of us, and we rushed to the cell and dashed open the door. The scene was sufficiently appalling. On the floor lay a stranger, bloody, disfigured, and gasping, while Ashmun's knee was on his breast and his grasp on his throat. A fiend looked out of his eyes as he tightened his hold, and with a desperate plunge the victim sought to escape his impending doom.

At our entrance Ashmun seemed to recover his senses and sprang to his feet, while his antagonist slowly recovered himself, and I looked at my client for an explanation before I recognized the face of his foe.

"The wretch! See his accursed countenance! Does he not look like the hound he is? Villain, where is my child? Ay, dog, my child! Eve was my wife—before men and God my wife! Long before any of your abhorred name knew her, or cursed her with hypocritical love, she was married to me. You did not know that? But since it has come to this I tell you it was so. You lied in your throat then when you said I stole her, when you called me thief. For that I struck you. For that I would have choked your small soul out of your vile body had not these entered."

The other stood trembling and half fainting before him, and at length sank into a chair and begged for a glass of water, in a faint, husky voice. This revived him, and he now seemed to gather courage from our presence.

"You shall suffer for this."

"Shall I? If you utter one other word of that sort I will kill you where you stand."

"Mr. Sheriff, listen to him," said the other, shrinking behind the deputy, and shielding himself from Ashmun's rage. "Listen to him, and remember this. I will go to a magistrate immediately."

"Ha, ha! a threat that likely to frighten a man in prison and charged with murder!"

"Good. I thank you for reminding me. I'll hang you. By ——, I'll hang you!" And he walked toward the door.

"Stop," said Ashmun, laying his hand on his shoulder.

Gordon stopped, and fairly shook with terror as that iron hand fell on him.

"Stop, and look at me. In my face, man, not at my buttons. Look in my eyes. So! that is something like. Now mark me. I know you, Joseph Gordon, and your whole life. Let me whisper in your ear. Lean closer.....and you will hang if I but name it. Did you ever dream I knew it? Scoundrel, I have every evidence I need. Hang me! Look to yourself, Mr. Gordon; and by Him that made me, unless I know this night where to find Eve, I will speak the word."

It was a curious sight to see the eyes of those two men fixed in eternal hatred each on the other. Gordon's gaze drooped first, and he stepped a pace back hesitatingly, then suddenly drew a pistol, and with a quick aim full at the breast of Ashmun pulled the trigger, but not so quick as to prevent the blow that Ashmun leveled at him with his tremendous fist, striking with all the force of Acestes. That blow sounds now in my ears. It was a dull, crushing, bloody blow. It felled the strong man like a log, dashing his head on the stone floor, and as he fell the pistol in his grasp was discharged, and the ball passed through Ashmun's breast. He staggered against the wall, where he supported himself for a moment, and then sank slowly to the floor, and a horrible silence was now where but a moment ago was such a fury of words.

The jailer and myself stood looking at each other, and at the men on the floor. It was a strange scene. The poor deputy-sheriff had no experience in this sort of thing, and I but little more. I roused him from his fit of terror to help me lift them to beds, and send for a surgeon without delay. There was a heap of bedding on the floor, out of which I extracted two pallets on which to lay them, and the jailer hastened for surgical aid. He was gone a long time, or it seemed long to me, shut in that dismal cell with two dead bodies; for Ashmun had fainted, and the two lay as if they were dead, and I feared that unless some aid should arrive soon they would neither of them revive. The surgeons at length came: two doctors, frightened at the scene quite out of what little wit and skill they had possessed. Each one readily assented to the propositions of the other, and these were so various and contradictory that I soon found I could guide them myself, and must take the responsibility. So I begged the one to look after Mr. Jamison's skull, while I examined with the other the bullet-hole in the breast of Ashmun.

I readily took off his coat and vest by cutting with my knife whatever obstructed their easy removal, and then putting back his shirt I found an inner vest of silk, and in that a concealed pocket, from which fell a miniature. The dull eye of the surgeon failed to see it as I secured it and placed it in the pocket of another part of the dress. But a glance showed me a face of rare and glorious beauty. It was a face to worship with even just such idolatry as his. I could pardon it after seeing that. The usual means restored consciousness to Ashmun, but Jamison —or Gordon, as I should call him—remained insensible. The blow of Ashmun, heavy as it was, would not have been fatal; but his fall had cut his head, and apparently produced a fracture of the skull. The stupor continued, and the physicians had no skill to perform any surgical operation for his relief.

"Has he friends?" said the doctor. "If he has they should be summoned, for this may prove serious."

I dispatched a messenger for Miss Jamison and Miss Gray, and resumed my seat near Ashmun, who had begun to move, and grow restless with the sensation of weakness. I had explained the circumstance of the miniature to him, and he had been quiet for a while, but now became exceedingly uneasy. The gloom of night had settled on every thing, and the prison was dismal beyond description. Notwithstanding all our care it was manifest that with the darkness a corresponding gloom was coming over his mind, and he began first to see curious phantoms, and then grew flighty, and then delirious, and at length raved terribly. Many of his fancies were queer, many startling, and some almost sublime. He saw chiefly the faces of old friends, and when they came crowding around him he would laugh and joke and play with them, and sometimes sing wild songs, not always in the same language, nor in two or three languages only. It was strange, marvelous, so much so that the surgeon who had remained, and who had imagined him only a poor devil charged with murder, was astonished, and at length whispered to me, "Who is he, Sir, if I may venture to ask?" "I can not tell you," was my reply; "but save his life, and I will see you amply rewarded."

The feverish delirium passed away, and he sank into a stupor, during which the young ladies entered, and hastened to the side of Gordon, who continued insensible. They shrank with horror from Ashmun, for they believed him the unprovoked murderer of their only protector.

As they entered I looked up for a moment at Miss Jamison, thinking sadly that this was the end, and a fitting end, to the strange, mad search which my poor friend has so long pursued. At length I saw Eve Ashmun, the myth of whom I had heard so much. For of course I had no doubt that the tall and queenly-looking girl who looked around for her supposed father was the daughter of his foe.

She was certainly very beautiful. Her hair was black, flowing back from a forehead of surpassing purity. But the eye I did not like. It was blue, beautiful, but bad. Could Eve Gray have had such an eye? It changed all my ideas of her. But I had only an instant for these thoughts, as she drew back with an expression of horror from Ashmun's bed toward Gordon. I left Ashmun, and turned to aid them in their efforts for Gordon. For a half hour we had exerted ourselves with some success, for consciousness seemed returning, when I turned to look at my friend. He sat upright in bed, gazing with wild, agonizing eyes across the room. I followed his gaze, and saw Susan Gray standing at the head of Joseph Gordon, her right hand on his forehead, which she bathed, while the glare of the lamp shone on her exquisitely beautiful face. Then, for the first time, I saw its startling resemblance to the miniature; and as the idea flashed across my brain Ashmun exclaimed, "Eve, Eve, my child! come to me, come hither. Leave him—Eve—Eve;" and he fell back exhausted, but still lifting up his head feebly he called, "Eve, Eve. Oh, that villain! He has stolen her heart as well as my child, and she does not know me nor heed me nor hear me;" and he was again insensible.

His cry had of course startled the others as well as myself, but they did not approach the poor criminal. Only I saw Susan Gray pause, and lift her hand to her head, and gaze a moment, as if that cry had brought back some old memory, some dim, indistinct vision, which fled as quickly again and was gone. For a half hour he lay senseless, and then a wild, anxious consciousness returned.

"Bring her toward me, Blackstone. Tell her I wish to speak to her."

"Miss Gray," said I, in a low voice. "This gentleman is not what you take him for. He is my friend, Mr. Ashmun, a gentleman with whom you may converse without hesitation. He desires to speak with you."

"I must have met him; there is something familiar in his voice."

"There is, there is. You have heard it before. Sit down near me, my child—my child—my child. Steady now, my soul. These hours are precious. No, I am not delirious again, Blackstone; no, I am not. But those two words, 'my child,' well-nigh made me mad with joy. Miss Gray, he called you, I think. Tell me if you remember your mother."

"I sometimes think I do. It is so long ago. I am not sure."

"Ah, how could you forget? I could not, if I lived ten centuries of just such years as I have lived. Did you love your mother, child?"

"Oh yes, I loved her, and though I can not recall her features, yet there has never been a day of my whole life that I have not thought of her as an angel presence. Yes, I loved her."

"And so did I. Oh God! yes, I loved your mother."

"You? What right had you to love her?"

"Hear that, ye dwellers in the unseen world! Eve's daughter asks me what right I had to love her mother! Answer her, since she would not yet believe me if I dared to tell her! Listen, child. Do you remember any of the scenes of your childhood?"

"Some quite distinctly."

"Do you remember a home under the hill-side, with a blue bay stretching out before it, and flowers on the terraces, and a fountain, and a large dog with shaggy hair, and a boat, and two white ponies, and a low carriage, and a drive along the beach?"

"Strange! I begin to recollect all that. What can it be?"

"And now again. Do you not remember a morning in June? The sun shining on the bay; a little child, playing in front of the cottage, strays down to the beach, and slips from a rock into the water. The dog rescues her, at the instant that her father and mother rush down the lawn."

"I see it. I remember. The dog was Marco —was not that Ilis name?"

"And again. Do you remember leaving that home? Do you remember a night on the Rhine —a dark night—a boat drifting down? You lay, wrapped in a cloak, on deck. A man lay near you. Now, can you recall an attack, a fierce struggle, shouts, cries, and bloodshed, or did you sleep through it all?"

"Oh no; I woke; I remember it well now. I have not thought of that in years."

"Tell me what followed."

"I was carried away. I cried aloud, and was stopped. I shrieked till they stifled me. After that my memory is not distinct. I remember wandering a long while through many places. As I grew older my memory grows more clear. I know I was brought here, and I was told that my father had waited long to see me, but that he died before I came; and so his father took me and brought me up, and I lived with him till he died. You remember that, Mr. Blackstone. But how do you remember all these things, Sir?"

"I! Look at me. Hold the light, Blackstone. Look in my face and tell me if you see aught familiar."

"Nothing."

"Eve! Eve!" he cried, in a wild, mournful, broken voice; and then in a loud, clear tone, that seemed as if it might reach the country on the other side the river, "Eve! Eve!"

Susan Gray again leaned forward, as if the cry were familiar.

"Eve!—not you—not you. Dead Eve! my Eve! my own lost darling I am calling now. They say that the words we utter here are heard in heaven. Eve—darling—come back, and tell her who I am! Is she not yours, your child,

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"Nonsense!" said Harry Gresham; "you should have insisted. We ought not to let her go to any expense. I don't suppose she has a shilling more than she wants for her own affairs."

"But I could not help it," said his wife.

I don't know what Lottie had said to her, but she was evidently a little frightened. As for Harry, I think he would have liked to leave a bank-note for me on one of the tables. People have told me since that it was a very bad sign, and that it is only when people are getting reckless about money that they think of throwing it away in presents; but I can not say I have had much experience of that weakness. The new brother who had come with them was a very different kind of man. I can not say I took to him at first. He was not a wealthy, simple-minded, lavish creature like his brother. He was more like other people. Harry Gresham was red and white, like a girl, inclining to be stout, though he was not above thirty, and with the manners which are, or were, supposed to be specially English—downright and straightforward. Gerald was a few years older, a little taller, bronzed with the sun, and bearing the indescribable look of a man who has mixed much with the world. I looked at Lottie Stoke when I made my first observations upon the stranger, and saw that she too was looking at him with a strange expression, half of repugnance, half of wistfulness in her eyes. Lottie had not done her duty in the way of marrying, as she ought to have done, in her early youth. She had refused very good offers, as her mother was too apt to tell with a little bitterness. Now at last, when things were going so badly with the family, she had made up her mind to try; but when she did so she expected a second Harry Gresham, and not this man of the world. She looked at him as a martyr might look, standing on the edge of a precipice, gathering up her strength for the plunge, shrinking yet daring every thing. My party was quite dull for the first hour because of this pause which Lottie made on the brink, for she was always the soul of every thing. When I saw her all at once rise up from the chair where she had been sitting obstinately beside old Mrs. Beresford, and go up to Mrs. Gresham, who was standing aside with her brother-in-law looking on, I knew she had made up her mind at last, and taken the plunge. An experienced rich young man of the nineteenth century! I thought to myself she might spare her pains.

Just at that moment I saw the gorgeous figure of John Thomas appear at the end of my lawn, and a sudden flush of anger came over me. I got up to see what he wanted, thinking they had sent him back again notwithstanding my refusal. But just before I reached him I perceived that his errand was to his master, to whom he gave a telegram. Mr. Gresham tore it open at my side. He ran his eye over the message, and muttered something between his teeth and grew red all over in indignation or trouble. Then, seeing me, he turned round, with an effort, with one of his broad smiles.

"Business even in the midst of pleasure," he said. "Is it not too bad?"

"If it is only business—" said I. Whenever I see one of those telegraph papers it makes my heart beat. I always think somebody is ill or dead.

"*Only* business, by Jove!" said Harry. His voice was quite subdued, but he laughed—a laugh which sounded strange and not very natural. Then he gave himself a sort of shake, and thrust the thing into his pocket, and offered me his arm, to lead me back to my place. "By-the-by," he said, "I am ready to quarrel with you, Mrs. Mulgrave. When we are so near, why don't you let us be of some use to you? It would be the greatest pleasure both to Ada and me."

"Oh, thanks; but indeed I don't want any help," I cried, abruptly coming to a sudden stop before Lady Denzil's chair.

"You are so proud," he said, with a smile, and so left me to plunge into the midst of the game, where they were clamoring for him. He played all the rest of the afternoon, entering into every thing with the greatest spirit; and yet I felt a little disturbed. Whether it was for Lottie, or whether it was for Harry Gresham I could not well explain to myself; a feeling came over me like the feeling with which one sometimes wakes in the morning without any reason for it—an uneasy restless sense that something somehow was going wrong.

The Greshams were the last of my party to go away, and I went to the gate with them, as I had a way of doing, and lingered there for a few minutes in the slanting evening light. It was nearly seven o'clock, but they did not dine till eight and were in no hurry. She wore a very pretty dress—one of those soft pale grays which soil if you look hard at them—and had gathered the long train over her arm like a figure in a picture; for though she was not very refined, Ada Gresham was not a vulgar woman to trail her dress over a dusty road. She had taken her husband's arm as they went along the sandy brown pathway, and Gerald on the other side carried her parasol and leaned toward her to talk. As I looked at them I could not but think of the strange differences of life: how some people have to get through the world by themselves as best they may, and some have care, and love, and protection on every side of them. These two would have kept the very wind from blowing upon Ada; they were ready to shield her from every pain, to carry her in their arms over any thorns that might come in her way. The sunshine slanted sideways upon them as they went along, throwing fantastic broken shadows of the three figures on the hedgerow, and shining right into my eyes. I think I can see her now leaning on her husband's arm, looking up to his brother, with the pretty sweep of the gray silk over her arm, the white embroidered skirts beneath, and the soft rose-ribbons that caught the light. Poor Ada! I have other pictures of her, besides this one, in my memory now.

Next day we had a little discussion upon the new brother, in the afternoon when my visitors looked in upon me. We did not confine ourselves to that one subject. We diverged, for instance, to Mrs. Gresham's toilet, which was so pretty. Lottie Stoke had got a new bonnet for the occasion; but she had made it herself, and though she was very clever she was not equal to Elise.

"Fancy having all one's things made by Elise!" cried Lucy, the little sister, with a rapture of anticipation. "If ever I am married nobody else shall dress *me*."

"Then you had better think no more of curates," said some malicious critic, and Lucy blushed. It was not her fault if the curates amused her. They were mice clearly intended by Providence for fun and torture. She was but sixteen and meant no harm, and what else could the kitten do?

Then a great controversy arose among the girls as to the claims of the new brother to be called handsome. The question was hotly discussed on both sides, Lottie alone taking no part in the debate. She sat by very quietly, with none of her usual animation. Nor did she interpose when the Gresham lineage and connection—the little cockney papa who was like a shabby little miser, the mother who was large and affable and splendid, a kind of grand duchess in a mercantile way—were taken in hand. Lottie could give little sketches of them all when she so pleased; but she did not please that day.

"This new one does not look like a nobody," said one of my visitors. "He might be the Honorable Gerald for his looks. He is fifty times better than Mr. Gresham, though Mr. Gresham is very nice too."

"And he has such a lovely name!" cried Lucy. "Gerald Gresham! Any girl I ever heard of would marry him just for his name."

"They have all nice names," said the first speaker, who was young too, and attached a certain weight to this particular. "They don't sound like mere rich people. They might be of a good old family to judge by their names."

"Yes; she is Ada," said Lucy, reflectively, "and he is Harry, and the little boy's name is Percy. But Gerald is the darling! Gerald is the one for me!"

The window was open at the time, and the child was talking incautiously loud, so that I was not much surprised, for my part, when a peal of laughter from outside followed this speech, and Ada, with her brother-in-law in attendance, appeared under the veranda. Of course, Lucy was covered with confusion; but her blushes became the little creature, and gave her a certain shy grace which was very pretty to behold. As for Lottie, I think the contrast made her paler. Looking at her beautiful refined head against the light, nobody could help admiring it; but she was not round and dimpled and rosy like her little sister. After a while Gerald Gresham managed to get into the corner where Lottie was to talk to her; but his eyes sought the younger creature all the same. A man has it all his own way when there is but one in the room. He was gracious to all the girls, like a civilized English sultan; but they were used to that, poor things, and took it very good-naturedly.

"It is not his fault if he is the only man in the place," said Lucy; and she was not displeased, though her cheeks burned more hotly than ever when he took advantage of her incautious speech.

"I must not let you forget that it is Gerald who is the darling," he said, laughing. Of course it was quite natural, and meant nothing, and perhaps no one there but Lottie and myself thought any thing of this talk; but it moved her, poor girl, with a certain mortification, and had a curious effect upon me. I could not keep myself from thinking, Would it be Lucy after all? After her sister had made up her mind in desperation; after she had screwed her courage to the last fatal point; after she had consciously committed herself and compromised her maiden uprightness, would it be Lucy who would win the prize without an effort? I can not describe the effect it had upon me. It made me burn with indignation to think that Lottie Stoke was putting forth all her powers to attract this stranger—this man who was rich, and could buy her if he pleased; and, at the same time, his looks at Lucy filled me with the strangest sense of disappointment. I ought to have been glad that such humiliating efforts failed of success, and yet I was not. I hated them, and yet I could not bear to think they would be in vain.

"And Harry has gone to town again to-day," said Ada, with a pout of her pretty mouth, "though he promised to stay and take me up the river. They make his life wretched with those telegrams and things. I ask him, What is the good of going on like this, when we have plenty of money? And then he tells me I am a little fool and don't understand."

"I always feel sure something dreadful has happened whenever I see a telegram," said Mrs. Stoke.

"Oh, we are quite used to them: they are only about business," said Ada, taking off her hat and smoothing back, along with a twist of her pretty hair, the slightest half visible pucker of care from her smooth young brow.

"Only business!" said Gerald. They were the same words Harry had said the day before, and they struck me somehow. When he caught my eye he laughed, and added something about the strange ideas ladies had. "As if any accident, or death, or burial could be half so important as business," he said, with the half sneer which we all use as a disguise to our thoughts. And some of the little party exclaimed, and some laughed with him. To be sure, a man in business, like Harry Gresham, or a man of the world, like his brother, must be less startled by such communications than such quiet country people as we were. That was easy enough to see.

That same night, when I came across from the Lodge, where I had been spending the evening, Dinglewood stood blazing out against the sky with all its windows lighted up. Sir Thomas, who was walking across the Green with me, said it was so fine a night, saw me turn my head that way and looked too. The whole house had the air of being lighted up for an illumination. It always had; it revealed itself, its different floors, and even the use of its different rooms to all the world by its lights. The Greshams were the kind of people who have every new improvement that money can procure. They made gas for themselves, and lighted up the entire house, in that curious mercantile millionaire way which you never see in a real great house. Sir Thomas's look followed mine, and he shook his gray head a little.

"I hope no harm will come of it," he said; "they are going very fast over there, Mrs. Mulgrave. I hope they are able to keep it up."

"Able!" said I; "they are frightfully rich;" and I felt half aggrieved by the very supposition.

"Yes," said Sir Thomas, "they would need to be rich. For a little while that may do; but I don't think an man in business can be rich enough to stand that sort of thing for a long time together."

"Oh, they can bear it, no doubt," I said, impatient of Sir Thomas's old-fashioned ways. "Of course it was very different in the Coventrys' time."

"Ah, in the Coventrys' time," said Sir Thomas, regretfully; "one does not often get such neighbors as the Coventrys. Take care of that stone. And now, here we are at your door."

"Good-night!" said I, "and many thanks;" but I stood outside a little in the balmy evening air, as Sir Thomas went home across the Green. I could not see Dinglewood from my door, and the Lodge, which was opposite, glimmered in a very different way, with faint candles in Lady Denzil's chamber, and some of the servants' sleeping-rooms, and the soft white lamp-light in the windows below; domestic and necessary lights, not like the blaze in the new house. Sir Thomas plodded quietly home, with his gray head bent and his hands behind him under his coat, in the musing tranquillity of old age; and a certain superstitious feeling came over me. It was my gaze at the illuminated house which made him say those uncomfortable words. I felt as if I had attracted to the Greshams, poor children, in their gayety and heedlessness the eye of some sleeping Fate.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A RECENT number of the Liverpool *Mercury* contains about six columns of reading matter describing two fearful disasters which have lately thrilled the community. These are mentioned as the "Awful Railway Accident in North Wales," and the "Frightful Explosion at the Mersey Steel and Iron Works." In the one case, by a collision of trains a quantity of petroleum was ignited, and four railway carriages were enveloped in the flames and burned to cinders, with their helpless occupants. In the other case, from a defective boiler, or some unusual pressure of steam, a boiler exploded, and many workmen were not merely killed, but so horribly torn and mangled that their fearful and lingering agonies were most distressing to witness.

Such terrible catastrophes are becoming familiar to the public mind. We read the account, shiver at the horrid details, hope the matter will be investigated, and turn to some more agreeable portion of the newspaper. There have been such wholesale railroad slaughters in this country as would now induce, one would suppose, the most rigid watchfulness and care. But hair-breadth escapes are considered *fortunate*—and forgotten. Only a short time ago the Norwich steamboat train, with its freight of passengers, came into sudden contact with a cart upon the track. The driver had gone to sleep, leaving his horse to pursue his own course to the Boston market, and the flagman, who should have been at the crossing where the accident occurred, was not at his post, having overslept himself. In this instance, through a singular combination of circumstances, the passengers escaped serious injury. But what practical lesson is learned in consequence? It has been stated that the rails of the "Portland Division" of the Grand Trunk Railway are in a very unsafe condition. In one of the shop windows in Boston there has been on exhibition a drawing giving full-size sketches of the condition of some of the rails and rail-joints of the Portland section of the Grand Trunk Railway. The civil engineer who made these sketches says they were taken on the spot. "Only a broken rail" is often given as the cause of an accident. The public have a right to circulate reports respecting any road which is deemed unsafe. If rumors arise they should be refuted by thorough investigation and repair. A railroad track should be above suspicion.

The mortality among children is always great at this season of the year. A writer in the *Lancet* recommends hot milk (that which has been boiled or scalded is probably referred to) as a specific for diarrhea, dysentery, and incipient cholera. It states that a pint every four hours will check the most violent case, and that half a pint every meal will relieve gradually and pleasantly any ordinary case.

The Springfield *Republican* thinks it has seen a curiosity, and announces it thus: "We were shown yesterday a two-cent piece put into a contribution box in one of our country churches by a young man worth from $12,000 to $15,000. As the contribution was in behalf of the A. B. C. F. M., such generosity is worthy of more than a passing notice."

It is reported that a Baptist clergyman in Philadelphia recently received a fifty-dollar greenback for performing the rite of baptism.

Those who say they would gladly keep awake in church, but find it impossible, can no longer offer an excuse. A remedy for sleeping has been suggested, which drowsy church-goers will find effectual. "Take a piece of horse-radish root of good size, and of a finger's length, to the sanctuary, and the moment the sermon begins put a piece in your mouth about the size of a common corn, bite and moisten it faithfully with the saliva, and the eyes will not only be easily kept open, but a tearful attention may also be promoted, to the exclusion of drowsiness till the sermon ends."

General Napier, who experienced a sun-stroke while in Sind (from which, however, he recovered), is of opinion that death by this means would be painless. He says: "I was just deadly sleepy; it was deadly had I been left alone; but the only feeling of the transition would have been a tiredness like that experienced at being suddenly waked up before time. This was to a degree almost to be called painful; then came a pleasant drowsiness with anger that the doctors would not let me sleep." The effect of excessive cold is very similar.

The following bill of fare is said to have met the approbation of the Chinese Embassy when at Worcester: "Champagne, soup, Champagne, rice, Champagne, eggs, Champagne, ham, Champagne, ice water, Champagne." However, the embassy pays its own expenses!

A singular phenomenon occurred a week or two ago not far from Nashville, Tennessee. About noon some men who were working on a plantation were much alarmed by an apparent opening of the clouds, which were thick and heavy. Suddenly a brilliant whitish red glare overspread an immense mass of black clouds, on the centre of which appeared a funnel-like aperture about four or five feet in diameter, the sides of which presented the appearance of ragged flames darting like fiery tongues, and licking and lapping at a large white object passing with inconceivable rapidity down through the aperture. It grew more intensely bright as it approached the earth, and struck with a sound like a sudden, terrific clap of thunder, which seemed to make the surrounding hills quiver to their foundations. After some hours the place where the fiery missive had struck was examined. The ledge of rocks where it had fallen was split and torn into fragments over a distance of about fifty feet, and steam poured out of the hole where the mass had buried itself which was too hot to approach. Some days afterward investigations were made, and at a depth of about twenty feet, the aerolite was found. It measured about seven feet from apex to base, and at the greatest circumference about ten feet round. It is specifically very heavy, and the lump can not weigh less than five or six tons.

Two visitors in Salt Lake City entered a shop to purchase photographs of Brigham Young and such views as they might fancy. They engaged in conversation with the clerk, who, however, kept glancing uneasily at a shabbily-dressed old woman who was leaning on a show-case near by. After selecting various portraits and views, the buyers said: "Now show us some pictures of Mrs. Brigham Young." "Sh—sh—sh, we haven't any," whispered the clerk. "Don't you take them at the gallery up stairs?" "Yes," replied he, with a stealthy glance at the old woman; "but we are not allowed to sell them." "Can't you show us some copies—simply point them out to us?" persisted the inquisitive strangers. Here the clerk, without replying, walked away in a state of perturbation. The old woman left the store. He returned and said: "Gentlemen, that old lady is one of Brigham Young's first wives. Visitors can not be too considerate here in the presence of strangers."

An event, both horrible and ludicrous, is reported to have occurred recently in Norfolk, Virginia. A certain individual having died, his friends and acquaintances repaired to his house to pay their last tribute of respect by following him to his grave. The procession was formed; but before moving hospitalities were extended in the shape of a good, stiff brandy-julep to each, so as the better to enable them to undergo the fatigue of the long march to the new burying-ground. While the pall-bearers, who were standing by the hearse, were slowly sipping their juleps, and now and again giving the goblets a slight shake to settle the ice in them, a noise was heard in the coffin, which turned some faces whiter than they had been for years before. The undertaker at length mustered courage to unscrew the coffin-lid, when the supposed corpse sat up and coolly asked for his julep. Having quenched his thirst, he stated that he had been in a sort of trance, and knew all that was going on around him, but was unable to rouse himself until the familiar jingle of the ice and the delicious smell of the brandy and mint in the goblets infused new life into his system, and he was able to break the trance.

Minargent, said to be an excellent substitute for silver, has lately been invented in Paris. It is composed of one thousand parts of pure copper, seven hundred parts of pure nickel, fifty parts of pure tungsten, ten parts of pure aluminium. It possesses about nine-tenths of the whiteness, malleability, ductility, tenacity, sonorousness, and density of silver, has a superior lustre, and wears better. *Minargent* may be used for all the purposes to which silver is applicable.

In Paris the rapid work of demolition and reconstruction has produced great changes even within the last few months. The nature and extent of these may be inferred, perhaps, from the amount of damages awarded to owners and occupants of real estate in the Rues de la Chaussée d'Antin, du Helder, and Taitbaut, required for the prolongation of the Boulevard Haussmann. The amount to be paid to the landlords is 11,000,000 francs, and to the occupants 1,592,750 francs. This street cuts through some of the best and busiest localities in Paris.

London thieves are beginning to wear the uniform of postmen, and, thus protected, they pick the locks of street letter-boxes, and walk off with the contents in broad daylight. Have we thieves of a similar kind? If not, what becomes of some missing letters?

For many years the French Government have held out a large reward to any one who would discover and communicate a satisfactory test, other than that of actual decomposition, by which death may be infallibly indicated. The following method, recently given to the French Government, will probably take the prize: Hold a lighted candle to any portion of the body; a blister will soon rise. If on puncture it gives out a fluid substance, death has not taken place; if it emits air only, it is perfectly certain that life has become entirely extinct.

California has proved admirably adapted to the luxuriant growth of the mulberry-tree, and to the cultivation of the silk-worn. Very little capital is required in commencing this business; it is clean and healthful, and can be easily managed in a great degree by women and children. Moreover, there will always be a good demand for the products of the silk-worm.

The project of uniting Lake Huron and Lake Ontario has been decided to be feasible, and able engineers say that it will cost about $40,000,000. It was proposed to raise $20,000,000 of this in the United States, and $20,000,000 in England. These loans were to be secured by a grant of 10,000,000 acres of land by the Canadian Government. A gentleman of Toronto has undertaken the financial management of the enterprise, and some time ago obtained guaranties from American capitalists that they would furnish $20,000,000 if the balance should be subscribed in Europe, and the land-grant secured. For several months he has been in England, and it is said that his prospects of success in securing the other $20,000,000 are very satisfactory.

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"OLD HAT" MAN.

NEW YORK "STREET ARABS."

HENRY MAYHEW, in his valuable book on "London Labor and the London Poor," divides the street folk of that great city into six kinds: I. Street Sellers; II. Street Buyers; III. Street Finders; IV. Street Performers; V. Street Artisans; and VI. Street Laborers. If he had added a seventh division for Street Beggars his classification would have admirably applied to the city of New York, though American peculiarities of customs generally have produced very different classes of these characters from those of England. We have the English "costermonger" and "cheap John" in our hawkers of fish and vegetables, and our enterprising country peddlers; their tract and song sellers are generally news boys or men with us; they have many characters which we have not, and we many original to this soil; but all, in England or America, have a nature in common, and all belong to the nomadic race. Every where they are found they can be recognized as true Arabs; and strange to say, despite its privations, its dangers, and its hardships, those who have once adopted the semi-savage and wandering mode of life in early youth seldom abandon it, but continue to the end of their existence Arabs by second nature.

THE BOOT-BLACK.

"GLASS PUT IN."

Among the "Street Arabs" of New York there are many distinct characters of people. Embraced under the head are to be included pickpockets, beggars, and prostitutes that *prey* upon the populace, as well as the itinerant sellers, buyers, etc., who profess to make some return for what they receive; but it is only from the latter class that our present illustrations are selected. These are to be seen every day in the streets of the city.

Among the street buyers is the "old hat" man, familiar in the more secluded streets devoted to residences. His business requires him to pass slowly through the streets, calling out in tones that can hardly be distinguished, and which would not be recognized if his bundle of old hats did not proclaim his trade, "Old hats to buy—old hats!" Generally these street criers—whether buyers or sellers—are hoarse from much straining of their lungs and exposure to all sorts of weather; and their appearance and voice are alike repulsive. There are a large number of these buyers in New York, and they collect, paying cash, or making exchanges of china-ware or similar goods, every part of man's cast-off raiment, from the hat on his crown to the shoes on his feet. Many of these men are in the employ of second-hand clothes and hat dealers; and their collections, cleansed and repaired, are sold in certain districts as *new* clothing.

The "boot-black" is better known, because of a more noisy and numerous class. He is a modern innovation. A few years ago boot-blacking in New York was done in a very different manner. The boot-blacks were then almost exclusively negro men. They had their workshops and their regular customers, whom they served with clean boots pretty much as the news-boys serve their customers with papers. Every customer was expected to have at least two pairs of boots; the boot-black called at the customer's room early every morning, taking away the dirty and leaving the clean pair. They carried them by means of a long stick thrust through the straps of the boots or strings of the shoes. This custom, as well as that of putting boots outside of one's door, at the hotel, to be blacked, has now become obsolete, and the "boot-black brigade" has carried all before it.

SHOE-LACE MAN.

The glass-mender belongs to the class of street artisans, and is one of a very numerous herd. We have not only itinerant glass-menders, but repairers of tinware and furniture of all kinds, and the number of street artisans is very large. They perambulate the streets as the "hat man" does, calling their trade, and entering the houses whenever their services are demanded.

The street sellers, however, are in the majority, and the "shoe-lace man," the "Chinese candy dealer," the "umbrella dealer," the "balloon man," and the "cigar dealer" belong to this class. Often the first, whose business requires him to remain stationary, is blind or lame, and sympathy for his misfortune frequently proves important to his success. When John Chinaman comes to New York he is almost certain to start a candy stand, and takes to that trade as naturally as an Italian to organ-grinding. The "umbrella man" is generally seen abroad only in wet weather. To the "balloon man" dry weather is absolutely necessary. His stock in trade consists of the little colored gutta-percha toy balloons so extensively manufactured for children. The cigar man is one of the nuisances of the city. He is to be found in the most frequented of the thoroughfares with a box under his arm, and half a dozen cigars in his hand, calling out, "Five for ten cents!" to passers-by. And strange to say, he finds customers among the illogical class who can not understand that cigars at the rate of two cents apiece must either be of no value or else are contraband.

CHINESE CANDY MAN.

THE BEGGAR-WOMAN.

The beggars are "too numerous to mention;" they are to be found every where and at all hours; and "ply their vocation" with a persistency that deserves and often *provokes* success. The women generally appear with babes in their arms, thus hoping to arouse sympathy, and no doubt often succeeding. An old legend has long been in circulation to the effect that these children are hired to the beggars, and that they are not, as a general thing, their mothers. How true this may be it is impossible to say.

UMBRELLA DEALER.

Curious would be the history of these characters, if it could be traced, and still more so the habits, and customs, and social and commercial organizations of these people, if they could be divulged. They begin life for themselves at a very early age—often before they are ten years of age. They find their chief amusement at their cheap "hops," the beer-shops, and the theatres; the social intercourse of the sexes is by no means delicate; concubinage is far more common than marriage; the sanctity of the marriage relation is most imperfectly understood or appreciated; and they have no religion. There is a great field for the missionary among these classes; and the various children's aid societies have done great and lasting good in it by rescuing young children from this vagabond sort of life. There is no single organized charity of New York which is more worthy of support than that known as the "Children's Aid Society," and which labors vigorously in this field.

THE BALLOON MAN.

"FIVE FOR TEN CENTS."

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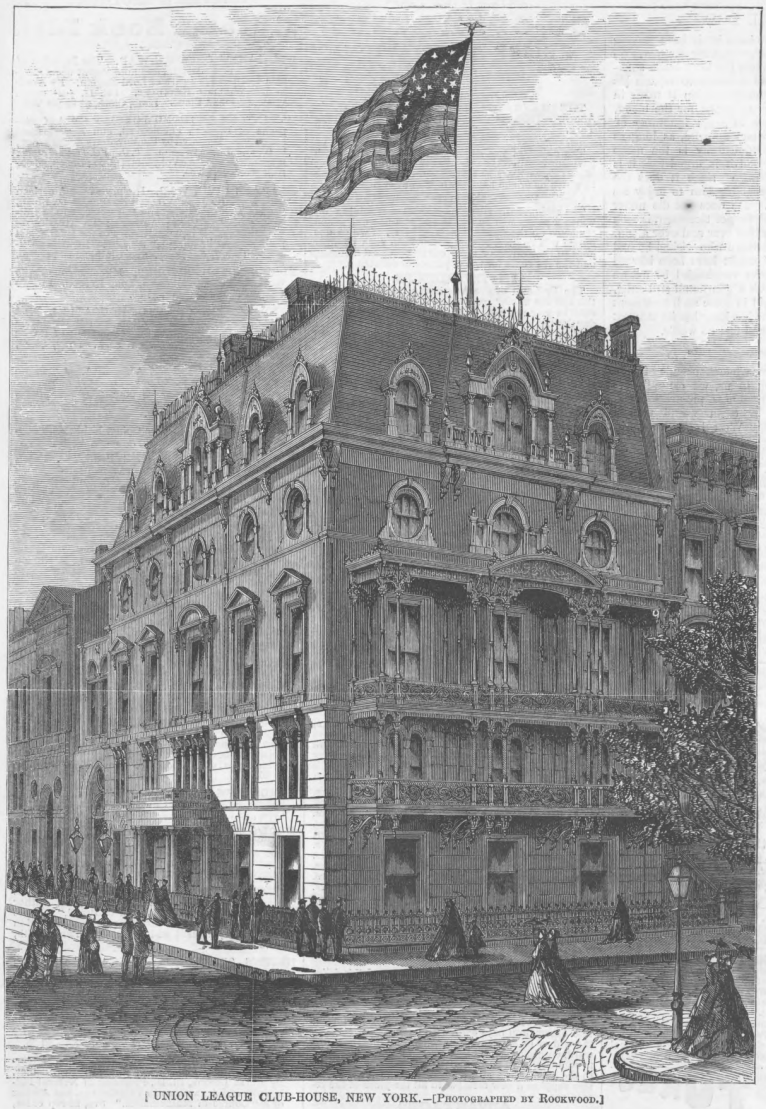


UNION LEAGUE CLUB-HOUSE, NEW YORK.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.]

UNION LEAGUE CLUB.

WE give on this page an illustration of the handsome club-house of the Union League Club, on the corner of Madison Avenue and Twenty-sixth Street, in this city. It is the largest and most complete establishment of the kind in this country. The expense of furnishing it alone amounted to $50,000. There are twenty-nine rooms in the house, besides a theatre capable of seating six or seven hundred persons. There is a library and a trophy-room, besides the usual reception-rooms, parlors, saloons, etc. The exterior of the building, as can be seen from our illustration, is as imposing as the interior is elegant.

The Union League Club was organized during the late war, and was one of the first of those effective and patriotic political associations which are now so numerous in the principal cities. These clubs, which did so much during the excitement of the war to sustain the Government by material as well as moral support, are now doing great good in the dissemination of true principles among the people, and their good influence is felt in this political as well as during the bloodier struggle which preceded it.

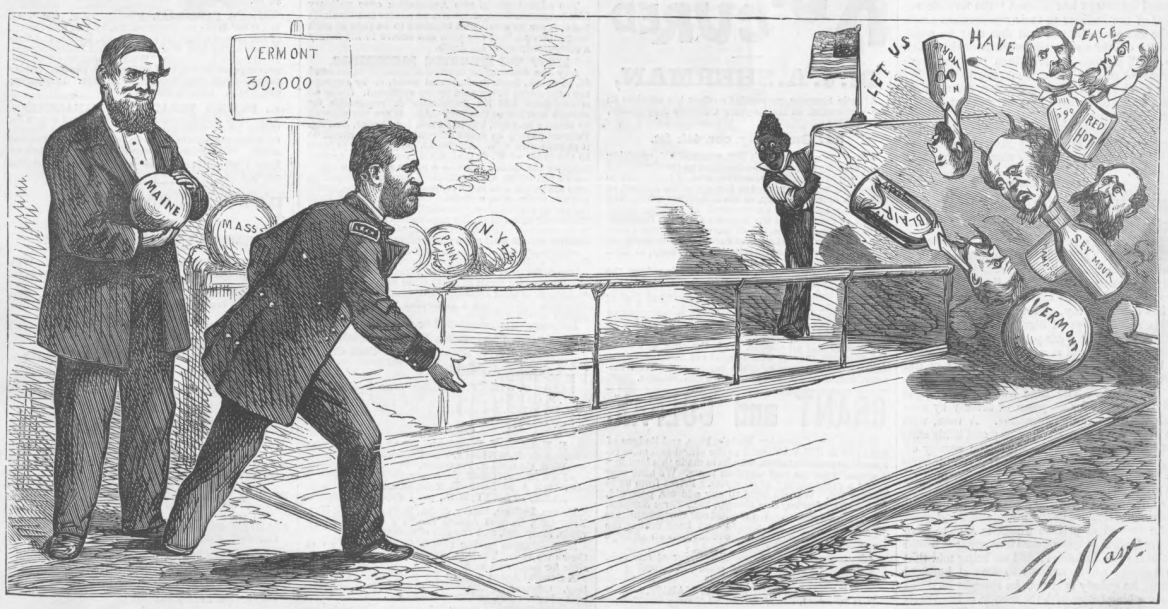
THE GRANT MEDAL.

At a meeting on August 20, Judge JOHN H. WHITE presented to the Club a splendid bronze medal. We illustrate it on this page. It is called "The Grant Medal," and is intended to commemorate the General's military services. Five hundred of them were manufactured, by order of a Swiss Republican Club, for presentation to clubs in this country, and they are now being distributed.

WESLEYAN COLLEGE AT BELFAST.

WE illustrate on page 597 the newly-erected College of the Wesleyan Methodist connection in Ireland. This institution possesses considerable interest for the Methodist denomination in this country, as a large sum of money has been raised for it here. Methodism in Ireland has to bear the competition of the establishment supported by the Government, and the Roman Catholic and Presbyterian Churches, which receive large subsidies for their support, and is, in addition, continually being weakened by the emigration to this country of large numbers of its best members. Twelve years ago an effort was made in this country to raise $100,000 for the purposes of Methodism in Ireland, but in consequence of the financial troubles of 1857 it was abandoned, after raising $40,000. In connection with the Centenary collections of 1866 about $35,000 additional was collected, making in all about $75,000 given by the Methodists of this country for the benefit of their brethren in Ireland. Of this sum a large portion is to go toward this College at Belfast, to be used either for its building or endowment fund.

The institution combines a first-class boarding-school and day-school



"KEEP THE BALL ROLLING."—*Campaign Song.*

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for boys, with a college for older students designed for the ministry. The building stands in a healthy and agreeable situation. The foundation-stone was laid three years ago. The cost has been $80,000. The materials are red brick, with dressings or facings of freestone. The design comprises a longitudinal range of building, with two transverse wings, projecting both to front and rear; also a central rear building. The right side of the building is devoted to the collegiate department, the left to the school, the departments common to both occupying the centre. The principal entrance and president's house occupy the centre of the front; the theological tutor's and head-master's houses are placed at each side, each with a separate entrance. Separate entrances are provided for the students and boys in the centre of each return-wing, under the side-towers. Each house is perfectly distinct and self-contained.

THE INDIAN WAR.

THE impression appears to have mysteriously fastened itself upon the minds of public writers that the Indian war now beginning in the Far West is to be the last of our troubles from that source, and that it is to be at the cost of the Indians. The consummation is highly desirable, though it is a great pity that more peaceful measures, which the Peace Commission of last spring might have inaugurated, are not to be the means of producing it. But it is evident that under Generals SHERMAN and SHERIDAN there is to be a vigorous prosecution of the struggle, even to the extermination of the Indian tribes. Such a purpose General SHERMAN has already distinctly avowed, and neither he nor General SHERIDAN are men to be turned back from their purposes by false sentiments of humanity, and it must be candidly confessed that our former policy has been somewhat mistaken in this regard.

The late operations of the Indians have been of a painfully aggressive character. They appeared in the vicinity of Solomon City, Kansas, on August 16, and made such demonstrations as drove the people of the country to the city for protection; several women were captured and fearfully outraged. WILLIAM COMSTOCK, well known as a scout, was murdered by them on August 19. Numbers of children and women have been stolen by them, and either murdered or abandoned in the woods. On August 23 they attacked the Kiowa station, on the Smoky Hill route, capturing thirty horses and carrying off a woman and child, whose remains were found shockingly mutilated. Another band killed three men at Latham, on the Platte stage road. They chased the Smoky Hill coach for several miles, keeping up a running fire, without doing any damage. They are stripping the country of stock and provisions. Work on the Smoky Hill railroad has been stopped in consequence of these depredations, and travel has become very insecure. A train of wagons from New Mexico was attacked on the 28th of August at Pawnee Fork, on the old Santa Fé route, thirty-seven miles southwest from Fort Dodge, by a large party of Arapahoe and Cheyenne Indians. They killed sixteen of the guards, scalping them and burning their bodies with the wagons. Another train, a few miles beyond, successfully resisted the efforts of the Indians for its capture. Another train, loaded with seventy-five thousand pounds of wool, was attacked at Cimaron Crossing, twenty-five miles from Fort Dodge, on the same road. The men fought until their ammunition gave out and then abandoned the train, saving what stock they could.

In consequence of these and other outrages General SHERMAN has ordered "the forcible removal of the Indians to their reservations south of the State of Kansas, and that they be compelled to deliver up the perpetrators of the guilty acts. All persons are forbidden to have intercourse with or give aid or assistance to these Indians until due notice is given that the requirements of the order have been carried out."

Our engraving on page 601 shows the manner of attacking and defending a train, and is a graphic, truthful, and timely illustration of one of these desperate encounters now so frequent on the plains.

"KNIGHTS OF THE GARTER" IN DISREPUTE.

MR. DISRAELI is begging for the distinction of the Garter. His political opponents think it an empty honor, and the sure presage of his fall. They say the Garter was a real distinction in the days of chivalry; but chivalry is dead, the Garter has become a toy, and among the statesmen of this age the toys of dignity are out of date. Ambitious women wear paste who have no diamonds to wear; and mentally poor men of quality beg and bargain for the distinction of the Garter, because they are incapable of distinguishing themselves. The Blue Riband has notoriously been used for purposes of bribery by successive English administrations. A man, who has every thing else, covets this; and if his support of the government be worth the enmity of his disappointed competitors, it is given him.

There have not indeed been wanting men of the privileged order who have declined the Garter as a thing of no use to them. The late Lord Fitzwilliam, a man of superior intellect and great public as well as private worth, is said to have inquired, when it was offered him, what it would cost him to be knighted; and on being told that the expense would amount to several hundred pounds, he quietly said that he thought he could do something better with the money. Lord Melbourne, when asked at the Coronation if he would not accept the Garter, replied, in his characteristic vein of humor: "Well, no; I don't see what would be the use of trying to bribe myself."

TAPPING LEECHES.—A NEW SURGICAL DODGE.

THE German doctors have lately been playing their leeches a droll trick—making one worm do the work of many. When the little blood-sucker has taken his fill and is about to release his bite, he is tapped; a small incision is made in his side, that serves as an outlet for the blood, and he goes on sucking, in happy ignorance of the cause of his abnormal appetite, as long as the doctor pleases. Bdellatomy is the name given to the practice, and it is urged that it is not cruel, but contrariwise since it does the leech a good turn by enabling him to enjoy his rich feast indefinitely. He does not die under the operation; but with proper treatment is soon healed, and may be incised over and over again. There was once an alderman who wished he had been a camel, that he might have been blessed with the seven stomachs vouchsafed by nature to that animal. If such a gourmand still exist, let him seek surgical aid in some such treatment as that practiced on the leeches, that he may eat and drink *ad libitum*, and feel no worse.

IF the ladies but knew what thousands of them are constantly relating to us, we candidly believe one half of the weakness, prostration and distress experienced by them would vanish. James Marsh, Esq., 159 West 14th St., N. Y., says, "he has three children, the first two are weak and puny, his wife having been unable to nurse or attend them, but she has taken PLANTATION BITTERS for the last two years, and has a child now eighteen months old which she has nursed and reared herself, and both are hearty, saucy, and well. The article is invaluable to mothers," &c.

Such evidence might be continued for a volume. The best evidence is to try them. They speak for themselves. Persons of sedentary habits troubled with weakness, lassitude, palpitation of the heart, lack of appetite, distress after eating, torpid liver, constipation, diabetes, &c., will find speedy relief through these Bitters. —*Tribune*

MAGNOLIA WATER.—Superior to the best imported German Cologne, and sold at half the price.

WE believe the officers of the MANHATTAN to be honest and responsible, and their plan fairly set forth in their prospectus, to which we direct those contemplating Life Insurance, leaving each to judge for himself.—*N. Y. Tribune* (Aug. 11). See Prospectus on this page.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR removing FRECKLES, TAN, PIMPLES, and all other blemishes, use Phalon's "PAPHIAN LOTION." Sold by all druggists. Price $1 25 per bottle.

FOR the *Toilet*, *Bath*, and *Nursery*, use Phalon's "PAPHIAN SOAP." 25 cts. per cake. Sold by druggists and by PHALON & SON, 517 Broadway, N. Y.

GRAND DUCHESS of GEROLSTEIN, Martha, Lucrezia, Barber of Seville, Fidelio, Crispino e la Comare, Norma, Traviata, Trovatore, Freischuts, Ballo in Maschera, Sonnambula. Each opera complete for piano solo, with overture and whole of music. Price 50 cents.

"Absurdly moderate in price, and perfectly satisfactory in shape."—*N. Y. Times* (June 20th).

Boosey & Co.'s new Catalogue of Cheap Musical Publications free. BOOSEY & CO., 644 Broadway.

RUPTURES CURED

Dr. J. A. SHERMAN,

Artistic Surgeon, respectfully offers his services in the application of his Rupture Curative Appliances, at his office.

697 Broadway, cor. 4th St.

The great experience of DR. SHERMAN, resulting from his long and constant devotion to the Treatment and Cure of this disease, assures him of his ability to relieve all, without regard to the age of the patient, or duration of the infirmity, or the difficulties which they may have heretofore encountered in seeking relief. Dr. S., as Principal of the Rupture Curative Institute, New Orleans, for a period of more than fifteen years, had under his care the worst cases in the country, all of which were effectually relieved, and many, to their great joy, restored to a sound body.

None of the pains and injuries resulting from the use of other Trusses are found in Dr. Sherman's Appliances; and, with a full knowledge of the assertion, he promises greater security and comfort, with a daily improvement in the disease, than can be obtained of any other person, or the inventions of any other person in the United States.

Prices to suit all classes. It is the only, as well as the cheapest, remedy ever offered the afflicted. Photographic likenesses of cases before and after treatment furnished on receipt of two 3 cent stamps.

GRANT and COLFAX.

For the best Campaign Medals, Pins, and Badges of GRANT & COLFAX, send to the oldest and most respectable manufacturers, who have made this business a specialty for the past nineteen years. We have now ready a great variety of all styles. Prices from $3 to $10 per 100. We will send to any address, postpaid, on receipt of price, *One Sample*, 25c., *Three Samples*, 50c., with Price-List. We request our Correspondents to be brief, as we are always very busy during the Campaign. We make suitable reductions on all large orders for *Dealers and Clubs*.

All moneys sent by Post-Office Order at our risk. We guarantee full amount in goods, at lowest rates, for all money sent to us. Address

RICHARDS & MARKT,
P. O. Box 3131. 55 Murray St., N. Y.

THE LITTLE JOKER—Full of Fun—and an exquisite PHOTOGRAPH, beautifully Colored, will be sent to any address on receipt of 25 cents, by W. HEPBURNE, 102 Nassau St., New York.

MANHATTAN
CO-OPERATIVE
RELIEF ASSOCIATION.

OFFICE MANHATTAN CO-OPERATIVE RELIEF ASSOCIATION, No. 658 BROADWAY, COR. BOND ST., N. Y.

THE MANHATTAN CO-OPERATIVE RELIEF ASSOCIATION is chartered by the State of New York.

OBJECT.

The object of this Association is to secure a cash payment within forty days after the death of a member of as many dollars as there are members in the class to which he or she belongs, to his or her heirs.

MEMBERSHIP FEES.

The membership fees are six dollars at joining (for which a policy will be furnished), and one dollar and ten cents on the death of each member, of which due notice will be given. One dollar from each member goes to the widow or heirs of the deceased member, and the ten cents for the expenses of collecting.

INVESTMENTS.

The By-Laws of the Association require that one third of the money received as new membership fees shall be made a sinking fund to meet payments falling due by the delinquencies of members. This fund is held by the

NATIONAL TRUST CO.,

and will be invested in United States Bonds, or real estate, or bond and mortgage upon New York City property, which property shall be double the value of the money so loaned.

THE FUNDS.

The remaining two thirds, after paying the expenses of the Association, shall be invested in real estate in the City of New York, or in bond and mortgage on property in the City of New York, the interest of which shall go to pay the current expenses of the Association. If a deceased member leaves no heirs, the money becomes the property of the Association, with the proviso that the expenses of burial shall be paid out of such funds—said expenses, however, not to exceed one hundred dollars.

A member failing to pay his fee of one dollar and ten cents within thirty days from date of notice, forfeits all claims upon the Association, and also forfeits all money previously paid. In the Pacific States this time is extended to sixty days. A member having no permanent residence must notify the Secretary, and appoint a representative to pay his fees.

When members choose they can send ten dollars and fifty cents to the Treasurer to prepay their fees, which sum will pay for ten deaths, thus saving the trouble of sending $1 10 each time, besides a saving of fifty cents. No man is so poor that he can not pay $6 now, and $1 10 occasionally, thus securing $5000 to his heirs. The average number of dollars each person will have to pay to secure $5000 will be $30 per year, a little over fifty cents per week. This makes this mode of insurance cost about one sixth what they would have to pay any regular Insurance Company for a $5000 policy.

This company is divided into ten classes for men, and ten classes for women. As soon as these classes are filled ten new classes will be adopted. Men and women are not allowed in the same classes. Every thing is done to make each class equal.

CLASSES.

In class A all persons betw'n the ages of 18 and 20 yrs.
In class B all persons betw'n the ages of 20 and 25 yrs.
In class C all persons betw'n the ages of 25 and 30 yrs.
In class D all persons betw'n the ages of 30 and 35 yrs.
In class E all persons betw'n the ages of 35 and 40 yrs.
In class F all persons betw'n the ages of 40 and 45 yrs.
In class G all persons betw'n the ages of 45 and 50 yrs.
In class H all persons betw'n the ages of 50 and 55 yrs.
In class I all persons betw'n the ages of 55 and 60 yrs.
In class K all persons betw'n the ages of 60 and 65 yrs.

The classes for women are the same as above. Any one that is found to give his or her age wrong will be expelled, and the moneys paid forfeited to the Association. Each class is limited to 5000 members. Each person pays $6 upon becoming a member, and $1 10 each time a member dies *belonging to the same class he or she may be a member of.*

A member of one class can not be assessed this dollar if a member of another class dies. Each class is INDEPENDENT, *having no connection with any other.*

ILLUSTRATION.

Class "A" has 5000 male members. A man dies. The Association pays over, within forty days, $5000 to the widow or heirs, and the remaining members forward, within thirty days, $1 10 each to the Association to reimburse it. Failing to send this sum, they forfeit to the Association all moneys paid, and the Association supplies a new member to fill the place of the retiring one.

ADVANTAGES.

The advantages of this Association over ordinary Life Insurance Companies are, no panics can break it; the fees are so small, and required to be paid at such long intervals, that any man can secure to his family a competency upon his death.

HOW TO BECOME MEMBERS.

Any one desiring to become a member must send $6, in check, bank draft, postal order, or by express, the expressage being paid by the applicant. *Under no circumstance will the Association be responsible for moneys sent but in this way.* Agents are not allowed to receive moneys, but must ask for checks, &c., &c. Persons paying an agent otherwise than by check do it at their own risk. All checks, &c., must be payable to the order of W. S. CARMAN, Treasurer. Accompanying the money must be a paper giving the applicant's full name, age, birth-place, present occupation, who the policy is in favor of, post-office address, town, county, state—*also, a Medical Certificate*, setting forth the physical condition, and whether, in the opinion of the doctor examining, the applicant is a proper person to be insured. Blank forms of application for membership will be sent upon application.

Agents are not allowed to receive money but in the form of a check, draft, or postal order, made payable to the order of W. S. CARMAN, Treasurer.

Each member ought to try to make new members; by so doing he benefits himself. No letter will be noticed that does not contain a three-cent postage stamp to prepay return postage.

All communications should be addressed

Manhattan Co-operative Relief Association,
No. 658 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

Trustees:

E. McMURDY.
ELSON T. WRIGHT, President Star Metal Co.
W. S. CARMAN, President Stuyvesant Bank.
H. W. FORD, late Cashier, Bank of the Republic.
L. W. MURRAY.

Officers:

E. McMURDY, President.
ELSON T. WRIGHT, Vice-President.
W. S. CARMAN, Treasurer.
LEWIS SANDERS, Secretary.
JOHN A. ROBINSON, M.D., } Examining
ALEX. R. GRAY, M.D., } Physicians.

Messrs. Latham, Emery, & Co., 72 Cedar Street, New York City, General Agents for New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and District of Columbia.

N. B.—Parties paying agents in money do so at their own risk. The Association will not be responsible for money so paid.

A General Agent wanted for each State and Territory. General Agents will be required to give the best of references, and $50,000 bonds.

Agents wanted in every Town in the United States and Canadas.

A physician will be in attendance at the office of the Company—also at the office of each General Agent—to examine applicants.

HARPER & BROTHERS'
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XII.—No. 613.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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THE DECLARATION.

SOME facetious writer on the tender passion has demonstrated by what he announces to be actual calculation that no two men ever told their love precisely in like manner, and he argues from that calculation that the art of love-making can not be taught save by experience, and generally *sad* experience at that. Those who have had large experience in that way confirm the writer's opinion, if not his calculation, and it is more than probable that he is right, so very different are the circumstances and sensations in and under which the delicate subject is approached. All animate and inanimate nature, from domestic cats to wild flowers, polished diamonds to uncouth mineral collections, have done duty in "leading" to a declaration. The romantic-looking youth in Mr. GOODALL'S picture on this page has evidently made good use of the wild flower medium.

It is a little curious, too, to observe how differently the poets approach the same topic. The "immortal WILLIAMS" is always stately and delicate; MILTON stately, too, but cold; POPE always warm and imaginative; MOORE invariably impassioned; and BYRON a little too ardent. And the artists are also of different minds on this highly important subject, and no two of them paint

"THE DECLARATION."—[FROM A PAINTING BY F. GOODALL.]

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Love exactly alike. But still the universal passion is alike in all climes and countries, and the "old, old story" which our picture tells is the same in substance, if not in treatment, all the wide universe over. Undoubtedly so universal a passion, thus generally adopted and accepted, must be good to *own*; and with this sage conclusion we commend our picture and the world's experience (*not* our own) to our readers, and advise them in all love and kindness to "go and do likewise"—that is, like the wise man in the illustration.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1868.

CONCILIATION.

MR. PENDLETON and the other Democratic orators continually preach conciliation. They proclaim that the success of SEYMOUR and BLAIR will be a true millennium. It will be the dayspring of peace and good-will. Indeed, the Reverend Chadband himself could not more unctuously set forth the blessedness of forgiveness than these gentlemen.

Now, magnanimity in public affairs is not only good, but it is politic. A government which emerges victorious from a domestic struggle commits the greatest of blunders if it adopts a vindictive policy toward its opponents, or even if it proceeds to full legal extremities. When England suppressed the Jacobite risings in 1715 and 1745 the Government put some of the chiefs to death. But it was not sound policy. When JEFFERSON DAVIS was captured in the most ignominious plight many Englishmen said that of course he would be hung. One eminent Englishman remarked that there was not a government in Europe, England included, that would not hang him.

The Republican party controlling the Government of the United States were much wiser. They have not shed the blood of a single rebel in vengeance, nor confiscated one estate. There was never so great and victorious a party so humane and just and wise. If the defeated rebels were, as they claimed, of another "country," they surely could not expect to be treated as citizens of this. If they were not of another country, but traitors baffled in an attempt to overthrow the Government, they were liable to be hung. But the United States authorities, rejecting all thought of punishment for the past, considered only how to secure the future. They said: "Some of the leaders must, as an obvious guarantee of good order, be for the present disfranchised; for the rest, every body shall equally share political power." And even this they did not say until those leaders had haughtily defied them. The magnanimity of this policy lay in its unprecedented moderation; its wisdom was shown in the creation of a loyal constituency.

Now what is the conciliation which Mr. PENDLETON and the other orators propose? It is not a new demand with them. When WADE HAMPTON and FORREST and LEE were at the throat of the nation, these same gentlemen advised conciliation by submitting to the rebellion. Now that FORREST and HAMPTON have been defeated in the field and hope to save their cause at the polls, these gentlemen advise the same conciliation by surrender. In other words, they insist that FORREST, HAMPTON, and their friends shall have political power in their States to the exclusion of loyal men. Mr. PENDLETON is in favor of the conciliation of black codes and the good-will of the Ku-Klux Klan. The millennium which he mellifluously predicts reveals itself in Georgia by the expulsion of the colored members; in South Carolina and other States by the alternative offered to the colored population of submitting to their own degradation or starvation; in the country at large by the demand of the candidate whom he supports that the organization of the Southern States shall be overturned by the sword. The conciliation preached by such apostles as Mr. PENDLETON and Mr. COX is such as has become dismally familiar to the people of the United States—it is letting the most troublesome, spiteful, and dangerous people in the country have their own way.

Against these apostles of a peace bought by abject submission of the moral conviction and intelligence of the country to its ignorance and passion and baffled hate, the Republican party proclaims the conciliation of common-sense, the good-will of justice, the peace founded upon the only possible corner-stone of enduring peace in a free country—equal rights. There stand GRANT and the Republicans. There standing they have conquered once, and there standing they will conquer forever.

AN ELOQUENT APPEAL.

THE reply of the colored citizens of South Carolina to the insolent Democratic address which told them they might choose between voting for SEYMOUR and BLAIR and starvation is one of the most admirable documents of the campaign. Contrasted with the speeches of WADE HAMPTON, COBB, SEMMES, TOOMBS, and the other Southern Democratic leaders, with the articles in the Southern Democratic papers, and the action of the Georgia Legislature, it is wisdom beside folly. But, apart from its excellent temper and its unanswerable argument, it contains a vivid picture of the proposed Democratic policy toward that part of the population of the United States for which it speaks. And that every Northern voter may understand what kind of peace is to be expected when Mr. FRANK BLAIR'S policy of overthrowing the Southern governments by the sword is carried out, let him remark this extract from the reply of which we speak:

"When your Legislature met in 1865–66 you passed that infamous black code which is a disgrace to civilization. In that you denied us all rights in common with other people in the State; you by these acts denied our children the schoolhouse; you imposed penalties upon us which were not imposed on white men; there were crimes for which, if committed by a white man, he was imprisoned, but if committed by a black man he was hung. We submit to you whether that course was not enough to make us disbelieve every protestation of love which you make. Your laws provided for taking and binding out our children, and subjecting us to all manner of disabilities. We could not pursue any trade or calling in this State without a written permission from some white man; we could not sell any article of barter without the consent first obtained from some magistrate."

After declaring that such a policy necessarily alienated the sympathy of the new voters, and that if the Democratic leaders had accepted in good faith the proposed reconstruction, they would have polled a hundred thousand colored votes for Southern instead of Northern white men for office, the address pertinently asks, "Can you ask us to sustain a party which is pledged to divest us of all the privileges in law which we now enjoy?" And in a strain which will find the most sincere response in every generous and manly American heart, the address concludes: "If we are to be massacred because we refuse to vote the Democratic ticket; if we are to be murdered in cold blood because we will not sell our manhood, then let it come; we can die but once. and if, as you state, thirty millions of white men are going to fall upon four millions because they are black, and will not vote for HORATIO SEYMOUR and F. P. BLAIR for President and Vice-President of the United States, both of whom have declared that the negroes have no right to vote, then we are prepared to die, but not to vote to be killed. .....We ask nothing at the hands of our fellowman but a fair chance in the race of life, and equal opportunities for ourselves, our wives, and our children. We ask no more."

THE DEBT AND ITS PAYMENT.

THE Democratic misrepresentations of the actual financial condition of the country have been once more, and most conclusively, exposed by Mr. EDWARD ATKINSON, of Boston, in a speech at the Republican State Convention in Massachusetts. His statements are very clear, and are founded upon data furnished by the Hon. DAVID A. WELLS. Mr. ATKINSON himself is known as a careful student of all financial questions.

First, as to the actual debt in 1865. The sum entered upon the books of the Treasury on the first of August of that year, and published as the whole debt was $2,757,689,571. But this was not the real total. There was a further liability by which the Government was as much bound as if the bonds had been already issued. This was for back pay, for the pay of the troops to the time of their possible discharge, for their transportation, and for the settlement of contracts. This liability brought the true debt at that time to $3,287,733,329, of which, since that date, the Republican party has paid more than $800,000,000.

The revenue, meanwhile, from April 1, 1865, to June 30, 1868, has been from customs $548,978,848, from the internal revenue $812,336,278, miscellaneous, chiefly direct taxes, premium upon gold, and sales of military and naval stores and captured and abandoned land, $178,743,769, making altogether $1,540,058,583. How has this sum, equal to three-fifths the amount of the present debt, been spent?

In April, 1865, the military and naval forces of the Union were enormous and most efficient. There were nearly a million of men in active service, and preparations for vigorous war had been made. Suddenly the armed rebellion ended. The Government could not at once dismiss its soldiers and sailors, turn off the wounded and disabled to shift for themselves, and repudiate its promise to those who had contracted to build ships and had them half finished, or those who had engaged to furnish food, clothing, and ordnance. Yet the credit of the Government was very low. On the 1st of April, 1865, there were overdue more than $120,000,000; and large payments of what were strictly war expenses were carried over into the year after the war. Within fifteen months from April 1, 1865, the disbursements of the Army and Navy Departments were $774,865,851, and not less than $400,000,000 of this sum was for expenses incurred and accounts rendered from three to twelve months before the end of hostilities. The rest of the whole amount was made up of pay of the army, prize-money, commissary and quarter-masters' accounts, bounties, arrears, and medical department. This was in every sense a war expenditure; and to this might be added pensions, equalization of bounties, reimbursement of States, and claims of loyal men, etc., amounting to $145,912,401. And this, added to the sum upon the books of the Treasury, makes the maximum of the war debt $3,287,733,329. The net debt on the 30th June, 1868, was $2,485,000,000, showing that we have already paid off $802,733,329, being a payment in three years of such peace as we have had of a quarter of the whole war debt. But we have also paid the interest on the war debt for that time to the amount of $438,484,883; and these sums, deducted from the revenue of that time already mentioned, and about whose disposition Mr. HORATIO SEYMOUR and his friends are so anxious, leave the ordinary expenses at $298,840,371, or a little less than $92,000,000 a year. Those of the last Democratic fiscal year under JAMES BUCHANAN, computed in the same currency, were $107,577,400—and that money was largely used to arm and equip the rebel States against the Government.

Mr. ATKINSON justly claims that this exposition shows that the Republican party have managed the finances with a success hitherto unprecedented. His statements of the present situation are worthy the most thoughtful attention. The taxation has been reduced $167,000,000, and when Mr. PENDLETON says that they amount to $500,000,000 a year he says what he might know to be untrue. Moreover, taxation at the present rate of $8 60 per head will pay our debt before the end of the year 1884. Immigration is constant. The increase since the war gives $63,000,000 directly and $900,000,000 indirectly to our resources. Industry is multiplying; railroads extending; agriculture improving; even in its present condition the Southern States grow their own food, and during the last year a crop of 3,000,000 bales of cotton, tobacco enough to be one of the chief dependencies of taxation, and rice enough to supply the home market for the year. With GRANT and assured peace and consequent investment of capital and quickened production, the result may be easily foreseen.

The country is greatly indebted to the misrepresentation of the Democratic leaders for the lucid and conclusive statements of Mr. ATKINSON, Mr. WELLS, and Mr. FESSENDEN. And there is not an honest man in the land, however heavily pressed by the taxation which the rebellion of the Southern Democratic party has imposed upon us all, who does not ask the Democratic orators who paint the horrors of taxation, "And how will your policy of civil war lighten the taxes?"

THE DROUGHT IN ENGLAND.

THE extent of this visitation may now be estimated with tolerable certainty, though it is very evident that those who are obliged to make large purchases from others are disposed to produce as favorable impressions as possible of their own crops. Making allowance for this tendency—due in part to the political situation, which is far from being comfortable—and we can understand why it is that, notwithstanding the admitted damage to all the other products of the soil in England, and especially to all the spring crops, it is claimed that wheat, composed of both winter and spring wheat, is beyond an average. The *Daily News* stated that the political importance of a good crop can not be overestimated; and we may suppose that if financial and political considerations coincide in restricting the press from admissions that would be injurious, that great caution at least will be used. Mr. SANDERSON'S letter with respect to the crops, which was published extensively in the newspapers on both sides of the Atlantic, claimed that about 100,000 more acres of land had been devoted this year to wheat than usual, and he estimated the average yield at 34 bushels per acre, although about 26½ bushels was the accepted average estimate as late as 1860. The London *Mail* questions the accuracy of Mr. SANDERSON'S views, as they were based on the production of winter wheat on deep soils, and did not purport to furnish any reliable data with respect to considerable districts in which the soils are light. Mr. SANDERSON omitted also to take into view the effect of the drought on spring wheat, which shared in the injury inflicted on spring crops generally. From the most reliable intelligence within our reach we judge that the wheat crop is below the average production; and it is now conceded, inasmuch as other crops are deficient, and as bread is called upon to supply the place of vegetables, that whatever may be the extent of the wheat crop, the price of wheat at London and Liverpool *will depend mainly on what may be imported from other markets*. This we have contended for as one of the results of the drought; but we are inclined to the opinion that England has reached the condition when the price of this grain will be determined hereafter mainly by the price in foreign markets. Russia, our most important competitor, will have less wheat to sell this year than usual, the drought having extended along the Baltic and the Black Sea, and exposed large districts to serious fires. Spain has followed France in opening her ports to the admission of the cereals; and it is probable that Dantzic, which sends wheat to Great Britain of a very superior quality, will not have her usual supplies, owing in part to the same general cause.

The old stock of grain is found to be low in all parts of the world, and hence the new crop every where will be in demand at remunerative prices, as soon as the situation becomes widely known. As this grain is transported with more advantage than any other, the law seems to be quite general to grow it in new countries from year to year under a plan of cultivation which exhausts the soil of its wheat-bearing qualities, and thus it happens that its production scarcely keeps pace with the growth of population. England enjoys the great merit of enriching her lands and of adding, by judicious cultivation, to what they produce per acre; but in the United States a plan of rapid and serious exhaustion is pursued, which will ultimately tell upon our prosperity. We shall have a large surplus to export; but it should be the policy of our farmers to hoard a part of every year's production until the succeeding crop is assured. It constitutes wealth which can not in that form take wings and fly away; which does not, like our bonds and money, tempt the cupidity of robbers, and the precaution may prevent very ill effects.

We notice in the Manchester *Guardian* a communication from a very intelligent correspondent, who affirms that the late potatoes in his own grounds and those of his neighbors are "no larger than sparrow's eggs," and that after the rains which occurred on the eleventh and twelfth of August these small tubers had begun to sprout. He estimates the potato crop of ordinary years as second only to wheat, and is evidently disturbed at the prospect. A riot was occasioned in Cork on the 31st of August in consequence of the operations of one MARTIN, who had carried up the price of potatoes from 6*d*. per 21 pounds to 1*s*. for this quantity. After those rains—which are spoken of as having terminated the drought—there was a very general sowing of turnips to take the place of those destroyed by the drought; but it appeared that a week had passed in some districts without rain, and although the belief was expressed that turnips would grow sufficiently to afford food for sheep, there was some apprehension as to the result. The growth of grass for the fortnight preceding the 31st of August had changed the color of all pastures, and afforded, as is said, "a nibble for sheep and cattle."

Those agricultural laborers whose main reliance is upon the potato will undoubtedly consume Indian corn, which is received in England from the Black Sea, from Egypt, and this country. Supplies are now going in from the Black Sea sufficient to check the advance in this market for the present, although it is held at about $1 21 to $1 22 for Mixed Western, which is the kind commonly exported. One of our contemporaries lately stated that in the time of the potato famine in 1846–47 Indian corn was sent to Ireland, and rejected as an article of food. Since that time it has constantly gone forward, and as the modes of cooking it into bread, cakes, and mush have become disseminated it has become a regular necessity. In 1866, 9,889,232 bushels, and, in 1867, 12,197,164 bushels of corn were exported by us to Great Britain—a quantity that will be largely exceeded by this year's export.

Since our first articles were written on the subject of the drought a considerable advance has taken place in the Liverpool market in various of our productions. It has been considerable in bacon, lard, tallow, clover seed, oil-cake, and cheese, much to the advantage of the United States; and we look upon it as certain that the estimates made by the English press, that wheat would fall to about 55*s*. per quarter, based ostensibly on the extent of their own crop, but actually on their power over foreign markets, will not be sustained. The *Mark Lane Express* of August 31 says significantly that "to run down prices is to produce a false confidence, and authorize a wasteful expenditure." There will unquestionably be a large demand upon our productions, and consequently an active trade.

HOW THE ENEMY WORK.

"THE Tarboro *Southerner*," a North Carolina paper, speaking of certain officers for the town appointed by Governor HOLDEN, says: "So far as the individual capacity and fitness of these gentlemen are concerned the community generally can have no cause of complaint, and their appointment gives as much satisfaction as could be the case with any emanating from such a source." It then adds, that being appointed by Governor HOLDEN they must be presumed to be supporters of GRANT; that continued silence will be an acknowledgment of that fact; and that the people of the town will "bestow their trade and patronage" accordingly.

General LAWLER, a wealthy planter and commission merchant in Alabama, following the ad-

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vice of WADE HAMPTON, announces that he will employ no man "who is his enemy."

Mr. A. T. STEWART is one of the GRANT electors for the State of New York. Suppose that he should declare that he would employ no man who would not vote for GRANT. Suppose this practice should become universal in this country. It would soon be a government of capitalists only.

Meanwhile such facts show both the spirit and the method of what is truly called the rebel Democracy, and should put every loyal man upon his guard.

MAINE.

MAINE joins Vermont in setting the tune for the great chorus of GRANT and Peace, COLFAX and Honesty, which will rise exultingly upon all sides in November. The result of the election, after the most searching and thorough canvass upon both sides, not only shows that Maine is steady, but that the heart of the country is true to the principles for which it so lately terribly fought and suffered. The most skillful efforts of the most specious Democratic orators have not availed to confuse the mind of the people of Maine. When Mr. PENDLETON told them that they were horribly burdened with taxes, their good sense answered, "Who occasioned them?" When Mr. Cox showed them their deserted wharves, the same good sense replied, "Who sent SEMMES to sea?" When Mr. JAMES BROOKS decried the subjection of the Southern whites to the blacks, the same good sense asked, "Is it the blacks who coerce WADE HAMPTON or WADE HAMPTON who coerces the blacks?" They did not deny the pressure of taxation, nor the interruption of trade, nor the confusion at the South, but when they were asked who are the authors of all this misfortune they came straight to the polls on Monday, and unmistakably answered.

The result must be taken as an indication that the people fully comprehend the emergency, and see that GRANT and COLFAX, with all loyal men supporting them, and not SEYMOUR and BLAIR, with the Ku-Klux Klan, are the representatives of a true peace and a lasting prosperity. From this day forward, therefore, thanking God for the steadfastness of Maine and Vermont, let us work more vigilantly than ever, that the victory may not only be sure, but conclusive.

AN APOSTLE OF PUBLIC ECONOMY.

MR. HOFFMAN, the Democratic candidate for Governor of New York, is stumping the State. When a candidate has the gift of oratory this is a very proper and useful thing for him to do. He becomes personally known to the voters; he sees the State which he hopes to be called to govern, and he can make himself familiar with its advantages and resources; and, not to put too fine a point upon it, the people, on their part, have an opportunity of taking the measure of the man who is a candidate for its highest executive office. In his little tour through the State we observe that Mr. HOFFMAN has much to say of enormous taxation, of the virtues of economy, and kindred topics always welcome to a tax-paying people. But while Mr. HOFFMAN freely denounces the extravagance and corruption of the Republican party we do not remark that he illustrates his views by very copious citations of the economy of the Democrats when in power, and especially he seems to refrain from obtruding his personal experience, or even participation, in that economy upon the attention of his audiences. Probably his modesty forbids. But Mr. HOFFMAN must not let his modesty harm him. Let him conquer his natural reluctance and speak out.

Thus, when he has closed a fine period upon economy and the waste of the people's money, let him say: "I, for instance, gentlemen, am Mayor of New York. For that office I receive a salary of $7500. I also sign the ordinances of the Board of Supervisors. For that little service I am paid $5000 more. Then, as a Commissioner of the Sinking Fund, I draw $1000 more. I know where the people's money goes, and I hope that I have a right to talk of economy and shameful waste." But Mr. HOFFMAN is also Grand Sachem of Tammany, and an active partner of what the Democratic delegate from Kings County, Mr. MORRIS, calls the Tammany Ring. Mr. HOFFMAN'S friend and partner in this enterprising association, Mr. PETER B. SWEENY, receives as City Chamberlain $10,000. For paying over the State taxes $2000 more. As a fellow-Commissioner of the Sinking Fund he is paid $1000 more; and as County Treasurer, the excellent Mr. SWEENY, to whom Republican extravagance is extremely obnoxious, pockets $10,000 more. Has not Mr. HOFFMAN peculiar reason to know about lavish expenditures and horrible extravagance?

But not content with calling the Grand Sachem of Tammany and his partners in the promotion of public economy a Ring, Mr. MORRIS, without the least regard to the finer feelings of Sachems and City Chamberlains, asks: "Suppose the Tammany clique, with its unfinished Court-house [a monument of Mr. HOFFMAN'S Democratic economy], and its thousand other schemes of robbery and plunder, controlled the political power of the State or nation [by electing Mr. Grand Sachem HOFFMAN Governor, for instance], with what face could any honest man talk about corruption in the opposition party?" The reply is evident: with the face of Mr. Grand Sachem HOFFMAN.

Modesty forbids Mr. HOFFMAN to declare that he, the candidate of a party which, by his lips, so lustily denounces corruption, and shouts aloud for economy, is the very head of the most enormous system of public corruption and extravagance in the country—so vast, indeed, as to provoke indignant exposure from his own political friends. The modesty of representing JEFFERSON DAVIS as an apostle of loyalty to the Union is only surpassed by that of the Grand Sachem of Tammany in presenting himself as the apostle of economy and retrenchment.

THE EXPULSION OF THE GEORGIA MEMBERS.

THE facts of the expulsion of the colored members of the Georgia Legislature are simple, and deserve grave consideration. The old slave code of Georgia made a citizen ineligible to office upon seven grounds, of which color was not one. But it provided tha one-eighth of negro or African blood should deprive a man of the rights of citizenship. The new Constitution of Georgia, under which this Legislature sits and acts, abolishes the whole of the old slave code which is inconsistent with the Constitution and laws of the United States and the Constitution of the State. The fourteenth amendment makes the native or naturalized colored person a citizen, and forbids any State to abridge the privileges or immunities of the citizens of the United States. The State Constitution substantially repeats this provision. In the Convention that framed it the proposition was distinctly presented that "white men only shall be eligible to any office of trust, honor, or profit," and it was summarily rejected by a vote of 103 to 19. The only condition of eligibility for election as a member of the Legislature prescribed by the Convention was that the candidate should be a "loyal citizen."

There is no question that the expelled members were thus qualified, and they have been removed only because the Constitution did not expressly make them eligible—an argument which would unseat every white member. They were expelled because of an assumption, for no proof was offered, of ineligibility under a code which has been abolished; and they were deprived of their votes before they were unseated. This action was managed by ROBERT TOOMBS and other Democratic leaders. It is a gross and significant outrage, for a representative could be as lawfully expelled for age or weight as for color. But let every voter remember this is the kind of peace which the Democratic party proposes. The will of ROBERT TOOMBS is to be the law of Georgia, if the party can make it so. His will was the law for a dozen years before 1860, and we have seen the kind of peace it produced.

An event so monstrous as this expulsion will do more to teach the colored population the value of Democratic protestations than a thousand arguments; and it reveals the spirit and purpose of the Southern Democratic leaders as plainly as an act of secession.

A DEMOCRATIC LEADER.

AMONG the Democratic leaders who vigorously denounce General GRANT and Republican corruption is HOWELL COBB, of Georgia. This gentleman was once Democratic Speaker of the House of Representatives; then Mr. BUCHANAN'S Secretary of the Treasury, and while in that office was one of the chief rebel conspirators. Subsequently he was a Brigadier-General, without distinction, in the rebel army, and now he is one of the most foul-mouthed slanderers of loyal men, and an active supporter of SEYMOUR and BLAIR.

When this patriotic individual was Secretary of the Treasury, and already an active conspirator, he came to the city of New York with a large quantity of United States securities in blank. "After slandering the stocks," says Mr. SPINNER, the Treasurer of the United States, "traducing the credit of the Government, and announcing his opinion that they would never be paid but that he must have the money for them at any rate, he offered them on the market and filled up the interest blanks at such rate as his political friends chose to ask him to insert." This was the famous twelve per cent. per annum loan; and Mr. SPINNER says that most of these securities were paid in gold with the exorbitant interest added, after the war had begun, and when, notwithstanding the war, the Government was obtaining loans at 6 per cent. per annum.

Just before this transaction Mr. Secretary HOWELL COBB had used the money in the Treasury, intended to pay the current expenses of the Government, in buying up *six per cent.* bonds of the United States with many years yet to run at twenty per cent. above their par value. That is, he bought immatured six per cent. stocks at 120; and immediately, in profound peace and when money was abundant, sold securities at par and stipulated to pay at the end of one year 112.

This, as the intelligent reader perceives, was "chivalry," "honor,' and "high-toned, gentlemanly statesmanship." It was part of the rebellion. It was skillfully intended to ruin the credit of the Government, so as to make secession easy and sure. Is it any wonder that HOWELL COBB warmly advocates SEYMOUR and repudiation now, hoping to ruin the credit of the Government which he and his fellow-conspirators have not yet been able to destroy, and so to paralyze all its action against future trouble of the same kind?

HOWELL COBB is a fair illustration of the Democratic leaders who denounce Republican extravagance and corruption. Is this a man whose counsels are likely to promote the peace or maintain the honor and power of the Union?

TAXING THE BONDS.

IN a late speech Mr. SANFORD E. CHURCH, for whom, in the Democratic Convention, Mr. TILDEN cast the vote of New York, while he was engaged in preparing the famous "*coup-de-thimble-rig*," asked why the Government does not tax the bonds? The reason seems to be evident enough. The Committee of Ways and Means in Congress, when they were instructed to report a bill levying a tax of ten per cent. upon the bonds, conclusively answered Mr. CHURCH'S question, by saying that such a law would simply be a provision to pay ten per cent. less than was agreed for, and the result would be that the Government could never again raise money except upon the most ruinous terms. For who would lend to a man who might compute the amount of the loan as he pleased? Taxation is repudiation to the amount of the tax. There can be nothing plainer. Consequently no Government has ever taxed its own stocks, or permitted them to be taxed by any authority under its control.

Mr. CHURCH has been Controller of the State, was chairman of the committee upon the financial article in the late Constitutional Convention, and has been called, with the fatal facility of the Democratic papers in speaking of their politicians, a "statesman." Having asked why the Government does not tax its own bonds, he answered his question in this manner: "Why, because this Radical party, which started out with the inscription upon its banner, 'Free soil, free men, and free speech,' have become so degraded as to be now the mere bottle-holders of the bond-holders. That is the reason they have not done it."

This is wholly unworthy of Mr. CHURCH, and certainly showed his profound contempt for his audience. It is such talk as this which justifies the remark of the Treasurer of the United States, that "the Democratic demagogues are educating the people to ignorance and rascality."

THE PRESIDENT'S PREFERENCE.

WHEN General GRANT was lately in Chicago, he was asked by a friend whether JOHNSON was for him or for SEYMOUR. GRANT smiled and replied: "Well, I reckon that when he thinks of SEYMOUR he's for me, and when he thinks of me he's for SEYMOUR."

INTERESTING.

"IT is interesting," says a Democratic paper, "to observe how the military supporters of GRANT one by one turn out to have been cruel and bad men." SHERMAN, for instance, and THOMAS, and SHERIDAN, and MEADE.

It is equally interesting, on the other hand, to see how the military supporters of SEYMOUR turn out to have been humane and patriotic men. FORREST, for instance, and RAPHAEL SEMMES, and HOWELL COBB. And had they but lived, QUANTRELL and WIRZ would have been added to the number.

WHICH IS THE CONSERVATIVE?

WADE HAMPTON says that the cause of the late rebellion is not lost, that reconstruction by Congress is revolutionary and void, and should be overturned by the sword. JOHN H. REAGAN, of Texas, the Postmaster-General of the Rebel Confederacy, says: "The duty of the Southerners is to obey the laws; accept the situation with regard to suffrage as it now stands; and, like true and honest men, to labor for the restoration of peace and harmony between the sections." Which is the conservative of these two men, and which course is the way of peace?

"NO VIOLENCE; NO SCURRILITY."

THE New York *World* must look to its laurels. One of its disciples says in its own favorite strain of "dignity and candor:"

"Rip Van Winkle, waking up from his nap of twenty years, if his eyes had beheld such a sight as is presented by this mongrel, carpet-bagging, and scallawagging party, with the Butcher GRANT as its leader, would have closed his eyes and implored the god of sleep for another lease of twenty years, to escape the hideous ravings of these vampires."

SOUND DOCTRINE.

A Democratic paper in Talladega, Alabama, begins an article by saying: "Personal and political liberty are both necessary to develop the highest style of man." The article continues: "Those who would elevate the negro from his proper level are but a few steps, if any, in advance of him."

"It is hard to convey to others," said the old preacher, "ideas which we ourselves are not possessed of, for in so doing we are apt to communicate opinions which it is very difficult to eradicate them."

LIKE LIKES LIKE.

THE New York *World* lately called General GRANT "GRANT, the Great American Barkis, or dumb-waiter,' and in the same issue alluded to General LEE as "this grand old soldier." The next day it remarked that "the Democratic speakers treat General GRANT with marked courtesy and forbearance." Considering that the "Great American Barkis" forced "this grand old soldier" to surrender, and brought the rebellion to an end, it is very generous on the Democratic speakers to treat him with forbearance.

WARMTH AND VENTILATION IN OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

THE annual Report of Mr. JAMES L. MILLER, Superintendent of Buildings and Repairs to the Board of Education, is this year peculiarly interesting. We are glad to see that at length those who have the charge of public instruction are awake to the importance of the proper warming and ventilation of school buildings. Mr. MILLER was, by past experience as a builder, well qualified to supply the improvements which were so much needed, and his Report shows that the summer vacation has been well occupied in this all-important work. But this time has been too limited to meet all the necessities of our public schools. Let the work go on. We should have new buildings on improved plans; and those which we already have should be so modified as to give the thousands of pupils who attend our schools sufficient warmth and at the same time a fresh and healthy atmosphere.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE MAINE ELECTION.

THE Maine election took place on September 14, and, after the hardest contested canvass since 1863, the Republican candidate for Governor was elected by about 20,000 majority—a gain of above 8000 over the majority of 1867, when the issues involved and candidates on both tickets were the same. It is about the same as the vote for President in 1864; and this result is indicative of a much larger gain in November next. The following table shows the Republican majorities in the State since the close of the war:

1865.	Republican majority	22,321
1866.	" "	27,690
1867.	" "	11,249
1868.	" " about	20,000

The Republicans have gained two State Senators, the Democrats having only two votes in that body. The Congressional delegation is wholly Republican; and in every way the rule of the Republicans has been strengthened.

NEWS ITEMS.

The next State elections preceding the Presidential election will be held in the following States:

Nebraska	Oct. 6,	Rep. maj.	1866.....	145
Ohio.....	" 13,	" "	1867.....	2,983
Indiana.....	" 13,	" "	1866.....	14,292
Pennsylvania.	" 13,	Dem. "	1867.....	22
Iowa	" 13,	Rep. "	1867.....	31,909
W. Virginia..	" 22,	" "	1866.....	6,644

Boston thinks of sending female physicians to China. Fung and Teh both favor the project, as according to Chinese custom when an empress is sick the doctor is not admitted to her presence, but sits outside the door, and examines her pulse by holding a string attached to her body. A Boston female, it is supposed, would be readily admitted to her bedside.

The Midnight Mission Society of New York, for reclaiming fallen women, reports that from May 1 to September 1, seventy-seven women were received into the house; forty-six abandoned street-life, fourteen of them getting good, honest situations; and twenty-two returned to the pave.

Several outrages on negroes are reported from Kentucky. A party of whites, while attacking the negroes in Versailles, were attacked in turn by the citizens, who organized and drove them away.

Five millions of dollars are annually expended in private and public charities in New York State. The expenditure needs organizing, as the loose manner of conducting it encourages pauperism.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Episcopal Archbishop of Armagh says that the disestablishment of the Irish Church will render Ireland a separate State. This is an instance in which *opposition* to the wish is father to the thought.

The Sultan of Turkey accorded permission, in the most "gracious" manner, to Admiral Farragut to pass the Dardanelles. He was doubtless afraid that the Admiral, acting for the Christians in Crete, might pass without asking leave; but when the Cretan deputies visited the United States ship *Franklin*, circulating revolutionary addresses, they were returned by order of Admiral Farragut.

Immediately preceding the horrible earthquakes, of which we give a full account on page 617, a strange phenomena occurred in various parts of South and Central America. At Valparaiso a brilliant light was visible in the northeast which was supposed to be a conflagration or a volcanic eruption, though it was argued that it resulted entirely from electric causes. An enormous development of electric fluid filled the atmosphere, and that on passing the hands through one's hair or on shaking one's coat electric sparks were struck off in abundance. In Brazil during the latter part of July a meteor was observed, which disturbed magnetic instruments very greatly, the compass oscillating fifteen degrees from north to west.

The London *Times* says, in regard to the *Alabama* claims, that "legal points will not stand in the way" of their settlement, and that "the only thing to ascertain is the responsibility of England, and to fix the proper indemnity."

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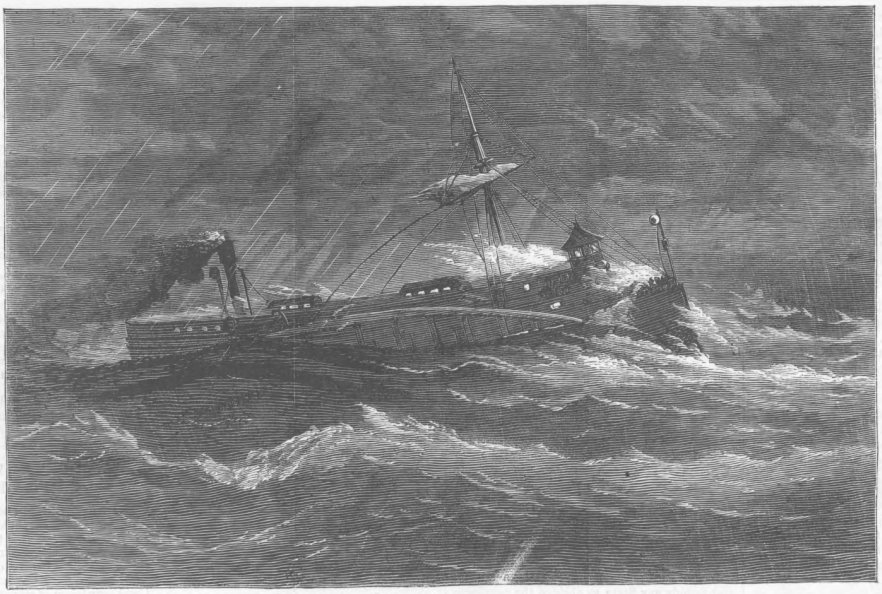
WRECK OF THE HIPPOCAMPUS.

WE illustrate on this page the wreck of the steamer *Hippocampus*, on Lake Michigan. This steamer was struck by a sudden squall on the morning of September 8, and she went down almost instantly. The details of the disaster have not yet reached us; but it is known that many of the passengers and crew were lost. The survivors who report the loss of the steamer were in the water for two days and part of two nights, and were picked up by a small sailing vessel when nearly exhausted.



WRECK OF THE STEAMER "HIPPOCAMPUS," SEPTEMBER 8, 1868.—[SKETCHED BY F. D. SKIFF.]

BEE HUNTING.

THE accompanying sketches, made during a recent jaunt in the Adirondack region, are illustrative of scenes that one may witness, if so disposed, while camping out in the "Wilderness."

"Max," said one of the ladies of the party to our guide, "there must be quantities of bees in the woods, for they hum and buzz about that maple-sugar of ours until I am really afraid to go near it."

"Fog's right about, do they, Miss Mamie?" "Fogs" is a favorite phrase of Max's, and does duty in all sorts of ways. "Well, them's some of my molasses-makers," he continued; "if you like honey, I'll take up the hive to-morrow, and let you see how we 'line a bee-tree.'"

"Bee hunting," said Max, as we left the shanty the next morning for our hunt, "always reminds me of General GRANT, for, like him, we fights it out on one line till we gets through."

We soon reached our old clearing, when Max produced his little bee-box, from which he took some honey-comb and put it in a little fire which I had quickly kindled on a convenient log.

"You see, girls," said he to the ladies, "the bees scents this from a mile or more away, and comes to see me when I call them so. Then I feeds the little chaps this way," said Max, as he placed some honey in the bottom of the bee-box. During the time that we waited for the arrival of Max's bees, the good fellow entertained us with stories of bear, panther, wolves, lynx, and all manner of things peculiar to the woods.

"Max! Max! here they come!" cried one of the "girls," who, in listening to the stories, had not neglected to watch the bee-box.

"Know'd that some time ago," said Max; "only wanted to see whether they were going to get into the box without my help; but I guess they be. We'll watch 'em for a while, then put our mark on a few, to see how far away they live."

The bees had by this time gotten well to work, seeing which, Max took some flour and dropped a little on the backs of two or three of the bees that were busy on the honey. By this time even the ladies had decided the line, for it was easy enough to watch the flight of the bee, from the time that it left the box, circled a few times, then directed its flight in a "bee-line" toward the hive. The marked bees soon returned and re-entered the open box.

"Ain't very far to that hive; warn't gone long, any how," quoth Max, as he gently shut the box-lid and tapped on the box, to make the bees leave the honey in the bottom and rise to the top, so that he might shove in the little slide that divided the box in the centre, thus separating the bees from the honey. Picking up the box, Max started on the line, the party following after, each endeavoring to assist in locating the line. A quarter of a mile traversed in this way, we were halted by Max setting down the bee-box, drawing out the slide, and covering the box with his hat. (The box has a little glass window in the top.) Peeping in, and discovering that the bees were at work on the honey, he took away the hat and opened the box. In a short time we were again on the line, and in two more "tries" lined the honey-makers to their abode in the great trunk of an ancient birch-tree.

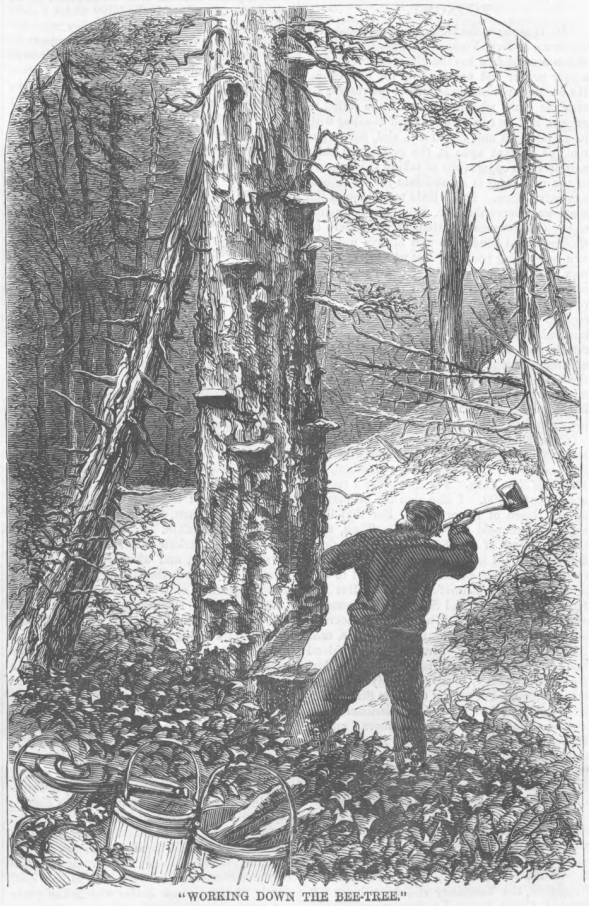
Max's axe now came into use, and as the tree came crashing down we dashed forward and stopped with moss the hole used by the bees as their entrance and exit. Rolls of thin birch-bark were now lighted and held to the hole, from which the plug had been removed.

"Bees don't fight fire much before they gives up and takes the back track for the honey," said Max, when the bees had ceased the useless contest and he was engaged in chopping out the "big chips" that were to reveal the sweets. Soon we were removing the great combs of honey from the tree-trunk hive to the pails that we had brought with us.

On our way back to the shanty Max told how other bees, attracted by the honey, would come, and sometimes great battles would be fought; and the bees whose honey was lost, being weaker, would be defeated, and if their queen was killed would go off with the other bees and make sugar for them, thus starting another bee-tree for future capture.

Nearly a hundred pounds of honey was distributed from our bee-tree, besides the quantity that we consumed ourselves.

"SMUDGING FOR BEES."



"WORKING DOWN THE BEE-TREE."

BEE HUNTING IN THE ADIRONDACKS.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

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WRECK OF THE "SUWANEE."

THE loss of the above-named steamer occurred on the morning of the 9th July, 1868, at 6 o'clock, in Shadwell Passage, Queen Charlotte Sound, British Columbia, while on her passage to Sitka. At the time of the accident she was steaming at the rate of about seven knots, and when nearly abreast of Centre and Galiano islands struck a sunken rock with such force as to knock a hole in her bottom, forward of the wheel. The tide was falling rapidly at the time, and although every exertion was made to save her it was found impossible. The ship began to strain heavily as the tide left her, forcing the stanchions up through her decks, and at about 7 o'clock A.M. she broke in two just forward of the hurricane deck. Finding it impossible to save her, orders were given to save all provisions, stores, etc., necessary, or that could be taken in the boats, and all were safely landed on Hope Island, where a camp was established, tents erected, and all attention bestowed to the comforts of officers and crew. The Indians at that place were found to be very friendly, and aided much in taking light stores on shore in their canoes. At about 1 P.M., having secured all the property then available, the Captain ordered her to be abandoned, and at 2 o'clock P.M. the crew took up their abode on Hope Island, where they continued to "wreck her" as opportunity offered.

The *Suwanee* was a side-wheel double-ender of 1030 tons register, built in 1864 in Chester, Pennsylvania; her hull was made of $\frac{3}{8}$-inch iron. She was intended for river service during the war, but was shortly ordered to the Pacific, where she remained until the present time. Her armament consisted of two 100-pounder Parrott rifles on pivots, four 9-inch broadside guns, two 24-pounder and two 20-pounder Dahlgren howitzers. The whole length "over all" 254 feet. During the invasion of Mexico by the French she performed some service in favor of American shipping at Mazatlan. The accompanying sketch was made by an officer attached to the *Suwanee*.

"MARIE TOOK HIS HARD, WITHERED HAND AND KISSED IT," ETC.

LA MERE BAUCHE.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

THE Pyrenean Valley, in which the baths of Vernet are situated, is not much known to English or indeed to any travelers. Tourists in search of good hotels and picturesque beauty combined do not generally extend their journeys to the Eastern Pyrenees. They rarely get beyond Luchon; and in this they are right, as they thus end their peregrinations at the most lovely spot among these mountains, and are, as a rule, so deceived, imposed on, and bewildered by guides, inn-keepers, and horse-owners at this otherwise delightful place, that they become undesirous of further travel. Nor do invalids from distant parts frequent Vernet. People of fashion go to the Eaux Bonnes and to Luchon, and people who are really ill to Barréges and Cauterets. It is at these places that one meets crowds of Parisians, and the daughters and wives of rich merchants from Bordeaux, with an admixture now by no means inconsiderable of Englishmen and English women. But the Eastern Pyrenees are still unfrequented.

And probably they will remain so; for though there are among them lovely valleys—and of all such the valley of Vernet is perhaps the most lovely—they can not compete with the mountain scenery of other tourist-loved regions in Europe. At the Port de Venasque and the Breche de Roland in the Western Pyrenees, or rather, to speak more truly, at spots in the close vicinity of these famous mountain entrances from France into Spain, one can make comparisons with Switzerland, Northern Italy, the Tyrol, and Ireland which will not be injurious to the scenes then under view. But among the Eastern mountains this can rarely be done. The hills do not stand thickly together, so as to group themselves; the passes from one valley to another, though not wanting in altitude, are not close pressed together with overhanging rocks, and are deficient in grandeur as well as loveliness. And then, as a natural consequence of all this, the hotels are not quite as good as they should be.

But there is one mountain among them which can claim to rank with the Pièdu Midi or the Maledetta. No one can pooh-pooh the stern old Canigon, standing high and solitary, solemn and grand, between the two roads which run from Perpignan into Spain, the one by Prades, and the other by Le Boulon. Under the Canigon, toward the west, lie the hot baths of Vernet, in a close, secluded valley, which, as I have said before, is, as far as I know, the sweetest spot in these Eastern Pyrenees.

The frequenters of these baths were, a few years back, gathered almost entirely from towns not very far distant, from Perpignan, Narbonne, Carcassonne, and Bezières, and were not therefore famous, expensive, or luxurious. But those who believed in them believed with great faith; and it was certainly the fact that men and women who went thither worn with toil, sick with excesses, and nervous through overcare, came back fresh and strong, fit once more to attack the world with all its woes. Their character in latter days does not seem to have changed, though their circle of admirers may perhaps be somewhat extended.

In those days by far the most noted and illustrious person in the village of Vernet was La Mère Bauche. That there had been once a Père Bauche was known to the world, for there was a *fils* Bauche, who lived with his mother, but no one seemed to remember more of him than that he had once existed. At Vernet he had never been known. La Mère Bauche was a native of the village, but her married life had been passed away from it, and she had returned in her early widowhood to become proprietress and manager, or, as one may say, the heart and soul of the Hôtel Bauche at Vernet.

This hotel was a large and somewhat rough establishment, intended for the accommodation of invalids who came to Vernet for their health. It was built immediately over one of the thermal springs, so that the water flowed from the bowels of the earth directly into the baths. There was accommodation for seventy people; and during the summer and autumn months the place was always full. Not a few also were to be found there during the winter and spring, for the charges of Madame Bauche were low, and the accommodation reasonably good.

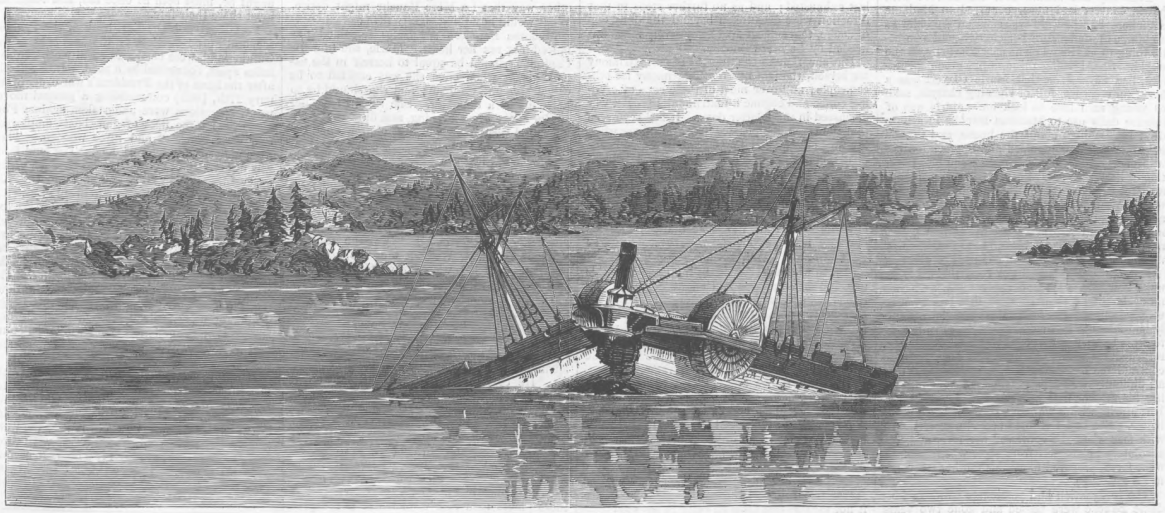
And in this respect, as indeed in all others, Madame Bauche had the reputation of being an honest woman. She had a certain price from which no earthly consideration would induce her to depart; and certain returns for this price, in the shape of "déjeuners" and "diners," baths and beds, which she never failed to give in accordance with the dictates of a strict conscience. These were traits in the character of a hotel-keeper which can not be praised too highly, and which had met their due reward in the custom of the public. But, nevertheless, there were those who thought that there was occasionally ground for complaint in the conduct even of Madame Bauche.

In the first place, she was deficient in that pleasant smiling softness which should belong to any keeper of a house of public entertainment. In her general mode of life she was stern and silent with her guests; she was autocratic, authoritative, and sometimes contradictory in her house, and altogether irrational and unconciliatory when any change, even for a day, was proposed to her, or when any shadow of a complaint reached her ears.

Indeed of complaint, as made against the establishment, she was altogether intolerant. To such she had but one answer. He or she who complained might leave the place at a moment's notice if it so pleased them. There were always others ready to take their places. The power of making this answer came to her from the lowness of her prices, and it was a power which was very dear to her.

The baths were taken at different hours according to medical advice; but the usual time was from five to seven in the morning. The déjeuner, or early meal, was at nine o'clock, the dinner was at four. After that, no eating or drinking was allowed in the Hôtel Bauche. There was a café in the village at which ladies and gentlemen could get a cup of coffee or a glass of eau sucrée; but no such accommodation was to be had in the establishment. Nor by any possible bribery or persuasion could any meal be procured at any other than the authorized hours. A visitor who should enter the salon à manger more than ten minutes after the last bell would be looked at very sourly by Madame Bauche, who on all occasions sat at the top of her own table. Should any one appear as much as half an hour late he would receive only his share of what had not then been handed round. But after the last dish had been so handed it was utterly useless for any one to enter the room at all.

Her appearance at the period of our tale was perhaps not altogether in her favor. She was then about sixty years of age, and was very stout and short in the neck. She wore her own gray hair, which at dinner was always tidy enough; but during the whole day previous to that hour she might be seen with it escaping from under her cap in extreme disorder. Her eyebrows were large and bushy, but these alone would not have given to her face that look of indomitable sternness which it possessed. Her eyebrows were serious in their effect, but not so serious as the pair of green spectacles which she always wore under them. It was thought by those who



WRECK OF THE UNITED STATES STEAMER "SUWANEE," JULY 9, 1868.

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had analyzed the subject that the great secret of Madame Bauche's power lay in her green spectacles.

Her custom was to move about and through the whole establishment every day from breakfast till the period came for her to dress for dinner. She would visit every chamber and every bath, walk once or twice round the salle à manger, and very repeatedly round the kitchen; she would go into every hole and corner, and peer into every thing through her green spectacles. And in these walks it was not always thought pleasant to meet her. Her custom was to move very slowly, with her hands generally clasped behind her back; she rarely spoke to the guests unless she was spoken to, and on such occasions she would not often diverge into general conversation. If any one had aught to say connected with the business of the establishment she would listen; and then she would make her answer, often not pleasant in the hearing.

And thus she walked her path through the world, a stern, hard, solemn old woman, not without gusts of passionate explosion; but honest withal, and also not without some inward benevolence and true tenderness of heart. Children she had had many, some seven or eight. One or two had died; others had been married. She had sons settled far away from home, and at the time of which we are now speaking but one was left in any way subject to parental authority.

Adolphe Bauche was the only one of her children of whom much was remembered by the present denizens and hangers-on of the hotel. He was the youngest of the number, and having been born only very shortly before the return of Madame Bauche to Vernet had been altogether reared at the hotel. It was thought by the world of those parts, and rightly thought, that he was his mother's darling—more so than had been any of his brothers and sisters—the very apple of her eye and gem of her life. At this time he was about twenty-five years of age, and for the last two years had been absent from Vernet—for reasons which will shortly be made to appear. He had been sent to Paris to see something of the world, and learn to talk French instead of the patois of his valley, and having left Paris had come down south into Languedoc, and remained there picking up some agricultural lore which it was thought might prove useful in the valley farms of Vernet. He was now expected home again, very speedily, much to his mother's delight.

That she was kind and gracious to her favorite child does not perhaps give much proof of her benevolence, but she had also been kind and gracious to the orphan child of a neighbor; nay, to the orphan child of a rival inn-keeper. At Vernet there had been more than one water establishment, but the proprietor of the second had died some few years after Madame Bauche had settled herself at the place. His house had not thriven, and his only child, a little girl, was left altogether without provision.

This little girl, Marie Clavert, La Mère Bauche had taken into her own house immediately after the father's death, although she had most cordially hated that father. Marie was then an infant, and Madame Bauche had accepted the charge without much thought, perhaps, as to what might be the child's ultimate destiny. But since then she had done the duty of a mother by the little girl, who had become the pet of the whole establishment, the favorite plaything of Adolphe Bauche, and at last, of course, his early sweetheart.

And then and therefore there had come troubles at Vernet. Of course all the world of the valley had seen what was taking place, and what was likely to take place, long before Madame Bauche knew any thing about it. But at last it broke upon her senses that her son, Adolphe Bauche, the heir to all her virtues and all her riches, the first young man in that or any neighboring valley, was absolutely contemplating the idea of marrying that poor little orphan, Marie Clavert.

That any one should ever fall in love with Marie Clavert had never occurred to Madame Bauche. She had always regarded the child as a child, as the object of her charity, and as a little thing to be looked on as poor Marie by all the world. She, looking through her green spectacles, had never seen that Marie Clavert was a beautiful creature, full of ripening charms, such as young men love to look on. Marie was of infinite daily use to Madame Bauche in a hundred little things about the house, and the old lady thoroughly recognized and appreciated her utility. But for this very reason she had never taught herself to regard Marie otherwise than as a useful drudge. She was very fond of her protégé—so much so that she would listen to her in affairs about the house when she would listen to no one else; but Marie's prettiness, and grace, and sweetness as a girl, had all been thrown away upon Maman Bauche, as Marie used to call her.

But, unluckily, it had not been thrown away upon Adolphe. He had appreciated, as it was natural that he should do, all that had been so utterly indifferent to his mother, and consequently had fallen in love; consequently, also, he had told his love; and consequently, also, Marie had returned his love. Adolphe had been hitherto contradicted but in few things, and thought that all difficulty would be prevented by his informing his mother that he wished to marry Marie. But Marie, with a woman's instinct, had known better. She had trembled and almost crouched with fear when she confessed her love, and had absolutely hid herself from sight when Adolphe went forth, prepared to ask his mother's consent to his marriage.

The indignation and passionate wrath of Madame Bauche were passed and gone two years before the date of this story, and I need not therefore much enlarge upon that subject. She was at first abusive and bitter, which was very bad for Marie; and afterward bitter and silent, which was worse. It was of course determined that poor Marie should be sent away to some asylum for orphans or penniless paupers; in short, any where out of the way. What mattered her outlook into the world, her happiness, or, indeed, her very existence? The outlook and happiness of Adolphe Bauche—was not that to be considered as every thing at Vernet?

But this terribly sharp aspect of affairs did not last long. In the first place, La Mère Bauche had, under those green spectacles, a heart that in truth was tender and affectionate. After the first two days of anger she admitted that something must be done for Marie Clavert, and after the fourth day she acknowledged that the world of the hotel, her world, would not go as well without Marie Clavert as it would with her. And in the next place, Madame Bauche had a friend whose advice in grave matters she would sometimes take. This friend had told her that it would be much better to send away Adolphe, since it was so necessary that there should be a sending away of some one; that he would be much benefited by passing some months of his life away from his native valley; and that an absence of a year or two would teach him to forget Marie, even if it did not teach Marie to forget him.

And we must say a word or two about this friend. At Vernet he was usually called M. Le Capitaine, though, in fact, he had never reached that rank. He had been in the army, and having been wounded in the leg while still a sous-lieutenant, had been pensioned, and had thus been interdicted from treading any farther the thorny path which leads to glory. For the last fifteen years he had resided under the roof of Madame Bauche, at first as a casual visitor, going and coming, but now for many years as constant there as was she herself.

He was so constantly called Le Capitaine that his real name was seldom heard. It may, however, as well be known to us that this was Theodore Campan. He was a tall, well-looking man; always dressed in black garments, of a coarse description indeed, but scrupulously clean and well brushed; of, perhaps, fifty years of age, and conspicuous for the rigid uprightness of his back—and for a black wooden leg.

This wooden leg was, perhaps, the most remarkable trait in his character. It was always jet black, being painted or polished or japanned, as occasion might require, by the hands of the Capitaine himself. It was longer than ordinary wooden legs, as indeed the Capitaine was longer than ordinary men; but, nevertheless, it never seemed in any way to impede the rigid punctilious propriety of his movements. It was never in his way as wooden legs usually are in the way of their wearers. And then to render it more illustrious it had round its middle, round the calf of the leg, if we may so say, a band of bright brass which shone like burnished gold.

It had been the Capitaine's custom, now for some years past, to retire every evening at about seven o'clock into the sanctum-sanctorum of Madame Bauche's habitation, the dark little private sitting-room in which she made out her bills and calculated her profits, and there regale himself in her presence—and, indeed, at her expense, for the items never appeared in the bill—with coffee and cognac. I have said that there was neither eating nor drinking at the establishment after the regular dinner-hour; but in so saying I spoke of the world at large. Nothing further was allowed in the way of trade; but in the way of friendship so much was nowadays always extended to the Capitaine.

It was at these moments that Madame Bauche discussed her private affairs, and asked for and received advice. For even Madame Bauche was mortal; nor could her green spectacles without other aid carry her through all the troubles of life. It was now five years since the world of Vernet had discovered that La Mère Bauche was going to marry the Capitaine, and for eighteen months the world of Vernet had been full of this matter; but any amount of patience is at last exhausted; and as no further steps in that direction were ever taken beyond the daily cup of coffee, that subject died away—very much unheeded by La Mère Bauche.

But she, though she thought of no matrimony for herself, thought much of matrimony for other people; and over most of these cups of evening coffee and cognac a matrimonial project was discussed in these latter days. It has been seen that the Capitaine pleaded in Marie's favor when the fury of Madame Bauche's indignation broke forth; and that ultimately Marie was kept at home, and Adolphe sent away by his advice.

"But Adolphe can not always stay away," Madame Bauche had pleaded in her difficulty. The truth of this the Capitaine had admitted; but Marie, he said, might be married to some one else before two years were over. And so the matter had commenced.

But to whom should she be married? To this question the Capitaine had answered, in perfect innocence of heart, that La Mère Bauche would be much better able to make such a choice than himself. He did not know how Marie might stand with regard to money. If Madame would give some little "dot," the affair, the Capitaine thought, would be more easily arranged.

All these things took months to say, during which poor Marie went on with her work in melancholy listlessness. One comfort she had. Adolphe, before he went, had sworn to her, holding in his hand as he did so a little cross which she had given him, that no earthly consideration should sever them—that sooner or later he would certainly be her husband. Marie felt that her limbs could not work nor her tongue speak, were it not for this one drop of water in her cup.

And then, deeply meditating, La Mère Bauche hit upon a plan, and herself communicated it to the Capitaine over a second cup of coffee, into which she poured a full tea-spoonful more than the usual allowance of cognac. Why should not he, the Capitaine himself, be the man to marry Marie Clavert?

It was a very startling proposal, the idea of matrimony for himself never having as yet entered into the Capitaine's head at any period of his life; but La Mère Bauche did contrive to make it not altogether unacceptable. As to that matter of dowry she was prepared to be more than generous. She did love Marie well, and could find it in her heart to give her any thing—any thing except her son, her own Adolphe. What she proposed was this: Adolphe himself would never keep the baths. If the Capitaine would take Marie for his wife, Marie, Madame Bauche declared, should be the mistress after her death—subject, of course, to certain settlements as to Adolphe's pecuniary interests.

The plan was discussed a thousand times, and at last so far brought to bear that Marie was made acquainted with it, having been called in to sit in presence with La Mère Bauche and her future proposed husband. The poor girl manifested no disgust to the stiff, ungainly lover whom they assigned to her, who, through his whole frame, was in appearance almost as wooden as his own leg. On the whole, indeed, Marie liked the Capitaine, and felt that he was her friend, and in her country such marriages were not uncommon. The Capitaine was, perhaps, a little beyond the age at which a man might usually be thought justified in demanding the services of a young girl as his nurse and wife; but then Marie of herself had so little to give—except her youth, and beauty, and goodness.

But yet she could not consent, for was she not absolutely pledged to her own Adolphe? And, therefore, when the great pecuniary advantages were one by one displayed before her, and when La Mère Bauche, as a last argument, informed her that as the wife of the Capitaine she would be regarded as a second mistress in the establishment, and not as a servant, she could only burst out into tears and say that she did not know.

"I will be very kind to you," said the Capitaine; "as kind as a man can be."

Marie took his hard, withered hand and kissed it, and then looked up into his face with beseeching eyes which were not without avail upon his heart.

"We will not press her now," said the Capitaine. "There is time enough."

But let his heart be touched ever so much, one thing was certain—it could not be permitted that she should marry Adolphe. To that view of the matter he had given in his unrestricted adhesion, nor could he by any means withdraw it without losing altogether his position in the establishment of Madame Bauche. Nor, indeed, did his conscience tell him that such a marriage should be permitted. That would be too much. If every pretty girl were to be allowed to marry the first young man that might fall in love with her what would the world come to?

And it soon appeared that there was not time enough—that the time was growing very scant. In three months Adolphe would be back; and if every thing was not arranged by that time matters might still go astray.

And then Madame Bauche asked her final question—"You do not think, do you, that you can ever marry Adolphe?" and as she asked it, the accustomed terror of her green spectacles magnified itself tenfold. Marie could only answer by another burst of tears.

The affair was at last settled among them. Marie said that she would consent to marry the Capitaine when she should hear from Adolphe's own mouth that he, Adolphe, loved her no longer. She declared with many tears that her vows and pledges prevented her from promising more than this. It was not her fault, at any rate not now, that she loved her lover. It was not her fault, not now, at least, that she was bound by these pledges. When she heard from his own mouth that he had discarded her, then she would marry the Capitaine, or, indeed, sacrifice herself in any other way that La Mère Bauche might desire. What would any thing signify then?

Madame Bauche's spectacles remained unmoved, but not her heart. Marie, she told the Capitaine, should be equal to herself in the establishment when once she was entitled to be called Madame Campan; and she should be to her quite as a daughter. She should have her cup of coffee every evening, and dine at the big table, and wear a silk gown at church; and the servants should all call her Madame. A great career should be open to her, if she would only give up her foolish, girlish, childish love for Adolphe. And all these great promises were repeated to Marie by the Capitaine.

But, nevertheless, there was only one thing in the whole world which in Marie's eyes was of any value, and that one thing was the heart of Adolphe Bauche. Without that she would be nothing; with that, with that assured, she could wait patiently till doomsday.

Letters were written to Adolphe during all these eventful doings; and a letter came from him, saying that he had greatly valued Marie's love, but that as it had been clearly proved to him that their marriage would be neither for her advantage nor for his, he was willing to give it up. He consented to her marriage with the Capitaine, and expressed his gratitude to his mother for the immediate pecuniary advantages which she had held out to him. Oh, Adolphe, Adolphe! But, alas, alas! is not such the way of men's hearts—and of the hearts of women?

This letter was read to Marie, but it had no more effect upon her than would have had some dry legal document. In those days and in those places men and women did not depend much upon letters; nor when they were written was there expressed in them much of heart or of feeling. Marie would understand, as she was well aware, the glance of Adolphe's eye, the tone of Adolphe's voice; she would perceive at once what her lover really meant, what he wished, what in the innermost corner of his heart he really desired that she should do. But from that stiff, constrained written document she could understand nothing.

It was agreed, therefore, that Adolphe should return, and that she would accept her fate from his mouth. The Capitaine, who knew more of human nature than did poor Marie, felt tolerably secure of his bride. Adolphe, who had seen something of the world, would not now care very much for the girl of his own valley. Money, and pleasure, and some better position in the world, would soon wean him from his love; and then Marie would accept her destiny—as other girls in the same position had done since the French world began.

DONELSON.*

GRANT'S FIRST VICTORY.

ONE evening late in December (1861), Generals Halleck, Sherman, and Cullum were conversing together at the Planters' Hotel, in St. Louis, on the proper line of invasion. They saw clearly that the Confederates meant to stand on the defensive, and Halleck asked, "Where is their line?" Sherman replied, "Why, from Bowling Green to Columbus." "Well, then, where is the true point of attack?" "Naturally the centre." "Then let us see what is the direction in which it should be made."

A map lay on the table, and, with a blue pencil, Halleck drew a line from Bowling Green to Columbus, past Donelson and Henry, and another perpendicular to its centre, which happened to coincide nearly with the Tennessee River. "There," said he, "that is the true line of attack."

This forcing of the Confederate line would bring the important states Kentucky and Tennessee under national control; it would take in reverse the strong works on the Mississippi, which could not be reduced by a mere naval attack; it would open that great river; it would permit the passage of a national army into the recesses of the Cotton States, and expose Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, and even Virginia, to attack on an unprotected flank.

In determining the mode in which this movement should be carried into execution, it was evident that the essential point was the seizure of the Tennessee and Cumberland Rivers. This implied the reduction of the two forts Henry and Donelson, on which the Confederates were relying for the protection of those rivers.

The Confederate line of defense had been intrusted to General Albert Sydney Johnston. He was at Bowling Green, confronting General Buell. The fortified post at Columbus, on which the left flank of the Confederates rested, was considered by them to be the Gibraltar of America. They believed that it would close the Mississippi until their independence was acknowledged. It was in charge of General Polk. The strength of the entire force holding the line was about 60,000 men.

To execute the proposed operation two national armies were available. One lay at Cairo, under General Grant. There was with it a naval force, having some iron-clad gun-boats under Commodore Foote. The second army was at Louisville. It was under command of General Buell, and was 40,000 strong.

It had been intended originally that Grant's force should operate directly on the Mississippi River, forcing it open, and that Buell's army should strike at the intrenched camp at Bowling Green. If the force there were disposed of, Nashville, in its rear, must necessarily be abandoned.

In Halleck's view, the operation on the line of the Tennessee River would accomplish all these results. If the army and the gun-boats could force their way up that stream, Columbus and Bowling Green, no matter how strong they might be, must both at once fall, and Nashville must share their fate.

Fort Henry, on the East bank of the Tennessee, and Fort Donelson, on the west bank of the Cumberland, were bastioned earth-works, twelve miles apart, connected by a road. Immediately after the issue of the President's war order (January 27th, 1862) commanding a general movement, operations were undertaken against Fort Henry. Of the fleet of gun-boats employed, four were iron-clad and three wooden. They were under Commodore Foote. The land-force was under General Grant. The garrison of the fort, commanded by General Tilghman, was 2734 strong; the armament was seventeen guns.

Halleck gave the necessary orders for the expedition on the 30th of January, and Grant left Cairo with 17,000 men. The Confederates had works on both sides of the river, Fort Henry being on the east bank and Fort Heiman on the west, the latter commanding the former. The country was all under water, the river overflowing, the rain still falling in torrents. Though Tilghman was receiving re-enforcements and hastening the completion of his works, he found that he must withdraw from Fort Heiman and defend Fort Henry alone.

It was understood between Foote and Grant that the former was to reduce the fort, the latter to cut off the retreat of the garrison. The attack was to begin at twelve o'clock (February 6th). Foote thought he could reduce the work in an hour, and Grant, whose forces were three miles below, allowed himself two hours to accomplish his march. The gun-boats commenced their fire at a thousand yards, approaching gradually within six hundred.

* Extract from Vol. II. of Dr. DRAPER'S *History of the American Civil War*, published by HARPER & BROTHERS.

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THE EARTHQUAKES IN SOUTH AMERICA.

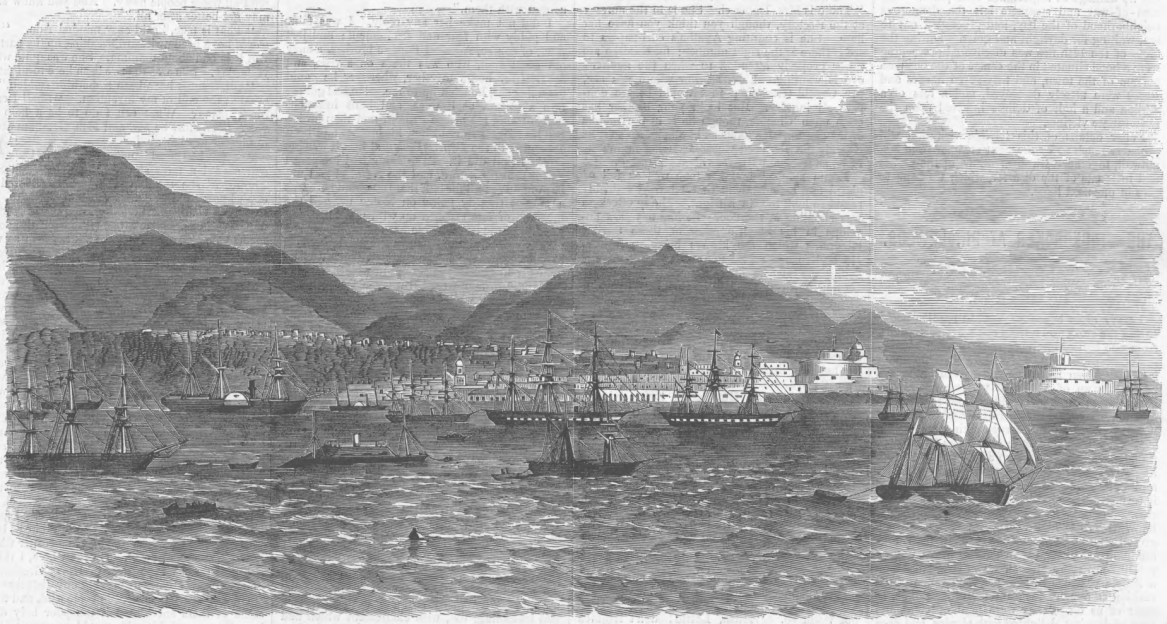
VARIOUS parts of the coast of South America, as far east as the Andes range, was visited on August 13, 14, 15, and 16 by one of the most terrible and disastrous earthquakes which has ever been recorded, property to the value of several hundred millions and thirty-two thousand human lives being destroyed! There were no less than seventy-six distinct and separate shocks, accompanied by two of the terribly disastrous waves or "walls of the sea" which have of late come to be called "tidal waves." In one instance the "wall of the sea" was forty feet high and resistless in its power, overwhelming every thing in its way and submerging whole cities. The most southern point, as far as can be heard from at present, touched by the earthquake was Cobijas, Bolivia. It then ranged due north through Peru as far as Callao, but not extending east of the Andes; it seems to have "gone out to sea" at Callao, and then returned to land near Guayaquil, Ecuador, here entering the Andes mountains and ranging through Quito, Ibarra, San Pablo, etc., due north to a distance not yet known. In its disastrous course it wholly destroyed the cities and towns of Arica, Arequipa, Iquique, Moquequa, Locmuba, Pisagua, Peru, and Ibarra, San Pablo, Atuntaqui, Imantad, Otovalo, and Cotocachi, Ecuador, besides damaging Callao and Lima, Peru, Quito, Ecuador, and several small towns in Bolivia north of Cobijas. The full extent of the damage done can not at present be estimated, as many of the interior towns visited by the earthquake have not been and can not be heard from for some days. Later accounts will probably show that the damage done to property is greater than at first reported, but it is to be hoped that the first estimate of the number of lives lost is greatly exaggerated.

We give on this page views of the cities of Arica, Callao, and Arequipa as they appeared previous to the earthquake, and append a brief account of each.

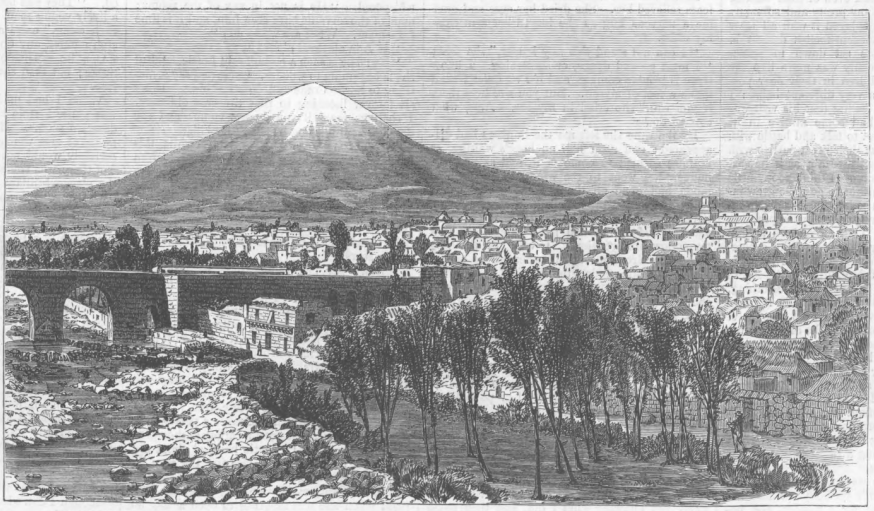
Arica is a principal seaport town of Peru, and numbered as its population about 7000 souls. Its bay is one of the finest on the coast, and several vessels were at anchor in it at the time of the earthquake, including the United States ships *Wateree* and *Fredonia*. On the morning of August 13, at about half past five o'clock, a rumbling noise was heard, the providential premonition of the coming earthquake; and, used to the terrible warning, the people fled to the Plaza and suburbs. A few moments after the earth commenced to move visibly, and the motion continued for four or five minutes, when the shock became so severe as to destroy buildings constructed of the heaviest stone and cement. First the waters in the bay rose to a tremendous height, and immediately following came an enormous tidal wave, rising like a water-spout, and then assuming a wall-like appearance. The sea receded for a distance of seventy yards, and, returning, rose to a height of fifty feet above the usual high-water-mark. The store-ship *Fredonia* was torn into fragments by this wave, and all hands on board drowned. The *Wateree* was carried half a mile on land, and, although not seriously injured, is considered by the captain in his official report as lost to the service, the difficulties of getting her to the beach being almost insurmountable. On this ship only one man, a sailor, was drowned. Lieutenant-Commander JOHNSON, of this vessel, was on shore endeavoring to save his wife, by carrying her in his arms to some place of security, when she was struck by a portion of a falling building, and instantly killed. All the edifices in the town were completely destroyed. Among them was the Custom-house, containing more than four millions of dollars' worth of goods, all of which, of course, shared the same fate. To the earthquake was soon added a general conflagration, and what the fury of the elements spared was destroyed by the drunken and infuriated rabble, who broke open every store and liquor keg.

Arequipa is a city of the interior, and lies at the western base of the Peruvian Andes, and

THE PORT AND MORRO OF ARICA, PERU, LATELY DESTROYED BY THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE.



THE HARBOR OF CALLAO, PERU, PARTIALLY DESTROYED BY THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE.



CITY OF AREQUIPA, PERU, WHOLLY DESTROYED BY THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE.—VOLCANO OF MISTI IN THE DISTANCE.

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just underneath the great volcano of Arequipa, or Misti, as it is more properly called. It was built almost wholly of stone and lava from the volcano, and of unusual strength for South American cities. The premonitory sounds of the earthquake enabled the greater portion of the fifty thousand inhabitants to fly to the plaza and the river banks for safety, and though the city was completely destroyed the loss of life was not proportionate to the destruction of property. The first shock was succeeded by others of greater force; in three minutes more the soil shook so that it was almost impossible to stand. The strongest buildings began then to cast off stones, pieces of wood, etc., and the weakest began to fall, almost all of them level with the ground. In about five minutes from the first movement the whole city was enveloped in clouds of dust and darkness, and resounded with the crash of falling buildings. There is not one house left standing in Arequipa. The only church tower left is that of Santa Catalina, but it will have to be pulled down. Nearly all the inmates of the prison and hospitals perished. Many persons are known to have been crushed to death in the streets.

Callao was only partially destroyed, but it suffered terribly. The first shock was very severe there, and the people, remembering the great calamity of 1753, hastened to place themselves beyond the reach of danger. At ten o'clock at night the sea commenced to become agitated, and shortly after that hour a tremendous wave burst over the line of houses edging the shore, and in some cases completely gutted them of their contents. The panic was extreme. Not one thought was given to the preservation of property, but all endeavors were directed to personal safety. Yet no lives were lost. Throughout the night the sea continued thus, and the ships were swung in all directions by the force of the different currents. Several vessels collided, but no damage of importance took place. The men-of-war and steamers left the dangerous neighborhood of the bay, and proceeded out to sea, waiting for daylight and quiet. During the night of the 14th fire was discovered proceeding from a hotel situated in the centre of the business portion of the town, and fifty-seven houses and stores were utterly destroyed, and a loss of a million and a half of dollars inflicted upon the unfortunate victims.

Fuller details of this terrible visitation will probably reach us by the next steamer from Aspinwall, together with illustrations of the scenes and incidents of the disaster, which we hope to give in our next issue.

THE STOCKBROKER AT DINGLEWOOD.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.

I HAVE often been impatient in reading books to find the story go on from one party to another, from one ball to another, as if life had nothing more important in it. But sometimes no doubt it does happen so. The life of the Greshams was made up of balls and parties; they were never alone; Dinglewood blazed out to the skies every evening, and the carriages flashed out and in, and one kind of merry-making or another went on all day. Lottie Stoke was there continually, and there grew up a curious friendship, half strife half accord, between Gerald and herself. He had nothing to do with the business as it turned out, and consequently was not half so rich. But still he was very well off. I don't know what it is about people in business which gives them a kind of primitive character: they are less sophisticated than the rest of us, though possibly not more simple. The Greshams took a simple pleasure in pleasure for itself, without making it a mere medium for other things, as most of us do. They were fond of company, fond of dancing, delighted with picnics, and even with croquet, without any ulterior motive, like children. They were fond even of their wealth, which gave them so many pretty and so many pleasant things. They enjoyed it with all their hearts, and took an innocent-foolish delight in it, which spiteful people set down to purse-pride; but which in reality was more like the open satisfaction of children in their dear possessions. Gerald was a very different being: I never saw him without feeling that his visit was not a mere visit, but had some motive in it. Before Lottie roused him to talk and battle with her, he would look on at their great parties with a curious, anxious, dissatisfied air, as if he suspected or feared something. I think poor Lottie went further than she meant to go: she grew interested herself, when she had meant only to interest him, and was more excited by his presence than he was by hers. They carried on a kind of perpetual duel, very amusing to the spectators, and there was no doubt that he liked it. But he liked Lucy's funny little shy speeches too; and he had some interest more absorbing, more serious than either, which made his face very grave when the two girls were not there. Harry Gresham had sometimes the air of getting impatient of his brother's presence. Now and then they passed my house walking together, and not enjoying their walk, according to appearances. Once as I stood at my gate I heard Harry say, sharply, "In any case Ada has her settlement," with a defiant air. And Gerald's face was full of remonstrance and expostulation. I could not help taking a great interest in these young people, and feeling a little anxious at the general aspect of affairs.

Things were in this state when the ball was given on Mrs. Gresham's birthday. I had nobody to take charge of for a wonder, and nothing to do but look on. The entire suit of rooms was thrown open, ablaze with light and sweet with flowers. There were great banks of geraniums in every corner where they could be piled, and the whole neighborhood had been ravaged for roses. The room in which I took refuge was the smallest of all, which had been old Lady Sarah's boudoir in old times, and was a little removed from the dancing, and cooler than the rest. It had one little projecting window, not large enough to be called a bay, which looked out upon the terrace just above the spot where the old couple used to sit in the summer days. It was open, and the moon streamed in, making a curious contrast with the floods of artificial light. Looking out from it you could see the Thames, like a silver ribbon, at the bottom of the slope, and the little island and the little house gleaming out white, with intense black shadows. Lottie Stoke came up to me while I stood at the window, and looked out over my shoulder. "It looks like the ghost of the river and the ghost of the island," she said, putting her pretty arm round my waist with an agitated grasp. "I almost think we are all ghosts too."

"A curious moment to think so," said Gerald Gresham. My back was turned to them, so that I did not see him, but there sounded something like a thrill of excitement in the half sneer of his voice.

"Not curious at all," said Lottie; "how many of us are really here do you think? I know where Mrs. Mulgrave is! She is outside on the terrace with old Lady Sarah, listening to the old people's talk; though I am holding her fast all the same. We are in all sorts of places, the real halves of us; but our doubles do the dancing and the laughing, and eat the ices quite as well. It is chilly to be a ghost," said Lottie, with a laugh; "come in from the window, I am sure there is a draught there."

"There is no draught," said Gerald; "you are afraid of being obliged to go into particulars, that is all."

"I am not in the least afraid," said Lottie. "There is Mrs. Dameral. She is in the nursery at the Rectory, though you think you have her here. She is counting Agatha's curl-papers to see if there is the right number; for children are never properly attended to when the mother's eye is wanting. I don't know where you are, Mr. Gerald Gresham; that would be too delicate an inquiry. But look, your brother has gone upon 'Change, though he is in the middle of his guests. He looks as like business as if he had all the Reduced Consols on his mind; he looks as if—good Heavens!"

Lottie stopped, and her tone was so full of alarm and astonishment that I turned suddenly round to look too, in a fright. Harry Gresham was standing at the door; he had a yellow envelope in his hand, another of those terrible telegrams which are always bringing misery. He had turned round unawares facing us, and facing the stream of people who were always coming and going. I never saw in all my life so ghastly a face. It showed the more that he was so ruddy and cheerful by nature. In a moment every tinge of color had disappeared from it. His mouth was drawn down, his blue eyes looked awful, shrinking back, as it were, among the haggard lines of the eyelids. The sight of him struck Lottie dumb, and came upon me like a touch of horror. But Gerald, it was evident, was not taken by surprise. Some crisis which he had been looking for had come at last.

"He has had some bad news," he said; "excuse me, my mother is ill—it must be that;" and he went through the stream of guests, forcing the current, as it were, with noiseless rapidity. As for Lottie, she drew me back into the recess of the window and clung to me and cried—but not for Harry Gresham. Her nerves were at the highest strain, and broke down under this last touch; that was all.

"I knew something was going to happen," she said. "I felt it in the air; but I never thought it was coming upon them."

"It must be his mother," I said, though I did not think so. "Hush, Lottie! don't frighten *her*, poor child."

Lottie was used to restraining herself, and the tears relieved her. She dried her eyes and gave me a nervous hug as she loosed her arm from my waist.

"I can not stand this any longer," she said; "I must go and dance, or something. I know there is trouble coming, and if I sit quiet I shall make a fool of myself. But you will help them if you can," she cried in my ear. Alas, what could I do?

By the time she left me the brothers had disappeared; and after half an hour's waiting, as nothing seemed to come of it, and as the heat increased, I went to the window again. The moon had gone off the house, but still shone white and full on the lawn, like a great sheet of silvery gauze bound and outlined by the blackest shadow. My mind had gone away from that temporary interruption. I was not thinking about the Greshams at all, when all at once I heard a rustle under the window. When I looked down two figures were standing there in the shadow. I thought at first they were robbers, perhaps murderers waiting to waylay some one. All my self-command could not restrain a faint exclamation. There seemed a little struggle going on between the two. "You don't know her," said the one; "why should you trust her?" "She is safer than the servants," said the other, "and she is fond of poor Ada." If my senses had not been quickened by excitement and alarm I should never have heard what they said. Then something white was held up to me in a hand that trembled.

"Give it to Ada," said Harry Gresham, in a quick, breathless, imperative voice.

I took the bit of paper and clutched it in my hand, not knowing what I did, and then stood stupefied, and saw them glide down in the dark shadow of the house toward the river. Where were they going? What had happened? This could be no sudden summons to a mother's death-bed. They went cautiously in the darkness, the two brothers, keeping among the trees; leaning out of the window as far as I could, I saw Gerald's slighter figure and poor Harry's portly one emerge into the moonlight close to the river, just upon the public road. Then I felt some one pull me on the other side. It was Lottie who had come back, excited, to ask if I had found out any thing.

"I thought you were going to stretch out of the window altogether," she said, with a half-suspicious glance; and I held my bit of paper tight, with my fan in my other hand.

"I was looking at the moon," I said. "It is a lovely night. I am sorry it has gone off the house. And then the rooms are so hot inside."

"I should like to walk on the terrace," said Lottie, "but my cavalier has left me. I was engaged to him for this dance, and he has never come to claim it. Where has he gone?"

"I suppose he must have left the room," I said.

"I suppose it is their mother who is ill; perhaps they have slipped out quietly not to disturb the guests. If that is the case you should go and stand by Mrs. Gresham, Lottie. She will want your help."

"But they never would be so unkind as to steal away like this and leave every thing to Ada!" cried Lottie. "Never! Harry Gresham would not do it for twenty mothers. As for Gerald, I dare say *any* excuse—"

And here she stopped short, poor girl, with an air of exasperation, and looked ready to cry again.

"Never mind," I said; "go to Mrs. Gresham. Don't say any thing, Lottie, but stand by her. She may want it, for any thing we know."

"As you stood by us," said Lottie, affectionately; and then she added, with a sigh and a faint little smile, "But it never could be so bad as that with them."

I did not make her any reply. I was faint and giddy with fear and excitement; and just then, of course, Admiral Fortis's brother, a hazy old gentleman, who was there on a visit, and *havered* for hours together, whenever he could get a listener, hobbled up to me. He had got me into a corner, as it were, and built intrenchments round me before I knew, and then he began his longest story of how his brother had been appointed to the *Bellerophon*, and how it was his interest that did it. The thing had happened half a century before, and the Admiral had not been at sea at all for half that time, and here was a present tragedy going on beside us, and the message of fate crushed up with my fan in my hand. Lottie Stoke made her appearance in the doorway several times, casting appealing looks at me. Once she beckoned, and pointed energetically to the drawing-room in which poor little Mrs. Gresham was. But when I got time to think, as I did while the old man was talking, I thought it was best, on the whole, to defer giving my letter, whatever it was. It could not be any thing trifling or temporary which made the master of the house steal away in the darkness. I have had a good many things put into my hands to manage, but I don't think I ever had any thing so difficult as this. For I did not know, and could not divine, what the sudden misfortune was which I had to conceal from the world. All this time Mr. Fortis went on complacently with his talk about the old salt-water lords who were dead and gone. He stood over me, and was very animated; and I had to look up to him, and nod and smile, and pretend to listen. What ghosts we were, as Lottie said! My head began to swim at last as Mr. Fortis's words buzzed in my ear. "'*My lord, I said, 'my brother's services—not to speak of my own family influence*'"— This formed a kind of chorus to it, and came in again and again. He was only in the middle of his narrative when Lottie came up, making her way through all obstacles. She was trembling, too, with excitement which had less foundation than mine.

"I can't find Mr. Gresham any where," she whispered. "He is not in any of the rooms; none of the servants have seen him, and it is time for supper. What are we to do?"

"Is Ada alarmed?" said I.

"No; she is such a child," said Lottie. "But she is beginning to wonder. Come and say something to her. Come and do something. Don't sit forever listening to that tiresome old man. I shall go crazy if you do not come; and she dancing as if nothing had happened!"

Mr. Fortis had waited patiently while this whispering went on. When I turned to him again he went on the same as ever. "This was all to the senior sea-lord, you understand, Mrs. Mulgrave. As for the other—"

"I hope you will tell me the rest another time," I said, like a hypocrite. "I must go to Mrs. Gresham. Lottie has come to fetch me. I am so sorry—"

"Don't say any thing about it," said Mr. Fortis. "I shall find an opportunity," and he offered me his arm. I had to walk with him, looking quite at my ease, through all those pretty groups, one and another calling to me as I passed. "Oh, please tell me if my wreath is all right," Nelly Fortis whispered, drawing me from her uncle. "Mrs. Mulgrave, will you look if I am torn?" cried another. Then pair after pair of dancers came whirling along, making progress dangerous. Such a sight at any time, when one is past the age at which one takes a personal interest in it, is apt to suggest a variety of thoughts; but at this moment! Lottie hovered about me, a kind of *avant courrier*, clearing the way for me. There was something amazing to me in her excitement, especially as, just at the moment when she was laboring to open a way for me, Ada Gresham went flying past, her blue eyes shining, her cheeks more like roses than ever. She gave me a smiling little nod as her white dress swept over my dark one, and was gone to the opposite end of the room before I could say a word. Lottie drew her breath hard at the sight. Her sigh sounded shrill as it breathed past me. "Baby!" she whispered. "Doll!" And then the tears came to her eyes. I was startled beyond description by her looks. Had she come to *care for* Gerald in the midst of that worldly dreadful scheme of hers? or what did her agitation mean?

It was time for supper, however, and the elders of the party began to look for it; and there were a good many people wondering and inquiring where was Mr. Gresham? where were the brothers? Young ladies stood with injured faces, who had been engaged to dance with Harry or Gerald; and Ada herself, when her waltz was over, began to look about anxiously. By this time I had got rid of Mr. Fortis, and made up my mind what to do. I went up to her and stopped her just as she was asking one of the gentlemen had he seen her husband?—where was Harry? I kept Harry's bit of paper fast in my hand. I felt by instinct that to give her that would only make matters worse. I made up the best little story I could about old Mrs. Gresham's illness.

"They both went off quite quietly, not to disturb the party," I said. "I was to put off telling you as long as I could, my dear, not to spoil your pleasure. They could not help themselves. They were very much put out at the thought of leaving you. But Sir Thomas will take Mr. Gresham's place; and you know they were obliged to go."

Tears sprang to poor Ada's eyes. "Oh, how unkind of Harry," she cried, "to go without telling me. As if I should have kept on dancing had I known. I don't understand it at all—to tell you, and go without a word to me!"

"My dear, he would not spoil your pleasure," I said; "and it would have been so awkward to send all these people away. And you know she may get better after all."

"That is true," said easy-minded Ada. "It *would* have been awkward breaking up the party. But it is odd about mamma. She was quite well yesterday. She was to have been here to-night."

"Oh, it must have been something sudden," I cried at the end of my invention. "Shall I call Sir Thomas? What can I do to be a help to you? You must be Mr. and Mrs. Gresham both in one for to-night."

Ada put her laced handkerchief up to her eyes and smiled a faint smile. "Will *you* tell Sir Thomas?" she said. "I feel so bewildered I don't know what to do."

Then I commenced another progress in search of Sir Thomas, Lottie Stoke still hovering about me as pale as a spirit. She took my arm as we went on. "Was that all a story?" she whispered in my ear, clasping my arm tightly with her hands. I made her no answer; I dared not venture even to let her see my face. I went and told the same story very circumstantially over again to Sir Thomas. I hope it was not a great sin; indeed, it might be quite true for any thing I could tell. It was the only natural way of accounting for their mysterious absence; and every body was extremely sorry, of course, and behaved as well as possible. Old Mrs. Gresham was scarcely known at Dinglewood, and Ada, it was evident, was not very profoundly affected after the first minute by the news, so that, on the whole, the supper-table was lively enough, and the very young people even strayed into the dancing-room after it. But of course we knew better than that when trouble had come to the house. It was not much above one o'clock in the morning when they were all gone. I pretended to go too, shaking off Lottie Stoke as best I could, and keeping out of sight in a corner while they all streamed away. On the whole, I think public opinion was in favor of Harry Gresham's quiet departure without making any disturbance. "He was a very good son," people said, and then some of them speculated if the poor lady died how Harry and his wife would manage to live in the quietness which family affliction demanded. "They will bore each other to death," said a lively young man. "Oh, they are devoted to each other," cried a young lady. Not a suspicion entered any one's mind. The explanation was quite satisfactory to every body but Lottie Stoke; but then she had seen Harry Gresham's face.

When I had made quite sure that every one was gone, I stole back quietly into the blazing deserted rooms. Had I ever been disposed to moralize over the scene of a concluded feast, it certainly would not have been at that moment. Yet there was something pathetic in the look of the place—brilliant as day, with masses of flowers every where, and that air of lavish wealth, prodigality, luxury—and to feel that one carried in one's hand something that might turn it into the scene of a tragedy, and wind up its bright story with the darkest conclusion. My heart beat loud as I went in. My poor little victim was still in the dancing-room—the largest and brightest of all. She had thrown herself down on her sofa, with her arms flung over her head like a tired child. Tears were stealing down her pretty cheeks. Her mouth was pouting and melancholy. When she saw me she rose with a sudden start, half annoyed, half pleased, to have some one to pour out her troubles upon. "I can't help crying," she said. "I don't mean to blame Harry; but it was unkind of him to go away without saying a word to me. We never, never parted in that way before;" and from tears the poor little woman fell into sobs—grievous, innocent sobs, all about nothing, but broke one's heart.

"I have come to tell you something," I said, "though I don't know myself what it is. I am afraid it is something worse than you think. I said *that* because your brother-in-law said it;

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but I don't believe it is any thing about Mrs. Gresham. Your husband put this into my hand through the window as he went away. Take courage, dear. You want all your courage—you must keep up for the sake of the children, Ada!"

I babbled on, not knowing what words I used, and she stared at me with bewildered eyes. "Into your hand through the window!" she said. She could not understand. She looked at the paper as if it were a charm. Then she opened it slowly, half afraid, half stupefied. Its meaning did not seem to penetrate her mind at first. After a while she gave a loud sudden shriek, and turned her despairing eyes on me. Her cry was so piercing and sudden that it rang through the house and startled every one. She was on the verge of hysterics, and incapable of understanding what was said to her, but the sight of the servants rushing to the door to ask what was the matter, brought her to herself. She made a brave effort and recovered something like composure, while I sent them away; and then she held out to me the letter which she had clutched in her hand. It was written in pencil, and some words were illegible. This was what Harry said:

"Something unexpected has happened to me, my darling. I am obliged to leave you without time even to say good-by. You will know all about it only too soon. It is ruin, Ada—and it is my own fault—but I never meant to defraud any man. God knows I never meant it. Try and keep up your heart, dear; I believe it will blow over, and you will be able to join me. I will write to you as soon as I am safe. You have your settlement. Don't let any body persuade you to tamper with your settlement. My father will take care of that. Why should you and the children share my ruin? Forgive me, dearest, for the trouble I have brought on you. I dare not pause to think of it. Gerald is with me. If they come after me, say I have gone to Bishop's Hope."

"What does it mean?" cried poor Ada, close to my ear. "Oh tell me, you are our friend! What does it mean?"

"God knows," I said. My own mind could not take it in, still less could I express the vague horrors that floated across me. We sat together with the lights blazing round us, the grand piano open, the musicians' stands still in their places. Ada was dressed like a queen of fairies, or of flowers: her gown was white, covered with showers of rose-buds; and she had a crown of natural roses in her bright hair. I don't know how it was that her dress and appearance suddenly impressed themselves on me at that moment. It was the horror of the contrast, I suppose. She looked me piteously in the face, giving up all attempt at thought for her own part, seeking the explanation from me. "What is it?" she asked. "Why has he gone away? who is coming after him? Oh, my Harry! my Harry!" the poor young creature moaned. What could I say? I took her in my arms and kissed her. I could do no more.

At this moment there came a loud knocking at the door. The house had fallen into deadly stillness, and at that hour of the night, and in the state we were, the sound was horrible. It rang through the place as if it had been uninhabited, waking echoes every where. Ada's very lips grew white—she clasped her small hands together and wrung them. "It is some one who has forgotten something," I said, but my agitation was so great that I felt a difficulty in speaking. We sat and listened in frightful suspense while the door was opened and the sound of voices reached us. It was not Harry who had come back; it was not any one belonging to the place. Suddenly Ada rushed to the door with a flash of momentary petulance which simulated strength. "If it is any one for Mr. Gresham, bring him in here," she cried, imperiously. I hurried after her and took her hand. It was like touching an electric machine. She was so strung to the highest pitch that only to touch her made me thrill and vibrate all over. And then the two men—two homely black figures—startled even in spite of their acquaintance with strange sights, came hesitatingly forward into the blazing light to confront the flower-crowned, jeweled, dazzling creature, made up of rose and lily, and diamond and pearl. They stood thunder-struck before her, notwithstanding the assurance of their trade. Probably they had never in their lives seen such an apparition before. The foremost of the two took off his hat with a look of deprecation. I do not think Ada had the least idea who they were. They were her husband's enemies, endowed with a certain dignity by that fact. But I knew in a moment, by instinct, that they must be London detectives in search of him, and that the very worst possibility of my fears had come true.

I can not tell what we said to these men or they to us; they were not harsh nor unfeeling; they were even startled and awe-struck in their rough way, and stepped across the room cautiously, as if afraid of hurting something. We had to take them over all the house, through the rooms in which not a single light had been extinguished. To see us in our ball dresses, amidst all that silent useless blaze of light, leading these men about, must have been a dreadful sight. For my part, though my share in it was nothing, I felt my limbs shake under me when we had gone over all the rooms below. But Ada took them all over the house. They asked her questions and she answered them in her simplicity. Crime might have fled out of that honest, joyous home; but it was innocence, candid and open, with nothing to conceal, which dwelt there. I had to interfere at last and tell them we would answer no more questions; and then they comforted and encouraged us in their way. "With this fine house, and all these pretty things, you'll have a good bit of money yet," said the superior of the two, "and if Mr. Gresham was to pay up, they might come to terms."

"Then is it debt?" cried I, with a sudden bound of hope.

The man gave a short laugh. "It's debt to the law," he said. "It's felony, and that's bad; but if you could give us a bit of a clew to where he is, and this young lady would see 'em and try, why it mightn't be so bad after all. Folks often lets a gentleman go when they won't let a common man."

"Would money do it?" cried poor Ada; "and I have my settlement. Oh, I will give you any thing, every thing I have, if you'll let my poor Harry go."

"We haven't got him yet, ma'am," said the man. "If you can find us any clew—"

And it was then I interfered; I could not permit them to go on with their cunning questions to poor Ada. When they went away she sank down on a sofa near that open window in the boudoir from which I had seen Harry disappear. The window had grown by this time "a glimmering square," full of the blue light of early dawn. The birds began to chirp and stir in the trees; the air which had been so soft and refreshing grew chill and made us shiver in our light dresses; the roses in Ada's hair began to fade and shed their petals silently over her white shoulders. As long as the men were present she had been perfectly self-possessed; now suddenly she burst into a wild torrent of tears. "Oh, Harry, my Harry, where is he? why did not he take me with him?" she cried. I can not say any more, though I think every particular of that dreadful night is burned in on my memory. Such a night had never occurred in my recollection before.

Then I got Ada to go to bed, and kept off from her the sleepy insolent man in powder who came to know if he was to sit up for master. "Your master has gone to Bishop's Hope," I said, "and will not return to-night;" the fellow received what I said with a sneer. He knew as well, or perhaps better than we did, what had happened. Every body would know it next day. The happy house had toppled down like a house of cards. Nothing was left but the helpless young wife, the unconscious babies, to fight their battle with the world. There are moments when the sense of a new day begun is positive pain. When poor Ada fell into a troubled sleep, I wrapped myself up and opened the window and let in the fresh morning air. Looking out over the country, I felt as if I could see every thing. There was no charitable shadow now to hide a flying figure: every eye would be upon him, every creature spying his flight. Where was Harry? When I looked at the girl asleep—she was but a girl, notwithstanding her babies—and thought of the horror she would wake to, it made my heart sick. And her mother was dead. There seemed no one to stand by her in her trouble but a stranger like me.

PRACTICAL JOKES.

PRACTICAL joking is at a discount. Practical jokes are voted vulgar, witless, stupid, ill-natured; and it is really impossible to deny that the popular verdict is a correct one; but how amusing they often are!

You must, in your youth, have either set or fallen into a "booby-trap." It consisted, you may remember, of books, boots, etc., balanced on the top of a door, which was left ajar, so that the first incomer got a solid shower-bath.

Another trick was to pour water into a stone ink-bottle, cork it tightly, and slip it between the bars of a boy's grate on a winter's evening, when he was returning to his room after a temporary absence—the nozzle, of course, directed toward his chair. The tenant returned, and sat down to his verses or translation; presently the water began to boil, and the steam fired off the cork at him.

Perhaps the decline of practical joking, both in the army and among civilians, is due in a great measure to the abolition of dueling. It seems mean to play tricks upon a man who has no redress in case he should take serious offense; and this, undoubtedly, is the weak part of the practice, that it necessitates a victim. This is the case, indeed, with the majority of our amusements: one can not win a game without another losing it; fox-hunting is unpleasant for the fox; and shooting entails pain and death upon the objects of our sport; neither does any body, however good a face he may put upon the matter, like to be made game of. But in the last instance there is an element of treachery which distinguishes it from the others; to insure the success of a practical joke it is generally necessary to lull the victim into a false security.

A French auditor of accounts in the seventeenth century was a great practical joker all his life, and even played a trick after he had lost the power of enjoying it, for he left four large candles to be carried at his funeral, which had not been burning fifteen minutes before they went off as fire-works.

When a lady condescends to a practical joke it is generally a very neat one. M. Boncourt, the rich financier, was very stingy to his wife in the matter of pin-money. One day a lady, closely veiled, and very anxious not to be recognized, called upon him and borrowed a large sum, leaving her diamonds as a pledge. It was his wife.

The French thieves sometimes used to steal so funny that even their victims were half inclined to pardon them.

The Duke of Frousac, nephew of Marshal Richelieu, was coming out of the opera one night in a splendid dress embroidered with pearls, when two thieves managed to cut off his coat-tails. He turned into his club, where every body laughed at him, and so he found out what had happened, and went home. Early the next morning a well-dressed man called at the Duke's hotel, and demanded to see him at once on a matter of most vital importance. Monsieur de Frousac was awakened. "Monseigneur," said the visitor, "I am an officer of the police. Monsieur the lieutenant of police has learned the accident which happened to you yesterday on leaving the opera, and I have been sent by him to request you to order the coat to be placed in my hands, that we may convict the offenders by comparing it with the mutilated tails." The dress was given up, and the Duke was in raptures with the vigilance of the police. But it was a new trick of the rogue who had stolen the tails, by which he possessed himself of the entire garment.

The ancients used to indulge in practical jokes to a considerable extent; for instance, the Thracians, at their drinking-parties, sometimes played the game of hanging. They fixed a round noose to the bough of a tree, and placed underneath it a stone of such a shape that it would easily turn round when any one stood on it. Then they drew lots; and he who drew the lot took a sickle in his hand, stood on the stone, and put his neck into the halter. The stone was kicked away; and if he could cut himself down with the sickle well and good; but if he was not quick enough, he was hanged outright; "and the rest laugh, thinking it good sport."

Indeed, in the early stages of civilization, practical wit is apt to be grim; as society advances jokes at other people's expense are not quite so heartless: when we reach a certain pitch of refinement nothing gives us pleasure which causes pain to another, and then there is a chance of practical joking dying out altogether—except in the case of boys, who will probably never be humanized.

REST.

"Thou hast made us for Thyself; and the heart never resteth till it findeth rest in Thee."—ST. AUGUSTINE.

MADE for Thyself, O God!
Made for Thy love, Thy service, Thy delight;
Made to show forth Thy wisdom, grace, and might:
Made for Thy praise, whom veiled archangels laud!
O strange and glorious thought, that we may be
A joy to Thee!

Yet the heart turns away
From this grand destiny of bliss, and deems
'Twas made for its poor self, for passing dreams!
Chasing illusions melting day by day,
Till *for ourselves* we read on this world's best,
"This is not rest!"

Nor can the vain toil cease
Till in the shadowy maze of life we meet
One, who can guide our aching, wayward feet,
To find Himself, our Way, our Life, our Peace.
In Him the long unrest is soothed and stilled;
Our hearts are filled.

O rest, so true, so sweet!
(Would it were shared by all the weary world!)
'Neath shadowing banner of His love unfurled,
We bend to kiss the Master's pierced feet;
Then lean our love upon his boundless breast,
And know God's rest!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE "BREAD OF IDLENESS"—Loafing.

THE BACK-DOOR BELL—A pretty kitchen maid.

"Why, Hans, you have the most feminine cast of countenance I have ever seen." "Oh yah," replied Hans; "the reason of dat is because my mother was a woomans."

MECHANICAL.—Is the company for the making of artificial limbs a *joint*-stock one?

"There is but one good wife in this town," said a clergyman in the course of his sermon (the congregation looked expectant); "and every married man thinks he's got her," added the minister.

A LITERARY ODDITY.

The Brewers should to Malta go,
The Boobies all to Scilly,
The Quakers to the Friendly Isles,
The Furriers to Chili.

The little, snarling, carroling "babes,"
That break our nightly rest,
Should be packed off to Baby-lon,
To Lap-land, or to Brest.

From Spit-head Cooks go o'er to Greece,
And while the Miser waits
His passage to the Guinea coast,
Spendthrifts are in the Straits.

Spinsters should to the Needles go,
Wine-bibbers to Burgundy;
Gourmands should lunch at Sandwich Isles,
Wags at the Bay of Fun-dy.

Bachelors to the United States,
Maids to the Isle of Man;
Let Gardeners go to Botany Bay,
And Shoeblacks to Japan.

Thus emigrate—and misplaced men
Will here no longer vex us;
And all who ain't provided for
Had better go to Texas.

A MONEY ARTICLE—A purse.

A person who was recently called into court for the purpose of proving the correctness of a doctor's bill was asked by the lawyer whether "the doctor did not make several visits after the patient was out of danger." "No," replied the witness, "I considered the patient in danger as long as the doctor continued his visits."

HOW TO MAKE A RICH JAM.—Crowd twenty fashionably-dressed ladies into one omnibus. Would this also *preserve* the tempers of the aforesaid twenty ladies?

HOW TO MANAGE BACHELORS—To Miss-manage them.

The clerk who could not afford to marry had a third larger salary than the man by his side, who had a beautiful wife and four children, a well-furnished house nearly paid for, vigorous health, a smiling face, and a happy heart. When rallied on the subject he exclaimed, "Married? I can not afford any thing else."

PHILOLOGICAL.

There is an old fancy that the word Devil is wholly composed of what is inimical to man; as thus:

Devil.
Evil.
Vil(e).
I(l).
L (hell).

SINGULAR CASE.—A railway traveler of our acquaintance informs us that he recently caught cold through sitting next to a wet-nurse!

"GOING TO WORK WITH A WILL"—Altering one.

THE SEXES DEFINED.

WOMAN.—A mass of fuss, feathers, and furbelows, with a considerable sprinkling of vanity and silly conceit. Is used by milliners, dry-goods merchants, and hair-dressers to show off their wares to advantage.

MAN.—A conglomeration of mock dignity, conceit, smoke, and boots; derisively styled the "Lord of Creation." Is a useful appendage to woman, and occupies the moments of which his life is made up in twirling a cane, squinting through an eye-glass, and cultivating a mustache.

EXAMPLE OF THE "UPS AND DOWNS OF LIFE"—Being hard up, and, consequently, cast down.

TO DENTISTS—Do "*sound*" teeth "chatter?"

CONJUGAL SOLICITUDE IN THE CARS.

"My dear," said the husband to his wife, "are you comfortable in the corner there?"
"Oh! very snug."
"Don't you feel cold?"
"Not in the least."
"Does your window shut tight?"
"Yes, very, thank you."
"Well, come, let us swap seats!"

Why should a chimney-sweeper be a good whist player?—Because he's always following suit.

TECHNICAL BUT TRUE.

Miss Pink is having her Photo taken in her Paris ball dress.

PHOTO YOUTH (*referring to the likeness*). "This is a better one, Miss. But a little 'over exposed.'"

PAPA PINK (*referring to the ball dress*). "There, my dear! you hear the remarks you lay yourself open to, all through that confoundedly indecent costume!"

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REV. S. R. HALL.

THE Rev. SAMUEL ROMILLY HALL, the newly-elected President of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference of England, was born, of Methodist parents, at Bristol, in the year 1812. His great-grandfather was one of JOHN WESLEY'S local preachers for more than fifty-eight years, and from that time to this the succession line of membership with the Wesleyan Church has never been broken. President HALL was educated in a private academy in Bristol. He himself became a member of the Wesleyan Church when he was only twenty years of age; and two of Mr. HALL'S sons are office-bearers and members of the same Church at the present time. Mr. HALL began to preach in 1834; was called into the ministry in 1836, and entered upon its actual duties after two years' training in the clerical college. Mr. HALL has been a total abstainer, though not a pledged one, for many years. He is remarkable for his debating power and general independence; and the Methodist Conference has not had in it a more self-reliant man for many years. Both in the pulpit and out of it few men are more respected, or more deferentially listened to, than Mr. HALL. As a pastor he is a model to many; and especially so in his visits to the poor. President HALL has taken some of the best circuits in Methodism, and will occupy its high places to the end. His conduct in the presidential chair has been able and impartial; and he has shown himself specially expert in disentangling the complications of debate which necessarily arise occasionally, and especially in the fraternal method pursued in the Wesleyan Conference. He secured fair play for every speaker, and that without the least respect of persons. The Wesleyan Conference is now, probably, the largest ecclesiastical assembly in the world, and Mr. HALL is equal to its arduous labor; but if the Conference goes on increasing at its present rate it will be impossible for any one man to bear the burden of the presidency. There are already, according to the reports of the Conference, 342,380 Wesleyan Methodists in Great Britain, an increase since 1867 of 5310, with 24,926 on probation.

REV. S. R. HALL, PRESIDENT OF THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE, ENGLAND.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

THERE has lately been erected in the Public Garden, Boston, and near the entrance to the magnificent Commonwealth Avenue, a large monument by J. Q. A. WARD. It is intended to commemorate the discovery of sulphuric ether as an anæsthetic; and it is surmounted by the group which we represent on this page under the name of "the Good Samaritan."

The design originated with Mr. THOMAS LEE, of Boston, and the whole expense of $40,000 is borne by him. The monument now finished has been presented to the city of Boston. The architectural design was made by HENRY VAN BRUNT. The statuary, as executed by Mr. WARD, consists of four bass-reliefs and the group of which we give a representation. The bass-reliefs are intended to illustrate the uses of ether: one represents an operation on the battle-field; another a hospital scene; a third is a figure of Science, with the chemical apparatus with which ether is made, and figures doing homage to the discovery; the fourth, more allegorical in character, represents a man in a condition of suffering with a figure descending to his relief. The design and beauties of the group which we illustrate will be readily perceived by the intelligent reader.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.—GROUP BY QUINCEY WARD.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.]

HALLECK'S MONUMENT.

THE friends and admirers of the late FITZ-GREENE HALLECK, the poet, have erected an appropriate monument to his memory at Guilford, Connecticut, the home of his later years and his last resting-place, of which we give herewith an illustration from a sketch by W. S. KNOWLES. It is built of Rhode Island granite, and is seventeen feet high. Upon the front tablet is the simple inscription, in low relief, "FITZ-GREENE HALLECK, 1790–1867," and upon the cornice of the pedestal the following lines from his poem of "Marco Bozaris,"

"One of the few, the immortal names
That were not born to die."

Upon the opposite tablet, in bass-relief, is a lyre supported by two burning torches. On the east end is this inscription, "NATHANIEL HALLECK, 1792–1793." On the west end are the words, "ISRAEL HALLECK, 1754–1829," "MARY ELLIOTT HALLECK, 1762–1819."

The monument occupies a conspicuous position on the main avenue of the Alderbrook Cemetery, or, as it is most generally called, the East Burial-Ground, at Guilford. The present predisposition of the American people to honor with monumental designs the memories of their great and good men, and to preserve, in like manner, the record of their noble and heroic achievements, is a gratifying proof of increased civilization. It indicates an improved art, taste, and, better still, increased reverence for wisdom and virtue.

MONUMENT TO FITZ-GREENE HALLECK AT GUILFORD, CONNECTICUT.

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GOV. R. K. SCOTT, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

THE first Governor of reconstructed South Carolina is General ROBERT KINGSTON SCOTT, whose portrait we give on this page.

Governor SCOTT was born in Armstrong County, Pennsylvania, July 8, 1826. His father was a soldier of 1812, and his grandfather served for "seven years or during the war" of Independence. He was educated in Ohio, graduating as an M.D. at Starling Medical College, Columbus, Ohio.

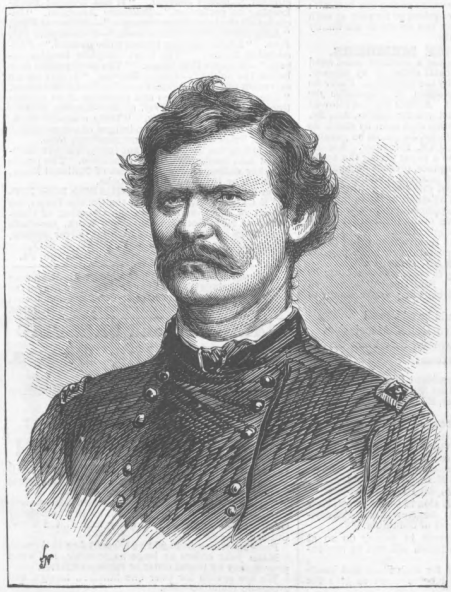
In 1850 he went by the overland route to California; but becoming disenchanted with life in the gold mines, he returned in 1852 to Ohio and settled in Henry County, where he resided up to the breaking out of the rebellion. He at once volunteered and labored assiduously in raising volunteers. He entered the army on the 1st of October, 1861, as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Sixty-Eighth Ohio Volunteer Infantry. Accompanying his regiment to the field he was engaged in the capture of Fort Donelson, the battle of Shiloh, and the siege of Corinth. He was commissioned Colonel of his regiment July 5, 1862. He commanded a brigade at Hatchie River, Tennessee, under General S. A. HURLBUT, who highly complimented him in his report of the action. He held the advance of General LOGAN'S Division on the march into Mississippi, and was engaged in the attack upon Port Gibson, the battles of Raymond, Jackson, and Champion Hills. His regiment was the first to throw up breast-works in front of Fort Hill, Vicksburg; and this position he maintained during the entire siege. Immediately after the fall of Vicksburg he was placed in command of the Second Brigade, Third Division, Seventeenth Army Corps, and held that command until it was mustered out of service July 10, 1865, at Louisville, Kentucky.

General SCOTT'S personal adventures during the war were of a remarkable character. In the first action after HOOD assumed command of the rebel forces before Atlanta, General SCOTT'S line was broken by an assault, and he was taken prisoner while endeavoring to rally his men. While he was with other prisoners *en route* for Macon, Georgia, he jumped from the cars at their full speed, escaped, and nearly succeeded in reaching our lines, having subsisted for seven days upon three crackers. But he was recaptured by *a party with blood-hounds*.

After making the rounds of various rebel prisons he was sent to Charleston, South Carolina, and incarcerated in the common jail, where he remained until September 24, 1864, when he was exchanged in a special cartel made between Generals SHERMAN and HOOD for prisoners taken by either side in front of Atlanta.

He immediately assumed the command of his former brigade, and was in the advance of General SHERMAN'S entire operations before Atlanta and in the "March to the Sea." He thus again visited South Carolina, in which in the course of three years he has been a prisoner, a victor, and a Governor.

Immediately after the muster out of his command he was ordered to proceed to his home in Ohio and report for orders to the War Department. While daily expecting an order mustering him out, he received instructions from General GRANT to report to Major-General O. O. HOWARD, Commissioner of Bureau of R. F. and A. L. for duty. He was assigned to duty as Assistant Commissioner of South Carolina, relieving General RUFUS SAXTON. He continued on this duty until his inauguration as Governor on July 8, 1868, having been the last Brigadier-General of Volunteers retained in the service.

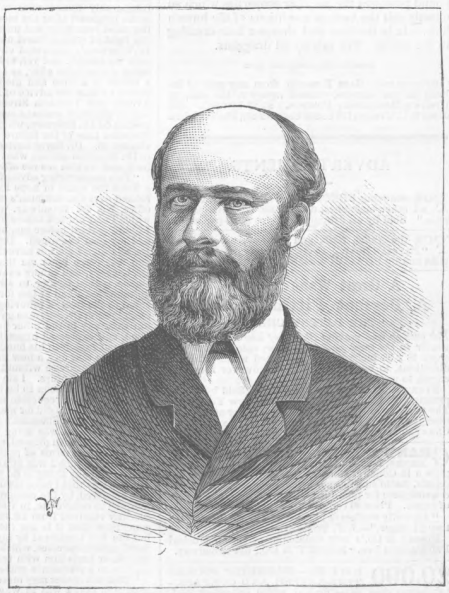


GENERAL R. K. SCOTT, GOVERNOR OF SOUTH CAROLINA.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY QUIMBY & CO., CHARLESTON, S. C.]

SENATOR F. A. SAWYER, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

HON. FREDERICK A. SAWYER, the newly-elected Senator from South Carolina, was born at Bolton, Worcester County, Massachusetts, in 1823. He graduated at Harvard College in 1844, and afterward taught school with great success in Boston, Lowell, and other places. He married a Miss DELIA GAY, of Nashua, New Hampshire. In 1859, when the State Normal school was established at Charleston, South Carolina, some of the most influential men of that State came North to select a teacher to place at its head. After considerable search Mr. SAWYER was chosen, accepted the position, and moved to Charleston with his family. He was very successful. As the war approached, being entirely Northern on that question, he desired to leave and come North, having excellent positions offered to him. But he yielded to the persuasions of friends of the new school system of the State, who represented to him that if he left the school would be broken up, and he remained at his post as a teacher. When the war was closing the Confederates permitted him and his family to be put aboard the fleet in the harbor and he came North. He delivered a good many addresses at the fall elections of that year at Republican meetings in Massachusetts, and as soon as the internal revenue system was established in South Carolina he was appointed Collector of United States revenue for the Charleston District, which position he held until his election as Senator.

He was the choice of the Legislature after one of the most bitter contests that ever took place in this State, defeating A. G. MACKEY, a native of the State and a prominent Union man. Every means possible were used to defeat a Northern man for the position. Northern residents of the State look upon the election of Mr. SAWYER as one of the greatest victories over prejudice that has occurred in the Southern country. It secures to the Senate a gentleman who will at all times be found advocating justice to all. He and General SCOTT, the Governor, whose portrait we also give on this page, are justly looked upon as true representative men of *new* South Carolina.



HON. FREDERICK A. SAWYER, SENATOR FROM SOUTH CAROLINA.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GEORGE S. COOK, CHARLESTON, S. C.]

REJECTED ADDRESSES.

Doctor Pusey. "AND, MY DEAR YOUNG LADY, IF I COULD INDUCE YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS TO LOOK KINDLY UPON MY PROPOSAL—"

Miss Methodist. "BUT YOU CAN'T, SIR. I DON'T WANT TO GO TO YOUR CHURCH AT ALL; AND IF I DID, I'M SURE I WOULDN'T GO WITH YOU."

["DR. PUSEY appeals for sympathy to the Wesleyan Conference. His sincerity and earnestness encountered a harsh rebuff."—*Times.*

PULMONARY CONSUMPTION.

THIS disease is the scourge of the Northern and Eastern States beyond any other disease with which the people are familiar. One of the melancholy circumstances attending its insidious inroads into families almost every where is the fact that it fastens principally upon young persons who have just began to assume social responsibilities.

Because pulmonary consumption is common we lose sight of its painful devastations, mowing down as it does annually, both in town and country, a very large number of young men and women who had just arrived at an age to become important members of society. Besides an hereditary tendency to a disease of the air-tubes and the lungs themselves in some, there are very many cases, perhaps thousands every year, which are induced by violations of well-known laws of health. A large

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proportion of that class of sufferers who die early are females—not those in poor circumstances exclusively, but in the houses of the well-to-do and the opulent, where the stern demands of fashion oftener peril the standard of youthful health than in places where a life of exposure to all temperatures fortifies the system to meet contingencies. Probably more than half of all the deaths by consumption among young ladies occur in families in which every comfort abounds, and the development of a diseased state of the lungs is brought on by thoughtless exposures which might have been avoided. The neglect of suitable clothing and leaving heated apartments for intensely cold ones are violations of nature's requirements, and so is an imperfectly ventilated sleeping-room and irregularity in domestic habits.

All the medical philosophers in Christendom have failed to convince mothers generally, as they would like to, that little girls should invariably wear very loose dresses. No compression over the chest should be permitted on any account whatever, for fear of bending in the ribs while in a partially flexible cartilaginous condition, which would diminish the capacity of the interior where the breathing organs should have full space for growth and action. If the lungs can not sufficiently inflate to oxygiuate the blood the individual will assuredly die prematurely. Let this sanitary truth be kept in remembrance by mothers. The only hope of lessening the yearly mortality of females who are martyrs to pulmonary consumption is to begin with the coming-on generation of little misses. Next, let those who have admonishing symptoms of inflammation, tubercles, or ulcerated lungs, caution others not to be so careless as they have been at the expense of that precious boon—health.

WITH Dyspeptics every thing is wrong. Food does not digest; sleep does not refresh; wine does not cheer; smiles do not gladden; music does not charm, nor can any other joy enter the breast of the miserable dyspeptic. You must get rid of it, or it will become seated and confirmed, and life will be a burden and existence a curse. PLANTATION BITTERS will do away with all this. New life, strength, and energy will take possession of you. The damask will again bloom upon your cheek, and the lustre in your eye will again be as bright as in your healthiest, happiest, and most joyous days.—*World.*

MAGNOLIA WATER.—Superior to the best imported German Cologne, and sold at half the price.

SPEAKING of the Novelty Clothes-Wringer exhibited at the late Fair of the American Institute, the New York *Liberal Christian* says:

"The Novelty Wringer received the marked approbation of the jury, and was awarded the highest premium. * * * It is now admitted that it has no equal as a family wringer. * * * It has the patent flange cog-wheels on both ends of the rolls, as well as the most approved appliances for adjusting the pressure, so that a fine lace collar or a heavy woolen blanket can be run through with equal facility and without injury. * * * Indeed, in all respects its superiority is so apparent that the high testimonials it is constantly receiving can be readily accounted for. * * * In fact, whenever and wherever exhibited it invariably secures the highest honors."

N. B. PHELPS & Co., Gen. Ag'ts, No. 17 Cortlandt Street, New York City. Sold every where.

BURNETT'S COCOAINE is a perfect hair-dressing for preserving and beautifying the hair, and rendering it dark and glossy. No other compound possesses the peculiar properties which so exactly suit the various conditions of the human hair. It is the best and cheapest hair-dressing in the world. For sale by all druggists.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVED from any part of the body in *five minutes, without injury to the skin*, by UPHAM'S DEPILATORY POWDER. $1 25 by mail. Address S. C. UPHAM, 115 South Seventh St., Philadelphia.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR removing FRECKLES, TAN, PIMPLES, and all other blemishes, use Phalon's "PAPHIAN LOTION." Sold by all druggists. Price $1 25 per bottle.

FOR the *Toilet, Bath,* and *Nursery*, use Phalon's "PAPHIAN SOAP." 25 cts. per cake. Sold by druggists and by PHALON & SON, 517 Broadway, N. Y.

A Great Want Supplied.
A Perfect Fitting Shirt!!
"THE PATENT CHART,"

For cutting and making Shirts, of any size, to fit the wearer in the most perfect manner, combined in one chart 18 x 38 inches, with graduated scales and full directions, to enable any person, however inexperienced, to use it.

EVERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE ONE. Sold by all the principal Sewing-Machine Offices in New York City. The trade supplied. Sent postpaid to any address on receipt of $1. Address THE NEW YORK PATENT SHIRT CHART PUBLISHING CO., Branch Office, 4 Wall St., N. Y.

GRAND DUCHESS of GEROLSTEIN, Martha, Lucrezia, Barber of Seville, Fidelio, Crispino e la Comare, Norma, Traviata, Trovatore, Freischutz, Ballo in Maschera, Somnambula. Each opera complete for piano solo, with overture and whole of music. Price 50 cents.

"Absurdly moderate in price, and perfectly satisfactory in shape."—*N. Y. Times* (June 29th).

Boosey & Co.'s new Catalogue of Cheap Musical Publications free. BOOSEY & CO., 644 Broadway.

20,000 SOLD.—MAGNETIC POCKET TIME-KEEPER AND COMPASS—handsome case, glass crystal, white enameled dial, steel and metal works, watch size; warranted to keep in order and denote correct time for two years. Satisfaction guaranteed. Sent securely by mail, postpaid, for only $1; three for $2. Address MAGNETIC WATCH CO., Hinsdale, N. H.

ALMOST MIRACULOUS.—We seldom indorse a man in our editorial columns—never, unless convinced that he is deserving, and to speak well of him will result in benefit to the public. It is with this idea that we call attention to the advertisement of Dr. J. A. SHERMAN, No. 697 Broadway, New York, who is performing cures for Hernia, or Rupture, but little less than miraculous, and never before, to our knowledge, attempted or accomplished by any other surgeon. We have with our own eyes seen his cures—are acquainted with men he has brought to health from a living death, and do earnestly advise all who are afflicted to consult with or call upon him. A more meritorious physician does not live. The communication in this week's DEMOCRAT was handed in to us by Geo. Hodges, a man whose life was saved and health restored by Dr. Sherman, as he gave abundant proof, and to it we call attention, knowing those afflicted will thank us if they seek relief and comfort.—*La Crosse Democrat.*

The following is the statement of Mr. Hodges alluded to in the above article:

TERRIBLE SUFFERINGS FROM RUPTURE, AND FINAL CURE OF GEORGE HODGES, Esq.

READ HIS STATEMENT.

"When a boy, about nine years of age, I became ruptured on both sides, and my parents, anxious for my welfare, sought the advice and aid of our family physician, who procured and adjusted to me a truss, which I wore for some time, under his supervision, without being benefited by it. My parents then sought elsewhere, but to no purpose, for one truss after the other seemed to increase my trouble. When about fifteen years of age it was my good fortune to visit London, where I hoped to find a suitable truss for my case, but there, too, I failed. I could obtain nothing I could wear that would retain it. The next opportunity I had was in this city, where I sought out the most celebrated *truss vendors*, among whom were the gentlemen to whom I shall hereafter allude, who, from a feeling of humanity, pride, or profit, exhausted all their abilities in my behalf, without any success.

"I tried Dr. Rigg's Hard Rubber Truss, which was painful, without answering the purpose.

"I applied to Dr. Gregory, No. 609 Broadway, who seemed to be quite alarmed when I showed him my case, and declared it to be the worst rupture that he had seen since he had been in New York, for the past twelve years; and after vainly trying on several of his 'White's Patent Trusses,' he gave me up, saying my case was a hopeless one, and if I didn't find some relief it would put me under ground in less than a year; that he could do nothing for me; wouldn't undertake to, and that if any body did, they would only take my money without doing me any good.

"I called on Dr. Pomeroy, No. 653 Broadway, who arranged and fitted on several of his patent trusses, with no better result. Notwithstanding he put on some with great pressure, they did not support my case, and he gave it up, remarking he did not think that I could find any thing to do me any good; my rupture was so bad, he did not see how I had managed to live so long with it.

"After this my attention was directed to Dr. Marsh, of the Astor House, Vesey Street, and I called to see him. He tried on various trusses, which proved a failure. He then decided that his $40 radical cure truss would do, but he would have to prepare one. I left his office feeling rather dubious, yet withal I returned in a day or two after, and Dr. Marsh went to work at me again as though he meant this time to conquer; but he soon dropped his courage, and with it my case, for his radical cure truss, though adjusted, readjusted, and adjusted again and again, was a failure; it could not retain my rupture, although it was applied with painful force. Dr. Marsh, on giving up my case, remarked, 'You are in a critical condition; it's a wonder your rupture has not killed you long ago.' I was again compelled to leave his office doubly disappointed and dejected in spirits. Lamenting my sad fate, yet not abandoning my efforts, a medical gentleman on whom I called advised me to see Dr. Sheldon, No. 710 Broadway, and I did so. Dr. Sheldon, after looking at my case, fixed together and put on several of his patent trusses, all of which failed to hold. He then seemingly determined to govern my case, fixed up one with terrible pressure, which served a little better one way, but worse another, for it seemed as though it would cut me in two in an hour. I could not possibly endure it longer. Dr. Sheldon said it was the best he could do; my case was a very bad one.

"Receiving a circular of the Elastic Truss Company, No. 474 Broadway, which promised a good deal, I called there to see the Superintendent, Dr. Dike, who went at my case, strapping me unbearably tight, without helping my rupture at all.

"Having my attention called to a notice of Dr. E. B. Foote, Lexington Avenue, corner of Twenty-eighth Street, I called to see him, but his attendant, finding my rupture so bad, would not undertake to do any thing for it. This was, indeed, disheartening, and almost forced me to the conclusion that my life was inseparably linked with misery. But, as the sun looks brightest after the most horrific storm, so, after the most searching and unsuccessful trials for relief, the light of science burst upon me brightest through Dr. Sherman's illustrated circular, which casually fell into my hands; and yet, to have the assurance of its being a true light, after, as I may say, having endured a series of storms and gloomy forebodings, I determined to take the advice of Dr. Sayre, corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirtieth Street, who I have heard was one of the most eminent surgeons of this city, before calling on Dr. Sherman, which I did, informing him at the same time of the failure of the persons heretofore alluded to. Dr. Sayre advised me by all means to go to Dr. Sherman and see what he could do, and to come back and let him see me after I got fixed.

"This encouraging advice from Dr. Sayre fanned into a flame the spark of hope kindled in me when I first looked over Dr. Sherman's circular, and I went to his office, No. 697 Broadway, with a step of buoyancy which I had not felt before for years. When I arrived I found several before me, but I waited my turn, and had my case examined. During the examination by Dr. Sherman I did not have the same feelings of dread and fear come upon me that I had when Dr. Marsh, Dr. Gregory, and others examined me, which circumstance tended farther to strengthen my faith in the opinion that I had at last fortunately found some one equal to the task of relieving me. Subsequent to the examination Dr. Sherman gave a more favorable opinion than any of the other parties to whom I had applied, and expressed himself in such sanguine terms that I put myself in his hands, and am now, and have been since that day, a new man, capable of taking the most active exercise without any inconvenience whatever from my rupture. I am now, practically, a sound man, and expect soon to be in point of fact.

"As Dr. Sayre requested me to call and let him see what Dr. Sherman did for me, I stepped in at his office, after proving Dr. Sherman's method a few days, to let him know that I was doing well. He examined me, and was very much pleased, expressing his satisfaction in very strong terms of praise, adding, 'When I first saw your rupture I was afraid that you would not be able to find any thing to do you any good.'

"The way that I have been treated since my rupture first appeared, by the numerous persons who have attempted to relieve me, in view of the relief that I have recently received from Dr. Sherman, forces me to the conclusion that it is not the incurability of rupture, but the bad treatment by injudicious pressure the ruptured patient receives, which fastens to him this curse for life, or hurls him with the horrors of strangulated rupture to a premature grave.

"That the reader may more fully realize the horrible condition that I was in when I placed myself in the hands of Dr. Sherman, I would recommend him to see my photographs, taken by order of Dr. Sherman before and after treatment, which may be seen at his office.

"GEORGE HODGES,

"Thirtieth Street, near Sixth Avenue, New York."

MANHATTAN
CO-OPERATIVE
RELIEF ASSOCIATION.

OFFICE MANHATTAN CO-OPERATIVE RELIEF ASSOCIATION, No. 658 BROADWAY, Cor. Bond St., N. Y.

THE MANHATTAN CO-OPERATIVE RELIEF ASSOCIATION is chartered by the State of New York.

OBJECT.

The object of this Association is to secure a cash payment within forty days after the death of a member of as many dollars as there are members in the class to which he or she belongs, to his or her heirs.

MEMBERSHIP FEES.

The membership fees are six dollars at joining (for which a policy will be furnished), and one dollar and ten cents on the death of each member, of which due notice will be given. One dollar from each member goes to the widow or heirs of the deceased member, and the ten cents for the expenses of collecting.

INVESTMENTS.

The By-Laws of the Association require that one third of the money received as new membership fees shall be made a sinking fund to meet payments falling due by the delinquencies of members. This fund is held by the

NATIONAL TRUST CO.,

and will be invested in United States Bonds, or real estate, or bond and mortgage upon New York City property, which property shall be double the value of the money so loaned.

THE FUNDS.

The remaining two thirds, after paying the expenses of the Association, shall be invested in real estate in the City of New York, or in bond and mortgage on property in the City of New York, the interest of which shall go to pay the current expenses of the Association. If a deceased member leaves no heirs, the money becomes the property of the Association, with the proviso that the expenses of burial shall be paid out of such funds—said expenses, however, not to exceed one hundred dollars.

A member failing to pay his fee of one dollar and ten cents within thirty days from date of notice, forfeits all claims upon the Association, and also forfeits all money previously paid. In the Pacific States this time is extended to sixty days. A member having no permanent residence must notify the Secretary, and appoint a representative to pay his fees.

When members choose they can send ten dollars and fifty cents to the Treasurer to prepay their fees, which sum will pay for ten deaths, thus saving the trouble of sending $1 10 each time, besides a saving of fifty cents. No man is so poor that he can not pay $6 now, and $1 10 occasionally, thus securing $5000 to his heirs. The average number of dollars each person will have to pay to secure $5000 will be $30 per year, a little over fifty cents per week. This makes this mode of insurance cost about one sixth what they would have to pay any regular Insurance Company for a $5000 policy.

This company is divided into ten classes for men, and ten classes for women. As soon as these classes are filled ten new classes will be adopted. Men and women are not allowed in the same classes. Every thing is done to make each class equal.

CLASSES.

In class A all persons betw'n the ages of 15 and 20 yrs.
In class B all persons betw'n the ages of 20 and 25 yrs.
In class C all persons betw'n the ages of 25 and 30 yrs.
In class D all persons betw'n the ages of 30 and 35 yrs.
In class E all persons betw'n the ages of 35 and 40 yrs.
In class F all persons betw'n the ages of 40 and 45 yrs.
In class G all persons betw'n the ages of 45 and 50 yrs.
In class H all persons betw'n the ages of 50 and 55 yrs.
In class I all persons betw'n the ages of 55 and 60 yrs.
In class K all persons betw'n the ages of 60 and 65 yrs.

The classes for women are the same as above. Any one that is found to give his or her age wrong will be expelled, and the money paid forfeited to the Association. Each class is limited to 5000 members. Each person pays $6 upon becoming a member, and $1 10 each time a member dies *belonging to the same class he or she may be a member of.*

A member of one class can not be assessed this dollar if a member of another class dies. Each class is INDEPENDENT, *having no connection with any other.*

ILLUSTRATION.

Class "A" has 5000 male members. A man dies. The Association pays over, within forty days, $5000 to the widow or heirs, and the remaining members forward, within thirty days, $1 10 each to the Association to reimburse it. Failing to send this sum, they forfeit to the Association all moneys paid, and the Association supplies a new member to fill the place of the retiring one.

ADVANTAGES.

The advantages of this Association over ordinary Life Insurance Companies are, no policies can break if the fees are so small, and required to be paid at such long intervals, that any man can secure to his family a competency upon his death.

HOW TO BECOME MEMBERS.

Any one desiring to become a member must send $6, in check, bank draft, postal order, or by express, the expressage being paid by the applicant. *Under no circumstance will the Association be responsible for moneys sent but in this way.* Agents are not allowed to receive moneys, but must ask for checks, &c., &c. Persons paying an agent otherwise than by check do it at their own risk. All checks, &c., must be payable to the order of W. S. CARMAN, Treasurer. Accompanying the money must be a paper giving the applicant's full name, age, birth-place, present occupation, who the policy is in favor of, post-office address, town, county, state—*also, a Medical Certificate*, setting forth the physical condition, and whether, in the opinion of the doctor examining, the applicant is a proper person to be insured. Blank forms of application for membership will be sent upon application.

Agents are not allowed to receive money but in the form of a check, draft, or postal order, made payable to the order of W. S. CARMAN, Treasurer.

Each member ought to try to make new members; but so doing he benefits himself. No letter will be noticed that does not contain a three-cent postage stamp to prepay return postage.

All communications should be addressed

Manhattan Co-operative Relief Association,
No. 658 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

Trustees:

E. McMURDY.
ELSON T. WRIGHT, President Star Metal Co.
W. S. CARMAN, President Stuyvesant Bank.
H. W. FORD, the Cashier, Bank of the Republic.
L. W. MURRAY.

Officers:

E. McMURDY, President.
ELSON T. WRIGHT, Vice-President.
W. S. CARMAN, Treasurer.
LEWIS SANDERS, Secretary.
JOHN A. ROBINSON, M.D., } Examining
ALEX. R. GRAY, M.D., } Physicians.

Messrs. Latham, Emery, & Co., 72 Cedar Street, New York City, General Agents for New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and District of Columbia.

N. B.—Parties paying agents in money do so at their own risk. The Association will not be responsible for money so paid.

A General Agent wanted for each State and Territory. General Agents will be required to give the best of references, and $50,000 bonds.

Agents wanted in every Town in the United States and Canadas.

A physician will be in attendance at the office of the Company—also at the office of each General Agent—to examine applicants.

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800 MILES
OF THE
Union Pacific
RAILROAD,
Running West from Omaha
ACROSS THE CONTINENT,
ARE NOW FINISHED, AND THE
WHOLE GRAND LINE TO THE PACIFIC
WILL SOON BE COMPLETED.

The means provided for construction are ample, and there is no lack of funds for the most vigorous prosecution of the enterprise. The Company's FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS, payable, PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST IN GOLD, are now offered at 102. They pay

SIX PER CENT. IN GOLD,

and have thirty years to run before maturing. Subscriptions will be received in New York at the COMPANY'S OFFICE, No. 20 Nassau Street, and by JOHN J. CISCO & SON, Bankers, No 59 Wall Street, and by the Company's Advertised Agents throughout the United States.

A PAMPHLET AND MAP for 1868, showing the Progress of the Work, Resources for Construction, and Value of Bonds, may be obtained at the Company's Offices, or of its advertised Agents, or will be sent free by mail on application.

JOHN J. CISCO, Treasurer, New York.
SEPT. 14, 1868.

MRS. PAIGE'S NEW METHOD
FOR THE PIANO-FORTE, ORGAN, AND VOICE.

BY THIS METHOD THE ART AND SCIENCE of Music are rendered so simple and comprehensive that by one quarter's instruction parties can become independent performers upon the Piano-Forte or Organ; and after one month of close application can commence teaching, and continue their course by correspondence.

Having obtained the assistance of able and experienced teachers, we are prepared to give our patrons all needed attention. Pupils admitted for private lessons at any time. Adult and juvenile classes will be formed at our rooms, for the Piano, Organ, and for Vocal Music, by the quarter or by the year.

Agents are wanted in all parts of the country to form classes in Mrs. Paige's New System of Instruction in Music. Liberal Terms offered.

For Circular, address Mrs. J. B. PAIGE, Rooms 9 and 4 Chickering's Block, 246 Washington St., Boston, Ms.

ARCHITECTURAL IRON WORKS,
FOURTEENTH STREET, BETWEEN AVENUES B AND C, NEW YORK.

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Fire-proof Buildings of every description, and every kind of Iron Work for Building Purposes, also for Bridges.

DUFF'S COLLEGE, Pittsburgh, Pa.,
HAS JUST PUBLISHED
DUFF'S NEW SYSTEM OF BOOK-KEEPING,

Elegantly printed in colors by Harper & Brothers, N. Y. 400 pages, Crown 8vo. $3 75. Postage 35c.

The first American work that fully illustrates the accounts of Merchants, Manufacturers, Joint Stock Co.'s, Railroads, National Banks, and Private Bankers.

"Undoubtedly the most elaborate and carefully-prepared text-book upon Book-keeping accessible to the student."—*Boston Journal.* "It has brought Book-keeping to perfection."—*Baltimore American.* "Includes all the latest improvements."—*Richmond Whig.* "Altogether a remarkable book."—*Philadelphia City Item.* "Leaves nothing further to be desired."—*Philadelphia Ledger.* "The most complete treatise extant."—*St. Louis Republican.* "The most perfect now before the public."—*Albany Express.* "It may be the salvation of many business men."—*Jewish Messenger.* "Unequaled in clearness and precision of its expositions."—L. N. FORNER, *Prof. of Book-keeping, Western University of Pennsylvania.* "Truly a model work, eliciting the highest commendations of our patrons."—J. W. THOMPSON, *Martinsburg Academy, Ohio.*

Including the most important improvements introduced into modern business education. The pupils of other colleges never see a set of National Bank, Railroad, or Private Banker's books.

Our new 16 page DOUBLE QUARTO DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULAR, containing the College Terms, the Report of the Committee of the Chamber of Commerce of New York on the above Work, *fac-similes* engravings of our penman's writing, silver medals, &c., mailed free. Address P. DUFF & SON, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Holloway's Pills.—Are you troubled with dizziness? Do you feel sluggish and heavy? If so, you are on the verge of a severe bilious attack; delay not a moment; use these Pills; they will save you months of sickness.

CARBOLIC and CRESYLIC
Disinfecting Soaps.
PATENTED.

For Toilet, Household, Sanitary, and Agricultural purposes. Manufactured solely by
JAMES BUCHAN & CO.,
190 Elizabeth Street., N. Y.

Boston Dollar Store!

THE IMMENSE SUCCESS ATTENDING OUR past business has induced us to make great preparations for the Fall and Winter Trade.

Our checks and exchange lists contain nearly every article desired for family use, such as Dry and Fancy Goods, Boots and Shoes, Jewelry and Plated Ware, Cutlery, &c., &c.

Presents worth from $3 to $100 sent free to Agents.

Make your orders as large as possible, and send your money by postal order or registered letter.

We are agents for over one hundred foreign and domestic manufactories.

Our goods are new, and sold at manufacturers' prices at $1 for each article. Descriptive checks $10 per hundred, or ten for $1. Agents wanted in every town. Circulars sent free. CUSHMAN & CO., 10 Arch St., Boston.

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ESTABLISHED 1861.

THE

GREAT AMERICAN

TEA COMPANY

RECEIVE THEIR TEAS BY THE CARGO FROM

THE *BEST TEA DISTRICTS* OF

CHINA AND JAPAN,

and sell them in quantities to suit customers

AT CARGO PRICES.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of clubs. They are sold at cargo prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

PRICE LIST OF TEAS.

OOLONG (black), 70c., 80c., 90c.; best, $1 per lb.
MIXED (green and black), 70c., 80c., 90c.; best, $1 per lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST (black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10; best, $1 20 per lb.
IMPERIAL (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10; best, $1 25 per lb.
YOUNG HYSON (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10; best, $1 25 per lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN, 90c., $1, $1 10; best, $1 25 per lb.
GUNPOWDER (green), $1 25; best, $1 50 per lb.

COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

Ground Coffee, 20 cents, 25 cents, 30 cents, 35 cents; best, 40 cents per pound.

Hotels, saloons, boarding-house keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our

FRENCH BREAKFAST AND DINNER COFFEE,

which we sell at the low price of 30 cents per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

ROASTED (unground), 30c., 35c.; best, 40c. per lb.
GREEN (unroasted), 25c., 30c., 33c.; best, 35c. per lb.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than Thirty Dollars had better send a Post-office Draft or Money with their orders, to save the expense of collections by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary packages for clubs of less than Thirty Dollars.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

N.B.—Inhabitants of villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one third (besides the Express charges) by sending directly to

"THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY."

CAUTION.—As some concerns, in this city and other places, imitate our name and style of advertising and doing business, it is important that our friends should be very careful to write our address in full, and also to put on the number of our Post-Office Box, as appears in this advertisement. This will prevent their orders from getting into the hands of *bogus imitators*.

POST-OFFICE Orders and Drafts make payable to the Order of

"THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY."

Direct Letters and Orders as below (no more, no less):

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street,
Post-Office Box 5643, New York City.

Life Insurance Agents, Attention.

Very desirable districts can now be secured by

EXPERIENCED AND SUCCESSFUL MEN

of the

PHŒNIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.,

of HARTFORD, CONN.

Assets over Three Millions.
Income over Two Millions.

Dividends 50 Per Cent. upon the Full Premium paid, and upon Every Premium paid.

NO NOTES DEDUCTED IN SETTLEMENT OF CLAIMS. ALL ITS POLICIES are NON-FORFEITING, and

So Stipulated in its Policies.

Usual Restrictions on Travel, Occupation, and Residence abolished.

It has paid over

FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS

in losses, and never contested a claim during the 17 years of its existence.

Apply, with references, by mail, or in person, to
JOHN E. DEWITT, Resident Director,
153 Broadway, New York.

SERGEANT BATES.

JUST PUBLISHED, a Narrative by Serg't BATES of his Trip from Vicksburg to Washington—on foot, unarmed, penniless—carrying the Stars and Stripes unfurled. A book that every lover of his country should read. Samples mailed for 15 cents. Agents wanted. Address R. W. HITCHCOCK, 98 Spring St., N. Y., or 164 Vine St., Cincinatti, Ohio.

ACCORDEONS.—We will send, on receipt of $10, $12, or $15, one of our new Improved Trumpet Accordeons, with Instruction Book, to any part of the country. J. SANGER & CO., 355 Bowery, N. Y.

ARCHITECTURAL DEPARTMENT OF THE

Novelty Iron Works,

Nos. 77 and 83 Liberty Street,
Cor. Broadway, New York.

Plain and Ornamental Iron Work of all kinds for Buildings.

$30 PER WEEK AND EXPENSES.—Agents wanted, male and female, local and traveling. PICTURE BUSINESS. 25 specimen pictures, catalogue, and particulars sent on receipt of 20 cents postage. TUTTLE & CO., 78 Nassau St., N. Y.

Superior Imitation Gold Hunting Watches!

THE OROIDE WATCH FACTORY.

OROIDE CASES, a newly discovered composition, known only to ourselves, precisely like gold in appearance, keeping its color as long as worn, and as well finished as the best gold ones. These watches are in hunting cases made at our own Factory, from the best materials, of the latest and most approved styles, are jeweled and well finished, with a view to the best results in regard to wear and time. For appearance, durability, and time they have never been equaled by watches costing five times as much. Each one warranted by special certificate to keep accurate time. Price $15. Gentlemen's and Ladies' sizes. For this small sum any one can have an excellent watch, equal in appearance, and as good for time, as a gold one costing $150. We are now manufacturing Gents' and Ladies' Watches of *extra fine finish and quality*, price $20. These are equal in appearance and time to gold ones costing $200. Also Oroide Chains, as well made as those of gold, from $2 to $6. Goods sent to any part of the United States by express. Money need not be sent with the order, as the bills can be paid when the goods are delivered by the express. Customers must pay ALL the express charges.

C. E. COLLINS & CO., 37 and 39 Nassau St., N. Y., Opposite P. O. (up stairs).

☞ TO CLUBS.—Where SIX WATCHES are ordered at one time, we will send one Extra Watch, making SEVEN WATCHES FOR NINETY DOLLARS.

☞ CAUTION. Since our Oroide Watches have attained so high a reputation, and the demand for them has greatly increased, many persons are offering common and worthless watches for sale, representing them to be Oroide Watches, in some instances stating that they are our Agents. We will state most positively that we employ no Agents, and that no one else does or *can* make Oroide; consequently these representations are false. The genuine Oroide Watches can only be obtained by ordering directly from us.

[From the City Item, Philadelphia.]

THE OROIDE WATCHES.—A new metal, closely resembling gold, has been invented, of which watch-cases and watch-chains are made. C. E. Collins & Co., New York, are the manufacturers, and their advertisement will be found in another column. The Oroide Watches are in great demand. From all quarters of the Union, daily, hourly, come orders for one, two, ten, twenty, fifty, and one hundred watches. They are sold for only $15 each, and better time-keepers are not to be found. One of them has been going for a week in this office, and it is perfect in its movements. It looks as handsome, and keeps as good time as a watch costing $150. We advise all who are about to buy a watch to try the Oroide.

[From the La Crosse Republican.]

OROIDE WATCHES.—Out of curiosity, we called when in New York at the Watch Manufactory of Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co., on Nassau Street, and confess our astonishment on being shown their assortment of watches. The cases made of this metal so closely resemble eighteen carat gold that we were puzzled to select a gold one placed amongst them. We should have no hesitation wearing one with full confidence that time would not change its appearance. Every watch is warranted, and the works are perfectly reliable and in all respects equal to a watch costing $150. We have no doubt that when once known in this section, many will be sent for.

[From the Liberal Christian.]

MESSRS. C. E. COLLINS & Co., of 37 and 39 Nassau St., are still further improving their beautiful Oroide Watches. These are excellent time-keepers, and for all practical purposes as good as a fine gold hunting-case watch.

[From the New York Independent.]

Our readers have probably observed in our paper the advertisement of C. E. Collins & Co.'s Oroide Watches. These gentlemen are manufacturing a watch which they claim to have good time-keeping qualities, and in a case which is ornamental and durable, an almost exact imitation of gold. We have tried one of the watches, and find it a good time-keeper when well regulated. There are a great many persons in all classes of society who can not afford to pay a price of $40 or $60 for a first-class silver watch, nor $125 to $175 for a gold one, yet would like a handsome-looking watch, keeping fair time. The Oroide Watch appears to suit their case exactly.

Citizens of Toronto and the Dominion generally, take notice. We have hundreds of Testimonials, for which, see our advertisements. But you need no further evidence than the following, from one who is well known among you. Here is his proof positive—

HARRY HAZLETON, the well-known author, says:

"I have always looked upon cheap watches as humbugs and dealers in them as little better than swindlers. At the request of a friend, I have worn for three months the watch he purchased of C. E. Collins, and for which he paid $15. It keeps accurate time, retains its perfect golden appearance, and I can really see no difference between it and my own, which cost five times the amount of the Collins Watch."

MR. HAZLETON adds:

"I have since purchased FIVE of these watches, at the request of friends, and those for whom they were intended are perfectly satisfied. Others are seeking for them, and I fancy that Mr. C. will find some difficulty in supplying the constantly-increasing demand."

☞ The regular price of the watch is $15, and others costing $20. These are superbly finished, and really superior to any article placed upon the market costing five times that sum.

OFFICE STATE CAPITAL REPORTER, 42 and 44 J Street, SACRAMENTO, CAL., July 15, 1868.

MESSRS. C. E. COLLINS & CO.:

Gentlemen: Wells, Fargo & Co. delivered Watch and Chain, as per order; paid bill on presentation. The Watch and Chain give entire satisfaction, and several of my friends wish the same quality of watch and chain. One is the chief editor of this paper, and two others are the publishers of this paper, and the others are for friends of mine, and by wearing your goods will make you a large sale in this city. I therefore wish you to send me seven watches and seven chains, of same quality as those you sent me, price paid you $15 for watch, and $6 currency for chain. I return you the guarantee; it may assist you in ascertaining the exact kind of goods sent me: the number of the watch sent is 66,982. If this order sent turns out as satisfactory as the first, we will give you a good editorial notice, and help you along as far as practicable. I send this order not for my benefit, but for yours and to accommodate my friends. Send to E. K. PHIPPS, Office of "State Capital Reporter," Sacramento, California.

Yours respectfully,
E. K. PHIPPS.

WATCH. The Improved Aluminium Bronze is a metal differing entirely from any ever offered to the public. Its qualities and resemblance to Gold are such that even judges have been deceived. It has seriously occupied the attention of scientific men, and has not only called forth the eulogiums of the press in consequence of its peculiar properties, but has also obtained a Gold Medal at the Paris Exposition. The movements are well finished, perfectly regulated, and as all these goods are manufactured in my own factory, I am enabled to warrant them as excellent time-keepers. Price, from $16 to $22.

Further details will be found in my pamphlet, which will be sent postpaid on demand.

A full assortment of Chains, also Aluminium Bronze Cases for Waltham Watches. Goods sent by express, C.O.D., with charges.

Address JULES D. HUGUENIN VUILLEMIN,
No. 44 Nassau Street, New York.

LOTIO.—PROF. CHRISTY'S HAIR LOTIO IS NEAT, CLEAN, PURE, UNIFORM, AND RELIABLE, and richly perfumed for the toilet. It contains no *Sugar of Lead* or other poisonous minerals or oils. It makes the hair glossy and beautiful, removes dandruff, restores gray hair to its original color, will grow hair on bald heads, and *can be used as a hair-dressing for ever without the slightest injury to the brain or optic nerve.* Do not take any thing else, but get the pure article. If your druggist will not get it for you, send direct to the manufactory. Sold by druggists, $1 per bottle; half dozen, $5; or sent to any address on receipt of the money. Liberal deduction to the trade. Send for testimonials, &c.

Trade supplied by DEMAS BARNES & CO., Wholesale Agents, New York City.

(Hand this advertisement to your Druggist.)
A. R. CHRISTY & CO.,
175 West Fifth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE LITTLE JOKER—Full of Fun—and an exquisite PHOTOGRAPH, beautifully Colored, will be sent to any address on receipt of 25 cents, by
W. HEPBURNE, 102 Nassau St., New York.

WE SELL FOR ONE DOLLAR

Gold and Silver Watches, Sewing Machines, Silk Dress Patterns, Carpetings, Domestic Goods, &c.

CIRCULARS SENT FREE,

giving full particulars, or ten checks sent for One Dollar, describing ten different articles which we will sell for ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Splendid inducements offered to Agents sending us Clubs. Address LABONTE & BABBITT,
No. 83 Sudbury St., Boston, Mass.

WANTED.—Salesmen every where, farmers and others, to sell an article in great demand. $400 made by one agent his first month. Address immediately BLISS & McEATHRON, Louisville, Ky.

Has the Summer enfeebled you?

Nine out of every ten to whom this question is addressed, if they answer it candidly, will answer it in the affirmative. Some may reply to it from a sick bed; others, of a stronger constitution and greater powers of endurance, may only experience a slight lassitude as the consequence of the torrid season. But some portion of the vitality of all human beings oozes out of them under the pressure of great and continuous heat, and the sooner the loss is completely repaired, the less susceptible will the system be to the unhealthy influence of the Fall malaria.

The most genial and wholesome tonic that has ever been offered to man—as a means of recruiting his exhausted strength, and fortifying him against the attacks of disease—is

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS.

Taken at this season it is a perfect safeguard against intermittent fever, bilious affections, and all the epidemics which follow close upon the expiration of the Summer. It is an invigorant and alterative without any of the drawbacks which attach to mere stimulants, and is the only preparation of the kind which a conscientious physician would feel inclined to prescribe for ladies in delicate health. Nothing can be more pure, more harmless, more certain to restore the vigor of the system permanently and thoroughly, without exciting the pulse or the brain.

AGENTS WANTED—FOR MATTHEW HALE SMITH'S New Book, "SUNSHINE AND SHADOW IN NEW YORK." If you wish to know how Fortunes are made and lost in a day; how "Countrymen" are swindled by Sharpers; how Gambling Houses and Lotteries are conducted, and every thing of interest relating to Prominent Men and Important Places of New York, read "SUNSHINE AND SHADOW IN NEW YORK." A large Octavo Vol., over 700 pages, finely Illustrated. We want Agents, Male or Female, in every City and Town, to canvass. Every one wants to know about New York. No Book ever published sells so rapidly. We employ no General Agents, and offer the *largest commission*. Send for our 32-p. Circular. Full particulars and terms to Agents sent free on application.
J. B. BURR & CO., Publishers, Hartford, Conn.

THE ONLY PERFECT CURE FOR PILES of all kinds, also *LEPROSY, SCROFULA, SALT-RHEUM*, and all DISEASES OF THE SKIN AND BLOOD, is FOWLE'S PILE AND HUMOR CURE.

Internal and external use. Entirely vegetable. Used in the Hospitals of the Old and New World. In case of failure, I authorize all dealers to refund the money and charge it back to me. No failures for over ten years. Prepared by H. D. FOWLE, Chemist, Boston. $1 a bottle. Sold every where. *Send for Circulars free.*

HORRIBLE SUFFERINGS from RUPTURE, and final cure, as experienced by Mr. GEORGE HODGES. Read his statement on page 622 of this paper.

HUNTING and TRAPPING.

THE HUNTER'S GUIDE AND TRAPPER'S COMPANION. A book for Farmers, Hunters, Trappers, and Boys. Tells how to hunt and trap *all kinds* of game, from the Mink to the Bear and Deer; how to cure Skins, make Boats, Traps, &c., &c.

A NEW Book, just out; the only *cheap* and *reliable* work ever printed. Price 25 cts.; 6 for $1. Sent postpaid by HUNTER & CO., Publishers, Hinsdale, N. H.

WANTED—AGENTS to sell "THE LOST CAUSE," the only Democratic History of the War; also, "THE BOYS IN BLUE," a thrilling record of the Rank and File of the Union Army; Headley's "LIFE OF GRANT," Campaign Engravings and Badges of both parties, &c.
E. B. TREAT & CO., 654 Broadway, N. Y.

$50 A WEEK and expenses. A reliable agency. Address S. M. CO., Hinsdale, N. H.

$1 00 SALE.

WANTED, Agents, ladies and gents, every where, for our Great One Dollar Sale, the best in the world. A chance to get your Dry Goods cheap. Send 25 cents for 2 checks, and get our circulars giving full particulars. Circulars sent free. ARLINGTON, DROWNE, & CO., 374 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PRINTER.

CHEAPEST AND BEST.

Price of Presses, $8, $12, $16, $23, $30. Price of Office, $15, $20, $30, $42, $48, $70. Send for circular to LOWE PRESS COMPANY, 23 Water Street, Boston.

$10 A DAY FOR ALL. Stencil Tool samples free. Address A. J. FULLAM, Springfield, Vt.

ONE DOLLAR SALE. Send 10 cts. to RESERVE & Co., 35 Sudbury St., Boston, Mass., and get sample Pen Fountain, descriptive list of articles, and circular. Agents wanted every where, male or female.

$250 *Per Month guaranteed. Sure pay.* Salaries paid weekly. Agents wanted every where to sell our *Patent Everlasting White Wire Clothes Lines.* Call at or address the GIRARD WIRE MILLS, Philadelp'a, Pa.

HARPER & BROTHERS'

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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THE NEW HAMPSHIRE FAIR.

NEW HAMPSHIRE appears to have been the first State to hold her annual agricultural fair this year; and its unprecedented success indicates that these important exhibitions have a very strong hold on the public mind. For nearly a generation these agricultural fairs have been general in all the States; they were so firmly established at the beginning of the late war that their repetition each year of its existence was not interrupted, nor their temporary discontinuance even suggested. It is a pity, however, that exhibitions of this character are confined only to the agricultural and mechanical branches. In Europe almost every branch of manufactures—all the arts and the scientific associations—even the fishers, have regular exhibitions of this kind, calculated to incite to greater exertions and the production of finer qualities. There is no reason why similar exhibitions should not be arranged in this country.

The New Hampshire Fair opened on September 15, and continued, with great success, for four days. At least 20,000 persons were in attendance each day; and the various exhibitions of stock of various kinds were large and numerous, clearly showing an increased interest in the production of the best breeds of the various animals. We present on this page, as proof of the prevalence of this spirit, and as indicative of the progress which New Hampshire has made in stock-raising, *portraits* of several of the prize animals of this year's fair.

"BIZ!"

FIRST HEAD SCENTER.
"How does the Maine Election suit you, Sir?"

CUSTOMER.
"Not at all, not at all, young man. Country's entirely ruined, Sir."

FIRST HEAD SCENTER.
"That's what I thinks, Sir. We all of us in this 'ere shop thinks so, Sir. Every one on us thinks so."

SECOND HEAD SCENTER.
"How does the Maine Election suit you, Sir?"

CUSTOMER.
"Gloriously, young man! Country's entirely safe *now*, Sir."

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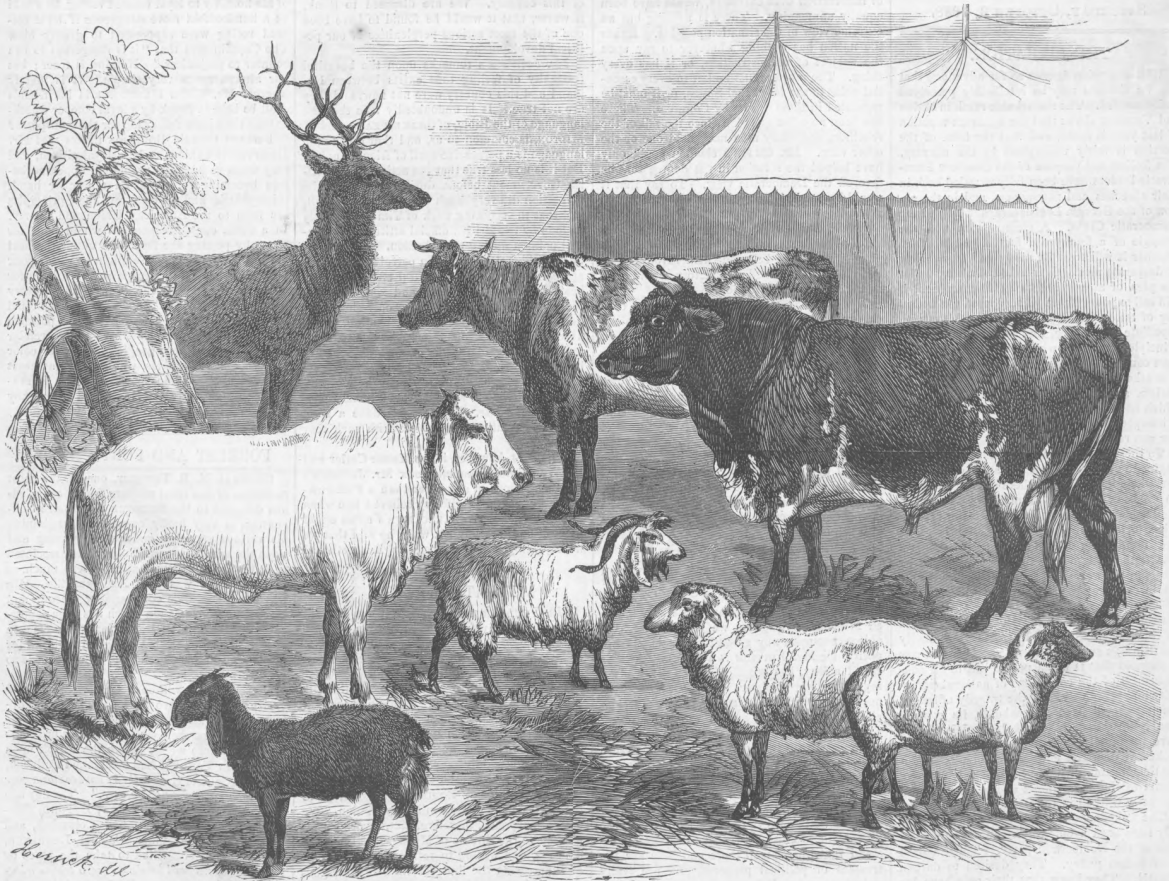

Elk. White Cow from India. Patnah Goat. Angora Goat. Short-Horn Cow. Cotswold Wether. Jersey Bull. South Down.

PRIZE ANIMALS AT THE NEW HAMPSHIRE FAIR, SEPTEMBER 15-19, 1868.

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WE CAN'T SURRENDER NOW!

THE struggle was too fierce and long,
The cost in lives too dear—
Not yet forgotten are the braves
Who had no thought of fear;
They could not see the old flag torn
From Freedom's hallowed brow,
Nor can we lose what they bequeathed—
We can't surrender now!

While Hope is strong within the breast
Of ev'ry freeman true—
While Union's symbol proudly floats
Its red and white and blue—
While God is just, and Might o'er Right
No victory will allow,
We will be true to Liberty—
We can't surrender now!

Then ask us not to vote for those
Who held our brave boys back,
When onward came the Union's foes
With desolating track;
We can not blot the record fair
Of Freedom's holy vow,
We can not dim Truth's sacred light—
We can't surrender now!

THE BOYS ARE MARCHING ON.

OUR cause is the country for which Lincoln died,
As we go marching on.
The man of his choice is our leader and guide,
As we go marching on.
Three cheers for the Flag!
Grant and Colfax! Hurrah!
The boys are marching on!

We walk the same road that our brothers once trod,
As we go marching on,
Who gave their lives nobly to freedom and God,
As we go marching on.
Three cheers for the Flag!
Grant and Colfax! Hurrah!
The boys are marching on!

Our goal is the Union redeemed and restored,
As we go marching on;
Reclaimed from her enemies—saved from the sword,
As we go marching on.
Three cheers for our Flag!
Grant and Colfax! Hurrah!
The boys are marching on!

We've glorious news from the Pine-tree State,
As we go marching on.
Soon her sisters will speak, we have not long to wait,
As we go marching on.
Three cheers for the Flag!
Grant and Colfax! Hurrah!
The boys are marching on!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1868.

THE SITUATION.

THE campaign is now so far advanced that its chances may be intelligibly perceived and discussed. The remarkable result in Maine and Vermont shows that the apparent reaction of last year is spent, and that the issue of the election is fairly understood by the country. The feeling and purpose of the Southern Democratic leaders have been fully revealed both in their speeches and newspapers, and in the action of the Georgia Legislature, and that of the Democratic Clubs. A country torn with the struggle of a four years' fearful war is asked whether it will trust its safety and tranquillity to desperate men. It is asked whether, under the plea of attempting to lighten taxation, it will call to power those who imposed the necessity of taxes. It is asked to forget history, to repudiate experience, and to disregard all the principles and laws which usually govern human conduct. In the height of its civilization it is asked to recur to the brute methods of barbarism, and to overthrow by force the policy which has been established by law, and which, if inexpedient or unjust, the regular process of law can remedy.

To these astounding propositions the country begins to give its answer, and an answer that is overwhelming. Indeed, there should have been no doubt of the result from the day on which the Democratic Convention declared for repudiation, for overthrowing reconstruction by force, and nominating Mr. SEYMOUR and General BLAIR as the especial favorites of the leading rebels in the war. To suppose that the people would deliberately prefer such a policy to one of honor and fidelity and justice; that at this juncture it would prefer HORATIO SEYMOUR to General GRANT, and FRANK BLAIR, madly flourishing a sword, to SCHUYLER COLFAX, was to suppose that it was a people lost to all consciousness of the conditions of national perpetuity and prosperity. If the tragedy of such a result had not been unspeakable, its comedy would have been indescribable. We should have presented the spectacle of a nation attacked by domestic enemies and finally subduing them in the field, and immediately falling a victim to the arts against which we had been distinctly warned in the moment of victory.

The nakedness of the issue would undoubtedly have been avoided by some of the astuter men of the Democratic party. They favored a cuttle-fish policy. They desired to darken counsel. They knew that their only hope lay in confusion, and if they could wrap the battle in a cloud the result would be less certain. But such men are seldom the real directors of a party. They go before and are conspicuous; but they are only figure-heads upon the prow, while the guiding force is the unseen rudder at the stern. "I have seen —— and ——," said a Democratic politician from the interior of the State, "and they want to nominate CHASE. That is just the miserable, compromising, shilly-shally policy which has kept us out in the cold for seven years. There can't be any compromise between right and wrong. I don't want to stand in the middle, I want to stand at our end of the line and give you Republicans a square pull." This man represented the faith of his party. He had some real feeling, some actual conviction. So had FORREST and WADE HAMPTON and all the repudiation Copperheads, and they controlled the Convention.

It is to the men of conviction in the Democratic party that we owe the simplicity of the campaign. WADE HAMPTON, for instance, is in earnest. He wants power not for the sake of plunder, certainly not for the sake of the Constitution or of the Union, but for the ascendency of his political principles and the consequent final success of his purpose, which is absolute State sovereignty or dissolution of the Union. He calls for the old Union. What was the old Union? It was a system of government in which he and his policy were paramount. Slavery, the source of his power, was made the law of the land. Of course he had no wish to go out of the Union if he could maintain his policy within it. But the moment that policy was threatened he tried to destroy the Union. Defeated in that course he thinks he sees a chance of recovering power in the Union, so he shouts lustily for the "old Union," that is to say, the Union in which he and his policy were the rulers. Here is a man with a distinct object inflexibly pursued. And ROBERT TOOMBS is another, and HOWELL COBB another. And they of necessity are the men who control the party with which they act rather than men who have no particular principle or purpose except patronage, place, and the excitement of the game.

Had Mr. CHASE been nominated the issue would not have been really changed, although it would have been obscured, and positive results deferred. Had he been elected, he would have been chosen by a party with whose principles he disagreed; for the Democratic party, as a party, is sincerely opposed to equal suffrage, while Mr. CHASE, as a man, is sincerely in favor of it. The vague talk about conservatism means nothing. To have called his election a triumph of moderation over extremes, would have been equally unmeaning. There is nothing but an extreme view of the situation possible. Either the nation has nothing whatever to say upon the subject of reconstruction, or it has every thing. The matter must be left in every essential point to the late rebel States, or it must be regulated in those points by Congress. There has been no other question since the fall of the rebellion, and every man must hold one or the other view. Mr. CHASE's election could only have helped the solution in the degree that he favored the Democratic view. To say that it would have secured a peaceful overthrow of the new State organizations, is to forget that the party which would have elected him would have hated those organizations as much as it does now—would have believed them revolutionary and void—and, flushed with victory, would have demanded their destruction.

If we speak of the result as a foregone conclusion, it is not because we forget how absolutely essential the most energetic labor is. General GRANT will be elected upon one condition—and that is not that a constitutional majority wishes his election, but that it votes for it. Without the most thorough organization, it will not vote. Without the most continuous and vigorous agitation, it will not feel the necessity of voting. Maine and Vermont were nobly carried because they were nobly aroused and organized. "On this day," said one of the most valuable soldiers who gave his life to baffle WADE HAMPTON and FORREST—"on this day every regiment must do the duty of a brigade."

MR. REVERDY JOHNSON PLAYING WITH EDGED TOOLS.

WHEN Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON was appointed Minister to England we took occasion to object, not upon any ground of personal incapacity, for Mr. JOHNSON is a man of acknowledged ability, but because he was not really a representative Minister. Mr. JOHNSON does not understand the change that has taken place in this country and of which the abolition of slavery is merely a sign. He would not sympathize with it, and consequently he is sure to make mistakes when he is forced to talk about it. There is probably quite as much political liberality of thought among intelligent Englishmen as there is in this country. They know quite as well as we the nature of the relations that ought to exist between us. They understand that liberal men there and here are the trustees of political progress, and are really united to resist all forms of dangerous action. They therefore estimate their own reactionaries just as we do ours. They know that the English influence which encouraged the rebellion in this country is the enemy of England as much as of the United States, and the men who represented that influence are as distasteful to the English liberals as the Copperheads of the war are to us.

Mr. JOHNSON, in view of all these facts, begins his mission by a huge blunder. He goes to a public dinner at Sheffield, which was one of the most unfriendly cities during the war. That, however, was not a blunder, for he had an opportunity of saying some timely things and of courteously informing the cutlers that if they could have had their way six years ago he certainly could not have been their guest now, as the Government he represented would have ceased to exist. This opportunity, of course, Mr. JOHNSON did not improve. But his mistake was positive not negative. At this dinner Lord WHARNCLIFFE was also a guest; and Mr. LAIRD's name was received with cheers; and when Mr. JOHNSON replies to the toast in honor of his country, the representative of a victorious and regenerated nation blandly informs the rebel-sympathizing city of Sheffield that the name of Lord WHARNCLIFFE, the President of the Southern Association, a society of blockade-runners and Anglo-rebel pirates during the war, ought to be dear to Americans. Why did he not add that of LAIRD? JOHN BRIGHT, JOHN STUART MILL, GOLDWIN SMITH, Professor CAIRNES, and their friends are not to be named, but Lord WHARNCLIFFE is to be tenderly remembered. There was no occasion especially to name Mr. BRIGHT, but there was every reason not to mention WHARNCLIFFE. Mr. JOHNSON is mistaken. Lord WHARNCLIFFE's name is odious to Americans.

It was not surprising that after such a speech from the American minister, Mr. ROEBUCK, one of the bitterest foes of America and one of the most foolish of Englishmen, should have vented his spleen against us. Mr. ROEBUCK is one of those persons who will never forgive us for not having succumbed to the rebellion; and he enjoyed peculiar satisfaction in insulting us in the presence of our minister. Now ROEBUCK is merely a Parliamentary Toots. He and his remarks are of no possible importance to us or to England. He should, therefore, have been left unanswered, or he should have been answered effectively and truly. Mr. JOHNSON, however, took care to answer defensively upon the next day, and to state what is hardly true. He said that emigration does not affect injuriously the general character of the people of this country. We are disposed to think, however, that it would be found to have been one of the most serious perplexities of our political development.

Mr. JOHNSON's remarks upon the beautiful fraternity of feeling that exists between England and this country were not new, and they are not true. It is undoubtedly true that the language of the Bible, of SHAKESPEARE, and of MILTON, is common to us, and that a common language is a persuasive spell of friendly union. But it is no less true that the action of the British Government before, during, and after the revolution did very much to paralyze that spell, and that the soothing work of Time was rudely undone by the British official attitude and general opinion during the rebellion. Every sensible and liberal Englishman perceives the crime against mankind of any willful effort to excite hostility between America and England; but the warmth of the deprecation only shows the depth of the consciousness of irritation. It is a feeling which every generous American shares; and one of the chief duties of honorable men in both countries is to promote the best mutual understanding. But we must not pretend that the two nations are sincere friends; and we do not feel that Mr. JOHNSON has done a good service in treating the subject with such rosy rhetoric.

We doubt, however, if the Master Cutler and the Worshipful Company took Mr. JOHNSON's amiable periods in any other than a Pickwickian sense. And yet, if they believed him when he said that Lord WHARNCLIFFE's name ought to be dear to us, why not when he said that we were gushing with love for our English brethren?

FIGHTING AGAIN.

Mr. FREDERICK ROBINSON, Brevet Captain United States Army, writes to us from Barrancas Barracks, Pensacola Harbor, Florida: "It will not do to underrate the vigor of those who gave us so much trouble for the space of four years, and who will fight again if the thing is badly forced upon them." Captain ROBINSON proposes to avoid such a fight by surrender. He says that for us he "will simply write the word *beware*," and declares for himself, "I shall most certainly support the SEYMOUR and BLAIR ticket." We observe that upon a previous date Captain ROBINSON had written to the *Nation* advocating a mild repudiation. We are not surprised, therefore, that, favoring submission to the threats of Messrs. HAMPTON and TOOMBS, and willing to refuse to pay the cost of suppressing the first rebellion of those gentlemen, he warmly supports SEYMOUR and BLAIR.

His argument is that Florida is now subjected to negro rule. He does not say, indeed, that such is actually the case; that the State officers are of the colored race, for they are not. But he urges that every office is held at the sufferance of the colored voters. The answer to the remarks of Captain ROBINSON is found in the reply of the colored voters of South Carolina to the same kind of remarks offered by the supporters of SEYMOUR and BLAIR in that State. The difficulty is in itself wholly imaginary, and becomes real only by the conduct of persons like Captain ROBINSON, who take leave of common-sense in dealing with the colored vote, as Englishmen apparently lose their wits when they treat of Ireland. All that is necessary is ordinary humanity and common-sense. The prejudice of which Captain ROBINSON speaks we do not deny. But we have paid quite dearly enough for that already, and if the question becomes practical whether the country shall continue to yield to the prejudice of the most dangerous class in it or fight again, we commend to Captain ROBINSON his own word, "beware."

The number of the colored population of the Southern States is perhaps four millions; that of the whites is probably eleven millions. The disfranchised whites do not seriously disturb the proportion of voters. In four of the ten rebel States the registry shows more colored than white voters; but the white registry by no means represents the qualified voters, but those only who chose to register. Probably Captain ROBINSON will admit that General LONGSTREET knows "the South" quite as well as a Northern officer; he knows the politicians as well as the people; and General LONGSTREET says of "negro supremacy" what the figures show and human nature suggests: "It is silly to think of it. They can never be stronger than they are to-day, and the whites of the South know it; but they are misled by the politicians."

But suppose that the case were otherwise; that, instead of being a small minority of the population, the colored voters were a majority. Captain ROBINSON probably calls himself a Democrat. Which, then, would he think to be the wise policy of reconstruction in the State of Florida—to reorganize the government by politically subjecting the loyal majority to the disloyal minority of the population, or to confer political power upon all, with temporary exceptions of peculiarly dangerous persons? The Captain must remember that the first practical question for governments is safety; and if a man like WADE HAMPTON is dangerous because of his hostility to loyal colored voting, he would be a hundredfold more dangerous if loyal colored voting were suppressed to gratify him. The Captain says that "it is dangerous to run counter to prejudices." Nothing is truer; but our alternative is very simple. It is merely whether Mr. WADE HAMPTON and his friends shall be held in check by a loyal vote, or whether they shall have full swing for their purposes?

Perhaps Captain ROBINSON thinks that Mr. HAMPTON is anxious to be a loyal citizen, and only waits to have his prejudices appeased before becoming so. We, on the other hand, think that he and his class and their principles are fatal to the American Union and liberty. In a word, our correspondent would hope for peace by putting the freedmen under the heel of their late masters. He might as wisely pour alcohol on his fire to quench it. We hope for peace in the present condition of the country only by the strictest regard to the national honor, and by the maintenance of political equality. If the alternative be the surrender of the loyal Southern people of whatever color to their deadly enemies, who are also at heart enemies of the Union, or war, Captain ROBINSON must instinctively know which course any wise and honorable nation would choose.

FORREST AND FORT PILLOW.

GENERAL N. B. FORREST, one of the most notorious of the rebel soldiers, and a conspicuous delegate to the SEYMOUR and BLAIR Convention, is very busily engaged in explaining his various speeches and actions during and since the war. General FORREST is associated with the Fort Pillow massacre very much as Captain WIRZ was with Andersonville. He was the responsible commanding officer; and in a recent conversation which has been reported he speaks of the false stories of the capture of Fort Pillow as having furnished material for illustration in this paper. He then proceeds to give his version.

Fort Pillow, it will be remembered, was half garrisoned with negro troops. The rebel government had already resolved not to treat colored soldiers or their white officers as prisoners of war. Three weeks before the attack upon Fort Pillow FORREST had summoned Paducah, saying to Colonel HICKS, "*If I have to storm your works you may expect no quarter.*" The day after the massacre at Fort Pillow, BUFORD, FORREST's lieutenant, summoned Columbus, and said to the commander, Colonel LAURENCE, "Should I be compelled to take the place by force *no quarter will be shown negro troops whatever.*" This was the spirit of the rebel government, of FORREST, and of his men. He assaulted Fort Pillow, and, having driven the garrison into the fort, he demanded a surrender

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within twenty minutes. During this time his men, under the flag of truce, crept into better positions. At the end of twenty minutes FORREST's force instantly overran the fort. The garrison flung down their arms and fled down the bank to the river, the rebels following and butchering.

The facts are sustained by the amplest and most incontrovertible evidence; both white and black witnesses declaring that the rebels declared constantly that they shot the blacks because they were "niggers," and the whites because they were fighting with niggers." And FORREST, in this very attempt to excuse himself, confesses that his men refused to leave Tennessee until Fort Pillow was destroyed; that the feeling of his troops was such that he could not be responsible for the fate of the garrison; that many of his men had been "wronged," and shot down the wrong-doers without delay; and "the result was only natural in war."

That there was a massacre FORREST does not attempt to deny. That the rebel authorities meant to kill all negroes taken in arms is indisputable. That FORREST's men especially hated the garrison of Fort Pillow he confesses. That he had summoned Paducah to expect no quarter, and his lieutenant Columbus in the same terms, is of record. And, while he now denies that he knew of any refusal of quarter, there are many witnesses who distinctly testify to his presence and command during the slaughter. FORREST must be aware that his mere statement at this time can not change the public verdict upon the massacre of Fort Pillow.

GEN. BUTLER IN MASSACHUSETTS.

THE action of the late Massachusetts Republican Convention was marked by the good sense of the National Convention at Chicago. It declared in the most concise and distinct terms for the payment of the debt in gold, and nominated for Governor Mr. CLAFLIN, the present Lieutenant-Governor, and Chairman of the Republican National Committee—a man universally trusted and respected. The proceedings of the Convention were interesting also, as showing the total want of influence in the counsels of the party of General BUTLER. This is a very significant fact; for while the General's services during the war are gratefully acknowledged, his entire unfitness as a party leader and representative are not less obvious. And if, as we believe, the Republican party is again to be intrusted with the Government, it is absolutely essential that it should be free from the responsibility of opinions with which General BUTLER is peculiarly identified.

The General is, however, an adroit and not a sensitive man, as the story of the Convention shows. From the reports in the papers, excepting the Springfield *Republican*, a reader might suppose that he controlled the Convention and was the leading Republican in Massachusetts. The truth is that he was utterly defeated at every point, and that there is no conspicuous man of less weight in the party. The General went to Worcester hoping to secure the nomination of his friend, Dr. LORING, for Governor. The Doctor lives in Essex County, into which the General moved two years since to insure an election to Congress, and it was understood that the Doctor would have liked the Congressional nomination at that time but withdrew for his friend. The Doctor was a Democrat of the extreme school until the year 1862 or 1863, and bitterly opposed the war in the beginning, so that the Republicans, while acknowledging his ability and his faithful service since he joined them, could not feel that, just at this time and with the issues of the national campaign, he was a suitable candidate for Governor of Massachusetts. But the General thought he was, and went to the Convention to prove it to the delegates.

When he arrived, however, it was really a foregone conclusion. But on the evening before the Convention met he spoke in a caucus of the delegates, and claimed that the Doctor should be considered a remarkably sound Republican, on the ground that he did not inherit his principles, but adopted them deliberately and conscientiously. This was a stroke worthy of the General. That a clever and aspiring man should join a party which had sixty or eighty thousand sure majority might not be surprising; but that his action was evidence of the purest principle, was a suggestion that had the charm of novelty. It adorned the eleventh-hour saints with a brighter halo than ever, and the General must have greatly enjoyed his own speech. When he had spoken, Mr. R. H. DANA, Jun., was called upon by the caucus, and after remarking upon the general national issues, he passed to the politics of the State. Mr. DANA said that he supposed the candidate was already evident, and he described Mr. CLAFLIN in a few striking phrases, without mentioning his name, as a man who was an anti-slavery man when it cost something to be so, as a Free Soiler when it was a small and despised party. Then he turned to General BUTLER, and said that he did not suppose the distinguished gentleman, in expressing a preference for a candidate who had recently joined the party, meant to express any disapprobation of those who had been right from the beginning. To this most trenchant thrust the General could only answer, "Not if they will *stick*." And Mr. DANA had only to ask the delegates whether the friend of truth in the dark day was likely to desert her in the hour of health and power, to touch the heart and mind of his audience, and show the General that his cause was lost.

He was much too shrewd not to see it. So the next day, when the Convention was about to ballot for a candidate, the General rose. He was called to the platform. "Why," said he in substance, "why go through a useless form? One man is in all hearts and upon all lips. Let us nominate Mr. CLAFLIN by acclamation." It was exquisitely adroit, and as great bodies of men are generous when they have their own way, and always admire pluck and good-humor, the Convention felt very kindly toward the General. But it did not yield an inch. He wanted Doctor LORING. The Convention nominated Mr. CLAFLIN by acclamation. He had made an urgent appeal that nothing should be said about paying the bonds. The Convention demanded gold and silver. But having compelled the General to withdraw his candidate upon the ground that he could not carry him, and having passed the coin resolution against his entreaty, it was satisfied to leave Mr. ATKINSON's admirable and conclusive speech upon the finances to be printed, and so adjourned.

General BUTLER went to Worcester for two objects, to procure the nomination of Dr. LORING and silence upon the payment of the bonds. He was so powerless that he lost both without even a struggle. But the good-humored Convention cheered him when he said what they liked, and the good-humored papers, omitting the details of his utter defeat, left him amidst the cheers as a victor. But history and the character of the party require that the truth should be known. The Massachusetts Republicans utterly repudiate the financial principles and the State policy of General BUTLER.

THE OLD MAMMY.

IN his amusing reply to General ROSECRANS, General LEE informs us that it is a sad slander to say that the late rebels are hostile to the colored citizens. Have we not always lived together? says the General. Are not our interests of necessity the same? Events are horribly sarcastic, General. Scarcely had he written his touching sentences when the Georgia colored members are expelled from the Legislature and from the jury-box, and could SEYMOUR and BLAIR only be elected, the entire Black Code would be re-enacted. The old Mammy argument, General LEE ought to know, is exhausted. We used to hear of that personage, and of the lovely relations existing between masters and servants in the good old days of the Union-as-it-was with paddles and blood-hounds, with Mr. GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS catching fugitive slaves in Boston, and Mr. CHARLES O'CONOR asking to have the slave-laws of Virginia made paramount in New York.

In 1792, when WILBERFORCE called the attention of the British Parliament to the atrocities of the slave-trade, and especially of the middle passage, the General LEES of the time, who were the slave-owners and traders, urged the old Mammy argument. The middle passage, they declared, was truly delightful. The hold of the ship, if somewhat warm, was exactly adapted to the tropical constitution of the beloved Africans; and such was the elation of their spirits in the stimulating sea air that every night they made merry upon deck and danced their national dances. Nothing was more beautiful and touching, and nothing so devoid of hostility, said the General LEES of the day, than the relation between the races upon the middle passage. Upon investigation it was discovered that the accommodations of the hold were a space of five feet and a half by one foot and four inches for each man—the height between decks was four to five feet and eight inches; the victims were chained by their hands and feet to ring-bolts and packed upon shelves; they were kept below for sixteen hours a day, and were then compelled under the lash to jump about the deck in their chains. These were the tropical accommodations and the national dances. General LEE may see here a beautiful illustration of the force of words. And the reader has only to read the General's late letter, and then to peruse the Georgia legislation to enjoy the same gratification.

"The idea," writes the mellifluous General—"the grand old soldier," as the *World* fondly calls him—"the idea that the Southern people are hostile to the negroes, and would oppress them if it were in their power to do so, is entirely unfounded. They have grown up in our midst, and we have been accustomed from childhood to look upon them with kindness." Nothing but tropical luxury, merriment, and national dances, you see. To be sure, if General LEE and General HAMPTON and General BLAIR can have their way, the colored citizens must not vote; nor have arms; nor sit upon juries; nor have control of their children; nor work at any trade without written permission; nor learn to read or write; nor own land; nor trade without leave: they must be disfranchised, disarmed, disgraced, and degraded, but it is idle to talk of hostility: they have grown up in our midst; and haven't we all had old black mammies?

Formerly the Black policy of General LEE and his friends was the most infamous system of slavery ever known. Their present policy is the absolute degradation of a third of the population of the Southern States into a condition as near that slavery as possible. Is this the policy of justice, of humanity, of common honor, of prosperity and peace? Is this the policy which the nation that emancipated those slaves proposes to support? Maine and Vermont say, "No; we are for GRANT, COLFAX, and Peace." What say Pennsylvania and Indiana and Ohio? Are they for SEYMOUR, BLAIR, and anarchy?—for the tropical pleasures, the merriment, and national dances of the Black codes?

THE SAME OLD STORY.

THE Democratic Committee of Pennsylvania have issued a congratulatory address upon the Republican victory in Maine. It begins with these words: "The sturdy Democracy of Maine have covered themselves with glory."

After BEAUREGARD's disastrous defeat by GRANT at Shiloh, and the reckless retreat which he begged BRECKINRIDGE, who commanded the rear-guard, not to suffer to "be converted into a rout," the foolish Booty and Beauty BEAUREGARD telegraphed to Richmond that he "had gained a great and glorious victory."

The kind of victory that the rebels won at Shiloh compelled LEE's surrender to GRANT. The kind of triumph in Maine, over which the Democrats rejoice, will bring SEYMOUR to the same little ceremony.

THAT LEG.

WE are glad to inform the kind subscribers for a new leg for CHARLES BERKELEY, whose case we stated some time ago, that it is made and has been worn most satisfactorily for some time. Messrs. MONROE & GARDINER, of 413 Canal Street, New York, have furnished one of their raw-hide legs, "as good as could be made for a Major-General." Their leg has received the most unqualified approval from the most distinguished surgeons. Dr. CARNOCHAN says that, from its greater lightness and more durable material, the MONROE leg is likely "to supersede other inventions of a similar character." Dr. MARCH and Dr. ARMSBY of Albany consider that it is "the most perfect and best calculated to fulfill the purposes of any artificial limb" of all that they know. Dr. QUACKENBUSH, State Surgeon-General in 1864, agrees with them. We have seen also many certificates from soldiers and others most warmly attesting the comfort and general excellence of the MONROE leg. The makers furnish them to soldiers for seventy-five dollars; and we can assure any one who may apply to them that he can hardly fail to be satisfied with their work, and that he will be treated with the utmost courtesy and consideration.

A VOICE FROM ANDERSONVILLE.

A GENTLEMAN who lately passed through Andersonville, Georgia, upon a train with a company of United States soldiers, writes us: "The train stopped for a few minutes, and I went forward through the cars the men were in; and oh! how I wished that POMEROY and SEYMOUR could have heard the expressions of these soldiers of five years! There before us, on that sun-burnt hill, was the prison pen, and each plank of its black stockade seemed to grin at us and say, 'My time may yet come again!' I should like to see a picture of that stockade, and on the left the United States Cemetery, with the Stars and Stripes flying over the poor boys' graves. I believe it would clench the nail in the political coffin of SEYMOUR and BLAIR."

CARPET-BAGGERS.

ONE of the most ringing speeches of the campaign was that of General SICKLES to the Boys in Blue on the anniversary of the battle of Antietam. He gave the following admirable historical survey of carpet-baggers:

"My friends, there are several kinds of carpet-baggers we have seen in this country within the past few years. The rebels sent a few of their sort of carpet-baggers here to New York during the war. [Laughter.] They came mysteriously, with their black bags, containing a very small amount of clean linen, and a very large quantity of combustible material, and with this latter they undertook to fire our hotels and burn our city. Well, there are some very distinguished rebel carpet-baggers sojourning abroad. JOHN SLIDELL is one, in Paris, BENJAMIN is another, and he carries, I believe, a green carpet-bag now. [Laughter.] BRICK POMEROY is a carpet-bagger. [Applause and laughter.] The Chairman of the National Democratic Committee, Mr. BELMONT, is a carpet-bagger from the Rhine. [Laughter and applause.] Corporation Counsel O'GORMAN is a very fair specimen of the carpet-baggers from old Ireland, who have taken possession of the City Government [Laughter], and if O'GORMAN's carpet-bag is not full yet, it must be a very big one, or else he has failed to profit by his opportunities, which no one suspects. (Renewed laughter and applause.) And then there is GEORGE SANDERS, the carpet-bagger of the rebellion, who wanders over Europe with or without a carpet-bag, according to circumstances. [Great laughter.] But our Northern carpet-baggers belong to a somewhat different race. The whole West was peopled by a race of carpet-baggers. WILLIAM PENN was a carpet-bagger of the right sort. DANIEL BOONE, of Kentucky, LEWIS CASS, of Michigan, STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS [Applause], of Illinois; they were all carpet-baggers. And you find that our country, North, East, and West, has been peopled by an emigration of carpet-baggers. [Applause.] The *May Flower* brought a colony of carpet-baggers [Applause] and landed them on the shores of New England. WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR took some Norman carpet-baggers over to England, and captured it [Applause], and founded a nation that has sent its carpet-baggers forth all over the world, most of which they own, or propose to own. [Laughter.] Our carpet-baggers carry intelligence and civilization and enterprise wherever they go, and they are not to be barred out or excluded from the South at rebel dictation."

"UNTO THIS LAST."

FOR "such as these have lived and died;"
Oh, saddest comment on the pride
That would itself have glorified.

"Have lived and died" since Adam's day;
Will live and die while human clay
Shall Nature's changeless laws obey.

LOVE, with its passionate embrace,
Ne'er held the treasure in its place;
It went the way of all the race.

FEAR never kept the victim back,
For at the moment of attack
The Shadow ever swept the track.

PRAYER never yet its power could bring
To stay the Angel when his wing
Unfolded for the harvesting.

FAITH, though it came in purest guise,
Could only watch its pleadings rise
With the smoke of the sacrifice.

TEARS, though they like a river run,
Have never yet the Victory won;
The end to all comes as to one.

No plea avails—"these lived and died;"
No plea avails—across the tide
We reach at last "the other side."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE Louisiana Senate has decided that there shall be no personal distinctions in railroad cars, steamboats, and places of public resort on account of color.

A terrible conflagration is raging in the forests of Oregon and California. The fire is estimated to have already spread over an area of two hundred square miles on both sides of the Columbia River, Oregon. It is feared that the towns of St. Helens and Astoria will be destroyed. A tract of five miles of woods near San Rafael, Marin County, California, is on fire, the smoke from which completely enveloped the harbor and city of San Francisco.

Dr. Goold, of Dublin, arrived in New York on September 17 from the Arctic regions, and gives some interesting particulars of Hall's Arctic research expedition. Captain Hall has ascertained definitely the circumstances of the death of the last two survivors of Sir John Franklin's party. Captain Crozier and a steward of one of the vessels died in 1864, near Southampton Island. Captain Crozier's watch and other relics are in Mr. Hall's possession, and he was to start in February or March last with an armed party of natives and Europeans to secure some records left by Franklin's men in King William's land.

A meeting of the tax-payers of Mount Vernon, New York, was held in that village on September 19, to consider sundry appropriations for improvements in the roads, cross-walks, etc. Before any vote was taken a petition was offered from one hundred ladies of the village, demanding the right to vote on the question, as they were tax-payers. The village charter was quoted to show that they were not qualified, and the male tax-payers alone voted on the questions. During the proceedings one lady asked permission to say a few words in behalf of another lady, a heavy tax-payer, who had just entered the room, but she was declared out of order. A Mr. Wingate then arose and said that several ladies had deputed him to represent them; but he was hooted down with cries of "Put him out." Two gentlemen then took the ladies' part, but they were put down, and the ladies gave it up for the present.

The Alabama Legislature has asked the President for Federal troops to preserve the peace.

A riot occurred in Camilla, Georgia, on September 19, between blacks and whites of opposite parties. A Republican meeting was fired into by some one, and the fight became general; but the colored people were driven and badly defeated, from fifty to seventy-five of them being killed and wounded. Colonel Pierce, the Republican candidate for Congress, and Captain Murphy, an ex-Bureau agent, were seriously injured.

The Surratt trial began in Washington on September 21. A *nolle prosequi* on the first charge, the murder of President Lincoln, was entered. The case was then called on the charge of conspiracy, but was postponed at the request of counsel for the defense, in order to enter a special plea setting forth the amnesty proclamation as a bar to trial.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE fear of a great war in Europe appears to be spreading all over Europe; and well-informed men predict that the present year will witness its terrible inauguration. It is evident that peace is sincerely desired by the governments and peoples of Europe, with the sole exception of the Emperor of the French, whose purpose is unknown, and perhaps undetermined. A growing indignation is manifesting itself at his ambiguity or indecision.

Bavaria has ratified the American-German naturalization treaty.

Queen Isabella of Spain lately sought, and, in spite of her very immoral reputation, obtained an interview with Louis Napoleon. It was said that it was for the purpose of asking him to sustain her against her rebelliously inclined people. Napoleon is said to have refused. Evidently the decision was a wise one, as, since the interview, we have the announcement of the revolt of the Spanish fleet, the return of many exiled general officers, the uprising of the people in several towns, and the panic of the Court at Madrid. The abdication of the Queen is rumored, and the resignation of the principal officers of her Cabinet is officially announced. A general movement against the Queen, headed by General Prim, has, undoubtedly, been begun.

On August 13, the day of the earthquakes on the Pacific coast of South America, a terrible storm was experienced at Buenos Ayres on the Atlantic slope. It was attended with the greatest loss of life that has occurred there for some time. Numerous vessels were sunk in the harbor, and several houses were blown down.

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TRIAL AND CONVICTION OF THE ASSASSIN WHELAN.

EVER since the assassination of President LINCOLN the use of the pistol for political purposes has been more frequent both in this and in other countries. From BOOTH Southern politicians of the Democratic persuasion learned a lesson, which they have not been slow to improve. BOOTH may have and probably did act from a selfish motive—seeking notoriety from the brutal act of murder which he could not gain by other means: aiming at the highest possible victim, he gained the broadest reach of infamy. But the lesson which he illustrated, the fact which he made patent to all reckless politicians and scoundrels the world over, was that assassination might be made the means of political terrorism. A President might be elected by a majority the most overwhelming; but still the well-aimed pistol or the secret dagger would baffle the purposes of that majority. A king or queen might be supported by the popular will against all the machinery of an opposition acting by fair means; but the act of murder—concealed or unconcealed, according to the recklessness of the assassin—would defeat the popular will. This was BOOTH's lesson to the impatient, to the turbulent, to the reckless citizens of his own land and of all others.

His teaching has impressed itself, as we have already intimated, upon those in the South who would still defend the "lost cause." "All is not lost," they repeat after MILTON's Satan: we may still gain by moral terrorism, by threatened starvation, or by actual murder, what we lost in a fair and open conflict with the forces of a great nation. The number of murders now committed in a single Southern State during the period of a single year, for political reasons, is astounding. And when we consider that, in addition to actual murder, the menace of starvation reaches a much larger number of men, women, and children, dependent for their very chance of labor upon those who make these menaces, can we come to any other conclusion than that BOOTH's infamous deed has had its full effect in the South? The threat recently made by a Democratic journal in Mobile that, if all else fails, there is still resort to the dagger of a BRUTUS, confirms us in this conclusion. Is this confirmation weakened when a New York Democratic paper is audacious enough to present to its readers a representation of BOOTH, the assassin, as a saint in Paradise, and of our true LINCOLN as a victim writhing in the torments of hell?

The Servian assassination is another illustration of the effect of BOOTH's infamous murder. The Fenian Order has also caught the intimations thus spread over the world. It has made attacks productive of useless loss of life. It has blown up prisons filled with inmates innocent of the enormous crime of murder; and it has done this from simple malice against the Government of Great Britain, which had imprisoned these victims. This order has been intoxicated with the sentiment of murder. It has through one of its members, or one of its sympathizers and pupils (what matter which?), attempted the murder of an English Prince. In Canada, on the morning of the 7th of April last, one WHELAN, who, if not belonging to this order, evidently sympathized with its purposes, assassinated D'ARCY M'GEE, a member of the Canadian Administration and a prominent advocate of the Confederation.

In all cases which we have mentioned the assassins have utterly failed of accomplishing the objects they had in view. BOOTH killed LINCOLN, but he failed to paralyze the Government, as he had designed. The murderers of negroes and white Unionists in the New Orleans riots of 1866 only strengthened the hands of the Government. And every murder of Union men in the South since the close of the war has had precisely the same effect. The Servian assassins only accomplished exactly what they strove to prevent—the succession in regular order of the royal line in that province. And, reflecting upon this circumstance, the Emperor NAPOLEON very properly said that assassination for political purposes could never accomplish the purposes of the assassins. If, said he, I should be cut off by the dagger of a BRUTUS, it would insure the perpetuation of my line through the Prince Imperial, and even if the latter were assassinated the French people would seek the nearest of kin as successor to the throne.

The Fenian organization has not been less foolish in its violence; nor have its attempts to accomplish political ends by assassination been less futile. Its turbulence has only arrayed against it the decency of the whole civilized world.

The midnight murder of THOMAS D'ARCY M'GEE was a dastardly act, which aroused the indignation of all sober men. The citizens of the United States looked upon it as a repetition in some sort of the infamous murder of LINCOLN. It is fitting, therefore, that we should give prominence to the trial of the assassin, and hold him up to the detestation of all. The case can not be considered as purely foreign to us; the considerations which we have already introduced make it one which nearly concerns ourselves.

THOMAS D'ARCY M'GEE was a representative of Montreal in the Canadian Parliament. On the evening of April 6 he had spoken until a late hour of the night. His address is said to have been one of the most eloquent speeches ever heard in the Chamber. At about half past two o'clock he retired to his lodgings in the house of a person named TROTTER. As he was opening the door an assassin came behind him, and shot him through the back of the neck, the ball passing out through his mouth, and carrying away some of his teeth. Within a few seconds Mr. M'GEE died. These are the simple facts of the murder. But a person had appeared at Mr. M'GEE's house some weeks before, and had been admitted by Mr. M'GEE's brother. This person alleged that his errand was of a friendly nature, namely, to give intelligence that the house would be fired at 4 A.M. that morning. He was therefore admitted into the library. There was a strong political feeling existing in the city of Montreal, and the animosity between the two contending parties had reached a high pitch of excitement, one of which was led by Mr. M'GEE, and the other by Mr. DEVLIN. Mr. M'GEE therefore gave his visitor a note to take to the police, informing them of the projected incendiarism. This was at about 2 A.M. The note did not reach the police until 4.45 A.M. This circumstance, together with the fact that WHELAN had been heard to use violent language against Mr. M'GEE, led to the suspicion that he was the murderer.

PATRICK J. WHELAN, the man against whom suspicion was thus directed, was born near Dublin, Ireland, about the year 1840. He is therefore now not yet thirty years of age. He served the full term of his apprenticeship to a tailor, commencing at his fourteenth year; but, after having learned his trade, he seems to have led a wandering life, traveling to and fro among several of the principal towns of England, working at his trade so far as it was necessary to meet his wants. After four or five years of this roving life, about the year 1865 he arrived in Canada. For some time he resided in Quebec, working industriously at his trade. He seems to have favored the Fenian organization from the first. His enthusiasm led him at one time to the commission of some rash act, for which he was arrested, but left to go unpunished. It is supposed that he had some connection with the Fenian raid of 1866, as he was in Buffalo, New York, about that time. We next find him at Hamilton, in Canada. He thence returned to Buffalo, and soon afterward went to Montreal, where he resided about a year, during which time he married a lady possessed of a snug little property, and of undoubted respectability. For the lady it proved a most unfortunate marriage. He associated with the Fenians in Montreal, and was a prominent member of the St. Patrick's Society, of whose proceedings Mr. M'GEE made a most uncompromising exposure. In the fall of 1867 WHELAN came to Ottawa, and while there his conduct was extremely suspicious.

WHELAN is described as being by no means a bad-looking man, but is said to be a person of violent temper and strong impulses. He was known in Montreal and Quebec at times by the name of "Sullivan." Shortly before the murder he was in the habit of attending Fenian meetings in Montreal; and it was given in evidence that he was selected by his fellow-conspirators for some important deed. He appears to have followed M'GEE for some time, as the latter oscillated between Montreal and Ottawa. WHELAN had opposed M'GEE's return to Parliament, and was in the habit of speaking of him as a traitor who deserved to be shot. Many times he distinctly threatened that he himself would shoot M'GEE. The evidence shows that an attempt had been made upon M'GEE's life in Montreal, but had failed of success. WHELAN had purchased a pistol, and had practiced with it; this weapon had been found loaded in his drawer at Ottawa. He had been seen going to the House of Commons with this pistol in his pocket. He was a frequent visitor at the House. On the very night of the murder he had been seen there with four or five companions at half past nine o'clock, and his restless manner attracted notice. When Mr. M'GEE, after a lengthy and most eloquent address on the union of the Provinces, left the Chamber, WHELAN was seen to get up and leave the gallery. But M'GEE had only gone to the library, and WHELAN was seen waiting near the porch as the House adjourned, evidently watching for some one.

PATRICK J. WHELAN, CONDEMNED FOR THE MURDER OF T. D'ARCY M'GEE.

There was a large amount of circumstantial evidence brought forward on the trial. It was proved that M'GEE had tried to escape the assassin on that fatal night. His footsteps were heard as of one running, also his hurried knocking when he reached his door just the moment before he received the fatal shot. The act was witnessed by a French Canadian named LACROIX, who saw the murderer come in behind M'GEE; he heard the shot, and saw the assassin turn away and come in collision with a post, and exclaim "Jesus!"—a phrase which (as was proved by other witnesses) WHELAN frequently used. This LACROIX identified the prisoner as the man whom he had seen fire the pistol.

The testimony of ANDREW CULLEN, a detective officer of Montreal, is more direct. On the evening of April 16 he heard WHELAN in his cell in the Ottawa jail engaged in conversation with his confederate, DOYLE, who occupied a cell on the same corridor. He heard DOYLE say, "JAMES, I'm sorry you ever done it;" to which WHELAN replied that he didn't care; that he was ready to swing. WHELAN on this occasion distinctly confessed to having committed the murder. This testimony was confirmed by that of ROBERT HESS, who accompanied Detective CULLEN on the morning of the conversation alluded to, also by the evidence of Mr. LITLE, a respectable farmer of Nepean.

The Judge's charge was simply a commentary upon some parts of the evidence. The jury on the morning of September 15 brought in a verdict of "Guilty." The Judge having asked the prisoner at the bar whether he had any reason to urge why the Court should not pronounce judgment against him, WHELAN advanced to the front of the dock and addressed the court and the jury. He protested his innocence of the murder; denied that he had ever been a Fenian. He had, he said, once taken the name of "Sullivan" when arrested and brought before a judge; but that had been to prevent his own name from being paraded in the papers. He denied having taken an active part in the last Parliamentary election. He had heard of a plot to burn Mr. M'GEE's house, and had given warning. He professed the sincerest loyalty for the Queen. He declared that he had never had any spite against M'GEE. He admitted that the evidence was against him; and said that if he had been in the place of the jury, getting the same evidence, he should probably have brought in the same verdict; but he claimed that the evidence had been manufactured. He finally began to enter upon a political address concerning the oppression of Irishmen, when he was interrupted by the Chief Justice, who, after telling him that he had had an impartial trial, sentenced him to be hung on the 10th of December next between the hours of 9 A.M. and 4 P.M.

It is not for us to judge as to the justice of WHELAN's trial. To all appearance it was, as Chief-Justice RICHARDS said, fair and impartial. We can not believe that in any civilized country a man could be arrested for so great a crime without having fairly laid himself open to just suspicion. Nor can we suppose that evidence so strong and so mutually confirmatory, one part of another, could have been manufactured. And really there was no motive for such gross injustice on the part of the prosecution. It is nothing new for a prisoner at the bar to protest his innocence. But WHELAN denied too much to gain credence from any one who carefully examines the evidence. His address, just before his sentence, probably only confirmed the conviction of the jury as to his guilt.

As our own civil strife tended to soften the indignation with which we had almost invariably witnessed the attempts of other governments to suppress rebellion, so have the acts of BOOTH and of his fellow-conspirators led us to sympathize with those governments as against political assassins.

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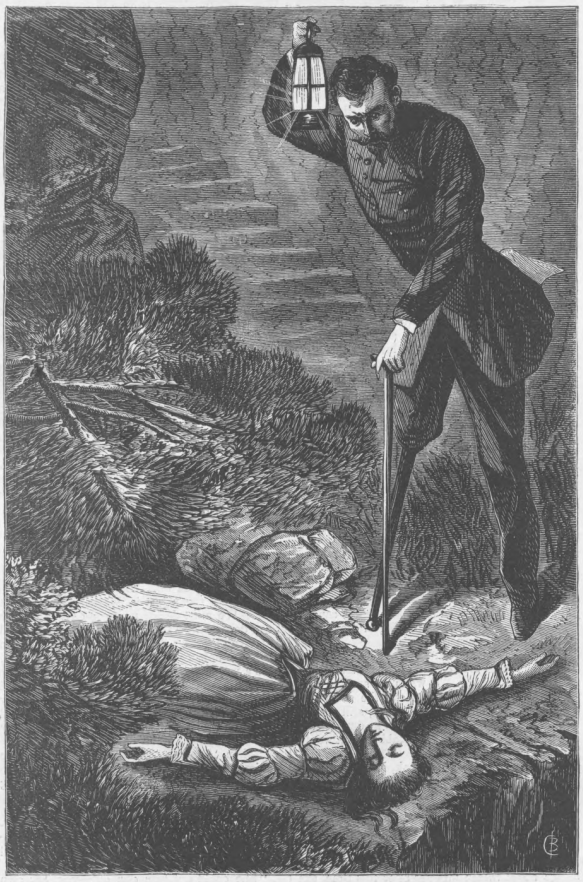
THE DEAD SOLDIER AND HIS DOG.

IT has long been a favorite theory with a certain class of philosophers that animals possess and evince faculties precisely the same as those of man, differing only in the degree of intelligence. There are undoubtedly many incidents which prove the existence of the senses of memory, affection, hatred, and revenge; and one of the most frequently quoted instances is that of the Dead Soldier's Dog, which we illustrate on this page. It has been given in various styles for ages back, but still the old familiar story is a welcome one.

A French soldier, who was in the last campaign of NAPOLEON, carried with him a favorite dog, of which he was very fond, and which became much attached to his master. The soldier was wounded at Waterloo, but managed to escape from the field and join in the disastrous retreat to Paris. But he was not able to proceed far; becoming weakened by the loss of blood from his wound and his overexertions to escape the enemy, he fell exhausted by the road-side, and, attended only by his faithful dog, at last died of hunger and exposure. His friend remained faithful even after death, watching by his dead body, and protecting it from the carrion which hovered about, until, finally weakened and exhausted too, he lay down and died by his master's side.



"AND THERE HOLDING THE LANTERN ABOVE HIS EYES, HE SAW ALL THAT WAS LEFT FOR HIM TO SEE OF HIS BRIDE."

LA MERE BAUCHE.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.

AND now it was the evening before Adolphe's expected arrival, and La Mère Bauche was discussing the matter with the Capitaine, over the usual cup of coffee. Madame Bauche had of late become rather nervous on the matter, thinking that they had been somewhat rash in acceding so much to Marie. It seemed to her that it was absolutely now left to the two young lovers to say whether they would have each other or not. Now nothing on earth could be further from Madame Bauche's intention than this. Her desire and resolve was to heap down blessings on all persons concerned—provided always that she could have her own way; but, provided she did not have her own way, to heap down—any thing but blessings. She had her code of morality in this matter. She would do good, if possible, to every body around her. But she would not on any score be induced to consent that Adolphe should marry Marie Clavert. Should that be in the wind she would rid her house of Marie, the Capitaine, and even of Adolphe himself.

She had become, therefore, somewhat querulous and self-opinionated in her discussions with her friend.

"I don't know," she said, on the evening in question—"I don't know; it may be all right; but if Adolphe turns against us, what are we to do then?"

"Mère Bauche," said the Capitaine, sipping his coffee, and puffing out the smoke of his cigar, "Adolphe will not turn against us."

It had been remarked by many that the Capitaine was more at home in the house, and somewhat freer in his manner of talking with Madame Bauche, since this matrimonial alliance had been on the *tapis*, than he had ever been before. La Mère herself observed it, and did not quite like it; but how could she prevent it now? When the Capitaine was once married, she would make him know his place, in spite of all her promises to Marie.

"But if he says that he likes the girl?" continued Madame Bauche.

"My friend, you may be sure that he will say nothing of the kind. He has not been away two years without seeing girls as pretty as Marie. And then you have his letter."

"That is nothing, Capitaine. He would eat his letter as quick as you would an *omelette aux fines herbes.*" Now the Capitaine was especially quick over an *omelette aux fines herbes.*

"And, Mère Bauche, you also have the purse. He will know that he can not eat that, except with your good-will."

"Ah!" exclaimed Madame Bauche, "poor lad! he has not a sous in the world unless I give it to him." But it did not seem that this reflection was in itself displeasing to her.

"Adolphe will now be a man of the world," continued the Capitaine. "He will know that it does not do to throw away every thing for a pair of red lips. That is the folly of a boy, and Adolphe will be no longer a boy. Believe me, Mère Bauche, things will be right enough."

"And then we shall have Marie sick, and ill, and half-dying on our hands," said Madame Bauche.

This was not flattering to the Capitaine, and so he felt it. "Perhaps so; perhaps not," he said; "but, at any rate, she will get over it. It is a malady which rarely kills young women—especially when another alliance awaits them."

"Bah!" said Madame Bauche; and in saying that word she avenged herself for the too great liberty which the Capitaine had lately taken. He shrugged his shoulders, took a pinch of snuff, and, uninvited, helped himself to a tea-spoonful of cognac. Then the conference ended, and on the next morning, before breakfast, Adolphe Bauche arrived.

On that morning poor Marie hardly knew how to bear herself. A month or two back, and even up to the last day or two, she had felt a sort of confidence that Adolphe would be true to her; but the nearer that came, that fatal day, the less strong was the confidence of the poor girl. She knew that those two long-headed, aged councilors were plotting against her happiness, and she felt that she could hardly dare to hope for success with such terrible foes opposed to her. On the evening before the day Madame Bauche had met her in the passages, and kissed her as she wished

THE DEAD SOLDIER AND HIS FAITHFUL DOG.

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her good-night. Marie knew little about sacrifices, but she felt that it was a sacrificial kiss.

In those days a sort of diligence, with the mails for Olette, passed through Prades early in the morning, and a conveyance was sent from Vernet to bring Adolphe to the baths. Never was prince or princess expected with more anxiety. Madame Bauche was up and dressed long before the hour, and was heard to say five several times that she was sure he would not come. The Capitaine was out and on the high-road moving about with his wooden leg as perpendicular as a lamp-post, and almost as black. Marie also was up; but nobody had seen her. She was up, and had been out about the place before any of them were stirring; but now that the world was on the move she lay hidden, like a hare in its form.

And then the old char-à-banc clattered up to the door, and Adolphe jumped out of it into his mother's arms. He was fatter and finer than she had hitherto seen him, had a larger beard, was more fashionably clothed, and certainly looked more like a man. Marie also saw him out of her little window, and she thought that he looked like a god. Was it probable, she said to herself, that one so godlike would still care for her?

The mother was delighted with her son, who rattled away quite at his ease. He shook hands very cordially with the Capitaine—of whose intended alliance with his own sweet-heart he had been informed; and then, as he entered the house with his hand under his mother's arm, he asked one question about her. "And where is Marie?" said he. "Marie? Oh, up stairs! You shall see her after breakfast," said La Mère Bauche. And so they entered the house, and went in to breakfast among the guests. Every body had heard something of the story, and they were all on the alert to see the young man whose love or want of love was considered to be of so much importance.

"You will see that it will be all right," said the Capitaine, carrying his head very high.

"I think so, I think so," said La Mère Bauche, who, now that the Capitaine was right, no longer desired to contradict him.

"I know that it will be all right," said the Capitaine. "I told you that Adolphe would return a man; and he is a man. Look at him. He does not care this for Marie Clavert," and the Capitaine, with much eloquence in the motion, pitched over a neighboring wall a small stone which he held in his hand.

And then they all went to breakfast with many signs of outward joy, and not without some inward joy, for Madame Bauche thought she saw that her son was cured of his love. In the mean time Marie sat up stairs, still afraid to show herself.

"He has come," said a young girl, a servant in the house, running up to the door of Marie's room.

"Yes," said Marie, "I could see that he has come."

"And oh, how beautiful he is!" said the girl, putting her hands together, and looking up to the ceiling. Marie in her heart of hearts wished that he was not half so beautiful, as then her chance of having him might be greater.

"And the company are all talking to him as if he were the prefect."

"Never mind who is talking to him," said Marie. "Go away, and leave me; you are wanted for your work." Why before this was he not talking to her? Why not, if he were really true to her? Alas, it began to fall upon her mind that he would be false! And what then? what should she do then? She sat still gloomily, thinking of that other spouse that had been promised to her.

As speedily after breakfast as was possible Adolphe was invited to a conference in his mother's private room. She had much debated in her own mind whether the Capitaine should be invited to this conference or no. For many reasons she would have wished to exclude him. She did not like to teach her son that she was unable to manage her own affairs, and she would have been well pleased to make the Capitaine understand that his assistance was not absolutely necessary to her. But then she had an inward fear that her green spectacles would not now be as efficacious on Adolphe as they had once been, in old days, before he had seen the world and become a man. It might be necessary that her son, being a man, should be opposed by a man. So the Capitaine was invited to the conference.

What took place there need not be described at length. The three were closeted for two hours, at the end of which time they came forth together. The countenance of Madame Bauche was serene and comfortable; her hopes of ultimate success ran higher than ever. The face of the Capitaine was masked, as are always the faces of great diplomatists; he walked placid and upright, using his wooden leg with an ease and skill that was absolutely marvelous. But poor Adolphe's brow was clouded. Yes; poor Adolphe! for he was poor in spirit. He had pledged himself to give up Marie, and to accept the liberal allowance which his mother tendered him; but it remained for him now to communicate these tidings to poor Marie herself.

"Could not you tell her?" he had said to his mother, with very little of that manliness in his face on which his mother now so prided herself. But La Mère Bauche explained to him that it was a part of the general agreement that Marie was to hear his decision from his own mouth.

"But you need not regard it," said the Capitaine, with the most indifferent air in the world. "The girl expects it. Only she has some childish idea that she is bound till you yourself release her. I don't think she will be troublesome." Adolphe at that moment did feel that he should have liked to kick the Capitaine out of his mother's house.

And where should the meeting take place? In the hall of the baths, suggested Madame Bauche; because, as she observed, they could walk round and round, and nobody ever went there at that time of day. But to this Adolphe objected. It would be so cold, and dismal, and melancholy.

The Capitaine thought that Mère Bauche's little parlor was the place, but La Mère herself did not like this. They might be overheard, as she well knew; and she guessed that the meeting would not conclude without some sobs that would certainly be bitter, and might perhaps be loud.

"Send her up to the grotto and I will follow her," said Adolphe. On this, therefore, they agreed. Now the grotto was a natural excavation in a high rock, which stood precipitously upright over the establishment of the baths. A steep zigzag path, with almost never-ending steps, had been made along the face of the rock from a little flower-garden attached to the house, which lay immediately under the mountain. Close along the front of the hotel ran a brawling stream, leaving barely room for a road between it and the door. Over this there was a wooden bridge leading to the garden, and some two or three hundred yards from the bridge began the steps by which the ascent was made to the grotto.

When the season was full and the weather perfectly warm the place was much frequented. There was a green table in it and four or five deal chairs; a green garden-seat also was there, which, however, had been removed into the innermost back corner of the excavation, as its hinder legs were somewhat at fault. A wall about two feet high ran along the face of it, guarding its occupants from the precipice. In fact, it was no grotto, but a little cavern in the rock, such as we often see up above our heads in rocky valleys, and which by the means of those steep steps had been turned into a source of exercise and amusement for the visitors at the hotel.

Standing at the wall one could look down into the garden, and down also upon the shining slate roof of Madame Bauche's house; and to the left might be seen the sombre, silent, snow-capped top of the stern old Canigon, king of mountains among those Eastern Pyrenees.

And so Madame Bauche undertook to send Marie up to the grotto, and Adolphe undertook to follow her thither. It was now spring; and though the winds had fallen and the snow was no longer lying on the lower peaks, still the air was fresh and cold, and there was no danger that any of the few guests at the establishment would visit the place.

"Make her put on her cloak, Mère Bauche," said the Capitaine, who did not wish that his bride should have a cold in her head on their wedding-day. La Mère Bauche pished and pshawed, as though she were not minded to pay any attention to recommendations on such subjects from the Capitaine. But nevertheless, when Marie was seen slowly to creep across the little bridge about fifteen minutes after this time, she had a handkerchief on her head, and was closely wrapped in a dark brown cloak.

Poor Marie herself little heeded the cold, fresh air, but she was glad to avail herself of any means by which she might hide her face. When Madame Bauche sought her out in her own little room, and with a smiling face and kind kiss bade her go to the grotto, she knew, or fancied that she knew, that it was all over.

"He will tell you all the truth—how it all is," said La Mère. "We will do all we can, you know, to make you happy, Marie. But you must remember what Monsieur le Curé told us the other day. In this vale of tears we can not have every thing, as we shall have some day, when our poor wicked souls have been purged of all their wickedness. Now go, dear, and take your cloak."

"Yes, maman."

"And Adolphe will come to you. And try and behave well, like a sensible girl."

"Yes, maman;" and so she went, bearing on her brow another sacrificial kiss, and bearing in her heart such an unutterable load of woe!

Adolphe had gone out of the house before her; but standing in the stable-yard, well within the gate so that she should not see him, he watched her slowly crossing the bridge and mounting the first flight of the steps. He had often seen her tripping up those stairs, and had almost as often followed her with his quicker feet. And she, when she would hear him, would run; and then he would catch her breathless at the top, and steal kisses from her when all power of refusing them had been robbed from her by her efforts at escape. There was no such running now, no such following, no thought of such kisses.

As for him, he would fain have skulked off and shirked the interview had he dared. But he did not dare; so he waited there, out of heart, for some ten minutes, speaking a word now and then to the bath-man who was standing by, just to show that he was at his ease. But the bath-man knew that he was not at his ease. Such would-be lies as those rarely achieve deception—are rarely believed. And then, at the end of the ten minutes, with steps as slow as Marie's had been, he also ascended to the grotto.

Marie had watched him from the top, but so that she herself should not be seen. He, however, had not once lifted up his head to look for her; but, with eyes turned to the ground, had plodded his way up to the cave. When he entered she was standing in the middle, with her eyes downcast, and her hands clasped before her. She had retired some way from the wall, so that no eyes might possibly see her but those of her false lover. There she stood when he entered, striving to stand motionless, but trembling like a leaf in every limb.

It was only when he reached the top step that he made up his mind how he would behave. Perhaps, after all, the Capitaine was right; perhaps she would not mind it.

"Marie," said he, with a voice that attempted to be cheerful, "this is an odd place to meet in after such a long absence;" and he held out his hand to her. But only his hand! He offered her no salute. He did not even kiss her cheek as a brother would have done! Of the rules of the outside world it must be remembered that poor Marie knew but little. He had been a brother to her before he had become her lover.

But Marie took his hand, saying, "Yes; it had been very long."

"And now that I have come back," he went on to say, "it seems that we are all in a confusion together. I never knew such a piece of work. However, it is all for the best, I suppose."

"Perhaps so," said Marie, still trembling violently, and still looking down upon the ground. And then there was silence between them for a minute or so.

"I tell you what it is, Marie," said Adolphe at last, dropping her hand and making a great effort to get through the work before him; "I am afraid we two have been very foolish. Don't you think we have now? It seems quite clear that we can never get ourselves married. Don't you see it in that light?"

Marie's head turned round and round with her, but she was not of the fainting order. She took three steps backward, and leaned against the wall of the cave. She also was trying to think how she might best fight her battle. Was there no chance for her? Could no eloquence, no love prevail? On her own beauty she counted but little; but might not prayers do something, and a reference to those old vows which had been so frequent, so eager, so solemnly pledged between them?

"Never get ourselves married!" she said, repeating his words. "Never, Adolphe? Can we never be married?"

"Upon my word, my dear girl, I fear not. You see my mother is so dead against it."

"But we could wait, could we not?"

"Ah, but that's just it, Marie. We can not wait. We must decide now—to-day. You see I can do nothing without money from her. And as for you, you see she won't even let you stay in the house unless you marry old Campan at once. He's a very good sort of fellow though, old as he is; and if you do marry him, why you see you'll stay here, and have it all your own way in every thing. As for me, I shall come and see you all from time to time, and shall be able to push my way as I ought to do."

"Then, Adolphe, you wish me to marry the Capitaine!"

"Upon my honor, I think it is the best thing you can do; I do, indeed."

"Oh, Adolphe!"

"What can I do for you, you know? Suppose I was to go down to my mother and tell her that I had decided to keep you myself, what would come of it? Look at it in that light, Marie."

"She could not turn you out—you, her own son!"

"But she would turn you out, and deuced quick too. I can assure you of that; I can, upon my honor."

"I should not care that!" and she made a motion with her hand to show how indifferent she would be to such treatment as regarded herself. "Not that! if I still had the promise of your love."

"But what would you do?"

"I would work. There are other houses besides that one," and she pointed to the slate roofs of the Bauche establishment.

"And for me, I should have nothing—not a penny in the world," said the young man.

She came up to him and took his right hand between both of hers and pressed it warmly, oh, so warmly. "You would have my love," said she; "my deepest, warmest, best heart's love. I should want nothing more, nothing, nothing on earth, if I could still have yours," and she leaned against his shoulder and looked with all her eyes into his face.

"But, Marie, that's nonsense, you know."

"No, Adolphe; it is not nonsense. Do not let them teach you so. What does love mean, if it does not mean that? Oh, Adolphe, you do love me, you do love me, you do love me?"

"Yes—I love you," he said, slowly, as though he would not have said it if he could have helped it. And then his arm crept slowly round her waist, as though in that also he could not help himself.

"And do not I also love you?" said the passionate girl. "Oh, I do, so dearly; with all my heart, with all my soul. Adolphe, I so love you that I can not give you up. Have I not sworn to be yours; sworn, sworn a thousand times? How can I marry that man? Oh, Adolphe! how can you wish that I should marry him?" and she clung to him, and looked at him, and besought him with her eyes.

"I shouldn't wish it—only—" and then he paused. It was hard to tell her that he was willing to sacrifice her to the old man because he wanted money from his mother.

"Only what? But, Adolphe, do not wish it at all! Have you not sworn that I should be your wife? Look here, look at this!" and she brought out from her bosom a little charm that he had given her in return for that cross. "Did you not kiss that when you swore before the figure of the Virgin that I should be your wife? And do you not remember that I feared to swear so too, because your mother was so angry, and then you made me? After that, Adolphe! oh, Adolphe! Tell me that I may have some hope. I will wait; oh, I will wait so patiently!"

He turned himself away from her and walked backward and forward uneasily through the grotto. He did love her—love her as such men do love sweet, pretty girls. The warmth of her hand, the affection of her touch, the pure, bright passion of her tear-laden eye had reawaked what power of love there was within him. But what was he to do? Even if he were willing to give up the immediate golden hopes which his mother had held out to him, how was he to begin, and then how carry out this work of self-devotion? Marie would be turned away, and he would be left a victim in the hands of his mother, and of that stiff, wooden-legged militaire—a penniless victim, left to mope about the place without a grain of influence or a morsel of pleasure.

"But what can we do?" he exclaimed again, as he once more met Marie's searching eyes.

"We can be true and honest, and we can wait," she said, coming close up to him and taking hold of his arm. "I do not fear it, and she is not my mother, Adolphe. You need not fear your own mother."

"Fear? No, of course I don't fear. But I don't see how the very devil we can manage it."

"Will you let me tell her that I will not marry the Capitaine, that I will not give up your promises, and that I am ready to leave the house?"

"It would do no good."

"It would do every good, Adolphe, if I had your promised word once more—if I could hear from your voice one more tone of love. Do you not remember this place? It was here that you forced me to say that I loved you. Is it here also that you will tell me that I have been deceived?"

"It is not I that would deceive you," he said. "I wonder that you should be so hard upon me. God knows that I have trouble enough!"

"Well, if I am trouble to you, be it so. Be it as you wish;" and she leaned back against the wall of the rock, and, crossing her arms upon her breast, looked away from him, and fixed her eyes upon the sharp granite peaks of Canigon.

He again betook himself to walk backward and forward through the cave. He had quite enough of love for her to make him wish to marry her; quite enough, now, at this moment, to make the idea of her marriage with the Capitaine very distasteful to him; enough, probably, to make him become a decently-good husband to her, should fate enable him to marry her; but not enough to enable him to support all the punishment which would be the sure effect of his mother's displeasure. Besides, he had promised his mother that he would give up Marie—had entirely given in his adhesion to that plan of the marriage with the Capitaine. He had owned that the path of life, as marked out for him by his mother, was the one which it behooved him, as a man, to follow. It was this view of his duties as a man which had been specially urged on him with all the Capitaine's eloquence, and he had entirely acceded. It is so easy to get the assent of such young men—so weak in mind, and so weak in pocket—when the arguments are backed by a promise of two thousand francs a year.

"I'll tell you what I will do," at last he said; "I'll get my mother by herself, and ask her to let the matter remain as it is for the present."

"Not if it be a trouble, M. Adolphe;" and the proud girl still held her hands upon her bosom, and still looked away toward the mountain.

"You know what I mean, Marie. You can understand how she and the Capitaine are worrying me."

"But tell me, Adolphe; do you love me?"

"You know I love you, only—"

"And you will not give me up?"

"I will ask my mother. I will try to make her yield."

Marie could not feel that she received much confidence from her lover's promise; but still, even that, weak and unsteady as it was, even that was better than absolute fixed rejection. So she thanked him, promised him with tears in her eyes that she would always, always be faithful to him, and then bade him go down to the house. She would follow, she said, as soon as his passing had ceased to be observed.

Then she looked at him as though she expected some sign of renewed love. But no such sign was vouchsafed to her; now that she thirsted for the touch of his lip upon her cheek it was denied to her. He did as she bade him: he went down, slowly loitering, by himself, and in about half an hour she followed, and unobserved crept to her chamber.

Again we will pass over what took place between the mother and the son; but late in that evening, after the guests had gone to bed, Marie received a message desiring her to wait on Madame Bauche in a small salon which looked out from one end of the house. It was intended as a private sitting-room, should any special stranger arrive who required such accommodation, and therefore was but seldom used. Here she found La Mère Bauche, sitting in an arm-chair behind a small table on which stood two candles; and on a sofa against the wall sat Adolphe. The Capitaine was not in the room.

"Shut the door, Marie, and come in and sit down," said Madame Bauche. It was easy to understand from the tone of her voice that she was angry and stern, in an unbending mood, and resolved to carry out to the very letter all the threats conveyed by those terrible spectacles.

Marie did as she was bid. She closed the door, and sat down on the chair that was nearest to it.

"Marie," said La Mère Bauche—and the voice sounded fierce in the poor girl's ears, and a gloomy, wicked fire glimmered through the green glasses—"what is all this that I hear? Do you dare to say that you hold my son bound to marry you?" And then the august mother paused for an answer.

But Marie had no answer to give. She looked suppliantly toward her lover as though beseeching him to carry on the fight for her. But if she could not do battle for herself, certainly he could not do it for her. What little amount of fighting he had had in him had been thoroughly vanquished before her arrival.

"I will have an answer, and that immediate-

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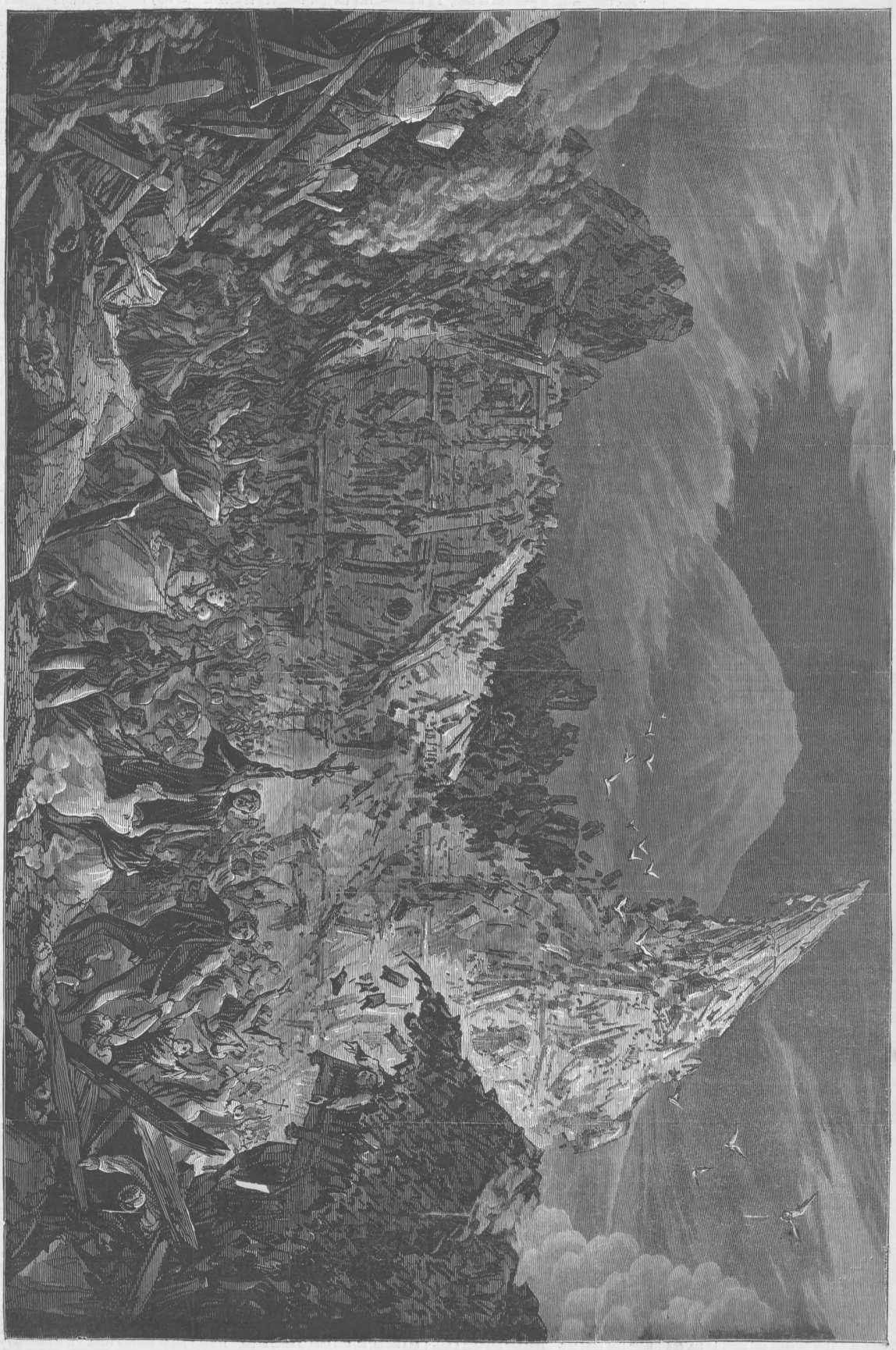

THE EARTHQUAKES IN SOUTH AMERICA—SCENE IN THE PLAZA OF AREQUIPA, PERU, AUGUST 13, 1868.—[SEE PAGE 634.]

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THE EARTHQUAKE IN SOUTH AMERICA.

THE full details of the great earthquake on the Pacific coast of South America fully corroborate the early statements, of which we gave a synopsis in our last issue. The destruction of life has not proved, as we then hoped it would not, as great as was at first reported. The Providence which inflicts these evils on us also decrees that the terrible visitants shall announce their coming by premonitory shocks, not severe or dangerous; and thus warned, most of the residents in the towns destroyed or damaged, managed to escape to the open and less dangerous places.

The earthquake was accompanied by many curious phenomena. It was noticed by many persons that the rocking of the earth was in every instance, from north to south, not from east to west or indiscriminately. The tidal waves were in the same general direction. There were five of these seen at Arica, the least of them being thirty feet high. At Ylo the sea opened and threw up a column of water to a great height.

Our illustration on page 633 is of the Plaza of Arequipa during the earthquake. A citizen of this place, writing from its ruins on August 14, the day of its destruction, thus describes the terrible scene we portray:

"About ten minutes to 5 P.M. I sat down, in company with four other gentlemen. We had got about half through dinner when we felt the first symptoms of the earthquake. We got up quickly from the table and ran to the nearest street corner, a distance of not more than one hundred feet. By the time we got there the foundation of the earth seemed to have given way, and the noise beneath our feet was perfectly horrible. The whole country, together with the mighty mountains that surround this place, seemed to be afloat without anchor or buoy. At this stage of the scene it was heart-rending beyond description, the houses falling all over the city, making terrible noise, like the roars of many cannon. This, together with the terrific rumbling noise beneath, made us think that not only the last day, but the last second, had come, and half gone. Every second we expected to feel the earth open and swallow us into its dark abyss. I said feel the earth open, because at this time nothing could be seen on account of the dust from the falling houses. The heavy shock lasted nearly seven minutes. Then there was a lull and apparently a dull rumbling noise underneath; also the dust cleared away a little.

"Then a fresh scene was visible, such a one as I hope may never again be witnessed by this or any other people. The dutiful son might be seen with his aged mother or helpless father on his back or in his arms, trying to take them to a place of safety, although no such place was visible. The loving brother or sister might be seen with a little group of helpless children around crying for help and protection. Although young in years, all seemed to realize the terrible danger that surrounded them. The stout husband held the fainting form of his dear wife in his arms, she, although apparently unconscious, having her little babe clasped firmly to her breast. All over the streets and plazas humanity could be seen in all imaginable manners, praying, crying, shouting, running, kneeling, falling, and lying prostrate on the ground."

THE STOCKBROKER AT DINGLEWOOD.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN Ada woke, however, instead of being, as I was, more hopeless, she was almost sanguine. "There is my money, you know," she said. "After all, so long as it is only money. I will go and see them, as the man said, and they will come to terms. So long as we are together, what do I mind whether we have a large house or a little one? And Harry himself speaks of my settlement. Don't cry. I was frightened last night; but now I see what to do. Will you come up to town with me by the twelve o'clock train? And you shall see all will come right."

I had not the heart to say a word. I went home and changed that wretched evening dress which I had worn all through the night. It was a comfort to throw it off and cast it away from me; and I never wore it again; the very sight of it made me ill ever after. I found Ada almost in high spirits with the strength of her determination and certainty that she was going to redeem her husband and make all right, when I went back. Just before noon, however, when she was putting on her bonnet to start, a carriage swept up to the door. I was at the window of the dining-room when it came in sight, waiting for the brougham to convey us to the station. And the rector and his wife were coming up the avenue with "kind inquiries," in the full belief that old Mrs. Gresham was dying, and that the house was "in affliction." No wonder they started and stared at the sight. It was old Mrs. Gresham herself, in her pink ribbons, fresh and full and splendid, in robust health and all the colors of the rainbow, who came dashing up, with her stately bays, to the door.

I had only time to realize that all our little attempts to keep up appearances were destroyed forever when the old people came in; for Harry's father had come too, though no one ever noticed him in presence of his wife. Mrs. Gresham came in smiling and gracious, in her usual affable and rather overwhelming way. She would have dismissed me majestically before she went to her daughter-in-law, but I was in reality too obtuse, by reason of fatigue and excitement, to understand what she meant. When she went to Ada the old man remained with me. He was not an attractive old man, and I had scarcely spoken to him before. He walked about the room looking at every thing, while I sat by the window. If he had been an auctioneer valuing the furniture, he could not have been more particular in his investigations. He examined the handsome oak furniture, which was the envy of the Green—the immense mirrors, the great china vases, the pictures on the walls—as if making a mental calculation. Then he came and stood by me, and began to talk. "In my time young people were not so extravagant," he said. "There are thousands of pounds, I believe, sunk in this house."

"Mrs. Gresham had a great deal of taste," I said, faltering.

"Taste! Nonsense. You mean waste," said the old man, sitting down astride on a carved chair, and looking at me across the back of it. "But I admit the things have their value—they'll sell. Of course you know Harry has got into a mess?" he went on. "Women think they can hush up these things; but that's impossible. He has behaved like an idiot, and he must take the consequences. Fortunately the family is provided for. Her friends need not be concerned in that respect."

"I am very glad," said I, as it was necessary to say something.

"So am I," said old Mr. Gresham. "I suppose they would have come upon *me* if that had not been the case. It's a bad business; but it is not so bad as it might have been. I can't make out how a son of mine should have been such an ass. But they all go so fast in these days. I suppose you had a very grand ball last night? A ball!" he repeated, with a sort of snort. I don't know if there was any fatherly feeling at all in the man; but if there was he hid it under his mask of harshness and contempt.

"Will not Mr. Gresham return?" I asked, foolishly; but my mind was too much worn out to have full control of what I said.

The old man gave a shrug, and glanced at me with a mixture of scorn and suspicion. "I can't say what may happen in the future," he said, dryly. "I should advise him not. But Ada can live where she likes—and she will not be badly off."

Old Mrs. Gresham staid a long time up stairs with her daughter-in-law; so long that my patience almost deserted me. Mr. Gresham went off, after sitting silent opposite to me for some time, to look over the house, which was a relief; and no doubt I might have gone too, for we were far too late for the train. But I was too anxious to go away. When the two came down the old lady was just as cheerful and overwhelming as usual, though poor Ada was deadly pale. Mrs. Gresham came in with her rich, bustling, prosperous look, and shook hands with me over again. "I am sure I beg your pardon," she said; "I had so much to say to Ada. We have not met for a whole month; and, poor child, they gave her such a fright last night. My dear, don't you mean to give us some luncheon? Grandpapa never takes lunch; you need not wait for him: but I am quite hungry after my long drive."

Then poor Ada rose and rung the bell; she was trembling so that she tottered as she moved. I saw that her lips were dry, and she could scarcely speak. She gave her orders so indistinctly that the man could not hear her. "Luncheon!" cried the old lady, in her imperious way. "Can't you hear what Mrs. Gresham says? Lunch directly—and tell my people to be at the door in an hour. Ada, a man who stared in my face like that, and pretended not to understand, should not stay another day in my house; you are a great deal too easy. So your ball was interrupted last night, Mrs. Mulgrave," she went on, with a laugh, "and the blame laid on me. Oh, those boys! I hope the good people hereabouts will not take offense. I will never forgive them, though, for giving Ada such a fright, poor child. She thought I was dying, I suppose; and it was only one of Gerald's sporting scrapes. Some horse was being tampered with, and he would have lost thousands if they had not rushed off; so they made out I was dying, the wretched boys. Ha, ha! I don't look much like dying to-day."

"No, indeed," was all I could say. As for Ada, she never opened her white lips except to breathe in little gasps like a woman in a fever. The old lady had all the weight of the conversation to bear; and, indeed, she was talking not for our benefit, but for that of the servants, who were bringing the luncheon. She looked so rich and assured of herself that I think they were staggered in their certainty of misfortune and believed her for the moment. The young footman, who had just been begging me privately to speak a word for him to secure him another place, gave me a stealthy imploring look, begging me, as it were, not to betray him. The old gentleman was out, going over the house and grounds, but Mrs. Gresham ate a very good luncheon and continued her large and ample talk. "They sent me a message this morning," she said, as she ate, "and ordered me to come over and make their excuses and set things right. Just like boys! Give me some sherry, John Thomas. I shall scold them well, I promise you, when they come back—upsetting poor Ada's nerves and turning the house upside down like this. I don't know what Ada would have done without you, Mrs. Mulgrave; and I hear you had their stable-men, trainers, or whatever you call them, to puzzle you too?"

"Yes," I said, struck dumb with wonder. Was all this an invention, or was she herself deceived? Poor Ada sat with her eyes cast down, and never spoke except in monosyllables; she could scarcely raise to her lips the wine which her mother-in-law made her swallow. I could not but admire the energy and determination of the woman. But at the same time she bewildered me, as she sat eating and drinking, with her elbow on the table and her rich lace mantle sweeping over the white table-cloth, conversing in this confident way. To meet her eyes, which had not a shade of timidity or doubt about them, and see her evident comfort and enjoyment, and believe she was telling a downright lie, was almost more than was possible. "I did not know Mr. Gerald was a racing man," I faltered, not knowing what to say.

"Oh yes, he is on the turf," said Mrs. Gresham, shrugging her shoulders; "he is on every thing that don't pay. That boy has been a nuisance all his life. Not that there is any thing bad about him; but he's fashionable, you know, and we are known to be rich, and every body gives him his own way; and Harry's such a good brother—" said the rash woman all at once, to show how much at her ease she was. But this was taking a step too much. Ada could bear it no longer. There was a sudden sound of choking sobs, and then she sprang from the table. The strain had gone too far.

"I hear baby crying; I must go to baby," she sobbed; and rushed from the room without any regard to appearances. Even Mrs. Gresham, self-possessed as she was, had gone too far for her own strength. Her lip quivered in spite of herself. She looked steadily down, and crumbled the bread before her in her strong agitated fingers. Then she gave a little laugh, which was not much less significant than tears.

"Poor little Ada," she said; "she can't bear to be crossed. She has had such a happy life, when any thing goes contrairy it puts her out." Perhaps it was the quivering of her own lip that brought back her vernacular. And then we began to discuss the ball as if nothing had happened. Her husband came in while we were talking, and shrugged his shoulders and muttered disapprobation, but she took no notice. She must have been aware that I knew all; and yet she thought she could bewilder me still.

I went home shortly after, grieved and disgusted and sick at heart, remembering all the wicked stories people tell of mercantile dishonesty, of false bankruptcies, and downright robberies, and the culprits who escape and live in wealth and comfort abroad. This was how it was to be in the case of Harry Gresham. His wife had her settlement, and would go to him, and they would be rich and well off, though he had as good as stolen his neighbor's property and squandered it away. Of course I did not know all the particulars then; and I had got to be fond of these young people. I knew very well that Harry was not wicked, and that his little wife was both innocent and good. When one reads such stories in the papers one says, "Wretches!" and thinks no more of it. But these two were not wretches, and I was fond of them, and it made me sick at heart. I went up stairs and shut myself into my own room, not being able to see visitors or to hear all the comment that, without doubt, was going on. But it did not mend matters when I saw from my window Mrs. Gresham driving past, lying back in her carriage, sweeping along swift as two superb horses could carry her, with her little old husband in the corner by her side, and a smile on her face, ready to wave her hand in gracious recognition of any one she knew. She was like a queen coming among us, rather than the mother of a man who had fled in darkness and shame. I never despised poor Mrs. Stoke or thought less of her for Everard's downfall, but I felt scorn and disgust rise in my heart when these people passed my door; though Mrs. Gresham, too, was her son's champion in her own worldly way.

Some hours later Ada sent me a few anxious pleading words, begging me to go to her. I found her in the avenue, concealing herself among the trees; though it was a warm summer day she was cold and shivering. I do not know any word that can express her pallor. It was not the whiteness of death, but of agonized and miserable life, palpitating in every nerve and straining every faculty.

"Hush!" she said. "Don't go to the house—I can't bear it—I am watching for him—here!"

"Is he coming back?" I cried, in terror.

"I do not know; I can't tell where he is, or where he is going!" cried poor Ada, grasping my arm; "but if he should come back he would be taken. The house is watched. Did you not see that old man sitting under the hedge? There are people every where about watching for my Harry; and they tell me I am to stay quiet and take no notice. I think I will die—I wish I could die!"

"No, my darling!" I said, crying over her. "Tell me what it is? Did they bring you no comfort? He will not come back to be taken. There is no fear. Did they not tell you what it means?"

"They told me," cried Ada, with a violent color flushing over her face, "that I was to keep my money to myself, and not to pay back that—that—what he has taken! It is true; he has taken some money that was not his, and lost it; but he meant to pay it back again, Mrs. Mulgrave. We were so rich; he knew he could pay it all back. And now he has lost every thing and can't pay it. And they will put him in prison. Oh, I wish he had died! I wish we had all died," cried Ada, "rather than this—rather than to feel what I do to-day!"

"My dear," I cried, "don't say so; we can not die when we please. It is a terrible misfortune; but when he did not mean it—"

Great tears rushed to Ada's eyes. "He did not mean *that*," she said; "but I think he meant me to keep my money and live on it. Oh, what shall I do? They say I will be wicked if I give it up. I will work for him with all my heart. But I can not go on living like this, and keep what is not mine. If your husband had done it, Mrs. Mulgrave—don't be angry with me—would not you have sold the cottage and given up every thing? And what am I to do?"

"You must come in and rest," I said. "Never mind what they said to you. You must do what is right, Ada, and Gerald will stand by you. He will know how to do it. Come in now and rest."

"Ah, Gerald!" cried the poor child, and then she leaned on my shoulder and cried. The moment she heard even the name of one man whom she could trust, her strength broke down. "Gerald will know how to do it!" she said, faintly, as I led her in, and tried to smile at me. It was a gleam of comfort in the darkness. I can not describe the period of terrible suspense that followed. I staid with her, making no pretense of going back to my own house; though when the story came to be in the newspapers all my friends wrote letters to me and disapproved of my conduct. I did not care; one knows one's own duties better than one's friends do. The day after the ball hosts of cards, and civil messages, and "kind inquiries" had poured upon Ada; but after that they totally stopped. Not a carriage nor a visitor came near the house for the last three days. The world fell away from us and left the poor young creature to bear her burden alone. In the midst of all this real suffering there was one little incident which affected my temper more than all the rest. Old Thomas Lee, an old man from the village, who used to carry little wares about in a basket, and made his living by it, had taken his place under the hedge close to the gates of Dinglewood, and sat there watching all day long. Of course he was paid to do it, and he was very poor. But I don't think the money he earned so has done him much good. I have never given a penny or a penny's worth to old Lee since that time. Many a sixpence poor Harry had tossed at him as he passed in his Yankee wagon every morning to the station. I had no patience with the wretched old spy. He had the assurance to take off his hat to me when I went into the house he was watching, and I confess that it was with a struggle, no later back than last winter, when the season was at its coldest, that I consented to give him a little help for his children's sake.

It was nearly a week before we got any letters, and all these long days we watched and waited, glad when every night fell, trembling when every morning rose; watching at the windows, at the gates, every where that a peep could be had of the white, blinding, vacant road. Every time the postman went round the Green our hearts grew faint with anxiety: once or twice when the telegraph boy appeared, even I, though I was but a spectator, felt the life die out of my heart. But at last this period of dreadful uncertainty came to a close. It was in the morning, by the first post, that the letters came. They were under cover to me, and I took them to Ada's room while she was still sleeping the restless sleep of exhaustion. She sprang up in a moment and caught at her husband's letter as if it had been a revelation from heaven. The happiest news in the world could not have been more eagerly received. He was safe. He had put the Channel between him and his pursuers. There was no need for further watching. The relief in itself was a positive happiness. Ten days ago it would have been heart-rending to think of Harry Gresham as an escaped criminal, as an exile, for whom return was impossible: disgraced, nameless, and without hope. To-day the news was joyful news: he was safe, if nothing more.

Then for the first time Ada indulged in the luxury of tears—tears that came in floods like those thunder-showers which ease the hearts of the young. She threw herself on my neck and kissed me again and again. "I should have died but for you: I had no mamma of my own to go to," she sobbed, like a baby. Perhaps the thing that made these childish words go to my heart was that I had no child.

Of course I expected, and every body will expect, that after this excitement she would have fallen ill. But she did not. On the contrary, she came down stairs with me, and ate (almost for the first time), and smiled, and played with her children, while I stood by with the feeling that I ought to have a brain-fever myself, if Ada would not see what was expected of her. But as the day ran on she became grave, and ever graver. She said little, and it was mostly about Gerald; how he must come home and manage every thing; how she was determined to take no rest, to listen to no argument, till the money was paid. I went home to my own house that evening, and she made no opposition. I said good-night to her in the nursery where she was sitting close by her little girl's bed. She was crying, poor child, but I did not wonder at that; and nurse was a kind woman, and very attentive to her little mistress. I went round to the terrace and out by the garden, without having any particular reason for it. But before I reached the gate some one came tripping after me, and looking round I saw it was Ada, wrapped in a great water-proof cloak. She was going to walk home with me, she said. I resisted her coming, but it was in vain. It was a warm balmy night, and I could not understand why she should have put on her great cloak. But as soon as she was safe in my little drawing-room, her secret came out. Then she opened her mantle with a smile. On one of her arms hung a bundle; on the other rested her sleeping baby. She laughed at my amaze, and then she cried. "I am going to Harry," she said; and held her child closer, and dried her eyes and sat immovable, ready to listen to any thing I chose to say. Heaven knows I said every thing that I could think of—of the folly of it, of her fool-hardiness; that she was totally unable for the task she was putting on herself; that Harry had Gerald, and could do without her. All which she listened to with a smile, impenetrable, and not to be moved. When I had come to an end of my arguments, she stretched out to me the arm on which the bundle hung, and drew me close to her and kissed me again. "You are going to give me some biscuits and a little flask of wine," she said, "to put in my pocket. I have one of the housekeeper's old-fashioned pockets, which is of some use. And then you must say 'God bless you,' and let me go."

"God bless you, my poor child," I said, overcome; "but you must not go; little Ada too—"

Then her eyes filled with tears. "My pretty darling!" she said; "but grandmamma will take her to Bishop's Hope. It is only baby that can not live without his mother. Baby and Harry. What is Gerald? I know he wants *me*."

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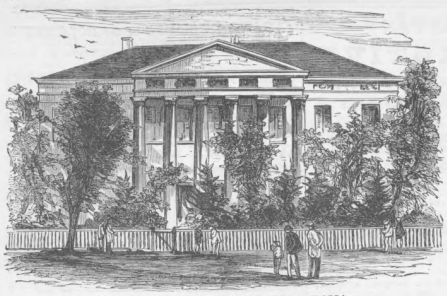
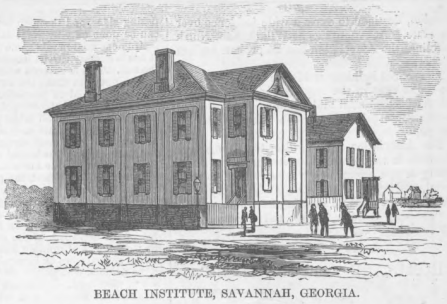


EMERSON COLLEGE, MOBILE, ALABAMA.



BEACH INSTITUTE, SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

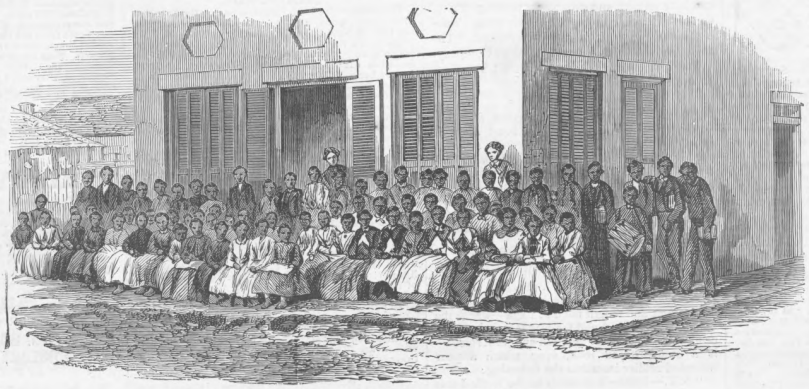
the game, although they do not show a complete "field." We gave in a previous Number (August 1) an engraving showing the whole field in play, to which those interested in the game and anxious to establish it are referred. The first of our small engravings on page 636 shows the positions of the "wicket-keeper" and the "batsman." The former's position is about four or four and a half feet behind the wicket; the latter's in front, and something nearer. The "wicket-keeper" is the captain of the "outs," or "fielders," and it is his duty to see that they are all in their places, directing their movements by signs more than words. The duty of the "batsman" is to guard the wicket from the ball, and to run between the two wickets. There is only one "wicket-keeper," although there are two wickets; the "batsmen" play by turns, changing positions to accommodate the "wicket-keeper" and "bowler," who are stationary.

The second cut represents the two "batsmen" while on the run between the two wickets. They are required to run close enough to the wickets to be able to put their bat on the ground within certain limits. The third illustration shows the position of the "bowler" on the side of the wicket opposite the active "batsman" and the "wicket-keeper." His aim is to bowl down the wicket; many bowlers are very expert with the ball, throwing it with a directness truly wonderful, and by giving it a twist or varying its speed can often deceive the "batsman" into a "wide miss." "Caught out" represents a fielder catching a ball in the air; this always puts out the "batsman" who struck it. "Bowled out" shows the wicket knocked down by the ball direct from the bowler's hand. The sixth and last cut represents the "batsman" being put out by the "bowler" striking his leg. By a rule of the game no part of the person can be interposed for the defense of the wicket.

It is to be hoped that the American youth generally will be induced to adopt this game, and that it will become as prevalent as base-ball, to which it is in many respects far superior. Of its popularity there can be little doubt. Those interested in the sport will find a full and easily comprehended manual of the game in WOOD'S "Physical Exercises," published a year since by HARPER & BROTHERS—an admirable practical work on all kinds of calisthenics.

We also give on page 636 a group of portraits of the "All-England Eleven."

The match game played by the twenty-two of the St. George's Club and their eleven guests embraced one inning for the Eleven and two for the St. George's. The Eleven made 175 runs in their one inning; the twenty-two only 155 in both.



COAN SCHOOL, NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.

THE FREEDMEN'S SCHOOLS.

WHEN the North gave freedom to the slaves of the South it saw the necessity of giving them also the education which was necessary to their proper appreciation and employment of their liberty. The people of the North saw, too, that it devolved on them to give this education as it had given liberty, for the old power which had withheld one had prohibited the other, and was not likely to freely offer it now. The North did its duty; the schoolmaster followed the flag wherever it went; missionaries labored most faithfully in the new fields which the invading armies of the country opened as they had never been opened before; the slaves, alive to the fact that they could learn to read openly instead of by stealth, proved most earnest and anxious students; and the good work progressed so favorably and vigorously that, in spite of the violence of old slave-holders and their more rabid dupes, the poor whites, there were in existence at the South on December 31, 1867, 3084 schools, with 6492 teachers and 189,517 pupils. This is the result of a few years' labor against the obstacles of strong opposition from the native whites of the South, and the poverty and almost total ignorance of the class to be instructed. This great work—the true foundation of the real social reconstruction of the South—will have to be stopped, the army of teachers will have to be recalled, the millions of Northern property in schoolhouses and schoolfarms will have to be sacrificed, in the event of the triumph of the Southern rebels by the election of SEYMOUR and BLAIR. The South in such a case would become too dangerous to Northern teachers, and a standing army could not maintain and carry on the work which has been inaugurated by the establishment of the schools for freedmen. Their interruption and discontinuance would be one of the sorest of calamities to the race and the country.

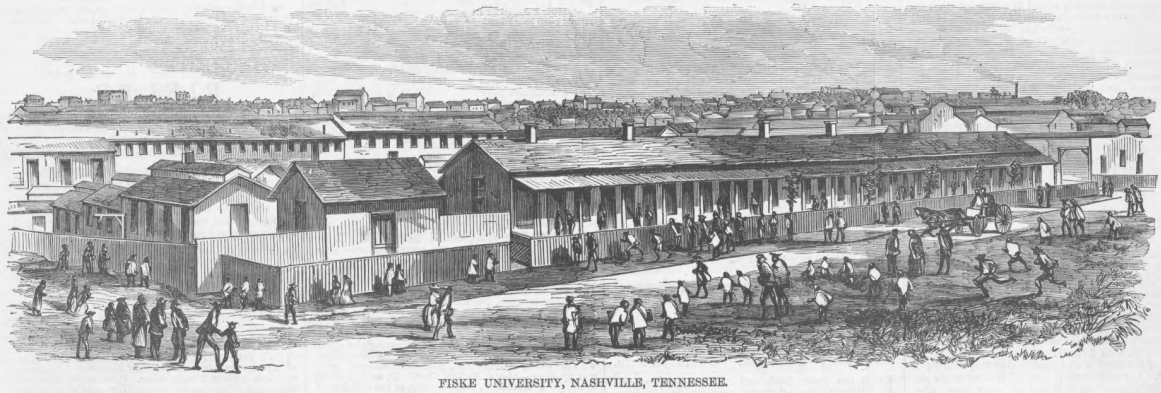
We give on this page illustrations of a number of the most prominent of the schools at the South under the control and direction of the American Missionary Association of New York, among the strongest as well as the earliest organization to engage in the work of educating the freedmen. The latest report of this Association shows that for the last two years it has had about 500 missionaries and teachers in this field, occupying some of the most important places in nearly every Southern State. It is organized on a catholic and evangelical basis, and seeks the cooperation of all evangelical and patriotic men. Last year its disbursements in this field, including the value of clothing, Bibles, etc., was $375,000, and as large a sum is needed to carry out its plans this year.

Its schools have in many places already laid the foundation of a common-school system for their districts or States. One important aim of the Association is to raise up teachers and preachers among the people, as the only possible way of meeting the constantly increasing demand for them. With the aid of the Freedmen's Bureau, and by making all the use it can of the co-operation of the colored people, it has already secured a large number of sites and buildings for high schools, normal schools, and incorporated colleges (not omitting the ambitious University); and it is now straining every nerve to avail itself of present opportunities to establish one or more such institutions in every State where there is a large population of freedmen. In Virginia, at Hampton, where the first slave ship touched our shores, it offers a three years' course of study in a normal and agricultural school, on a farm of 120 acres of choice land, in the cultivation of which the young men defray a considerable part of their expenses; the young women, in like manner, lessening theirs by doing the work of the boarding-house.

High schools are established in Wilmington and Beaufort, North Carolina; Savannah, Georgia; Memphis and Chattanooga, Tennessee; and Louisville, Kentucky. Normal schools at Charleston, South Carolina; Macon, Georgia; Talladega and Mobile, Alabama; and chartered colleges at Berea, Kentucky, Nashville, Tennessee, and Atlanta, Georgia. A peculiar feature of Berea College is, that of the 300 pupils which it numbered last year a little over one-third were white. Its college preparatory class numbered eight; the remainder were in the normal and primary departments.

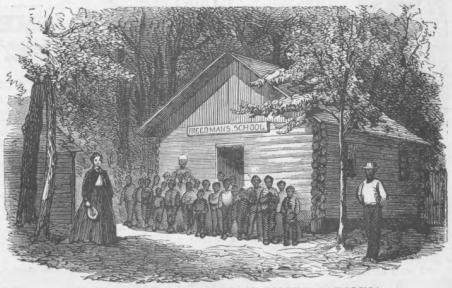
Fiske University, Nashville, has a charter, a corps of ten instructors, and numbers 413 pupils—88 in the normal department, 85 in grammar-school, and the remainder in the lower department. It stands on a block of land in the city worth at least $16,000.

The Atlanta University, Georgia, occupying a choice location in the city, has a large number of students, in the earlier stages of their course. It is laying the foundations for an important in-



FISKE UNIVERSITY, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

BUTLER HIGH SCHOOL, HAMPTON, VIRGINIA.



JAMES'S PLANTATION SCHOOL, NORTH CAROLINA.

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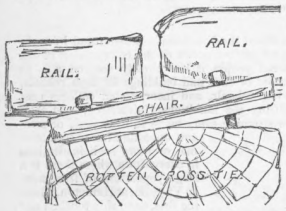
stitution, destined to exert a wide influence over the State. At Atlanta as at Wilmington, North Carolina, the Association has an orphan asylum in operation.

The school building at Mobile occupies one of the finest sites in the city, and is really one of the most substantial and commodious buildings in the State. It will furnish school-room for 800 pupils.

The Association reports, also, ten evangelical churches in the South under its care, thus combining in one organization a benevolent, educational, and religious work for the lately enslaved and yet persecuted and suffering freedmen, which, if vigorously sustained, must tell effectually on the destinies of the South.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.



WE called attention in our Number for September 19 to the *exposé* by a Boston civil engineer of the dangerous condition of the Portland section of the Grand Trunk Railway. The gentleman has since furnished us the following letter and the accompanying diagram which speak for themselves, and reveal a condition of affairs which every traveler has a right to know in order that he may avoid. We are led to believe that too many of the railroads in this country are in the same horrible condition. Our purpose will have been gained if the attention of the authorities is drawn to this matter. The letter alluded to is as follows:

PARIS, MAINE, *Sept.*, 1868.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

DEAR SIR,—I was glad to notice the reference in your issue, dated September 19, to the bad condition of the Grand Trunk Railroad. I made the drawings, exhibited in Boston, to which you refer, and they were entirely correct; and I am glad to say have had the effect I intended of waking people up to the shocking condition of the road, which was my only object in exposing it. Such sketches are more convincing than a great deal of talk. I inclose a correct full-size sketch of a rail joint (one of a vast number just as bad) over which, from my own observation, I know that the regular passenger trains are now every day running at over twenty miles an hour. *This is simply a matter of fact;* and I leave you to judge of the character of the managers of the road, and of the Railroad Commissioners of this State, who will allow such things.

Your obedient servant,
GEORGE L. VOSE,
Civil Engineer.

P.S.—The sketch you may use in any way you please, and show to any one, and give my word for its entire correctness; and I could send such sketches by the hundred if it was worth while.

Why can not New York have clean, fresh, wholesome, and substantial markets as well as Philadelphia? If there is any thing which would be a tonic to merely *think* about, it would be a certainty that the food we eat has been purchased from a nice, cleanly place. But if any body who has been so unfortunate as to be blocked up in the Tenth Avenue cars, in the vicinity of Vesey Street, has noted, through the jam of carts and drays, the unsightly accumulation of dirty-looking sheds which form a portion of Washington Market—and especially if he suffers his eyes to rest long on the immense quantity of beef, pork, and mutton which hangs exposed to dust and dirt, he will be likely to eat his dinner that day with silent qualms, not daring to ask where it was procured.

An inspection of the city markets has recently been made by the Common Council Committee. They were surprised to find the buildings of Washington and Fulton markets in a miserable condition—leaky roofs, rotten floors and walls. Other things they found, even less agreeable to mention—but which are to be seen there every day. The City Fathers seemed to be impressed with the idea that something should be done immediately; and the public will be devoutly thankful if the impression deepens into an entire *Reconstruction.*

On Sunday, the 23d of August, while volcanic agencies were still threatening the city of Callao, in Peru, with inundation, a penitential procession organized by the clergy passed through the streets to deprecate the wrath of the sea. The procession gathered around a platform in front of the mole, which was illuminated and covered with flowers, and upon which stood an image of the saint whose intercession they desired to invoke. The name and history of this saint are not generally known. In 1746—so the story goes—after the destruction of Old Callao by earthquake and inundation, an image of some saint was found in one of the sewers, where it was washed by the sea. It was so disfigured that it could not be identified, so the people cleaned, repaired, and adorned it, and placed it on a platform. A procession was formed to bear it to some safer place. At the time the sea was still boisterous, and while the procession stopped to rest near the shore a wonderful miracle was wrought. The sea became calm all at once, and it was, as a matter of course, attributed to the saint, so that there and then it was named Nuestro Señor del Mar (our God of the Sea). Since then this saint has been carefully preserved, and whenever the sea is angry Nuestro Señor is brought out to becalm it.

John B. Gough commences his lecturing tour early in October. All his lecture time has been engaged, he having already declined over eight hundred invitations.

There are not far from seventy-five marriage-brokers in Paris. Two of them pay an income tax of two hundred thousand francs a year. They charge five per cent. on the dower of rich wives, and two per cent. when the fortune of the husband and wife are about equally large. An extra charge is made for procuring husbands with aristocratic titles.

The Indian game of "La Crosse" seems to be coming into vogue, and is considered more attractive than base-ball, requiring more players, and greater activity and skill. There are twelve players on each side. Two flags are placed six feet apart on staffs six feet high, and at a distance of one hundred and eighty yards two corresponding flags are fixed. The playing takes place between these two points. A small sponge India rubber ball is used. The object of the players is to drive the ball between the two flags of the opposing sides, and the men are stationed so that this can be done only by great skill and dexterity. The instrument used in this game is known as "a crosse." It has a slightly curved handle, with a large hook at the end. This is covered with tight net-work, and is used not only to strike the ball, but to catch and carry it. The goal is protected by a "goal-keeper," "point man," and "cover-point man." The game is commenced by the ball being placed in the centre of the field. The men are each armed with his "crosse." The opposing "centres" struggle for the ball, which, as soon as obtained, is hurled to one of the same side. For many minutes, and oftentimes for hours, the ball is hurled about the field, the players all endeavoring to send it between the staffs surmounted by their opponents' colors. The exciting moment is when the ball is in proximity to the goals. The players close in, and their crosses fly like rapiers, when suddenly one of the defenders of the goal catches the ball on his "crosse," and running like a deer, bears it toward the other goal; but he is usually intercepted by some of the fielders, who knock his "crosse," and catch the ball in their own. In Canada thousands turn out to witness "La Crosse," and when the Indians, with whom it originated, measure "crosses" with the veteran white players of Montreal there are tens of thousands to witness it.

HENRY WARD BEECHER'S SERMONS.—"*The Plymouth Pulpit*" will be published weekly, containing the current series of Mr. BEECHER'S sermons, commencing with the sermon of Sunday, September 20th. A neat octavo pamphlet, carefully printed, and suitable for binding. Price, 6 cents per single copy; $2 50 per year. Subscriptions received by the undersigned. The trade supplied by the American News Company. J. B. FORD & Co., 164 Nassau Street, Printing-House Square, New York.

FOREIGN HONORS. — The Grover & Baker Sewing Machine Company can boast of right royal patronage. They have recently supplied two of their Elastic-Stitch Family Sewing Machines to Her Majesty by Royal command, and they also hold appointments from the Empress of the French, the Queen of Spain, and the Emperor of Brazil, while they have also supplied the Empress of Russia and the Queen of Bavaria.—*London Mirror.*

HALF WAY up Lookout Mountain, the place where memory is stirred by a thousand thrilling associations, and where the brave boys of both armies met and fought hand to hand—where the blood of both friend and foe was mingled together and ran down the mountain-side in rivulets—is a smooth-faced rock, upon which a poor wounded soldier inscribed the following:

"S. T.—1860—X.—Early in the battle I was wounded, and carried to this spot by two clever 'Yanks.' They bade me farewell, and as they supposed, to die, for I was so weak from loss of blood that I could but faintly thank them for their kindness. They left in my canteen a part bottle of Plantation Bitters, to which I owe my life, for it strengthened me, and kept life within me until help came and my wound was dressed. God bless them for their kindness, and for the Plantation Bitters. HENRY DAVAGEL, Co. B, 10th Ga."—*Times.*

MAGNOLIA WATER.—Superior to the best imported German Cologne, and sold at half the price.

FROM A LONG-ESTABLISHED AND WELL-KNOWN HOUSE.—"We have sold BURNETT'S EXTRACTS (for cooking purposes) for several years, and believe them equal to any we have had hitherto, and find them gradually growing in the public favor." ACKER, MERRALL, & CONDIT, Grocers. NEW YORK, *September* 8, 1868.

JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., Sole Proprietors, 592 Broadway, New York; 27 Central Street, Boston.

These Extracts are for sale every where.

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None of the pains and injuries resulting from the use of other Trusses are found in Dr. Sherman's Appliances; and, with a full knowledge of the assertion, he promises greater security and comfort, with a daily improvement in the disease, than can be obtained of any other person, or the inventions of any other person in the United States.

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MANHATTAN
CO-OPERATIVE
RELIEF ASSOCIATION.

OFFICE MANHATTAN CO-OPERATIVE RELIEF ASSOCIATION,
No. 658 BROADWAY, COR. BOND ST., N. Y.

THE MANHATTAN CO-OPERATIVE RELIEF ASSOCIATION is chartered by the State of New York.

OBJECT.

The object of this Association is to secure a cash payment within forty days after the death of a member of as many dollars as there are members in the class to which he or she belongs, to his or her heirs.

MEMBERSHIP FEES.

The membership fees are six dollars at joining (for which a policy will be furnished), and one dollar and ten cents on the death of each member, of which due notice will be given. One dollar from each member goes to the widow or heirs of the deceased member, and the ten cents for the expenses of collecting.

INVESTMENTS.

The By-Laws of the Association require that one third of the money received as new membership fees shall be made a sinking fund to meet payments falling due by the delinquencies of members. This fund is held by the

NATIONAL TRUST CO.,

and will be invested in United States Bonds, or real estate, or bond and mortgage upon New York City property, which property shall be double the value of the money so loaned.

THE FUNDS.

The remaining two thirds, after paying the expenses of the Association, shall be invested in real estate in the City of New York, or in bond and mortgage on property in the City of New York, the interest of which shall go to pay the current expenses of the Association. If a deceased member leaves no heirs, the money becomes the property of the Association, with the proviso that the expenses of burial shall be paid out of such funds—said expenses, however, not to exceed one hundred dollars.

A member failing to pay his fee of one dollar and ten cents within thirty days from date of notice, forfeits all claims upon the Association, and also forfeits all money previously paid. In the Pacific States this time is extended to sixty days. A member having no permanent residence must notify the Secretary, and appoint a representative to pay his fees.

When members choose they can send ten dollars and fifty cents to the Treasurer to prepay their fees, which sum will pay for ten deaths, thus saving the trouble of sending $1 10 each time, besides a saving of fifty cents. No man is so poor that he can not pay $6 now, and $1 10 occasionally, thus securing $5000 to his heirs. The average number of dollars each person will have to pay to secure $5000 will be $30 per year, a little over fifty cents per week. This makes this mode of insurance cost about one sixth what they would have to pay any regular Insurance Company for a $5000 policy.

This company is divided into ten classes for men, and ten classes for women. As soon as these classes are filled ten new classes will be adopted. Men and women are not allowed in the same classes. Every thing is done to make each class equal.

CLASSES.

In class A all persons betw'n the ages of 15 and 20 yrs.
In class B all persons betw'n the ages of 20 and 25 yrs.
In class C all persons betw'n the ages of 25 and 30 yrs.
In class D all persons betw'n the ages of 30 and 35 yrs.
In class E all persons betw'n the ages of 35 and 40 yrs.
In class F all persons betw'n the ages of 40 and 45 yrs.
In class G all persons betw'n the ages of 45 and 50 yrs.
In class H all persons betw'n the ages of 50 and 55 yrs.
In class I all persons betw'n the ages of 55 and 60 yrs.
In class K all persons betw'n the ages of 60 and 65 yrs.

The classes for women are the same as above. Any one that is found to give his or her age wrong will be expelled, and the moneys paid forfeited to the Association. Each class is limited to 5000 members. Each person pays $6 upon becoming a member, and $1 10 each time a member dies *belonging to the same class he or she may be a member of.*

A member of one class can not be assessed this dollar if a member of another class dies. Each class is INDEPENDENT, *having no connection with any other.*

ILLUSTRATION.

Class "A" has 5000 male members. A man dies. The Association pays over, within forty days, $5000 to the widow or heirs, and the remaining members forward, within thirty days, $1 10 each to the Association to reimburse it. Failing to send this sum, they forfeit to the Association all moneys paid, and the Association supplies a new member to fill the place of the retiring one.

ADVANTAGES.

The advantages of this Association over ordinary Life Insurance Companies are, no panics can break it; the fees are so small, and required to be paid at such long intervals, that any man can secure to his family a competency upon his death.

HOW TO BECOME MEMBERS.

Any one desiring to become a member must send $6, in check, bank draft, postal order, or by express, the expressage being paid by the applicant. *Under no circumstance will the Association be responsible for moneys sent but in this way.* Agents are not allowed to receive moneys, but must ask for checks, &c., &c. Persons paying an agent otherwise than by check do it at their own risk. All checks, &c., must be payable to the order of W. S. CARMAN, Treasurer. Accompanying the money must be a paper giving the applicant's full name, age, birth-place, present occupation, who the policy is in favor of, post-office address, town, county, and state—*also, a Medical Certificate,* setting forth the physical condition, and whether, in the opinion of the doctor examining, the applicant is a proper person to be insured. Blank forms of application for membership will be sent upon applications.

Agents are not allowed to receive money but in the form of a check, draft, or postal order, made payable to the order of W. S. CARMAN, Treasurer.

Each member ought to try to make new members; by so doing he benefits himself. No letter will be noticed that does not contain a three-cent postage stamp to prepay return postage.

All communications should be addressed

Manhattan Co-operative Relief Association,
No. 658 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

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ELSON T. WRIGHT, President Star Metal Co.
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H. W. FORD, the Cashier, Bank of the Republic.
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Officers:

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ELSON T. WRIGHT, Vice-President.
W. S. CARMAN, Treasurer.
LEWIS SANDERS, Secretary.
JOHN A. ROBINSON, M.D., } Examining
ALEX. R. GRAY, M.D., } Physicians.

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N. B.—Parties paying agents in money do so at their own risk. The Association will not be responsible for money so paid.

A General Agent wanted for each State and Territory. General Agents will be required to give the best of references, and $50,000 bonds.

Agents wanted in every Town in the United States and Canadas.

A physician will be in attendance at the office of the Company—also at the office of each General Agent—to examine applicants.

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They are manufactured with *Hunting Cases* (*ladies'* and *gentlemen's*), have superb Swiss movements, *jewelled, engine-turned,* with compensation spiral spring.

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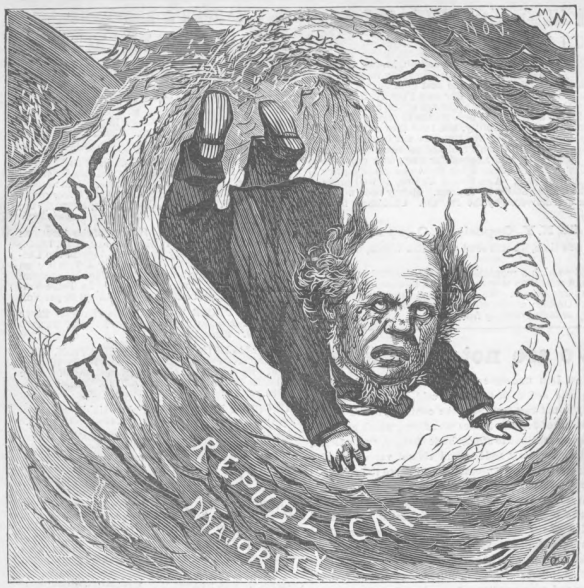

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IV. Authority to issue their own FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS to the same amount, having the preferred lien—superior to that of the Government.
V. It receives, in addition, DONATIONS AND SUBSIDIES from the State and Cities of California, amounting to more than $3,000,000 in gold;

Or an aggregate of Cash Resources for construction of MORE THAN SIXTY MILLIONS UPON 725 MILES, independent of the Ten Millions of Acres of Public Lands, and further Subscriptions to the Capital Stock. The early completion of the enterprise is therefore beyond all reasonable doubt.

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The business for the month of July last was as follows, IN GOLD:

GROSS EARNINGS,	OPERATING EXPENSES,	NET EARNINGS,
$259,590 89.	$80,352 72.	$179,238 17.

This result was upon less than 200 miles opened for business, with insufficient rolling-stock, and was derived from *legitimate commercial business only*—being altogether independent of the transportation of the immense amounts of men, subsistence, and materials required for grading and extending the track nearly one hundred miles eastward during the same period.

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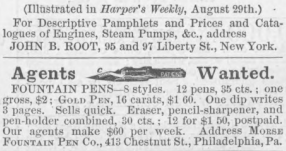

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XII.—No. 615.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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THE WATER DRINKERS.

THE scene here represented is one familiar to all who have traveled in Spain. "Agua fresca, agua fresca, quien quiere agua fresca!" such is the cry we may hear sonorously shouted in the plaza at the corner of the old palace, the porch of which affords a grateful shade, while the hot, burning sun of Spain glows again on the white walls and gray roofs of the old tumble-down square, with its quaint and grateful fountain in the centre splashing a sense of coolness around. No one who has not experienced what summer is in scorched-up Spain can conceive the delight of a deep draught of pure, icy-cold water, such as one gets from CHARLES V.'s well in the Alhambra, for instance. This and a water-melon are the two great luxuries of life in Andalusia. Here we see two Iberian maidens, of almost Moorish hue, in black mantilla and richly-worked shawl, fan in hand, who have probably just returned from mass in the neighboring church. They and the water-carrier are full of character, and thoroughly Spanish. Equally so are the inscriptions we read on the wall—"Una vasa de agua es mejor del vino malo," and "Viva libertad y indipendenza!" Liberty and water are, in truth, the two national aspirations of thirsty and enslaved Spain. As a work of art this is one of PHILLIP'S most delightful pictures, boldly drawn, well grouped, and painted with an impasto and boldness such as no other painter of his school could approach.

THE INDIAN WAR.

GENERAL SHERIDAN writes to a friend in this city that the Indians began their present depredations in order to force the agents to give them further presents and more money, making us, in accordance with our old time Indian policy, purchase a peace. But the policy of Generals SHERMAN and SHERIDAN is not that of the old Indian agents and speculative traders; it is rather that of the actual settlers, and it means extermination or removal. The war now inaugurated will doubtless end in the complete subjugation of the Indian tribes. If General SHERMAN does not render them forever powerless for evil he will disprove much of the character he gained during the late war as a thorough soldier, and if General SHERIDAN does not vigorously pursue and punish those in the field he is not the active soldier we have always supposed him.

We publish on page 653 an illustration of one

THE WATER DRINKERS IN SPAIN.—[DRAWN BY JOHN PHILLIP, R.A.]

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of the attacks of Indians on a wagon-train. Our artist, writing from near Council Grove, Kansas, says the sketch of the fight at Sheridan was made immediately after its conclusion, he having been a participant in the fight. He adds:

On the morning of the 16th September firing was heard in the direction of the Buttes about a mile and a half from Sheridan. The alarm was immediately given and every one turned out, no man waiting for his neighbor. It was found that part of a Mexican bull-train which had been cut off the preceding night had been attacked a second time. Two men were already dead and one scalped. The party from the town arrived in time to save the scalp of the second one; both, however, were much mutilated. Nearly all the cattle were either killed or wounded. After a short skirmish the Indians retreated without loss Being mounted they escaped pursuit. During the night they returned and carried off some of the meat of the cattle which had been killed.

THE LOST CAUSE.

WHEN at the last the war was done,
They owned that lost for which they fought;
But is the blood and treasure naught
By which the victory was won?

If so, then those ensanguined years
Brought in their crimsoned wake no gain,
But only sharpened thrusts of pain,
And grief let loose in scalding tears.

If so, because the sword was drawn
We fought, and not for Right assailed;
As well the traitor had not quailed,
Nor victory brought at last the Dawn.

See, now, the banners that they fly
Are those that Treason's gory hand
Uplifted; and across the land
Rings still the same old battle-cry.

And shall the Lost Cause be regained?
Shall Wrong, defeated in the fight,
Be yet triumphant over Right
Though countless fields with blood were stained?

Oh, true and tried of heart and hand!
Man of the loyal people's choice,
In you and in your soldiers' voice
Abides the Future of the land.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1868.

THE CAMILLA RIOT.

IT is not easy to ascertain accurately the facts in any case of violence in the late rebel States. Usually, however, when it is a conflict between rebels and Union men of any color, the fair presumption is against the former. The Union men, knowing that the feeling of the old master-class is against them, are not likely to provoke disturbance, while the history of their conduct before and during and since the war relieves them, generally, of the suspicion of instigating trouble. Again, there is not a reflecting man in the country who is familiar with the facts, who supposes that if the colored population in the Southern States were treated with fairness it would be troublesome or vindictive. While there is certainly not a man of common manhood who supposes that any class of men will allow itself to be thrust back into a cruel bondage, from which it has just been delivered, without a struggle. If, therefore, we hear of riots and bloodshed arising from the condition of society in the Southern States, we may be very sure that the final cause is the unjust attempt of one part of the population politically and socially to subjugate another.

A fortnight ago Colonel PIERCE, Republican candidate for Congress in the second district of Georgia, and Captain MURPHY, one of the Republican candidates for Elector, went with a party of political friends to hold a meeting at Camilla. They were met at some distance from the town by the Sheriff and some of the citizens, who requested them to retire, as the people of Camilla wished to hear no Radical speaking. The party declined, and moving on, entered the town, where they were presently attacked. Both PIERCE and MURPHY were wounded, and many of their friends were killed. The Sheriff says that he asked them only to lay aside their weapons. But it does not appear that they were unusually armed, while the attack shows the townspeople to have been fully armed. This request, therefore, was, that a party of unarmed Republicans, many of whom were colored, would take the risk of holding a meeting in a rebel town and among armed rebels. Now it may be the fate of Union men to be summarily shot in Georgia for the crime of holding political meetings. But it is really extravagant to ask them to submit to slaughter without even a form of remonstrance.

The question upon reading this statement is, whether it was probable that the intention of the party was, as the Associated Press dispatch avers, "to overawe" the citizens of Camilla? Had not Colonel PIERCE and Captain MURPHY a right to hold a political meeting any where in their district? If some of their friends were armed, has there ever been a political meeting in exciting times in that part of the country where a large part of those present were not armed? Has the conduct of their opponents been such as to show the Republicans that it is not necessary to defend themselves? Have not WADE HAMPTON and his associates every where invited the Democrats to organize against colored Union men and starve them if they will not support SEYMOUR? Has not the Georgia Legislature expelled the colored members? Are not colored men thrust from the jury box? Are not the black codes the living witnesses of the feeling of their political opponents?

Governor BULLOCK has done what he can to protect loyal men in Georgia, but the Democratic majority left in the Legislature by the expulsion of Union men has thwarted his efforts. These are the fruits of the green tree. If SEYMOUR and BLAIR should be elected, what a fearful tragedy must not every where follow in the Southern States! If while SEYMOUR is a candidate merely there is such confusion, must not his election produce chaos in that distempered section? General SCHOFIELD has ordered General MEADE to return and to keep the peace in Georgia. He will investigate the facts of the Camilla riot. But we imagine they are already substantially known and understood. Once more, we say, let all sensible men decide whether the election of SEYMOUR and BLAIR is the road to peace.

THE SPANISH REVOLUTION.

INSURRECTION in Spain is as inevitable as discontent in Ireland. The necessity of modern government is justice; and whatever be the true theory of suffrage, whether it be a right or a trust, experience shows that in states where the suffrage is most general, justice is surest. The most disturbed political communities in our Union are those in which aristocratic government has prevailed; the most peaceful and progressive, those in which there is the highest general welfare, are those which have been most truly popular. Universal suffrage is certainly not a panacea for the ills of human society. But it seems to be the precedent condition of hopeful progress. Intelligence is indispensably necessary to good government; but political power is the great incentive to education. Where every body votes it is the interest of every man that his neighbor should be intelligent. On the other hand, an unintelligent community will not select enlightened governors; but if the governors appoint themselves, all experience again shows that they will abuse their power.

This is the result of aristocratic rule every where. We see its consequences in the present revolution in Spain, and in the Camilla riot, and in Fenianism. Its most appalling modern illustration was our late war. England is engaged in a peaceful contest with this spirit; and the revolution in England moves so rapidly that the Tory Prime Minister can hold his place only by outdaring the Liberals. He makes his stand in this election, indeed, upon maintaining the ecclesiastical situation in Ireland. But he would be instantly shorn of his strength if his previous conduct were not an assurance of rapid change in the Irish policy. If DISRAELI should be sustained in the election he would be obliged to present some reform policy for Ireland. The most intelligent of the English Liberals believe that the great changes in that country will be peacefully accomplished. But there is no Englishmen so dull as to believe that those changes can be averted. And as long as DISRAELI acts as he has hitherto acted, he is in no sense a Tory minister. He receives his policy from Parliament, renouncing his own if Parliament dissents. This changes the form but not the essence of the British Government, for it still leaves Parliament supreme.

The politics of Spain during the reign of the present Queen, who came to the throne in 1833, is a contest mainly between a more or less despotic party. NARVAEZ was the chief of what may be called the Tories or Absolutists, and O'DONNELL of the Whigs or Liberals. The Tory party has generally been dominant, and the true Liberals, or third party, looking to a popular government, has been dormant, except when it tried a revolution, which was generally summarily repressed. The Tory and Whig leaders are now dead, and a Liberal revolution has broken out under the most favorable auspices. GONZALEZ BRAVO, the Chief Minister, has resigned, and CONCHA, a moderate Liberal, has succeeded him. But the revolutionists, of whom General PRIM is the most noted leader, have declared for the overthrow of the monarchy and for ESPARTERO, formerly Regent, and a Liberal. He is now seventy-six years old, but his name is a popular cry, and connects the revolution with the previous régime.

Before the French Revolution of 1848 the Duke DE MONTPENSIER, a son of King LOUIS PHILIPPE of France, married Queen ISABELLA'S sister. This event was the occasion of the Spanish marriage question, which was considered to be very important. But after LOUIS PHILIPPE left Paris and history under a large umbrella it was not thought to be so important. The Duke is now understood to have arrived in Spain to wait upon Providence. But the revolution is not likely to be satisfied with exchanging one daughter of FERDINAND VII. for another with a French husband. If it succeeds it will doubtless appeal to a popular vote, and we shall see a Constituent Assembly in Spain. Nor is any power in Europe likely to interfere, and undertake a crusade against revolutionary Spain as the Great Powers did against revolutionary France at the end of the last century. If ISABELLA abdicates no BURKE will sigh for the vanished age of chivalry, nor fear that the foundations of human society are crumbling because a corrupt tyranny is overthrown. But, whether this movement succeeds or not, the revolution in Spain is permanent. It will continue until the government is harmonized with the welfare of the people.

GENERAL DIX FOR GENERAL GRANT.

THE letter of General DIX strongly advocating the election of General GRANT, and stating his reasons for opposing Mr. SEYMOUR, is not only very good in itself, but it is very significant. The SEYMOUR papers sneer at it as the snarl of a disappointed man. But that does not touch the point. Granting it to be so, for the argument, what then? Why is he disappointed? Certainly General DIX'S career as a Democrat is much more conspicuous and brilliant than Mr. SEYMOUR'S. He has been Senator in Congress, Secretary of the Treasury, and Minister to France. He is a gentleman of capacity, of scholarly accomplishment, of very great experience in public affairs, of unspotted reputation, and of national distinction. It is said that he is disappointed because he was not nominated by the Democrats for the Presidency. Very well, being a much more eminent and able man than Mr. SEYMOUR, and universally known to his party, why was he not nominated?

For precisely the same reason that he was not confirmed as Minister to France twenty years ago, when his party controlled the Senate and the policy of the Government. Because he was not a tool of the aristocratic slave power; because he had been opposed to the annexation of Texas for the benefit of that power; and because he had said that slavery should be confined to its domain by a cordon of free States, and forced, like the scorpion girt with fire, to sting itself to death. General DIX, although a Democrat, had shown some emotion of humanity, some sense of justice, some regard for national honor. But from the moment that this appeared his "Democracy" was not sound. "Sound Democracy" was unswerving subservience to the slave-holding aristocracy. FRANKLIN PIERCE'S was the true article; so was HORATIO SEYMOUR'S. They sneezed when Senator BUTLER of South Carolina took snuff.

When the slaveholders rose in rebellion against the Government, "sound Democracy" was shown in the letter of PIERCE to JEFFERSON DAVIS and the speeches of SEYMOUR, denouncing the war and discrediting the Government. But General DIX surrendered all hope of preferment by the Democratic party when he wrote, "If any man haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot!" What was WADE HAMPTON doing but that very thing? What was HORATIO SEYMOUR doing but encouraging him? And when both were baffled, and WADE HAMPTON returned to the command of the Democratic party, of course he rewards SEYMOUR, and General DIX has as much chance of the nomination as CHARLES SUMNER.

If, then, General DIX be a disappointed man, it is because he has not understood his party. What right had he to suppose, from any thing the Democratic party has ever said or done, that hostility to slavery and distinguished service for the Government against the rebellion were claims upon its favor? Who were the managers of that party during the war? Who was the President of its National Convention in 1864, and what did that Convention declare? Who controlled its late Convention? VALLANDIGHAM directed its financial policy, and WADE HAMPTON its policy of reconstruction. It nominated HORATIO SEYMOUR, who declared that the success of the Government would be as revolutionary as that of the rebellion, and FRANK BLAIR, who called aloud for the President to overthrow by force the governments of the Southern States. "Sound Democracy" served slavery alive, and it serves it dead. It passes black codes, organizes the Ku-Klux Klan, and threatens laborers with starvation who do not support it. It is the enemy of equal rights, of free government, and of progress. Its chosen representatives are SEYMOUR, VALLANDIGHAM, HAMPTON, and HOWELL COBB. Is General DIX disappointed that these persons did not nominate him, or that his party insists upon being chained to a corpse?

WATER STREET.

THE late performances at the dance-house of JOHN ALLEN in Water Street have not seemed to us so promising as to many ardent souls, because Satan is an extremely long-headed adversary, and because bears have a habit of feigning death when they have by no means succumbed. It does not seem to us a very hopeful way of improving a man to make him notorious for wickedness, and then an object of sensational attention. If a missionary should go into Water Street—and we wish that the sense of duty called missionaries there rather than to Burmah and Siam oftener than it does—and finding a man whose house was the haunt of every horrible vice, should labor with him manfully, show him the infamy of his life, and win him from it, a good work would be done. But missionaries are apt to be very amiable men with very little experience of mankind, and are, consequently, unable always to discover when they are fooled.

The public is greedy for religious sensations. A revival like that of ten years ago excites the community, and it is useless to speculate upon its advantages or harmful results. The difficulty with all such things is the case with which a certain physical condition is mistaken for a spiritual emotion, and in general the fatal facility both of intentional and unintentional deception. JOHN ALLEN probably made game of his missionary visitors; but finding himself notorious he acted accordingly. An article upon the Wickedest Man in New York may be a good advertisement for a magazine or for a dance-house, but we can not think it a wise way to reform Water Street. The flurry of excitement which has been raised about a particular spot in that missionary region may last for a few days longer. We observe that several noted gentlemen have been there to preach and pray. Will they continue to go when the excitement has died away, and no newspaper or magazine describes the dance-house and its meetings?

If all this is the beginning of a wise moral effort to purify Water Street and the wharves, we shall be very glad of it. But if it be a mere spasm of sensation for the cloyed city, Water Street will be worse off than before.

PUSHING THE FINANCIAL QUESTION.

MR. EDWARD ATKINSON, of Boston, is "pushing" the financial question with an ability and vigor that must be rather distressing to Mr. HORATIO SEYMOUR, who urges *his* friends to push it in a very different direction. Mr. ATKINSON has been studying documents accessible to every body, but by no means manageable by every body—such as Reports of Secretaries of the Treasury—and has reached some very striking results.

For instance: The total revenue of the United States from April 1, 1861, to June 30, 1868, seven and a quarter years of active war or of so-called peace, was $2,213,349,486. If we deduct from the total expenditure for that time a fair allowance for ordinary peace expenses, we have, say, $4,000,000,000 as the actual cost of the war. But as we owed on the 30th of June, 1868, only $2,485,000,000, it follows that we have actually raised by taxation, and paid toward the cost of the war, besides paying all our peace expenses, $1,515,000,000. This has been paid in seven and a quarter years, and amounts to three-eighths of the entire cost of the war. And the money has been raised mainly in the loyal States, which for more than half of the time had a most efficient producing part of the population engaged in war.

Again, as a taxation of nearly $500,000,000 has proved too great for our present condition, the taxes have been reduced to but little more than $300,000,000 a year—and such is the reduction of our expenses that this sum is ample to pay expenses and interest, and a moderate annual payment of the principal. The normal increase of the population will so enhance the revenue that the rate per capita, which now yields $300,000,000, will, in the next twenty years, increase the aggregate in a sum sufficient to pay all additional expenses and the entire principal of the debt within that time. The present tariff yields about $170,000,000. The income tax yields $30,000,000. The whisky and tobacco, stamp and other taxes will yield more than $100,000,000.

This is the way to push the financial question—to tell the truth about it. To show that although the rebellion of the Southern wing of the Democratic party, sustained by the opposition offered to the Government by Mr. SEYMOUR and his friends, has thrown a great debt upon the country, yet the energy and industry which conquered the rebellion will, with equal determination, easily pay the honest cost of the incalculably precious victory.

GOVERNMENT BY THE PEOPLE.

A DEMOCRATIC paper coolly asserts that "self-government by the people" is "the policy of the Democracy." Let us see how true this is.

In ten of the States of the Union at least a third of the people, a third of the male adults, are colored. Now the Arkansas Democratic Convention last January declared for "the exclusion of negroes from an equal participation in making the laws." Self-government by the people is, therefore, not the policy of the Arkansas Democracy.

The Richmond *Enquirer*, the chief Democratic organ in Virginia, says distinctly, "none but white men must vote." The Virginia Democracy rejects the policy of self-government by the people.

The Mobile *Register*, the leading Democratic authority in Alabama, describes the "negro vote as null and void, and a sum of villainies." This is not very suggestive of government by the people.

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Senator HENDRICKS, of Indiana, a prominent candidate for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency, says frankly, speaking for his party, "We meet the question squarely; we are against negro suffrage."

The cry of the Democratic party every where is not government by the people; it is "this is a white man's Government."

The alternative therefore is, that colored men are not "people," that is, they are not human beings, an assertion now left exclusively to Democratic orators; or that "people" is an arbitrary term meaning the lawful voters. Thus one Democratic writer gravely says: "It is the right of each State to determine who are the people qualified for political functions therein." Very well: who is the State? There is no State, in a voting sense, without voters, and who is to determine who the voters shall be? If the Democratic policy be government by the people then it asserts that all the people conforming to the usual conditions of sex and age ought to vote. But we deny that this is the Democratic policy any where, and least of all in the late rebel States.

All that the paper from which we quote means is that the white voters in the Southern States, a majority of whom in some of the States are unquestionably disaffected to the Government, ought to have exclusive political power, and do exactly as they please with the loyal people of every complexion. All the fine phrases of the Democratic papers and orators mean class government. The Democratic party, for more than a long generation, has been the political machine of an aristocracy, and it is nothing else now. When its orators a dozen years ago were blarneying the day-laborers of New York, Senator HAMMOND, of South Carolina, was expounding his philosophy of society, as a structure that rested most securely upon "mud-sills," as he contemptuously called the laborers, and the Richmond *Enquirer* set forth its pleasant doctrine that capital ought to own labor, not hire it. This was "Democracy" then, as it is now.

DEMOCRATIC SNEERS AT THE FOREIGN FRIENDS OF THE UNION.

WE do not remember to have seen in any Democratic paper, or to have read in any Democratic speech, any word of praise for the Englishmen and Frenchmen whose faith in the loyalty of our citizens was unshaken during the war. But they have been ridiculed and reviled as if they had been enemies of the country. On the other hand, Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON tells Lord WHARNCLIFFE, the chief of the English association for running the blockade and promoting rebel piracy to destroy American commerce, that his name will be always precious to us. So the *World*, which can not contain its admiration for "the grand old soldier," General LEE, and which declares that the speeches of WADE HAMPTON do "honor to the American character," and exhibit "a true American citizen," and "a practical temper and a just political vision which do honor to the American character," sneers at GOLDWIN SMITH and NEWMAN HALL, who have been here, and at Mr. M'CARTHY, editor of the London *Star*, who is coming, as men who, it says, in contemptuous quotation, "stood by us in the dark and trying times."

Even the friendship of an Englishman for the Union and liberty in this country is an unforgivable crime to "Sound Democracy." Judging by experience, if Lord WHARNCLIFFE, who hated the Union, and did his utmost to destroy it and save slavery, should come to this country, we do not doubt that the Chairman of the National Democratic Committee would be very glad to receive him; and, as that chairman, in his own house, rebuked a Union soldier for objecting to the Marquis of Hartington's flaunting a rebel badge in his face, so he would take good care that the Democratic organs that bark at the English friends of the Union should be respectfully silent before its enemies.

THE ARTILLERY SCHOOL AT FORTRESS MONROE, VIRGINIA.

WE referred in previous articles to the necessity of schools of application and practice for those officers who, upon graduating at West Point, became connected with the artillery and engineer service, such necessity having been demonstrated in the early stages of the late war. Such a school, embracing also instruction for all appointees of the artillery of the army, whether from civil life or from the ranks of the army, has been established at Fortress Monroe. During the brief term of General GRANT as Secretary of War the school was established, in November, 1867, under orders issued by him. Since the school commenced operations a large tract of land, consisting of about three hundred acres, has been purchased and added to our possessions at Fortress Monroe. This establishment is likely to have an important effect upon the future of the Army.

Brevet Major-General BARRY, Colonel Second Regiment Artillery, was assigned to the command of the school and of the military post of Fortress Monroe and its dependencies; and the command was, by general orders, made an independent one, General BARRY receiving his orders directly from, and making his reports directly to, the General-in-Chief.

Brevet Brigadier-General JOSEPH ROBERTS, Lieutenant-Colonel Fourth Regiment Artillery, and Brevet Brigadier-General WILLIAM HAYS, Major Fifth Regiment Artillery, were assigned to duty at the school as field-officers; and Brevet Major SANGER, Adjutant First Artillery, as Adjutant.

The orders of the War Department prescribed that the instruction at the school should be practical as well as theoretical; that the latter should comprise, besides the study of text-books, a course of lectures, of which notes should be taken by the students, and afterward elaborated into written essays.

The practical portion of the course was assigned to the summer months, and was left to the discretion of the commanding officer of the school. The theoretical portion, to which the winter months were to be devoted, was to be arranged by the staff of the school, which was to consist of the commanding officer, the two field-officers, the ordnance-officer for the time being in command of the Fortress Monroe Arsenal, and the adjutant of the school as secretary. The staff was also directed to draw up a code of regulations for the governance of the school, which was done with much completeness. One battery from each of the five regiments of artillery was ordered to report to Major-General BARRY for duty at the school. All of the five officers belonging to each of these batteries were ordered to accompany their batteries; and provision was also made for a number of additional officers by directing the assignment to duty at the school of such officers as, with or without their consent, it was deemed desirable to send there. The five instruction batteries were also filled up with recruits to a total of ninety men.

By the 1st of February, 1868, the officers and enlisted men had all been assembled. Major-General BARRY arranged the preliminaries of the organization of the school, and the staff addressed itself to the preparation of the code of regulations, course of theoretical, and other instruction. These having all been finally approved by the General-in-Chief and the Secretary of War, the 1st of April, 1868, was designated for the formal opening of the school and commencement of the course of practical instruction as arranged by Major-General BARRY. An introductory lecture upon the appropriate theme, "The organization and history of the United States Artillery from the foundation of the Government to the present time," was delivered by General BARRY on the evening of March 31, and the course was promptly commenced next day. For the purposes of practical instruction the school is supplied with the following guns:

1. A field-battery (without horses) consisting of four 3-inch rifle wrought-iron guns, and two light 12-pounders smooth-bore.
2. A siege-battery of four 4½-inch rifle guns, one 30-pounder Parrott rifle gun, and one 8-inch siege-howitzer.
3. A siege-battery of four 10-inch siege-mortars of new pattern, with iron carriages.
4. A sea-coast battery (in casemate) of six 10-inch Rodman smooth-bore guns, and three 24 pounder flank-defense howitzers.
5. A sea-coast battery (in barbette) of four 100-pounder Parrott rifle-guns, and three 15-inch Rodman smooth-bore guns.
6. A sea-coast battery of six 13-inch sea-coast mortars, and one 10-inch sea-coast mortar, all of new pattern (without preponderance) and with iron carriages.

A Laboratory, equipped with every implement and supply requisite for practical instruction in military pyrotechny and the manufacture of artillery ammunition, was also prepared.

Besides instruction in the ordinary drill and general service of all these guns, practical instruction was given in the laying out and building of siege and mortar batteries, the laying of platforms for siege guns and mortars and for sea-coast mortars; and in every conceivable mechanical manœuvre incident to their mounting, dismounting, transfer, and transportation, including, of course, those pieces of ordnance of the heavy calibres of 15-inch Rodman smooth-bores and 13-inch sea-coast mortars and their carriages.

Practice with blank-cartridges and friction-primers was also regularly had monthly. The month of September and the first two weeks of October, which close the practical portion of the course, will be devoted to target-practice with every species of gun and projectile now adopted in the United States service. The opportunity offered by target-practice will also be availed of for the purpose of practical instruction in the uses of the Plane-Table for obtaining ranges; SCHULTZE'S Chronoscope, and BENTON'S Electro-ballistic Pendulum for obtaining initial velocities, and RODMAN'S pressure-plug for ascertaining initial strain.

An examination on the practical portion of the course will be had during the last half of the month of October; and on the 1st of November the theoretical portion of the course will commence, and will continue until March, when the final examination will be held.

The course of studies having been fixed by orders of the War Department at one year, the five batteries now under instruction will be replaced on the 1st of April by five others.

From the above summary of what has been done and what is proposed to be done during this, the first year of the present Artillery School, it will be perceived that its aims are to conserve, digest, and utilize the mass of valuable practical artillery experience acquired during the late war, and to impart to the officers and enlisted men of the United States Artillery instruction in the specialties of their arm of the service, which can be only thoroughly accomplished at a central artillery post or school, where apparatus, books, and artillery material can be collected in sufficient quantity and variety, and military duties specially arranged for that purpose. Officers of artillery of the Army of the present day are to be divided into three general classes: first, those promoted from the ranks, and whose opportunities for education have been limited; second, those appointed into the artillery from civil life, who have received a good school, and often a collegiate education; and third, the graduates of the Military Academy at West Point. The design of the Artillery School at Fortress Monroe is to afford opportunities to officers of the first two classes to acquire as much as is possible of the special information necessary for them as officers of artillery; and to supplement, for those of the third class, what the want of time and the pressure of other studies rendered it impracticable for them to acquire at the Military Academy; but all graduates of the latter who are assigned to the artillery are expected to have served at least one year with their batteries before being sent to this school. The thanks of the country are due to General GRANT for this important service.

"JUST SO."

THE following view of the canvass, taken by a leading Democratic paper a month after the nomination of Mr. SEYMOUR, is very ludicrous reading by the light of Maine and Vermont, and the new "uprising of the people" for General GRANT:

"General GRANT has proved to be the most unavailable man the Radicals could have nominated. His military associates are the most pronounced opponents of his pretensions. In short, it is all up with the Radicals. Their platform is a fraud. Their candidate is a sham. Their prospect is utter discomfiture. Their meetings are failures. Captain KIDD, as a memory, arouses more enthusiasm than General GRANT in his double character of chief and candidate. The only active men in the Radical campaign are their Congressional thieves, their revenue rogues, or their pulpit pretenders. Their statesmen bow their head in shame. Their former leaders hide from the public eye. Their presses breathe only cant, cheap loyalty, and issues as dead as last year's flies. Their defeats are just exactly as numerous as recurring elections. The coherence of spoils alone holds the officials together. The fear of detection alone bands the knaves in union. The rank and file are deserting by tens of thousands. There is no virility in the whole concern, from CHARLES SUMNER down to SANFORD CONOVER. The party is dead and the bubble is burst."

GENERAL GRANT IN EUROPE.

IT is gratifying to find the distinguished Europeans who contributed so materially, by word and pen, to the success of the Union cause, unanimous in regarding the election of General GRANT as absolutely necessary to prevent a recurrence of civil war, and to save the United States from being disgraced in the eyes of the world by financial repudiation. Our good friend, Count DE GASPARIN, declares this most emphatically; EDWARD LABOULAYE'S words we quoted a short time since; and the following extract, which we are permitted to copy from a private letter of the eminent French historian, HENRI MARTIN, ranks him in the same category:

"You are right," says M. MARTIN, "in believing that we are warmly interested in your Presidential contest. The election of a *soi-disant* Democrat would be a great calamity; but we have full confidence in the success of General GRANT."

A GENEROUS ACTION.

A FEW weeks since a number of sheriff's officers, in attempting to serve an injunction on an actor at the Broadway Theatre, restraining him from producing the drama of "Foul Play," by CHARLES READE and DION BOUCICAULT, became involved in a fracas in which a man and a boy attached to the theatre were wounded. Reports of the occurrence reached Mr. READE, and he immediately sent the sum of ten pounds, worth about $70 in greenbacks, to the sufferers, accompanied by the following characteristic letter:

"2 ALBERT TERRACE,
KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON.

"*Messrs. Harper & Brothers, New York:*

"DEAR SIRS,—A fracas has taken place about BOUCICAULT'S and READE'S drama 'Foul Play,' and an old man and a boy have been severely wounded.

"I do not know who was in the wrong; more competent judges will decide that upon a sworn evidence.

"But it makes me very unhappy that blood should be shed about any thing of this kind with which I am connected.

"I inclose a check on HERRIES & COMPANY for ten pounds, and will you be so very kind as to see that this small sum is laid out for the comfort and relief of those two sufferers?

"I also want somebody to take them by the hand and tell them that nobody on either side of the water is more grieved at their misfortune than I am.

"Will you kindly do this, or get it done, for me? I shall be truly obliged to you if you will.

"I am, yours respectfully,

"CHARLES READE."

LITERARY.

THE second volume of Dr. DRAPER'S "History of the American Civil War," which will be finished in another volume, is issued by the HARPERS. It is admirably printed and most conveniently arranged, and treats the period from the departure of Mr. LINCOLN from Springfield to the Emancipation Proclamation. Dr. DRAPER considers that the military policy of the war contemplated three objects: effectually to blockade the rebellious States by sea and land; to open the Mississippi River; to capture Richmond. The military and naval operations to these results are vividly described, and with a remarkable clearness of detail and freshness of interest. The criticisms upon the commanders, especially upon General MCCLELLAN, are acute but dispassionate. Indeed, we do not know where a better picture is drawn of that "dilatory and hesitating" chieftain. Dr. DRAPER devotes a proper space to the foreign relations and domestic policy of the Government. The attitude of England is relentlessly but authentically portrayed, and the French designs in Mexico are discussed with ample knowledge and graphic skill. Indeed, the volume, which is the result of faithful study of authentic records and personal communications from conspicuous actors, is full of interest and value, and is quite worthy the remarkable accomplishments of its distinguished author.

The HARPERS have just published a work of indescribable interest to the eighty or hundred thousand opium-eaters in the United States—"The Opium Habit, with Suggestions as to the Remedy." It consists of a painfully attractive relation of a successful attempt to abandon opium; detailed accounts of the most celebrated opium-eaters; and an article and letter by FITZ HUGH LUDLOW upon the cure of the habit, written with extraordinary detail of knowledge of every shifting aspect of the opium-eating practice. It is a book of great interest for every body, and of especial value for the faculty; and it is loudly demanded by the rapid extension of this insidious habit.

DU CHAILLU.

DU CHAILLU, the famous African explorer, the discoverer of the gorilla—whose books of travel are as interesting as any romance—is prepared to lecture this winter. DU CHAILLU illustrates his lectures by numerous diagrams and pictures. He is one of the best speakers, so far as interesting an audience is a test of success, whose name is familiar to the public.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEWS ITEMS.

A FUNERAL procession was crossing the Erie Railway near Elmira on September 22 when an express train ran into it. A sister of the deceased was thrown on the track and badly injured, and a child of the same was killed.

Captain MASON, President of the Registration Board of Fulton County, Arkansas, was murdered on the 19th of September by the KU-KLUX Klan, and several negroes have been killed and churches burned recently by the same organization. General HINDMAN of the same State was assassinated, on September 27, by one of his former rebel soldiers.

John H. SURRATT, the alleged accomplice of Booth in the murder of President Lincoln, was unexpectedly discharged from custody on September 24 under the law of limitations, which forbids the prosecution of criminals after being more than two years under charges without trial. The Government counsel appealed on the ground that no trial could be sooner had for the reason that SURRATT was a fugitive from justice.

The bill recently passed by the Louisiana Legislature to secure colored persons in their right to travel in public vehicles and be entertained in public hotels has been vetoed by Governor WARMOTH. He takes the ground that these rights are already secured by the State Constitution, and the refusal of them can not be made a question for a criminal suit, but a civil one. Besides, he says, it is better to let the prejudice against the newly enfranchised wear away by time rather than have it embittered by such legislation.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Spanish rebellion seriously threatens to become a successful revolution in a very short time. All the navy and half the army have joined the rebels under PRIM, and the rest of the royal army is disorganized and no dependence placed on its loyalty or efficiency. The principal cities have revolted, and in several instances their governors have been murdered. General PRIM, Marshal SERRANO, and other rebel leaders, are marching from different points on Madrid. The hour chosen for the revolt was at the time Queen Isabella was visiting Napoleon in the vain hope of obtaining assistance from him, and she was thus cut off from her capital. She then abdicated in favor of her son, but the rebels seem determined to be rid of the Bourbon dynasty, and the substitute was not received with loud acclaim. The early expulsion of the Bourbon family from Spain will doubtless be the result of the present movements. The Bourbon race will then have no foothold in Europe.

A deputation of Greek citizens waited upon Admiral FARRAGUT on September 22, and returned thanks for the sympathy which the United States had manifested for the patriots in Candia. The Admiral in reply is reported to have said that the people of America not only sympathized with the Cretans, but would aid, as far as possible, the cause of liberty in Crete.

Minister JOHNSON'S latest declaration to the English is to the effect that the differences between England and America are few and unimportant. The London papers doubt his authority to make any such assertions.

A London journal advocates the absorption of Mexico by the United States, provided we pay her debts to European powers, and keep the country quiet.

The report of the sinking of the southeast shore of Hawaii, the largest of the Sandwich Islands, is confirmed, the subsidence varying in places from eight inches to four feet. Shocks of earthquake are felt four or five times a day in three of the islands, and considerable smoke is seen issuing from one of the volcanoes. At Hilo, during the continuance of the great earthquake in South America, the sea rose and fell from three to four feet once every ten minutes.

Later reports from South America place the total number of killed by the earthquakes in Ecuador at 40,000. In Peru the dead are yet hidden under the ruins of houses in many instances, and a stench infests the air which, it is thought, will produce a pestilence. A band of robbers are roaming through the ruins robbing every one who has any thing left.

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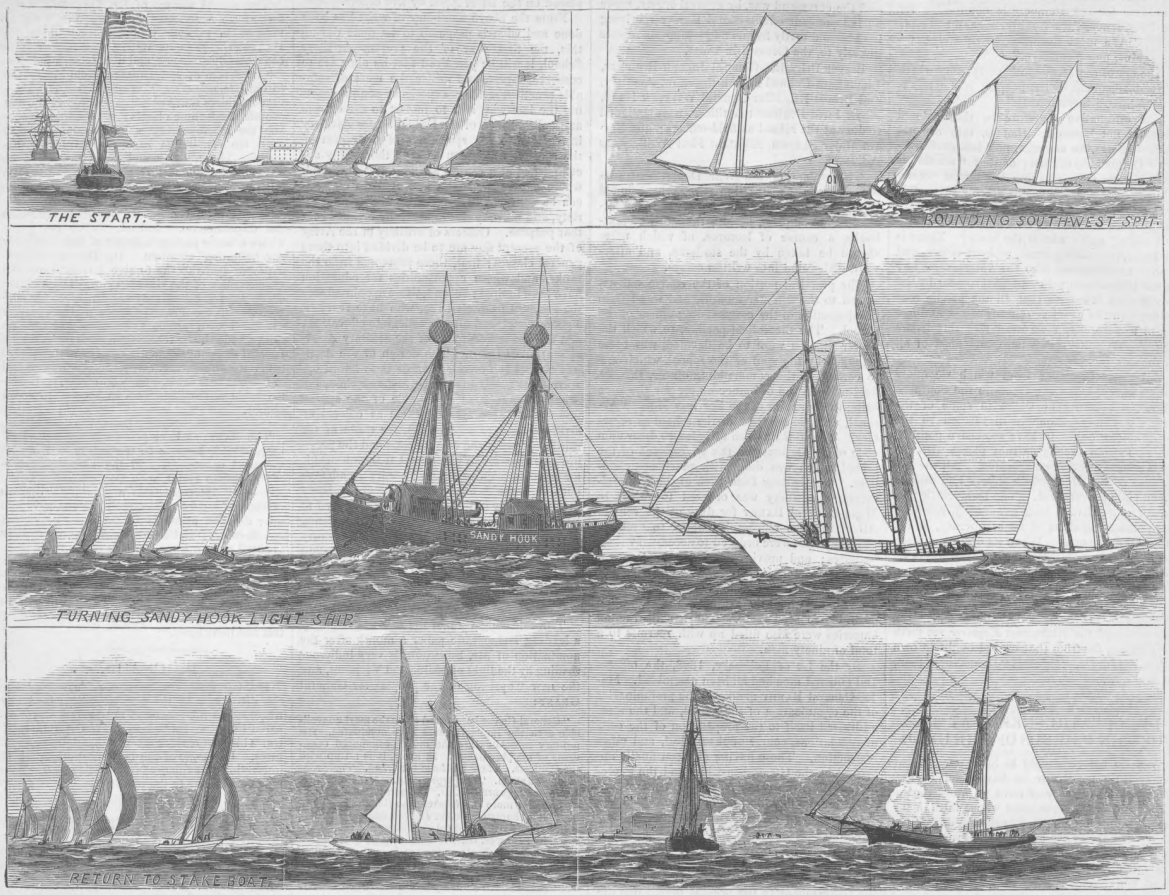

YACHT RACE FOR VICE-COMMODORE BENNETT'S PRIZES, SEPTEMBER 22, 1868.—[SEE PAGE 649.]

THE SOUTH AMERICAN EARTHQUAKES—WRECK OF THE "WATEREE."—SKETCHED BY W. D. NICHOLSON.—[SEE PAGE 645.]

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LOSS OF THE "WATEREE."

WE have heretofore given full accounts of the great earthquake in South America, by which several of the most important cities of Peru and Bolivia were destroyed, and numerous vessels wrecked. Among others were the United States steamers *Wateree* and *Fredonia*, and the Peruvian steamer *America* and bark *Charnacillo*. Our illustration on page 644 is of the scene of the destruction of these vessels and the town of Arica, Peru. The ruins of Arica, and a camp of Araucanian Indians, are seen on the left of the engraving; the remnants of the *Fredonia* are seen in the distance; the *Wateree*, high and dry a quarter of a mile inland, is seen in the centre and fore-ground; and the Peruvian vessels on the right.

Commodore JAMES H. GILLIS, of the *Wateree*, in his official report states that "the *Wateree* lies about three miles to the northwest of the city, and about four hundred and fifty yards inland. Although her hull has suffered much, still she appears to be in perfect condition. Not a plank has been started, and she stands upright as though in a dry dock. Considering her position, and its slight elevation above the sea, we do not think it possible to float her again. It would be impossible to dig under her, as the means are not at hand, and it would cost more than what the vessel is worth."

THE PARAGUAYAN WAR.

THE capture of the fortress of Humaita, after a constant siege of two and a half years, appears to have been rather the result of the voluntary retirement of the Paraguayans than that of a bold assault, as the accounts first led us to suppose. It was occupied by the Allies on July 25, but the Paraguayans had evacuated it a week before, and retired to a new line of defense about fifty miles farther up the river. A small force of 1000 men was left behind to retard the advance of the Allies; these men, after being surrounded, surrendered, and were immediately sworn in to *serve on the side of the Allies*.

Humaita, on being occupied, was found to be a weak position, depending entirely for its strength on the work just down the river, and known as Curupaita. On the capture of this last-named fort the evacuation of Humaita was begun. The commander of the Allied forces which garrisoned the fortress describes it as "a phantom." Not only was the fortress weak, but the town was wholly uninhabitable, having been destroyed by the constant bombardment of the Allied fleet and army. Our illustration on this page shows the condition in which the church at Humaita was found by the Allies on occupying the position. It had been almost wholly destroyed and leveled with the ground, and the interior was completely riddled.

"FOR GOD'S SAKE, TAKE CARE! THEY'RE GOING TO KILL AND ROB YOU!"

CAPTAIN ROLF'S STORY.

By the Author of "The Dodge Club," "Cord and Creese," etc., etc.

DURING the march against the Mormons in 1858 we used to beguile the evenings by different stories of adventures. Captain Rolf of the 15th Regulars was generally a grave and silent man; but one evening, being hard pressed, he told the following story:

It was on the close of a sultry evening in August that I took my way along a woodland road that led to the town of W——, in the State of Virginia. The extreme sultriness of the weather had wearied me more than either the length of the way or the roughness of the road; and when at length I came in sight of a comfortable inn, nestling among trees on the road-side, I felt extreme delight. It was a small house, but a clean one; and the general air of neatness which characterized it was most attractive to the weary traveler.

The western part of Virginia had about this time been much troubled by a gang of desperadoes, whose robberies and acts of violence had both startled and horrified the community. All efforts to catch them had been in vain, and the road which I was traveling enjoyed the unenviable notoriety of having been the scene of by far the greater number of their crimes. It was, therefore, with feelings of deep satisfaction that I entered the door of this peaceful cottage.

The interior corresponded with the exterior. Nothing but cleanliness and neatness met the eye. I was encountered at the door by a woman of very prepossessing appearance, who courteously invited me into the parlor. I informed her that I proposed passing the night at this house, and asked her if she had accommodations for my horse. She answered in the affirmative, and went out to call the hostler. In a few minutes a tall, ill-looking man came forward, and proceeded to lead my horse away, not however before I had removed the saddle-bags and taken them under my own particular care.

The woman soon came in, and busied herself with arrangements about my dinner. I noticed that she had a troubled expression and frequently cast uneasy glances at me. This I did not notice particularly at first, or rather I attributed it to the ordinary anxiety which any careful landlady might feel about the success of her dinner.

Dinner passed over very well, and I adjourned to the chief room of the inn to take my post-prandial smoke. I found there several men of sinister aspect sitting around the fire-place. The moment I entered they stopped talking and relapsed into silence.

These men were evidently *habitués* of the house. How this modest-looking woman ever came into connection with such men I could not imagine. However, there it was. These men, who were nearly a dozen in number, were certainly about the wildest set of desperadoes in appearance that I ever saw. After some minutes of silence they rose one by one and left the room.

I had carried my saddle-bags with me as I entered the room, and I noticed that my care of them attracted the notice of these men. I soon finished my smoke, and then, rising, I took my things and inquired for my bedroom. The woman took the light, and led the way. As I came to the door she turned around and faced me. Handing me the light she suddenly clutched my arm, and with a pale face, and in a thrilling whisper, she said:

"For God's sake, take care! They're going to kill and rob you!"

Before I could recover from the start which her words gave me she was gone.

I mechanically entered the room, put down the light, and stood like one stupefied.

What words were these! "Kill me! rob me!" What did the woman mean? As I thought of these words the belief forced itself upon me that this house, notwithstanding its simple neatness, was somehow connected with these very brigands of whom I had heard so much. For a moment I felt paralyzed.

You may well believe that it was a fearful moment. Here was I, alone, in a lonely part of the country, completely in the power of these villains. As to the woman, she had warned me indeed; but why had she not warned me before? I thought of escape, but that was impossible. Supposing I could get away from the house, I could not hope to avoid the pursuit of these ruffians along the road; and to take to the woods was certain death.

At length the very desperation of my situation roused me to action. "Here," I thought, "I will wait and receive my doom. I will sell my life as dearly as possible; I will not fly. I will remain here, trust in God, and fight till the last." After this decision I felt better. I went to the door and barred it as well as I could, and put all the furniture of the room against it. I also crammed some pillows against the windows. Then, opening my saddle-bags, I took out my pistol-case, to see how my arms were.

My arms consisted of two of the most beautiful revolvers that ever were seen. Both were "seven-shooters," with the very latest improvements—a movable chamber for the insertion of cartridges, which themselves were of a new invention. I had a large supply of these cartridges, and never did I feel a greater revulsion of feeling than when these revolvers of mine presented themselves before me as my very good friends to protect me at this hour.

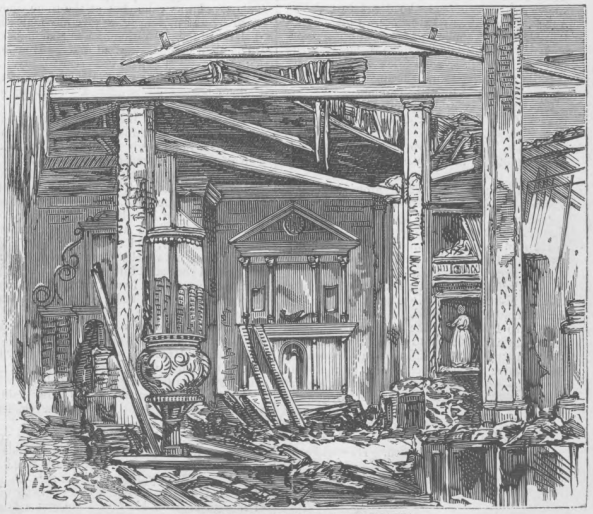
So great was the reaction that I felt a positive exultation.

My life will be hard to take, I thought; some of these devils will, perhaps, lose theirs first. Then my humor grew somewhat pleasant. I reflected with glee upon the fact that I had very little money, and my saddle-bags contained nothing but bills of account which I had come to collect. These ruffians would risk much for nothing whatever. As I only had thirty dollars, these ten men, for there seemed to be about that number, would have to risk their lives for three dollars apiece.

I was too excited to sleep, of course. I had to watch and guard my life. Sleep was not hard to fight off. In fact, it never even attempted to come to me.

I concluded that it would be best to put out the light, so as to conceal myself to the best advantage, in case they had any peep-holes through which to spy me. My room was in the front of the house, and looked out upon the road. I put out the light, and then walked softly to the window. It was too dark to see any thing. I found some sticks which I placed on the windows in such a way as to prevent their being opened, thus making them still more secure;

EXTERIOR OF CHURCH AT HUMAITA.



INTERIOR OF CHURCH AT HUMAITA.

THE PARAGUAYAN WAR—VIEW OF A BOMBARDED CHURCH AS FOUND BY THE ALLIES JULY 25.

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and then sitting down on one side of the door, with my revolvers in my hands, I waited for events.

It was not long before I heard footsteps slowly ascending the stairs, and soon the door was tried. The weights which I had placed against it prevented it from being opened.

"He's fastened the door," said a voice.

"Pooh! There's no lock. Push hard."

There was a push. The door yielded.

"What do you want?" said I, quietly.

There was a pause. I heard whispers, but at last some one said:

"If you're awake open the door."

"I will not," said I.

"You must. If you don't we'll push it open."

"Do if you dare," said I, calmly.

They pushed. The door opened. I put my pistol close to the opening and fired.

There was a wild shriek! Some one was *hit*. There was fearful confusion. I could not resist the opportunity. I thought that I had to die at any rate, and therefore it would be best to put some of these fellows out of the world too. So I fired again. Another yell followed. Once more I fired. There was another yell. Then I heard a rush down stairs, and groans outside of my door.

By this time the intensity of my excitement had made every nerve as rigid and as tense as iron. I pulled away the things and opened the door. Feeling in the dark, I found the groaning wretches. There were three. I hastily dragged them into the room, and then barricaded the door once more.

"You scoundrels!" said I. "I ought to show you no mercy; but you're suffering, and I'll help you."

They only groaned in reply.

I lighted the lamp, and kneeling on the floor, examined their wounds. One was wounded in the thigh, another had his arm broken, a third had been hit in the right breast.

I always carry different ointments and drugs with me in case of accidents. Here they were quite useful. I brought out my little stock of lint and remedies, and dressed their wounds. The one who had been struck in the breast did not say a word. The others begged my forgiveness. I did this warily and carefully. I was afraid of being seen through the windows or through the crevices of the door. But the occupation served to while away the time; and these wretches, miserable as they were, afforded company at least.

After making them easy, I put out the light and waited. I knew that such a desperate gang as these would now be only more furious than ever, and determined to watch still more warily.

After a time I heard a noise outside. I conjectured that they were putting a ladder against the window. These men were certainly fools, for what possible chance could they have there since they had failed against the door? "If any of you say one word," I muttered to the wounded men, "I'll blow your brains out." Satisfied with this threat, I watched beside one of the windows. It was so dark that nothing could be seen. I waited for what seemed a long time. At last I heard the door move at the impulse of some strong push. Then the whole truth flashed upon me. They were attacking me from both sides, thinking thus to bewilder me. My resolution was taken at once. I rushed to the door and fired. There was a groan and a fall. I fired again; another shriek followed, and again, as before, there was a rush down stairs. At the same time there was a crash at the window. A gun was fired into the room. Loud curses arose. I rushed to the window. My outstretched hand touched the knee of a man, which was resting on the window-ledge. I fired again. The villain staggered back. I caught him before he fell. The window-sash had been smashed away by a blow which he had dealt upon it. I dragged him through into the room, where he lay groaning. Then I opened the door, and called out that I would shoot any others who dared to make an attack. There was no response. So I dragged the other two wounded wretches into the room, swearing that I would kill them if they resisted; barricaded the door as before; and then, with renewed confidence and a feeling of triumph at my easy victory, I lighted the lamp.

The wretches were groaning fearfully. I felt such perfect self-complacency that I had no hard feeling toward them.

"Come," said I, "I've dressed the wounds of these others, and if you be quiet I'll dress yours."

"You're the devil himself!" growled the man whom I had dragged in through the window.

"Will you let the devil dress your wounds, or do you choose to suffer?" said I, quietly.

He said nothing. I proceeded to dress their wounds. The wretches looked grateful. They seemed surprised and bewildered. I gave two of them who were wounded worst my bed, and left the rest on the floor. Then I put the light out, as before, and waited. I would not expose myself, so I sat beside the door, as before, with every sense sharpened to an unusual activity. Before putting out the light I had reloaded my pistol, which had been nearly used up in the six shots which I had fired with such effect, and, as I had plenty more charges left, I felt quite at ease.

"I'm all ready," said I, "for fifty of you."

"Have you got fifty pistols there?" said one fellow, whose arm was broken. He spoke with a groan.

"You don't seem to know any thing about revolvers in these parts," said I.

"Revolvers?"

"Yes; and the next time you try this game you'd better find out how the man whom you attack is armed."

The man said nothing. I waited for a long time. At last, suddenly and unexpectedly, there was the loud report of a gun, close outside the door. Another followed immediately. Instantly I fired two or three shots. They did not seem to take effect. For I heard footsteps hurrying down the stairs. They evidently fancied that I might be standing in front of the door, and tried this experiment. They were mistaken, and they knew it.

After this there was silence for a long time. At last I heard a faint creak on the stairs. I suspected another attack. I drew myself up close against the wall and waited. Suddenly it came. Three guns were fired in rapid succession. A fourth followed. The door was pushed open with a tremendous effort. A groan came from the bed. Instantly, as I felt the door thrust open, I fired five or six shots in swift succession. Some others were wounded. The shrieks and curses were fearful. Footsteps again sounded from some who were rushing down stairs. There were two men who had fallen in through the doorway and lay groaning on the floor. I dragged them inside. I closed the door again, as before, placing the barricade against it, and, for additional security, putting these wounded men against the barricade. It was a cruel thing to do; but wait till you have been attacked, till your blood is at fever heat, and you are mad with the excitement and the pitiless fervor of battle—wait, and then see what you will do.

Scarcely had I done this than I heard a cry from one of these wounded men. I started back. There was silence for a time. Then I heard soft footsteps in my room.

Some one had got in!

This was the discovery that flashed upon my mind. What was to be done? I drew myself deeper into the gloom. Yes. There was a movement in my room. Some one was in it. No doubt in that last attack one of my assailants had flung himself in before I had fired. In shutting the door I had shut him in. What was he doing now? Where was he?

The groans from one of the wounded men whom I had last pulled in excited my attention and my pity.

"Oh my God!" he groaned; "to stab a wounded man!"

"Stab," I thought, "a wounded man!" What words are these? Who stabbed? Was it this mysterious new-comer? Did he think that he had caught me? Yes—it must be so. But why had he stabbed? Evidently he had no other arm. No; if he had held a pistol in his hands he would have fired. He had a dagger or a knife and that only. What was I to do? All was silent in the room. The new-comer was shut in and dared not move. I waited in silence. There was no sound except the groans of the wounded men. No doubt this man had found out that he had attacked one of his own comrades in the dark by mistake.

Not a single thing could be perceived in that intense darkness. The man, whoever he was, stood motionless, afraid to move. The groans of the wounded men arose incessantly. At last I heard a movement near the window. I fired and instantly changed my position to the other side of the door so as to be undiscovered. I had missed him, whoever he was. There was a long silence.

After a long time, I heard a plunging movement against the place which I had just occupied. The man in the room had evidently made a desperate rush at that place from which I had fired my pistol. Instantly I fired again. A low moan arose. I heard a rustling movement. Had I struck him, or had I not? I thought that perhaps I had struck him and he had smothered his cry of pain and crawled away.

After this I felt more security, though I still kept up my watch. No more attacks were made. The result of the last assault had, no doubt, disheartened these desperate wretches. There was silence in the room. My most watchful attention failed to detect any movement, however slight. For my own part, I stood utterly motionless. I was calm, but at the same time I feared by any movement to give any indication whatever of the place where I was standing.

The night gradually passed away. How long that night seemed to me I need scarcely say. At length, to my intense relief, the outlines of the windows became dimly defined. Morning was approaching.

Crouching down in the darkest portion of the room, I waited, watchfully and warily, with my pistols poised and ready for the sight or the assault of the unseen ruffian who had effected an entrance. Those wretches whose wounds I had dressed were asleep. The other two were still groaning near the door. The light increased steadily. At last I could distinguish every one in the room. There were three on the bed, three on the floor, and two by the door. The other one was not visible. It then seemed to me that he had concealed himself under the bed.

"You scoundrel!" I cried; "I have my pistol pointed under the bed. Come out at once, or I will fire!"

"Don't fire!" cried a voice, in a feeble but imploring tone. "I'll come out."

I waited. A man crawled out from under the bed. One hand was covered with blood. It must have been from my last pistol-shot.

"I have any quantity of shots here," said I. "You may as well give up. You have no chance."

"Don't kill me," said he.

"If you be quiet," said I, "I'll dress your wounds as I already have done to the wounds of these other wretches. I would have fixed up these last two, but you wouldn't let me."

He said nothing. There was an expression of intense pain on his face. He was a large, stout, broad-built man, at least six feet high, and far stronger than I was.

"I will dress your wound," said I, "if you promise to be quiet."

He promised.

"If you make the slightest movement," said I, "I'll put a bullet through your head; so you had better be quiet."

I went up to him.

"Come," said I, "I'll not trust you. I won't trust you unless I tie your other hand up."

I had my pistol, and he had nothing but a knife. He flung the knife down.

"Go ahead," said he.

The miserable wretch was evidently suffering awfully. His wrist had been shot through. In his pain he thought of nothing but relief. At first I intended to tie up his other hand, but, seeing how he suffered, I forebore.

He lay down. I put my pistols in my side-pockets, and began to bind up his hand. It was his left hand that was wounded. Suddenly he plunged his right hand into my pocket. I was on the watch; for there was something in the devil's face that made me distrust him. I seized his hand before it had grasped my pistol, and with my other hand I clutched his throat.

He had only one hand to fight with. I silenced him pretty quickly. His hand dropped. He begged for his life.

"You scoundrel!" I cried, "you don't deserve it. Any how I'll spare your life. But I won't dress your wound, and, what's more, I'll bind your hand."

I did so. He was afraid, and did not attempt to resist. I bound his unwounded hand so firmly that he could not free it, and then, leaving him, I went to the others. One of these was desperately wounded. A bullet had broken his leg, and there was a stab in his shoulder. The other was wounded in the arm. I dressed their wounds as well as I was able, and then waited for further developments. There I was with nine prisoners, all wounded. Some of the wretches were asleep. Those who were awake were groaning in their pain.

Nine were captured. It was a very good night's work. I wondered how many more there might be. That, however, it was impossible to find out. None of the men would answer. They all kept a surly silence.

"Well," said I, "I don't care how many of you there may be. I'm ready for you all. I've got enough shots here to last me for some days. The only thing that can reduce me is starvation; but then, you know, if I starve, you'll have to starve too. How do you like that?"

Some hours passed away. No one came. At last I went to the window and shouted out,

"There are nine wounded men up here. They all want food and drink. If any body comes up I won't hurt him. Send up the woman."

Nothing was said for a long time. At last there was a rap at the door.

"Who's there?"

"Me," said a woman's voice.

I opened cautiously. "If there's any body else," said I, "I'll fire."

"There's nobody else," said the woman. She came in carrying a basket full of things. She went up and down several times bringing provisions.

She informed me that there were six men below, and they wished to parley with me. I consented, and held a parley for some time. They offered to let me go free if I would promise not to molest any of them or inform on them. It was a fair offer, but a frown from the woman made me suspect foul play. I refused, and said I would consider. At last I offered to give up the prisoners if they would come up unarmed into the room, and let me go in peace. This they refused. Our parley then came to an end.

As the woman left for the last time I prepared to fasten the door. She looked anxiously at me. I bent my head toward her.

"There'll be teams along to-day," said she, and departed.

Teams? What did she mean? Evidently passers-by, men on whom I might rely. The thought gave me fresh hope.

From time to time I amused myself with calling to the men below from the windows. I portrayed the sufferings of their comrades, told them that all was known, and that I was determined to save my life and denounce them if I had to wait there a month. I informed them that I had plenty of ammunition, and that any of them could prove it in his own person if he chose. Nothing was said in reply to my harangue.

The day passed on, and I began to anticipate another night. I felt tired, but not at all anxious. I could have stood this sort of thing for three or four nights. The wounded men suffered most. The man whom I had shot last called on his companions to "knock under," but without effect.

At last, at about four o'clock in the afternoon, I heard the noise of wheels up the road. I looked up. There was a line of farmers' wagons approaching.

I was saved!

They came up to the door. I shouted to them, informed them of my case, and leaped out of the window to the ground. None of the ruffians were there to interfere with me. They had fled.

I told my story. The team-drivers espoused my cause with the greatest ardor. They followed me up stairs and secured all the ruffians. I looked out for the woman to reward her, but she had gone. My horse was missing also; but I did not mind that. I rode in the teams to Wheeling, where these wretches were handed over to the authorities, and punished according to their deserts. A search was instituted after their confederates, and four out of the six were captured and punished. For myself it is hardly necessary to say that I admired Colonel Colt from that time forth as the greatest benefactor of the human species, and never traveled without revolvers.

So ended Captain Rolf's story.

A HINDOO OPIUM-HOUSE.

THOSE who have read the strange experiences detailed in the new volume lately published by Harper & Brothers, entitled "The Opium Habit," will find the following description of an English gentleman's visit to a Hindoo opium-house of fascinating interest:

"When I was stationed at Dum-Dum, in the Bengal Presidency, in 1859, I paid a visit to one of the opium smoking and chewing houses, of which there are many in Calcutta unknown to the public. The laws are very stringent with regard to them, and the difficulties I met with in carrying out my intention of visiting one of them were very great. My curiosity was first excited by my moonshee, Mohammed Bux, who came daily to give me instruction in Hindustani, and described those dens most accurately to me, as he had an intimate acquaintance with them, his father being a great devotee at the shrine of —I suppose I ought to say—Morpheus. I proposed to him that he should obtain for me admittance to one of these places, and he promised to try do so.

"Mohammed Bux spoke to one of the men who kept an opium-house, and came to tell me that if I would swear not to tell the police how I obtained admittance, nor give any information that might lead to the place being discovered, that then I would be allowed to see what I pleased. This I refused. I gave my word, but would not swear. It was finally accepted on account of the repeated solicitations of the moonshee. It was a bright moonlight night when we started in a gharrie, or native carriage, from Dum-Dum to Calcutta. Dum-Dum is about seven miles distant from Calcutta, and the road runs through a low marshy ground, rice-fields, and cocoa-nut groves. It was about ten o'clock when we approached the China Bazar. Here we had to slacken our pace on account of the formation of the streets; they were very narrow, having on either side a deep ditch or sewer uncovered, the effluvium from which was very offensive.

"After passing through many ill-lighted, narrow streets, we at length came to a halt in front of an archway, and alighted. Here my moonshee spoke a few words in *Ordu* to a man who was loitering about, and the man disappeared, telling us to wait for him in the shade. We waited there for about half an hour, when three stately Hindoos made their appearance. The moonshee salaamed very lowly to them, and seemed to treat them with great respect—it was all policy on his part. They took me aside and cross-examined me very closely as to my object and motives in wishing to see the inside of their establishment. I answered frankly, that I was only actuated by curiosity, and did not intend to injure them in any way. We were then conducted up a flight of stone stairs. The darkness was positively painful. The ascent to the top of the lofty houses in the native part of Calcutta is very narrow and winding, and altogether unlighted. The steps are a foot and a half high, rendering it very tiresome to go up. We were quite tired, hot, and out of breath when we emerged into the open air on the roof of the house. All the houses had flat roofs, and it was possible to go from one end of the street to the other on the tops of the houses.

"We went on some hundred yards, and there commenced descending into another house by stairs similar to the one in the first house. We had not got far when we were stopped by two men who were guarding a door to our right. I had to deliver up my revolver, without which I seldom went far since the mutiny. A few steps more and we were ushered into the first room—the room where the opium was issued from. Here there was a long counter covered with zinc, having scales fastened at intervals all along it, and behind the counter were some dozen natives busily engaged in weighing out and giving to attendants doses of the poisonous drug. It was kept in brass jars on shelves behind the counter.

"The men issuing the opium, bang, etc., were dressed in a very gay manner. They had red turbans, light blue cumberbunds (cloth round the waist), and yellow coats, with a great profusion of lace and studs. They moved about very nimbly, attending to all calls from the attendants who came from the rooms, and would have put to shame the smartest of London shop-boys. As they wore no boots or shoes, they moved without noise. There was but very little noise here; a sort of smothered hum could be heard in the distance, but nothing more. The attendants spoke in a whisper when they came in with their orders, and the only reply they received was a nod and the package of opium, or whatever it might be. These attendants were low caste men, naked to the waist, and, with the hair closely cut and beard shaved, they had much the same appearance as the old Sepoy presented whenever we came across him after the mutiny ('his occupation being gone'). I ought to have called this room the 'shop;' it was presided over by a very old man, who sat in an easy-chair on a raised platform, and collected the money from the attendants after they had received the drugs from the gentlemen behind the counter. He was lynx-eyed; and out of the twenty or thirty men running in and out, not one could escape without handing in the money received for the opium from the customer, although these attendants were only too anxious to cheat if opportunity offered.

"One of the Hindoo gentlemen who had conducted us up to the shop now advanced, and said he was ready to go round the other rooms with us.

"The first room he brought us into was a long, low room, about twenty feet wide, and so filled with smoke that we were unable for a time to distinguish any thing in it. When our eyes

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NATURALIZATION OF FOREIGNERS.

IN view of the coming presidential election the manufacture of voters in the various courts of New York city and county by naturalization progresses with unusual vigor, but a still greater pressure is threatened in a short time by the Democratic leaders. Great efforts are making to prevent frauds: lists of the persons naturalized and their residences are published in the Republican papers, and committees of Republican clubs visit the houses and make inquiry as to the existence of the persons. A common method of obtaining naturalization papers for voting purposes is for the rascal applying to give a false address. In this way it is stated that in 1867, one house, containing not more than four or five voters, was set down on the court records as the residence of no fewer than sixty-eight applicants for naturalization.

The rate of manufacture at this time is about one hundred a day. Our engravings on this page illustrate the method of obtaining the certificates. The would-be citizen first visits the Naturalization Bureau room, City Hall, and obtains a certificate setting forth that he has made an application for citizenship at that office, and that such application has been duly filed and the fees paid. With this stamped certificate he presents himself at the bar of one of the city or county courts and undergoes a cross-questioning on the part of the Judge. His friends or witnesses are also examined as to his character, antecedents, as to the length of his residence in this country, etc. If he "passes" the Judge he presents himself at the desk of the clerk and takes the oath. He is then a citizen of this great and liberal Government, and authorized to vote at the next election as seemeth to him best—whether for GRANT and Peace, or SEYMOUR and Revolution.

SECURING CERTIFICATES OF NATURALIZATION IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE, CITY HALL.
[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

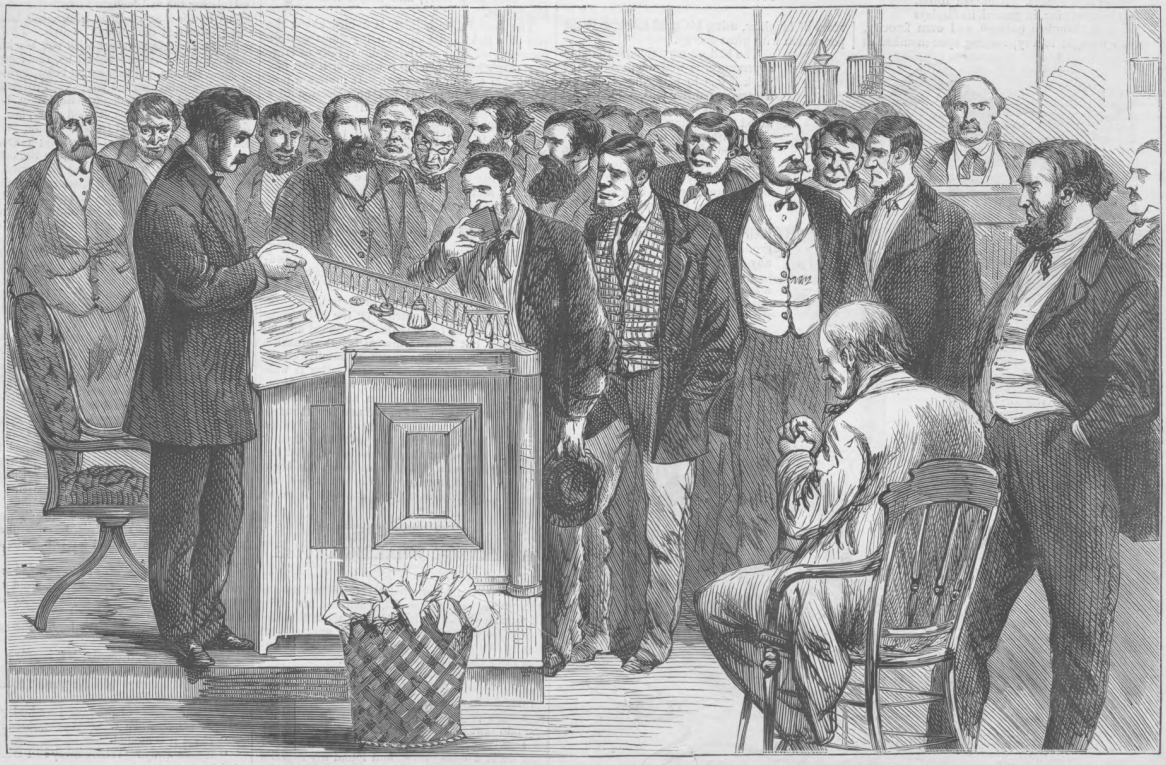
THE YACHT RACE.

THE race by the yachts of the New York Club for the services of plate given by Vice-Commodore JAMES GORDON BENNETT, Jun., on September 22, was the most spirited of the season, and was witnessed by a large number of persons on the boats which accompanied the contesting yachts. Our illustrations on page 644 will give the reader who is unfamiliar with yachting races a clear idea of the most interesting points of the contest.

Five sloops and three yachts made "the start" from the stake-boat, anchored in the Narrows opposite the yacht Club House; the sloops moved off in handsome style in a cluster; the schooners *Sylvie* and *Phantom* slipped their anchors, but the *Palmer* for some reason had to raise hers, and thus fell far behind at the start. The race was closely contested to the Southwest Spit. This, the first point in the race, was rounded in admirable order. The *White Wing* was compelled to make a tack just as she reached the buoy, and thus lost the place which she had previously held. The schooners were far apart at this time, the *Sylvie* leading, the *Phantom* next, and the *Palmer*, struggling manfully, far behind. But just at the Southwest Spit the *Sylvie*, which had been running too close to the wind, was compelled, like the *White Wing*, to tack, and the *Phantom* came up with her.

The race of the sloops to the Sandy Hook light-ship was less exciting. The *Addie V.* turned the light-ship first, the *Sadie* being second, the *Gracie* third, the *White Wing* last of the sloops, the *Nettle* having abandoned the race. The race of the schooners was more interesting. The *Phantom* kept well ahead, and turned the boat first, the *Sylvie* next, but the *Palmer* was only three minutes behind her. From this homeward the *Sylvie* had no chance. The *Phantom* had outmanœuvred her at the Spit; the *Palmer* outsailed her to and from the light-ship, passing her easily before reaching the Spit on the return. The *Phantom*, too, sailed finely, and reached the stake-boat ahead of the sloops, winning the race handsomely. The *Addie V.*, of the sloops, came in first, and both winners were greeted with four guns from the *Dauntless*, the yacht of the Vice-Commodore, anchored off the Club House. The *Palmer* came in second of the schooners, having proved to be the worst managed and the best sailing vessel in the contest.

On the conclusion of the race the guests and yachtmen adjourned to the Club House, where the prizes, consisting of two sets of silver, were presented by Vice-Commodore BENNETT to the winners. These handsome prizes were manufactured by Messrs. TIFFANY & Co. of this city, and cost Mr. BENNETT five hundred dollars each. Each set consists of a large punch-bowl and wine-cooler, finished and ornamented in the highest style of the art. The bases of the punch-bowls are formed by an anchor, buoy, and cable, while the top is surmounted by a head of Neptune. The wine-cooler is of the usual bucket shape, but ornamented with new and appropriate designs emblematical of the enticing sport in which they were won. Vice-Commodore BENNETT is doing much to encourage this noble, though sometimes dangerous and always costly pastime, and his efforts are fully appreciated by the yachting fraternity.



EXAMINING AND SWEARING NATURALIZED CITIZENS.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

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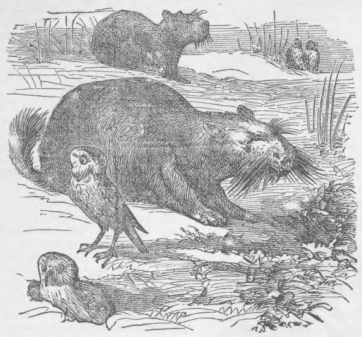


BISCACHAS.

SKETCHES IN BUENOS AYRES.

THE engravings which we present to our readers in this article are from sketches made in Buenos Ayres.

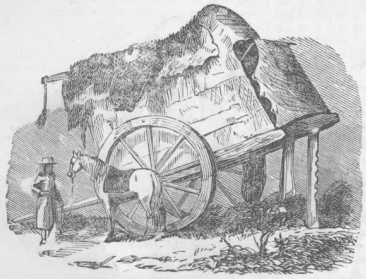
The carrying of sheath-knives in the city is forbidden by law; but the prohibition, if it extends to the country, is a dead letter there. Every one openly (and sometimes ostentatiously) carries a knife in his belt, and it is too often employed to settle disputes. The proper *Gaucho* knife is a formidable weapon, having a broad blade about sixteen inches long; but various kinds are in use.

Facons, or short swords, are common, similar in pattern to, but of much greater length than, the knife here engraved. The hilts and sheaths are frequently of real or imitation silver.

The immense plains of Buenos Ayres swarm with an animal called the *biscacha*. It is classed by naturalists among the family of *Chinchillidæ*, and the order of *Rodentia*. It is nocturnal in its habits, and feeds on grass or on the roots of the gigantic thistles which grow in impenetrable jungles all over the country in summer; for the exact nature of its diet is as yet undecided. It dwells in deep and roomy chambers, underground, to which there are always a number of passages communicating with the surface—tunnels large enough to admit a boy. By destroying large pieces of pasture, the biscacha has created a host of remorseless enemies. He is suffocated by brimstone fumes blown into his subterranean quarters by a machine, and is shot by guns. In winter water is conducted by drains into his burrow (and it requires an astonishing quantity of water to fill it), and when compelled to come forth he is attacked by dogs and spades. Although timid, or at least retiring, in general, he displays the most dauntless courage, and even ferocity, when brought to bay, rushing open-mouthed at men and dogs, and giving ugly bites with his long incisors. About sunset the biscacha comes out to breathe the air, and may be seen sitting gravely at the mouth of his burrow; and he permits the traveler, and all the more readily when on horseback, to approach within a few yards of him without moving, when, all at once, as if some dreadful suspicion had entered his brain, he pops into his hole, uttering his strange, indescribable cry as he retreats underground. In moonlight nights biscachas are to be seen, like black spots, all over the plains, and when a gun is fired the whole air resounds with their peculiar cries, mingled with those of owls and lapwings. Biscacha burrows are also almost invariably inhabited by a curious class of tenants, viz., little owls. These venture abroad at all hours of the day, although we suspect their vision is rather weak in the glare of noon. They sit blinking at the mouth of the common burrows, turning their heads rapidly from side to side, as if in great perplexity, when you pass, and then flutter off, like large moths, to a short distance, where they alight, and beck, and bow, and stare, and scream, in a very ludicrous manner.

The bullock-cart of Buenos Ayres is the rudest, but most picturesque, vehicle it is possible to imagine. It is very lofty; the sides are constructed of canes, and the roof is covered with hides. This monstrous machine is provided with a wooden axle, and is mounted on huge unshod wheels about eight feet in diameter. It is drawn by six bullocks. The savage-looking driver sits, armed with a long cane having a sharp spike in the end, on the yoke, between the heads of the two shaft oxen. The axle is never greased, the groaning and creaking it makes, so horrible to a human ear, being thought to encourage the cattle; and the driver, at any difficult part of the way, as an additional stimulant, gives vent to the most diabolical shouts and roars of laughter, using his goad to increase the persuasion with great energy.

TUNA PLANT.



BUENOS AYRES BULLOCK-CART.

The bullock-cart, though rough in appearance, is well adapted for the work it has to perform. It carries a cargo of three tons, and, by the great height of the wheels, goods are saved from being damaged by the water with which the whole country is flooded in winter. Almost all the traffic in the Argentine Provinces is carried on by these bullock-carts, which often perform long journeys, though at a slow rate. Many of their drivers have no homes but their carts. They sleep on the ground, with a hide for a bed, in any kind of weather, and have learned from long practice to make a fire, to roast meat, and infuse *maté* out of any sort of materials and in the most unfavorable places.

The Tuna, a species of aloe (stunted specimens of which may be seen at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere), grows with great luxuriance in Buenos Ayres, springing from the ground with a crowd of leaves, each leaf seeming determined to elbow its way whether there be room for it or not. Some of the leaves attain seven or eight feet in length, about ten inches in breadth, and five or six inches in thickness. They are covered with a leathery skin; but the inside is as soft as a turnip. The internal substance, however, is composed of fibres which make excellent sewing thread and cloth; twine and cordage have been manufactured from them. The edges of the leaves are armed with sharp prickles. This singular plant sends forth a flowering stalk about twenty-five feet in height, which grows to maturity within a few weeks, and has all the appearance of a tree. This spurious tree, although worthless to the carpenter, is of use to the barber, who makes hones of the pith. The stalk of the aloe contains a large quantity of saccharine matter, and in some of the provinces, and in other countries, a spirituous liquor is made from the sap. It is called Pulqué in Mexico, and, according to Sir Woodbine Parish, is the principal drink of the lower orders there. Cattle in Buenos Ayres, as the same excellent authority informs us, eagerly watch the fall of the stalk, and get intoxicated on the juice. The tuna is used as a fence; but is held in small esteem as such, being apt, when it falls, to take the bank it is intended to support down with it, as a drunkard does his family. The eight-sided cactus is also used as a fence, and makes a most grotesque one.

NEST OF THE HORNERO.

The *hornero*, or builder, is a bird about the size of a lark, and builds an ingenious nest of compounded mud and horse-dung, fully as large as a man's head—placing it wherever it can find a suitable tree or fence-post. It prefers a post with a forked top; but has no objection to a fork with a single bent prong. It seems to scorn concealment, and often builds upon the top of a post four or five feet high, and in a situation where the nest can be seen half a mile off. We have seen nests built on the fence of a corral, where thirty or forty horses were shut up during the day, and in other places where disturbances were frequent. Conjugal love in many birds seems only to blaze at certain seasons; but the affection of the hornero is more enduring. You may see the faithful pair busy all the year round, building or repairing their happy home. Whenever a shower falls they are hard at work. The nest, when half completed, looks like a bowl set on edge, and every addition of material is carefully pecked and compacted by the industrious birds. The wall on one side is continued around the front; but bending inward before it reaches the outer edge, forms a partition that divides the interior from the entrance. The latter is wide enough to admit a man's hand; which, however, from the strong partition, can not penetrate to the interior. The walls of the nest are about an inch thick, and almost as strong as brick. When a nest is knocked down, the poor birds do not fly off in despair at the destruction of what has cost them months of assiduous labor, but begin at once to build it anew, often in the same situation. They show us a good example in many ways.

BUENOS AYRES KNIFE.

A STRANGE WHALING CRUISE.

THE good ship *Lone Star* had been eleven months out, and her whaling cruise had not, as yet, proved very successful, when she ran short of wood and water while beating about the Mozambique Channel under easy sail, and with all hands on the look-out for any sperm-whale unfortunate enough to heave in sight.

It was my first voyage as mate, and I was pacing the quarter-deck in no very enviable frame of mind—for my share in the profits of the voyage were promising to be but small—when the captain sent for me to join him in the cabin.

Leaving one of our boat-steerers in charge of the deck, I went below, and found my superior poring over a chart spread out on the saloon table.

"Well, Mr. Wylie," said he, "whales are kind of scarce, so I am thinking of putting into the Comorin Islands for a supply of wood and water. Take a look at the chart."

I did so, and found that we were only about forty miles from the land referred to. Coinciding with the captain's view, I received his instructions, and returned on deck to alter the ship's course and steer for the islands.

That day we made but little progress. Toward noon the light and fitful breeze fled altogether, nor could our most ancient mariners woo back its coy presence with their indefatigable and superstitious whistling.

Slowly and regularly the trim *Lone Star* rose and fell upon the steady heavings of the glassy sea. Strange, leaden-colored fish, of dolphin-shape, but otherwise unlike any finny denizen I ever saw before, swam lazily around our motionless black hull; odd-looking jelly-fish, slimy and shiny, with huge and hairy feelers stretching far out to clutch their prey, floated among them; unwieldy, almost shapeless, and altogether useless sun-fish sculled slowly past us with their two great side fins. Now and then, with a sudden plash of the smooth waters, a shoal of silvery flying-fish would dart into the air, and skim swiftly along on outstretched wing, just dip upon the surface of the water again to damp their drying pinions, and then double off in another direction to elude their relentless and untiring enemies—the fierce albicore and the nimble bonita—ever on their track, darting along a foot or so beneath the surface. Ravenous, unfaltering, and determined, these fish-eating fish would follow the frightened little fugitives till some poor winged thing fell tired and despairing into the fang-glistening jaws just thrust an inch or two out of the water to catch it. Here the swift and glittering dolphin, swiftest of all fish, would chase the silvery prey with inconceivable rapidity, now and then revealing its course by immense bounds through the air, often of twenty yards and more; there, an ominous-looking, tall, black object, standing still and upright from the water, told where lay the lurking and quiescent shark—for that ugly angular thing was his straight dorsal fin; while the gaudily-striped black and golden little pilot-fish might be seen shooting about beneath the vessel's quarter, every now and then darting off to its savage lord and master. Birds of gorgeous plumage, unknown name, and curious cry, came ever and anon, to gaze for a moment at our long black ship and her taper spars; and then off they flew among the brilliant little insects and splendidly-painted butterflies which were winging their frail flights across the bosom of the sleeping Mozambique Channel.

However, during the early hours of the night a light breeze sprang up, so that we made the land soon after midnight, when we stood off and on till daylight, and then sailed slowly into the sheltered anchorage formed by the Comorin Islands and the neighboring main land of Africa.

After coming to an anchor all hands went to breakfast, and when the cravings of the inner man had become duly satisfied, I armed the crew of my own whale-boat, and set off for the shore on a reconnoitring expedition, in order to ascertain whether any natives—hostile or peaceable—were to be met with, and also to pick out the most likely spots whence to obtain a supply of wood and water.

Hoisting the sail, a light fair wind soon wafted us to the nearest little islet. But here nothing rewarded our patient search. Low, impenetrable jungle, together with soft black mud, marked with what astonished us, the footprints of some strange and monstrous beast, formed an altogether uninviting wilderness. Proceeding to the next and largest island of the group, however, we found abundance of good water, and a fair proportion of dry wood trees fit for our purpose. Having selected a suitable landing-place, and seen no trace of inhabitants, I gave the order to shove off, and the boat's head was once more turned toward her massive mistress, looming fair and tall, at anchor in the distance. The main land was only a mile or so from where we now lay on our oars; and as I gazed in that direction the temptation to visit it—the curiosity to explore a strange coast—came strong upon me.

"Well, boys," said I to my crew, "what do you say for a stretch as far as the shore away there? There is a leading wind, fair going and coming, and we might find better wood and water."

This latter expression of opinion was to save my dignity from suffering by any suspicion of idle curiosity.

Of course, my men were only too delighted at the prospect of a run ashore—the islands being small, uninteresting, and uninhabited.

Hauling aft the main-sheet, and keeping the boat away for the desired coast, I left Long Tom, my boat-steerer, in charge, and stretched myself out in the stern-sheets, while the rest of the crew followed my example by throwing themselves into the most comfortable positions they could find along the thwarts.

The breeze was gradually falling lighter, and for some time we sailed gently on, still and silent, save for the musical lap-lap of the ripples against our bows.

The soothing aspects of nature tended to throw me into a dreamy sort of reverie, from which I was suddenly aroused by my boat-steerer's exclamation:

"I saw a black skin shining in the sun just then, Sir."

"Well," said I, drowsily, "it is only a bottle-nose or porpoise."

And I did not even take the trouble to raise my head above the gunnel.

A few moments elapsed, and we had got into shallow water, when Long Tom shouted:

"There it is again!"

"Where away? Where away?" I cried, startled by his animation.

"There away, Sir," pointing ahead; "and it's

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no porpoise, nor bottle-nose, nor—any thing as ever I seed 'afore, as wears thick skin!"

All eyes were now straining to catch a glimpse of Long Tom's strange discovery.

"There she blows! There she blows!" came in chorus from my men, as a large black back rose slowly above the surface, rolled steadily over, with a motion just like that of a spouting or playing whale, and then sank out of sight only a short distance ahead.

"Wait a bit, my lads," said I. "Unship the mast; stow away the sail; then out oars, and we'll soon see what it is."

My orders were promptly obeyed. Then my sturdy oarsmen gave way with a will, and the light whale-boat was soon darting swiftly forward to where the object of our curiosity had last appeared.

I was standing on the bow platform, directing Long Tom at the steering oar, when suddenly we "brought up all standing" against something hard, upon which the boat had run "stem on, like a nor'west buffalo," as my mariners expressed it.

"Starn all! Starn all!" I roared.

As the boat was backed off, an enormous beast heavily raised its huge head out of the water, gave us a look, uttered a loud sort of snorting bellow, and then sank down again in the muddy water, through which we had not been able to discern it.

"Holy sailor, Bill!" I heard the bow oarsman say to his nearest shipmate. "What is it? I'm blessed if ever I saw such a thing afore, and I've been whaling, man and boy, nigh upon twenty years."

"Pass me up the iron, boys," said I, interrupting the conversation, "and if it comes within reach again we'll soon find out what kind of a creature it is."

A whale-boat is never without the gear of her profession; and so, when my men saw me handle the harpoon, they gave an approving shout, and eagerly gave way again in obedience to my order for them to pull ahead.

With iron poised and ready, I was intently watching for the strange monster's reappearance, when my boat-steerer cried:

"There they are, 'way inshore, there; a hull school ov 'em."

Sure enough, the glistening black backs tumbling about in the foamy white water showed where a number of the unknown fish or strange amphibious animals were enjoying themselves.

"Look out ahead, Sir! Look out ahead!" roared Tom again. "There's somethin' just broke water."

The next moment I had darted my iron into a back as broad as that of a whale calf, and was shouting:

"Starn all! Starn all! Back water, my boys!"

As the boat shot back and the line ran out, the monster that I had harpooned made desperate plunges to reach us. As it rolled and tossed about in its agony and surprise, I saw enough of it to know that we had fixed a hippopotamus.

Giving a succession of savage roars, and vainly trying to grasp the firmly-holding iron with its tremendous teeth, the wounded beast sank down in the muddy water, here only a couple of fathoms deep. Then the air-bubbles rising to the surface as he breathed, together with the long crimson track as he bled, showed us exactly the course that he was taking, and this was direct for his companions sporting together inshore.

Our prey went at a great speed, considering his ponderous build, and we were compelled to follow, or cut the line—the last thing I thought of; so, in a very few moments we found ourselves right in the midst of the herd of hippopotami, whose huge, unshapely heads were rising all around, while the wicked glitter of their savage-looking little eyes seemed concentrated upon us with looks of wonder, fury, and surprise.

Just then, unable to stay beneath the surface any longer, the wounded monster rose to breathe, and then turned upon us with a terrific roar.

"Starn all! Starn all for your lives!" I shouted.

The tough ash oars urged us clear of the savage brute's charge, but then the boat-steerer cried:

"Hold on, Sir! Hold water! Here's half a dozen ov 'em astern coming right for us."

"Hold water, every man!" I roared; then, espying a clear course to the right, continued, "Pull the port oars. So! Now give way of all; give way, my lads! Pull for your lives!" And I was paying out line all the time.

But up from the murky water rose two of the brutes, one on either side, only a few feet distant, and with huge distended jaws they rushed upon us.

Snatching up one of the boat-axes, while Long Tom left his steering-oar to the next man, and similarly armed himself, I sprang to where one of the hippopotami was almost touching the gunnel, and then, with all my strength, dashed the keen axe-blade into its flat black nose. With a roar louder than that of a dozen wild bulls of Madagascar, the monster vanished, spouting blood. Long Tom had also succeeded in driving off its companion, though not before the latter had made a great rent in the side of the boat, and had also very nearly capsized her. A shudder ran through us at our narrow escape—we had not time for more.

The rest of the shoal had now come up, and were making the foam fly in every direction as they dashed through the water to attack us.

It was a terribly critical moment! We could no longer escape by rowing, for the monsters were all around. If once they should succeed in overturning our frail boat, we would assuredly perish horribly among them; their gleaming great tusks and wide gaping jaws would pitilessly rend and tear us limb from limb.

Very fortunately, it suddenly occurred to me that I had somewhere read of hippopotami being frightened at the noise of fire-arms, though I well knew that their amazingly tough skins were quite proof against ordinary spherical leaden bullets.

"Pick up your muskets—be quick, my lads!" I cried, acting upon the inspiration. "Let each man choose an object; then fire all together."

Just as the fierce little pig-like eyes were glaring close upon us, and the terrible white fangs were glistening in close proximity, the loud roar of our volley echoed across the water, and then the sulphurous smoke-wreaths hid the plunging monsters from our sight. At the same instant, however, one enormous beast reared its vast body half out of the sea, and every man shuddered as he expected it would dash our weak boat to atoms; but, at the flash and noise of the guns it fell back, though, even in doing so, it nearly capsized us, and half-filled our little craft with water. When the smoke cleared away, our formidable pursuers had disappeared. After a momentary pause in thankfulness at our marvelously narrow escape, the whaling spirit returned, and I said:

"Pass me a lance, Long Tom, and we'll settle the fellow we're fast to, any how. Give way, my hearties, and let the two bow hands haul in the line."

Proceeding thus, we soon came up with the wounded beast. Then, for a moment poising the bright lance over my right shoulder, I sent it deep to the heart of our unwieldy victim. With a few tremendous roars, and after a last desperate struggle to reach us, the strange amphibious creature went into its "flurry." After sinking for a few moments, it once more rose to the surface, and, like a dead whale, floated on its side.

With considerable trouble we managed to tow our prize alongside the *Lone Star*. Upon measuring the carcass we found it 14 feet from stem to stern—or rather, nose to tail—and no less than twenty-three in girth. It was an immense brute, sure enough. That night our mariners, long tired of salt junk, rejoiced over tender, succulent, and well-flavored hippopotamus steak, for we found the flesh of the monster remarkably good, even delicious.

GHEEL, A COLONY OF THE INSANE.

To the east of Anvars, in Brittany, is a place called Gheel, whose inhabitants, about 10,000 in number, and mostly employed in farm work, have admitted into their family life the insane, who form a tenth of their number. The cost of board ranges from $200 to $400 per annum. The Administration fixes a minimum cost for the poor. No family receives more than two or three insane persons. No particular style of dress or other conventional sign distinguishes the insane from others. This family life is suited to the affections, which often preserve their force after the intellect has lost its light. The influence of women and children is remarkably happy over the insane. The largest liberty is allowed, the patient may go and come, help in the work that is on hand, or be idle, at pleasure. Constraint is never used as a means of direction. The madman, who elsewhere is locked up like a dangerous wild beast, and whose mere approach excites the terror of women and of the timid, circulates freely at Gheel, in the houses, or abroad upon the street or high-road, through gardens and fields. As a general rule he is allowed to enter any public place; in the cafés he reads the papers, plays cards, or joins in conversation. On market-days he is only watched a little more closely if subject to certain freaks. Sympathy and example suffice to attract between half and two-thirds of the insane to useful labor. Females and the aged are interested in the duties of the household. Artisans find places in the local shops, others in field and garden work, where the aspects of nature, the open air, movement and variety render such work as salutary to the patient as it is helpful to their hosts. Among the arts, music especially affords amusements in which all participate. M. Duval tells us of a choral society founded by a mad violinist, nicknamed the Grand Colbert. His portrait adorns the room in which the Society meets to practice, previous to taking part in patriotic or religious fêtes. The church dedicated to Saint Dymphna, which in the twelfth century succeeded to the rude chapel in which the seventh century saint worshiped, is ever open to her poor devotees. They attend regular services there, besides wandering in at will, when wishing for solitude and quiet.

Singing lessons are provided for the patients at Gheel. Any special gift or taste develops itself in this kindly atmosphere, where instead of living a life of isolation, these poor creatures bask in the sunshine of sympathy.

Friendships are often formed between the insane and their guardians which exist after the cure of the former. The entente cordiale which commonly exists between a family and the inmate occasionally reverses the order of things strangely. Take the case of a poor German weaver, who lost his reason in consequence of anxiety on the score of poverty. He was boarded with an artisan at Gheel, who devoted himself to calming and restoring the troubled mind of his guest. Before this work was accomplished, however, the artisan died, leaving his widow and four children almost destitute. The German weaver observed with feelings of the deepest sympathy the sorrow of those by whom he was surrounded. He seemed at once to realize the position of affairs. Calmly and seriously he accepted the responsibility which he considered was imposed on him by gratitude. He employed his returning health of body and mind in working for the family of his kind host. He has constituted himself sole bread-winner for the widow and orphans. He gives a good education to the latter, and a more touching sight can scarcely be imagined than the picturesque old German, now sixty-eight years old, accompanying to church on Sundays the adopted children, who regard him as a father.

A strict and enlightened supervision is maintained not only by physicians established at Gheel, but by a committee of local officers who preside over the administration of the colony. This social life is, moreover, too open for any abuse to escape comment. It is extremely rare that any accident has occurred in consequence of the liberty allowed to the insane. Among the cases classed as curable from 60 to 65 per cent. have been cured, and a marked improvement is observed in the general condition of all the patients under these conditions of personal liberty, gentle treatment, and the play of the social affections.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

OLE BULL generally spends his summers at Valestrand, a quiet and secluded spot, situated in a charming valley in Norway, about eighteen miles from Bergen. In the autumn he commences his professional tours. He has several brothers residing in Bergen, and many relatives. His wife died in 1860. He has one son and two daughters now living; the son, Alexander, is at present in America. The Norwegians are noted for being somewhat superstitious, and his housekeeper asserts that after he has gone away the tones of his violin are distinctly heard in the music-room. Neighbors also report that they have heard the organ in the music-room played by mysterious hands long after the inmates of the villa had retired.

The pedestrian, Weston, is convinced that walking upon a circular track is against nature—unnatural to either man or horse. In his own case he has found that it produced dizziness and nausea, and an inability to eat needful substantial food; whereas, he says, that when walking on the highway he has always eaten heartily, and has never been troubled with any uncomfortable feelings in head or stomach. Mr. Weston will attempt, on or about the 5th of October, to walk 100 accurately-measured miles on the roads in Westchester County in less than 23 hours.

An exchange remarks that the pulse of young ladies generally beats stronger in the palm of the hand than at the wrist. This curious fact in palpitating physiology should be observed by all young men of an investigating turn.

An English meteorologist has proved to the Astronomical Society that the heat reflected from the surface of the moon affects our atmosphere. Many persons have noticed that the sky is usually clear about the time of full moon. The explanation of Mr. Harrison—the above-mentioned meteorologist—is that the reflected heat, being entirely absorbed by our atmospheric vapor, raises the temperature of the air above the clouds, which then evaporate more freely, and renders the atmosphere clearer.

At a recent public dinner, given in connection with the cattle show at Dedham, Massachusetts, the orator, after alluding pleasantly to the claims now put forth by the "women's rights" people, and expressing his satisfaction with woman as she is, gave the following toast: "*The Coming Woman*—may it be a long time before she arrives!"

It is rumored that a company is being organized in this city for the purpose of introducing velocipedes in opposition to the city railroad cars. In the new arrangement probably nobody will be expected to stand up or to hang on by a strap, which will be an improvement. By-the-way, since the cars are *not* private carriages, why do people behave in them as if they were? We do not refer to *gentlemen* exclusively, nor to *ladies* either, but to car-riders in general. A discreditably large number of persons seat themselves *ad libitum* in the cars, and retain their position, spread out to their fullest size, in delightful unconsciousness of the wants or feelings of any newcomers. Not unfrequently, when a seat is really not two-thirds full and some one enters the car and glances inquiringly around, those seated remain spread out, either quite oblivious to sublunary affairs, or obtusely staring at the standing person as if he or she belonged to another race of beings. The idea of civilly moving to the one side or the other and making room for the last comer to sit, seems never to enter their heads. We are not speaking of times when the seats of the car are really full—then all can consult their own pleasure, gallantry, or benevolence, in regard to resigning their seats; but for the credit of our city, for the sake of common civility, let all who ride in public conveyances indicate that they live in a civilized community, and have had some measure of good-breeding. If seeds of politeness are scattered in public places, in time they will bear fruit.

The Hot Springs in Arkansas are fifty-four in number, having a mean temperature of 134° Fahrenheit. They range, respectively, from 93° to 150° Fahrenheit, and totally discharge 317 gallons of water every minute. On the western slope of Hot Spring Mountain—a margin of the Ozark group—at an elevation of about 360 feet above the level of the sea, these natural thermal fountains issue. The village and valley, respectively, bear the name of Hot Springs, and present, in location, an attractive and romantic appearance. Rheumatic affections and skin diseases are said to be relieved by these baths.

Scene at the —— Hotel, Long Branch. Place, dining-room. Waiter brings coffee, with the hot milk in a common cup. Gentleman hesitates how to pour it without burning his fingers. "John, why do you bring hot milk in this cup instead of in a pitcher?" "Pitchers all packed up, Sir." As nothing can be done in that case gentleman manages as well as he can. "The salt, John," which is brought. "And a salt-spoon." "No salt-spoons, Sir—all packed up!" "Then whittle down a tea-spoon, and bring it!" At which sally the waiter grins broadly. Presently the gentleman desires some fine sugar for his melon, which, after some delay, is brought in a wine-glass! Gentleman eyes it dubiously. "Sugar-bowls packed, John?" "Yes, Sir," with another broad smile. Examination proves the sugar to be from the *very* bottom of the packed-up bowl, and—well, not "*first-class*." "John," says he, cheerfully, "I wish you would just step down to H——'s Hotel, and *borrow* a little clean sugar for me!" John laughs audibly, bustles about, and finds another sugar-bowl—*i. e.* wine-glass—full. But the season is a *little* too far past—and the gentleman takes the next train home.

According to current report, the proprietor of the Ocean House, Newport, made $20,000 clear in about two months. Very good business!

That curiosity, called the Resurrection Plant, is a native of the southern part of Mexico. These plants during the rainy season flourish luxuriantly; but when the dry weather and hot sun scorch the earth, they, too, dry and curl up, and blow about at the mercy of the wind. To all appearance they are dead; but as soon as the rain comes again, the roots suck up the water, the leaves unfold and assume a beautiful emerald-green appearance. No matter where the plant may be it only asks for water, and at once bursts into new life. Having purchased one of these forms, and placed it in a plate filled with water, it will gradually unfold and take on a deep green. The Resurrection Plant may be seen almost any day on Broadway, where it is offered for sale.

A remarkable cave has recently been discovered in Salisbury, Connecticut. The entrance consists of a narrow winding passage about three feet wide, two feet high, and fifteen feet in length, descending into a chamber fifteen feet high, hung with beautiful stalactites. Beyond this chamber there is an apartment about twenty feet in length, terminating in a large room where stalagmites warn one to tread carefully, and stalactites sparkle and reflect the light. In another room a large stalactite reaches from the roof to the floor and forms one vast pillar, resembling a sheet of water frozen. About four feet from the floor this pillar spreads out in all directions like an inverted cone, and as one continues looking at it, it appears to be flowing like water. There are many other rooms, the most curious of which is shaped like a dome. In the centre of the dome a large circular opening extends to a room above, while the sides of this opening are literally covered with stalactites which descend several feet below the aperture, and assume an endless variety of shapes—some tapering to a point like icicles, while others are shaped like leaves, and others are carved in the most exquisite manner.

Boston is a very wonderful city; but can it be that they have in Boston a machine in which, if you put a lamb, there will be found at the end of an hour ladies' gloves, books, broiled cutlets, stewed kidneys, and lamb's pettitoes?

A late London journal, in connection with many other curious statistics in regard to the traffic in artificial hair, states that a considerable trade exists in false beards, mustaches, and whiskers. During the American war a vast number of these were sent from Europe to the United States, and a steady demand continued until the peace. The fact is curious, that the demand lasted as long as the war, and gradually dropped off at its close. The most expensive hair is pure white. As this is rarely to be found of any considerable length, a chemist has been trying various methods of extracting the color from the hair. He has produced a mottled gray, but the true white is yet to be discovered.

It is announced that a Russian mantua-maker of great renown, long attached to the household of her Imperial Majesty the Czarina, is coming to this city to make a fortune. She will introduce the Siberian Curve as a substitute for the Grecian Bend. Her styles of dress will be adapted to this vertebral peculiarity.

A gentleman, living in Exeter, New Hampshire, has a fig-tree, upon which there are about two hundred and twenty-five figs, some of which are ripe.

When the Queen of Madagascar died the people were commanded to *shave their heads*, not to wear hats, shirts, dresses, trowsers, or shoes, not to wash their clothes or their faces, not to lie on bedsteads, and to leave their shoulders uncovered. A few hours after these orders were given, some of the streets were literally strewn with human hair. A nation of bald heads and naked shoulders is a curious sight. The change in the personal appearance of the people was so great that one could scarcely recognize his most intimate friends until he heard their voices.

A couple of centuries ago it used to be the fashion for clergymen to write marginal notes to their sermons, to indicate what they might do in the pulpit besides preaching, and when it might be done. "Fall back in your seat," "Hem, hem," "Use your handkerchief," "Start up," "Shout," and "Cough here," are specimens of the physical relief ancient preachers allowed themselves—if certain old manuscript sermons may be regarded as authority.

A gentleman living near Naples had a pretty little pet fox, which had become quite domesticated in the family. But one day Master Reynard, feeling more hungry than usual, jumped into the cradle and devoured the baby for his dinner.

A physician of Albany has communicated to the *Journal of Psychological Medicine* some singular statements respecting a little girl four and a half years old, who uses in talking a vocabulary of her own invention. She is intelligent, sprightly, and in good health, and is the child of cultivated parents, who use only the English language. This little girl, though she readily understands what others say, never employs the words used by them, although great efforts have been made to induce her to do so. She has a little brother a year and a half younger than herself, who has adopted her language, and they chatter with each other rapidly and fluently. The boy, when with other members of the family, will sometimes use a proper word; but the little girl never does, and a curious vocabulary has been compiled from her language.

The old adage of "Honesty is the best policy" extends to minute matters—for very little things reveal character. A week or two ago a boy about sixteen years old went from the country to Boston to enter a prominent mercantile house. The head of the firm received the youth in the most kindly manner, and caused his son to take him around town and show him the principal places during the afternoon of his arrival. While amusing themselves in this way the stranger youth told his companion that, in coming along in the train that morning, he had given a boy a bright cent for a pond-lily, and that the coin having been mistaken for a five-cent one, the vendor of lilies had paid him four cents back as change. The merchant's son questioned the honesty of the transaction, but the young man from the country defended it on the score of its smartness. The merchant's boy related the incident to his father, who, on conversing with the country youth, found that he was inclined to pride himself on the act, and boldly defended it. The merchant, knowing that one who exhibited dishonest notions about a small thing would most probably have very loose ideas about matters of greater importance, told him it was impossible to employ him, and the youth was sent home to his father with an explanatory letter of regret. When, in like manner, all our eminent business men will regard pure honesty above mere smartness in their employés, then will the standard of just dealing speedily rise higher, and cheating, in any form, be regarded as ignoble.

The Boston *Transcript* says: "Persons who are annoyed by dust upon the great organ at the Hall are probably not aware that it takes six or seven men nearly a week, and involves an expense of upward of $100 to give the instrument a single thorough dusting."

A fruit-preserving car has been recently patented, and has brought peaches from Ohio in a perfect state of preservation. The fruit, on arrival, appeared as fresh as when first picked from the trees. The atmosphere within the car is reduced to a low temperature, and kept as dry as possible, by means of various contrivances. Meat may be thus transported in a perfectly fresh condition. The cars are more expensive than the ordinary kind.

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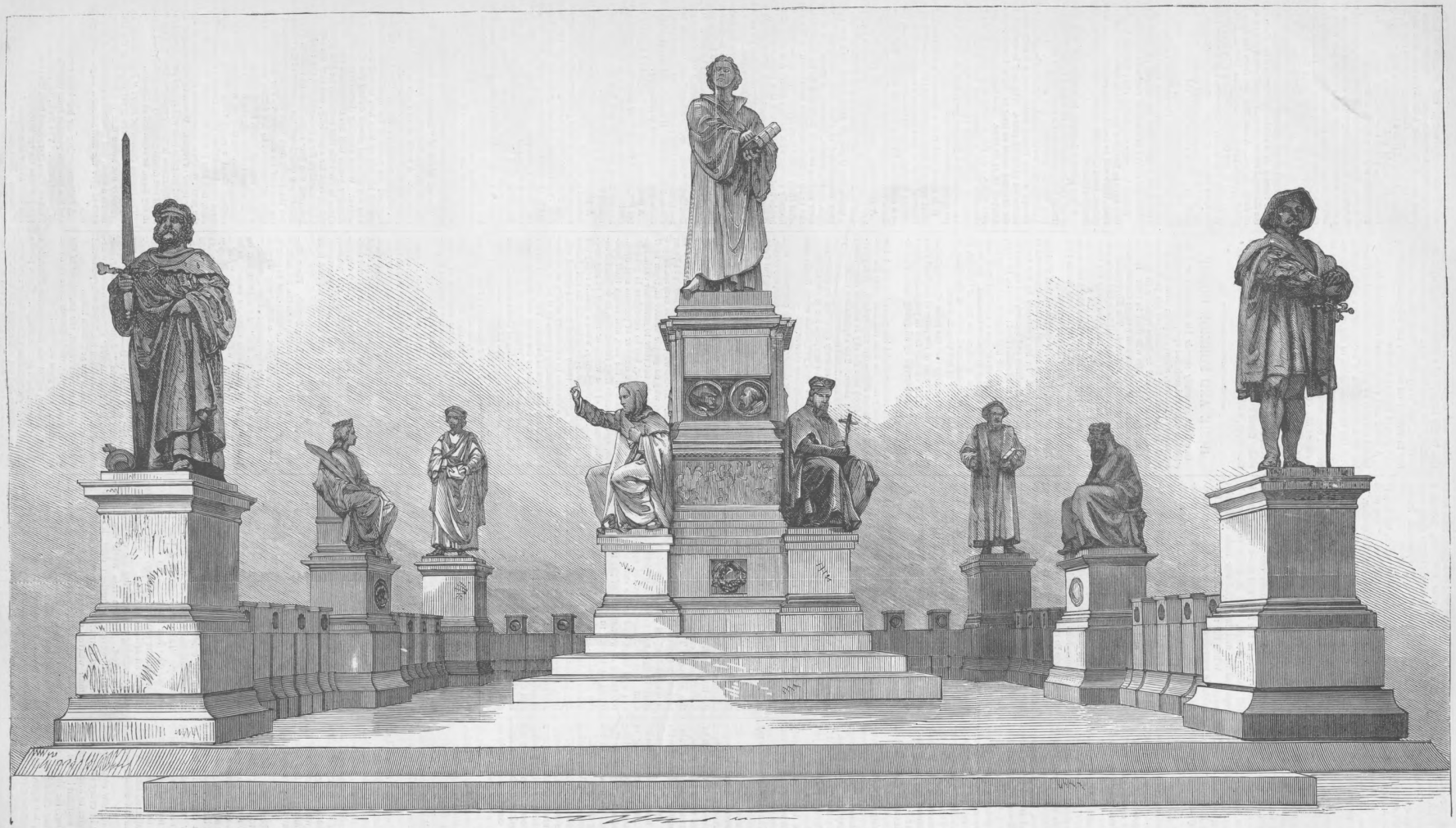

THE LUTHER MONUMENT AT WORMS, GERMANY.

THE LUTHER MONUMENT.

WE illustrated some weeks since the imposing ceremonies of the dedication of the grand LUTHER MONUMENT at Worms; we give in this issue an engraving of the monument itself. It is erected in the city where, in 1521, LUTHER, for conscience sake, defied the united power of the Romish Church and the powerful Emperor of Catholic Germany. The defiance was uttered in the presence of the Emperor, the Archduke FERDINAND, six sovereign electors, twenty-four sovereign dukes, seven margraves, thirty archbishops and bishops, and a host of princes, counts, barons, and embassadors. The monument was inaugurated in the presence of the King of Prussia, who is Emperor of Protestant Germany in all but the name, the Crown-Prince of Prussia, the King of Wirtemberg, the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, the Grand Duke of Weimar, and Prince WILLIAM of Baden, while England's Queen sent assurances of hearty sympathy with the object.

In size and variety of design the monument has no equal. It is not a statue, but a combination of eleven statues grouped around, and surmounted by the gigantic figure of LUTHER. Ascending a few steps, we stand on a granite base forty feet square, inclosed on the three other sides by a battlemented balustrade. In its centre LUTHER stands pre-eminent. Seated on the four pillars projecting from the corners of LUTHER'S pedestal we see grouped about the master his four precursors who attempted what he accomplished. To this noble array the English, French, Italian, and Bohemian nations have each furnished a member—JOHN WICKLIFFE, PETER WALDO, SAVONAROLA, and JOHN HUSS. Then, turning to the circumference, we notice seven more statues distributed around. Occupying the four corners of the balustrade, and separated from the centre group by the inner space, are the venerable figures of two regal and two clerical allies of the hero of the German Reformation. FREDERICK THE WISE, Elector of Saxony, and PHILIP THE GENEROUS, Landgrave of Hesse, impersonating power and prudence, watch the front; PHILIP MELANCHTHON and JOHN REUCHLIN, with their solid erudition, are in the rear. With these nine great men are associated the symbolical statues of three cities, celebrated in the history of the time—Augsburg, Madgeburg, and Spires, three majestic women, occupy the centre of each side of the balustrade. Seated, and looking up to

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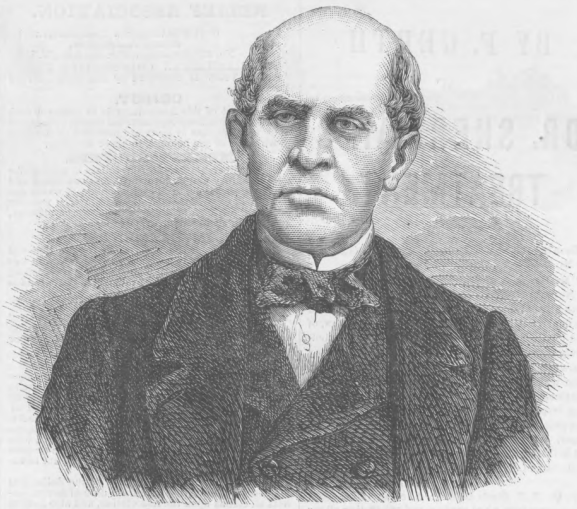
LUTHER, they are a relief to the four corner statues, which are standing, and have their faces turned in the same direction as the central figure. To do justice to the many places which have likewise deserved well of the cause of religious liberty, the battlements of the inclosure are on the inner side decorated with the escutcheons of twenty-four other German cities; these are Brunswick, Bremen, Constance, Eisenach, Eisleben, Emden, Erfurt, Frankfort, Halle, Hamburg, Heilbronn, Jena, Königsberg, Leipsic, Lindau, Lubeck, Marburg, Memlingen, Nordlingen, Riga, Schmalkald, Strasburg, Wittenberg, and Worms.

In suggestive detail the pedestal is in keeping with the general design. A square of cast bronze, placed on the stone pillar, supports a similar slab of less dimensions, decorated with inscriptions and reliefs. On its front, a fitting motto of the monument, appear the closing words of LUTHER'S celebrated speech in the Worms Diet: "Here I stand. I can not speak or act otherwise. So help me God. Amen." Under the legend are the medallions of JOHN THE CONSTANT and his son JOHN FREDERICK of Saxony, who so stedfastly stood by LUTHER in his troubles. On the opposite side is engraved a passage from another speech of the fiery Reformer: "The Gospel which the Lord put into the mouth of the Apostles is His sword. With it he strikes the world as with a thunder-bolt." Underneath are the portraits of ULRICH VON HUTTEN and FRANZ VON SICKINGEN, the two noble knights who brought the chivalrous spirit of their class to the defense of truth and its less warlike champions. To the right of LUTHER we read the following sentence from his correspondence: "Faith is life in God, but it is only through the Spirit of Christ that we can hope to understand Holy Writ." Portraits of JOHN BUGGENHAGEN, the Pomeranian reformer, and JUSTUS JONAS, the intimate friend of LUTHER, into whose ear, a moment before his death, he poured the confession of his unshaken faith, are inserted on the same side. Finally, on the left we read: "Those that rightly understand Christ will not be moved by what man may enjoin. They are free, not in the flesh, but in the spirit." JOHN CALVIN and ULRICH ZWINGLI, the founders of the Reformed Church in Switzerland, are aptly placed under this motto, their deviations from LUTHER proceeding from their partiality to the spirit rather than to the letter of the Bible. The lower slab contains scenes from LUTHER'S life in alto-relievo. Here we have him making his speech in the Worms Parliament, nailing his theses to the door of Wittenberg Cathedral, marrying his CATHARINE, and translating the Bible in the sequestered castle of Wartburg. For character and finish these smaller castings are greatly praised.

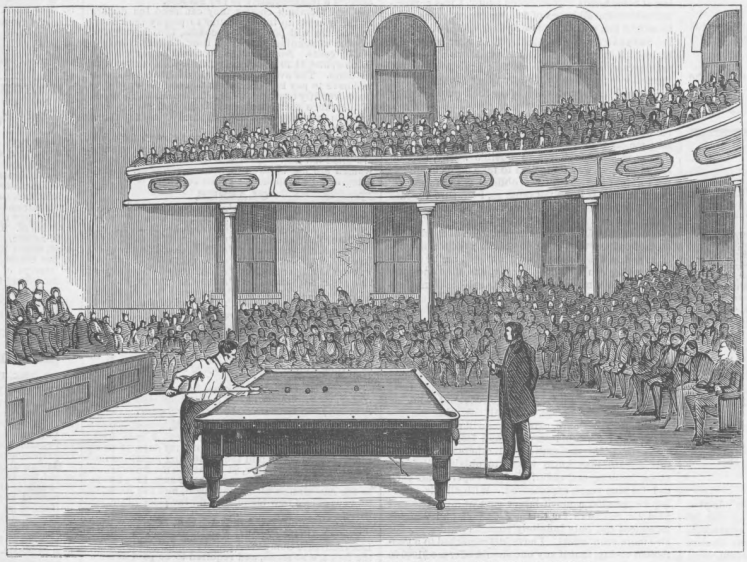
Upon this pedestal stands the colossal statue of MARTIN LUTHER. It is the stout, sturdy shape familiar to us from so many engraved portraits; the dear old well-known form, with its honest features, and calm, imperturbable eye, as painted by CRANACH. With face turned upward, he rests his clenched fist on the closed Bible, as if uttering that verse of his beautiful chorale—"Das Wort sie sollen lassen stehn." From an artistic point of view it might, perhaps, have been better to give his head a more inclined position. In a statue 10½ feet in height, on a pedestal of 16 feet, a face lifted up to heaven can not be well seen from below. A better view is obtained from the side than from the front. The five statues in the centre, indeed, are generally thought to constitute a splendid *ensemble*; but the seven others, placed much beneath LUTHER, and divided from him by nearly 30 feet, are criticised as having the appearance of separate monuments. The circumstance also that the twelve statues are of four different sizes scarcely allows to the monument that air of composed symmetry indispensable in every composite work of art. LUTHER is 10½ feet high; the figures at his feet, 7 feet; the corner statues of the balustrade, 8½ feet; and those of the towns, 6 feet. But with all these mistakes in reference to the artistic unity of the design the unity of moral interest is perfect. The LUTHER MONUMENT is one of the noblest memorials of one of the greatest events in the history of mankind. It belongs not to Germany alone, but to Europe and the whole world.



DOMINGO F. SARMIENTO, PRESIDENT OF THE ARGENTINE CONFEDERATION.

PRESIDENT SARMIENTO.

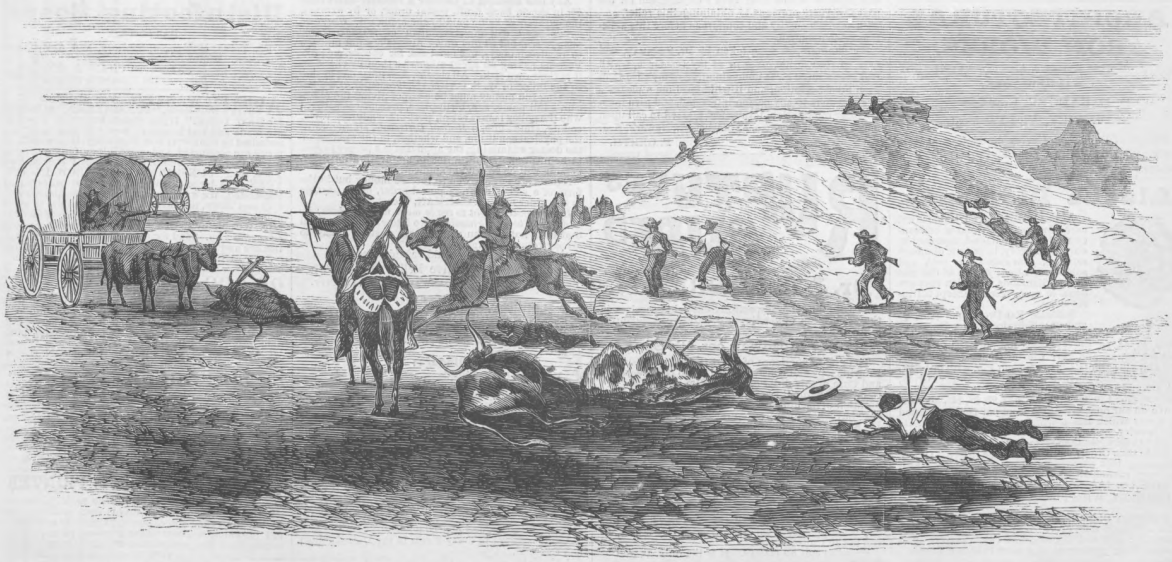
WE give on this page a portrait of DON DOMINGO FAUSTINO SARMIENTO, the newly-elected President of the Argentine Confederation. He was born in San Juan in 1811, and has been in public life since his earliest manhood. He first distinguished himself in his opposition to the Dictator ROSAS, and in consequence of the failure of his party, he was exiled to Chili. Returning to his country in 1836 he founded a school for young ladies, and edited a journal, *La Yonda*, which, eschewing politics, advocated the interests of agriculture, commerce, and education. But the fact that he did not trouble himself with politics gave him no respite; the Dictator was fearful of the effects of the education of his subjects, and he was a second time exiled to Chili. He entered the service of Chili, and was sent to Europe on a special mission connected with educational matters. In 1851 he returned to Buenos Ayres, and in the command of a regiment he was engaged in the battle of Monte-Caseros, which decided the fate of ROSAS and established the Argentine Confederation. He assisted in framing the Constitution of 1853, and under the first President, JOSE URQUIZA, was Minister of Instruction. Subsequently, under President DERQUI, he was Minister of the Interior, and later still, Governor of San Juan, his native province. In 1862 he was Minister to the United States. He was recalled in 1865, and appointed Governor of Buenos Ayres. He was elected President in August last by a large popular vote, on a singular platform. It had but one plank: "The ignorance of the people is the crime of bad governments."



MATCH FOR THE BILLIARD CHAMPIONSHIP AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

THE BILLIARD CHAMPIONSHIP.

A VERY extraordinary game of billiards was played at Chicago, Illinois, on September 16, between JOHN M'DEVITT and JOSEPH DION, for the "championship of America." We illustrate the scene of the game in Library Hall. The game was played on a four-pocket table, 1500 points up in nine innings. DION made 409, M'DEVITT made the full number of the game in one hour and forty minutes. The "run" of 1460, by which the game was won,



ATTACK OF INDIANS ON A "BULL-TRAIN" NEAR SHERIDAN, KANSAS.—SKETCHED BY JAMES KIDD, JUN.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

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is the largest upon record. The largest hitherto made in a match game had been a little over 800, made with jawed balls. Any thing over 400 was altogether unexpected. Yet there were those who, well acquainted with M'DEVITT'S practice games, were heard to say he would run the game out. Throughout the run, which occupied an hour and five minutes, the player was thoroughly cool. Once or twice, as he stopped for a moment to take a drink of water, he wiped his face and remarked: "By George, this is hard work!" By the terms under which the champion cue was offered, and won by M'DEVITT in 1867, he has to hold it for two years against all comers in order to finally become the possessor of it. The sketch of the scene is from the pencil of our artist, Mr. FRANK D. SKIFF.

BURNETT'S FLORIMEL, also BURNETT'S COLOGNE-WATER (three sizes).—There is a freshness in these delightful perfumes found in no others. New York Branch, 592 Broadway (Metropolitan Hotel Building). For sale by druggists and fancy-goods dealers in the principal cities of the United States.

IT is estimated that seven-tenths of all adult ailments proceed from a diseased and torpid liver. The biliary secretions of the liver, overflowing into the stomach, poison the entire system, and exhibit symptoms which are unmistakable. After a long research, we are able to present the most remarkable cure for these horrid nightmare of diseases the world has ever produced. Within one year over six hundred and forty thousand persons have taken PLANTATION BITTERS, and not an instance of complaint has come to our knowledge. It is the most effectual tonic and agreeable stimulant, suited to all conditions of life. Inquire of your druggist in regard to it.—*Press.*

MAGNOLIA WATER.—Superior to the best imported German Cologne, and sold at half the price.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVED from any part of the body in *five minutes, without injury to the skin*, by UPHAM'S DEPILATORY POWDER. $1 25 by mail. Address S. C. UPHAM, 118 South Seventh St., Philadelphia.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR removing FRECKLES, TAN, PIMPLES, and all other blemishes, use Phalon's "PAPHIAN LOTION." Sold by all druggists. Price $1 25 per bottle.

FOR the *Toilet*, *Bath*, and *Nursery*, use Phalon's "PAPHIAN SOAP." 25 cts. per cake. Sold by druggists and by PHALON & SON, 517 Broadway, N. Y.

BELLE HELENE, Grand Duchess, Martha, Faust, Lucrezia, Barber of Seville, Fidelio, Crispino e la Comare, Norma, Traviata, Trovatore, Freischutz, Ballo in Maschera, Somnambula, L'Africaine. Each opera complete for piano solo, with overture and whole of music. Price 50 cents.

"In cheapness and neatness these publications are unsurpassed.—*New York Times* (Sept. 21st).

Boosey & Co.'s new Catalogue of Cheap Musical Publications free. BOOSEY & CO., 644 Broadway.

WINCHESTER REPEATING RIFLES,

FIRING TWO SHOTS A SECOND AS A REPEATER, AND TWENTY SHOTS A MINUTE AS A SINGLE BREECH-LOADER.

These powerful, accurate, and wonderfully effective weapons, carrying eighteen charges, which can be fired in nine seconds, are now ready for the market, and are for sale by all the responsible gun dealers throughout the country. Illustrated information, send for circulars and pamphlets to the

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.,
NEW HAVEN, CT.

ARCHITECTURAL IRON WORKS,

FOURTEENTH STREET, BETWEEN AVENUES B AND C, NEW YORK.

D. D. BADGER, President.
N. CHENEY, Vice-President.

Fire-proof Buildings of every description, and every kind of Iron Work for Building Purposes, also for Bridges.

Alaska Diamonds.

A newly-discovered transparent carbonized quartz, equal in brilliancy to the real diamond, mounted at our own factory, in artistic diamond settings, *guaranteed fine gold*, and sold by us at *one fiftieth* of the cost of real diamonds, to which they are equal in every respect except intrinsic value.

Solitaire Ear-Drops, per pair, $5 and $6; Solitaire Finger Rings, $6 and $10; Solitaire Gents' Bosom Pins, $3, $5, $8, $10, $15, $20; Solitaire Gents' Studs, per set, $3, $5, and $10; Cluster Gents' Bosom Pins, $10 and $12; Gents' Cluster Bosom Pin, with tail, $10; Cluster Pin and Earrings, $10 and $25; Cluster Cross, $6, $10, and $15; Cluster Cross Bosom Pin and Earrings, $20 and $25; Cluster Finger Rings, $5, $8, $10, and $12.

We do our business direct from our factory, located in a city which has a world-wide reputation for its fine jewelry.

☞ Orders less than $5 must be accompanied with a Post-Office Order, and the goods sent free. Orders exceeding that amount by express, for collection on delivery, customers paying all express charges.

TRY US. Address
STANLEY, WHIPPLE, & CO., Providence, R. I.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills are now more sought after and used than ever. Why is this? Simply because the sick and diseased find they can rely upon them. They perform all and more than is claimed.

EMPLOYMENT.—15,000 Agents wanted. Circulars free. Address J. C. RAND & CO., Biddeford, Me.

EXPOSITION

BY F. GERTH

OF

DR. SHERMAN'S TREATMENT.

Here are the editorial remarks in the *Staats Zeitung* on Mr. F. GERTH and his statement:

"MR. GERTH, a wealthy and respectable gentleman of Newark, N. J., sends us a communication setting forth his sufferings from a terrible case of rupture, and his final relief and restoration by Dr. J. A. SHERMAN, of this city. Mr. GERTH is an enterprising man, extensively known throughout the country, having for many years carried on a large brewery business in Newark, from which he has retired with a large fortune. A statement of this kind, coming to us clothed with such high respectability, leaves no doubt of its correctness, and prompts us to publish it in another part of this paper. We recommend our readers who may be troubled in this way to lose no time in securing the services of Dr. SHERMAN."

NEWARK, Sept. 19.

To the N. Y. Staats Zeitung: After having suffered many years from a bad rupture, and exhausting all my patience and large amounts of money on many doctors of this city, New York, and Brooklyn, and suffering at their hands indescribable agony, I was compelled to abandon all hopes of finding any one competent to relieve me, when, fortunately, a friend of mine took Dr. SHERMAN'S advertisement out of your paper and inclosed it to me by letter. I showed it to my friends and several doctors, who ridiculed the idea of Dr. SHERMAN being able to do any thing for me, basing their conclusions, no doubt, upon their own inability to assist me.

The last doctor I applied to in Brooklyn harnessed me up with a machine like the claws of a lobster, and sent me off with instructions not to remove it. But on my way home I was in terrible agony, and on reaching there was compelled to take my bed, and, as the torment increased, I was obliged, with assistance, to cut it off. If I had not done so, I am sure I would have been killed in less than twenty-four hours, as inflammation was rapidly setting in.

Indeed, till I found Dr. SHERMAN, none of the doctors seemed to have the ability to perfectly reduce my rupture, and in most instances discouraged me by telling me nothing could be done for me, and thus one after the other gave me up as a hopeless subject doomed to incessant suffering.

But thank Heaven for the thoughtfulness of my friend and for my persistent faith in encouraging me to call on Dr. SHERMAN, contrary to the advice of many of those physicians who had given me up. My joy is too great for me to express, for I feel like a man emerging from purgatory to Heaven since I placed myself in the hands of this gentleman (whom I am compelled to declare the doctor of doctors), who has fulfilled all his promises, while all the other doctors fulfilled none of theirs. Hence you will see why I thus highly appreciate his services, and feel it a duty to make this public declaration, that others affected with this disease may know where to obtain relief and avoid the delay and sufferings from experiments such as I, for long years, experienced. With all this suffering I expended a much larger sum of money than I paid Dr. SHERMAN for this great relief, and find his treatment not only infinitely superior to others, but also more economical. I have just remarked to a gentleman to-day, that if any one should offer me $1000 *in gold* to discontinue Dr. SHERMAN'S method, I would think it ridiculous and refuse it like an idle puff of wind. I can now walk and ride with more comfort and pleasure in one hour than I experienced for the past five years previous to obtaining this relief, and with as much facility and comfort as before this affliction came upon me.

My photographs were taken by Dr. SHERMAN, and may be seen at his office or at my residence, which will give a more clear understanding of my case than even my description, and it will afford me a pleasure to show them to any person interested, and give them all other information, if they feel pleased to call upon me at my residence, No. 55 Market St., Newark, N. J.

F. GERTH.

RUPTURES CURED

Dr. J. A. SHERMAN,

Artistic Surgeon, respectfully offers his services in the application of his Rupture Curative Appliances, at his office.

697 Broadway, cor. 4th St.

The great experience of DR. SHERMAN, resulting from his long and constant devotion to the Treatment and Cure of this disease, assures him of his ability to relieve all, without regard to the age of the patient, or duration of the infirmity, or the difficulties which they may have heretofore encountered in seeking relief. Dr. S., as Principal of the Rupture Curative Institute, New Orleans, for a period of more than fifteen years, had under his care the worst cases in the country, all of which were effectually relieved, and many, to their great joy, restored to a sound body.

None of the pains and injuries resulting from the use of other Trusses are found in Dr. Sherman's Appliances; and, with a full knowledge of the assertion, he promises greater security and comfort, with a daily improvement in the disease, than can be obtained of any other person, or the inventions of any other person in the United States.

Prices to suit all classes. It is the only, as well as the cheapest, remedy ever offered the afflicted. Photographic likenesses of cases before and after treatment furnished on receipt of two 3 cent stamps.

MANHATTAN CO-OPERATIVE RELIEF ASSOCIATION.

OFFICE MANHATTAN CO-OPERATIVE RELIEF ASSOCIATION,
No. 658 BROADWAY, Cor. Bond St., N. Y.

THE MANHATTAN CO-OPERATIVE RELIEF ASSOCIATION is chartered by the State of New York.

OBJECT.

The object of this Association is to secure a cash payment within forty days after the death of a member of as many dollars as there are members in the class to which he or she belongs, to his or her heirs.

MEMBERSHIP FEES.

The membership fees are six dollars at joining (for which a policy will be furnished), and one dollar and ten cents on the death of each member, of which due notice will be given. One dollar from each member goes to the widow or heirs of the deceased member, and the ten cents for the expenses of collecting.

INVESTMENTS.

The By-Laws of the Association require that one third of the money received as new membership fees shall be made a sinking fund to meet payments falling due by the delinquencies of members. This fund is held by the

NATIONAL TRUST CO.,

and will be invested in United States Bonds, or real estate, or bond and mortgage upon New York City property, which property shall be double the value of the money so loaned.

THE FUNDS.

The remaining two thirds, after paying the expenses of the Association, shall be invested in real estate in the City of New York, or in bond and mortgage on property in the City of New York, the interest of which shall go to pay the current expenses of the Association. If a deceased member leaves no heirs, the money becomes the property of the Association, with the proviso that the expenses of burial shall be paid out of such funds—said expenses, however, not to exceed one hundred dollars.

A member failing to pay his fee of one dollar and ten cents within thirty days from date of notice, forfeits all claims upon the Association, and also forfeits all money previously paid. In the Pacific States this time is extended to sixty days. A member having no permanent residence must notify the Secretary, and appoint a representative to pay his fees.

When members choose they can send ten dollars and fifty cents to the Treasurer to prepay their fees, which sum will pay for ten deaths, thus saving the trouble of sending $1 10 each time, besides a saving of fifty cents. No man is so poor that he can not pay $6 now, and $1 10 occasionally, thus securing $5000 to his heirs. The average number of dollars each person will have to pay to secure $5000 will be $30 per year, a little over fifty cents per week. This makes this mode of insurance cost about one sixth what they would have to pay any regular Insurance Company for a $5000 policy.

This company is divided into ten classes for men, and ten classes for women. As soon as these classes are filled ten new classes will be adopted. Men and women are not allowed in the same classes. Every thing is done to make each class equal.

CLASSES.

In class A all persons betw'n the ages of 15 and 20 yrs.
In class B all persons betw'n the ages of 20 and 25 yrs.
In class C all persons betw'n the ages of 25 and 30 yrs.
In class D all persons betw'n the ages of 30 and 35 yrs.
In class E all persons betw'n the ages of 35 and 40 yrs.
In class F all persons betw'n the ages of 40 and 45 yrs.
In class G all persons betw'n the ages of 45 and 50 yrs.
In class H all persons betw'n the ages of 50 and 55 yrs.
In class I all persons betw'n the ages of 55 and 60 yrs.
In class K all persons betw'n the ages of 60 and 65 yrs.

The classes for women are the same as above. Any one that is found to give his or her age wrong will be expelled, and the moneys paid forfeited to the Association. Each class is limited to 5000 members. Each person pays $6 upon becoming a member, and $1 10 each time a member dies *belonging to the same class he or she may be a member of.*

A member of one class can not be assessed this dollar if a member of another class dies. Each class is INDEPENDENT, *having no connection with any other.*

ILLUSTRATION.

Class "A" has 5000 male members. A man dies. The Association pays over, within forty days, $5000 to the widow or heirs, and the remaining members forward, within thirty days, $1 10 each to the Association to reimburse it. Failing to send this sum, they forfeit to the Association all moneys paid, and the Association supplies a new member to fill the place of the retiring one.

ADVANTAGES.

The advantages of this Association over ordinary Life Insurance Companies are, no panics can break it; the fees are so small, and required to be paid at such long intervals, that any man can secure to his family a competency upon his death.

HOW TO BECOME MEMBERS.

Any one desiring to become a member must send $6, in check, bank draft, postal order, or by express, the expressage being paid by the applicant. *Under no circumstance will the Association be responsible for moneys sent but in this way.* Agents are not allowed to receive moneys, but must ask for checks, &c., &c. Persons paying an agent otherwise than by check do it at their own risk. All checks, &c., must be payable to the order of W. S. CARMAN, Treasurer. Accompanying the money must be a paper giving the applicant's full name, age, birth-place, present occupation, who the policy is in favor of, post-office address, town, county, state—also, *a Medical Certificate*, setting forth the physical condition, and whether, in the opinion of the doctor examining, the applicant is a proper person to be insured. Blank forms of application for membership will be sent upon application.

Agents are not allowed to receive money but in the form of a check, draft, or postal order, made payable to the order of W. S. CARMAN, Treasurer.

Each member ought to try to make new members; by so doing he benefits himself. No letter will be noticed that does not contain a three-cent postage stamp to prepay return postage.

All communications should be addressed

Manhattan Co-operative Relief Association,
No. 658 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

Trustees:

E. MCMURDY.
ELSON T. WRIGHT, President Star Metal Co.
W. S. CARMAN, President Stuyvesant Bank.
H. W. FORD, the Cashier, Bank of the Republic.
L. W. MURRAY.

Officers:

E. MCMURDY, President.
ELSON T. WRIGHT, Vice-President.
W. S. CARMAN, Treasurer.
LEWIS SANDERS, Secretary.
JOHN A. ROBINSON, M.D., } Examining
ALEX. R. GRAY, M.D., } Physicians.

Messrs. Latham, Emery, & Co., 72 Cedar Street, New York City, General Agents for New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and District of Columbia.

N. B.—Parties paying agents in money do so at their own risk. The Association will not be responsible for money so paid.

A General Agent wanted for each State and Territory. General Agents will be required to give the best of references, and $50,000 bonds.

Agents wanted in every Town in the United States and Canadas.

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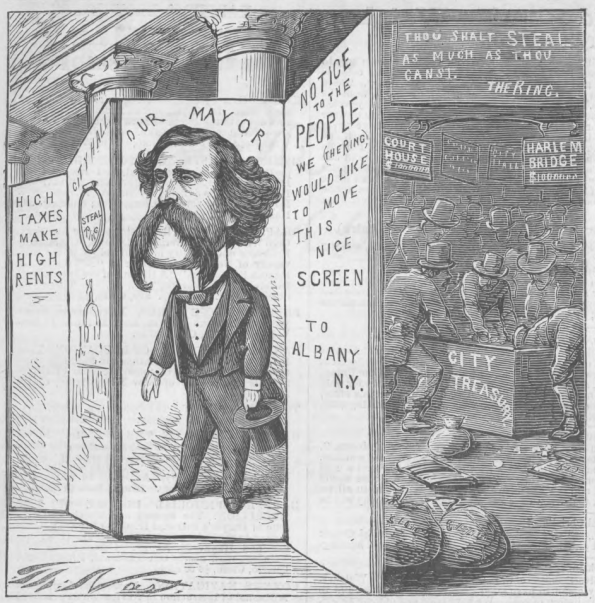

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XII.—NO. 616.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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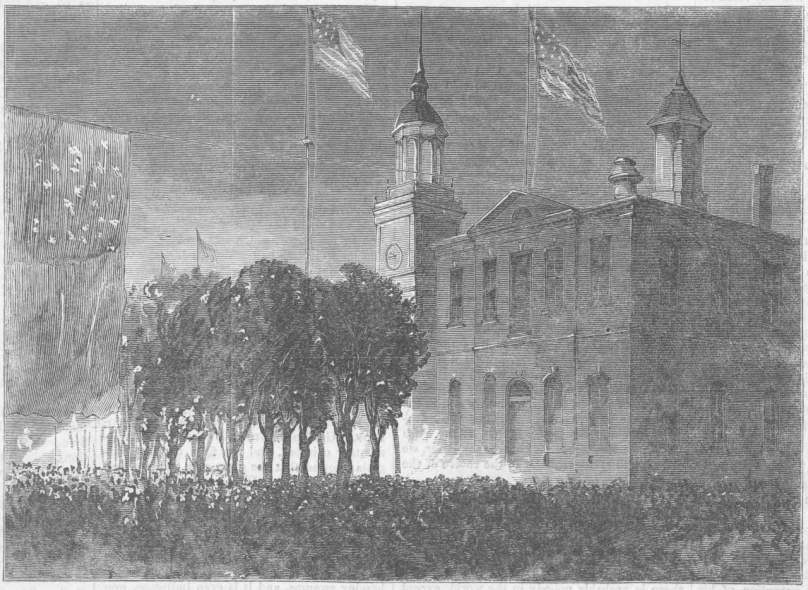
THE BOYS IN BLUE AT PHILADELPHIA.

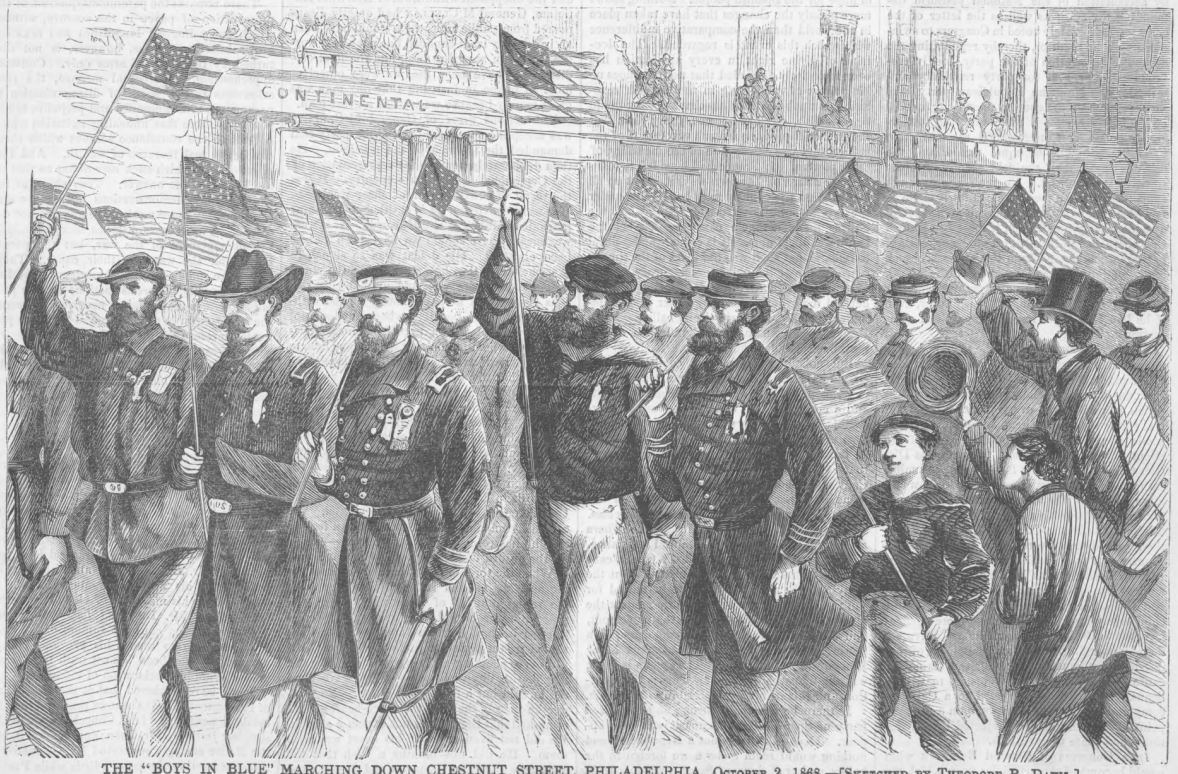
A FEW weeks ago it was currently remarked by the opponents of General GRANT that his nomination excited no enthusiasm. No doubt, therefore, our Democratic friends are somewhat surprised by the overwhelming majorities in Vermont and Maine which betoken as certain a victory for GRANT and COLFAX in November as was secured for LINCOLN in 1864. With the soldiers and sailors it is all one way. They know better than the politicians for what they fought, and they more fully appreciate the issues of this Presidential canvass. The Convention of Soldiers and Sailors at Philadelphia on the 1st and 2d instant, was, as regarded the enthusiasm which it called forth, the most remarkable affair of the kind that ever occurred in the Quaker City. On the 1st, delegations of the "Boys in Blue" from all parts of the country crowded every train leading to the city. A portion of the afternoon and evening was occupied by those who had arrived in hearing an address of welcome from Mayor M'MICHAEL, and the speeches of Generals BARNUM, KILPATRICK, BURNSIDE, and other prominent officers of the army. The mass meeting was assembled in front of Independence Hall. "Philadelphia's heart," says the *Evening Telegraph* of that city, "throbbed in one mighty pulsation of welcome to the brave 'Boys in Blue.'"



MASS MEETING OF THE "BOYS IN BLUE" IN FRONT OF INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 1, 1868.
[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

The quiet disbanding of our volunteer army after four years of war proved that this army was held together by no purpose beyond that of the salvation of the nation. This purpose, and this alone, still holds together the soldiers and the sailors, and their voice will therefore be listened to without hesitation by the masses of the people. It is well that they who fought should speak forth in times like these—that they whom GRANT once led gloriously through so many battles, should have a prominent share in the expression of the people's purpose to still follow him to a victory which is final and decisive.

The 2d of October was the great day of the Convention. It was a holiday in Philadelphia. The parade and procession was the grandest ever witnessed in that city. There were in the line of march delegations from all parts of Pennsylvania, from New York and Brooklyn, from Delaware, Maryland, and Washington, from Ohio, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Maine, and Vermont. Prominent in the procession was a battalion of prisoners from Andersonville, Belle Isle, and other prison-pens of the South, and closing up the line were ambulances and carriages carrying the maimed heroes of the war.



THE "BOYS IN BLUE" MARCHING DOWN CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 2, 1868.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

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The streets were crowded with the citizens and with strangers who had flocked into the city by thousands; the houses also, decorated with the Stars and Stripes, were densely packed with spectators. In passing a given point this vast procession occupied an hour and ten minutes. It was like a second grand review of the armies of the Union.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1868.

GENERAL BUTLER AND THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

THERE is nothing which has given the Republican party a stronger hold upon the intelligent moral support of the country than the action of its great National Convention. It met at a moment of extraordinary excitement, when conspicuous Republican Senators were denounced as pickpockets by certain members of the party because they honestly voted to acquit the President. As to the party consequences of their votes, those gentlemen were certainly as able and honest judges as their accusers, and they were of the sincere opinion that personal duty and the party advantage were coincident.

But the pressure against them was extraordinary. Conspicuous gentlemen were very anxious that the Convention should condemn them. General BUTLER, we believe, was of this opinion. The General had also pronounced for paying the Five-Twenties in greenbacks, and vigorously defended his views, which were virtually those afterward put into the Democratic platform. Fortunately the Chicago Republican Convention represented the sentiment of the party every where; and its good sense in refusing utterly to censure an honest difference like that involved in the impeachment, and its high principle in requiring payment of the debt according to the spirit as well as the letter of the contract, assured the country that the party was neither mastered nor represented by those who advocated national dishonor, and who sneered at morality in political action. The Republican party passed through an appalling peril last spring, and so triumphantly that its scope has never been fully appreciated. When trusted Republicans said that they were sick of the slang of honesty in regard to the vote of certain Senators, they merely emitted a feeble echo of the old Democratic cry, that it was a duty to vote for the Devil if he were regularly nominated.

The late Massachusetts Convention acted in the same spirit with that at Chicago. The National Republican party repudiated at Chicago the views and the policy advocated by General BUTLER, and the Convention of his own State overwhelmingly affirmed that action. Yet General BUTLER, who, after the adoption by acclamation of the National platform demanding the spirit as well as the letter of the contract, deliberately voted in Congress to swindle the public creditor, thereby repudiating the authentic declaration of the party, loudly professes peculiar zeal for party regularity and orthodoxy. Now the Republican party asks the confidence of the country upon two grounds, both distinctly stated, and both fully understood. One is Congressional reconstruction upon the principle of equal rights, and the other is payment of the debt according to the spirit of the contract. No man who does not support both these measures can fairly claim to represent the party. If any such man receives a regular party nomination it must be assumed that there has been intrigue, and any upright party man is released from the support of such a nomination. What Republican in New York would feel bound, as a party man, to vote for FERNANDO WOOD for any office whatever, even if he had received a regular Republican nomination?

But there is another than the technical party view. A man who openly advocates a breach of the public faith in one particular, as General BUTLER does, reveals a moral unsoundness which is perilous at every point. The General's attempts to hush up his views, to persuade the State Convention to say nothing about paying the debt, and to assure his District Convention that he favored only the mildest form of swindling, merely serve to show still more distinctly the danger of placing him in high and responsible position. The character of representatives in Congress does not concern their own districts more than it concerns the country. The Republicans of the Fifth District of Massachusetts have no right to send a man to Congress to make laws for New York and the other States who rejects one of the chief principles of the party, and more particularly when his declarations imply a positive political immorality. Let the Republicans of that district ask themselves whether they think the cause of the country, as it appears to Republicans, can wisely be intrusted to a Congress composed of men whose views upon a cardinal point have been distinctly rejected by the National and State Conventions.

In a Congress of General BUTLER's what would become of the principles upon which the Republican party is conducting this canvass?

If the Republican party in this country means to throw moral principle overboard, and if the effort is to be openly and distinctly made in Massachusetts, the party and the country are doomed. We might as well be ruined by successful rebellion as by triumphant corruption. And if Republican leaders are to teach that morals do not enter into politics, and that a nation may properly do what a man would be sent to the State Prison for doing, then such Republican leaders will teach and prove that good faith may as well be broken in one way as in another; and they will not hesitate to break faith with the loyalist at the South as well as with the public creditor every where. If the Republicans of the Fifth District of Massachusetts send to Congress a man whom they know is willing to swindle the bondholder, they send a man who upon occasion would betray the negro.

It is of incalculable importance that the party should not merely elect its candidates at this time, but should long retain power. The administration of General GRANT, as his character and career assure us, will be firm, moderate, and wise. We may justly expect him to surround himself with sagacious and truly liberal men, who will help to secure the prolonged ascendency of the party upon its recognized principles. But it is essential to that result that our majority in Congress should be composed of men of moral scrupulousness as well as of ability and experience. "Smart men," adroit politicians, unscrupulous self-seekers will not only most seriously embarrass the administration, but throw the party out of power. Because General BUTLER was a prompt and vigorous military dictator at New Orleans in the midst of a civil war, it by no means follows that he is a wise or safe legislator.

The Republicans of the Fifth District of Massachusetts have a very serious responsibility. They are watched with great anxiety by their brethren every where. The opportunity is given them by the nomination of R. H. DANA, Jun., to determine between two men, both of unquestionable ability; one a man of the most spotless fame, who has been always a Republican by the profoundest conviction, and whose views are to-day the authentically expressed opinions of the party in the country and in the State; the other, General BUTLER, who advocates breaking the public faith. If the Fifth District of Massachusetts chooses the latter, we hope it will speak tenderly of the choice of the Fifth District of New York.

THE REVOLUTION IN SPAIN.

THE throne of ISABELLA of Spain has fallen as suddenly and hopelessly as that of LOUIS PHILIPPE in France twenty years ago, and there is probably nobody in the world, except a true Bourbon, who does not believe that the end of the Spanish monarchy is the beginning of hope for the Spanish people. Nothing shows more plainly the changes that have taken place in the world than the comparative indifference with which this event is regarded. The doctrine of divine right in every application has been so entirely discarded that not only does no king think of interfering in the Spanish revolution, but nobody imagines that any king would be so foolish. It has become pretty plain that the evil course of the French revolution of the last century was chiefly due to the meddling of other powers. If France had been left to manage her affairs in her own way, it is not at all evident that the country must have fallen under the tyranny of the terrorists. But when the crowns made common cause against her the result was inevitable. It is curious and painful to remark that such was the fever of the time—scarcely one of the chief contemporary foreign observers and critics of the Revolution comprehended the event which they either passionately denounced or enthusiastically hailed. From BURKE to PAINE the real significance of the movement escaped them.

But nobody will preach a coalition and a crusade against Spain. No sane human being can imagine that a reactionary rule of priests and a court like that of ISABELLA can be serviceable to any country; and no people in Europe would probably suffer its government to try to force her back upon her throne. Indeed that is the great change of which we spoke. Continental politics have ceased to be a mere game of kings. It is the people which has come to the throne even in the monarchies. This is strikingly illustrated in Spain. There appears to have been no substantial resistance. GONZALES BRAVO resigns, and the Queen calls CONCHA to the head of the Ministry. But the army and the fleet are found to be united for the revolution. The cities declare against the Queen. CONCHA himself joins the movement, and the Queen leaves her kingdom, and is a powerless refugee at Pau, as CHARLES X. of France was at Holyrood. The Queen is gone, will the monarchy remain? This is the question, and this involves the possibility of trouble.

If there be any really strong and organized party of Spanish Republicans it will now appear. General PRIM is not a Republican, and nothing would seem to be more foreign to the habits and traditions of Spain than any truly Republican movement. But the political activity and progress of the European mind is remarkable. The political aspect of the Continent by no means represents the political conviction; and the peace is as much kept by royal doubts of the real temper of the people as by hostile armaments. The debates and resolutions of the late Labor Congress at Brussels reveal the consciousness of the body of the people that they, and not the heads of Governments, are the real "persons of importance." JOHN BRIGHT, in one of his speeches, quoted the lines, written we believe by GEORGE WITHER, which two centuries ago expressed a truth which has become in America, and is becoming in Europe, the cardinal point for statesmen to remember:

"Know there's on earth a yet auguster thing,
Veiled though it be, than Parliament or King."

This thing exists in Spain as elsewhere; and the times and the circumstances of the country invite its appearance. Whatever form the Government will now finally take must, it seems to us, be first determined by a constituent assembly or an appeal to the people. Such an appeal would be, of course, very much controlled by priests and reactionaries. But the result would inevitably be some constitutional and moderate government, although it were a monarchy. Speculation is useless in the face of events daily reported. But so remarkable a fact as the peaceful fall of the Spanish Bourbons reveals a condition of the Spanish mind which a truly sagacious leader might turn to the best account for liberty and progress.

GENERAL M'CLELLAN.

GENERAL M'CLELLAN has returned from Europe, and there has been a torch-light procession in his honor, which was probably not all that its projectors had anticipated. The General did not declare himself. He did not even name SEYMOUR nor hurrah for BLAIR. He merely said "Thank you, gentlemen," bowed, and retired. As usual, he was in a false position. There is something touching in the continued determination of some interested persons to make the General a great or a representative man. There was, indeed, a time when the need of a great military leader was felt to be so urgent that, will he nill he, the country insisted that the General was he. He was the little NAPOLEON. General SCOTT had expressed complimentary opinions, and the fight in West Virginia showed that the great man was coming. The General went to Philadelphia and received a sword, and said, modestly, that the war was to be short, sharp, and decisive. And all the while those wretched Quaker guns were making mouths at him from Manassas. It was no fault of the General's that the country was deceived. But it is sad to think of the Chickahominy swamps, and it is even ludicrous, now that the facts are becoming known, to recur to that history. If, after the terrible seven days, and the unopposed withdrawal of LEE from Antietam, General M'CLELLAN had quietly disappeared from public view, there would have been an irresistibly tragi-comical, but not a very hostile feeling in regard to him, and the final verdict would have been that we were ourselves most to blame in insisting that any man was great merely because we wanted a great man.

The serious error of General M'CLELLAN was accepting the candidacy of the party that demanded the triumph of the rebellion. He then deliberately became the representative of the Copperhead spirit of the country. It was the result of conviction or of sheer weakness. If it were conviction he is entitled to the same patriotic regard as WADE HAMPTON. If it were weakness, where should we have been had he been elected? His defeat was so signal, so overwhelming, that he naturally left the country; and yet there was, and undoubtedly still is, a feeling that he is constantly drifted without his will into positions where he does not naturally belong. What could be more amusing than his nomination to a Republican Senate by ANDREW JOHNSON as Minister to England?

Now that the General is at home again it must seem to him a little hard to be obliged to fraternize with RAPHAEL SEMMES and ROBERT TOOMBS. In 1864, indeed, they hoped for his election, but they took no other part in public affairs than being annihilated by SHERMAN and WINSLOW. It must be a singular sensation for the Union General whom LEE baffled in the field to help LEE at the polls by opposing the Union General to whom LEE surrendered. We can easily imagine General M'CLELLAN feeling that he has returned a little too soon—except for the absurd fate that always puts him awry.

When the torch-bearers came the other evening and M'CLELLAN reflected that they were the representatives of those who bitterly opposed the war in which he made all the distinction he has, how his thoughts must have played truant with the jubilant Boys in Blue who were shouting and singing and filling the neighboring city with patriotic joy! No wonder he said but a few formal words. No wonder he merely thanked the torch-bearers, and remarked that they would not expect a speech. He did not even say that his heart was with them. He did not breathe a wish that the candidate of WADE HAMPTON and SEMMES and HOWELL COBB and VALLANDIGHAM might be elected. When General M'CLELLAN thought of four years ago the spectacle must have seemed to him a little spectral. The report says that the crowd was disappointed. But what must General M'CLELLAN be?

THE BOYS IN BLUE.

THE late great assembly of the Boys in Blue at Philadelphia shows how deeply stirred is the heart of the country by the issues of the political campaign. For the first time—and we see it with the utmost pleasure—the officers of the army feel that they have duties as citizens which they are bound to perform with the rest of us. The Lieutenant-General writes, indeed, that he thinks soldiers should not take an active part in politics—by which we hope he means no more than that they should not become brawling partisans. But General SHERIDAN telegraphs from Fort Harker, "*Say to the Boys in Blue that it is as essential to have a political victory this fall as it was to have an Appomattox in '65, and that every man who loves his country should vote for* GRANT." These are the words of a man who is no less a citizen because he is a soldier. The truth is, that the vast majority of the officers and men of the war hope for the defeat of SEYMOUR precisely as they hoped for the defeat of LEE. Mr. HILL, of Georgia, one of the most reckless of the late rebels and now of the "Southern Democrats," says, in a letter to the *Tribune*, that he finds very wide-spread conviction in the Northern States that the election of GRANT will promote peace at the South. It is, indeed, a very wide-spread conviction. And there was a persuasion equally profound in 1864 that the election of M'CLELLAN would give success to the rebellion. They were both different forms of the same feeling.

The vast and enthusiastic gathering in Philadelphia was but a sign of the enthusiasm and resolution of all loyal men in this country. The question was asked by the shot at Fort Sumter, shall the Union be maintained? The question was asked by the nomination of SEYMOUR, shall the Union be governed by its friends or its enemies? The spirit that saved the Union will now secure the control of the Government to its friends. All other issues have disappeared. The attempt of the Democrats to "push the financial question" has recoiled upon themselves by developing the truth of the financial situation, which shows that at the present rate of taxation the whole debt can be readily paid within twenty years, and that taxation can be incalculably lightened by a restoration of political confidence. The morals of Democratic financial administration are exhibited in the official conduct of the last Democratic Secretary of the Treasury. Its economy is shown in the financial management of the city of New York. The financial question has "pushed" the Democratic party in rather an unexpected manner.

There remains the paramount question of the preservation of peace in the country, without which every interest languishes and taxation grows heavier. Peace, however, is not disturbed by the clash of arms only. Constant apprehension, a perpetual menace, the consciousness that a party of disorganization is paramount, that ignorance and prejudice are in power, produce that unhealthy agitation which is fatal to the confidence without which there can be no real increase of wealth. And this question it is which such assemblies as that of the Boys in Blue answer. They show, as the great popular demonstrations during the war showed, that the American people are not deceived. There were mistakes enough made in the management of the war, but the people knew that the war was their cause. There have been some mistakes, doubtless, in the Republican policy of reconstruction, but the people know that that policy is necessary to secure the victory won in the field; and that that policy is therefore the policy of peace.

This was the significance of the jubilee of the Boys in Blue. This will be the meaning of the entrance of the Chief of the Boys in Blue into the White House.

DISRAELI AND GLADSTONE.

THE English elections seem to promise a result as decided as our own. It is now supposed that Mr. GLADSTONE will have a majority of one hundred and thirty-six or even more. In regard to his opponent, the Prime Minister, Mr. DISRAELI, the chief question has been, whether he would propose a still more radical Irish policy than Mr. GLADSTONE's, and whether he could carry his Tory adherents with him if he did, as in his measures of electoral reform. All summer Mr. DISRAELI has been silent. There have been constant rumors of his cunning intention to repeat his previous policy, but nothing has been known until now, when he has made his declaration of intention.

It will be remembered that at the last session of Parliament Mr. GLADSTONE proposed the disestablishment of the Irish Church, an act of the simplest justice. Mr. DISRAELI opposed it, but the House strongly supported Mr. GLADSTONE. After contesting the point a little while Parliament was dissolved, and an appeal was made

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to the electors. It was supposed by those who have more respect for Mr. DISRAELI's ability than for his principle that he would soon ascertain the probable drift of the elections, and act accordingly. But simultaneously with the general concession of a large GLADSTONE majority comes the DISRAELI declaration of which we speak, and which reasserts the policy that is apparently to be decisively rejected by the voters. This is interpreted to mean that Mr. DISRAELI has discovered that he can not carry his party for any measure which will out-Gladstone GLADSTONE, and that he has resolved to go down with all his colors flying.

The difficulty for him is that even dull men can comprehend this question; and the Tory party includes that class of our fellow-beings. "I do not say," said MILL, "that all Conservatives are stupid; but I do say that stupid men are generally Conservatives." Even Squire WESTERN can see that the "Papists" rejoice at the disestablishment of the English Church in Ireland, and that is enough. To please the Papists is to encourage Popery, and to encourage Popery is to endanger the Protestant succession. Mr. DISRAELI might refine upon householders and compound householders so as to make it appear that an enlarged vote must be an increase of Tory strength, but no jugglery could make an Irish policy which Popery applauded a true British policy—in the minds of Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY and his friends. And the cry of No Popery which Mr. DISRAELI now raises is addressed to the modern DE COVERLEYS and their intelligence.

But we confess that nothing in the Minister's career makes us suppose that he would hesitate at a still more remarkable *coup* than any he has attempted. If the election shows an immense majority for Irish reform, why should not the Queen open Parliament with a speech favoring it? It then becomes a Ministerial measure, and when the House adopts it it is a triumph of the Minister, and Mr. GLADSTONE does *not* come into office. Mr. DISRAELI is probably very indifferent whether he remains Minister by Liberal or by Tory support. The theory of the British Constitution is, that the Ministerial policy shall conform to the declaration of a majority of the House. If a Minister is skillful and nimble enough to yield to the majority in time, the constitutional custom is maintained.

Hitherto it has been a point of honor with an English Prime Minister to represent the policy of one of the two great parties, and if his measures were defeated, to retire for the representative of the other party and policy. But Mr. DISRAELI has changed all this. The Tory policy has been opposition to electoral reform. When Mr. GLADSTONE was in power three years ago Mr. DISRAELI, as the Tory leader, opposed it. The Tory opposition prevailed, and he came into office. But the real conviction of Parliament, as he ascertained, was for reform, and he therefore proposed a scheme even more liberal than Mr. GLADSTONE's. Mr. DISRAELI is not properly a Tory. His principle evidently is that the will of the House should prevail, and when that will is liberal Mr. DISRAELI is Liberal. When that will demands disestablishment, why should not Mr. DISRAELI disestablish? But there is probably a point beyond which even Mr. DISRAELI's cleverness would not be tolerated. If he should attempt his old game, it is by no means improbable that the House would return to the old routine by a vote of want of confidence. This would certainly be done in the event, we suppose, if Mr. GLADSTONE had the nimble intrepidity of Mr. DISRAELI.

THE DROUGHT IN ENGLAND.

WE had accepted as correct the statement of the British press, and of numerous newspaper correspondents in England, that the great drought was broken by the rains which fell on and subsequent to the 11th and 12th of August. But although the rain-fall of August was three and a half inches, and vegetation had assumed somewhat of its ordinary appearance, particularly in the low valleys, yet no benefit had been conferred on the root crops, which are now past recovery, and but very little on the pastures. The expectations formed in England from these rains removed much anxiety; but, although but little is said on the subject directly, we suppose that they have been utterly disappointed. The subject is of too great consequence to the people of England and to the farmers of this country to justify any careless words in considering the present situation in this respect.

The *Manchester Guardian* of the 18th of September, in discussing the question of the supply of water to the town of Manchester, at the request of "the authorities" makes the following statement: "The drought still continues, and it has long ceased to be possible to anticipate or speculate with any degree of certainty as to the time when we shall have in this district any rain-fall which will materially increase the storage in the corporation reservoirs, upon which so enormous a population is dependent for the supply of water absolutely necessary for health and comfort. The drought has now, with little or no material interruption, *continued for the unprecedented period of nearly six months*, and it is hardly necessary to say that the Waterworks Committee have for many weeks past been compelled to consider in what way the consumption can be reduced, and been watching with the greatest anxiety the gradual but constant diminution of the water in the reservoirs."

Manchester is second in population among British towns only to London, and is the largest in manufactures, and her arrangements for the supply of water were on a scale corresponding with the importance of the place. In an area of 350 acres there was usually stored three thousand millions of gallons in a region 650 feet higher than Manchester. The water-shed, comprising the extreme east of the county of Cheshire and a small portion of Derbyshire and Yorkshire, consists of about 19,000 acres, part of the hills which constitute the back-bone of England. The River Etherow, which afterward becomes the Mersey, is the main source of supply. The Etherow, after receiving twenty or thirty brooks of various size, is arrested by three embankments thrown across the valley, whereby three reservoirs are formed, in which the water is stored. The ordinary depth of water in one of them is 84 feet, but in the same paper of the 15th it appears that its bottom, consisting of land which has not been reaped for twenty years, is now exposing its old furrows, that the lines of hedges long submerged may now be traced, and that the slight stream which yet flows has retired to its old bed, the banks of which had not been obliterated by the depth of 84 feet of water that had so long rested upon them. The rain, instead of entering these reservoirs, "was all absorbed by the ground."....."The springs that, united, constitute the water-course, are lower now than they were before the rains in August. Upon the moors the bogs are all dry, and great fissures and cracks in the earth serve to suggest how much rain the land will swallow before the springs are in the slightest degree affected." Water, however, was still stored in one or more of the reservoirs. "When the inhabitants consider," continues the *Manchester Guardian*, "the reports appearing constantly in the papers of the very short period (varying from one or two to three or four hours) during which water is supplied to the inhabitants *in neighboring towns*, and in other cases of the *entire failure of all supply* by the authorities, they have reason to congratulate themselves that the Corporation are, after such a period of drought, and notwithstanding the large demands upon their works, still able to propose to supply water for during eight hours of each day," etc.

We have been thus particular in presenting the facts with respect to this particular district, because they are of themselves interesting, and bear very strongly on the question about which doubt is expressed in our own papers as to the extent and character of the drought. The utmost candor and accuracy were required as between the authorities and consumers, and there was no temptation to mislead, such as may be perceived in the published telegrams from England with respect to the crops. The *Mark Lane Express* of the 21st of September says: "The renewal of the drought lasted up till Friday, and began to excite apprehensions, both in this country and abroad. But the copious thunder-showers that then fell gave promise of the needed supplies, and should October be fine we may have a very abundant aftermath, which would partly make up for the deficiency in the hay and root crops." Mr. SANDERSON repeats his exaggerated estimate of 34 bushels of wheat per acre, and an increase this year of 3,000,000 quarters.

In our issue of the 26th ultimo we had occasion to speak of the appearance which the potato tuber presented in several fields of this district. They were described as being not larger than sparrow's eggs, and to have sprouted after the rains of the 11th and 12th of August. These were the late potatoes. A recent Number of the *Mark Lane Express* mentions that it is feared that some of the late potatoes will not keep through the winter, and the hope is abandoned that turnips sowed in the place of those destroyed previously will come to maturity. The potato crop is second only to that of wheat.

The situation, therefore, is improved only to this extent—that the pastures had become green, and afforded a slight and temporary amount of food to sheep and cattle; and unless the soil of England possesses qualities of an unusual character—in the *Country Gentleman* it is stated that a drought of only a fortnight near the maturity of the crop had diminished the quantity of wheat in the county in this State in which it occurred—it can not be otherwise than that every crop which was subjected to the drought in England in April, May, June, and July must have suffered largely. This is admitted of barley, oats, hay, hops, carrots, turnips, and pastures, but it is claimed that wheat is beyond the average! The Maidstone *Journal*, the organ of the hop-growers, sums up the *resumé* of this year's production of hops as follows: "Perhaps a greater discrepancy was never known in the growth—a great part very bad, another good. The amount must be less than an average, and a great part very indifferent." As this is generally a thoroughly and deep rooted plant, these observations apply equally to the crop of wheat, which is grown on light as well as on heavy soils, and from spring planting, and that largely, as well as from fall planting. The nearly entire destruction of many spring crops, and the partial destruction of wheat on light soils, justified the inference that wheat must be below an average. No *facts* have yet been presented in the British press to interfere with this reasonable deduction.

The farming interest of this country may therefore be sure that the drought in England and in parts of France, Russia, and Germany, will produce a large demand for food from our surplus, and if supplies of it from this quarter are not pressed upon the market in injudicious quantities, remunerating prices will be paid. The interests in London and Liverpool are too vast to induce a full exposure of their necessities and wants. Whatever their stock recently harvested may amount to it will be used so as to promote their objects most effectually, which are to obtain supplies in sufficient quantities and at low prices. The season has been too hot to justify large accumulations of food thus far, such as would be liable to become heated and damaged, and limits have been rigorously fixed, so far as wheat is concerned, which in their purchases have seldom been exceeded, as the consumption of the new crop permitted them to wait. A time will unquestionably arrive before their harvest of 1869, when it will be necessary to yield to outside views of price, but we have no disposition to aid in any speculations upon their wants, or to do more than to help in obtaining a fair price for our own products.

THE INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

AT last the New Dominion Government has determined the route for the Intercolonial Railway, and that great thoroughfare is actually commenced. Engineers have been assigned to several sections, and gangs of men are at work on the Matapedia, Miramichi, and other points at approved intervals along the route. These initial steps have been taken so quietly that few are aware that the work is in progress.

The route selected is that known as the North Shore or Major Robinson route, which the Government has decided is the only one that provides, in a military and commercial point of view, for the national objects involved in the undertaking. The Western route, which seemed to present claims for special favor, was objected to as running so near the Maine frontier that it would be useless as a military road in case of war; while the Central route traversed, for the most part, an uninhabited wilderness. The North Shore line touches at the principal Gulf ports, and is the shortest of the three, the distance from Quebec to Halifax being 656 miles. But 171 miles are already built, so that the portion remaining to be constructed is only 485 miles—of which 167 miles are in the Province of Quebec, 238 in New Brunswick, and 80 in Nova Scotia. The total cost of the line is estimated at $20,000,000, or $4,000,000 more than for the Western route. The British Government guarantees the interest on $15,000,000 at 4 per cent., and there are $5,000,000 at 6 per cent. not guaranteed.

For twenty years an intercolonial railroad has been the dream of ambitious Canadians. As a measure of public utility, it was declared to be indispensable to the commercial and political advancement of the British Provinces, and finally came to be universally regarded so. By the efficient strategy of shrewd leaders, and the powerful engines of argument and statistics which they brought to bear, the necessity for such a road was made clearly apparent. Its construction, they showed, would unite and harmonize clashing elements, and prove a panacea for disorders that had long retarded the material prosperity of the country. It would promote trade, attract immigration, create wealth, and make the Provinces devotedly loyal to each other, if not to the mother country. For a long period the Intercolonial question served its purpose in many a close political contest, and at last supplied the mighty lever that accomplished Confederation. But for the pledge that the railroad would be built, New Brunswick never would have joined the Colonial Union; and without the assent of New Brunswick there could have been no "New Dominion."

Advocates of Confederation never ceased to press upon that reluctant Province the advantages which it must derive from the railroad. More than one-half the line would necessarily run through her territory, and her resources would be developed in a corresponding ratio. The mere pecuniary outlay for its construction ($12,000,000 or so) would of itself stimulate trade and make money abundant. St. John would be the chief entrepôt of the whole line, so that it would be enabled to compete easily with Halifax for its proportion of the heavy through traffic. Flour would be cheaper, and Canada would offer an open market for her manufactures. Other advantages, too numerous to mention, were to accrue to the Province from the construction of this road. All were conditional, however, upon her acceptance of Confederation.

And so New Brunswick yielded her prejudices.

But she has been overreached in the bargain, and now sees how comparatively valueless her new acquisition is destined to be. The road does not run within a hundred miles of St. John. Instead of traversing a rich and populous section of the Province, promising great commercial advantages and a fair pecuniary return, it skirts its northeastern limit, following a long and circuitous route through a sparsely settled region, whose trade is so limited that even with government subsidy it now barely sustains a fortnightly steamer for seven months in the year. But a far more serious difficulty is, that years before the Intercolonial can possibly be finished, the European and North American Railway, from Bangor to St. John, will have been in full and successful operation—thereby establishing an unbroken line of railway communication between Halifax and Montreal, and 25 miles shorter than by the Intercolonial route. Under the circumstances, it is difficult to see how the latter can ever secure any thing like a paying traffic; or, indeed, that it can ever prove other than a miserable failure. Honest and intelligent Provincials admit this already. The Grand Trunk Railway, which traverses the wealthiest part of Canada, was £17,000 sterling in arrears last year, after paying expenses; and the Intercolonial can not certainly be expected to do better. Two-thirds of the traffic of the Province must inevitably flow into the United States. It has long been awaiting an outlet, and the natural one is that by the road now building to Bangor. Produce will not be sent 650 miles to Canada when it can find a ready market within 300 miles. Of course the road will benefit New Brunswick beyond calculation; but the Province might have enjoyed every advantage it will confer without bartering her local privileges for the Intercolonial Railway, which will only prove a drag and a burden to her.

The purposes for which the Intercolonial was projected have never been a secret. Mr. GALT once said, when pressing its claims:

"We must keep our own trade within its own channels as much as possible. This policy must govern the expenditure of the country in the future. If we are to do our business through the States we might as well unite with them. There would then be no use for a separate country."

The railway project was used as a means to secure Confederation; a union of the Provinces was deemed necessary to prevent absorption by the States. In 1865 there was a desperate effort made, on the part of Canadians, to head off the advocates of Western Extension who were urging the construction of the road to Bangor. Nevertheless, New Brunswick subscribed largely, and the road is now in an advanced stage of progress. The scheme of the Canadians has been wholly frustrated; and the lesson has once more been taught of the hopelessness of attempting to turn aside the course of trade from its natural channels. As the "New Dominion" seems fated to do its business through the United States, taking Mr. GALT's own words, "it might as well unite with them."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

GENERAL SULLY, our most experienced Indian fighter, is pushing the savages "to the wall" (wherever that may be) with extreme vigor. He has advanced beyond the borders of Texas. In Kansas the attack made upon Forsyth's command on the 17th, of which we give an illustration on another page, will call forth from General Sheridan the punishment which it deserves. General Sherman has the whole thing in charge, and when the refractory are to be punished he is a soldier who will not stop until the full penalty has been exacted. Forsyth's command arrived at Fort Wallace September 29.

General J. C. Hindman, late of the Confederate army, was assassinated at his residence in Helena, Arkansas, on the night of September 27.

General M'Clellan arrived in this port on the *Cuba*, September 29. His letter, read before the Democratic mass-meeting in this city on the night of the 5th instant, while it damns the Democratic cause with faint praise, emphatically eulogizes Grant's military career. How does "Baldy" Smith like such a contradiction of his recent articles in the New York *World*?

Robert Lincoln, eldest son of President Lincoln, was married September 24. His wife is Mary Harlan, only daughter of Senator Harlan of Iowa.

A letter has recently been published written by General Schofield—now Secretary of War—to General Grant, May 25, indorsing both the nominations and the platform of the Chicago Convention.

General Gordon Granger has been appointed to succeed General Thomas in the Department of Tennessee and Kentucky.

The statistics of Director Delmar, of which the Democrats have made so much political capital, have been materially modified by an official statement of Secretary M'Culloch, showing that Mr. Delmar overstates the public debt by $100,000,000, and the expenses of the Navy Department by $25,000,000.

The Georgia Senate has tabled the bill declaring negroes ineligible to office.

FOREIGN NEWS.

SPAIN is now looking out for a ruler, having deposed the "last of the Bourbons." Napoleon, in this new emergency, has quite forgotten Prussia and seems bent upon carrying out his old idea of a grand alliance of the Latin races. The special mission from the King of Italy to Napoleon gives some plausibility to the impression that the French Emperor is disposed not only to enter into more amicable relations with Italy, but also to aid in the establishment upon the Spanish throne of either the son of Victor Emanuel—Prince Amadeus—or one of his sons-in-laws—the King of Portugal and Prince Napoleon. The fall of the House of Bourbon is, in any event, a terrible blow to the papacy.

Salnave has issued a lengthy proclamation to the citizens and soldiers of Hayti, offering amnesty to all the disaffected who will return to their allegiance.

Don Domingo Sarmiento, the new President of the Argentine Republic, has proposed negotiations for peace between Brazil and Paraguay. In the mean time the war against General Lopez continues with results favorable to the allies.

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GENERAL DON JUAN PRIM.

THE SPANISH INSURRECTION.

THE Spanish Revolution is now nearly accomplished. It is the same storm that was muttering twelve months ago, and which has now burst in all its fury about the head of ISABELLA II. City after city, province after province, have swollen the tide of insurrection. Even the army is not to be depended upon. There has been little fighting; the revolutionists appear to have had every thing their own way. On the 3d instant Marshal SERRANO—who, next to General DON JUAN PRIM, is the master spirit of the new movement—entered Madrid with seven generals of the army. The enthusiasm with which he was received by the citizens and the National Guard indicates that the revolution is as popular in the capital as in the provinces and other towns.

General PRIM has had abundant facilities for studying the art of war. He visited the scene of the Crimean War in 1854 as the Spanish Military Commissioner. He was also present in Virginia in 1862, where he witnessed the operations of the Peninsular campaign, and had every opportunity for observing the discipline and tactics of both the National and the Confederate armies. The revolutionists have established a Provisional Junta; they have formally deposed the Queen, who is now a guest of the Emperor NAPOLEON; steps have been taken for an early election of a Constituent Assembly; Marshal ESPARTERO has been called to the head of the state; and a new cabinet has been formed, with SERRANO as President, and General PRIM as Minister of War.

No radical revolution in the Spanish Government will probably follow this outbreak, even if we concede the ultimate success of the insurgents. The great purpose of the Spanish people is the overthrow of Queen ISABELLA and of the house of Bourbon. Queen ISABELLA has issued a proclamation protesting against the validity of the Provisional Government. But she is powerless to resist a movement already so successful.

ISABELLA came to the throne in the midst of a civil war. She was born at Madrid, October 30, 1830, and was proclaimed Queen when only three years old. She has had very little to do with the affairs of government, concerning herself chiefly with her own pleasures. She has forfeited the respect of her subjects. Her stanchest supporters belong to the Church party.

QUEEN ISABELLA II. OF SPAIN.

STONER'S LIFE-PRESERVING APPARATUS AT HAVRE.

A FEW weeks ago a throng of people gathered on the grand quay of Havre, whence the steamer *Courrier* was about to sail on an excursion. The municipal authorities, and a considerable number of literary and scientific men of note, were present by invitation. At two o'clock the wheels of the *Courrier* moved to the sound of music, and in half an hour the steamer was in the middle of the harbor, nine miles from land. In less than three minutes Mr. Stoner and his companion were dressed in their life-preserving costume, and leaped into the waves, furnished with a case of provisions.

They were soon almost out of sight, for the motion of the boat had not been slackened. The excited passengers kept their eyes fixed on the black spot that was dancing up and down on the waves, and waited anxiously for the boat which had put off to approach the swimmers. They were soon discovered taking a comfortable meal on the top of the waves from the covered buoy which served as their cupboard.

About an hour of this exercise served to give a sufficient idea of the efficacy of the apparatus. After their repast the gentlemen took paper and tobacco from the inexhaustible cupboard, and manufactured cigarettes, which they smoked at

EXPERIMENTS AT HAVRE WITH THE NATIONAL LIFE-PRESERVING APPARATUS OF M. J. STONER, OF NEW YORK.

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their ease, while the waiters on the *Courrier* with an unsteady step offered refreshments to the ladies, and the popping of Champagne corks enlivened the scene. A vexatious rain, preceded by gusts of wind, hastened the return of the party.

A few words concerning Mr. STONER's invention. A large cork belt, properly adjusted in a flexible manner, and covered by a garment of India rubber cloth in one piece, constitutes the whole costume. This garment clings of itself to the wrists, and with the aid of a hood and a few buckles is confined round the figure so as to leave the neck free.

Two leaden weights buckled on the feet serve to fix the centre of gravity low enough to keep the balance easily. Two canvas *nageoires* are adjusted so as to aid in moving and in guiding the course. By the side of the swimmer floats a buoy full of provisions, from which he can obtain fresh water by the aid of a small rubber tube. An upper compartment holds food enough to last a man several days.

Mr. STONER made another excursion on the 30th of August, accompanied by Messrs. CRADDOCK and EDWARD VANZANDT, and Mrs. CRADDOCK, who had consented herself to try the life-preserving apparatus. The spectacle this time was different: the *Courrier* left the dock at half past eight in the evening, and when the experiment commenced a strong wind raised the waves to an imposing height; the sun had long since disappeared, and the moon, at times covered by thick clouds, only lighted the scene at intervals. The spectators were filled with anxiety; for they had completely lost sight of these pioneers of progress, and were ignorant of their fates.

Luminous rockets soon revealed the whereabouts of the four swimmers. These are signals of distress, designed to attract the attention of vessels to shipwrecked persons who need their aid. Bengal lights were also displayed with excellent effect.

After so conclusive an experiment it may be affirmed that Mr. STONER has rendered an important service to navigation and to humanity by greatly lessening the risks of life on the water.

After admirably enacting a rescue from shipwreck the experimenters were taken on board amidst the frenzied applause of the spectators, when their clothing was found to have remained perfectly dry.

The inventor, who is a native of New York, was received at the wharf with new huzzas mingled with the strains of the bands of music.

MONUMENTAL STATUE OF COMMODORE PERRY AT NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND.
J. Q. A. WARD, SCULPTOR.—PHOT. BY ROCKWOOD, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 662.]

JEROME BAILEY'S RESTITUTION.

WE read of people "who have a scale of your whole nervous system, and can play all the gamut of your sensibilities in semitones—touching the naked nerve pulps as a pianist strikes the keys of his instrument." We read that "there are as great masters in this nerve-playing as Vieuxtemps or Thalberg in their lines of performance."

Agnes Macauley, up in her little room—it was a rear room, and in the third story—bathed her eyes, and bathed her forehead, and picking up a piece of sewing, took a few stitches, biting her lips, and wrinkling her forehead, and winking hard to keep the tears back. It was no use. Her fingers were unsteady, her head was aching, and there were tears trickling like rain down her cheeks. She tossed the sewing into a basket, and commenced walking the floor in a nervous, highly excited manner. Agnes Macauley had met one of these rare performers that morning, and her nerves were all vibrating yet to his skillful touch.

Agnes Macauley was a music-teacher; not a young girl with a slight knowledge of music, who made attempt to teach the rudiments, but a woman who might have made a noise in the world with her musical abilities, according to the opinion of her friends and the critiques who had listened to her singing and playing.

She had taken her stand at Mrs. John Vincent's grand piano that morning, a patient, moderately contented woman. She had kept time for three of Mrs. John Vincent's daughters with remarkable accuracy, and was busy counting for the fourth, when the door-bell rang with a clear, sharp, and decisive ring that sounded all through the house.

"Women never ring like that," remarked the eldest of Mrs. John Vincent's daughters, almost a woman. "I'm sure it's a man."

Agnes Macauley continued her count. "One, two, three, four; one, two, three, four; one, two, three, four; one, two, three—oh!"

At that sudden exclamation the child who was taking her music lesson paused with her fingers on the piano-keys, and asked:

"What's the matter, Miss Macauley? Did I strike a wrong key?"

Agnes Macauley did not answer. There was a wrong key struck elsewhere than on the piano, and she was looking straight at the visitor in Mrs. John Vincent's parlor door. It was a gentleman, who came directly forward with a smile that wreathed his whole face. Agnes Macauley thought involuntarily of Carker in "Dombey and Son;" Carker with his broad smile and gleaming teeth.

"This is an unexpected pleasure, Miss Macauley," was the greeting from between the shining rows of teeth.

If he had been Vieuxtemps or Thalberg he could not have felt more exquisite delight at sight of a grand instrument with magnificent compass and delicacy of tone.

Agnes Macauley shivered. It was the premonitory sign of the delicacy of her organization; and then, with a command of herself that showed her power of will, she said, coolly: "How do you do, Mr. Bailey?"

"I never was better," answered the gentleman. "My voyage has quite cured me of that old affection of the heart, or lungs, or liver that used to trouble me, and I flatter myself I am a perfect picture of health. I see music has its old charm for you."

Agnes Macauley made brief denial. "No," she answered; "music ceases to be charming when it is analyzed into one, two, three, four for the better drilling of pupils."

"I see you are devoted to the piano still, in spite of your indifference," the gentleman continued, as if his first touch had failed to strike the real responsive chord.

"Yes," Agnes Macauley answered, in a proud, defiant way. "I am devoted to the piano as washer-women to their tubs, and seamstresses to their needles. They are the tools wherewith we earn our daily bread."

The man had struck the right chord now. Jerome Bailey had made Agnes Macauley confess to him that she was a music-teacher. She glanced nervously toward the door. Why did not the Vincent ladies come?

Jerome Bailey shifted his touch, like a musician testing the compass of an instrument. "I suppose I will find your mother and sisters at the old place?" he remarked.

"The old place has passed into strangers' hands, and my mother and sisters have gone West," Agnes Macauley answered, in a voice that suggested a moan down deep in the springs of her life.

"Ah!" Jerome Bailey exclaimed, as if he were hearing the news for the first time. Agnes Macauley knew better. John Vincent's sister Grace had told her only that morning of her meeting Jerome Bailey the night before at Mary Elliott's *musicale*, and the surprise he had expressed at learning the reduced circumstances of the Macauleys. Why did not the Vincents come? She began to pick at the ends of the crimson sash thrown carelessly around her shoulders to protect her from the chill of Mrs. John Vincent's grand parlors.

Jerome Bailey smiled at the movement. If he had been Vieuxtemps or Thalberg, he had not smiled more at the vibration of the keys after his fingers had left them. "I would know that restless motion of your hands in Kamschatka," he said. "It was the only nervous trick you ever had. Are you quite well, Miss Macauley? Late hours used to bring the look in your face that it wears this morning."

"I am quite well. I was up late last night," Agnes replied, glad of an excuse for her jaded looks.

"I suppose you had a pleasant evening?" Jerome Bailey continued, scanning her face attentively.

It turned crimson at his scrutiny, and Agnes answered in a tone that was muffled and unwilling, "Moderately."

"Was the company large?" Jerome Bailey inquired.

"Only myself and another," Agnes Macauley answered, in a defiant way that was like the sharping of the previous note.

"I beg your pardon," Jerome Bailey apologized. "I met the Vincents and Lloyds at Miss Elliott's, and understood that the rest of our clique was at the Millers'. I mentally congratulated the Millers on your probable presence, and pitied the Elliotts for your absence. It was like you to decline both favors, because you must disappoint one or the other."

"You are mistaken," Agnes Macauley answered. "I declined no favors from either party. Neither Miss Elliott nor the Misses Miller include music-teachers in their lists of friends."

"Oh!" Jerome Bailey exclaimed, as if the truth just began to dawn upon him. "Music-teachers—perhaps—ordinarily—but you can never be any thing but Miss Macauley."

Agnes Macauley made no response. The artist, skillful though he was, had struck a key that made no audible vibration.

"Miss Elliott had a brother," Jerome Bailey suggested in a careless, off-hand way, as if he did not know that he had struck the master-key to which Agnes Macauley's life had once been attuned.

"Yes," Agnes replied, in that low, minor key of suffering that indicates suppressed feeling.

"I saw him at Naples. He was with Miss Stuart, affianced then, and to be married soon," Jerome Bailey remarked, in the affected carelessness of manner that artists sometimes assume when they know that they are striking master chords capable of producing great effects.

Agnes Macauley's eyes turned toward the door. Their look was helpless and hopeless. Would the Vincents never come and free her from this man's torture?

There was a sound of heavy silk crushing at every tread, the faintest imaginable tinkle of golden bells in a lady's ears, and Grace Vincent entered. Jerome Bailey arose with a great

"WHAT'S THE MATTER, MISS MACAULEY? DID I STRIKE A WRONG KEY?"

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show of cordiality to greet her, and Agnes Macauley escaped out of the door to the little third story, rear room.

"Miss Elliott had a brother!" That was the key vibrating still that wrung the notes of torture from Agnes Macauley, walking the floor, biting her lips, and stifling her sobs. Miss Elliott, a star in the fashionable world, had become almost a nonentity to Agnes Macauley. It had been somewhat strange at first to receive cold bows and formal greetings from her old neighbor and reputed intimate when the Macauley bankruptcy began to be hinted about. It had been a little hard to note how the cool bows fell like a mercury down to zero, and the formality uplifted itself like an iceberg between herself and Miss Elliott as the Macauley bankruptcy developed itself. It had been something of a blow to Agnes Macauley's pride to find herself cut off from Miss Elliott's list of friends, and realize that she was actually "snubbed" when the Macauley bankruptcy became a fact beyond all question. But Miss Elliott had never been any thing to Agnes Macauley but old Mr. Elliott's daughter, and young Mr. Elliott's sister; a girl with whom it was convenient to laugh and talk, because of proximity of residence; a girl with whom it was pleasant to study fashion-plates, because she entered into the subject with such whole-hearted interest; a girl it was easy to regard interestedly to-day and forget to-morrow, because she had not sufficient depth of character to touch one's heart or become in the least necessary in one's life.

But Miss Elliott's brother was quite another person. He had been more to Agnes Macauley than old Mrs. Elliott's son or young Miss Elliott's brother. He had been a man with whom it was pleasant to talk and laugh, not because of convenient proximity of residence, but because he talked so well and laughed with such an honest and thorough appreciation of humor and good-natured fun. He had been a man with whom it was profitable to discuss important questions of life and character, because his views were clear and his judgments correct. He had been a man it was natural for women to regard interestedly to-day and remember with pleasure to-morrow, because he had depth of character to touch a woman's heart and become necessary in a woman's life. He was in Europe at the time of the Macauley bankruptcy. He went away "as good as engaged to Agnes Macauley," every body said. "He made no bones of showing his preference," the people affirmed. "And hadn't Agnes Macauley given Jerome Bailey and every body the cold shoulder for Tom Elliott?" But old Mr. Macauley's death and insolvency put quite another face on the matter. The Elliotts weren't people to marry any body, the public said; and Agnes Macauley wasn't any better than any body else since she had lost her fortune and taken to music teaching. She wasn't even as genteel as her sisters who had gone to some relatives West; but it was the way of women like Agnes Macauley to do something outlandish when they had a reverse of fortune. It was a wonder she didn't go out governessing and make herself a sort of upper servant in somebody's house. It would be just like her. And then the public wondered if she had heard from Tom Elliott lately, or whether she had released him. It was just like a woman of Agnes Macauley's stamp to release the man to whom she was engaged, though, to be sure, if Tom wasn't an Elliott, he was one to go through fire and water for the woman he loved; but there never was an Elliott that wasn't fond of money, and hadn't an eye to the main chance.

The public was right in one thing. It was like a woman of Agnes Macauley's stamp to release her lover; and a letter to Tom Elliott, after a settlement of her father's affairs, made the man as free as if he had never spoken of love and marriage. Then Agnes Macauley gathered together some music scholars and went to work, waiting nervously for Tom Elliott's answer. It must have been she shared the public belief that Tom Elliott was a man to go through fire and water for the woman of his love; and she did not see as clearly as the public that his being an Elliott made him avaricious; for she certainly entertained a hope—I think it was a faith—that Tom would not accept the release. She began to realize what a wide difference there was between Agnes Macauley, heiress, and Agnes Macauley, music-teacher, when month after month rolled by and not a word came from Tom Elliott. She had fancied there was something in Agnes Macauley, independent of her family and fortune, that Tom Elliott had loved. Most men assure the woman whom they woo that such is the fact, and Agnes Macauley believed Tom Elliott. It was the bitterest drop in the proud woman's cup of disappointment that, even to the lover whom she trusted, Agnes Macauley had no intrinsic value. She was like a cipher, dependent on side figures for all her worth. She was slow in accepting the humiliation, for her faith in Tom Elliott was great; but when Grace Vincent told her that Miss Elliott was assuring every body on her sacred word and honor that the affair with her brother and Miss Macauley was all off, and that he was with the Stuarts abroad and next door to being engaged to Bessie Stuart, she bowed meekly to her fate, and accepted the nothingness of her position. She really thought she had begun to be quite indifferent to her old life and dream of love, when her encounter with Jerome Bailey, a man who comprehended every body's weak points and made the most of them, showed her that her wounds were not healed, they were only hidden. To think that a reference to Miss Elliott's brother should stir her so, and he on the eve of marriage with Bessie Stuart! No wonder he did not write! She ceased her walk, and bathing her eyes, again sat down by the window to her sewing, this time without a quiver of her lip or a wrinkle of her brow. Woman's pride had stayed one and smoothed out the other.

Agnes Macauley, at Mrs. Vincent's lunch-table, was a very calm woman; "a little pale," Mrs. Vincent remarked; "and absent-minded," Jerome Bailey added, smiling across the table.

"Dangerously pretty," commented Dick Vincent in a whisper to his cousin Grace, with malice aforethought in the speech.

Grace Vincent, with a toss of her head that set the golden bells to tinkling, raised her eyes and exclaimed, "How beautiful!"

Her eyes were on a bouquet of flowers that a servant bore into the room. She sprang forward and buried her beautiful face in the fragrant blossoms. "Who sent them?" she asked.

"Yes, who sent them?" echoed Mrs. John Vincent, with eager curiosity.

"Who sent them?" repeated Dick. "The gift is right royal; who is the giver?"

The servant made a motion to pass Grace Vincent. "They are for Miss Macauley," she said, complacently.

She was a bright-eyed, intelligent girl; and she gave her information with the satisfaction of a jester who is telling a good story.

Grace Vincent drew away as if she might have inhaled poison in the flowers' perfume.

"Are you sure there is no mistake?" inquired Mrs. John Vincent.

"Whew!" whistled Dick, under his breath.

"With the compliments of Mr. Bryce," said the servant, giving the bouquet into Agnes Macauley's hands.

She looked down meekly, as became one of Mrs. John Vincent's servants; but there was the keen satisfaction in her tone of the jester clenching the good story with a pointed and unexpected joke.

Grace Vincent's lip curled. "The manners of that servant are extremely disagreeable," she remarked to Mrs. John Vincent. "She has lived in the family quite too long."

"She is meek enough, I am sure," answered Mrs. John Vincent. "And the most valuable servant in the house."

"Paul Bryce was under some business obligation to your father, I believe," Jerome Bailey remarked to Agnes Macauley.

"It is possible," Agnes replied, haughtily. The man would extract the very sweetness from her flowers if he could.

Dick Vincent whispered to Grace, "I always said Miss Agnes was a trump, but you wouldn't believe it. You see she takes tricks now. I tell you she has the power."

"Do be still," rejoined Grace Vincent. "You are so disagreeable, Dick. What a fuss about a few paltry flowers! Gracious! They'll all be withered to-morrow. I'm sure I don't care if Mr. Bryce chooses to cancel his old debts to Miss Macauley's father by sending her bouquets. In my opinion five-dollar bills would be more tangible and better appreciated payment. Just think, Miss Macauley sold me these golden bells I wear in my ears. Didn't you ever notice how their tinkle makes her start? I can make her face grow sad in an instant with a shake of my head. She is smiling over Mr. Bryce's flowers—now see!"

Grace Vincent gave her head a toss that shook the golden bells, but they failed in producing the desired effect, for Agnes Macauley was absorbed with her flowers and did not hear.

Jerome Bailey did, however, and quoted from Poe's "Bells:"

"Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!"

The slow, measured, recitative tone arrested Agnes Macauley's attention and sent the hot blood to her cheeks. She knew Jerome Bailey recognized the bells she had once worn, in Grace Vincent's ears.

Jerome Bailey went on, looking at one woman and talking at another: "They are yours, Miss Vincent, according to the eternal fitness of things. What more appropriate jewels than bells for a jewel of a belle?"

John Vincent, something of a champion of Agnes Macauley's, and ignorant of the history of the bells, remarked: "According to the eternal fitness of things they are Miss Macauley's. Compliments and bouquets point to the rhyming and chiming of golden and wedding bells."

"And last night's visitor also," added Jerome Bailey.

There was a crash at Dick Vincent's end of the table, and a water-pitcher was overturned, stupidly enough, causing great disorder, and giving Agnes Macauley an opportunity to excuse herself.

"Such an awkward piece of work!" Grace Vincent exclaimed, holding up her wet dress and darting angry glances at her offending cousin Dick. "Upon my word I think such carelessness is inexcusable."

Dick Vincent looked at the vacant seat where a woman had sat a few minutes before with tears in her eyes, and smiled. "The end justifies the means," he said to himself, "and that woman was galled almost beyond endurance. I hope she'll get Bryce, and queen it over these abominable women."

It was a year after that Jerome Bailey entered Mrs. John Vincent's grand parlors and made his way through a crowd of elegantly-attired men and women to the lady who sang at the piano. When the song was concluded, he greeted her cordially. "This is an unexpected pleasure," he said, with the old Vieuxtemps or Thalberg delight at sight of a grand instrument.

"How do you do, Mr. Bailey?" responded the lady. The way was Agnes Macauley's own.

"Every trip improved my health," Jerome Bailey answered. "I am better than I was a year ago. Your presence in these parlors reminds me that I made a mistake a year ago. I said then you could never be any thing but Miss Macauley. I hear that you are Mrs. Bryce. Accept my congratulations."

The lady bowed her thanks haughtily, as if she would be rid of her companion.

"Where are you living?" Jerome Bailey inquired.

Agnes gave her address with a smile. It was her old home.

"Are your mother and sisters West?" Jerome Bailey continued.

"My mother lives with me. My sisters are present," Agnes replied, smiling still, for Jerome Bailey had touched the chord that made some of the sweetest music in her present life.

"You are looking well," he said, surveying her contented face.

"I am well," she answered. "And happy."

Jerome Bailey ran his eye over the woman's face. It was Vieuxtemps or Thalberg, conscious of their power.

"I see a number of our old friends," he remarked, glancing around the room. "The Millers and Lloyds are here in all their ancient glory. How well Miss Elliott preserves her youthfulness!"

"Yes," Agnes answered, thinking with what intent Jerome Bailey had spoken that name. She could have sworn it had been in his mind since he entered. Only policy dictated that the allusion should come in a series.

"Miss Elliott's brother crossed the water with me," Jerome Bailey continued.

"Ah!" Agnes answered, indifferently. Tom Elliott's memory had ceased to haunt her ere she gave Paul Bryce his answer. She had believed him noble. She found him false. He shall vex my soul no more, she said.

"There was a false rumor about Tom Elliott's engagement to Miss Stuart," Jerome Bailey said, with his eyes fixed on Agnes's face. "He tells me he never thought of marrying her. He tells me, moreover, he shall never marry; he has lost his faith in women."

Skillful Jerome Bailey! There was a crashing sweep of memories and remorse in a woman's soul; a strange, faint sickness at a woman's heart; a sudden pallor in a woman's face; a helpless swaying of a woman's form; a rustle of silks, a flutter of fans, and a call for water. Mrs. Bryce had fainted.

* * *

Tom Elliott, a bachelor, with threads of silver all through his hair and heavy lines of care upon his brow, took a seat in one of the *cafés* of Paris one morning, and drawing a guide-book from his pocket followed a course of travel eastward.

An earlier visitor, at a little distance, watched him. He was an American and an invalid, giving way ever and anon to a fit of coughing, as he looked over an American paper in his hand. Folding up the paper at length, he crossed over to Tom Elliott and called him by name.

Tom Elliott surveyed him for a moment with a puzzled look, and asked, doubtfully: "Is it Jerome Bailey?"

The invalid bowed and seated himself, racked with a hollow cough.

"I am sorry to see you so ill," Tom Elliott said, kindly.

"Yes, I am ill. I haven't long to stay here," Jerome Bailey replied, sadly. "Where are you going?" he asked, suddenly changing the subject.

"I am meditating a trip to the East," Tom Elliott answered. "I have been studying the route."

"You are like myself, a wanderer on the face of the earth," Jerome Bailey remarked. "You have kept your word. You said you would never marry."

A shadow passed over Tom Elliott's face.

"I shall never marry," he said. "Women love too lightly and forget too easily."

"There was Agnes Macauley—" Jerome Bailey began.

Tom Elliott interrupted him.

"We waste words to talk of her. She is nothing to me," he said.

Jerome Bailey smiled incredulously as he answered:

"Galileo, before his judges, swore that the earth stood still; but in his heart he said, 'It moves! It moves!'"

Tom Elliott shook his head.

"I left Agnes Macauley, strong in my faith in her. I returned to find her Paul Bryce's wife."

Jerome Bailey bent forward and spoke eagerly:

"She was poor and persecuted. I saw her poverty and joined in the persecution. In spite of all her poverty, Paul Bryce had never won her if she had not believed you false and affianced to another. I myself picked up the floating gossip and told it for the truth. It is easy for letters to go astray. It is easy for gossip to mar a life." He was taken with a violent fit of coughing that left him pale and exhausted.

"What avails this story?" asked Tom Elliott, after a pause. "She is another's now."

Jerome Bailey opened the paper and pointed to a paragraph announcing the death of Paul Bryce at sea six months before. "They were on their way to Naples for his health," he explained. "Agnes was with him, and now—"

He paused and looked up. A change had come over Tom Elliott's face, and there was buoyant eagerness in his tone as he repeated:

"And now—"

Jerome Bailey smiled.

"The earth does move, and Agnes Macauley was never quite dead to you," he said. "Now she is in Paris, homeward bound. I saw her yesterday—saw her turn her head away as if she did not see me. I thought then how she would shrink away from my dead corpse. Here is her address. When you and she are happy, tell her I guided you to her at last, and ask her not to hate me in my grave."

A few days after a dying man turned his eager gaze toward the opening door, where a man and woman, yet in their prime, entered. The woman advanced to the bedside and laid her hand upon the dying man's brow, ministering to his wants with gentlest kindness. A smile flitted over the face whose light was fast fading out. With his little remaining strength he placed the woman's hand within the man's, and clasped them tight. "Tom and Agnes, I wish you all good!" he said, with his dying breath. And thus Jerome Bailey made restitution.

MONUMENTAL STATUE OF COMMODORE PERRY.

ONE of the finest specimens of statuary ever produced by a sculptor is the monumental statue of Commodore MATTHEW CALBRAITH PERRY, recently presented to the city of Newport, Rhode Island, by AUGUST BELMONT, of this city. This grand and impressive work of art, of which we give an illustration on this page, was conceived and produced by our celebrated sculptor J. Q. A. WARD, of whose former works we have given occasional illustrations in this journal.

This statue was formally unveiled in Truro Park, Newport, on the 1st of October. The local military officers, and the crews of the United States frigate *Saratoga* and the revenue cutter *Crawford*, formed a part of the procession. Mayor ATKINSON made the speech of acceptance, and an address was afterward delivered by the Rev. Dr. FRANCIS VINTON, of New York.

Commodore PERRY was born in South Kingston, Rhode Island, in 1795, and was a brother of OLIVER HAZARD PERRY, of Lake Erie renown. When only five years of age he entered the United States navy as a midshipman, and was promoted to the rank of lieutenant in 1813. In this grade he did good service, particularly upon the coast of Africa and in the protection of commerce against pirates in the West Indies. In 1826 he was commander, and eleven years later a captain. His service was chiefly on foreign stations; but he also contributed largely to the organization of our steam navy. In 1838 he was ordered to Europe on special service in connection with dock-yards and light-house administration. He succeeded DAVID CONNER in command of the Mexican Gulf squadron, and during the Mexican war accomplished the reduction of the entire gulf coast of the enemy.

The service for which Commodore PERRY is most distinguished, however, is that performed by him as Commander of the Japan Expedition. Appointed to this command in 1852 he succeeded in negotiating a treaty which opened the way to commerce between Japan and other nations. This treaty secured for him a world wide reputation. He returned home in 1856, and died March 4, 1858, while engaged in special service growing out of his successful expedition. The monument which has been erected to his memory does justice to him while it reflects honor both upon the donor and the artist.

PRECIOUS JEWELS.

THE RUBY.

WE generally speak of the diamond as the most valuable of gems, but this is not really the case. The ruby is the most valuable, but it depends for its rarity upon its color. The ruby is the next hardest thing to the diamond. It is found principally in the East. Siam, and Ava, and Ceylon afford the most plentiful supplies. In Burmah the finding of one of these jewels is made a state event; the grandees of the empire go out to meet it, with elephants and all the grandeur of Eastern state. There are many shades of red, but the hue most approved of, and commanding the highest price, is that of the "pigeon's blood." The ruby, in common with many other precious stones, had magical properties attributed to it by the ancients; indeed, we do not doubt that in the East the superstitious ideas connected with it are as rife as ever. Our ancestors believed that it was a preservative against evil thoughts, and that much dreaded thing of old—poison. It kept the wearer safe from all evil spirits, and, what was more, its sanitary power was held to be so great that he was said never to suffer in his bodily health. Moreover, it was supposed to be endowed with a certain occult intelligence. It was believed that the gem darkened when danger awaited a person, and grew bright again when the peril had passed away. The King of Burmah, one of whose titles is that of Lord of the Rubies, has one the size of a pigeon's egg. The value of these gems goes on increasing at a much higher ratio than that of the diamond. When its weight is as much as four carats, its value varies from four hundred to five hundred and fifty pounds, a sum more than double that of a diamond of the same weight.

THE DIAMOND.

The diamond, although only second in real value, is certainly the first in our affections. It seems also to possess the most commercial attractions, as it is the gem most dealt in, and the one most constant in value. From the earliest ages of the world diamonds have been sought for by fugitive princes, as the passports which render them acceptable in all countries. The diamond is mostly found in tropical countries, and especially in India. The composition of the diamond is pure carbon crystallized. Newton long ago came to the conclusion that it was combustible, an opinion entirely opposed to that of the ancients; but Lavoisier proved the English philosopher's notion to have been rightly founded, for he burned it in oxygen, and obtained as a result carbonic acid. Although science has thus managed to destroy it, science has never managed to construct it; if it had, its value would have at once departed.

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THE EMERALD AND AMETHYST.

The Oriental emerald is an exceedingly rare jewel, and so is the Oriental amethyst. These, like the ruby and the sapphire, are varieties of the corundum, the Indian name by which they are known. The reader may not be so well acquainted with what is termed the cat's-eye jewel; it has the reputation of being a very lucky stone, and it is sold sometimes for very large prices in consequence of this supposed quality, for there is nothing very beautiful in its appearance to recommend it. The ancients, who had not arrived at the modern perfection in jewel-cutting, were in the habit of engraving their jewels, and Mr. King, in his volume on precious gems, has given us some very beautiful examples of this art.

The emerald is principally found in New Granada, but many are also found in Salzburg and Siberia, principally in limestone rock. This gem is a great favorite with Mohammedans—chiefly, we suppose, from the color. The Orientals believe it possesses marvelous powers of a very diverse nature; for instance, it is considered capable of endowing the men with courage and the women with chastity; it is supposed to possess many medicinal qualities as well, but it is not necessary to mention them.

THE BERYL.

The beryl is composed of the same material as the emerald, with the exception of its coloring matter. This can scarcely be called a precious stone, as it is found in large quantities. We are told, indeed, that a mass weighing five tons was found in this country. It is used in Birmingham (England) under the name of aqua marina, in making cheap jewelry.

ROCK-CRYSTAL.

Rock-crystal is one of many valuable minerals which belong to the quartz system. It is very generally distributed over the globe in large crystals. Lumps of this mineral, often weighing many hundred-weights, are found; and it is used rather in the manufacture of articles of virtu than of gems for the adornment of the person. We meet with it in old goldsmith's work, and curious cups and goblets are made out of it, which are often most delicately cut. Like some of the gems, it was supposed by the ancients to flush with color when poison was poured into cups made from it. Indeed, crystal has always been supposed to possess magical properties. The Japanese and Chinese use it largely, and, among other purposes, as a refrigerator to cool the hands. The cairngorm, onyx, carnelian, amethyst, sardonyx, agate, and chalcedony, all belong to the same quartz system as the rock-crystal.

THE OPAL.

The opal, the most delicate of gems, depends for its beauty very much upon the temperature: its rainbow-like tints—or rather, we should say, its iridescent flashes, like those on the breast of a pigeon—are always the most brilliant in warm weather; this fact should teach the wearer that it should be worn as a summer gem only. There are several kinds of opals, the most valuable being known as the noble opal; then there is a more deeply and evenly tinted red opal; and the Mexican opal, which loses much of its lustre upon being exposed to water. Thus it will be seen this jewel is very sensitive to atmospheric effects, and possibly this is the reason why it has been supposed to possess some supernatural gift. The opal is unique in one respect—it can not be imitated with any success. This jewel, when large, is very valuable; there is one in the museum at Vienna valued at thirty thousand pounds.

AN EPISODE IN ONE WOMAN'S LIFE.

THE year following the late civil war I spent in one of the most beautiful cities of the late rebellious States—in a city to which nature had contributed most lavishly. An unusual amount of ill health and lack of loyal society were the causes of my forming a warm and intimate acquaintance with the family of the presiding physician of the Government hospital in that city. As the location of the hospital and the grounds about were airy and pleasant, it was not rare for me to spend one or two days out of each week in the Doctor's family.

The systematic, admirably arranged, and conducted duties attendant upon the hospital was owing chiefly to the efficient management of the hospital matron, but whose appearance and manners were any thing but attractive to casual or even studious observers. She was tall and gaunt in figure, with faded blue eyes, and her gray hair falling about her face when she stood still, but flying in various directions when she moved (such was the velocity of her pedestrianism), gave her a peculiarly wild and haggard appearance. She usually wore an old-fashioned straw-hat, tipped back on her head, in order to be ready for any emergency that might call her without. Usually a hat worn by a woman on the heavenward side of fifty gives an impression of one trying to hide the snows of winter under the promise of a spring-time that blossomed years ago. But when the matron came bustling into the Doctor's room, with hair a-flying and voice pitched to the highest, hardest, and most piercing key, giving accounts of the unfaithfulness of sub-officials and employés about the various wards, no one had the disposition to insinuate that she had any desire to ape youthfulness or deceive one in regard to her amiability. She seemed an embodiment of endurance, and every wish and aim of her existence crystallized into the one hard word—business. Early and late she toiled, as if driven by some remorseless task-master, so it was really tiresome to think of her.

Being in the Doctor's room one day when she came in explosive with wrath and indignation, I remarked, after she went out:

"What a strange, hard, unfeminine creature your matron is! I wonder she doesn't make you fairly nervous with her address and peculiarities."

"Oh, indeed!" he laughed; "that would ill befit me. I couldn't manage the hospital at all without her. She is fire, water, earth, and air to the whole concern. Her bark is worse than her bite; and with all her repellent ways she has the tender heart of a woman. I have seen her cry over many a poor fellow; but mind you, she never lets tears blind her from seeing when something than tears will better avail him. Moreover, through her influence she obtains many valuable donations to the hospital." After a moment he added, "You know she belongs to one of the first families of Baltimore—the famous book publishers?"

"No," I answered. "I knew her name was Conness, but I never thought of associating her with those of Baltimore. But that being so, how came she in her present position? or how do you reconcile her ways and manners with the refining and cultivating influences that must have been her inheritance by birth and surrounded her early days at least?"

"Ah, as to that, she has a *history*. If you can get her to tell you that you will have the key to the whole. I learned it by the merest chance; but you, being a woman, ought by some subtle womanly tact or sympathy to be enabled to get it honestly. But you may be sure that that woman has a heart, and a rare one," emphasizing his words as if I doubted the existence of any save the actual pound of flesh doing organic duty under her bodice.

That my curiosity was fully aroused it would not be wise to doubt. The more I thought about it the more eager I grew to know, and also the more delicate about asking her any direct questions. But I found out at last, and it happened in this wise:

Passing by her room one evening I found the door wide open, and looking in saw Miss Conness sitting by the window in such an atmosphere of silence and repose that I ventured to ask if she were ill.

"No," she said, slowly, "only thinking. Will you come in and sit down?"

Her voice was so changed from its wonted pitch and harshness to softness and a tone of gentle sadness that I sat down wonderingly, feeling that it was all an illusion, and she would presently start up and assume her old manner. I looked at her face, and that too was softened and relaxed, and the dim faded eyes were aglow with a warmth and beauty I had never seen in them, and I began to wonder if she had not once indeed been quite beautiful. She sat looking out the window, as if she were looking in fields and gardens farther away than my eyes could see, rather than on the space of landscape that bounded the vision from her window. At the same time I also observed that she held a volume of poems in her hand, and in the opening of the leaves was a miniature on ivory of what looked like the face of a young man. I at once recognized the poems as being those of Philip Whitney, and fancied that the picture might have connection with the poet, and said, by way of saying something:

"I see you get time for some reading, Miss Conness. Is Whitney your favorite poet?"

She did not answer me at once, but after a little said, softly, "Yes, *he* is my favorite poet; indeed, to me there is no other. You would not dream that through all these hard, working years, in which I have grown old amidst suffering and care, and become harsh and apparently unfeeling, that in my heart blooms a garden of perpetual beauty and light and love that no circumstances of fate can disturb, and to whose fragrance and freshness I am never weary of turning! I rarely talk of it, but to-night it will do me good to talk it all over and dream about it. It may be equally difficult for you to believe that I was once called beautiful. My friends—you know of them, at least—are wealthy and aristocratic; and even so long ago as when I was young, girls were educated and accomplished, and I had every advantage that could be desired. I had suitors from the best and most influential families. But the only man I ever loved or cared for beyond common friendship was Philip Whitney. To me he was the embodiment of all manliness, tenderness, and gentleness. But he was penniless, and my father forbade my 'throwing myself away upon a poor, shiftless, lazy writer of rhymes.'

"Having been trained in the rigid Puritanic manner, I had no courage to violate my father's will, and to be a dowerless wife to my penniless lover would only be like clipping the wings of my song-bird. But how I loved him!—loved him not jealously or selfishly, for I would have given him my soul's salvation for inspiration to his song, or my body as a stepping-stone to his advancement. Any thing, every thing, for Philip's sake, was the one anthem and refrain of my whole being.

"But he was poor as he was proud, and sensitive as he was gifted. My father's rejection of his advances, and positive contemptuous treatment, united with my own determination not to burden him with myself, unless by marriage I could materially aid him, touched his pride, and he left me, bitterly saying the time would come when the name of Whitney would be a prouder one than ever that of Conness had been; and the 'poor, shiftless writer of rhymes would win the name of *Poet*.'

"He went away, and I have never seen him since. The silence that came of his absence became unsupportable. Fortune deserted my father's coffers, and he, dying soon after, left me free to work for my living or accept the proffered support of wealthy friends. I chose the former, and placed myself where the demands of duty and necessity would drown with their whir and activity the regret and sorrow that would otherwise have room to grow.

"Philip—that was the name I called him in those beautiful days—is a great poet now. I gathered in his poems as they appeared in papers and magazines, as so many pulsations of his heart that I could feel. I learned them, and count them over in my speech as a nun fingers the beads of her rosary. Every word and line and stanza have a meaning that none other sees as I do. I see the light of his eyes, the glow of his face, hear the sound of his voice, feel the clasp of his hands, as I saw, heard, and felt them in those beautiful days—oh, *those beautiful days!* He must have gray hairs now—not so gray as mine, I fancy—and he has wife, and children, and home, and fame, and friends, while I am poor, and lone, and old. Yet I would not give the memory of that short, brief splendor and passion of his love for me for all that the world giveth;" and burying her face in the printed poems she gave way to quiet weeping. It was no time for words, and, rising, I passed noiselessly from the room, leaving the faded and worn creature to dream of the love whose glow still animated her heart.

Since then I never hear the name of Whitney or his poems mentioned but there instantly arises the image of that woman in whose heart is distilled the sweetness and beauty of every song the great poet has sung—the woman whose love is greater, more noble, more inexhaustible than the poems the world applauds—the woman *faithful even unto death.*

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"A SMART STROKE OF BUSINESS"—Teaching writing.

A GREAT PATRON OF THE TURF—Old Scratch.

Why is a beardless lover a more hairy man than a soldier bearded like the pard?—One is *hirsute*, but the other is *hirsuter (her suitor)*.

ADVANTAGE OF BEING POOR.

A poor man never has any taxes to pay. He can sit down and laugh the assessors to scorn, and read off the big appropriations made by councils with a feeling of indescribable exhilaration.

A poor man can enjoy life. He lives in a rented house, and it needn't worry him any to see it abused, and his equanimity need not be disturbed if it burns down.

A poor man can repose in the bosom of his family and know that there is no avaricious young man prowling around after any rich daughters.

Nobody wants the poor man to die; nobody is lying around in misery and impatience waiting for him to die, so as to absorb his funds.

Another thing—no poor man is ever worried by debt, for nobody will ever trust him, and when he does see a greenback he heartily enjoys it.

A CROSS-BREED—The *Equine-ox!*

OF COURSE IT IS.—Is a stolen child "*cribbed?*"

KNOWS HIS SEAL.—A correspondent describes a gentleman so dreadfully pitted by small-pox that he uses the tip of his nose to seal his letters with. Oh!

A STUPID THING TO HAVE—*Dull* care!

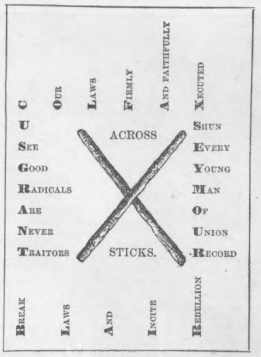
What town in Ireland reminds one of a candle just burning out?—Wicklow.

OUT-RIGGERS.—Tailors.

A chap from the country, stopping at one of the hotels, sat down to dinner. Upon the bill of fare being handed to him by the waiter, he remarked that he didn't care 'bout readin' now—he'd wait till after dinner.

THE MAN WHO TAKES THE GREAT PANES—The big glazier.

When is coffee real estate?—When it's ground.



A lady whose family were very much in the habit of making conundrums was one evening asked by her husband in an excited tone: "Why are all these doors left open?" "I give it up!" instantly replied the lady.

THE GREATEST ORGAN IN THE WORLD—The organ of speech in woman; an organ, too, without a stop!

A lady with a Grecian bend looks to a country youth like a crook-necked squash struck by lightning.

An Irishman telling what he called an excellent story, a gentleman observed he had met with it in a book published many years ago. "Confound these ancients," said Teague, "they are always stealing one's good thoughts."

A PUFF FOR THE GRECIAN BEND.

"Tell me," quoth John, "why this Principe,
Now nearly burnt to the twisted end,
Is like the panier which we see
A lady wear with the Grecian bend?"
Says Jim, "The answer must plainly be,
It is manufactured to back her, my friend."

CONDUCTOR (*to man on sidewalk*). "Ride, Sir?"
MAN ON SIDEWALK. "No, thank you; I am in a hurry."

Men grow so like machinery,
Machinery like men,
That soon to trace the two apart
Will puzzle tongue and pen.

"Well, how did your wife manage her shower-bath, deacon?"

DEACON. "She had real good luck; Madam Moony told her how she managed. She had a large oiled silk cap with a cape to it, like a fisherman's, that came all over her shoulders and head."

DOCTOR. "She's a fool for her pains. That's not the way."

DEACON. "So my wife thought."

DOCTOR. "Your wife did nothing of the kind, I hope."

DEACON. "Oh no: she used an umbrilly."

HOW TO TURN OVER A NEW LEAF—Make cigars.

Said Dora to David, "You may say what you will, I maintain that if a man is disappointed in marriage, it is his own fault. Doesn't he choose his own mate?" Said David, pensively, "That is very true. Perhaps he wouldn't do so if he knew his choice would be checkmate." Silence ensued.

Among the passengers in a stage-coach was a little gentleman who had possibly seen five summers. The coach being quite full, he sat in the lap of another passenger. While on the way, something was said about pick-pockets, and soon the conversation became general on that interesting subject. The gentleman who was then holding our young friend remarked: "My fine fellow, how easy I could pick your pocket." "No, you couldn't," replied he, "I've been looking out for you all the time!"

RITUALISTIC. (A FACT.)

COUSIN EMILY. "Yes, Charlie, the Heathen say their Prayers to Idols like that."
LITTLE PROTESTANT (*shocked*). "Oh, dear! they must be very *very* High Church to do that!"

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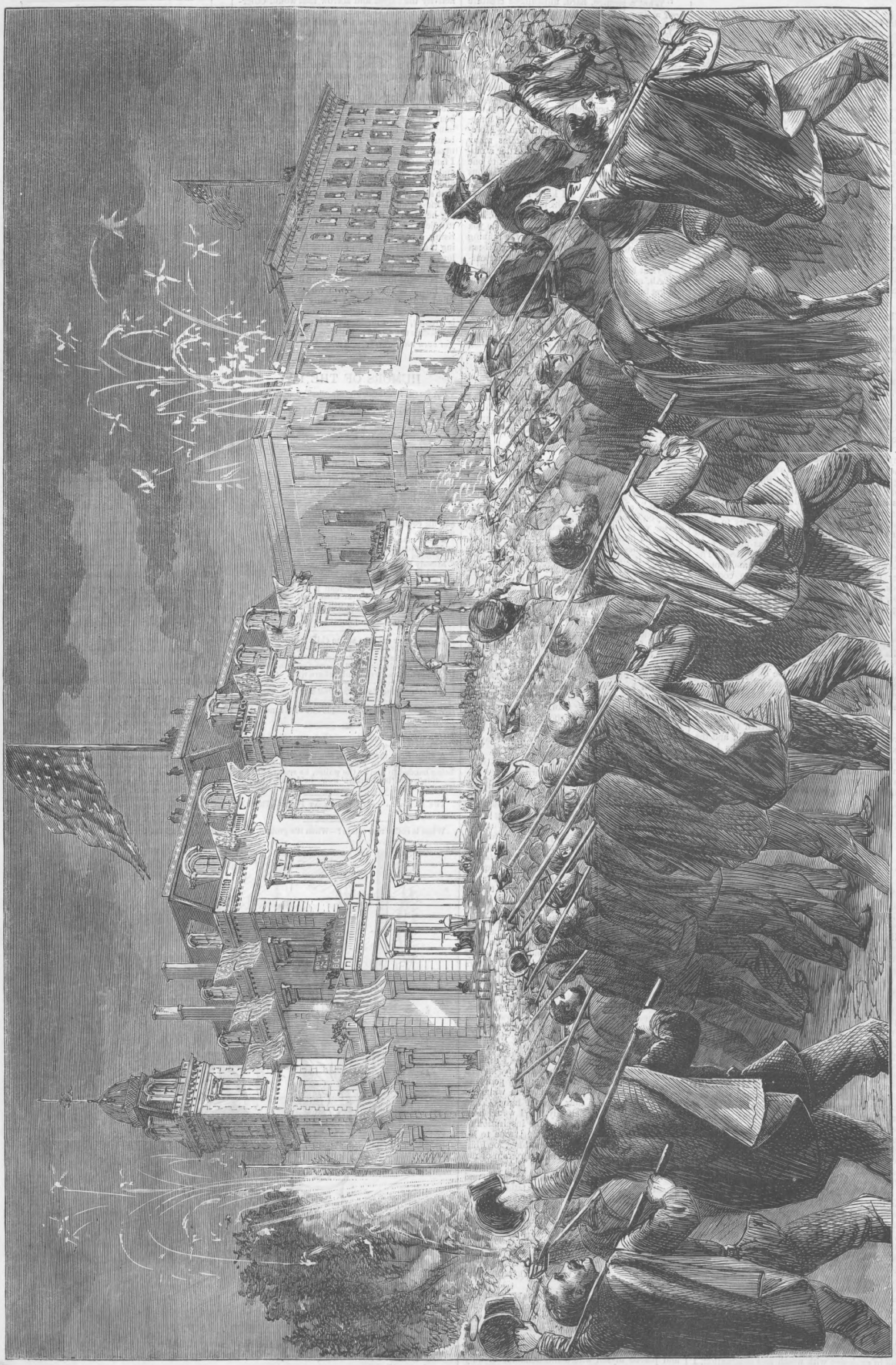

GRAND PROCESSION OF THE "BOYS IN BLUE" AT PHILADELPHIA, October 2, 1868.—Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.—[See First Page.]

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tern that had stood there untouched for perhaps a dozen years. I had to look in another closet for a bit of candle and some matches; but I had them all at last, tied up the tools and lantern in a scrap of matting, slipped the candle and matches in my pocket, unlocked the work-shop door, and then crossing it, went out with my bundle in my hand by a side-door at the opposite end, which led, not into the village street, but into a cart-track, hardly ever used, and then into a paddock, shut in by high hedges. There was no one in sight as I ran across the paddock, and so struck into the sandy lane—you know it well, Miss Hester—which runs along by the churchyard wall. In two minutes more I was over the wall, and skirting it inside. At the corner close by I knew there were some loose stones. I knelt down by these, pushed aside two or three, laid my parcel down between them, and piled the stones carefully up again, so that they hid it. Then I looked cautiously all round, to be sure that I was not seen, and vaulting over the low wall, slid down the steep green bank. Now I could breathe again, for I didn't care who met me. I went round by the sexton's house, which stood near the church-yard gate, but I did not go in there; I only looked well at it, and at the little outhouse hard by, as I passed, and then I was away over the moors to Kettlethorpe. I walked fast, not whistling, not thinking, only trying to get over the ground as quickly as I could. My business was soon done, but yet it was quite dark when I turned my face homeward—darker than usual, for the moon was young, and the driving clouds hid the stars. I heard the church clock strike ten as I crossed the last bit of level ground, and began to make my way down the slope toward the village.

"I wasn't in a hurry now, though the night-wind blew chill in my face, and made me shiver; I sat down on a tuft of damp grass, and watched till one by one the lights in the village beneath died out. When the last glimmer of candle-light was gone from the sexton's windows just below me I started up, and half ran, half scrambled down the hill-side. This time I stopped by the wicket-gate that led into the sexton's garden, lifted the latch silently, and stole across the grass, not to the cottage door, but to the little shed beyond, and stepping in, I felt cautiously with my hand along the wall. Yes; there stood the spade and pickaxe as I had seen them two hours ago. It was the pickaxe I wanted; and lifting it on to my shoulder, I crept back over the little grass-plot, and out into the lane. Dark as it was, I felt as if a hundred eyes were watching me then. Panting, and with shaking knees, I climbed up the bank and over the church-yard wall, and groped my way to the corner where I had left my tools. By the dim moonlight I could just see the white heap of stones, but it took me a long while to find my parcel. I had it at last, and with it in one hand and the pickaxe in the other, I struck across the church-yard to—to the vault. You know now what I meant to do: I was going to rob the dead.

"I stumbled twice over the low foot-stones, which I could not see. Once I fell, bruising my knee; but I got there at last. If I hadn't known the place so well I should hardly have been able to find it; but I had taken my bearings that morning, and I could just see the sharp point of the marble monument standing out against the gray sky. The stone I had to lift was not many inches off, and, stooping down, I felt for it upon the ground. I soon found the rough edge, more by my fingers than my eyes, and then I knew whereabouts to stick in my pickaxe. When I had done this the loose soil round so lately disturbed made my work easy enough, and though it cost me a tough strain, I had the stone up before you could count a hundred. I did not wait a moment. I was like one possessed as I went on hands and knees down the narrow slippery stone steps into the vault. I was scared enough, and though the perspiration was running down my face, I was all of a cold shiver. But yet I verily believe that if any body had come upon me then I should have killed them. There was just a glimmer of light thrown into the vault from the opening above, but not enough for me. It helped me, however, to push back the slide of my lantern, and stick in my bit of candle, and then I groped my way on to the furthest side of the vault, and struck a match. It fizzed, blazed up, and went out. With a muttered oath—it wasn't often that I swore, but I did then—I tried another, and this time it kept alight till the wick of the candle caught, and showed the vaulted roof and the dark row of coffins ranged round the stone floor. I did not want to look at them. I closed up the lantern, and putting it on the ground with its light side toward the one coffin *I wanted*, I went back to the steps to find out if there was any glimmer to be seen above. No. I was safe so far: no spark of light showed there. Now for my screw-driver. If only I could do the work silently enough! The first noise of my effort was startling, and I scarcely dared try another; but I remembered that the vault lay deep, and that there were no houses within a furlong of it. At any rate, I was in for it now, and I got used to the sound as I bent desperately to my task. The oaken lid had been tightly screwed, I knew, but that once open, the business was done—for the time had been too short to make a leaden coffin also. Screw after screw came out, and yet there were more. All at once I fancied I heard a sound above, and my heart stopped beating, and I stood still as the dead around me, grasping the hammer in my hand. It came again, and I knew it this time for the screech of the night-owl in the church-tower. If I could but have wrung its neck for the fright it had given me! To work again: more screws; and now the last was out, and I could move the heavy lid.

"I threw back the lace covering from the body, and the glimmer of the lantern fell on the dead face, as unchanged as on that first day when I had gone up to the Hall. I could not bear to look at it; I knew I should see it forever in my dreams if I did, and yet, somehow, I had noticed every thing: how the dark eyes seemed to give a blue shade to the eyelids closed over them; and how the long lashes lay on the white cheek, before I forced myself back to my work. Even then the still white face was before me, close to mine. I would have hidden it under the lace again, but then I must cover the hands as well. I thought of my own spotted handkerchief; but something—I don't know what—kept me from laying that *there*. Best get the ring off, and be away from the place. It was on the left hand, the one that lay underneath, and the clammy touch of the fingers made me shudder; but I held them fast, for I saw the diamond glittering in the dim light. I tried to draw it off; but slender as the finger was, the ring would not slide along it. It seemed fixed there as though no power on earth could move it. I wrenched at it with my own big trembling fingers, and got it as far as the first joint—but further it would not come. What should I do? Of a sudden I stooped down and took it firmly between my teeth. It was coming now! I felt it slip. It was off—in my mouth—in my hand. Just for one instant I saw it lying in my palm, and then—I saw something else. A goblin? No; but a stain of blood on the white slender hand, and a pair of brown eyes looking fixedly at me.

"I could not move; I could not breathe; I was like one turned to stone. Slowly the head lying in the coffin turned, and the pale lips moved, and the hand—the stained hand—where the ring had been, grasped feebly the edge of the coffin, and then—then the whole figure stirred, and tried to get up! I turned at that, and with a frightful cry dashed the ring to the floor, and fled, mad with terror, up the stone stairs. On, on! never stopping, never looking round; breathless, gasping, across the church-yard, over the wall, and now I had broken through the rotten park paling, and was tearing through the fern and long grass on toward the Hall. There was a light in the Hall window, and I made for it. I fancied I saw her gaining on me; I seemed to hear the rustling of the grave-clothes at my ear; but I struggled on—up the broad flight of steps, and rang the great bell as though I would have pulled it down. Before they opened the door I had fallen half unconscious on the stones; but I could just see some figures bending over me, and I could just pant out: 'The vault! my lady!' before I fainted dead away."

The old man paused for a moment, took a deep breath, and passed his wrinkled hand through his hair.

"That's my story, Miss Hester. When they got to the vault they found the lady sitting upright in her coffin—alive, though trembling, and sorely scared—and the diamond ring lay on the floor. The lady had been in some strange death-like fit, till my rough usage brought a flow of blood, and so revived her. When I came out of my long swoon it was the squire who stood alone by my bedside, and first heard my story. He forgave me then and there. For once an ill deed had brought about a good end, and he was too happy to be hard. But after that night of horror I would not have stolen a farthing's worth to save my life. No one but the squire and my own father ever heard the whole history from me, and they gave it out that there had been good reasons for opening the vault that night. But there were some shrewd guesses made when the wonderful news got abroad, and the squire contrived to send me away from home on some business of his own for a year or two. When I came back, it was the dear lady herself who set me going in my father's business, and helped me on to my marriage with Margaret. She had a baby girl then—your mother, Miss Hester—and she lived on for fifteen years." He stopped, took the ring again in his hand, and turned it over, sighing wearily. "'Tis sixty years back, and it seems but yesterday," he repeated as he gave it me. "An ill conscience is a fearful thing, Miss Hester."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A LADY once remarked, in speaking of a distinguished living actor, "I know —— is a gentleman, *for I have seen him eat.*" If, from an unseen point of view, one could survey our city restaurants between the hours of twelve and two on any day, or even inspect the more retired dining-rooms of our citizens at later hours, and apply the test of *eating*, what would be the result? Probably the lady referred to had in mind various niceties of manner which mark a person of culture and refinement nowhere more than at the table; but Americans possess one great and very universal fault, which is alike hurtful to indulge in, and unpleasant to behold. A great national evil is *fast eating*. Bolting down food as if upon a wager disorders the stomach; then comes dyspepsia, from which almost every evil results. That energetic briskness, which is a valuable quality in a business man, should be curbed at meal-time. If business presses, and the time for a luncheon is short, eat ever so little, or even nothing, rather than burden the system with hastily-swallowed, half-masticated food. When over-wearied and exhausted, a hearty and hasty meal is always dangerous, and sometimes fatal.

In addition to a quiet moderation in eating, a thousand little nameless niceties—the want of any one of which, however, is easily detected—indicate the well-bred eater. There are plenty of rules for "table manners;" but moderation, quietness, scrupulous neatness, and the exercise of ordinary good sense and good taste, form, in general, a very respectable basis for the conduct. Yet how often might we truthfully exclaim, with the poet:

"Dire was the clang of plates, of knife and fork,
That merciless fell, like tomahawks, to work."

At this season, when the markets are flooded with melons of every kind, it may not be inopportune to bear in mind that Frederick, Emperor of Germany, who died in 1403, and Emperor Maximilian II. of Germany, both came to an untimely death in consequence of indulging in an immoderate passion for melons! Yet melons are very good, and by no means unwholesome, when eaten at proper times and in suitable quantities.

New York has been alarmed, and apparently with some reason, in reference to the impregnation of the Croton water with carbonate of lead from the pipes through which it is conveyed. The matter is one of serious interest, and the attention of many physicians has been directed to it, and investigations of various kinds have been made. It is believed that many diseases, and fatal ones too, are becoming more frequent from the lead poison conveyed in the Croton water. An evening paper recently stated that, allowing each individual a single pint of Croton per day, New York swallows in the aggregate the enormous amount of not less than 12,500 *grains of carbonate of lead* per year. The tin-lined lead pipes are said to be perfectly innocuous. A correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker*, however, seems to think there are two sides to the question, and writes as follows: "Chemistry reveals the fact that metals differing in crystalline structure, when placed together in liquid acids, or even in common water, are by galvanic action rapidly oxydized, disintegrated, or destroyed. If lead and tin are placed in juxtaposition with access of water, one or both of the metals will suffer from corrosion. The least defect in soldering, or crack from bending, overstraining, defective manufacture, or corrosive action, whereby the water comes in contact with the lead, would cause electrical currents to commence to flow between the metals, disintegration would be the result with the metals, and lead poisoning to those using the water. The simple lead pipe, though dangerous, is safer than those lined with tin, for the above reasons."

An excited individual walked into an apothecary shop in Portland the other day and nervously asked for creosote. The shop-keeper had none. "Then," said he, "what have you got that will kill a man?" "Oh," said the apothecary, "do you want to kill yourself?" The man said he did, and wanted to make short work of it. "Then I have got just what you want," continued the jocose dealer in drugs; whereupon he filled the hair-oil bottle produced by the suicidal individual with a strong dose of tinture of cayenne pepper, telling him that if the first potion did not produce the desired effect to take another in fifteen minutes! The would-be suicide hastened away with a tragic air.

A most terrific nitro-glycerine explosion recently occurred on the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad, near Urbana, Ohio. Ten cars were burned to ashes. They were loaded with flour and pork; but it is supposed that nitro-glycerine had been smuggled into the car next the engine, which exploded. The report was tremendous, having been heard thirty miles distant. An iron rail was thrown three hundred yards from the track and was bent double by the force. A house a quarter of a mile from the wreck was almost demolished, and the vibration came with such force that timbers flew in every direction, and telegraph wires were thrown down for about 600 yards. No one but the engineer was seriously hurt.

An electric light, which has been displayed for many nights from the French steamer, *St. Laurent*, at the foot of Morton Street, is said to be more powerful than any light of the kind ever before exhibited. The inventor is M. Berlios, of Paris. It is stated that this light will penetrate the densest fog for the distance of two or more miles, while on dark nights, depending of course on its altitude, its rays can be seen from thirty to forty miles.

Professor Liebig, one of the most eminent chemists in the world, assures us that fourteen hundred and sixty quarts of the best Bavaria beer contained exactly the nourishment of a two-and-a-half pound loaf of bread and no more.

The inventor of Planchette is said to have cleared $50,000 out of his mysterious toy.

A Philadelphia paper speaks of "Mr. A. T. Stewart's new residence on Fifth *Street*." New Yorkers are better posted about its whereabouts. It is rumored that this elegant building, which is verging toward completion, is to be devoted to literary and public purposes. We give the rumor as it comes to us.

Those who are annoyed almost beyond endurance by peddlers of every kind, perpetually calling at their offices and places of business, will enjoy the following incident:

A pompous, well-dressed individual entered a bank in Boston, and, addressing the teller, inquired:

"Is the cashier in?"

"No, Sir," was the reply.

"Well, I am dealing in pens, supplying the New England banks pretty largely, and I suppose it will be proper for me to deal with the cashier."

"I suppose it will," said the teller.

"Very well; I will wait."

The pen-peddler took a chair and sat composedly for a full hour waiting for the cashier. By that time he began to grow uneasy, but after twisting in his chair for about twenty minutes, and seeing no prospect of a change in his circumstances, asked the teller how soon he would be in.

"Well, I don't know exactly," said the waggish teller, "but I expect him in about eight weeks. He has just gone to Lake Superior, and told me he thought he should come back in that time."

Peddler thought he would not wait.

"Oh, you may stay if you wish," said the teller, very blandly. "We have no objection to your sitting here in the daytime, and you can probably find some place in town where they will be glad to keep you nights."

The pompous peddler disappeared without another word.

According to recent reports, there are in Spain 27,000 primary schools, having in all 1,500,000 pupils; 64 establishments of secondary instruction; 10 universities, and 20 special schools for fine arts, navigation, industry, etc. There are about 150 private schools. The library at Madrid contains 300,000 volumes, and the Central University the same number. The University of Barcelona has 136,000 volumes.

About seven thousand acres of land in Middle Tennessee, situated on what is known as the Cumberland Plateau, have been donated to the Swiss Emigration Society by a public-spirited citizen of that locality. The Consul-General of Switzerland has inspected that section of Tennessee, and considers it peculiarly well adapted for the culture of fruits and vegetables. There are many Swiss who propose to emigrate to the United States.

The "Thames Embankment" must give a new aspect to some sections of London. From Westminster Bridge to Lambeth Palace on the right bank, and from Westminster Hall to Temple Bar on the left, an immense granite quay has been constructed, stated to be of thirty-nine acres superficies, 4 feet above the water, and 30 feet foundation below, and surrounded by a pavement 30 feet wide, beyond which is a macadamized central track 60 feet broad. A wall about the height of a man is the termination of this superb architecture, behind which the gardens adjoining the residences situated along the river are seen. The best arrangements are made for loading and unloading the heaviest cargoes; and floating bridges afford means of embarkation and debarkation. It would be a happy thing if some other cities would follow the example of London in this respect.

It is estimated that the quantity of ripe grapes consumed by the city of Paris this year will exceed ten thousand tons, exclusive of those cultivated within the city limits.

The Russians are becoming greatly excited by the preaching of an old Muscovite peasant who, after a seclusion of several years, now declares himself a prophet. He is going from place to place announcing the approaching destruction of the Crescent and the substitution of the Greek Cross for it, on the dome of St. Sophia at Constantinople. The Russian Government allows every liberty to this popular agitator, who does not attack the administration in any way.

There is an institution at Dusseldorf, Prussia, established by the celebrated Pastor Fliedner, for the training of deaconesses, who resemble in many respects the Catholic "Sisters of Charity." They wear a neat uniform, resembling the dress of Quaker ladies. They have been found specially useful as assistants to foreign missionaries. They perform Christian services of various descriptions, where male missionaries would obtain no access whatever. The chief objects of their care are the children, the women, and the sick.

The trunk of the poplar-tree is now used for making paper. The trees are sawed into blocks, split, the bark and knots removed, and then thoroughly soaked in pure water. A machine similar to a common grindstone is used to reduce the wood into pulp. When the pulp is pressed and all the water removed it is ready for use. Poplar-wood is by nature so pure and white that no chemicals or bleaches are required to make a fit material for manufacturing printing paper. Three parts of the wood pulp is usually mixed with one part rags, to give the paper strength and smoothness.

Many unaccustomed travelers, desiring to stop at some way station on their route, are seriously puzzled to know when they reach their place of destination. The cars stop every few moments, the conductor opens the door and shouts out some unintelligible name, but what it is few can tell, and many are perplexed and uneasy. A good plan has been adopted on the cars of the Ogdensburg and Lake Champlain Railroad. The apparatus consists externally of a box, surmounted by a bell, and having a glass plate in front, under which the name of a station appears in letters of about three inches in length. When the train arrives at the station named on the indicator, the bell on the top of the box rings, and presently the name of the next station on the line appears under the glass plate.

A young man fell in love, not many months ago, with the only daughter of an aristocratic family in Paris. He was uncertain how the head of the household would regard him, but he behaved his best, and kept the young lady supplied with the latest publications. One day the father, happening to return from business when the rest of the family were out, attempted to while away the time with the last new novel, which he found on the table. He was surprised to find a number of words underlined with a lead-pencil, "not beautiful passages," but insignificant words. Suddenly an idea occurred to him, and, connecting the underlined words, his petrified eyes read as follows: "Dearest Mademoiselle,—Will—it—insult—you—if—I—tell—you—that—I—adore:"—in short, a love-letter of the most gushing description, closing with the suggestive words: "Answer—in—the—next—chapter." The exasperated father took a pencil, underlined some words in the next chapter, wrapped the book in a piece of paper, and instructed his footman to take it back to the sentimental young gentleman. The latter opened the volume, his heart throbbing like a sledge-hammer, and read as follows: "If—you—impudent—puppy—dare—again—to—cross—the—threshold—of—my—house—I—shall—kick—you—out—of—the—window."

A young man living in St. Louis, being perplexed about the payment of a note, rose in his sleep, and went from the garret through a trap-door upon the roof of the house. Here he was discovered by his brother seated upon the furthest and narrow edge of the wall, with his hands clasped around one knee, *en deshabille*, and the whole attitude expressing dejection. The brother was a brave man, but the sight filled him with horror. The least start backward, the swerve even of half a hand's-breadth, and the somnambulist would be dashed to pieces upon the stones below. Knowing it would be instant death if he awoke him by calling to him, the brother procured a rope, made a noose in it, tied one end to the chimney, and then by a dextrous cast threw the rope tightly around his brother's shoulders, literally dragging him from his fearful perch before he became conscious.

WIND.

WIND! There is wind in the furrows,
Wind! There is wind in the sky;
No coign too low for its power,
No throne for its might too high!

It is here, through the sea-shells moaning,
It is there, in the vaulted blue;
Aloft, where the gold stars glimmer,
Below, where the ferns drop dew.

Whence it cometh none may discover,
Whence it goeth none may say;
It ariseth oft in the gloaming,
Dies out ere the roseate day.

Or it swells in the day in its fury,
A Titan, that mocketh sight;
And lo! in a mood capricious,
Is calm as the dove ere night.

Now it rendeth sails on the ocean,
With the wrath of the Power of Death
Now bends to the green corn-meadows,
And stirreth the ears with a breath.

Wind! I would die in the blowing
Of a cloud-flecked, soft moonlight;
Wind! I would die in the flowing
Of those grand cloud-waves at night!

I would leave this weary Being,
For the vast, unknown To Be;
I would see, with an angel's seeing,
The depths of that pathless sea!

O Giant! all-grim in fury,
O Angel! all-soft in love;
I would die, when thy reins are loosened
And mount on thy wings above!

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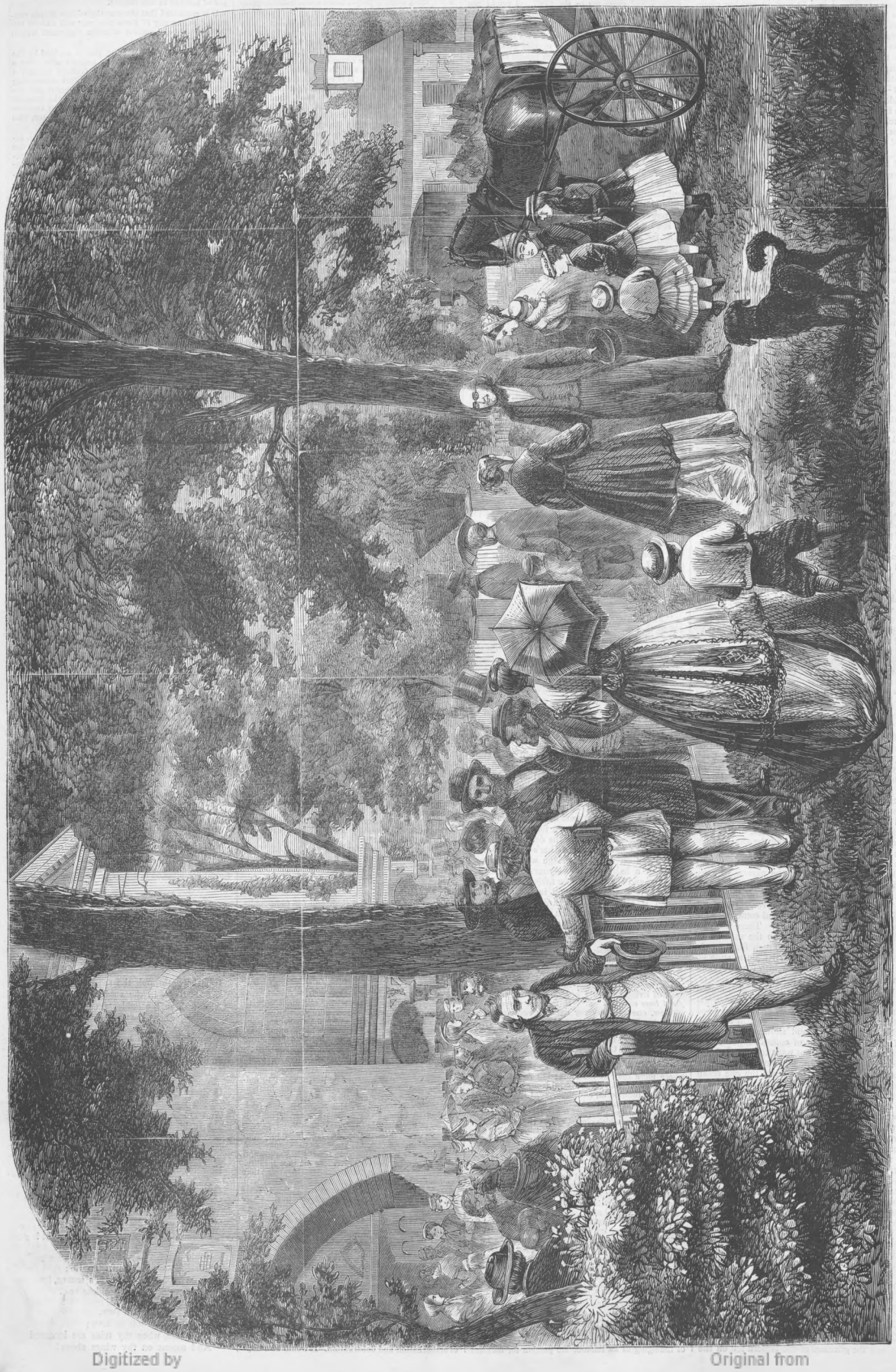

THE COUNTRY CHURCH—BEFORE SERVICE, SUNDAY MORNING.—SKETCHED BY W. H. DAVENPORT.—[SEE PAGE 669.]

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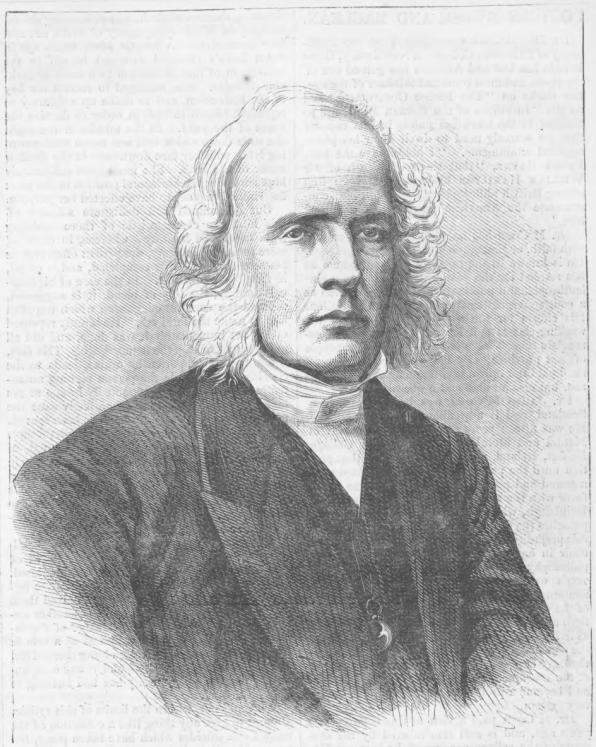
JOHN MACLEAN, D.D., LL.D., RETIRING PRESIDENT OF PRINCETON COLLEGE, N. J.
[See Page 670.]



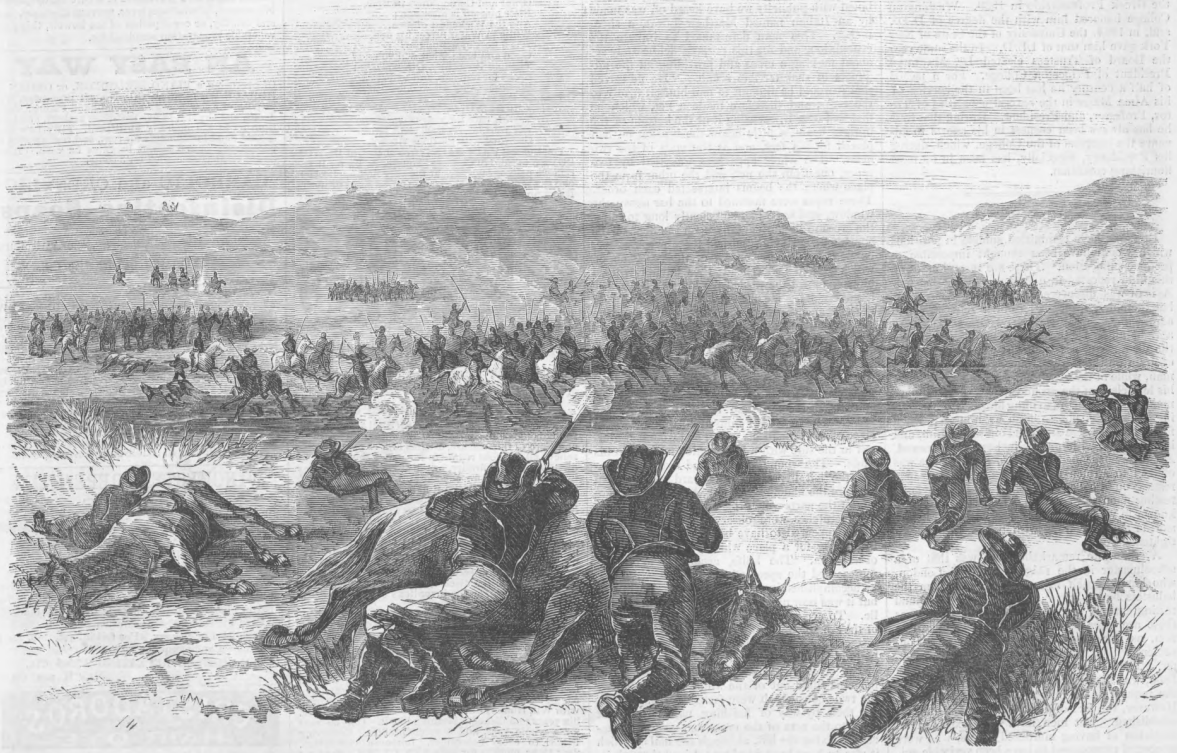
JAMES McCOSH, LL.D., THE NEW PRESIDENT OF PRINCETON COLLEGE, N. J.
[See Page 670.]

ATTACK ON COLONEL FORSYTH'S COMMAND.

On the 10th of September Colonel Forsyth, with fifty picked men, left Fort Wallace, Kansas, in pursuit of some Indians who had been committing depredations in that neighborhood. He was attacked by between 300 and 400 Indians on the morning of the 17th. When the enemy first made his appearance on the bluff, about two miles from Colonel Forsyth's camp, the latter crossed his men over to Small Island. The Indians advanced, and kept up a steady fire until 11 o'clock A.M. Then there was a lull until the middle of the afternoon, when the savages, reinforced to the number of about 700, renewed the attack with better success. They fought till sunset, and then made a desperate charge upon the camp, which they failed to capture. They continued their attack until nearly midnight, when two scouts managed to escape from the camp by crawling on their hands and knees through the enemy's lines. They brought information of Colonel Forsyth's situation to Fort Wallace, from which post a hundred men were sent out with provisions to his relief. Colonel Forsyth was wounded in the engagement; Lieutenant Beecher and Dr. Moore received mortal wounds. About twenty others were wounded more or less severely.

THE COUNTRY CHURCH.

This characteristic illustration (page 668) gives a picture somewhat familiar to our country friends —at least to those whose memory reaches back to the scenes of twenty years ago. The scene is laid in New Jersey, about fifteen miles distant from Hoboken. The people in the fore-ground are the descendants of old Dutch settlers, many of whom to this day speak the language of their ancestors. The church illustrates the style of architecture formerly adopted by the Dutch Reformed denomination; above the main entrance is an ornamental stone on which is inscribed a text from the Dutch Bible. The time selected by the artist is that just preceding the morning service on Sunday morning. It is a quaint and interesting picture of the good old times, when every Sabbath morning witnessed the "reunion" of Christian families for many miles around.



ENGAGEMENT OF COLONEL FORSYTH'S COMMAND WITH THE INDIANS AT SMALL ISLAND, September 17, 1868.

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DOCTORS M'COSH AND MACLEAN.

BY DR. M'COSH'S acceptance of the Presidency of Princeton College, in New Jersey, Great Britain has lost and America has gained one of the ripest and most profound thinkers of the age. His works on "The Divine Government" and on the "Intuitions of the Human Mind" are so familiar to the Christian public in this country that we scarcely need to dwell upon his philosophical attainments. "I hold," says the Rev. PETER BAYNE, "that since the death of Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON his name has been first among British philosophers, and I cordially congratulate the American people upon obtaining him."

Dr. M'COSH has no philosophy that conflicts with faith, or that can not be reduced to practice. He is known in the north of Ireland, where he has resided for the past sixteen years, as a philanthropist and public-spirited citizen, as well as a courteous gentleman and thorough Christian. His efforts for the social improvement of the working-classes and for the extension of intermediate schools have endeared him to the people of that province. By his residence with us we shall gain not only a useful and an energetic citizen, but also an able and a liberal scholar.

Dr. JAMES M'COSH was born in Ayrshire, Scotland, and is now about fifty years of age. He was fifteen years ago called to the chair of Mental and Moral Science in Queen's College, Belfast, Ireland, and has remained in that position until the present time. As a champion of a sound and practical philosophy he was not in favor with the literary coteries of London and of Edinburgh, who pooh-pooh any thing which approaches the standard of a positive faith; but for this prejudice he might have held a philosophical chair in one of the Scottish Universities. His philosophy compared with Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON'S was what physiology is compared with anatomy; while he did not lack the acuteness of the dialectician, he clothed his skeletons with flesh and blood, and they readily took their place as living organisms in a world of progress. Hence the popularity of even his profoundest works. His theology is that of Dr. CHALMERS. At the time of the Disruption he left the Established Church and became a prominent advocate of the voluntary system.

Dr. M'COSH paid a visit to this country two years ago, and is still remembered by the students of the college over which he is to preside. He is described as a "handsome man, of rather more than the average height, with finely cut features, a calm and genial expression of the face, and a head thinly covered with gray hair." His disposition is genial and commands the affection of all his pupils, and he is as hospitable at home as he is cordial on the street; in the class-room he is an excellent teacher and disciplinarian.

Dr. JOHN MACLEAN, the retiring President, was born in Princeton, in the year 1798. He entered college in the year 1812, and was graduated in 1816 at the age of eighteen. Two years after graduation he began the study of theology in the Princeton Seminary, and in the same year (1818) was appointed tutor in the College. He remained three years in the Seminary, the course at that time being five years. He was elected to the Greek Professorship in 1829. Washington College honored him with the degree of D.D., and, in 1854, the University of the State of New York gave him that of LL.D. In the same year the Board of Trustees elected Dr. MACLEAN President of Princeton College. For a period of half a century he has been in the service of his Alma Mater in the several capacities of Tutor, Professor, and President. During that time he has always been earnest in his efforts to advance the interests of the College, which, during his Presidency, especially, has been in its most flourishing condition.

SUICIDES.

PERSONS have committed suicide in positions which would have been thought impossible to produce suffocation. There are several cases of this kind reported in a French medical journal. A man was discovered hanging by his pocket-handkerchief, suspended from a rope stretched across a granary. His legs were found bent at a right angle backward, the knees hanging at the distance of a few inches only from a heap of grain on the floor. It would appear that the man, while in the act of hanging, must have held his legs clear of the ground in this extraordinary manner. Another man hung himself from a grating, which was not so high as himself; when found his legs were stretched out before him, and his hips were within a few inches of the ground. A female suspended herself so low that she was obliged to stretch out her legs one in advance resting on the heel, the other behind her body resting upon the toes. There have been cases known in which death has been produced by the suicide simply leaning with the neck against a tightened cord.

A still more remarkable case was that of a schoolmaster in the neighborhood of London, who hung himself in such a manner from the balusters by his cravat, that his body was found resting entirely upon the stairs. Such cases as these are often open to medico-legal investigation, as murders may sometimes be very conveniently hidden by contrivances of this character. The suicide of the Duke de Bourbon, in 1830, was supposed by some of the witnesses at the inquest to be only a hidden assassination. However, the fact of the suicide was ultimately established. But men have been executed on suspicion of having murdered others, who were afterward pronounced to have been veritable suicides. Many men who can swim well have been known to tie their hands and legs together before throwing themselves in the water, lest they should be tempted in the dying agony to strike out and save themselves. A lunatic some years ago in Saint Luke's Hospital drowned herself in the bath-room of that institution in a most remarkable manner. She managed to secrete the key of the bath-room, and to make up a dummy to represent herself in bed, in order to deceive the nurse of the ward. In the middle of the night she stole down stairs, and was found next morning lying with her face downward in the shallow water of the bath. She must have deliberately kept herself in the horizontal position in the most determined manner to have effected her purpose.

But determined and deliberate suicides of this kind are characteristic of those suffering from confirmed insanity; whereas, in cases of mere impulsive insanity, the patient often regrets his attempt before it is completed, and is cured, in fact, by the attempt. In the case of Sir Samuel Romilly, the loss of blood, it is suggested, relieved the cerebral congestion which impelled him to make the fatal cut. He bitterly repented of his act immediately it was done, and did all in his power to stop the hemorrhage. This fact, which is well supported by others, leads to the conclusion that while the person making an attempt upon his life is undoubtedly insane at the moment, yet that he may be perfectly sane the moment after, provided his life has been spared. The impulse may be likened to that which prompts people to leap from great heights. There are thousands of persons who dare not trust themselves in such positions. The same feeling is very common with respect to razors in certain nervous conditions of the body. It would be absurd to suppose that this fear of an impulse can be looked upon as a symptom of insanity.

There are many cases upon the books of children committing suicide after having heard of some example of the kind in their neighborhood. It seems almost incredible that the imitative faculty in infants of seven or eight should lead them to such extremities, but it is only another example of the total want of knowledge of the sacredness of life which exists almost as a rule in youth. Not only have children hung themselves, but their brothers and sisters and young companions. Here, again, insanity has had nothing to do with the act.

We could not, within the limits of this article, attempt to give any thing like a collection of the remarkable suicides which have taken place, but we may be allowed to quote a few examples that have been placed on record. We have mentioned a few cases of this kind which apparently have been prompted by a morbid desire to astonish; but an instance was afforded at Fressonville, in Picardy, which has a touch of the grotesque in it worthy of a Frenchman. On a sudden the church bell was heard to ring at an unusual hour, in a very agitated manner. Upon the cause being inquired into, it was found that a man had hung himself to the clapper, and in the agitation caused by his position, the bell rang in the strange manner that had excited attention. The man, happily, was not dead: the attempt was certainly a grim effort to ring his own death-knell. In another case a woman deliberately broke a hole in the ice, placed her head in it, and held it there until she was drowned. The most extraordinary example of a deliberate attempt at suicide combined with publicity we have heard of, was made by an Italian named Matthew Lovat, a shoemaker. This man determined to imitate the crucifixion, and for this purpose deliberately set about making a cross and providing all the adjuncts of that terrible scene. "He perceived that it would be difficult to nail himself firmly to the cross, and therefore made a net, which he fastened over it, securing it at the bottom of the upright beam, a little below the bracket he had placed for his feet, and at the ends of the two arms. The whole apparatus was tied by two ropes, one from the net, and the other from the place where the beams intersected each other. These ropes were fastened to the bar above the window, and were just sufficiently long to allow the cross to lie horizontally upon the floor of the apartment. Having finished these preparations, he next put on his crown of thorns, some of which entered his forehead; then, having stripped himself naked, he girded his loins with a white handkerchief. He then introduced himself into the net, and seating himself on the cross, drove a nail through the palm of his right hand, by striking its head upon the floor until the point appeared on the other side. He now placed his feet on the bracket he had prepared for them, and with a mallet drove a nail completely through them both, entering a hole he had previously made to receive it, and fastened them to the wood. He next tied himself to the cross by a piece of cord round his waist, and wounded himself in the side with a knife which he used in his trade. The wound was inflicted two inches below the left hypochondre, toward the internal angle of the abdominal cavity, but did not injure any of the parts which the cavity contains. Several scratches were observed upon his breast which appeared to have been done by the knife in probing for a place which should present no obstruction. The knife, according to Lovat, represented the spear of the Passion. All this he accomplished in the interior of his apartment, but it was now necessary to show himself in public. To accomplish this, he had placed the foot of the cross upon the window-sill, which was very low, and by pressing his fingers against the floor, he gradually drew himself forward until, the foot of the cross overbalancing the head, the whole machine tilted out of the window, and hung by the two ropes which were fastened to the beam. He then, by way of finishing, nailed his right hand to the arm of the cross, but could not succeed in fixing the left, although the nail by which it was to have been fixed was driven through it, and half of it came out on the other side." This took place at eight o'clock in the morning. Some persons by whom he was perceived ran up stairs, disengaged him from the cross, and put him to bed. By medical care his wounds ultimately healed, and the poor man recovered; his mental condition was, however, ever afterward morose and singular.

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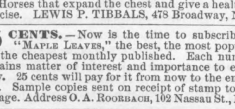

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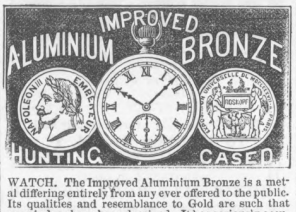

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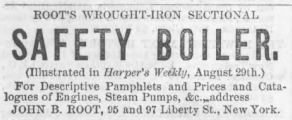

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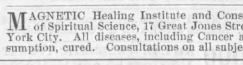

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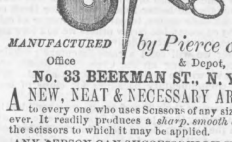

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Without any affectation of profound philosophy, or without fine writing, this history is, in our judgment, one of the best and most valuable records of our great struggle, and we have no doubt that it will maintain this reputation. In future years, when the records of the war office and the bureaus of the other departments are opened up to the future Prescotts and Motleys, we shall have secrets revealed and light shed on points respecting which we must remain uninformed for the present; but for all ordinary purposes we desire no better record than the one that is steadily going on to or mpletion.—*Chicago Presbyterian.*

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tions that impelled them at home to act with one or the other party. If, for instance, the United States as Mr. ADAMS conceived them had been represented in England in 1861, instead of the United States as Mr. DALLAS believed them to be, the course of the British policy during the war would possibly have been different.

What we regret in the appointment of Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON is, that he does not seem to us to represent the real faith and—so to speak—tendency of his country. The chief and important function of a Minister in these days is his social influence, and by his antecedents, and convictions, and associations, we can not help feeling that the American Minister in England will give false impressions. Of course a Republican—in the party sense—could also give a false impression. If he were anxious to make a public dinner pass off pleasantly, he could also celebrate the community of language, which has nevertheless not prevented two wars and perpetual jealousy and alienation. Whether Republican or Democrat, a Minister could punctually obey instructions, insist upon full satisfaction for *Alabama* or other claims, send an ultimatum, and demand his passports. But, after all, every nation is, in DISRAELI'S sense, "two nations," and an embassador can only represent one of them. With our own feeling, not in the Republican, but in the American sense, Mr. JOHNSON seems to us to represent the wrong one.

THE ASPECTS OF TRADE.

THE fact to which we have heretofore adverted, that the circulating medium is a *fixed quantity*, incapable from its quality of being expelled, prevents those alarming vicissitudes in trade which attended our mixed currency whenever, from an excess of paper, the precious metals were driven away. Although since the first of the year the export of the precious metals, chiefly to England, has amounted to over sixty-six millions of dollars, yet, as gold and silver have been demonetized except for payments for duties and for interest, the fact of so large an export of it to pay for interest and for imports has had as yet no serious effect. If our circulating medium had been founded, as it was up to February, 1862, on gold and silver, the removal of so much of its substratum would have thrown our whole monetary system into great confusion. Our present freedom from such disasters is due to the policy, inevitable in a severe war, which made our Treasury notes a legal tender, and, although the situation is not desirable—that of a debtor seldom is, for it prevents competition with those that are solid—it is incomparably better than was possible under any other system. There remains in the country, whatever may be our imprudence in incurring debts abroad, a sufficient quantity of the debt-paying medium. What the country now wants, to place our industry on a footing with all other industries, is a gradual return to the specie prices of the world.

At present our competition with others is limited very much to productions connected with Agriculture. It will be necessary to successful competition in other pursuits that we shall get out of the abnormal condition forced upon us by a great and expensive war as soon as it can be done with advantage, and place ourselves on a footing of equality with the important manufacturing and commercial nations. The large surplus of our agricultural productions now wanted abroad must be carried only in foreign bottoms. The export of Indian corn to London and Liverpool, which was proceeding rapidly during the summer, was suddenly brought to an end, when prices were at 122.3 per bushel for Western mixed, by an advance in freights from 4½*d.* to 9*d.* per bushel. The foreign steamers, which now carry the bulk of our products, take wheat in place of corn, as the former is more valuable; but the price of freight, which vacillates between 8*d.* and 12*d.* per bushel of 56 pounds, going to the higher rate on a brisk demand, amounts to a serious charge upon our agricultural interest, which must divide the expense with the consuming nation. We shall be carriers on the ocean as soon as our range of prices will permit the rebuilding and navigation of vessels at rates not too much disproportioned to those of others.

The same circumstances are required to bring about competition in other important industries. It is probable that Congress has been impelled by the fear of an approaching Presidential canvass, and the disadvantage of having a President at variance with it and with whatever was for the public good, from taking the initiative in those movements which are required for returning prosperity. The great soldier who gave success to our arms—thus saving the millions in expenditure that would otherwise have been incurred—has developed qualities in administration, and in his intercourse with the public since the war, of a character to assure us that when the reins of Presidential power are given to his hands he will guide the nation aright, and communicate to all departments of the Government the example and the spirit of his wisdom, virtue, and courage. We may then hope to recover in time the position which will place us on a footing with the most skillful nations. Until this is accomplished we shall remain isolated so far as all industries are concerned in which we have no special advantage derived from what nature has bestowed.

Even in agriculture many nations in ordinary years can still undersell us in those markets which buy largely for the consumption of their people. The immense growth of population in the large manufacturing countries of Europe, and the tendency toward the exhaustion of wheat lands which is constantly going on abroad, operate to overcome the disadvantage resulting from the increased cost of production here. But this year we have special reasons for great activity in all the productions of agriculture. The drought has not only diminished the extent of crops in the British Isles, in which it was most severe, but also in the most important of those grain-growing countries which compete with us in the London and Liverpool markets. All the states on the west coast of Europe have more or less suffered. Turkey, Egypt, and Hungary will enjoy with us the benefits, if such they can be called, which the drought in Europe has temporarily occasioned. We do not rank California in the list of competitors, for we share in the advantages which her large surplus of grain will afford.

It has doubtless been considered remarkable that gold should have advanced to 150 a few weeks ago, and that it suddenly fell to 137½ without any change in our foreign indebtedness to call for this difference. The circumstances were somewhat favorable for the advance, inasmuch as there had been, as we have seen, a large export of gold, and the balance in the Treasury and in banks had become so sensibly reduced as to give to speculators the audacity which they feel when no large amount can suddenly be thrown upon the market. They carried it up with ease, but the loss here from the export of our sixty-six millions has been reduced to about thirty-eight by receipts from California and elsewhere, and the Treasury had become so strong that speculation in view of that fact and of the certainty of large demands for our cotton and breadstuffs, turned about in its policy. The manner in which the payments for Alaska was managed had some effect in this direction. It may be that the intention of the Government to sell gold may have leaked out from some quarter, and been influential to produce this change, for there was great boldness in sales *short*; and when, late in September, the Government actually sold, the movements on the Exchange had become nearly frantic to drive it down. The sales of gold made by the Treasury in September were of only about two millions three hundred thousand dollars—an amount easily absorbed; but no definite ideas were entertained by the majority of operators as to the true objects of the Government and the extent to which it would go in these sales. The ability of the Government in depressing gold was considered greater than was the power of any combination then formed to resist, and hence the operations for a fall. It is understood, in the best financial circles, that it is supposed at Washington that the price for gold should range between 140 and 145; but sales were made by the Department last week at lower figures, explained, however, on the ground that currency was wanted and that gold could be spared. The truth is very evident that speculation is the main element which suddenly carries it above, and as suddenly below the value which it possesses as compared with the general run of prices of articles of general use the subjects of general commercial activity. The experiment of selling gold to the highest offer is now to be tried by the Treasury.

The inactivity of trade, in England particularly, is favorable now to a tolerably low price for gold in this country, inasmuch as the low rate of interest there and the much higher here occasion large temporary loans in Wall Street. The amount of this floating mass of capital held for English account is estimated at from fifty to a hundred millions of dollars. It is loaned in gold for sixty days, the borrower stipulating to furnish at or before maturity an unexceptionable sterling bill at sixty days' sight, drawn on London. These options, as they are called, have the tendency to furnish a much larger amount of exchange than is produced by our regular exports, and really to postpone the adjustment of the balance lately much against us on the total of imports and exports. Whenever the time arrives for the transfer of this floating capital to London it will occasion a great scarcity of exchange, unless it shall happen in consequence of a lower rate of interest here than is now paid, due to the possible abundance of money which may arise from the inevitable large demand for our cotton and breadstuffs. But so long as we have an extensive paper circulation the advantage of a large demand from abroad for our productions will be *wasted*, and those nations will be benefited who have the inestimable benefit of a sound currency.

Notwithstanding these fluctuations in gold, business has gone forward with great steadiness, and on as large a scale as was expected during the season of a Presidential canvass. Numerous and large assemblages, especially in country towns and at mid-day, are very costly, as they withdraw considerable bodies of men from their usual industry. It is this in the main which prevents any large accumulation of goods at country stores. People are engaged more in politics than in business. But there are just grounds for expecting that trade will not only be distributed over the whole year, but that it will improve when the canvass reaches the favorable end which now seems inevitable. An amount of agricultural productions in the North seldom or never surpassed; the certainty of a fair crop of cotton, and of a market for both; and nothing but political disturbance—soon, however, to be removed—to hinder the general prosperity, constitute a basis for activity which is sure to bestow activity until the results are known of the harvest of 1869.

JUDGE PIERREPONT ON THE CAMPAIGN.

WE give below the interesting correspondence which has lately taken place between Judge EDWARDS PIERREPONT and ALEXANDER T. STEWART, the Chairman of the Grant Committee. It is of course unnecessary to remind our readers that Judge PIERREPONT has hitherto always acted with the Democratic party. Like General DIX, he was a "War Democrat," and, like him also, he understands that the issues of this Presidential campaign are well defined as being "between the friends and the enemies of our Government." It is needless for us to add that the exalted character of Mr. STEWART affords a perfect guarantee that the funds will be used as he states, only for *proper* purposes.

103 FIFTH AVENUE,
NEW YORK, *Oct.* 10, 1868.

To Alex. T. Stewart, Esq., Chairman of the Grant Committee, etc.:

MY DEAR SIR,—When FRANK P. BLAIR, who had no claims whatever upon the Democratic party, was nominated in Tammany Hall with such shouts of applause just after proclaiming that "We must have a President who will trample into dust" the laws of Congress, and when four rebel generals made the chief ratification speeches in New York, my attention as a War Democrat was arrested by this remarkable exhibition.

Since then I have carefully noted the expressions of Southern journals and the speeches of Southern politicians, from WADE HAMPTON on his return to Charleston to the recent manifesto of F. H. HILL, and I find that every leading rebel in the confederacy regards the expected election of SEYMOUR and BLAIR as a complete vindication of the rebellion, and as certain to restore the South to every right which she had before the war, including the "trampling into dust" by military feet the proclamation of freedom and the fourteenth amendment to the Constitution.

The contest presents a well-defined issue between the friends and the enemies of our Government.

I can not conceive how any intelligent man, who does not wish the rebels returned to power, the nation's faith violated, its debt repudiated, its name dishonored, its prosperity destroyed, its patriots insulted, and the "lost cause" restored, can vote against GRANT.

In my judgment the election of SEYMOUR and BLAIR would forthwith confuse and paralyze our business, and reduce the value of our property one-half.

To aid in averting this calamity I send you herewith twenty thousand dollars ($20,000), which I give to be used in the election of General GRANT in such manner as you and the committees with whom you act may think best. And I am, yours ever truly,

EDWARDS PIERREPONT.

BROADWAY AND CHAMBERS STREET,
NEW YORK, *Oct.* 12, 1868.

Edwards Pierrepont, New York City:

MY DEAR JUDGE,—It gives me great pleasure to know that you fully appreciate the consequences to all business men—indeed every one having any interest in the prosperity of our country—that must result from the election of General GRANT.

The question is presented to the people whether they will aid in electing an administration bent upon trampling loyalty into the dust and elevating upon its ruins a power controlled by rebel chiefs, whose motto will be, "The rebellion vindicated," with prostration to every branch of industry and business at the North, or whether we should place in the Executive Mansion one emphatically of the people, who has never acted except from a just sense of duty to his country, and from whose administration we will have all the blessings that can flow from peace in every department of our Government, inspiring a confidence that can only lead us to prosperity and happiness as a nation, and promising for us a future unequaled in the history of the past.

To secure this end I accept your generous contribution, and will apply it to such *proper* uses as may tend to bring about a result so full of promise of blessings to us all.

Sincerely your friend,

ALEXANDER T. STEWART.

FORGERIES.

SOME weeks ago the New York *World* declared that certain expressions of opinion by noted Democratic leaders in the Southern States, which were generally published in the Republican papers, were forgeries. We printed several such extracts under the caption, "Are they forgeries?" and among them a paragraph from the Mobile *Register*, edited by Mr. JOHN FORSYTH. Mr. FORSYTH, under his signature in his paper, charges us with forgery in perverting his meaning.

The simple truth is, that Mr. FORSYTH, after calling the present State Governments in the Southern States the rule of carpet-baggers, negroes, and scalawags, added: "And here we may as well say that the people of the South do not intend to submit to that permanent rule, result as the Presidential election may." We quoted these words as indicative of the spirit which the Southern Democratic leaders regard reconstruction; and we assert that it is because of FRANK BLAIR'S deliberate declaration that reconstruction should be overthrown by force that his nomination was so jubilantly hailed by those of whom Mr. FORSYTH is a fair representative.

In his long letter of reply Mr. FORSYTH says that we misuse—not misquote—his words, and that he did not mean any thing offensive. Mr. FORSYTH will pardon us if we infer the meaning of words from the conduct of those who use them. His friend Mr. YANCEY came to New York in 1860 and asked in the Cooper Institute whether it was to be expected that "the South" would submit to Mr. LINCOLN'S election. His words were not as strong as Mr. FORSYTH'S, but he meant rebellion, and it is foolish for the latter gentleman to plead a Pickwickian sense for his words. We quoted them fairly, and they were the point of his article. They were in no sense a forgery; and we repeat what we said in quoting them, that the nomination of General BLAIR upon his BRODHEAD letter, the declarations of WADE HAMPTON in regard to the platform, the whole course of the canvass, and the proved feeling of the friends of Mr. FORSYTH, "show distinctly that the policy of the Democratic party, should it succeed at the polls, will be the forcible overthrow of the governments of the Southern States."

Mr. FORSYTH'S general views of the rebellion are stated in another article, from which we quote as follows:

"Already the word 'Copperhead' has lost half of its odium in the northern public mind, and 'rebel' is getting to be understood as an armed protest against a faction that was inimical to human freedom and was at open war with the Constitution of the United States. .....The Confederate States bore the old Constitution with them, and set it upon their own altars for a purer, holier, and safer worship. And history will yet write that it was that act that through fire and blood saved the Constitution, and enabled the nation in the fullness of time to vindicate and re-enthrone it in their hearts and again plant it upon the altars of a common country."

He holds that the rebels are the loyal men, and that those who tried to smother the Union in blood are its truest friends. And his paper, the Mobile *Register*, in which he utters these sentiments, is editorially commended by the New York *World* as follows:

"The Mobile *Register*, in its various editions, is one of the most trusted and trust-worthy organs of Southern political opinion. It has been for fifty years a champion of Democratic principles."

LITERARY.

"M'PHERSON'S Hand-Book of Politics for 1868," published by PHILP & SOLOMONS, Washington, is indispensable to every one who would be accurately informed of current political affairs. The present volume contains the hand-book for three years past, and is a body of documents, votes, laws, speeches, proclamations, platforms, letters, opinions, messages, orders, and miscellany upon the whole subject of reconstruction. Mr. M'PHERSON who, as Clerk of the House of Representatives, has peculiar facilities for such a work, has skillfully condensed and selected, so that the manual is as convenient as it is copious. It is, of course, a work of permanent value.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE revenue case, in which Commissioner Rollins and Deputy Commissioner Harland were the defendants, was dismissed on the 7th by Commissioner Guttman, no evidence whatever being produced by the prosecution.

General Howell Cobb died suddenly at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in this city on the 9th instant.

President Johnson has through General Grant issued an order to the army and navy, instructing officers not to interfere with the holding of elections in the Southern States. These instructions were called forth by General Reynolds's late order forbidding an election for Presidential electors to be held in Texas.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Provisional Government, with Prim and Serrano at its head, seems to have firmly established itself in Spain. General Prim arrived in Madrid on the 8th instant. Espartero, who was at first thought of as the head of the Government, seems to have been discarded either on account of his advanced age or of his conservative sentiments. Our minister at Madrid, Mr. Hale, has recognized the new Government, and his action has been approved by Secretary Seward. Lersundi, Captain-General of Cuba, has formally acceded to the authority of the Provisional Government; but he is to be relieved by General Dulce. The first steps taken by the revolutionists promise good results. Its liberal action in regard to slavery in the colonies, its admission of delegates from Cuban citizens in Madrid, and its anxiety for the early assembling of the Cortes, show a disposition toward moderation rarely exhibited immediately after a popular uprising. In some cases—as in the matter of duties—the Government has overstepped its proper limits, and has usurped the proper functions of the Cortes. As to the form of government which will succeed this temporary arrangement, or whether indeed this arrangement will not be maintained, it is useless at the present time to speculate.

The King of Denmark has announced to the Danish Parliament that the negotiations with Prussia in regard to Schleswig-Holstein have reached no result. The Parliament has postponed for one year the ratification of the sale of St. Thomas.

The land question is the most radical one connected with Irish reform. It is reported that the British Parliament will take up this difficult question at an early day.

Hon. Reverdy Johnson, our Minister to England, has sent a cable dispatch to this Government, stating that he has signed a protocol with the British Government regulating the rights of naturalized citizens. The compact is similar in features to the treaty recently concluded by Mr. Bancroft with the German powers.

We give on another page a detailed account, with illustrations, of the recent events of the Paraguayan war. Lopez has retired from San Fernando to Asuncion.

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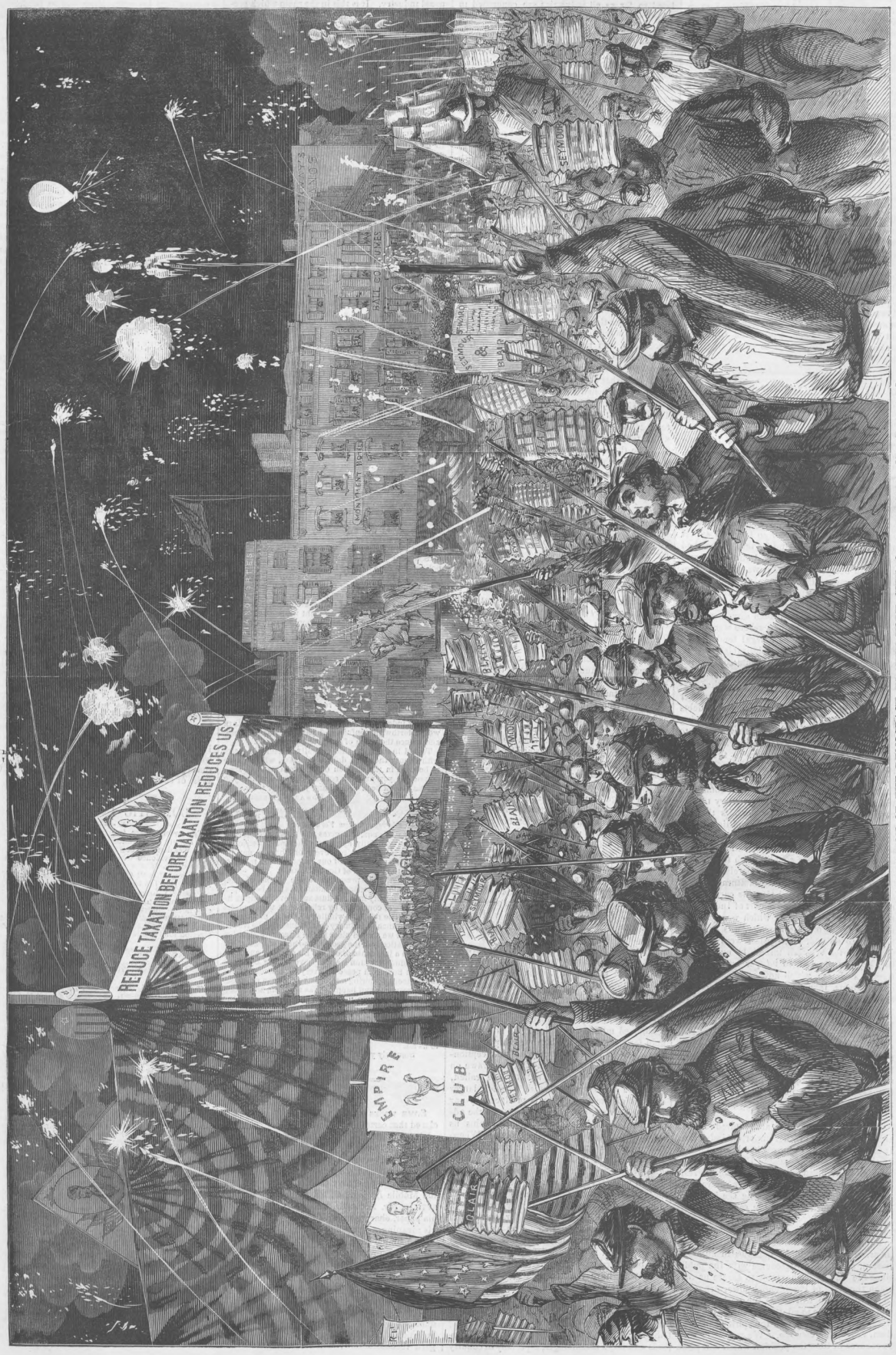

GRAND DEMONSTRATION OF THE DEMOCRACY IN NEW YORK CITY, OCTOBER 5, 1868.—[SEE PAGE 682.]

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LILY'S STORY.

THE scene of our story is a dépôt on the Georgia Railroad, not far from Augusta, and the time is the spring of 1866. Some things linked to it run back of that date for two generations.

I first saw the place on a dismal morning in February, for my father had bought the saw-mill, which was the principal feature of the place; and as the war-poverty had compelled a sale of our city home, he sought a livelihood and exemption from debt at the mill.

The first view was not charming. A building, long, low, rambling, and destitute of paint as of taste, was the railroad hotel and boarding-house. With our own, and half a score of negro shanties with dirt chimneys, it and they made the village.

There was a footpath which began ankle-deep in sand, and arose into the variety of gully, rock, and bramble which diversified the hill upon which stood our new home.

It was a box with a front-porch and four rooms, crowning the summit of said hill, and open to sun and wind; for not a shrub three feet high was left of the original black-jack and sweet-gum growth. The fence of rough boards inclosed half an acre of sand, two scraggy wild rose-bushes, and the kitchen. The pig-pen and other improvements came at a later date.

At the foot of this hill an immense bank of saw-dust marked the site of another mill,

> "Whose mules were dead
> Whose sawyer fled,
> And its lumber all departed."

Its yellow dust now partially bridged the swamp and made a passable wagon-road.

Beyond this spread a few hundred acres of fields, which were of sufficient fertility to average a dozen corn-stalks and as many ghosts of last year's poke-berries to the acre; and beyond this was pine timber, while the limit of vision still suggested—pine.

I saw all this before I entered the house. There, the pine ceiling of wrinkled, yellow grain, the furniture revealing some mahogany and marble; the books, and pictures, and fresh tints of the carpets; and, best of all, the flames that licked out red tongues from the turpentine of the logs, and roared and crackled up the huge chimneys, literally like "a house afire," all made me feel comfortable and at home.

Perhaps the reader will appreciate all this more when I introduce myself as being a girl named Mary, and fifteen years old.

The next day, bright, bracing, and sunny, the real *spring* weather of our clime, tempted me forth, and I found that in coming to the house I had turned my back upon the best; for there, beyond the railroad, lay a broad plain, arched for acres in eternal green, like some cathedral on a festal day; and in the cool shadow, where sunlight made mosaic as it gleamed through the arches and myriad pillars on the brown carpet of pine straw, there was a perpetual incense from the amber tears of the great stems; and the wind through a thousand pillared aisles breathed the mellowed thunder of nature's organ, and the whispering of the leaves seemed expectant of the anthem from the distant choir. The ages that had reared those great brown trunks to heaven, or strewn the long-leaved summer spoils upon the floor, seemed to be still present in the solitude, and every note of that solemn monotone that throbbed through the silence uttered only—God.

"HOW DID YOU EVER HAPPEN TO MARRY A MAN OLDER THAN YOURSELF?"

But nature is ever marred by man's intermeddling, and even the bold spring that leaped with a gurgle of joy from the rough heart of the hill-side, and sent a perfect fountain of yellow sand boiling from its bottom, was stopped before it had gleamed among the reeds for a dozen yards, and forced to become a frog-pond. From this durance vile it had two escapes. One, a spout where the most faithful old nurse in the world, Aunt Mary, used to wash her clothes; the other, a viaduct of hollowed logs leading under rock and bramble, swamp, saw-dust, and railroad, to at last assert its hydraulic principles and fill the great wooden tank of five hundred barrels, at which the iron horse loved to drink till the cold water would hiss and bubble in his hot throat.

Some half a mile down his iron track was the new saw-mill—

> "Its mules hauling logs, the great shed beneath,
> Where the puff of steam was whirling the teeth
> Of the circular saw through the lumber,"

and where a score of sweating negroes, in ventilated pantaloons, were shoveling saw-dust, piling plank, adjusting bands and stop-cocks, and a congregation of wives and children, evidently possessed of hereditary hydrophobia, admired from the doors of their shanties the all things which constitute the poetry of saw-mills. I may as well confess that at night, when the "pillar of cloud" floats in lessened density from the great, black chimney up through the stars; when such fires roar up those chimneys of sticks and mud as might fuse brick ones; when the inevitable fiddle comes from the box under the bed, and men and women join their full, powerful voices in the hymns that are all rhyme and no reason; *then* there is a weird enchantment about the whole scene, with a little of the Macbeth witch effect, and a good deal of honest peace and Christian content. But when some mischievous hand touches the lever of the engine-whistle, and the voice of the steam fiend howls through the gloom, the witch effect is (to use a Georgiaism) "right smart ahead."

One pleasant afternoon, in the mild April days that *did* come at last, my household friends, or at least the whites of the family, seemed to have all deserted our windy hill. Father was directing

FLOATING FOR DEER IN THE ADIRONDACKS.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 679.]

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a score of colored American citizens, who piled ton after ton of plank and scantling on the dozen cars which constituted the body and tail of the railroad reptile, of which the great black head was hissing away like a helpless old tea-kettle. Mother was on a visit to Augusta. Brother absent biographing some "distinguished" or other, and I

"All alone,
With the moan
Of a dreaming dog in my ear."

And nothing on earth to do all the long afternoon but to look at our young cook, Lily, as she sat on the porch steps in the sun, and sewed on a shirt for her husband.

She had been called "the lily child" by her parents in compliment to the three-fourths of white blood in her veins, and had been married two years to Hansell Ruff, the colored foreman of the mill hands. She began in a pleasant but monotonous tone to hum the words of a poem she had seen in the Atlanta *Era*, and had herself adapted to a negro melody. As I was lonely, and the dog had been dismissed to accompany the orphan pig that wandered about the yard, and as the frogs of the pond would not open before dusk, I asked her to sing it. She did so, little comprehending how true a picture it presented of her own race, hurried into freedom, as were Israel from the land mourning its first-born dead, and yet so poor and homeless as to sigh for slavery, as did that people for the "flesh-pots" of their Egypt.

The words were Watson's, and I give them as worth preserving:

"A freedman sat on a pile of bricks,
As the rain was pattering down;
His shoes were worn and his coat was torn,
And his hat was without a crown.
He viewed the clouds and he viewed himself,
And shook the wet from his head,
With a tear in his eye, as he saw go by
A boy with a loaf of bread.
Then raising his voice in a dolesome tone,
That sounded like a gong,
While the rain came down on his happy crown,
He sang to himself this song:

" De wind blows cold, but I's done with toil,
And I's lef' de cotton patch:
I guess ole Massa tink he count
His chickens fore dey hatch.
I totes no more de heavy load,
Nor drives old Missus round:
I wonder who dey's gwine to get
To work de patch ob ground.
Den fling away the plow and hoe,
Dis am de jubilee:
De rain may come, de wind may blow,
But bress de Lord I's free!

"' But I tink last night, as I tried to sleep
Upon the muddy ground,
While the rain was drippin' on my head,
And de wind was whizzin' round,
I'd like to hab my light'ood fire
And my cabin back again,
For de wedder's gettin' berry cold
Out here in all dis rain.
But den I's done wid rake and hoe,
Dis am de jubilee;
De rain may come, de wind may blow,
But bress de Lord I's free!

"'De odder day when Pinkey died
I tink it berry good
Dat de dear Lord should take her off
Before dis cold wind blowed:
But den 'twas hard to see her die—
I wish she'd not been born—
I's 'fraid she perished, for she asked
About de rice and corn.
But den I's done wid rake and hoe,
Dis am de jubilee;
De rain *may* come, de wind *may* blow,
But bress de Lord I's free!"

"'And Dinah sits dere on de ground,
And looks so thin and poor;
She can not sing the song she sung
About de cabin door.
Her poor ole limbs are almost bare;
Her cheek-bone's comin' froo;
I almost wish de Lord would come
And take her up dere too.
But den *she's* done wid rake an' hoe,
Dis am de jubilee;
De rain may come, de wind may blow,
But bress de Lord she's free!

"'I dreamt las' night ole Massa come
And took us home wid he
To de log-cabin dat we lef'
When first dey sot us free:
And dere I built de light'ood fire,
And Dinah cooked de yam:
Dey say dat dreams am sometimes true;
I wonder if dis one am.
But den I's flung away de hoe,
To hab a jubilee;
De rain may come, de wind may blow,
But bress de Lord I's free!'"

As I looked at Lily, with her dusky cheeks of as rich a color as ever Moorish blood gave to the girls of Spain; her jetty hair crinkling its short masses into an effort to curl; her bright and saucy black eyes; the unmistakable Saxon dimple at the corners of her mouth; and neck and arms perfectly faultless in their curves—I wondered how it was that she, a girl of twenty, and the pride and belle of every negro dancing frolic in the settlement, should ever have mated with the sedate husband of forty-five.

So I asked: "Does Hansell ever dance when he goes with you to weddings and frolics?"

"Bless you, no, Mistress! He's done with all such foolishness long ago, and he generally stays at home now and minds the baby."

"How did you ever happen to marry a man older than yourself?"

"It's a long story to tell."

"Well, if you will tell it to me I will sew up that sleeve for you, as I have nothing that I want to do else."

She was willing enough, as she loved to talk and also to be helped; and the following is what I remember of it, and nearly her language:

"You see, Missus, that while I was young and foolish, and liked young men best, I had sense enough to know that a good steady provider *was* best; and so I chose meat, and bread, and good clothes, over dancing and fun abroad, and dry bread at home.

"Hansell Ruff always was free, and was agoing to buy me and have our children free if we could; and then he worked for himself and had money, and there's a principle in money, you know. So he promised to follow me wherever the white folks took me, and I always laid off to have him; but he had a hard time to get me, sure!"

"How so, Lily?"

"Well, I'll tell it all through. The old folks—and that's Dad and Mam—they said he was a power too old for me, and that they never liked free niggers no way. Then Hans—that's Ruff, you know—he once on a time had another wife that still lives in this settlement; but when she took to a white man Hans quit her for good; but that made him be talked about. So he kept courtin' me, and brought me a heap of candy and cakes and all sorts of nice things.

"One night, when he was a settin' up to me, Dad—that's father, you know—he speaks up and says: 'Lily's so ramblin' and wild I don't know what to do with her nohow.' Then Hans, he ups and says, 'Give her to me. I'll feed her, and never strike her a lick either.'

"And Dad and Mam both says: 'Take her and welcome;' but they didn't mean it for earnest, as Hans hoped they did.

"So when he got to coming oftener they flew all to flinders, and forbid him the house. He kept bringing me fruit and candy, or sending it, but never set down nor staid. One night he brought me a basket of big red apples, and just set it down by me, saying, 'I thought you might want some apples. Good-night all,' and went off again as common.

"Before he was out of the yard they asked me for some, and I handed over the basket, but said, 'Mammy, if I couldn't ask Ruff into the house I wouldn't eat his apples.'

"So the next time he come, Mam asked him to come in and take a chair, but he said, 'No, thank you,' and went away.

"I used to slip out and talk to him at the fence; but old folks don't sleep sound, and they listened to us, and then they locked me up of nights in a cabin a good piece off to itself.

"Well, Mr. Ruff—that's Hans, you know—he found me out, and could open the padlock with a nail, and used to tote me fat pine of nights, and set up and be company for me. I reckon he come to see me more'n a dozen times, and he used to tell me a story about his parents away over in Africa, and it was so powerful interestin' I made him tell it so often that I know it by heart."

"Do tell me that," I asked, and she replied:

"Laws, Miss Mary, it makes the story a heap longer, but just as you say."

So there came a story within a story.

"I don't know only what Hans says, but it appears like there's a powerful river, or an ocean, he calls it, that runs between where white people stay and where black people stay, and its mighty hot there, and named Africa. Once upon a time there was a great nation, all black, and more nations all around, and them black too. I reckon like South Carolina and Georgia and Alabam', but I don't know. Well, in this nation the granddad—that's grandfather, you know—of Hans, he was a king over the nation, and that's more than a governor, or a justice of the peace, or a Freedmen's Bureau. This king was Hansell Ruff's grandfather, and that's his father's father, and he was a great man. It was a great country too. There was cocoa-nuts just like we grate up to make pies of, only growing wild on trees taller than pine; and monkeys and little niggers had to climb to get them. There was roots—I reckon they was like yams, for they cooked them—and there was the powerfulest timber and biggest leaves you ever heard of. Then there was elephants like come in the show to Augusta, and the colored people got their teeth to sell, and there was another sort of elephants in the big rivers; and in the big weeds and dark woods there was lions and more things, the biggest kind, that could whip a dog. Then there was birds, and one sort with bonnet feathers in their tails, and Hans says bigger than ten turkey-gobblers; but I don't believe all that. I don't believe much about the rattlesnakes that don't rattle and don't bite, but can swallow a child, nor the ant-hills as big as a cabin, nor that it ain't never cold there; but Hans says his grandfather see it all. It's all true, though, about one snake, because there's a snake-house, and some of the oldest kind of niggers, that is too old to be bit, they stay there and do their best to keep the snake in it. These old men take the little finger and toe bones of children that die, and put them into a skin with some bitter roots, and all the men have them, and so the big snake don't bite them. Hans had one, but I made him throw it away, for they don't stop snake bites here; for people have died in this settlement of snake bites, with the finger-charms in their pockets. But they do good over there, and save all but young girls. The snake bites them when nobody is about, and when they holler 'Snake! snake!' and people run, the snake is gone, and the girl done bit, and presently she gets mad and breaks things.

"Well, Hans's father's father he was the king, and besides Hans's father, that was a likely boy then, he had a girl child that he thought a power of, for she was the likeliest girl in Africa, and was to marry a king.

"She was grown, but people don't have any age by years in that country, and one day the girl was out alone, and, poor thing! the big snake was out of his house and bit her. She squalled, but when her father come it was gone, and she was mad, for the father of Hans remembered that she broke the water-gourd, and throw'd the skins for beds outdoors, and cut up powerful, and would look scared, and then stop and laugh fit to kill herself, and then cut up worse than ever.

"So the old men took her to the snake-house, as they always did, and got pay for it. They got some beads and red cloth, and lots of things for her; for she was a king's daughter, and he traded with white people.

"Well, the poor girl had to stay a month to be cured, and when she came back she wasn't good cured, for she cried all the time like she was sick and wanted to die; and she said it was all a story about the snake, for she never saw any, but the old men had told her to do that way, and they would make her husband good to her.

"Hans thinks she said so because she wasn't cured good, but pretty soon, after a while, she had a child, and never married the king but died. Then the king was proper mad, and he made a speech to all his company, that was bigger than a regiment; and they all went and piled brush over the snake-house and the old men in it, and burned them all up. Hans thinks that the conjure-bones they all had kept the old men from setting the snake on them; but leastways they did wrong, for they never had any good luck after that, or the king didn't.

"You see the snake-house was the snake-house of two nations and another nation—that's three; and they was mad at the sin of burning up the old men, and the young king was mad that he didn't get his wife; and so they made a fight with their two companies against the father's father of Hans and his one company.

"They had a way in that nation to find out things that would happen, and the way was to kill a colored girl, if they couldn't get a white man, and the king to eat just as much as he could possible hold of the body roasted, and sleep on the bank of a river as big as the Savannah.

"But this king was powerful tender-hearted, and he never allowed his people to eat people, and he said he wasn't agoing to do it himself. But, you see, in his sleep by the river a whole lot of little people, not bigger than monkeys, they would come to the king that was asleep, and form a ring, and dance. Then there was two kinds of them, and one kind was ugly like niggers from the way low down Africa, and mean and no sense, and never washed their clothes, and eat meat not baked, and was terrible ugly. The other set of little people was the prettiest kind of colored people, most white, and wore clothes out of flowers, and were the sort that know where elephants go to die, and know where the gold in the river comes from, and can walk on the air, and don't live in the ground like the ugly ones. Well, after all these join hands, and dance around the king, they all divide out, and then he sees the king his company has to fight, and all the little people take sides. Then the king that will whip in the fight always gets the pretty people on his side, and they always whip the upstart ugly ones. So when the king wakes up in the morning he knows if he or the other one will whip, and he is brave and fights, or else makes presents and gives up.

"So you see this king was powerful anxious to know it all, but he wouldn't eat men, and I don't blame him! Not even a girl taken in war would he eat. But, you see, he *must* know before he had the fight, and so he says, 'A dog is the next thing to a man,' and he had a dog baked, and eat all he could.

"He went to the river, and the people built the fires to keep lions away, and then left him to sleep.

"But he come back in the morning, mad as could be. He said that he eat too much to sleep sound, and the mosquitoes like to have bit him to death, and a lion would have eat him up, if it hadn't burnt its foot in the fire and run away. As for the little people, he hadn't seen any, and didn't believe there was any, nor any big snake to bite girls either.

"The young men thought as he did, but all the old ones cried, and said it was the worst sort of a sign; and all gathered roots for them to wear and not be killed. Also snake bones.

"Well, the fight come on, and it was the powerfulest fight ever known, except Bull Run. They kept fighting and fighting, one company against two companies, and the king that eat the dog and couldn't dream, he whipped all the others, and his son, that was Hansell's father, he kept with the king, and they fought all about, and run the others all over the woods, and run some into the river where alligators were waiting for them, and killed some in the woods, and took lots and killed lots.

"But this king he was too fast. He and his son, named Prince, as Hans says, they outrun every body and got right among the biggest kind of a crowd of the others that was running away. But these didn't like to be all killed by two people, even if they was a king and his son, so they killed the king and took his son and just carried him right along.

"The Prince, that's Hans's father, now his grandfather being dead, he expected to be cooked and eat up, but they carried him right to where the biggest river of all, named the ocean, was, then stopped and tied him all night. The next day he saw a boat as big as a steamboat only with white cloth for the wind to blow, just like that you showed me in my Reader, and said was a ship.

"That day for the first time he saw white men. He thought they bought him to eat, from the way they looked at him and felt of him, but when the axes and looking-glasses and beads were paid for him and a whole lot more, they took him in little boats on what you say is a ship. He liked it at first, but when they put trace-chains on his legs, and chained him and nearly five hundred more (so Hans says) altogether, and put them all down in a dark hole, then it was bad, and so hot they would all fight to get to the hole where they came down and get air. But the ship started, and then they all got dreadful sick, and no more fighting for air. They couldn't.

"It seemed like there was no other side to the river or ocean, but they must have been going up or down it, for they went day after day and never stopped. At first the water for drinkin' was good, and they could hear the wind blow and the salt-water wash the boat, and while the river wasn't steady but jolted them about terrible, still it wasn't so bad about air.

"But pretty soon the drinkin' water got worse and worse, and less to eat, and no fresh meat, and only hard bread, and the water would smell bad, and when they would throw it out and make signs for good water the white men would talk loud and whip them.

"Then the wind stopped blowing, and they thought they were there, for the ship didn't seem to go at all. But they were not there, for when some got sick and died they all had to climb up and run around on the roof that was flat, and the ones too sick to run got whipped, and all did if they went slow. The air was good up there, but the wind didn't blow, and they didn't go at all.

"Then Hans said his father said it was dreadful, for they were glad to get water at all, and only got enough to wet their mouths, and at first twice a day, and then only once; and that was worse than swamp water, for it was dirty and had wiggle-tails in it. Bread was scarce too, and hard and bad. Then Hans says the white men must have been bit by a snake and had no conjure-bones from the way they cut up, for they slashed and beat the colored people all day long. They seemed to get mad to see them die, for they did die, and they would carry them up and the chains be taken off, and then they would be thrown in the water like dogs; and great fish got so used to it they would wait to eat them and jump like a minnow after bait.

"Down in the hole it was most awful hot, and such a smell as nobody ever heard of before nor since. But it was too bad to talk about among Christian people; and the listening to the dead men and the women and children going splash into the water, and thinking a fish might get him before he was good dead, was the worst part of all, so his father said.

"At last so many died that all there was left could get to the air-hole at once; and after days and days a wind came and they started again, and not so many died.

"They expected to get there soon, but neither bank of the ocean could be seen yet; and it was wide all the way since they started.

"At last there was land, and while they were most dead for water, they all danced and sung like mad.

"Well, the land wasn't Africa, but this side; and one dark night they all had to part wade, part swim, and got on the bank and had the chains taken off, and then walked into the woods and got good water, and meat, and bread.

"Then they walked to a rice plantation and a good man got them, for they were fed and had clothes, and learned to tend rice fields and get rice and catch fish. Hans says oysters come from there.

"One day Hans's father saw his master in washing, and saw one of the same fish that used to eat the dead trying to catch his master. So the old man, who was Hansell's father, and young then, he was close on the spot in the boat, and he jumped right into the water and cut the fish with his knife till the white man got into the boat. But just as he was helping Hansell's father in, and was safe himself, the fish, named a shark, caught the foot of the brave colored man and bit it right off.

"But the white man, his master, was a good white man, and took him to his own house and had him carried like a baby; and when he come to himself (for he was most dead from bleeding) he saw a doctor for the first time, and was nursed till his leg all cured up, only he had to have a crutch.

"Then the white man took him to the State of Kentucky and set him free, and gave him a hundred dollars and left him.

"When the old man was tired of Kentucky he come back to Georgia with his free papers, and liked these parts and staid here; and here he got married in his old age, and here Hansell Ruff, my husband, was born.

"So that is the end of the King of Africa, and that is the way Hans was always free. He was born so, like St. Paul was."

I laughed at her queer idea of the Roman citizenship of the Apostle, but said, "I like all of it very much, but you left off your own story when shut up of nights in the cabin. How long did that last?"

"A good while. But one time I hid to keep from being locked up; for, when Hansell did not come, I was afraid of ghosts."

"Did your father find you?"

"He did that; for he got me out, and then give me a lick on the back with his big stick that he kept to whip us with. I had to run fast to keep off the whipping; but Mam she begged for me, and so I got off, and that was near about the last of locking me up."

"Did your father ever find out that Hansell visited you in your jail?"

"I think so; for he come home one night from the field mad enough to turn white, only he didn't. He tore about and slapped all the little children and swore 'if Hansell Ruff ever came foolin' about him he would break his head.'

"I was scared; but Hans come about as usual. One Sunday I went to a meeting-house about five miles off to meet Hansell there. And there was Kezzy, or *Kezia*, as she called herself, who used to be Hansell's wife, and some of my friends told me not to eat any thing that day, for she had swore to poison me before I left the hill. I was dressed fine, and flew about as much as I could just to aggravate her, and she looked dangerous enough to bite. I got lots of cake, but was afraid to eat, and liked to have starved until Hansell got me some chicken and biscuit from his white folks, and I wasn't afraid of that.

"She was a mean thing, as old as Hansell, and black as tar."

"But how did you get married?"

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"Why, you see, when Dad questioned my intentions I told him it was my intentions to have Mr. Ruff, and he got so mad that I was actually afraid. So me and Hans we pretended to have a falling out, and I didn't speak to him nor him to me for nigh onto a month. That fooled them all, you see, and they said I was sensible at last, and quit watching us.

"So one moonshiny night Hansell he hired a preacher, and both come to Tilla's cabin, right in the yard, and I slipped on a dress, and was soon there. When the preacher talked enough so they all said we were safe, they called Dad and Mam to come and see the rest of it. But they was so mad they wouldn't come, and he prayed a good prayer for us to live happy and be good, and said then that I was Mrs. Ruff, and for good.

"So Hansell made me a good husband, and I haven't seen one sorry day yet."

"Have you always kept together during the war?"

"Nearly always, for he followed me. Once he had to stay till Christmas at a place, because his word was to stay; but he come forty-seven miles on the cars Christmas-eve, and, as we had moved again, he walked about ten miles before day to find me.

"He kept close to me till freedom come, and since then we have had full and plenty, and old master is going to give us land to tend on shares, and maybe Hansell can buy it some day, and we have a home for our children when we are old and they grown."

This seemed the end of her story, for she said, "Your Pa will get a late supper if I fool away time here:" and soon she was returning with the spring balancing the cedar bucket that brimmed with water; and her attitude was much that ascribed to "Edna Earl," if her chant was not so grand nor thoughts so sublime. Her song was a triumphal contrast to Watson's, and something like this:

"Say, darkeys, have you seen ole massa,
With the mustach on his face,
Go along dis road some time dis morning
Like he's gwine to leab de place?
He seed de smoke way up de ribber,
Whar de Linkum gun-boats lay;
He picked up his hat and left very sudden,
I 'spec dat he's run away.
Massa run away!
Darkeys stay, oho!
Must be he know dat de kingdom's comin',
Or de year of jubilo!"

Since that day I have often thought of Lily's story, and while it lacks many of the true essentials of first-class literature, still it is much as she told it. I regret that I have forgotten many of her peculiar Africanized English expressions; for it is customary to put in all possible scraps of foreign learning; and if I could but interlard the foregoing pages with a few genuine quotations from the negro language they would be less understood, and hence more popular, than French or Greek.

This defect I confess; for even when I heard the story the language of Lily was good English for a country servant.

There is more than one hearty child now in the cabin which they may one day own, and as I see them from time to time beneath the sheltering arms of the great oak above their humble home, and behold the steady, honest labor which cheers their poverty and lessens it day by day, I ask myself, if for their children, if not for themselves, there is not a brighter beyond than this they now possess; a Canaan beyond some Jordan for their race?

Hansell Ruff is the most obedient and faithful of all his humble and faithful race, and yet his father was a freedman and his grandsire was a KING.

FLOATING FOR DEER IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

OUR artist thus describes the subject of his sketch on page 677:

Some time after nightfall we lit the two candles in the jack and left the shanty, taking the trail for the lake a few rods distant. Finding the light skiff we quickly blew out the candles, and set the jack-staff in its position in the bow. MAX took his usual place in the stern. Shoving off I located in the forward seat with face toward the bow. Now all was quiet. Presently a slight rustle against the side of the boat, as she was urged with noiseless paddle among and through the broad lily leaves that girdle the shore. Some moments elapsed, during which time I had made some astronomical observations, and MAX had made a considerable distance with our little craft; now we were only floating, for the paddle, though still in the water, was motionless. It is almost indescribable: the stillness only broken by the occasional splash of a trout jumping for a miller, or the hoot of an owl far up on the mountain-side. Splash! splash! far down by the marsh at the lower end of the lake. I stop my musing. MAX's paddle is moving silently as ever, but each push is stronger. Splash! splash! again. The paddle-stroke is stronger, but no noise. I feel for my matches and the rough pebble that is to be used for lighting them. The paddle-stroke now is longer and slower. The boat is being headed directly toward the spot from which the occasional sound of the splashes seems to come. Again the paddle is still; match and pebble are ready. I am only awaiting MAX's signal—a slight jerk of the boat. Then the match is lit, and hidden in the hands until it burns freely; now up to the candles, which are lit in an instant, and the jack is turned fair to the front. The paddle is already sending the boat forward. MAX is no longer guided by the splash; two bright sparks of light glow through the darkness in front of us; these are the eyes of the deer. In a moment more there is a light spot discernible. Gradually this takes shape. The boat is just moving; my rifle is slung forward and cocked; now we are within twenty yards of a handsome buck. The motion of the boat has ceased. The slight jerk that comes from MAX is answered by a stream of fire which flames from the long black rifle-barrel: this for a single instant lights up the scene. The crack of the rifle echoes and re-echoes across the lake and among the forest-clad hills. "Only jumpt twice," quoth MAX. "Bustin' about over the Plains after buffaler an' the like ain't took none of the shoot off you, that's sure. The deer that was, venison that be, will now take a ride on the lake," remarked MAX, as we proceeded to haul the dead deer into the boat, and shove off for the shanty, on the way to which we laughed over the scenes that we had both witnessed while paddling green ones up to deer. "Many's the buck-shot-gun I've seen emptied by fellers close up to the wild cattle that climbs over these mountains without doing worse than getting up a scare for them," said MAX, as his now noisy paddle splashed and splashed again.

OCTOBER.

O'er crickets, hush your boding song!
I know the truth it makes so plain—
Ye say that autumn dies ere long,
And soon the winter's wrath and wrong
Will chill the pallid world again.

Oh, mournful wind of midnight, cease
To breathe your low prophetic sigh;
Too clearly for my spirit's peace
I see the mellow days' decrease,
And feel December drawing nigh.

Fall silently, October rain,
Nor take that wailing under-tone—
Nor beat so loudly on the pane
The sad, monotonous refrain
Which tells me summer-time has flown.

Be charier of your golden days,
Oh goldenest month of all the throng!
Oh pour less lavishly your rays!
Hoard carefully your purple haze,
So haply it may last more long!

Spendthrift October! art thou wise
Who wastest in thy plenteous prime
More beauty on the earth and skies,
More hue and glow, than would suffice
To brighten all the winter-time?

Yes—better autumn all delight,
And then a winter all unblest,
Than months of mingled dark and bright,
Of faded tints and pallid light,
Imperfect dreams and broken rest.

Ah, better if our life could know
One wholly happy, perfect year,
One time of cloudless joy and glow—
And then its days of rayless woe—
Than this commingled hope and fear—

This doubt and dread which naught consoles—
Which marks our brows ere manhood's prime;
This dark uncertainty which rolls
Like chariot-wheels across our souls,
And makes us old before our time.

So pour your light, October skies,
Oh fairest skies which ever are!
Put on, O Earth, your bravest dyes,
And smile, although the cricket cries,
And winter threatens from afar!

THE HONEYMOON HOTEL.

IF you are getting on in years, and want to be reminded seriously of the flight of Time, I recommend you (and especially if you do not go to Chapel) to resort to the Honeymoon Hotel. The situation is "salubrious"—a word, by-the-by, that seems exclusively appropriated by advertisers—and the prospects it commands sublime. The charges, it is true, are enormous; but then it is not every hotel bill in which a great moral lesson is included. It is located on the southern coast of England, at the foot of a stupendous cliff, with a broad sloping fringe of garden-ground intervening between it and the sea. The cliff itself has also, by the ingenuity of man (aided, as I should think, by the suggestion of woman), been partially cultivated. The winding paths that have been cut in its face are not only adorned with flowers, which awaken thoughts, if not too deep for tears, at least of the deepest wonder as to how they ever got there, but also with innumerable arbors, each for the accommodation of two persons; for there the guests of the Honeymoon Hotel are to be found seated in fond pairs, hand clasped in hand, in ecstatic admiration of the scenery. The panting of the visitor gives sufficient notice of his approach to prevent their being discovered (as they often are in the garden below) looking at one another, and apparently with but one arm apiece. These couples are all young; some of them beautiful, and I dare say accomplished. They are egotistic, of course, or rather Dualistic. They have their being in one another. Land and sea seem to be made for them, and them only; and I may also add the Moon, which appears to have almost as great an attraction for them as for the tides. But I am anticipating. Had I had any idea of the objects of envy that would be presented to my notice, I would have stopped at home rather than have invaded, in company with my middle-aged consort, this Paradise, where every Eve was young as the morn. A broad hint of the state of affairs was indeed dropped by the driver of the coach which conveyed us to this retreat from the railway station; but at that time it was too late to alter our plans.

"Going to the 'Oneymoon 'Otel, are you, Sir?" said he. "A very favorite place that is with young couples, *and for the matter of that*," added he, with a glance of apology (which was not by any means accepted) at my wife, "*with old uns too*."

This was not a pleasant augury for our self-complacency during our little trip, I think; and it was borne out by the event. We were most favorably impressed, however, by the appearance of the hotel itself (which, of course, does not go by the name which I have given to it, or persons over thirty would avoid it); it is more like what is understood by the word Bower than an inn; yes, a Bower of Beatitude. It is overgrown with roses and honey-suckles; the front-door bell is so concealed behind a passion-flower that a stranger can scarcely find it. A gentle cooing, issuing from a lofty pigeon-house, pervades the spot, as though to indicate the presence of the human ring-doves within this Temple of Love. The apartments are as little like those of an ordinary hotel as of a lodging-house. They are well, and even tastefully furnished, and lavishly adorned with flowers. Books in elegant bindings, the contents of which are principally devoted to the tender passion, are strewed about the sitting-rooms. Byron and Moore seem the favorite authors. The tender passages are underlined in pencil, and there are copious annotations; opposite to the former writer's absurd description of Lara, I found written in a female hand: "How like my Charles!"

The above-mentioned poets are not particularly popular with us, but my wife and I were both annoyed when we found them removed upon the second day of our stay, and works of a much more sober character substituted for them: Hannah More's works, for instance, instead of Moore's. This was not the first slight that had been put upon us on account of our advanced time of life. I noticed that the waiter never ventured to enter any other sitting-room but ours without first knocking at the door, to apprise the devoted pair within. Now he never knocked at our door. There was, of course, no particular reason why he should, but I think (and my wife thought so to) it would have been more delicate in him to have done so.

The sitting-rooms all opened upon a lovely lawn, with rustic benches, adapted for two persons sitting pretty close to one another; and, besides, there was a veranda similarly provided. The inmates of the hotel shrunk from all public notice, and studiously avoided the acquaintance and even the observation of their fellow-couples, but this veranda afforded, nevertheless, some excellent opportunities to the natural historian. I subjoin some Observations upon Early Pairs—that is, on the character and conduct of newly-married couples, as observed daily from a shaded spot in our own parlor, and out of the corner of my eye.

The male bird is first seen. He perches himself on a bench outside, and casts retrospective glances into the sitting-room for the coming of the Beloved Object to make his tea. He is attired in as gorgeous plumage as though he were about to perambulate Pall Mall, instead of stroll upon the sea-shore all day. The newspaper lies folded on his knee. What are politics or polemics to Edwin when he is waiting for his Emma. Presently there is a flutter of some ample but delicate substance, and out she comes, in muslin, radiant as a star. She stoops down and presses her coral lips to his sublime forehead, then stands with one hand lightly resting on his shoulder, looking out upon the cerulean deep. She says something in a soft bewitching tone, eulogistic of the scenery. He replies with some pretty compliment upon herself. She pats his manly cheek rebukingly, and steps on to the lawn to pluck a flower for his button-hole; in doing so, she catches sight of the present writer, blushes like the rose she has gathered, and flits back with the dreadful news that they are not entirely alone. It is one of the prettiest pantomimes in the world. In some cases this performance is repeated, morning after morning; but in others the performance, after a day or two, varies considerably. Edwin gradually awakens from his dream of bliss, and begins to take an interest in the *Times*. I hear him ringing for the waiter and inquiring, in a tone of solicitude, if there are Prawns for breakfast. If he is a sluggard by nature, his old habit reasserts itself, and Emma will present herself first in the veranda, making a sunshine in that shady place. She cuts the newspaper for her lord, but never reads it; she may hold it up before her, but it is as likely as not to be upside down. If a smile irradiates her pretty face, it is of him she is thinking. Presently the wretch comes down to receive his tribute of a kiss (I hear it through the open window so distinctly, that it gives me quite a thrill), after which begins a tinkling of spoons—I allude to the breakfast service—and tender muffled talk. On the third morning the male bird smokes in the veranda, and I perceive that, instead of the pair of shiny shoes in which he has previously appeared, he wears slippers. The next day I catch him occasionally taking out his watch, as though time was going just a little slow at the Honeymoon Hotel; at the end of the week he yawns. I am sorry for Emma: but I can not say that I am displeased upon my own account. The contemplation of that unalloyed bliss was something too aggravating. Besides, I feel myself so superior to this careless bridegroom; I should treat his Emma so differently if she were *my* Emma; it seems to me that I should never get tired of her winning ways.

When I said that these happy couples made no acquaintance with their fellow-pairs, I did not mean it to be inferred that they took no notice of one another; quite the reverse. The rival Emmas would regard one another, when each thought the other was not looking, with the eye of a professional valuer or broker; one, so to speak, took stock of the other from head to foot, and certainly did not overestimate her value—the other Edwin's bargain. Yes, I am quite confident, from the expression of their faces while making these calculations, that they were not extravagant ones. The bridegroom might be injudicious enough to praise, but the bride only *appraised*. She took no notice of the other husbands whatever. You see there was only one man in the world as far as she was concerned; but she was not quite so certain that for her Edwin (although he was almost an angel) there was only one woman. At least upon no other ground can I account for her evident hostility toward those who seemed to me as lovely and innocent as herself. As for the rival Edwins, they were not aware of each other's existence.

The position of my wife and myself among these ring-doves was incongruous and embarrassing enough; but if a gentleman and his family were to arrive at the Honeymoon Hotel, I do not know what would be done. The diplomatic waiter would have to explain to him, I suppose, that he had mistaken the character of that establishment altogether. There is no accommodation for children: no facilities for the entertainment of "parties" exceeding two in number. The vehicles kept on hire are generally of that description which Mr. Punch has associated with sending articles to the wash; small basket-carriages, in which Edwin lolls like a lotus-eater while Emma drives the pony. Since the institution of the Ark, in fact, I should doubt whether any dwelling-place has been constructed so exclusively for the reception of Pairs as the Honeymoon Hotel. It is not adapted for the sober joys of matrimony, but is an asylum devoted to young persons laboring under mental delusion, intoxication, delirium. There is no visible restraint put upon the patients; the rooms are padded only in the sense of being exceedingly comfortable; yet the treatment pursued seems to be most efficacious. In a week, or a fortnight at most, there is a sensible improvement in almost every case. First, there are lucid intervals; and in time Reason completely reassumes her sway.

The intelligent proprietor favored me with many curious anecdotes concerning the afflicted persons who resorted to his establishment; but I do not consider myself justified in repeating them. The patients referred to are all thoroughly cured, and might recognize with pain the description of their short-lived lunacy. Upon the whole, I may say that no reformatory or other institution for the amelioration of my fellow-creatures which I have inspected, ever afforded me so much interest as did my observations at the Honeymoon Hotel. To the friends of "Those who are about to marry," I can most conscientiously recommend this well-conducted retreat; while even over elderly couples—for no bachelor would of course be admitted—the place will be found to exercise a wholesome effect. It will convince them of the absurdity of that period of their lives which they are accustomed to sentimentally regret as its palmy time. The bill being framed, like every thing else, for the benefit of young couples only, may be thought by others a little extortionate; but then, as I before observed, a great moral lesson is included (along with the fees to servants). It will be most unmistakably impressed upon you that you are not so young as you used to be; that you are out of the category of Honeymoon couples altogether; and that the description of bliss of which you are perhaps an impatient spectator, may be destined for your boys and girls in due time, but never more for you.

I confess, for my own part, that on one or two occasions I did feel just a little envious. Was it wrong? Ah, but if you had only seen the Emma!

Upon the whole, however, in our stolid, long-wedded matter-of-fact fashion, we enjoyed ourselves at the Honeymoon Hotel, notwithstanding that I saw we excited pity. Our beautiful little sitting-room was taken over our heads, as it were, by a couple of young people, evidently in the worst stage of the local malady, and whose united ages could not have exceeded forty. I heard the female patient make some remark concerning me, as I passed them in the hall, which I felt sure was of a complimentary character, but being a little deaf, I could not catch the exact words.

"What was it that charming pretty girl said about *me*?" inquired I of my consort as we drove away.

"I don't agree with you that she is pretty," replied she, severely; "but her remark was: 'How like that gentleman is to dear papa!'"

"Well, my love," replied I, "the coachman was right; we had no business at the Honeymoon Hotel, for we are a pair of old uns."

"Yet he added," said my wife, with a touching tenderness, "that we should find it pleasant, nevertheless, and I think we did so."

"My dear," said I, "you are an angel;" and although I dare say the remark has been heard often enough in the neighborhood of the Honeymoon Hotel, I doubt if it was ever so near the truth.

AN UNKNOWN SOLDIER.

THE Quarter-Master-General has requested us to publish the portrait of a soldier who died on the 28th of May, 1864, in the Armory Square Military Hospital in the city of Washington. When brought to the hospital this soldier was so weak that he could not give any information as to his name, regiment, or corps; and on searching his effects, which were taken charge of by the proper officer of the Government, a sum of money and the ambrotype or ferrotype of a child were found. Surgeon D. W. BLISS, then in charge of the hospital, caused a photograph to be taken after death, which we publish on page 684 at the request of the War Department, in the hope that it may lead to the restoration of his effects to his wife or child. Any inquiries in regard to him, with duplicates of the portrait of a child supposed to be his, and found among his effects, should, with other proof of relationship, be addressed to General M. C. MEIGS, Quarter-Master-General, Washington, D. C.

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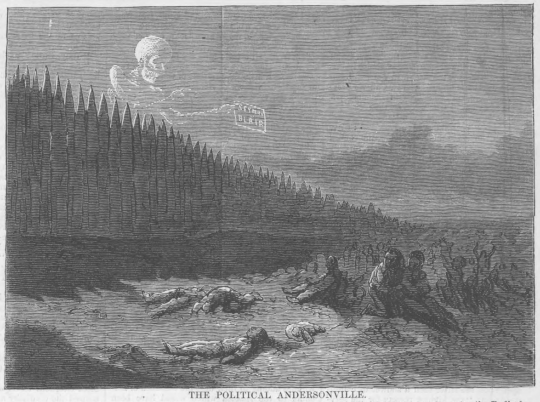
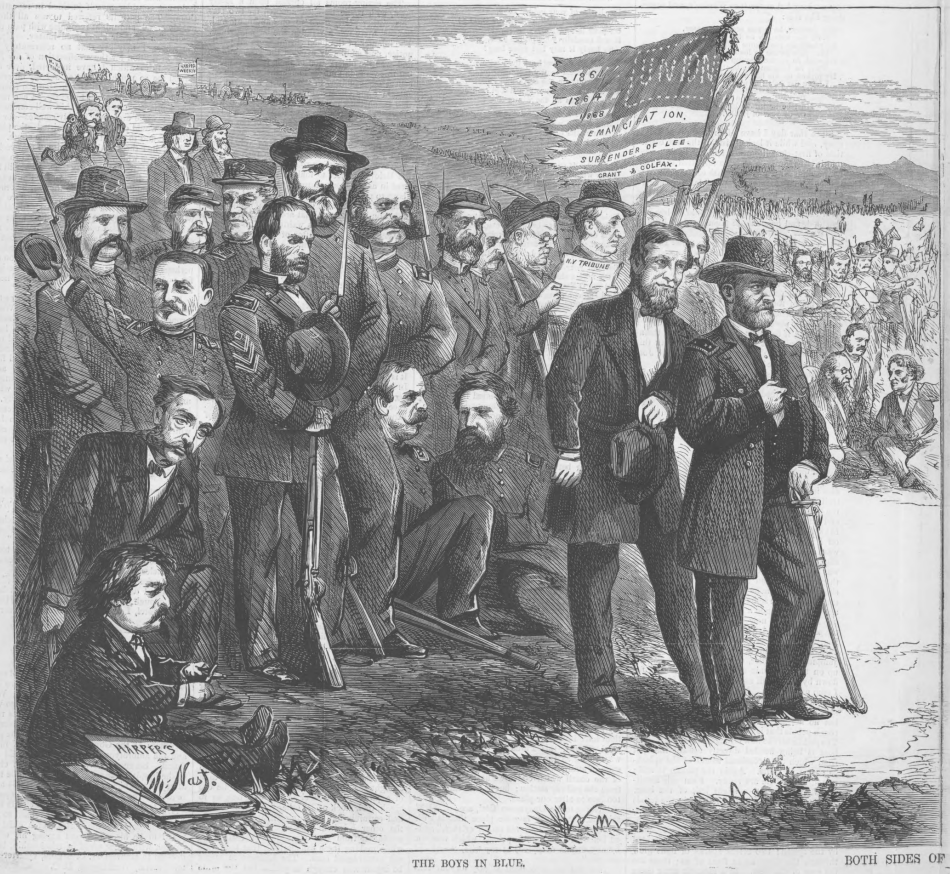
"MILITARY DESPOTISM."
"That Mailed Warrior whose Bayonets are now at the Throats of Eight Millions of People in the South."
—FRANK P. BLAIR.

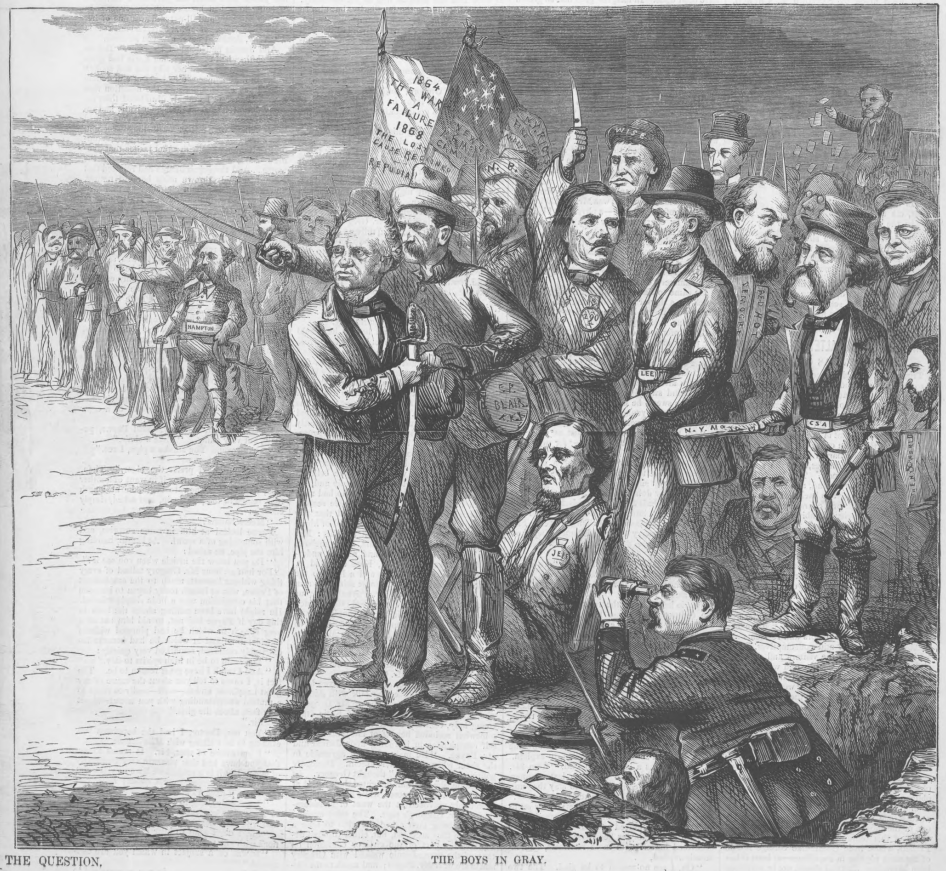
"THE BLOATED BONDHOLDERS" WHO WILL SUFFER.



THE POLITICAL ANDERSONVILLE.
"Agree among yourselves, and act firmly on this agreement, that you will not employ any one who votes the Radical ticket. Use all the means that are placed in your hands to control this element."—WADE HAMPTON.



THE BOYS IN BLUE.



THE BOYS IN GRAY.

BOTH SIDES OF THE QUESTION.

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DEMOCRATIC DEMONSTRATION IN NEW YORK CITY.

NEW YORK CITY is the grand political rendezvous of the Democratic party in this State. Blot out the city and the State is overwhelmingly Republican. The great question in the rural districts at any momentous crisis is, Can we overcome the Democratic majority of the metropolis? It is not to be wondered at, then, that the Democratic party should have "demonstrated" on the largest possible scale in New York City. Of course, the whole thing was under the control of the Tammany organization, which in July showed the measure of its shrewdness in the nomination of SEYMOUR and BLAIR, and in the announcement of a political platform which on the one hand undermines the basis of our national credit, and on the other distinctly proposes revolution as the remedy of Democratic discontent. These results, to be sure, are not all to be accredited to the Tammany Society alone; WADE HAMPTON and other representatives of the late Confederacy had their say, and VALLANDIGHAM was not without a voice.

Tammany Hall was the centre of this recent demonstration. And how appropriate it was that General "BALDY" SMITH, who has ventilated his not altogether unprejudiced notions of GRANT's generalship in the New York *World*, should become the chairman of this grand Democratic mass meeting! General M'CLELLAN had been invited to preside on this occasion, but, as politely as possible, he had said to the Committee, "No, gentlemen, I thank you." But the General could not refrain from doing General GRANT justice in the very face of those who had heaped upon the latter such a shower of calumnies—he has "the highest respect for the services he has rendered our country."

We need not publish in detail the speeches which were made by SANFORD E. CHURCH, HENRY C. MURPHY, Mayor HOFFMAN, and ALLEN C. BEACH; the trite arguments of these politicians are too familiar to our readers to need either mention or refutation. Suffice it to say there was an immense crowd in attendance, and an immense procession, and that the Democrats were satisfied. The affair reminds us of two former occasions of the same sort, under the auspices of the same party—and both were followed by a crushing Democratic defeat.

THE SETTING STAR.

SET, pallid star, the yellow light
Is waking o'er the slopes of corn,
The autumned woods upon the height
Are golden-penciled by the morn.

Set, fading star, the happy sky
Is blushing at the kiss of day,
Set, ere thy saddened lustre die
In the rich rays that track his way.

Set, darkened star, the silver stream
That toned thy image through the night
Will lose it soon in fuller gleam:
Set, ere it learn a new delight.

Tremble no longer on the brink,
Droop downward, seeking skies of rest,
Droop downward, setting star, and sink
Before the twilight leaves the west.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CHARACTERS

AS WELL AS CASES.

THERE is not a pleasanter sea-side resort in the country than Sand Haven, and it is most especially pleasant because, possessing all the picturesqueness of Newport and Long Branch, it also has a quiet which they never enjoy—at least never in the season. It is an old town with a quaint history—not unlike that of dozens of other towns along our northeastern coast, but still interesting alike to annual antiquarian visitors like myself, and the casual fashionables, like the score of others, who are here now. The beach is very fine, the sea view very grand, and the surrounding scenery, a mile or two back from the beach, very picturesque, and of a character to make one wonder why the ancient inhabitants of these gable-roofed houses, with such immense dormer windows, gave the town such a misnomer as Sand Haven.

Its attractions are greatest for old people like myself, but you are not to imagine that there are no young people to be found here. It is chiefly the resort of quiet people, but you are not to infer that no "rapid' men or "lively" ladies ever come here in the summer. Its economy makes it the resort of people with shattered fortunes as well as shattered constitutions, but you are not to suppose that all the visitors and residents are shabby-genteel people and consumptives. For we have, among both the visitors and the residents, young and gay, healthy and wealthy people; and there can not be found in any part of the world more charming young women, or more perfect young gentlemen, than the pair of couples of Sand Haven whose romance has just concluded with the present season, and of which this is the faithful chronicle.

You must know that we have no grand hotels and summer cottages here as at Newport and Long Branch. The visitors to Sand Haven beach find comfortable shelter and good board in these same gable-roofed and dormer-windowed houses of the residents. And each resident thinks it as obligatory on him or her to take a summer boarder or two, as a good Methodist does to care for at least one Minister during Conference. And one of the most prompt and pleasing in the exercise of this remunerative duty is the Widow Pernell, whose little Gothic-like cottage is one of the most popular in the village—at least it has been heretofore, though I should not be surprised to find that next season will reveal a decline in its popularity, since Jennie and Kate, who were the secrets of the old house's attractiveness, have flown, or fled, or been abstracted, as you may choose to call it when you get through.

The Widow Pernell's girls are by all odds, and for that matter have been for three or four seasons back, a little the prettiest of the pretty girls in the town, visitors or residents. They are of the Saxon type—fair-haired, blue-eyed, coral-lipped, rosy-cheeked, with skins as white and transparent as alabaster, and that skin so smooth and soft that one's very fingers ache to touch it. Then they are so pleasant in their manner, so winning in their ways, so cheerful, obliging, complaisant, innocent, and modest, that they have won the favor of all who visited the house.

The ages of Jennie and Kate are respectively twenty-one and nineteen, and, of course, they have had for years back plenty of admirers. All kinds of flattering compliments were paid to them. But they took no heed of all these smart sayings and tender looks; they thought that every one was singularly kind to them, and they endeavored to respond to it by making themselves as agreeable and as chatty as they possibly could. Indeed, some conceited fops imagined because they received a cheerful answer and a smiling glance that they had made an impression. Nothing of the sort! They were forgotten as soon as they were away.

The fact is, the girls were too constantly and closely occupied to pay any attention to side-winded remarks, direct compliments, and the somewhat impudent leers to which they were subjected. There were so many to serve, so many demands to honor, so many wants to supply, that they had as much as they could do without adding to their task the nuisance of listening to the rubbish which would have been poured into their ears if they had had time to listen to it or had given the opportunity for it to have been done. In fact, the girls had so grown into womanhood, surrounded by flirts, and were so thoroughly schooled by witnessing the arts of others in flirtation, that it is no wonder that education and natural inclination combining they were perfect little coquettes. But they coquetted without design, with just the same innocence that the bee coquets with the flower; and in all the love scenes which naturally ensued they were so lively, so lovely, so kindly, and sensible withal, that the susceptible youths, who were continually protesting and proposing, could never recall a premeditated encouragement on their part, or any thing harsh in the laughing refusals which were sure to follow their proposals. They laughed at love, and laughed through life as merry as crickets and busy as bees about the Gothic hive which their old mother with their aid kept in such perfect trim.

The earliest applicant for a room at Mrs. Pernell's this season now past was Mr. Gerald Payne, a young professional man—a physician, I believe, but one by courtesy rather than practice. He had more money than patients, and could afford to neglect the few he had while he spent the summer at the beach; and being of a quiet and somewhat sentimental turn of mind he chose Sand Haven and the Widow Pernell's as the place for a summer's dream in '68.

He came to Sand Haven and lounged on the beach for a day or two alone, and then, like all the rest of them, he succumbed to the indoor attractions, and lounged about the Widow Pernell's, preferring to listen to the singing of her pretty birds rather than to those of nature. I have since been told that he had remarked to Mrs. Pernell on the first evening of his stay that her "daughters were full of spirits," and that, a few days after, encountering Kate with a broom in her hand sweeping the little parlor and singing as she swept, he had remarked, "You must be a very happy young lady, Miss Kate, you are always singing at your work."

"Oh yes! I suppose I sing just as you gentlemen whistle at your work—'for want of thought.'"

"Ah! but some men whistle when planning deepest; are we to suppose you are plotting mischief when you sing? I shall have to give you credit then for doing much."

"I won't admit that I mean mischief; Jennie is the mischief plotter—at least the mischief has come to her; she is woefully changed lately. She used to be as merry as a cricket and as happy as I am. Now 'see where the poor thing comes moping.'"

"I fancied your sister was of a more sentimental turn of mind than yourself."

"So she is lately, but it is a new character for her, I assure you."

Jennie had entered the room and blushed as she comprehended these last sentences. Had they indeed noticed a change in her manner? Had she indeed changed in character? She was forced to admit she had; but what or who had effected the metamorphosis? Perhaps the explanation was to be found in her first words.

"I congratulate you, Mr. Payne," she said; "you are to have a delightful companion in the house."

"You should have previously congratulated me on already possessing two," he replied, trying to be gallant.

Jennie blushed, but Katie burlesqued his manner, and laughed at his sentiment; then Jennie hastened, with some little confusion, to explain.

"Mother has a letter," she said, "from Mr. Gregory—the one who was here last summer, Katie—and he is coming down to stay the summer through with us. You do not seem overglad."

Katie had evinced a sudden serious or sentimental disposition on this announcement, and when her sister noticed and remarked on it, she blushed as palpably as her sister had. But she recovered herself with more readiness, and instantly replied,

"Oh, I see no reason to be glad. The two gentlemen will be either bathing or smoking all the time, and in either case we shall see nothing of them, for there is no object in Nature so repulsive to me as a man in a bathing-suit or smoking a pipe."

"Why, Katie!" exclaimed Jennie.

"Now, don't be prudish, Jennie," retorted the lively little beauty; "you know you feel the same way, and I don't see why we need conceal it. But I am glad Mr. Gregory is coming, for he is a clever, good fellow, and you used to be real fond of him."

Mr. Gregory duly made his appearance, and was duly installed in his old quarters. The duty of receiving him devolved on Jennie. She and Katie and Mr. Payne were in the parlor—Jennie knitting; Katie chatting like a little chatter-box, and saying all sorts of saucy things to Mr. Payne, unmindful of the exclamations and frowns of her sister; while Payne lounged on the sofa, and indolently admired the handsome Jennie at the window. But on the appearance of Mr. Gregory in the distance—Jennie from her place at the window had discovered him—Katie in some confusion fled from the room, declaring she was in no condition to see any one, "except you," she said to Mr. Payne, on noticing her error, "and you are quite domiciled now; I look on you quite as one of the family."

Jennie at this bent lower than ever over her knitting, and Payne stammered out half aloud, half to himself, some stupid answer or comment on the young girl's words.

Jennie soon put aside blushes, and knitting, too, to receive the new guest, and was most profuse in her welcome of Mr. Gregory. Payne saw, with some discontent, that the young man was, by virtue of a former season in the house, on most excellent terms with the young lady; he noticed the cordiality and ease of Miss Jennie's welcome, and not being a very profound student or close observer of human character, concluded at once that the ease, as well as the cordiality, was due, not only to the familiarity, but also to the affectionate nature of their former intercourse. "Wise judges are we of each other," as the poet says; but most we err when judging of the motives, feelings, thoughts, and passions of the opposite sex.

When the two young men were introduced, they glared at each other for a minute or two.

"This Mr. Gregory," said Payne to himself, "is here to make love; he looks it in his dress and style. He's good-looking, too, and has the inside track of me."

"I wonder how long this chap has been here," said Mr. Gregory to himself. "He has been making love, that's evident; but I rather fancy it's not to Jennie, or she wouldn't be so delighted to see me. It must be Kate."

Another wise Daniel come to judgment, this!

It was not until nightfall that Katie again made her appearance. It was at the tea-table, and she looked all blushes and beauty, and gave the tips of her fingers to Mr. Gregory with as much hesitancy as a miss of thirteen. He was evidently overjoyed to see her again, and said so, in a stammering way; but only to add to her confusion. He offered her a seat at the table beside him, but she took care to avoid accepting it, and, seating herself beside Mr. Payne, remarked "that this was her place." And Jennie, speaking with unusual liveliness, added, "You shall sit next to me, Mr. Gregory. I've no doubt we shall get along charmingly."

Gregory did not smile and bow as he should have done, and Mr. Payne only scowled across the room at him.

A week of the most comical adventures followed. Mr. Gregory was, in Mr. Payne's opinion, almost engaged to Miss Jennie, and she was desperately fond of him. She was as lively as a cricket in Mr. Gregory's company—as silent as a mouse in his own. While she was sad and sentimental with him, she was most pleasantly sharp and agreeably sarcastic with Mr. Gregory. If they went to the beach, Jennie was sure to avoid, and Kate appeared only too eager to accept his escort. And the natural consequence of all this was, that while Mr. Payne believed Mr. Gregory to be in love with Jennie and she rather fond of him, Mr. Gregory, who had really been in love with Kate for a whole season, was certain that Payne had secured that fair damsel, and that she was only too fond of him.

The quartette went to church together: Mr. Payne offered his arm to Jennie, and somehow, by a seeming arrangement and natural understanding between the girls, Kate accepted it, while, much to the chagrin and a little to the confusion of Mr. Gregory, Jennie seized his arm with what appeared to Mr. Payne an undue haste; and thus the girls marched off with each other's lovers. By a similar seemingly preconcerted arrangement Jennie was seated as far as possible from Mr. Payne and next to Mr. Gregory in the pew, while Kate slily slipped her mother between herself and Mr. Payne. This little trick was the only consolation which the day and the service offered to Mr. Gregory.

During the remainder of the day Payne managed to have a little serious talk with Jennie, though mainly in the presence of Mr. Gregory, who, deprived of the company of Katie (that young lady, contrary to her usual wont, having somewhat secluded herself of late), made himself conspicuous in intruding upon Jennie and Mr. Payne. "He makes himself agreeable to the sister when the other is absent. Decidedly politic young man he is," thought Gregory. As for Jennie, she was half delighted, half vexed at this play of cross-purposes, while Mr. Payne was thoroughly provoked at the want of consideration on Mr. Gregory's part. The same evening the two young men asked the girls to take a walk, and they accepted, but, either through design on the part of the girls or confusion on that of the men, Jennie walked with Gregory and Kate with Mr. Payne; and much to the distress of the two lovers the girls seemed to enjoy their companions very much indeed. The hilarity of Jennie on this occasion, so timid and retiring when alone with him, was most harassing to Mr. Payne; while the lively chatting of Katie, so quiet and reserved with him, by no means had the soothing effect of music on Mr. Gregory.

"Katie has grown to be a very beautiful girl since you were here, Mr. Gregory," remarked Jennie, as they caught the laugh of that young lady above the roar of the breakers.

"She is perfectly lovely!" he exclaimed, with ardor.

"Isn't she? That's what all the young men who come to Sand Haven say."

Gregory groaned.

"I suppose she has had plenty of offers."

"Any number," replied Jennie, "such as they were."

"And she has accepted none," questioned Gregory, hastily.

"None as yet."

"Not even—his?"

"His? whose?"

"Payne's—Dr. Payne's?"

Jennie stopped short, and stared at him in some surprise.

"Do you not think that Katie and Payne are engaged?" he queried again.

"I never heard of it," she answered, with a perplexed and astonished look on her face.

"Do you not think the indications are very strong that there is or will be such an engagement?"

"I can't believe it possible," she answered, in a tone which was meant less for him than herself.

This conversation had a singularly enlivening effect on Gregory, but Miss Jennie became depressed in spirits for the rest of the day, and once or twice during the walk, after the couples had joined each other, she gave some instances of being in a bad humor with her sister. In fact, so sarcastic and ill-natured was one of her replies that Kate, somewhat hurt, had answered:

"Why, Jennie, I never saw you so cross."

And Jennie had deigned no reply. But as soon as they had reached home Katie had gone to her sister, and asked her why she had spoken to her in the manner she had. But still Jennie refused any explanation save the assertion that it was "better to be openly ill-natured than secretly deceitful." And thereupon Katie had remarked that Jennie had apparently determined to be both. And further on in the discussion, which resulted in no explanations or understanding, Katie remarked with equal justice that Jennie's character had suddenly changed for the worse. And thereupon Jennie had retorted that Katie had lately thrown aside her old nature, and was as changed in character as in heart. And in such criminations and recriminations they rapidly progressed to angry and disappointed woman's great Lethe—a flood of tears!

Something of the same circumstances led Mr. Gregory to the room of Mr. Payne, but it was not so much to remonstrate with him as to explain to him his situation. He was satisfied that a mutual understanding would be to the interest of both. Jennie's denial of any engagement between Katie and Mr. Payne had greatly encouraged him, and when Payne answered "Come in" to the knock of Mr. Gregory, that gentleman entered with a clearly defined smile illuminating his countenance, and beautifying it, as a smile always does any face, male or female, though unfortunately few people seem to know this simple fact of physiognomy.

But encountering the not over-pleasant countenance of Mr. Payne, Mr. Gregory became somewhat confused, and he discovered the task of explanation was not so easy as he had imagined.

"I called to—to ask the pleasure of a cigar with you," he began, hesitatingly.

"Certainly, Sir, certainly," said Payne, politely, but very stiffly. "Take a chair."

"Thank you. You smoke a pipe, I see."

"Yes."

"I never did—I prefer the cigar." Then, hesitating for a moment, as if in want of another idea, or undecided how to begin, he at length took refuge in the pipe again, and asked, simply enough:

"Meerschaums?"

Payne looked at him in some surprise, and with something of a scowl. At length, handing him the pipe, he asked:

"Do you know the article when you see it?"

For half an hour Mr. Gregory talked of every thing without interest, much to the amazement of Payne, who at length really began to imagine that his companion was a little simple-minded. He might have been talking about the bush to this day if Payne had not, to aid him out of a long speech in which he had plunged without consideration, and in which he had become inextricably confused, remarked very quietly:

"You seem to be in high spirits to-day."

"And I think I have great reason to be. The fact is, I came to tell you about the cause of my great happiness, and to—well—really to come to a mutual understanding with you about—about—in fact, about the girls."

"Sir."

"You see, Doctor, I had the happiness this evening to be walking with Miss Jennie."

"I am aware of that, Sir. It seems to me that you have had that pleasure very frequently of late. But it is a subject we have no right and I have no disposition to talk about; so, if you please, we'll have no more of it."

"I was only going to say that I had what was to me a very important and pleasant conversation with Miss Jennie."

"Sir, I don't want to hear of your conversations with any body."

"It was on a subject in which you are concerned."

"Sir! do you suppose me to

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be concerned in the mutual affairs of you and Miss Pernell? Now, once for all, no more of it—I shall be obliged to you if you will retire."

"I only sought an explanation. Miss Jennie was good and kind enough—"

"Leave the room, Sir!" exclaimed Payne, starting up—"leave the room, or I shall put you out."

"I must say you are very unreasonable. It was only in regard to an engagement of marriage—"

Payne could stand no more, but instantly seizing Gregory he attempted to thrust him from the room. But Gregory had no intention of allowing such an indignity, and in a second more the two men were struggling with an energy that produced noise enough to rouse the Seven Sleepers, if they had been occupants of the gable-roofed cottage of Mrs. Pernell instead of caves with unpronounceable and unrecallable names. At any rate, it did rouse the widow and her daughters, and they rushed into the room to bring the combat to an end by their presence. It needed only an exclamation each from the two young ladies, and a scream from the old lady, to bring about a cessation of hostilities, if it did not produce actual peace. And a minute or two after both young men, heartily ashamed of themselves, began apologizing in answer to these demands of the widow and her daughters, viz.:

WIDOW. "Bless my soul, gentlemen, what air ye about?"

JENNIE *(appealing to Mr. Payne)*. "Do pray be calm, Doctor, and explain."

KATIE *(to Gregory)*. "Fighting, Mr. Gregory! I'm astonished at you."

"I beg ten thousand pardons, ladies," began Payne; "I began the attack, which I am heartily ashamed of."

"I am very sorry, ladies," said Gregory, "but I was attacked and had to defend myself."

"I had ordered this gentleman to leave my room," said the Doctor. "He intruded here ostensibly to take a smoke, but ended by insulting me."

"I deny that; I came to explain—"

"There was—there is nothing to explain; leave the room, if you please."

"I shall not go."

"Oh, gentlemen, don't quarrel!" exclaimed the widow.

"I hope you will be calm, Doctor," pleaded Jennie, taking his arm and endeavoring to draw him away. "Mr. Gregory, if you do not keep quiet and explain peacefully I'll never like—I'll never speak to you again."

"I insist, Mrs. Pernell, on explaining," said Mr. Gregory.

"Please to retire, Sir, and explain elsewhere."

"No, Sir; I'll explain here, and before all parties."

"Miss Pernell, I trust you will understand, and will make this very dull gentleman understand, that any further remark on the subject must be odious to me."

"*I* understand!" exclaimed Jennie. "I *do not* understand, and I don't know what subject you mean."

"Are you determined to insult me, also?"

"I insult you! Why, Dr. Payne, I—I am incapable of such a thing."

"You do not know what he came here to tell me?"

"I certainly do not," she answered. "I am totally in the dark."

"Then he is merely a boaster? Did you have no conversation with him to-day upon—upon—love affairs?"

"I certainly did not."

"There, Sir, you hear that!" exclaimed Dr. Payne. "Why, Mrs. Pernell—Miss Jennie, he came here and began telling me that he had been this very evening engaged in marriage to you."

"Sir!" exclaimed Gregory, indignantly.

"Mr. Gregory," exclaimed Jennie, "how could you say such a thing?"

"It is false, I said nothing of the sort."

"Oh, gentlemen, gentlemen!" pleaded the widow, "I hope you don't mean to quarrel and fight about my girls."

"I assure you, Madam, those were his words. He spoke of his engagement to Miss Jennie—"

"No! no! no!" persisted Gregory.

"Of how happy she had made him."

"No, no!"

"And could I be expected to hear patiently words that were the death-warrant of my love? for you must know, you must have felt, Jennie, how I loved you."

"Loved her!" exclaimed Gregory, "I had supposed you were engaged to Katie, and it—"

"Engaged to me!" exclaimed Katie. "Nothing of the sort. I never gave him the slightest encouragement."

"Then you do not love him?"

"Love him! no, why should I?"

"And you are free to love me?"

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Dr. Payne.

"Then it was about a supposed engagement between Katie and me that you were talking about, and I suppose you engaged to Jennie."

"Precisely; and you are not engaged?"

"Not to Katie, but—" And he turned to Jennie, but she had quietly slipped from the room.

"What a couple of fools we have been!" exclaimed Gregory. "I beg your pardon a thousand times. And Katie—" he turned to see her disappearing through the door. The two young men stared at each other for an instant; then, as if suddenly inspired with the idea that the hour of fate for them had arrived, they rushed off in different directions in search of the fair Oracles who were to pronounce their sentences. A few minutes afterward Dr. Payne was at the feet of Jennie in the parlor; while Mr. Gregory had surprised Katie in the dining-room engaged in the household duty of dusting in a vain effort to hide her confusion, and in equal confusion and much more ardor insisted on clasping the blushing beauty, dirty duster and all, to his palpitating bosom.

And in the mean time Mrs. Pernell was left standing in the centre of the room "the monarch of all she surveyed," and alone she still remains, for at the close of the season her summer lodgers carried her girls off to winter residences in the city; and thus these circumstances which I have narrated altered the characters and conditions of all the personages concerned in more senses than one.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A NEW style of postage-stamps will soon supersede those now in use. The contract for the supply has been awarded by the Postmaster-General to the National Bank Note Company of New York. The new stamps will be somewhat smaller than those in use at present, and are delicate and elegant engravings. Three of the set illustrate the postal service; the two-cent stamp represents a primitive mail-carrier on horseback, such as is still necessary among the sparse population of the West; the three-cent stamp shows a mail train, as illustrating the land-service, while the twelve-cent denomination exhibits a steamer at sea, as an exemplification of the ocean mail. The five-cent stamps bear a portrait of Washington, being an accurate copy of Stuart's picture at the White House. The ten and thirty cent stamps are real gems; the former being a miniature copy of Trumbull's "Signing the Declaration," and the latter of his "Surrender at Yorktown," from the national pictures at the Capitol. A convenient and certain method of canceling stamps is a matter of great importance in the postal service. In country offices the stamp is canceled with pen and ink; and this is considered effectual in consequence of the checkered or embossed surface which may be seen on the back of stamps. This puncture or embossing breaks the fibre of the paper and permits the commonest ink to form what is regarded as an ineffaceable union with the material on which the stamp is printed. Some new and ingenious modes of cancellation have been submitted to the Post-office Department, but they were considered too complex, and the old method will continue in use.

Apropos of canceling postage-stamps, we recently heard from a reliable source a very good story. Some time ago a respectable-looking individual, wearing a wise and mysterious look upon his countenance, waited upon the authorities of the London Post-office. He announced that he had discovered a method of removing the cancellation mark from stamps so perfectly that it could not be detected. The statement was doubted, and he desired an opportunity to prove it. At his request he was left alone with a letter on which was a canceled stamp. In a few moments he exhibited the letter with an unsullied stamp upon it, which was identified as the same one. The officials were eager to know the secret, but the discoverer demanded five hundred pounds for revealing it. This, at length, being promised, he proceeded to exhibit *ni modus operandi*. He took from his pocket a little bottle, a small sponge, and a bit of Castile soap. "This is soft water in this bottle," he explained, "and I pour a little on this sponge, *so*—then rub a little soap on the sponge, *so*—and then I rub the stamp very gently, *so*"—manipulating a canceled stamp with great tenderness—"*very* gently, or you will injure it, and then I take a little more water, and a little more soap, and rub a little more, and by-and-by the stamp is perfectly clean, as you will see." A London gentleman having afterward received from Washington an official document with a long row of stamps upon it, removed by this process the cancellation marks with not a little pains, and returned the stamps to the sender, offering to sell the secret reasonably. Whether the Government responded to the jocose proposal is uncertain.

Extensive fires have been raging in the woods and prairie lands of Oregon. In the Wallamet Valley the sun for many days was only visible at mid-day, and then obscured by the dense atmosphere. Traveling has been dangerous both by land and water on account of the thick smoke.

A "Medicinal Mud Mound" is reported from Brazoria, Texas. It covers an area of about half a mile in diameter. It is a round, conical elevation about two hundred feet above the level of the surrounding prairie. On a part of this mound is found an acid earth, a little of which acidifies water so strongly that it operates an ordinary telegraph battery.

But what gives special interest to the mound is the fact that water in which the earth has been steeped has recently been found to possess medicinal virtues. Every man can have medicinal water at his door by obtaining a barrel of this sour earth, which commands at this time more per bushel than corn. For the invigoration of the system from the lassitude following long attacks of intermittent fever, the water in which this sour earth has been steeped is considered a sovereign remedy.

There is a telegraph operator in St. Louis who lost his hearing some years ago and then learned the art of telegraphy, in which he has become a remarkable adept. His method of receiving a report is exceedingly interesting. Not hearing a single sound he places his hand upon the working instrument, or his knee against the operating table, and by his peculiar and sensitive nerves, feels every vibration so distinctly that he is able to surpass ordinary receivers in the accuracy of his reports. He hears nothing about him, is never disturbed, and consequently works in a silent world of his own.

We may be wiser in our generation than those of olden times regarding the manner of punishing offenses and misdemeanors; but our ancestors had some very correct notions, and believed those who willfully trifled with the public health should be dealt with severely. In 1311 a London baker was arrested for selling putrid bread; and a man and woman suffered the punishment of the pillory for selling bread made of bad materials and deficient in weight. Some years later a certain dealer was sentenced to be put upon the pillory, and two putrid beef carcasses to be burned under him for exposing the said carcasses for sale. Similar instances are numerous among the old records of London. In the time of Henry V. the adulteration of wines and the sale of false wines were punished by the pillory.

The Sixth Fair of the Mechanics' Institute which has been recently held in San Francisco is pronounced a great success. The edifice erected for the occasion, embracing nearly the whole area of a public square, contained articles exhibited by nearly 1000 persons. By far the larger portion of these articles represented the inventive and mechanical genius, the manufacturing enterprise and products of California. Many inventions adapted to local wants have been exhibited, one of the most remarkable of which is a steam plow, which seems likely to be a practical success. An interesting exhibit was made of the new silk industry, which, it is now conceded, will be an ultimate success in California.

Some poet made out a list of no less than forty signs of rain as an excuse for not going on an excursion with a friend, once upon a time. It is very certain that the sensibility of many animals and plants to the condition of the atmosphere will often indicate with certainty approaching changes in the weather. When a storm is pending, the spider shortens the thread of his web, and lengthens it again when the storm is about to pass off. The swallow is also an infallible barometer, flying low, almost touching the earth, and uttering a low, plaintive cry before rain, but sailing back and forth high in the air during settled weather. The goose manifests great uneasiness before rain, plunging into the water, and rapidly returning to the land. The chirp of the cricket is a sign of fair weather, but the cry of the tree-toad indicates rain. When the air is overcharged with moisture the odor of flowers is strong and penetrating, and in dry weather is soft and agreeable.

When grapes are nearly mature they will, it is said, endure pretty severe cold without injury. It is not necessary to gather them because a few cold nights come early in the season. The Indian Summer days will help to thoroughly ripen them, and many persons think they are sweeter after one or two frosts. Indeed, it has been noticed that most matured fruits, while they remain upon the tree, will endure a great deal of cold without injury.

There are at the present time more than five hundred and fifty woolen mills in seven of the Western States, having altogether a capital of about $5,500,000. Hence one estimate may be formed of the amount of wool necessary to keep these mills in operation. Western wool is beginning to be consumed at home, as Eastern manufacturers are realizing.

According to official reports, there were 1730 persons married in New York city during the month of August, and 1466 during September.

The Paris Academy of Science has conferred the degree of Bachelierе-des-Sciences on a young Russian lady. It is worthy of note that Russian ladies have evinced a decided taste for solid studies. Public classes have been opened for them in St. Petersburg, and there has been a rumor of the establishment of a university for women in that city. Ladies who have studied medicine are permitted to practice in St. Petersburg.

It is estimated that sugar-candy is consumed in the United States at the rate of 250,000 pounds a day.

From the report of the Working Women's Home in this city we learn that at present there are not far from two hundred and fifty boarders who occupy the Home, the expense being about $3 50 a week for each person. The object has been to furnish every thing at the lowest possible prices. About four hundred boarders can be accommodated in the building. Similar Homes have been established in Philadelphia, Boston, and other cities.

The following incident is related by M. Alexandre Dumas, Jun., in the preface of the second volume of his plays. After a long absence from Paris he went to the village near the French capital where George Sand lived. He inquired of many persons, "Which is George Sand's house?" But nobody could tell him. At length, on asking a woman, who was evidently quite wealthy, she replied, "George Sand? Why, isn't she the lady who is in the papers?"

Annie Thomas, author of the "Dower House," recently published by the Messrs. Harper, is considered as among the best of living English minor novelists. She writes in a quiet but forcible style, her power of description being one great secret of her success.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE MAN WHO WAXES STRONG EVERY DAY.—The shoemaker.

Dean Swift hearing of a carpenter falling through the scaffolding of a house which he was engaged in repairing, remarked that he liked to see a mechanic go through his work promptly.

According to the latest definition, a bachelor is a man who has lost the opportunity of making a woman miserable.

HOME SCENE.

Wife has resolved to be content with the duties of her "sphere," make home pleasant, and always meet her husband with a "joyful smile." Enter husband: Throws his hat on the floor and drops into a seat. Wife preparing tea, looks up with a smile, and is so glad to see him.

WIFE. "Well, my dear, it is so nice to have you here at meal-time." [A long smile.]

HUSBAND. "Yes, I suppose so."

WIFE. "How has your business prospered to-day?" [Another smile.]

HUSBAND. "About so so."

WIFE. 'Come, my dear, supper is ready; let me draw your chair." [Another smile.]

HUSBAND *(gruffly)*. "I am too tired to stir.—Wait till I warm my feet."

WIFE. "Do as you choose, my dear." [Another sweet smile.]

HUSBAND. "Look o' here, old woman, before any more fuss is made about it, I should like to know what in thunder you are grinning at?"

During the oppressive heat of last summer a duel would have certainly taken place between two Parisian notables but from the lack of energy arising from the state of the weather.—The cause of the quarrel was novel. "Victor," said Adolphe to his friend, "has insulted me. It can only be wiped out with blood." "Has he run away with your wife?" asked the friend. "No," was the reply; "worse." "Worse!" "Ay! he has, in this tropic July, *sent me a ticket for the theatre!*"

What a name for one of the latest engines of war!—"The PARSONS Converted Gun."

A WIFE'S BLAST AGAINST TOBACCO.

He sits in a corner from morning to night—
'Tis smoke, chew, smoke!
He rises at dawn his pipe to light,
Goes puffing and chewing with all his might,
Till the hour of sleep. 'Tis his delight
To smoke, chew, smoke.

The quid goes in when the pipe goes out—
'Tis chew, chew, chew;
Now a cloud of smoke goes up from his throat,
Then his mouth sends a constant stream afloat;
'Tis chew, chew, chew.

He sits all day in a smoke or fog—
'Tis puff, puff, puff;
He growls at his wife, the cat, and dog,
He covers with filth the carpet and rug,
And his only answer when I give him a jog
Is puff, puff, puff.

The house all o'er, from end to end,
Is smoke, smoke, smoke;
In whatever room my way I wend,
If I take his clothes to patch and mend,
Ungrateful perfumes will ever ascend,
Of smoke, smoke, smoke.

At home or abroad, afar or near,
'Tis smoke, chew, smoke;
His mouth is stuffed from ear to ear,
Or puffing the stump of a pipe so dear;
And his days will end, I verily fear,
In smoke, smoke, smoke.

CHURNING IN CHILI.—The ordinary mode of churning butter in Chili is to put the milk in a skin—usually a dog's skin—tie it on a donkey, mount a boy on him, with rowels to his spurs about the length of the animal's ears, and then run him four-mile heats.

LAW REPORT.—The next morning the judge of the police court sent for me. I went down and he received me cordially; said he had heard of the wonderful things I had accomplished by knocking down five persons and assaulting six others, and was proud of me. I was a promising young man, and all that. Then he offered a toast: "Guilty or not guilty?" I responded, in a brief but eloquent speech, setting forth the importance of the occasion that had brought us together. After the usual ceremonies, I was requested to lend the city ten dollars.

PEW WHISPERINGS.

MARY ELLEN *(anxiously)*. "Betsy Jane, isn't my *chignon* coming off?"

BETSY JANE *(pettishly)*. "No. Can't you move a little further? you are crowding my lace flounces."

MARY ELLEN *(moving a little)*. "Don't you think Susan Brown looks dreadful homely?"

BETSY JANE. "Was there ev—. Oh! there's Charlie! Isn't he a perfect Adonis! How I *do* wish he would look our way!"

MARY ELLEN *(smiling sweetly)*. "Ah! I see him. He's looking toward us."

BETSY JANE *(angrily)*. "He isn't looking at *you*, so you needn't act like a fool. The minister's going to pray."

MARY ELLEN. "Those long prayers of his are positively awful, and I sha'n't try to keep awake."

BETSY JANE *(peeping through her fingers at Charlie)*. "Go to sleep, dear, I sha'n't disturb you."

"MR. BROWN, you said the defendant was honest and intelligent: what makes you think so; are you acquainted with him?" "No, Sir, I never seed him." "Why, then, do you come to such a conclusion?" "'Cause he takes ten newspapers, and pays for them in advance." Verdict for defendant.

A dandy, wishing to be witty, accosted an old ragman as follows:

"You take all sorts of rubbish in your cart, don't you?"

"Yes—jump in, jump in!"

Reynolds, the dramatist, observing the thinness of the house at one of his pieces, said: "I suppose it is owing to the war." "No," was the reply; "it's owing to the peace."

NEW IDEA FOR FAMILY PORTRAITS.—A gentleman from Paris paid a visit to a country dame, in whose parlor he saw the portrait of a lovely woman of, say, five-and-twenty. Upon the entrance of the lady, her visitor naturally asked her if the picture was a family portrait, and was told that it represented her deceased daughter. "Has it been long since you lost her?" asked the gentleman. "Alas, Sir," replied the lady, "she died just after her birth, and I have had the portrait painted to represent her as she would appear if she had lived until now."

What bus has found room for the most people?—Columbus.

Income-Tax Collector.—"DO YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT YOU ARE INSOLVENT?"

Indignant Democrat.—"I DO."

Income-Tax Collector.—"THEN ALL I'VE GOT TO SAY IS, YOU'RE THE FATTEST INSOLVENT I EVER SAW."

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MONUMENTAL STATUE ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN SEDGWICK BY THE SIXTH CORPS.
[LAUNT THOMPSON, SCULPTOR.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.]

THE SEDGWICK MONUMENT.

A MONUMENT has been erected by the old Sixth Corps to the honor of its illustrious commander, JOHN SEDGWICK. The ceremonies incident to the unveiling of the statue will take place at West Point on the 21st instant, on which occasion the commemorative oration is to be delivered by GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS. The Executive Committee consists of the four major-generals of SEDGWICK's command. The Monument is located in the plain in front of the Commandant's residence at West Point.

We give an illustration of the bronze statue of General SEDGWICK, which is the prominent feature of the Monument, and which was produced by LAUNT THOMPSON, one of the most prominent of American artists.

Underneath the statue is the following inscription:

MAJOR-GENERAL

JOHN SEDGWICK,

U. S. VOLUNTEERS,

Colonel 4th Cavalry, U. S. Army,

BORN SEPTEMBER 13, 1814,

KILLED IN BATTLE AT SPOTTSYLVANIA, VA.,

MAY 9, 1864,

While in Command of the 6th Corps,

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

THE SIXTH ARMY CORPS,

In loving Admiration of its Commander,

DEDICATES THIS STATUE

to his

MEMORY.

A WONDERFUL FISH.

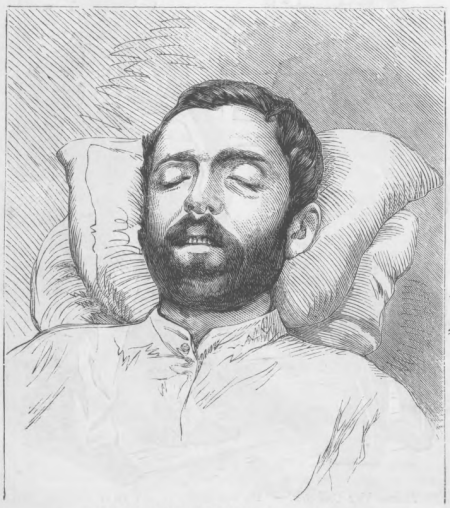
THIS curiosity of natural history, caught "down East," near Eastport, Maine, a few weeks ago, has attracted so much attention and excited so much wonder, even among naturalists, that we give a representation of it in the accompanying illustration. The Bangor *Daily Whig* gives the following detailed description of this fish:

"The strange animal recently captured near Eastport, meagre reports of which had reached us, arrived in this city a few days ago, and has been on exhibition, during which it has been visited by our citizens, all of whom have expressed their wonder as well at the remarkable size of the monster as at its anomalous character. This animal, part beast and part fish, is over thirty feet in length, and girts twenty-one feet. It has one enormous dorsal fin, two side belly fins, and a broad, shark-like tail. About one-third of its length from its tail, in connection with small fins, it has two huge legs, terminating in web feet. Its mouth makes a line five or six feet in length, the whole extent of which is set with innumerable small teeth, very much resembling in size and shape the kernel of a species of sharp-pointed popcorn. It has a series of gills which overlap each other like the flounces once the style in ladies' dresses. Its immense body, which was estimated to have weighed when captured about eleven tons, had no frame-work of bones, its most solid portions consisting of cartilage incapable of preservation. Its skin is dark and tough, like that of the elephant and rhinoceros.

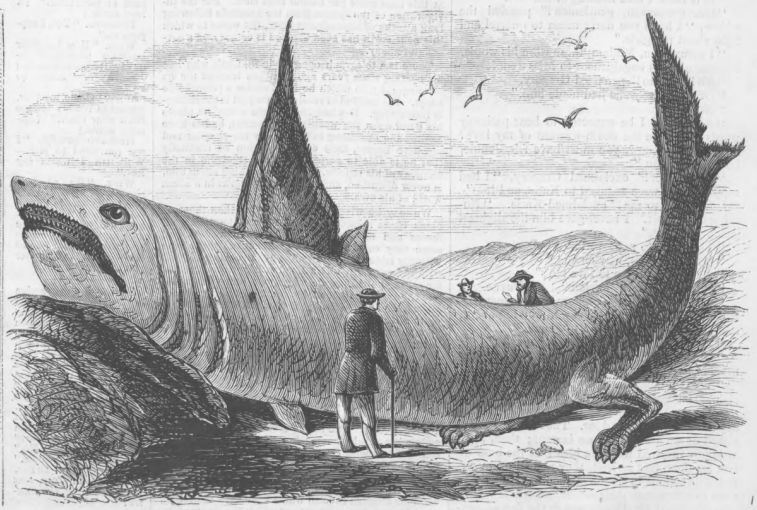
"There is no record of his species, and to none is it a greater wonder than to naturalists, whose attention is being drawn to it. Among others who have had the opportunity of seeing it is Professor Baird, of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, who is as yet unable to place it in the known lists of the animal kingdom. It is indeed a veritable wonder calculated to excite popular curiosity, and to invite the researches of the scientific.

"At various times during the past fifteen years a strange monster, believed to be a huge serpent, has been reported seen in Lake Utopia, in New Brunswick, just across the State line; but as these reports in each instance rested upon the testimony of but one or two individuals, they were generally discredited. Latterly, however, the reports and the number of witnesses had so increased as to take the story out of the realm of fiction. On Sunday, August 3, the monster was discovered near the shore on the west side of Eastport Island, where Passamaquoddy Bay is connected with Lake Utopia by a marsh a quarter of a mile long. Being attacked by musketry, it struck for the marsh, and probably for the lake, which was undoubtedly its home, and before being rendered incapable of locomotion, it had worked its way with its fins and legs a number of rods. The report of its presence at once spread to the town, attracting a large number to the spot to aid in its destruction. It received some seventy musket balls, and although attacked in the forenoon, it exhibited signs of life the following day.

"Thus the northeastern point of our State, with the assistance of New Brunswick, has the honor of producing the nearest approach to a veritable sea-serpent, which is destined to make a popular sensation wherever exhibited. It is to be at Portland during the forthcoming State Fair, and is thence bound for Boston, New York, and other principal cities."



AN UNKNOWN SOLDIER.—[SEE PAGE 679.]



THE WONDERFUL FISH, CAUGHT NEAR EASTPORT, MAINE, AUG. 3, 1868.—[DRAWN BY CHARLES A. BARRY.]

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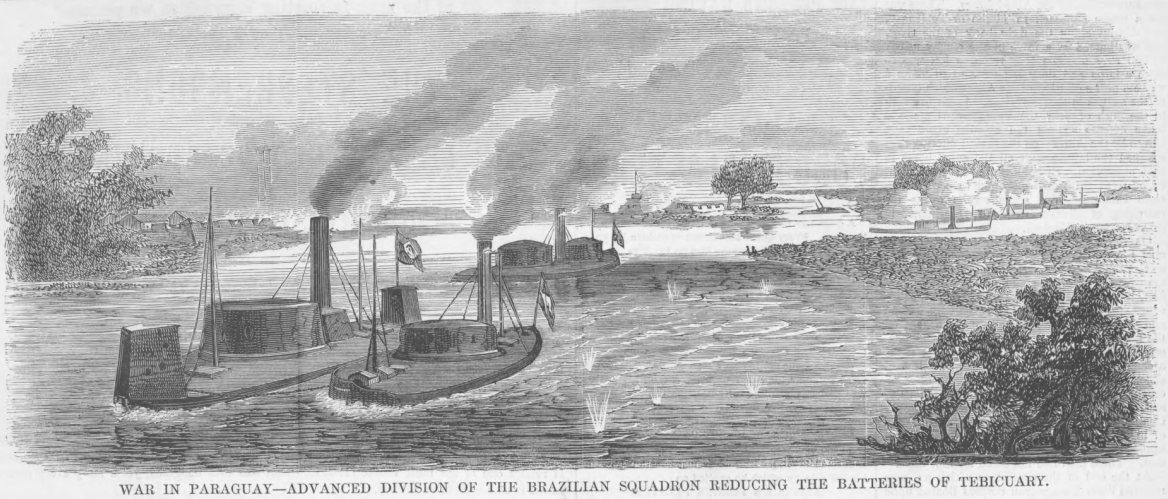
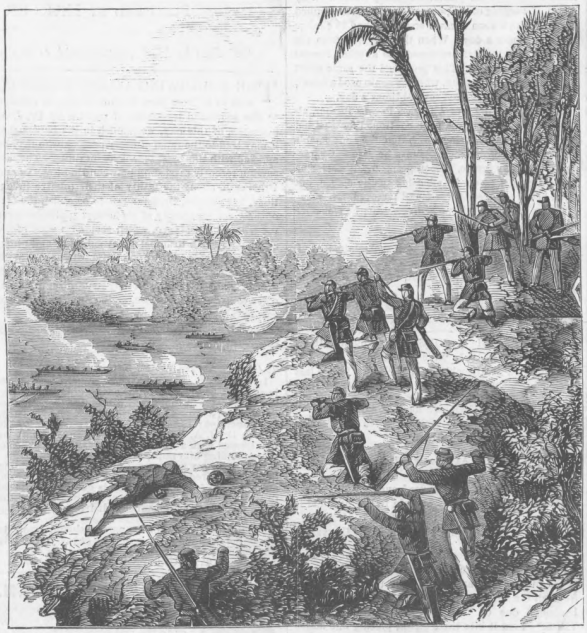


WAR IN PARAGUAY—ADVANCED DIVISION OF THE BRAZILIAN SQUADRON REDUCING THE BATTERIES OF TEBICUARY.

THE WAR IN PARAGUAY.

THE events which have recently taken place in La Plata are of great moment in South America. The Allies, as our readers already know, have made themselves masters of Humaita—a fortress which was deemed impregnable. For nearly four years the little republic of Paraguay, with a population of less than one and a half millions, has maintained the war against Brazil, Uruguay, and the Argentine Republic; and we scarcely know which most to admire—the pluck of LOPEZ and his army, or the perseverance of the Allies. LOPEZ was the aggressor. Without a declaration of war, near the close of 1864, he seized the Brazilian mail-steamer *Marquez de Olinda*, and invaded the province of Matto Grosso. The Brazilian army, which in time of peace scarcely numbers a thousand men, were from the first at a disadvantage against LOPEZ with over 40,000; it was recruited by volunteers, but its ignorance of the theatre of operations, its inferior military discipline, and the strength of the positions which it was brought to assail have greatly impeded its progress. Hence the long and indecisive war which is not yet terminated, though apparently nearly accomplished by the capture of Humaita. The capture of this fortress reflects high honor upon Marquis DE CAXIAS, the Brazilian General, who, after the Allied force had been partially demoralized, and after the departure of General MITRE, infused fresh confidence into his dispirited soldiers, and led them on to a victory which seems to prelude a decisive termination of a long and sanguinary conflict.

On the 3d of July, 1867, CAXIAS established himself at Tuyu-Cue, a splendid position, thus forcing the Paraguayans to abandon their exterior lines at Sam-Solano; and, after two severe struggles at Passo-Ipophy and Estero-Rojas, communications were established with Tuyuty, the base of operations of the Allies. On the 15th of August two divisions of the Brazilian army forced the difficult pass of Curupaity, and the boulevard of Humaita was rendered powerless, being placed between two fires. A little later Potrero-Ovella and Payi fell into the hands of the Allies. Humaita was completely surrounded by land, and only secure on its river front. The occupation of Payi gave the Imperial squadron a port and a *point d'appui*, in the event of its accomplishing the formidable passage of Humaita, which had been thought impossible. But on the 19th of last February six armored ships of the Brazilian navy, taking advantage of a rise in the river Paraguay, ventured upon a bold engagement with the forts; 200 cannon vomited forth fire over their heads while they rapidly glided down above the chains, the palisades, and the murderous torpedoes which grazed their holds. The same day CAXIAS seized the fort d'Establecimiento. Humaita was now hemmed in on all sides; the Paraguayans in vain conceived the crazy idea of boarding the hostile vessels; 3000 of them, having mounted the gun-boats, found death in an attempt which could only have been suggested by despair.



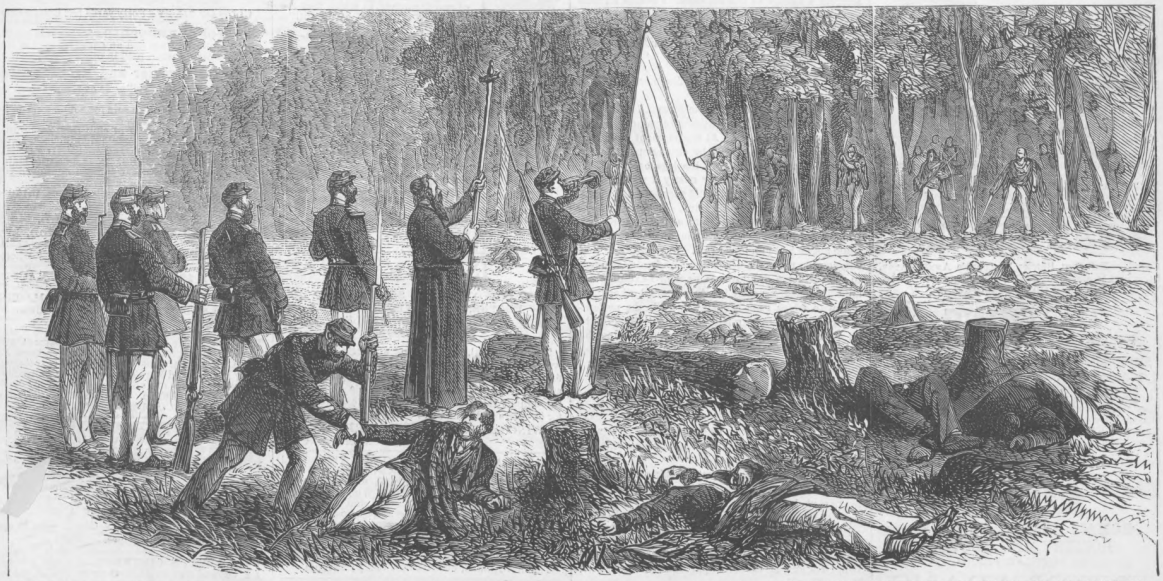
WAR IN PARAGUAY—ENGAGEMENT AT CHACO.

In view of the inevitable fall of Humaita LOPEZ strove to secure a continuation of the struggle on other battle-fields; he succeeded in crossing the river with his best divisions, which reached the right bank of the Paraguay by the forests of Grand-Chaco, and gained the camp of Tebicuary.

To avoid unnecessary slaughter CAXIAS desired to render himself master of Humaita by famine rather than by assault, and completed his blockade of the fortress by seizing the position at Chaco, where LOPEZ had found the means of escape with a portion of his army. A bombardment followed, and many bloody engagements took place without any decisive result. On July 15 the Paraguayans encamped at Chaco vainly attempted to reopen communications with the besieged fortress. Some days later the squadron ascended the river, reached Tebicuary, and bombarded LOPEZ in his camp at San Fernando.

The evacuation of Humaita was accomplished on the 24th of July. The departure of the garrison escaped the observation of the Brazilian fleet. A considerable quantity of ammunition and arms, together with 200 cannons, fell into the hands of the Allies.

The garrison, about 8000 strong, now encamped in the midst of the morass near Chaco,



WAR IN PARAGUAY—THE REV. FATHER ESMERATA, CHAPLAIN OF THE BRAZILIAN SQUADRON, EXHORTING THE PARAGUAYANS TO SURRENDER.

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was surrounded by the Allied forces. There was but a single approach to Timbo or Tebicuary, and this lay along the right bank of the river, and was barred by a force of the enemy nearly 12,000 strong. The only resource left was to cross a large and deep lagune, and to make a way out past a division of the Allies which guarded the outlets in that direction. From the 25th to the 30th of July the Paraguayans made a brave defense against the assaults made upon Chaco by the Allies; on the night following they spanned the lagune with all the small boats in their possession. By holding above them branches of trees 2000 men managed to escape with eight cannon. This scene recalls to us the marching of Birnam wood to Dunsinane, in SHAKSPEARE'S *Macbeth*.

On the night of July 31 or morning of August 1 a dozen embarking parties, commanded by Colonel HERMOZA, were surprised by a Brazilian fleet of small boats, and after a terrible conflict, in which eight of the embarking parties escaped, the other four, laden in part with women and children, fell into the hands of the Allies, of the 120 soldiers who defended these only 25 consented to surrender, though their wounds made a continuation of the fight on their part impossible. Those still left behind had no hope of escape. Yet they disregarded the summons to surrender. Finally the Rev. Father ESMERATE, Chaplain of the Brazilian squadron, at the peril of his life, went to these unfortunates and persuaded them to yield to an honorable capitulation. These men had not eaten for four days.

At the end of the conflict to which we have referred 3000 Paraguayan corpses floated upon the waters by the side of 1000 corpses of the Allies. Such was the result of the nocturnal engagement which followed the evacuation of Humaita.

The illustrations which we give of these events relate to occurrences of a later date than the abandonment of Humaita, and bring our series of sketches of the Paraguayan war down to the latest period of which we have any definite information. Will the war soon terminate, in accordance with the suggestion of the Argentine President, or will LOPEZ continue it until his soldiers are exterminated?

FROM A LONG-ESTABLISHED AND WELL-KNOWN HOUSE.—"We have sold BURNETT'S EXTRACTS (for cooking purposes) for several years, and believe them equal to any we have had hitherto, and find them gradually growing in the public favor." ACKER, MERRALL, & CONDIT, Grocers. NEW YORK, *September* 8, 1868.

JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., Sole Proprietors, 592 Broadway, New York; 27 Central Street, Boston.

These Extracts are for sale every where.

110 LISPENARD ST., N. Y.,
October 13, 1867.

DEAR SIR,—It is with much pleasure that I say to you that I consider the PLANTATION BITTERS of untold value. In the fall of 1867 I was taken with Chills and Fever, with the most severe pains in my chest and head. It was with great difficulty that I could breathe. My lungs were greatly distressed, and there was severe pain in my right side, by spells. I could hardly get up from my bed. I called a doctor, who attended me all winter without the least benefit. About the first of August I commenced using your PLANTATION BITTERS—a wine-glass full three times a day—and have used it most of the time since, and I am now well and strong, able to do all my own work and the care of a large family.

Yours, &c., SUSAN WILSON.

MAGNOLIA WATER.—Superior to the best Imported German Cologne, and sold at half the price.—*Times*.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVED from any part of the body in *five minutes, without injury to the skin*, by UPHAM'S DEPILATORY POWDER. $2 25 by mail. Address S.C. UPHAM, 118 South Seventh St., Philadelphia.

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New Autumn Goods
FOR GENTLEMEN.
ROMAN SCARFS AND TIES,
HOSIERY AND GLOVES,
AT POPULAR PRICES.
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No. 637 Broadway.

LET PERSONS HAVING SEVERE PAIN IN THE SIDE
TAKE NOTICE!
ALLCOCK'S
POROUS PLASTERS.

A gentleman, after a severe sickness, had lesion of the liver. Every quick movement or sudden jar gave him severe pain, often laying him up for days. Hence he was unable to attend any occupation with regularity.

In this condition he applied over the part affected an ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER. At first it seemed to irritate, so it was taken off. But the marked improvement he experienced afterward gave him courage to try again, and he therefore applied another plaster. In a few days something gave way—"slipped," to use the gentleman's own words. There was some soreness for a few days after, then his health was perfectly restored. Upon being sounded by his physician, the adhesion or lesion was found to be gone.

Another gentleman who had lived some time in a tropical climate returned to his home in New York a confirmed invalid. He had almost constant pain in his left side, on which he applied an
ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER.
After a few days the plaster was fairly washed off by a sort of weeping of the pores of the part. He applied a towel, which soon became so wet he had to change it several times a day. When this weeping from the part stopped, the pain returned; so another Porous Plaster was applied. This produced the same effect as the former application, when he again used a towel, which had to be changed several times a day.

These applications of Allcock's Porous Plaster, alternating with the towel, were continued for a period of several months, during which time the gentleman's health was improving. At length he also felt something give way inside. Upon going to his doctor he found that his case was adhesion of the spleen, but upon being sounded it was found removed.

The anxiety had left his countenance; he was once more a sound man.

Is it any wonder that we receive such statement of sales as the following?

MESSRS. SISSON & BUTLER, of Hartford, Conn., write, July 3, 1868:

"We sell more of Allcock's Porous Plasters than all others, and they give universal satisfaction."

MESSRS. BALCH & SONS, of Providence, R. I., write, November, 1867: "We have sold over twenty-one thousand of Allcock's Porous Plasters in the last twenty years—the half in the last two years."

JONES & BROTHER, of Sing Sing, say: "We have sold over three thousand dollars' worth of Allcock's Porous Plasters, and mostly at retail."

ALLENTOWN, PA., *April* 4, 1865.

Messrs. T. Allcock & Co.:

DEAR SIRS,—My daughter used one of your Porous Plasters. She had a very bad pain in her side, and it cured her in one week.

Yours truly, JOHN V. N. HUNTER.

Certificate from A. F. Stirling, Esq.

For two years I have been a great sufferer from neuralgia in the head, and found only temporary relief from all the various remedies that I have tried, until I applied one of "ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS." I cut it into three strips, placing one under each shoulder-blade and the other over the small of my back, and for the past three months I have had scarcely a twinge of the old pain. I advise all who suffer from nervous diseases to lose no time in making a trial of the wonderful Plaster. A. F. STERLING,
Sec'y Singer Manufacturing Co.

NEW YORK, *June* 3, 1868.

HARTFORD, CONN., *November* 11, 1864.

Messrs. T. Allcock & Co.:

Please send with dispatch one gross Allcock's Porous Plasters. Our daily experience confirms their very superior excellence. At this moment of writing a man applies for one who, by entanglement in the shaft of machinery, had both his legs broken, spine severely injured, and was for nearly a year entirely helpless. This man found relief very soon by the application of a Plaster to his spine. He was soon enabled to work, and now he labors as well as ever. He would cheerfully pay $5 for a single Plaster, if they could not be had at a lower rate. I am surprised that surgeons do not make use of these Perforated Plasters to the exclusion of all others, as their flexibility and adhesiveness are greatly in advance of all other Plasters with which I am acquainted, while the perforations peculiar to them render them greatly superior to all others for ordinary surgical uses. Knowing the Plasters to be so useful, I have no scruples that my sentiments should be known. J. W. JOHNSON, M.D.

IMPORTANT TESTIMONIAL.
LETTER FROM DR. FULLER, OF PEEKSKILL.

Thomas Allcock & Co.:

GENTLEMEN,—Since my severe accident I have used as an application to the bruised parts your admirable Plaster.

It has had an excellent effect, soothing while drawing out the soreness, and sustaining and strengthening the part upon which it is applied.

I am, respectfully, yours, E. D. FULLER.

PEEKSKILL, *October* 5, 1868.

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"As interesting as a romance."

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THE LIFE OF GEORGE STEPHENSON
AND OF HIS SON
ROBERT STEPHENSON;

COMPRISING ALSO
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WITH PORTRAITS AND NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.

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It is as interesting as a romance—far more instructive than nine-tenths of the best romances. It relates one of the most wonderful stories that was ever imagined, yet a story every part of which is true.—*London Review*.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

☞ *Sent by Mail, postage paid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of* $3 00.

THE FOLLOWING COMMUNICATION, sent to us from New London, Conn., in relation to the successful treatment of rupture by Dr. J. A. SHERMAN, of this city, we publish in the papers that it may lead to the relief of other persons who may be afflicted with this most tenacious infirmity. The discussion recently carried on between Dr. SHERMAN and Dr. MARSH, about the utility of their relative inventions, has enabled Dr. SHERMAN to establish the fact of the great superiority of his hernial appliances over the truss of Dr. MARSH, which seems (in view of the arguments used) to inflict great suffering and oftentimes irreparable injury upon those who use it. With the hope solely of directing our readers aright, we earnestly advise those who may require rupture remedies to use Dr. SHERMAN'S, as the most reliable and successful.

The joy of Mr. O'SULLIVAN is, no doubt, truthfully expressed in his communication:

SEPT. 25, 1868.

To the Editor of the New York Herald:

In the month of December last my son was suffering from a bad scrotal rupture, and after trying several physicians in this place, without having been relieved, my wife took him to New York, and Dr. Gray, an eminent physician of that city, directed her to take him to Dr. J. A. Sherman, 697 Broadway, where he was treated with a success that gives me the satisfaction of finding him now radically cured.

I feel such joy as a parent can only feel in finding his child restored to perfect health after suffering from an infirmity of this kind, which is generally believed to be incurable, and which is at all times, under the most favorable circumstances, distressing and dangerous.

Feeling as though every parent should know to whom they could apply for relief, I beg of you to give this publicity through your journal.

T. O'SULLIVAN, New London, Conn.

Alaska Diamonds.

A newly-discovered transparent carbonized quartz, equal in brilliancy to the real diamond, mounted at our own factory, in artistic diamond settings, *guaranteed fine gold*, and sold by us at *one fiftieth* of the cost of real diamonds, to which they are equal in every respect except intrinsic value.

Solitaire Ear-Drops, per pair, $5 and $6; Solitaire Finger Rings, $6 and $10; Solitaire Gents' Bosom Pins, $3, $5, $8, $10, $15, $20; Solitaire Gents' Studs, per set, $3, $5, and $10; Cluster Gents' Bosom Pins, $10 and $12; Gents' Cluster Bosom Pin, with tail, $10; Cluster Pin and Earrings, $10 and $25; Cluster Cross, $6, $10, and $15; Cluster Cross Bosom Pin and Earrings, $20 and $25; Cluster Finger Rings, $5, $8, $10, and $12.

We do our business direct from our factory, located in a city which has a world-wide reputation for its fine jewelry.

☞ Orders less than $5 must be accompanied with a Post-Office Order, and the goods sent free. Orders exceeding that amount by express, for collection on delivery, customers paying all express charges.

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KITTY MCGEE. Tucker's New Song..... 35c.
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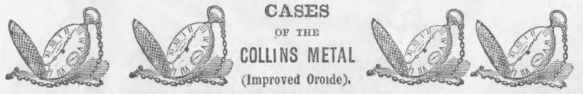

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Our superior Oroide Watches having recently been imitated, and worthless Watches sold in New York, Boston, Chicago, and other cities, represented as our Watches, we hereby caution the public against them, and give notice that we are in no way responsible for these bogus concerns, and only those purchasing directly from us can secure a genuine Watch of our manufacture. We have recently greatly improved our Oroide in appearance and durability, and, to protect the public from imposition hereafter, have named it the "COLLINS METAL," and we give notice that any one making use of this name will be prosecuted to the extent of the law.

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[From the City Item, Philadelphia.]

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[From the La Crosse Republican.]

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[From the Liberal Christian.]

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[From the New York Independent.]

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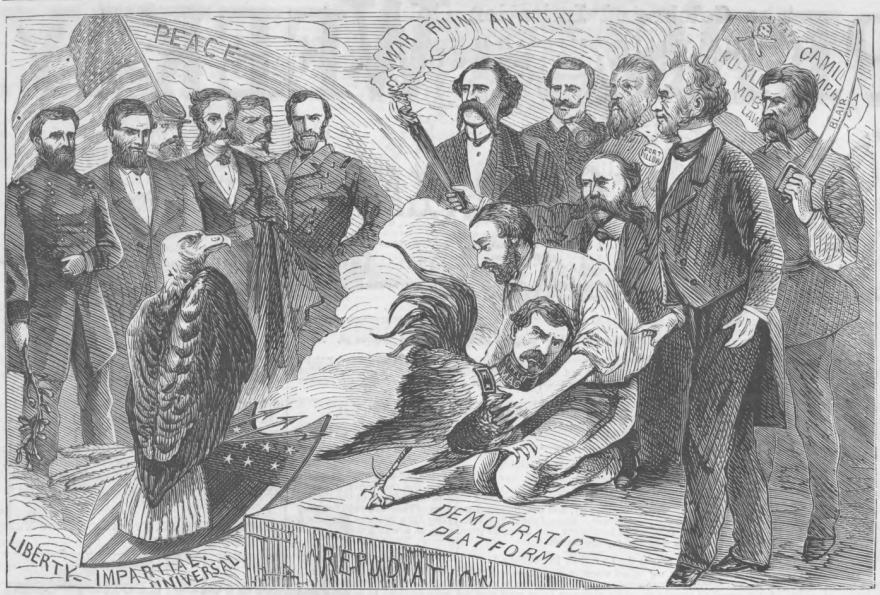

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WE PAY FREIGHT and deliver our goods free of expense at any railroad station East of the Rocky Mountains, on orders for $50.00 *and upwards, when accompanied with the cash, in advance, free of expense to us.*

WE GIVE A COMPLIMENTARY PACKAGE with orders of $25.00; *two* with orders of $50.00; *four* with orders of $100.00, &c.; but none with orders under $25.00.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—As a matter of convenience to our distant customers, we are arranging with Apothecaries and other Merchants all over the country to act as Agents for distributing our goods in their locality **at our Warehouse Prices.** We want one such Agent in every town in the Union. Traders desiring it in towns where we have not already appointed one, are invited to correspond as above, concerning it.

TO FACILITATE CUSTOMERS IN MAKING OUT THEIR ORDERS, we offer the following "CLASSIFIED LISTS," which embrace the FINEST Lots of Tea and Coffee ever offered in the American Market:—

TEAS.

OOLONG, ...	BLACK TEA,	Finest Flavor, Full Strength, Very Highly Recommended,	$1.10,	Choice Quality, *$1.00;* Good, *90c.;* Fair, *80c.*
JAPAN,	NATURAL LEAF, UNCOL'D,	Finest Flavor, Full Strength, Very Highly Recommended,	$1.35,	Choice Quality, *$1.25;* Good, *$1.10;* Fair, *$1.00*
ENGLISH BREAKF'ST,	BL'K TEA,	Finest Flavor, Full Strength, Very Highly Recommended,	$1.20,	Choice Quality, *$1.10;* Good, *$1.00;* Fair, *90c.*
YOUNG HYSON, . .	GREEN TEA,	Finest Flavor, Full Strength, Very Highly Recommended,	$1.40,	Choice Quality, *$1.25;* Good, *$1.10;* Fair, *$1.00*
HYSON or IMPERIAL,	GR'N TEA,	Finest Flavor, Full Strength, Very Highly Recommended,	$1.50,	Choice Quality, *$1.40;* Good, *$1.25;* Fair, *$1.10*
GUNPOWDER, . . .	GREEN TEA,	Finest Flavor, Full Strength, Very Highly Recommended,	$1.65,	Choice Quality, *$1.50;* Good, *$1.40;* Fair, *$1.25*
MIXED,	GR'N OR JAPAN & BLACK,	Finest Flavor, Full Strength, Very Highly Recommended,	$1.10,	Choice Quality, *$1.00;* Good, *90c.;* Fair, *80c.*

COFFEES.

BREAKFAST COFFEE, ...			Roasted and Ground, Mixed, **20 Cents.**
DINNER, ...	Raw, **20 Cents.**	Roasted, **30 Cents.**	Ground Pure, **30 Cents.**
PLANTATION, ...	Raw, **25 Cents.**	Roasted, **35 Cents.**	Ground Pure, **35 Cents.**
ORIENTAL JAVA, ...	Raw, **30 Cents.**	Roasted, **40 Cents.**	Ground Pure, **40 Cents.**
LOANGO, ...	Raw, **35 Cents.**	Roasted, **45 Cents.**	Ground Pure, **45 Cents.**
OLD GOVERNMENT JAVA, .	Raw, **38 Cents.**	Roasted, **50 Cents.**	Ground Pure, **50 Cents.**
MOCHA, (Very Choice,)	Raw, **42 Cents.**	Roasted, **55 Cents.**	Ground Pure, **55 Cents.**

THE PUBLIC WILL PLEASE NOT CONFOUND THIS COMPANY WITH ANY OTHER HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY. ADDRESS ALL ORDERS AND CORRESPONDENCE TO THE

ORIENTAL TEA COMPANY, Post-Office Box 5057, BOSTON, Mass.

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ples of the party in this canvass, the reply was that nobody wanted the nomination so much as the General, and he would secure the Primaries and have the Convention. He did this, and so received the nomination. But meanwhile the conviction became deeper that the matter ought not to go by default; that some resolute effort should be made to show the Republican party in the country that the Republicans of no district in Massachusetts felt that a repudiator was their proper representative; and when the name of Mr. DANA was proposed he was urged to accept the nomination in the name and for the good fame of the party every where.

Granting that General BUTLER was a serviceable officer in the war, so was the former Republican General SLOCUM here in New York. But when he adopted Democratic principles the Republicans voted against him. General BUTLER has not indeed renounced the Republican policy of reconstruction, but he has renounced the Republican financial principle, and upon that point, cardinal, vital, he is no more a Republican than Mr. PENDLETON. General BUTLER is undoubtedly a Radical upon one of the two planks of the platform—upon the other he is not a Republican at all. It is not because of his radicalism, it is because of his falling under the ban of the national Republican platform which declares "all forms of repudiation a national crime" that General BUTLER is properly opposed by a party man.

There are doubtless other and influential reasons. They are found in a very general conviction as to his character, based upon familiar knowledge of his career; in his hostility to General GRANT, and in the kind of prominence which he would be likely to attain in Congress. His method of conducting the canvass is also suggestive. General BUTLER offers five hundred dollars reward for any competent evidence implicating any one in "the attempt to defraud the people of Essex of the elective franchise." Are the Essex voters his property? Is it a fraud upon them to urge them not to send to Congress a gentleman who favors one form of repudiation? Is not this a remarkable sensitiveness lest the voters of Essex be defrauded upon the part of a gentleman who proposes to defraud the creditors of the Government every where? It was remarked in the French revolution that the sight of blood from a cut finger made ROBESPIERE quite faint.

We have opposed the election of General BUTLER because, as radical Republicans, we do not believe the party, the cause, or the country are safe in the hands of reckless and unprincipled men. If by any chance General BUTLER could have been nominated for President, do the Republicans of the Fifth District in Massachusetts believe that he would have received, or ought to have received, the hearty support of the party in the country? And would it have been withheld because he was so true an exponent of Republican principles, or because it was felt that he was not a true representative of the party principle and character?

GENERAL BLAIR AS A PROPHET.

General FRANK BLAIR does not say that General GRANT will be assassinated, but he says that he will never leave the White House alive because he will establish a military despotism. This remark shows the profound wisdom of General FRANK BLAIR. It also shows how truly he understands General GRANT's character and that of the American people. Every thing in General GRANT's career shows, of course, that unquenchable thirst for despotic rule of which the sage and statesman and soldier General FRANK BLAIR speaks. This relentless greediness for absolute power is only surpassed by General GRANT's fanatical fondness for the pomp and circumstance which surround it. He has a painful taste for show. He is constantly making displays to captivate the people whom he has already doomed to the yoke. He is the candidate of a party that has always maintained slavery of every kind. It is notorious that the Republican party wishes to submit four millions of the Southern population to the uncontrolled tyranny of a certain disloyal class of that population, and General FRANK BLAIR can not stand it. General GRANT, says General FRANK BLAIR, is "a mailed warrior whose bayonets are now at the throat of eight millions of people at the South." It is GRANT, of course, who inspires and encourages the Ku-Klux Klan. The sage BLAIR, who proposes to overthrow the Southern governments by the sword, is full of consternation at the prospect of the military despotism which General GRANT is about to establish.

The sly despot, the bloody demagogue, the ambitious usurper, GRANT, says let us have peace; but he means "let us compel the army to disperse the carpet-bag State Governments"—doesn't he, General BLAIR? He says that the only way to peace is to obey the law; but he means that he "will trample into dust the usurpations of Congress known as the reconstruction acts"—doesn't he, General BLAIR? Indeed, GRANT evidently has an admiring eye upon that former military despot, WASHINGTON. Like him he has shown a constant contempt for authority, and an instant personal ambition—hasn't he, General BLAIR? And the

American people, who know what a respect for law the late rebels have, and who know that a certain person was nominated for Vice-President because he was very anxious to draw the sword, will put him and his sword out of sight—won't they, General BLAIR?

Free speech is an invaluable blessing. The enemies of equal liberty assembled in Convention at Tammany Hall and freely expressed their opinions, and nominated their candidates. They then went out and talked freely to the people, and have disastrously defeated those candidates. While there was any doubt of the meaning of the platform and the candidates there was a chance of their success. But when the orators began to explain what they meant that chance disappeared. Every speech which General FRANK BLAIR has made must have cost him and his party many hundreds of votes; while the free speech of the true chiefs of the party, the Southern leaders, has gone very far to secure every loyal State for GRANT and COLFAX. We can not enough extol the virtue of free speech. But to think of the infatuation of a country which deliberately prefers to take the chances of peace with GRANT and honesty, COLFAX and liberty, rather than with SEYMOUR and repudiation, BLAIR and the forcible dispersion of State organizations! How sad that it will not see that nothing but General BLAIR's sword can save it from General GRANT's despotism!

THE CONDITION OF TRADE.

THE decisive result in the States which voted on the 13th of October has carried up the public debt about two and a half per cent., and as all anxiety is removed as to the issue of the Presidential election we may count with certainty on an active trade for the residue of the year. There is a solid basis for this opinion in the bountiful crops of the cereals and the fair but not large crop of cotton with which the country has been favored. It is altogether probable that our bonds will be in demand across the Atlantic, and that, urged by the ease which is likely to continue in our money market, we may be disposed to import in excess of our actual means. But if we are guilty of this imprudence the day of reckoning will be postponed, and ultimately come at a time when it must be greatly to our disadvantage.

The actual basis of a large trade, however, consists in our abundance of food and cotton, and in the want of food in the British Isles and elsewhere.

There are those in England and in this country who strenuously deny that there will be any extensive demand for food from abroad. We have lately witnessed at Chicago the operation of a corner in corn. Under its influence corn was carried up to 112 cents or more per bushel, while at the termination of the cornering process it suddenly fell to 91 cents or thereabouts, which was its full value. The two parties to this combination—one for a rise, the other for a fall—had their agents in this market, who were at direct variance as to the situation in England, one claiming that there would be no unusual foreign demand, the other that it would exceed all precedent. It may very well be that these hurtful combinations to put up or down the value of food irrespectively of demand and supply have their representatives in London and Liverpool. A controversy has been for a long time pending in the Manchester newspapers as to statements, made with respect to cotton, alleged to be false, to influence an upward or a downward market, and it is to be assumed that such statements are made for some special and improper object both there and here. The press in England has been very reticent lately with respect to the crops of all descriptions. Pamphlets have been written there to show that the drought is a visitation of Heaven to punish those who legislated for the Liberal cause in the last Parliament; and on the other hand, while the political importance of a good crop is conceded, it is claimed that England, on the score of bread, will be much better off than in ordinary years. To arrive at the exact truth one must be able, from the best lights of agricultural experience, to form a judgment independently of what may be expressed from interested motives.

We published quite recently, from the Maidstone *Journal*, the organ of part of the English hop-growers, a statement that the diversity in samples of hops was scarcely ever known to be so great as in this year. Some very bad, some good, and we drew the inference from it that the wheat crops on adjoining soils must in part have shared the same fate.

The flax purchasers of Belfast make like admissions as to flax. We omit extracts from their statements; but it is generally conceded that the crop is light in Ireland, owing to the drought, and that it is also light, and for the same reason, in Russia, Germany, and France.

The order of the French Government opening its ports to the entry of cereals free of tonnage duty after the 1st of October has been the subject of extensive comment in our newspapers, and various suggestions have been made with respect to it. To one class it means not drought, but war; to another it is altogether due to drought. The Report made by the Agricultural Bureau of France of her imports and exports for the first six months of this year throws some light on this question, and upon the one suggested by the British press that England will be able to receive a portion of the flour she wants from France. The French statement presents a very unusual import of the cereals. While her exports of these amount in value to only about $250,000, her imports, for the same period, amount in value to 176,420,825 francs, or between forty-nine and fifty millions of dollars. This import is very unusual. The Lyons papers, in describing the crop of grapes, stated that on light soils they were "roasted." The region of severe drought is situated between Lyons and the Mediterranean; but it existed also on the borders of Spain. In parts of Spain it was so severe that an order for the opening of her ports to the cereals free of tonnage duty followed the French order, before the Revolution in Spain, and supplies are now going forward to Spanish ports from London and Liverpool.

It must be remembered by those who feel impatience that no considerable advance in breadstuffs takes place in the London and Liverpool markets that the crops of all descriptions harvested in July are yet unconsumed, and that no extravagant price will be paid for grain so long as this is the case. There exists an interest the deepest that can sway a community in favor of giving to the world the most favorable impressions of what their fields have produced. Many will be deceived by the bold statement of Mr. SANDERSON that this year's wheat crop will exceed the preceding years by three million quarters. The "Encyclopædia Britannica" states that it is impossible to arrive at accurate views of what is produced in any given year, except from the consumption of what is grown and what is imported. A drought of unprecedented severity, extending, according to the Manchester *Guardian*, over a period of six months, destructive of many of the crops on which England relies, and so severe that wheat was plowed in on light soils as being utterly worthless, affords no very good basis for a large increase of wheat. This crop can be pronounced larger than usual only out of regard to the political and financial considerations which are involved in the questions. We regard it as certain that there will be a heavy demand abroad up to the harvest of '69 for all descriptions of our food productions, and consequently that trade will be active here.

THE WORK IN NEW YORK.

OUR friends must remember that the sole remaining hope of the Democracy is to carry the State of New York and elect Mr. HOFFMAN Governor. In the Convention that nominated him the consequences of such an election were portrayed by one of the delegates from Brooklyn whom indignation kindled into a strain of refreshing truth-telling. The election of Mr. HOFFMAN, said this Democratic authority, will be the transfer of the State to the control of the relentless ring of Tammany Hall. The whole State, instead of the city merely, will be ground to swell the enormous booty of the Tammany leaders. We beg our friends throughout the State to be as firm and prompt at every point as if the battle were going against us. We beg them to remember that it is most desirable that the Executive of New York should be in sympathy with the Executive of the United States, and that in JOHN A. GRISWOLD we have a man whose character and career are the guarantee of an efficient and honest administration which will be in full harmony with that of the United States.

A RELIGIOUS REBEL VIEW.

BEFORE the rebellion some of the most fiery of the secession leaders were the clergymen in the Southern States. This was admirably set forth in the novel of "Inside," published in these pages two or three years ago. The character and method of the rebel clerical influence were most graphically sketched in the character of the minister, Barker. The Reverend Barker again lifts up his voice, and under the signature of Ezekiel writes as follows to the *Presbyterian Index*, published in Mobile and New Orleans.

"If SEYMOUR and BLAIR be not elected," says the Reverend Ezekiel Barker, in his loudest roar,

"We are on the verge of a war by far more diffusive, bitter, and sanguinary than that through which we have passed. The wind work of it is very nearly done—the revolution is accomplished, if it can be maintained, and the last throw of the dice that settles the question of peace is set for the ides of November. We have not the faintest ray of a hope that the revolutionists can be arrested, having so far been sustained by their constituency, and having the power of position and organization. Besides, they are headed by the most reckless and reprobate of living humanity—as desperate gamblers on political fortunes as any British Parliament, French Assembly, or Council of Ten ever embodied. The North and West, it is true, are vastly adulterated by an un-Americanized foreign element of population; but still they contain enough of pure, patriotic, liberty-loving Americans to constitute a martial power; and the New York Convention has sounded the tocsin of war."

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

THE October elections are the bright rays of the coming sun. With the real Peace that is founded upon justice, prosperity and the general welfare will return. When the leaders of the late troubles perceive that the victory over them is not won only, but understood, they will learn to acquiesce in the inevitable result. General GRANT, says Mr. ADAMS, whom they invited to come and tell them the truth, is not your enemy, but your friend. General GRANT says "Let us have peace," and he means it. The news of his election, on the morning of the 4th of November, will be the dawn of that era of Peace in which every industry will revive; and the whole land will seem to hear, as in Mr. HOGAN's picture upon page 697, the angel announcing once more the glad tidings of good-will to all men.

THE BLOATED BONDHOLDERS.

IN his speech at the Cooper Institute Mr. MARTIN I. TOWNSEND, of Troy, one of the very toughest of Republicans, whose ample information and oratorical fire and felicity always commend him to the heart as well as to the head of his audience, told the simple truth about "the bloated bondholders" in a way to be remembered. He said that

"The debt incurred during the war was now about $2,400,000,000, whatever it is more than this having been in existence before the war or incurred since. Of this, $400,000,000 is in greenbacks, etc., which are now taxed; $400,000,000 more is held by the banks, which the capital of every State taxes; $650,000,000 is deposited in the Savings-Banks of the country, and of this at least $300,000,000 is invested in bonds, while the Life Insurance and Fire Insurance Companies of the country together hold $600,000,000 more. These are corporations which any State can tax; thus $1,700,000,000 of the debt is now or can be taxed; $400,000,000 or $500,000,000 more of the bonds are held in Europe, and these not even the Democrats pretend ought to be taxed; so that only $200,000,000 or $300,000,000 remain. Who hold these? Old men, old maids, estates in trust, etc. Rich men don't invest their money here; they can make ten dollars by speculation in stocks while they are making one dollar in Governments. And these people are the bloated bondholders. Every man and woman who holds a bill, every one who holds a deposit in a Savings-Bank—indeed every man, woman, and child in the country—is interested in the financial stability of the Government."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

ELECTIONS took place on October 13 in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Nebraska. All four of these States went Republican. There was no election for Governor in either Pennsylvania or Ohio. In the former, a State-Auditor-General and members of Congress were elected, the Republican majority being over 10,000. In Ohio, where a Secretary of State and a Supreme Judge were elected, the Republican majority was over 17,000. Indiana elected a Governor, and while it is almost certain that the Republicans have a small majority, it is impossible to speak decidedly until all the official returns are in. The result of the October elections has reduced the price of gold, and occasioned the most hearty rejoicing throughout the country. It awakens confidence in the loyal and disturbs the enemies of the Government only.

Congress met at Washington on the 16th; but only for the purpose of readjournment to November 10.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Spanish Junta has seized the property of the Jesuits and declared the order abolished. Recent French advices state that an attempt has been made to assassinate General Prim. Senor Rosas de Olana has been appointed Captain-General of Cuba. General Dulce, who was appointed Captain-General of Cuba by the Spanish authorities, has declined on account of ill health.

General Prim has received the title of Marshal of Spain. General Dulce has been made Duke of Madrid. A deputation of Cubans have held consultations with the Central Junta. They have agreed to measures providing for the gradual abolition of slavery. The Republicans have commenced an agitation in Barcelona. They protest against the acts of Generals Prim and Serrano. General Serrano has made a speech at Saragossa promising that the Provisional Junta at Madrid would resign on the meeting of the Cortes.

NAVAL ENGAGEMENT OFF PETIT GOAVE, HAYTI.

PRESIDENT SALNAVE seems to have quite firmly secured his Government in Hayti. We give on page 692 an illustration of a spirited engagement off Petit Goave on the 20th of September, which took place between the Haytien corvette *Alexandre Petion* and the ships and batteries at that point.

The corvette arrived at Port-au-Prince from New York September 19, and received orders to go to Petit Goave, 29 miles westward, and capture or sink the *Sylvien* and the *Liberté*—the first, a screw-steamer of 10 guns, and the second a side-wheel steamer of 4 guns—and to engage the hostile batteries. Accordingly, at 3 o'clock on the morning of the 20th, President SALNAVE with his Staff went on board the corvette, together with Mr. RAESTER, formerly Charge d'Affaires to Washington. The *Petion* at 4 A.M. steamed down the bay to Grand Goave, where she left some muskets and ammunition for the troops there stationed, and then proceeded to Petit Goave. This point was reached at 8 o'clock, and the engagement began at once. The vessels soon hauled down their colors and ran up the white flag. A Haytien officer went on board the *Sylvien*, and took possession of her; the *Liberté* was on fire. It was found that the *Sylvien* was rapidly sinking; therefore her chain was slipped, and the *Petion* took her in tow to get her on the bank off the point to the right. Before she reached the shallow water, however, she went down in deep water, carrying down with her some of the prize crew and a Haytien General who had boarded her. About seventy of

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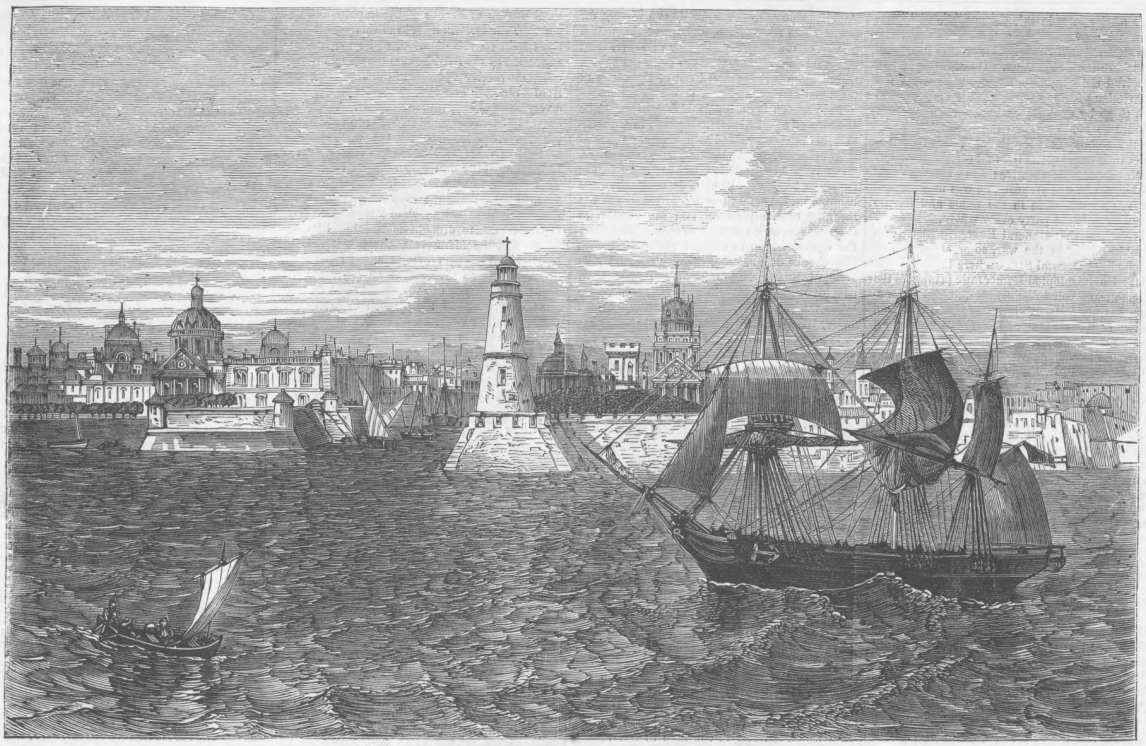
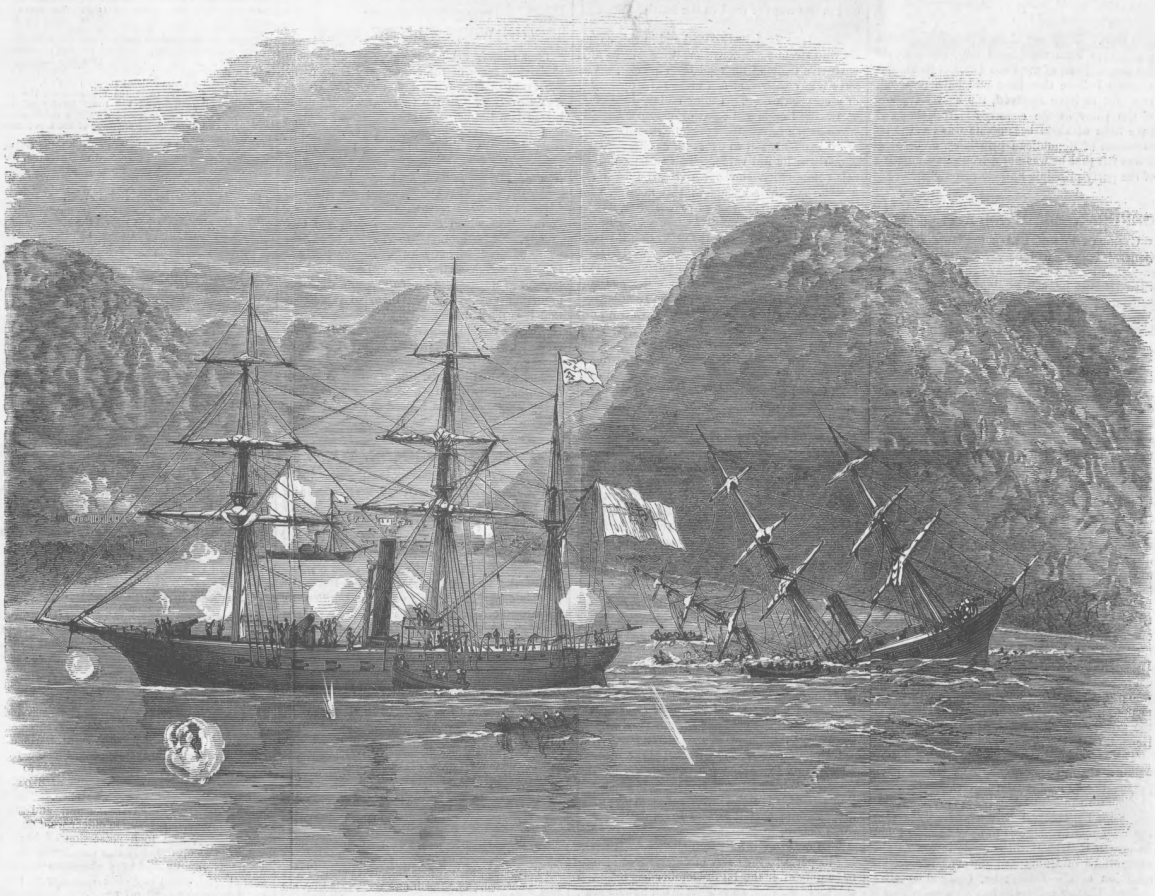


THE CITY OF CADIZ, SPAIN.—[SEE PAGE 699.]

these were saved and brought on board the *Petion*. This latter vessel in the mean time kept up an engagement with the batteries. Two of the prisoners from the *Sylvien* were killed on her quarter-deck, and this was the only loss sustained from the enemy's fire, though his shells flew thick and fast about the *Petion*.

At 3 o'clock P.M the *Petion* hauled off, only one gun remaining in position on shore, and returned to Port-au-Prince, having accomplished her mission. The troops on shore stormed the place as soon as the bombardment ceased. This victory over the vessels was important to President SALNAVE, as the latter had to a great extent damaged the commerce, and even the forts in possession of the Government.



ENGAGEMENT OF THE HAYTIEN CORVETTE "ALEXANDRE PETION" WITH THE BATTERIES AND VESSELS OFF PETIT GOAVE.
[SKETCHED BY AN OFFICER OF THE HAYTIEN NAVY.]

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HOW A SONG FOUND HER.

THE day had been a weary one. One of those gentle days in spring that come with the soft kiss of summer to our lips, and we love the wooing touch though it steals from us our sturdiness; and we languidly long for the season of packed trunks, deserted city homes, and the tempting summer life away from the babble and the din; quite up in the mountain slopes, by the river's quiet bank, or the long stretch of sea-sand—any where where it is green and bright, and we can feel ourselves alone with each other, and with our mother Nature, who, with all a loving mother's fondness, lays her caressing hand on the worn frame and the enervated brain of all who invoke the touch; and we wonder, as in childhood, how it is that the "mother-touch can kiss the pain away, and we are strong again for work or play"—as we choose in our childhood's day, but as we can not choose now that its sunny day has set, and we know that each that rises brings us something to do for ourselves and each other.

My fashionable friend, Mrs. Fletcher, had been displaying to me her preparatory purchases for the season; wonderful fabrics so gossamer-like, that when at the sea-side among the crowd where she would reign indisputably "the belle," they would question how she threw a mortal spell over Undine, and won from her the robe of frosty, shimmering green; and then in contrast, rich moirés and heavy piques for elegant appearance at those gay resorts where human hearts are common traffic; or if not the hearts the inferior clay that would be animated by them, had such a fossil structure been found therein.

Mrs. Fletcher was showing me all these decorations for self—but Mrs. Fletcher was *not* a heartless woman; like a butterfly that loved its element of roses and sunshine, and its pretty painted wings, because God made it a butterfly, and put into its insect nature a taste for these; but after all a very human butterfly, that could suffer and feel for those whom the same God had made moths and millers and ugly brown-winged insects. A very human heart had Mrs. Fletcher; it was that which shone from the winning eyes that seemed to look quite down into your heart sometimes, and smiled from the sympathetic lips that gave her the ascendency she won, and rightly named her queen wherever she carried her fine face and noble form.

"It was just such a night as this, Clare, when you were away from us last week—just such a balmy stillness held the air. Jo had been out for his cigar and stroll, which you know he never makes a long one from me; we sat chatting of the old days when we two flirted with each other, as we had with many before us, till we discovered there was something more for us both to do than flirt—something that would make us happier—when all at once out on the still night air came a voice so sweet and clear, so thrilling, that with one consent we hushed our chat to listen and look. It was a woman, Clare—a woman who was not old, for there was freshness in her voice, and she

"THAT SISTER WHO NEVER LET GO HER HAND," ETC.

was singing at that late hour about the streets for money. I should have gone down to see her, but that at the moment the maid came to me saying little Paul was wakening restless and calling for mamma; so I had to send her down in my stead with such odd change as I had convenient. Somehow I can't recover from that voice—it comes back to me on such nights as this. The maid said all the neighbors sent her money, which she took silently and went her way."

Interested as I had been by such an unusual way of earning one's bread, as my friend Mrs. Fletcher had described to me, it was not strange that I leaned out of my moonlit window to brood over the chances of life and build up my own theory of its moods and changes which had cast this singing woman on the city streets. When it seemed as if in direct response to my sympathy which (unknown to me as she was) had already wakened for her, crept along silently a woman and a child—a little child clasping tight the other's hand; they stopped just beneath my window; and stopping, sent out on the tranquil up-town streets, which claimed no passer-by save themselves, such a low, plaintive sound, one would hardly guess it were the beginning of song. It seemed more like heart-music which is uttered involuntarily—not songs for paid money—then it rose higher, clearer, and sank deeper; while the midnight air stood still to let the waves of sound catch yet more of that almost divine, that "liquid sweetness." Such a voice as that must have had one teacher—Sorrow—which only could have toned it down to this infinite expression—this inflection that seemed to be hope, love, regret, all and each in turn.

When it ceased I caught up purse and scarlet dressing-sack for bodily protection, and rushed down to this woman who had so moved my soul; how could I offer her such reward for thus speaking to mine from the depths of her own?

I hesitated, almost ashamed to enter into her presence. But I must not; for that which *I* had and she needed had she ventured out clothed in poor raiment, but Godiva-like in her woman's chastity with no protector but her God and the child.

I reached the door just in time to see another step up to her and take her in, away from me and my charity, away from this love for her which was born of her song; and the door closed upon her. If I had only known our neighbors—but who in New York know their neighbors? I went to the door-step thinking I too might follow and hear her story, but shrank back again, afraid my little charity would seem like ostentation. I went to my room, but not to sleep; she haunted me. All night, and day after day, the sad voice and the quiet gliding figure rang in my ears and crept before my vision.

The time came for us to take up the line of summer march. We went through the usual routine of springs, sea-side, etc., when, sated with the gay life, we decided to leave these for a more exclusive quiet at Niagara, where we could venture out without the certainty of being drawn

ARICA, PERU, SOUTH AMERICA, AFTER THE LATE EARTHQUAKE.—[SEE PAGE 690.]

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into the whirl of that restless, devouring nondescript dubbed society, which holds its carnival wherever its followers are found. So to Niagara we went, and stood, as we had stood times before, awe-struck and cowed by the magnitude of those grandly heavy waters, falling, falling, as they had fallen years that had gone, and would fall an eternity to come, with no voice that dared to ask them how or why, but their own response, their never-ceasing hallelujah of "Glory to God!" A new delight was open to us now in the "Three Sisters," as they are called—three new islands opening from "Goat Island," like the joints of a telescope, each smaller and smaller. How glad we were that while yet in the rudeness of their first exploring we had gone to them—such tangled underbrush and wild rocks that multitudes of sight-seers had not yet desecrated with knife and pen, carving names which would in no other way make any mark in their life travels. Standing with our very feet almost washed by the miniature falls that compose the rapids, one could seem to comprehend and approach these not only bodily, but in thought, where it would seem rash presumption to venture into the overpowering presence of the stupendous great waters themselves.

With a cry of gladness that almost alarmed my friends lest I had come to harm I sprang forward to greet John Grey, who sat there so immovable that even my joyous welcome failed to rouse him, the very picture of discontent.

"What, John!" cried I, "can't the sight of friends rising upon you as out of the very mist and spray of these waters arouse you from their contemplation? Substantial nymphs are we, but very accessible, as we shall show you. You're just what we want to complete our party."

He rose to meet us, and I saw my cousin John was not the cousin whom I had met a year ago. He was cordial, but with a constrained cordiality; affable, but a studied affability. The discontent I had marked upon his face when alone with the waters and his reverie was discontent still, only marked by a forced effort to appear as of old.

So he joined us in our wanderings; and one night we two strayed by ourselves out into Luna Island, where, somehow, like the wind, whose coming and going we can not divine, the picture of that singing woman came before me. I told her tale to John.

"Don't go weaving any romance out of that, Clare. There is enough of sorrow and heartache in the world without sentiment for warp and woof to aid us in fabricating more. We mortals get our share of woes as they come along without borrowing some one else's to grieve over. Don't let your womanly sympathy run away with your ideas of womanly propriety. Doubtless your persecuted daughter, abused wife, penitent Magdalen, or whatever your fancy may have painted her, was some itinerant singer who could have earned an honest livelihood in a simple way without patrolling the streets for a pittance, keeping good-hearted little women who will permit themselves to be worked upon from the sound sleep that would soon put all such troubles into dreamland."

What had soured my good cousin's notions? He used to be, a year or two past, the very cream of the "milk of human kindness," and such a soured element as that was not palatable to me.

"Why, John, don't you suppose that woman would work if she could? We don't know how hard she tried. We don't know how daintily she may have been brought up, and reared to do nothing but sing and flutter away the golden days of her life. And when the storms came how could she meet them?"

Surely some great grief must have come to John, that, filling his own heart, left him no thought for others—some trust been broken—some sympathy turned back upon himself again, that he should be so faithless.

"Hurrah for a raid upon her Majesty's domain to-day, ye feminines!" shouted Jo Fletcher next morning. "We'll take you along to outwit the Custom-house officers. We want new broadcloth and *pure* 'old Otard.' We want more things than would fill one of your Saratoga arks, and we'll invite you to go along as ladies, but to return as pack-horses, whose amiability will permit any amount of lading to be done by us, your 'lords of creation,' expecting your wit to invent some yet untried resource of your patent framework to pull the wool of our very excellent broadcloth over those worthies' investigations."

Such was the invitation our guide and jolly companion gave us to go over to the Canada side, and we decided to row over in the little boat which plies from the foot of the inclined plane on the American shore. In going down this plane the fears of an elderly lady were loudly expressed, and we recognized our neighbors at home. Our party being large could not all be accommodated in one boat, and I mentally determined I would be the one to go in the other which should carry Mrs. Weed, and perhaps by an adroit introduction of myself learn from her the story I had longed to hear.

John was left for escort, and the rest of our friends were to await us on the Canada side. The offer of a shawl, which I could well spare, soon opened the conversation between Mrs. Weed and myself, and I forthwith asked her about the singing woman.

"Oh dear, yes!" she exclaimed. "That woman with the little child. You don't know how she made me love her. I was so glad to take her in and listen to her voice, which speaks as sweetly as it sings. Poor thing, it's a hard hand must have sent her out to get her bread for herself and the little sister she had with her. When I offered her some attention you should have seen the look she cast up, as if she was praying a little prayer, to thank God first before she did me; after that she said such low, pretty thanks to me, as if she had not been used to thanking one for such deeds. I asked her all about herself; but, dearie me, she was so silent-like I couldn't get her to tell me a word about why she was left so friendless to wander around the streets, with no one to look at her or to speak to that she knew, but that little wee sister of hers, whom she called Lily. Lily enough she looked like, with great violet eyes, and long, shaggy hair, just like the fashionable children wear it, only Nature did hers all in golden "crimps," I suppose her maid would call it if she had put it up in pins; but it must have been some time since she'd any maid but that sister who never let go her hand, always clasping it as if she feared she'd be an angel and fly away if she took her human touch off of her.

"As I said, I couldn't get her to speak of what sent her out into the world like a pet fawn that had always been fed and fondled by one hand in a park, and who'd strayed away among the wolves and savage creatures of the wood. I thought, as I was an old body, fit to be her mother, she'd see I didn't care for all the false ways and society charities that have to know all about you, where you came from, who's helped you last, and if you were very grateful; but would open her poor, torn heart to me, just as she'd opened her own mouth to let out the rich voice.

"But she didn't tell me why she wasn't living like a lady any more, for lady she always would be, no matter how she lived. Only when she thanked me she took the little Lily up on her knee and said, '*I* thank you, and Lily thanks you, because now she won't have to go away from me yet, for this will buy food and wine for her. My darling will stay with me, who wants her so much, who can't spare her to God because He has a whole heaven full of Lilys like her, and I have only this one. I'm all alone if she should go. If you knew how I'd crept away from her and left her sleeping in her morning sleep, and run so fast that when I got back she should never know I'd left her at all—to sell all our little treasures to the great Jewman who kept the pawn-shop near us. I had to feel his crafty eyes on me as well as on them, and I dreaded so to go that I was almost glad when the last went, and I thought I could work for Lily.

"'When we two first went to live alone I didn't know where to go for our new home; but I chose a high front-room, where I saw flowers at the window-ledge below it, and I thought she could look down on them and fancy they were our garden, and up to the sky and see the same stars she used to watch from our window at home. Pretty soon we got too poor to live in that nice place—nice when I think of the home she lives in now—and I took my Lily up in my arms and carried her where it seemed as if I was burying her in the little dark room I took her to.

"'Then the money was all gone, and the treasures, too, except this;' for I had glanced down quite unconsciously at her hands, which looked as if it was little work that they could do. By this she meant a plain gold ring—a wide band it seemed, so thick it had a deep groove in it, where was a braided band of hair ended with a slide in which set one great pearl. She didn't blush when she saw me notice it, and perhaps wonder how she could keep any thing so incongruous with her present life. She only said,

"'I couldn't have sold that, Madam, to a Jew to save any thing but Lily's breath when nothing else would. I'd cut off and sell her golden locks first,' and she wound them caressingly around her own slender fingers. 'I'd leave the little dear in the bed alone at night while I sang round the streets without her. But I couldn't let that go; it's all that's left me of my past, and worth more to me than all I've sacrificed.

"'You may not think it, but I have tried to get work to do. First I tried to make wax-flowers and sell them; but it took more out of my purse for materials than it put in. I suppose some would have succeeded; but it was all so strange to me I didn't know where to go, or how to dispose of them. Then I tried to embroider; but I couldn't work fast enough to pay our rent and keep us both in food and Lily in medicine. I couldn't teach, because I couldn't leave my baby, as I call her, all the day; so I tried to get coarser work to do; but I'd never done it before, and though I tried hard I sewed in more tears than stitches, and they preferred to give it to those who were used to their trades.

"'One night Lily had said, "Sister, sing to me as you used to sing when we went into the woods, and the flowers and the birds were there. How I wish you could take me up into your arms and carry me out, because it's spring now, and maybe it would seem as if the flowers and the birds would come back to me—and to you too, sister." So I took her up and wandered out into the moonlight with her, for I was not afraid; and I walked on, on; it seemed so good to have her close up to my heart, because it was my all—all I had to feel was mine, and we two were alone. She was then getting so little day by day, so little, that it seemed as if she might slip away from me and be gone. She whispered, "Sing, sister." So I sang. A gentleman stopped and gave me some money for my song. It put a new thought into my head: I could sing—sing and save Lily. The old voice seemed to come back to me, and I went home with money—money to buy my Lily back again; and I've sung ever since, while Lily grows strong enough to walk now, and we are happy together.'

"I asked her where she lived, and she told me. Begging permission to go soon to see her, I meant to do so; but you know how it is in the city, we 'boast ourselves of the morrow,' and put off to-day. I had some friends who came upon me unexpectedly, and was then hurried off to the bedside of a sick brother, where I staid till his recovery. Mr. Weed joined me there, so that we should not miss this trip; and here we are, sure enough, at the Canada side, and I've been staring away at the great falls without really seeing them, and hearing the roar and thinking and talking all the while about the poor young thing, who seemed no more fit to be roaming around the world that way than somebody's pet canary let out of its cage by mistake. I shall look for her when we get back, and perhaps, as we are neighbors, and so accidentally met, you wouldn't object to going with me to visit her. I suppose we must part now, as I notice your friends on the bank above awaiting you." And, with a kindly shake of the hand, the good old soul, with her quiet husband, parted from us.

"Why, John!" I exclaimed, as he extended his hand to place mine within his arm. "John, I believe you are fairly enlisted on my side. Now change your colors like a deserter, and do honor to my feminine discrimination. Don't you remember bantering me about my wasted sympathies?"

"Clare, don't. It is cruel of you. Don't you see I suffer; the torture, the uncertainty. We must get away from that party. We must get on to the city. I must go, and you with me."

"But, John, now it's my turn. What is womanly sympathy compared with masculine interest? Then you are not proof against romance after all?"

"Hush, Clare! Excuse yourself from these people, and I'll tell you all my story. You'll not wonder then that I said real life had enough of heartache in it to leave it with its own;" and as he neared the party he urged again: "Go with me, cousin. One day may make all mine a long night, if we lose her."

Thus urged, without knowing why, except that I trusted John to explain to me, I plead a headache and utter inability to go to the Whirlpool and the usual points of interest that we had planned to visit that day. John engaged a carriage, that he might in its seclusion tell me why he was so moved, and thus we returned to our hotel *via* the Bridge.

"Now, cousin, my reward for yielding my share of the plunder Mr. Fletcher was to intrust me with; my thanks for abandoning a gay and congenial party for such a personification of wretchedness as you have suddenly become. Really, the 'last state of the man is worse than the first' in your case. I found you hanging over those surging waters, the very spirit of discontent, as if it needed but little coaxing from the sprites for you to join them in their mad leap; and though you have smiled on us and been one with us, this simple story of city life—as poverty and wealth clasp hands—transforms you again into the misanthropic John I almost failed to recognize as the John of old. Woman's moods, indeed! No April day could be more changeful than yours."

"Clare," answered he, "you heard Mrs. Weed's story, now hear mine: Do you remember the wards my father took into our home? You know how I had grown up the selfish, careless idol of his life; selfish, because I'd no one to call me out of my self-existence, and solitary living is apt to make one take for themselves what they are not called upon to yield to another. Careless of others' needs, because every wish had been gratified almost before known to myself. I had no mother in my childhood, no sister or brother for my playmate, and my father had one thought, or two, which were identical—money and me. Well, you know all this, and how, when my father's friend died, leaving his orphan children to his care, we took them home to live with us. He left them with little means for such as had been proudly born and tenderly cultured, but under my father's guardianship he hoped it would become more; so he died, and they two gentle girls came home to us two men, left to our own companionship. It was like letting in daylight to a rayless cell; it was a sunbeam in the house all day; and warped, stunted as had been my moral growth, with never a mother's knee to kneel down and pray at, when I had been a boy, nor a mother's hand to lay its fondling fingers on my throbbing temples, was it strange that my heart should grow to this girl-mother that had come into our home?

"I used to watch her toy with her baby sister—for Lily was but a two-year-old baby when they came to us—and wish that I'd been Lily. Day by day we three, so left to ourselves, grew to know each other, till by assimulation with the unselfishness and devotion of Mary Monteith I learned myself better; and loving her I loved what was nobler and truer, and established without perceiving it a higher moral tone for myself than my lone life had ever known. Following on after her blessed example, I worshiped her as men worship what makes them better and holier—as all women could be worshiped if they would ever hold what is pure and holy in their nature; thus leading man nearer to the Virgin-Mother that through the God-Son comes down to them again.

"Yes; I grew to worship Mary Monteith, and I worship her yet. Only that I grope now blindly in the dark for my idol; it is gone, and the cross only is before me. Where were warm kisses now I hold the crucifix to my lips, on which the dead love hangs yet warm. For me there is no 'Easter Morn.' Where there was life is only death; and if I ever get to heaven with this spirit of unforgiveness tugging at my heart 'twill be because not only God but she is there.

"Well, last winter my father, whom men thought infallible, came home with clouded brow, neither Mary's tact nor Lily's childish prattle could move that seated gloom that thickened there; it deepened and deepened till we could hardly recognize the man. One day, on coming home earlier than usual, I found him earnestly conversing with Mary. Supposing he was advising with her as to the best possible use for some of her funds I did not of course intrude, and, to while away the hours, took the next train back into the city to attend alone the Opera which I was so anxious to see. Arriving home late that night I was the next morning surprised by the non-appearance of Mary and Lily in the breakfast-room; expressing this to my father I for the first observed his unusually haggard face. 'What does it mean? Speak, father!' I cried. 'Why don't Mary and Lily come? Why are you so troubled? Does this angur ill for us in our home? Surely no harm can have come to them we may not share—or they share ours—we are as one.'

"'No, John'—he spoke now unflinchingly—'we are not as one. You had better know it all. Sure as I had been that no sagacity of mine would fail, it was a hollow trust. Sanguine of my usual success, I had not only involved my own but the little capital of those two orphan children. We are not beggared quite—they are penniless. Never since the day I broke their father's trust and took their little all, hoping to make it more, have I known peace; that act, kind in its intent, but a fatal venture in its trial, has been the spectre which has haunted me till I could suffer it no longer; but, confessing my guilt yesterday when you saw Mary with me, and praying her pardon, I begged of her to still be with us, and one of us, till the storm was over, and from the wreck which might yet be saved I could recompense her for my unjust stewardship. I spoke of you, and how this would shape your life so differently; that now many long years of struggle would have to come before you could hope to have one honest penny of your own. You, my son, for whose independence I had toiled and held my name so high that it should be an honor to you to bear it. When I spoke of you, and how, if she would let you, you too would join with me in repaying this broken trust, Mary would not listen; she only turned away her head, and said it must not be. No reproach escaped her, only forgiveness and sympathy for us and for Lily. "My Lily a beggared child," she said. "I must shield Lily, but John must not work for me and her; he shall not be bound to cancel his father's obligations—we have no right to that." She seemed quite broken with the thought of it; but I hoped so much for to-day and your persuasions. But to-day, John—to-day—the worst is yet to come. There is no to-day for us with Mary; she has gone. Where, how, I can't tell you. I only know that she has taken her child and gone, leaving this for us'—and my father held out to me a little note I know by heart—every character graved itself into my being as I read:

"'Good-by, dear guardian, for I shall be gone away when you see this. I could not stay to be a daily reproach to you for my wronged rights, which so overcome you, nor to add the burden of two lives more to John's untried powers. Don't grieve for us. God will take care of us and help me to care for Lily. I shall pray to Him to bless you.'

"I was stunned. Life had been a holiday to me. I had a vague notion of what misery might be as it came to other fellow-creatures; but for myself I wanted nothing. Living on in the sweet content which had pervaded the very air of my existence, since she, my light, had dawned upon it, I never dreamed but that I was exempt. Now misfortune with sudden hand draped all the bright colors of my future with one black pall. I seemed to have lived one life, and, awakening from its grave, to merge into a new state—the very genius of whose birth was death and desolation.

"Work! why should I work? It was easier to lie down and die, if one only could. Life would be now a mere rising in the morning to watch the day-hours go by, and count them as they led on to sleepless nights. I had some pity for my father, who stood before me a stricken man, lost to his own self-respect, doubtful now of his own ability to retrieve his good name and his heretofore reliable sagacity. But I pitied myself more. He had shut out my sun and left me blinded in the darkness; in the shrouding gloom I should be lost to my better, never self, and grope in the old life from which I had arisen. And she—what, was she to be cast out on the uncertain tide of the world? A frail shell at the mercy of waves—tossed whither, now, while I vainly deplored? There was but one thing to do: to find her and save her and myself. To this we bent all our energies. We sought, and vainly sought again, daily coming back to each other and to the home two disappointed men, eager, yet dreading to ask the other of success, which we knew without the asking was failure.

"Meantime my father's affairs were settled, and we had a little remnant left. The home was still ours, through right of my own, from my dead mother; but a home no longer. Within its four walls we had only the stinging memory of what it had been, and might be, if its breathing life had not gone out and left it a cold dead sepulchre where we nightly buried the hope that day had brought. So we went on with little cheer to ourselves and each other, till my father was urged to go abroad on special business for a Company who had known him long; and I begged him to go, with the vain endeavor to dispel the gloom into which our lives had settled. I left the spot of my happiness and grief, seeking by change to shut out the vision that is ever before me. But this woman's story. She had a sister—Lily; and that ring was one I know as I know herself. She always wore it; it was her mother's hair. I must seek her. I must see this singing woman with my Mary's voice; and seeing, know it is not her, only my dead cold love come back to me in thought and memory.

"You must go with me, Clare. I must have some one to lean upon who is stronger than I, who has not bent and yielded to this storm of fate as I have done. Come with me, Clare. Don't delay; we must start to-night."

What a transformer is hope! The settled discontent had yielded to it; the eyes that were raised to mine had a new light in them. How sadly would they fall and darken if they never

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rested again on the idol which they sought! Of course I would go with John. These two stories, that seemed to be but parts of one, had taken a strong hold upon me, and I made hasty preparations for our exit from the party whose return we awaited.

I was prepared for remonstrance from my delightful and very good-natured friends, whose common-sense I thought the best in the world, when they acknowledged John's superior claims upon me; and we started back to the city at the utmost speed of express locomotion, which could hardly equal the haste with which we mentally traveled. Our destination, No. — Seventeenth Street. We reached it to find a row of dismal tenement houses, unfit to be habited by any creature whose life had been light and love; and ascending the stairs asked for Miss Monteith.

"An' is it the dilicut crathur with thim wee, small, white honds, that niver looked fit to hondle ony thin' but gould and siller, and bedick hersilf out in all that's purty, that ye're sarching fur. Musha! an' if yees cud been ony binifit to her it 'ud bin well for her to led eyes on ye befor. It 'ud mak' even the cold black heart uv the very divvil himsilf wake like to think he'd brought so much sin into the wurrold, that innycint lambs like her shud suffer; and she so lone, with niver a frind to turn to, ony those her own swate ways could mak' out of the likes of sech as mesilf. Not one of us in the house but wud ha' gon' down on our knaze to sarved her, and prayed the Blissid Vargin and all the howly saints that the Leddy of Hivvin kapes for cumpiny, to save that little goulden-haired beanty of hers. But it's little good that prayin' and wapin' and takkin' on 'ull do, whin the good Lard, that knows what's better fur us nor we knows oursilves, maks up His mind what He's best do for us."

"Is Lily dead?" interrupted John. "Lily dead and Mary so bereaved without one care from me? Where is she now? Tell me, good woman, which is her room," turning to the voluble and sympathetic Celt.

"Where is she now? Faith, that's what we'd all like to be knowing if she's nading any good we could do her. But wait a bit and I'll till yees all I can uv her, and p'raps it 'ull hilp yees to find her. Ye see, Sur, that poor little wakelin' uv hers was jist pining like for thim angels that she'd strayed away from, and who were lonesome up in the angel-land without her; and it was ony the compashun she filt in her little heart, that scurcely bate at all, it wint so slow, that kipt her with her sister so long. But she was sure to go at the last, Sur. When the days got hotter and hotter, and the air was so thick like thot even the flies were too lazy to stir, she'd jist lie in the sister's arrums and luk up into her face, as if she'd ask her when she'd be willing to let her go. Thin the two big tares wud stond in the sister's eyes, but she'd niver spake a worrid of discontint—ony watch the little thing that grew whiter and thinner on her breast. In the early spring-time the two uv thim used to go out uv nights, for the child was thin more like other childer, and not so wan and saintly, to be sure. But whin the breath got so close in these city streets all the grand folks that they used to sing fur were gon' off where they cud brathe aisy; though, for that matter, I've an idee that mony uv thim cud stond the hate and the tile a good site aisier than the two who got paid for plaisen thim. Though they niver complained and let on to the likes uv us that the cash was shortening, we'd all our minds made up to thot, for there was no more a sup of wine for the little one, and a dainty loaf of white bread fit for such quality childer. And the sister niver bro't her out any longer for an airin', if airin' it could be called, whin there was none to spare for sich folks as warn't big and grond enough to move off to the country where they kape it in the summer-time. At last we cuddent stond outside ony longer becuz we knew she was none uv us; so we vintured in to besache uv her to let us do somethin' for her, if it was only to rin for the dochthur; and the dochthur he came and spake sich kindly worrids to her that it samed as if they'd do her sowl good if the pills and powthers were uv no use to the little one, who samed to mind nothin' at all about her any more, only to have the sister sing to her. She'd sit and sing all through the long night sich beautiful songs as would hush ony kind of pain if it shuddent be spasms or somethin' voilint; and so it wint—she a-singing and the child a-dyin', for the songs cuddint kape her. One night, whin the great moon came and looked down into their little room above, Sur, I'd got my own little ones all fast, and I begged uv her to let me stop a bit wid her, for I'd seen the Lily was wasting like, and I thought it might be a comfort to have somebuddy about if it wasn't kith or kin. I sot mesilf down in the far corner uv the room, that they mightn't feel I was there. It was nigh on toward morning whin she lay on the sister's heart and said 'Sing, sister, sing, for the angels are coming; I can see them. They are coming wid flowers and white wings, and every thing purty as it used to be in the other home; and they sing to me with their harps. "Come, come!" they sing. But I can't go unless ye sing with them, for I can't go home without ye.' So the sister sang; and while she sang the child wint home; and I'd niver known whin it was she wint, it was so still and solemn-like, only that the sister moaned and rocked to and fro, and wint on wid the song; but now all of the song was, 'Alone! alone!' The night was spint intirely, and I cuddent git her yit to lay the child out of her arrums though it was quite dead, and could no more feel her kisses than if it was an angel up in Hivvin she was tryin' to rache with those purty lips uv hers; she wouldn't hade me, only sit with the child, and the moan, and the kisses. But betimes the dochthur he came, not knowin' thot death had cum in the night, and he pacified her like, a-tellin' uv her how much the child was saved; for it was likely niver to be strong or hearty; and whin she knew how it must suffer if it 'ud lived, she seemed to be willin' it 'ud gon' up to the angels and the flowers where it cuddint suffer agin. The dochthur he tuk the matter off uv her honds quite nately, and sint the beautifulest little coffin to shut her up in; and his wife, a nice, noble-lookin' leddy, cum and laid the Lily in it, wid white flowers all about her to mak' her look comfortable-like. But the Lily hersilf was the waxenist and swatist uv thim all; and if they'd had a harp to put into the little white honds you'd niver known but it was one uv the saints that was sint down to bring her, she looked so hivvinly. They had a little funeril for her wid only the praste, ond the dochthur, and his leddy, and the sister, and mesilf, who was invited to cum in; and whin they'd shut her up tight in it to take her away I heard the dochthur read it to his leddy off uv the silver plate on the little coffin: 'Lily Monteith.' And that was the first we ever knowed their names."

"Oh God!" cried John, "to bear all this alone—so near, and yet never found! Tell me, tell me, where has she gone? where is Miss Monteith?"

"And that's what I can't be tellin' ye; for the dochthur and his leddy wouldn't lave her here, where it wasn't fit for sich a gentlewoman; he got new lodgings for her, and promised to do somethin' for her out uv that fine vice uv hers. The dochthur's name has slipped me intirely; and when my little Nora was sick with the scarlit-faver I sint for him; but he's gone, sign and all, so I've no direct way uv puttin' yees on the thrack uv 'em, which 'ud do my heart good, if ye're those as would tak' her and kape her from the lonesomeniss and the heartache. But if ye'll be jist lavin' me yere addriss, and I ever disciver her agin, I'll be afther gettin' my Thomas, whose goin' to the night-school and larnin' eddication, to write to ye in a herry."

And this was all. Well might the breath grow short, the hope-light fade from the eye, and the discontent settle heavier on the brow of John Grey. That his idol lived, and he wandered vainly seeking the shrine, was no comfort to him. He had tested before the fruitlessness of search; he had sent out hope, a carrier dove, and it had come back to him at night a raven of disappointment; he knew what was left him now; only to turn back into his life again and wait; wait, perhaps, forever, unless chance, or that higher power that holds the chances and the lives of all, should send him fruition for his hopes, peace for his prayers. And to so many who wait and pray the fruition and the peace are found only when the struggle is over, the dark river crossed, and they come into the eternal light of the "Forever."

It was now September, and though the city air was still humid and the streets glaring under a noonday sun, we had no heart to leave it. John determined to remain, and hearing Mrs. Fletcher would soon return, I awaited her in her home. The close of the month brought many back ready to enjoy all that October offers, in varied sight and sound, during that most enjoyable month to all who throng eagerly homeward.

If Mrs. Fletcher had all the attractions that art can add to a woman toward whom Nature had been so lavish, she did not for her foster-mother given up the fond worship of her first. She was a dear lover of flowers. It was, of course, too early for a party of the season, but some of her choicest buds were out; the Night-blooming Cereus was unfolding its petals, and she had promised to give some of her thousand-and-one *best* friends its benefit, whenever that should occur. As the silent expansion went on which told how at the set of sun it would culminate its beauty and its fragrance, she hastily sent out a summons to an appreciative few to congregate that evening in her lovely home. The evening came—a perfect one. And the guests came—men of professions, who brought their brains filled with busy systems which had worked there all day, and worked there still, and the subtle odor could not dissipate; men of merchandise, who came to please their wives and daughters; men who were idlers, and had nothing better to do with themselves than enjoy, as their insipidity could, what nature offered them in flowers, or bright, fascinating women, who amused or flattered, and thereby pleased them more than the wonder they had come to see; model mammas, who had vainly chaperoned their unmarketable wares throughout the season, but still undaunted, kept up their spirits by such little informal gatherings as might intervene until the full winter season should burst in its holiday glory; lovely daughters, who were ecstatic over dear Mrs. Fletcher, her perfect manners, her accomplishments, and her exquisite taste.

John Grey turned from them all, for I had coaxed him to come, hoping thus to gain a little respite for him from the shadow that sat always at his side—and was still only a shadow.

The gay crowd had visited the conservatory; admired loudly, complimented profusely, and returned at last to a more congenial atmosphere of mutual badinage and compliment, interspersed with dancing and music.

My cousin John and I had lingered near the perishable beauty of a night; we hovered over the blossom, looking down into its cup-like, creamy, pale green heart, and touched with reverent touch the ivory leaves of this nocturnal mystery, while over our senses stole the peculiar power of its fragrance.

John was the first to break the mutual silence. "A little life this is, isn't it, Clare? Coming up in the night with such wonderful delicacy and frailty, burdening the air with its rich aroma, just like some human flower-lives that open to us thoughts as pure, words as tender, as the white blossom before us. The morning comes, and they have closed upon us their profuse loveliness; we grasp only the dead, lifeless stock, but the air is freighted yet with the insidious odor that their death can not gather up. My blossom bloomed for me in the night of my starless home; it has shut its life up again, and only the memory of its unstained charm is left, and the fragrance that the 'dead past,' or my miserable present, can not steal from me."

In consonance with this dreamy state, what was the voice that spoke beneath the window? Timidly, then more bravely it sang, till we, listening, heard its clear round tones utter the trite but ever touching and effective appeal, "Then you'll remember me."

Remember! did we not remember and start? I to look at John Grey as the consciousness that the voice was the one I [illegible] dead to him broke upon my perceptions. He to stand with his hand pressed for a moment on his brain, as if recollection, hope, suspense, all were striving with him, and with one appealing look at me to rush blindly for the outside air. It was not a phantom that he grasped, it was no siren who sang to him now; the shadow was real, it was warm flesh and blood, and the tired heart was there, close to his heart now. The "Easter Morn" had come.

He brought her in to me, and we closed around us the drapery that shut us out from the thoughtless, careless crowd who had looked once and then left us sole possessors of that spot; and when the strangeness and the first happiness had subsided she told us how she had been led, as the wise men of old, by the natal star of the unborn Christ, to the place where a new life and a new love was to be born to her.

"It was Lily," she said, "Lily who called me. When she had left me alone, had slept out her little sleep upon my breast, and I could sing to her no more, it seemed as if my heart and voice had dried up within me; there was no need for song any more, she could not hear it; it did not waken her now. The good Doctor who got me pupils and a better home grieved that I never sang; but when I tried my lips would open but no sound ever came. To-night, sitting alone at my window, to watch one star that flickered and flamed as it used to do when Lily watched it, and called it hers, I seemed to hold her in my arms again, and she said, 'Sister, sing to me. Go out into the night with me, to sing as we did before, and the song and the flowers and the love will come back to you.' So I came to the spot where we sang first, and the song came back to me, for Lily was with me again."

"The flowers are here, and the love will never leave you, Mary, nor let you flee from it again till you go to Lily and the Christ-love which has saved us;" and John Grey took her into his heart and his life always and forever.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A BEGGAR, who swore he had tasted no food for forty-eight hours, was taken to a restaurant the other day by a benevolent gentleman and told to eat as much as he wished. He ordered a glass of wine and some olives.

POLITICAL ARITHMETIC.

Twice one is five,
Carry four makes seven;
Twice six is twenty-nine,
And eighteen's eleven;
And between you and me,
It is very plain to see
We can carry all the States
By the double rule of three!

BEST DOWER FOR WIDOWS—A *widower*.

Some New York traders have placards in their windows saying, "Here we speak German," "Here we speak French," etc.; upon which a Bowery retailer has improved by hanging out a sign, "Here we speak the—truth."

"ALL QUIET ON THE POTOMAC."

A QUESTION OF WORDS.—When a man is hurt in a railway accident he very foolishly sues for "damages." Jones, who, impelled by a hatred of lawyers' lingo, is exhausting himself by revising the dictionary of legal terms, declares that, instead of damages, the wounded man having had enough of that already, he should sue for repairs.

What sin makes the most noise?—A toc-sin.

A doctor who, at the end of a philosophical profession of unfaith, proclaimed his disbelief in a future existence, was thus answered: "I am not surprised, Doctor, at your materialism, and that you should think your patients too effectually killed ever to come to life again."

FAST ATTIRE.—Cut-away coats.

A foppish fellow advised a friend not to marry a poor girl, as he would find matrimony with poverty "up-hill work."

"Good," said his friend; "I would rather go up hill than down hill any time."

MIXED PICKLES.—Boys and girls.

"Where is your house?" asked a traveler in the depths of one of the old "solemn wildernesses" of the West. "House! I ain't got no house." "Well, where do you live?" "I live in the woods, sleep on the government purchase, eat raw bear and wild turkey, and drink out of the Mississippi. And," he added, "it is getting too thick with you folks about here. You're the second man I have seen this last month, and I hear that there's a whole family come in about fifty miles down the river. I'm going to put out in the woods again."

Sambo was hacking away at a tough oak when lightning struck a tree near him and shivered it. "Bress de Lord," said he, "I jes' like to see um try dis one; I reckon dey find dere match!"

"A WHITE BOY IN BLUE."

APPRECIATION OF ART IN NORTH CAROLINA.

FIRST NATIVE. "Who's 'im, Bill?"
SECOND NATIVE. "D——d Carpet-Bagger!"
FIRST NATIVE. "What kind of a Yankee trick is that he's up to?"
SECOND NATIVE. "Be dad-drat if I know. *Shall I split his gizzard?*"

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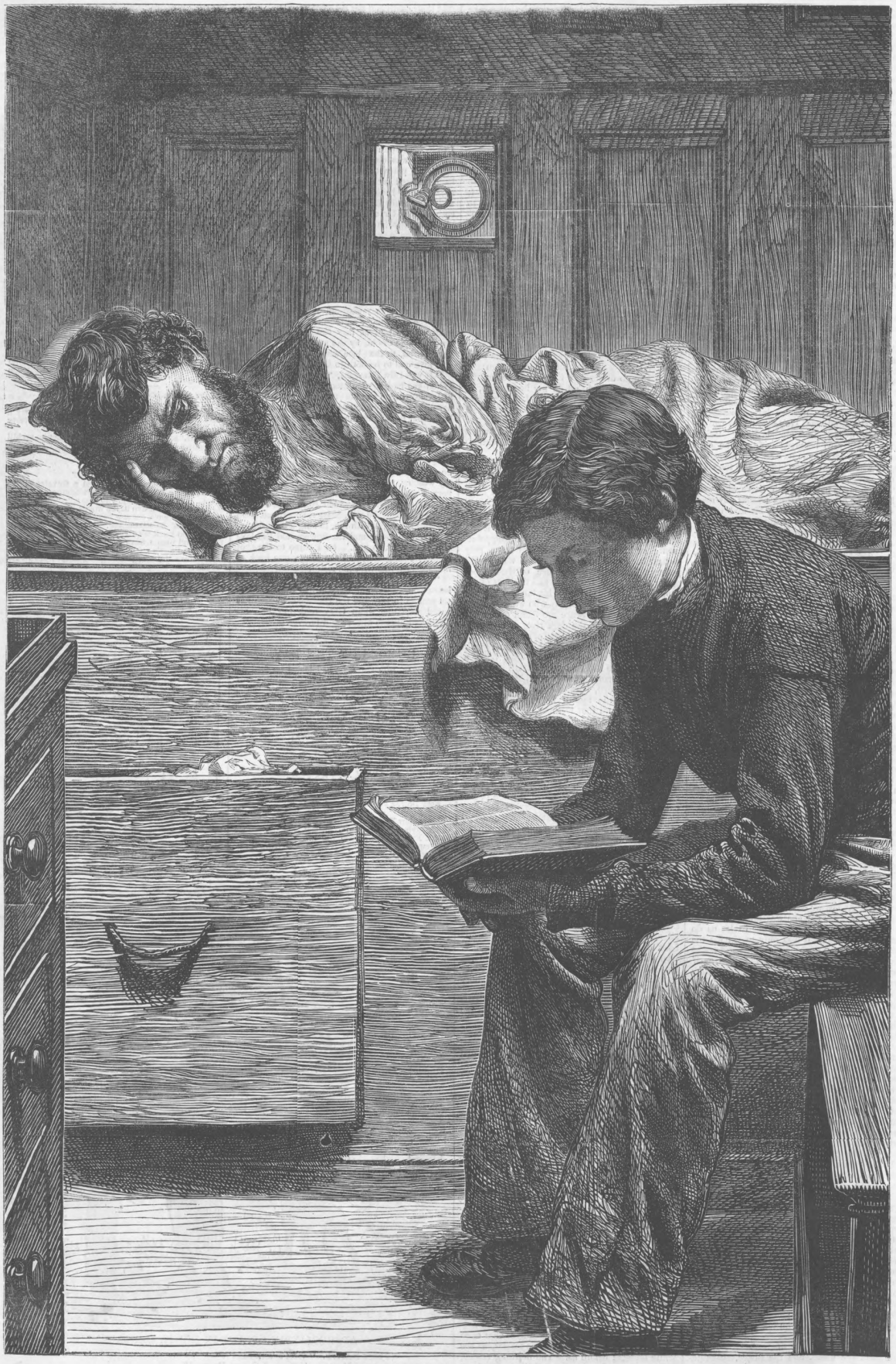

SUNDAY AT SEA.—[See Page 698.]

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THE GOOD TIME COMING.

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SUNDAY AT SEA.

IF it were not for the hour's service in the morning, the absence of cards, and the indescribable air of quiet and peace which prevails on shipboard on the Sabbath, that day in the cabin would be hard to distinguish from others. The brief service, read by the captain or his chaplain, is always impressive, even to the old sailors and frequent travelers, who have heard it on innumerable occasions. Like the solemn service of the dead, prayers at sea never lose their significance and force; it is alike solemn to stand in the presence of death or amidst the calm solitude of mid-ocean.

And equally difficult is it to tell the day by the conduct of those on deck as in the cabins. The great machines and their keepers are ever at work, night and day, and the monotonous sounds of the hissing steam, and the rumbling implements it drives, never cease. The sailors are only a little less busy, and too often, when not engaged on the watch, they are all too idle. It is not often that one, descending to their deck, and penetrating to their berths, will find them engaged, as the sailor and the boy in our illustration, in reading the Bible. But this infrequent scene does sometimes occur, and our illustration is of a notable instance, told in a quaint old ballad, in which "Bob, the cabin-boy," was instrumental in converting the "Captain of the *Nancy*,"

"A godless man was he."

But when sick unto death, Bob, the only one of the crew who did not fear the Captain, and to whom only the Captain was kind, penetrated to his room and insisted on reading him the Bible. It was only after repeated efforts and many entreaties that Bob could find a hearing. At length he did, the words struck terror to the Captain's soul, and he was driven to prayer for peace. The ballad then goes on to say, in rhyme more affecting than elegant:

Next morning, at break of day, Bob rose,
And came to his master's door;
The Captain had risen, and all alone
He knelt on the cabin-floor.

His hands were clasped, and his head was bowed,
And he seemed as if in prayer.
Bob paused, lest the sound of his step should fall
On the solemn silence there.

But a strange fear crept around his heart,
"Oh, master!" at length he cried,
"Oh! Captain, oh, master dear, speak, speak!"
But no voice to his replied.

He laid his hand on the Captain's arm,
And laid it upon his head;
And tenderly called him by name again,
But the Captain, he was dead.

CIRCUMSTANCES.

BEATRICE and Robert Lamley were betrothed, after three years of as stormy courtship as ever vexed mortal man. And it may seem that I commence my story where, according to custom from time immemorial, it should end; but the stormiest act in their drama was yet to come; and all for an idle whim of a woman.

Beatrice was a coquette. She had led Robert a weary life till folks cried shame, and he turned at bay; swore stanchly that he would have a final "yes," or would that month sail for England. When he would no longer follow her she came to him; but she shackled her consent with one condition. She said,

"And it be known that we have plighted troth, folk will buzz and tattle at every tea-table in the county. Miss Betty will cry, What might he see in her! Miss Eliza will say, Why, her nose is snub, and her temper is deplorable. I shall have never a virtue or a feature left."

"Consider then," urged Robert, "that you are the sum of all virtues to me."

"Nay, but you should consider, Robert, that I have no mother to whom I can go with my secret, and whisper, 'I love Robert.' I am a poor little motherless girl, and my father thinks of his acres and his chests; and for Mistress Lucy, she hath been but a shrewish cousin and housekeeper to me."

"Robert Lamley's wife may choose her own housekeeper."

"Robert Lamley hath no wife," she answered, saucily, but blushing in spite of herself. "There is no such person; and I would have you know, Sir, that our bargain is not yet concluded. Mistress Lucy, who looks scorn at a woman in love, as though it were an immodesty, she shall not fling and sneer at me; and so, if our troth is to hold, you shall tell it to none, and I shall tell it to Barbara, who is more my sister than my maid. You shall be kind to Lucy, and barely civil to me, and I shall be as rude to you as I like, Sir; and it shall go hard, before all is done, if our dear cousin do not think herself on the high-road to the state and condition of Dame Lucy Lamley?"

Robert shook his head. "I am a plain man, Beatrice. I like neither masks nor false colors. And if I am to be Mistress Lucy's servant, and get only biting words from you, in what shall I have bettered myself?"

"In what? You do well to say that you are a plain man." And here she pouted. "I promise you myself, and you ask if you are bettered; though a while back it was only that I should give you some sign that one day I might listen to you. That which is given is no longer desired, I know; but you need not be in quite such haste to show me that I am no longer dear." Here a sigh interrupted her eloquence, and a sob followed the sigh, and tears the sobs. She put up her little hands to hide the tears, and then her handkerchief, and though Robert's utmost persuasion could not remove it, he could see quite enough to alarm him behind it. Resolute with men, he knew nothing of dealing with women, only that he would have ridden his horse over the Lover's Ledge to please this one. And there are women who are Undines. They treat a man with that playful malice with which a child tosses about its puppet, and only through love and sorrow come to a woman's soul. Such a one was Beatrice. To dry her tears Robert gave her his promise. For the love of her own will she accepted it.

There never was a more disastrous concession. It was in itself the very apple of discord. Beatrice had one black fault: she was jealous of every woman not actually hideous. Thus, though she herself had ordained Robert's civilities to Mistress Lucy, she could not endure them; and in turn she tormented him so adroitly that he almost questioned whether it were of accident or intention. If he came in at one door she slipped out of the other. If he approached her in the drawing-room she dodged him around Mistress Lucy. If he sent her messages through her maid she laughed, and returned none. Too downright to comprehend that he was punished for obeying her, Robert bore with her a while with grim patience. Then he took revenge after a man's fashion. He mounted his horse and rode away, and there came no word of him for a month save that he was stopping with Master Venner, who had a fair daughter.

So falling out was the first consequence of this hopeful agreement, and worse was to follow. Mistress Lucy was Beatrice's cousin, and a gentlewoman; but also her father's housekeeper, and a dependent. She was a handsome woman of twenty-eight or thirty, set aside and neglected for a spoiled child like Beatrice. She professed to saintliness, but had a wide mouth and a muddy, brown eye. Her tone was always even, and yet every man and maid servant hated her; and she was a shrewd woman, and had fallen into a trap set for a fool: so much does inclination befog the clearest head. To play with such a woman was to play with fire and gunpowder.

Meantime the month of Robert's visit wore away; and as Mistress Lucy stitched in the parlor of a fair October morning, and Beatrice flitted in and out of the long garden window like some bright bird, her quick eye spied Robert's horse at the gate. Only the moment before she was vowing to tease him no more; but no sooner did she see his tall figure coming quickly up the walk than she rushed in to Mistress Lucy with,

"Put aside your stitching, cousin. Master Lamley's horse is at the gate."

"And if it is," answered Mrs. Lucy, bridling, "why should I lay down my needle, or you come panting here like a farmer's lad that hath seen a show?"

"Mighty well," retorted Beatrice, tossing her head. "There be folk like the ostrich, who shut their own eyes, and so think to blind the rest of the world. But I trow it is not for my father's sake that he posts here fresh from his journey; and other folk than I are commencing to spell—Dame Lucy Lamley."

"Give you good-day," said here a pleasant voice from the piazza.

Beatrice arched her eyebrows expressively at her cousin, and whirled about to face the newcomer. She had never looked fairer in his eyes. Her cheeks were as red as coral. Her brown eyes danced with mischief. Her brown hair hung in long curls on her neck, and in short thick curls about her face. She had a knot of ribbons on her cherry bodice, laced tight and trim, and an arched foot showed daintily from beneath her ruffled petticoat. She was plump, and fair, and dimpled, and peach-like; teasing and ensnaring both. Robert's eyes dilated, and he made a hasty step toward her.

"Oh! it is you?" she said, eying him coolly. "I thought, by the step, it was our loutish Tom," and then she turned her back on him to chirp to her bird. He had gone, she told herself, to teach her a lesson. He should find that she had not learned it.

Mrs. Lucy by this time had laid down her embroidery, and came to meet the mortified young man, with an undeniable rise of color in her olive cheeks.

"We welcome you back," she said, leaving her hand—a well-shaped hand it was—in his an instant longer than need be; and her manner said, as plain as words, "One at least is glad to have you back. Pray, come in, Master Lamley, and tell us what news from Master Venner's?"

"No need," put in Beatrice, wheeling about. "Master Lamley's news is always stale. It is easy to forestall his market. Master Venner hath a sciatica, for which he thinks he may thank the late rains; and the dame hath a new copper-plate print and is troubled for the brindled cow; and Mistress Frances—"

"Mistress Frances," said Robert, quickly, "is a beautiful young woman, and as discreet as she is fair."

Beatrice tossed her head.

"And so the puzzle is out, and Mistress Lucy knows what kept Robert so long at the fair. I told you, cousin, to beware, and that men would be fickle, even those in years."

"You run too fast," said Lamley, much embarrassed. "It was the flood that kept me."

"Oh! ay! the flood! which was at its highest when Mistress Frances would listen, and never above one's shoe-tie. I think I can see it. Master Venner hinting that there is good riding now, and Mistress Frances, who would like a younger lover—"

"Beatrice! this is past bearing," interrupted Mrs. Lucy, in much indignation. "Remember what your father was pleased to say to you but yesternight."

"And so I do," retorted Beatrice. "He bade me show respect to age, and it is out of that very respect that I am propping Master Lamley's most impotent invention."

"I wish that your rendering were the true one," said Robert, with a sudden sparkle of anger in his eyes. "Fairer excuse for lingering than Mistress Venner no man needs."

"Prithee go back to her!" snapped Beatrice, coloring vehemently. "A man looking backward is always dull."

"Why so I will, then," answered Robert, rising, "since it is plain I am not wanted here."

But here Mrs. Lucy interfered. She stepped quickly forward, laid her favorite hand on his arm, and "That would be to punish all for one," she said; "and I can assure you, Master Lamley, that there be those in this household who honor you and prize your friendship."

Here she raised her eyes modestly, and dropped them as modestly, at the which Robert winced; but there was no help for him, and he sat down, though sheepishly enough.

Beatrice shrugged her shoulders, turned to go, and in the doorway met Hugh Featherborough.

This was a brainless animal whom she slighted and cajoled at will; for there is nothing that shall equal a maid's caprices except a man's belief in them; and he was of that metal that he endured her yoke submissively, calling one his rose-days and the other his gray-days. Add to this a handsome pink and white face, and that he was particularly disliked of Robert, and you have the man whom Beatrice welcomed with both hands held out.

"You should come this way," she said, affecting to lower her voice. "Master Lamley hath been absent this month from Mrs. Lucy, and this is their first conversation. But if you choose there is the harpsichord in the further room, and I know you do sing, Mr. Featherborough!" And Featherborough, seeing that this would turn out a rose-day, followed her delightedly, though he had no more voice than an owl. The harpsichord was in the direct line of Robert's vision through the open door, as Beatrice knew; and she and Featherborough showed enframed in the door-way; she with her hands on the keys, looking cajolingly and close into his eyes; he twisting vine-leaves and the late roses in her curls, his fingers touching her white forehead. Robert looked, while Mrs. Lucy purred. The haughty, jealous lover, who would not have had any man look too boldly at her, saw his mistress, who denied him the commonest grace, courting—a fool. He answered Mrs. Lucy at random, and then he forgot her and answered not at all, and his whole soul had gone into his eyes. Mrs. Lucy, finding herself unheeded, drew up in offended dignity. The silence roused Robert. He started, looked hurriedly about him, muttered an incoherent excuse, and left the room.

Mrs. Lucy looked after him and turned white. Her anger was not a flame. It was a dull, cold, leaden, settling together of evil impulses. Her eyes were opened. Whatever Robert's behavior might mean, it signified no love for her. He thought not of her. She had been duped, and Beatrice knew it. The disappointment was dreadful, but she put it on one side. She would not taste one bitter drop, as yet, till she had learned why he came there, and what she herself had next to do.

Robert went to find Barlicorn, his man, and charged him with a message for Beatrice's maid, that she should come to him in the oak-room. Barlicorn listened with a sour and suspicious face, for he was Mistress Barbara's follower; and since her frequent interviews with the master she had chosen to carry herself high and mighty toward the man; and, finding her busy with Beatrice's ruffles, delivered his errand with but an indifferent grace.

"And what might he want of me again?" asked Barbara, reddening, and tossing her head. "Your master, Barlicorn, do always be teasing me."

"Ay, so it seems," retorted Barlicorn, dryly, "and that be the very question I asks myself."

"The question you asks yourself? and what question is that, fool?" asked Barbara, sharply.

"Just whether I be not what you call me, sweet-heart, to hang about you and not to know what my master wants with you."

"Oh! you are there, are you?" said Barbara, deliberately. "But there you may stay, Master Curiosity, for I promise your worship that you get naught from me," and with that she begins to slap and pat the ruffles between her pretty hands, as though they, and not Barlicorn, were the objects of her attention. Barlicorn waited, and looked hard at her. She looked hard at her ruffles, and contrived to pat them.

"Farewell, then," said Barlicorn, gulping down something in his throat. "I love you, Barbara; but my love must be honest as well as fair."

"Farewell," returned Barbara, indifferently, and looking over her shoulder, for women in such cases are always the best dissemblers.

Barlicorn walked away cut to the heart, calling her a heartless jade, and vowing to quit his master's service; and, as ill luck would have it, half an hour afterward he met Beatrice, who inquired for her maid.

"I know not," answered Barlicorn, still on fire and transported by his jealousy beyond respect; but I judge that she be with my master in the oak-room, as she be often enough before."

"With your master?" repeated Beatrice. "What phrase is that, prithee, to use to me?"

"No worse than the thing," replied the man, sullenly. "To-day it is in the oak-room, and to-morrow in the grove, and next day by the brook; and, if it be a shame for me to speak, it is worse shame in your maid. I'd ha' thought better of Robert Lamley, but I've quit her, and I'll quit him, whiles the morrow."

"You have left Barbara?"

"Ay, but now. I told her my sweet-heart must be honest, and so she must, Miss, or none."

"And they are together now in the oak-room," repeated Beatrice, a dark, red spot of anger beginning to glow in her cheek, partly that she was infected of Barlicorn's jealousy, partly that she blamed her lover for obeying her, and thought to find here the cause of what she called indifference. Her heart began to throb. She was on fire and deathly cold all at once; and, without noticing the astonished servant who stood gaping after her, she rushed back to the house to find and upbraid them with their treachery. The oak-room, where was their tryst, had a great garden window, of which, at that season, the leaves were set wide open, while within it was shaded by curtains, so that coming softly from the garden one could hide behind them unperceived; and here crept Beatrice, hearing already voices of two talking low and earnestly.

Now, if I shall declare that every word of this talk was so much fuel to Beatrice's flame, you may say, "Ay, so it is ever in books, but not in nature;" and yet it is, often in nature, that what we call circumstances are so much gunpowder to be fired by a word, or so many strands in a net in which an innocent mortal is entangled—and so it is proved here.

The first words that struck on her tortured ears were, "My dearest love," in Robert's voice, tender and pleading. To which Barbara answered, "Hist! I am in such dread lest we be surprised!"

Then the voices sank to a murmur. Beatrice strained her ears, but could catch nothing till she heard Barbara:

"Nay, Master Lamley, it hath cost me too dear already. There be those who suspect us, and have not—" Here her voice sank again, and then Robert answered, as if in taking leave, growing louder toward the close, so that she caught the words, "Remember, I will not be denied; and that I will have love for love or nothing."

Now these meetings were known to Beatrice, and really inspired by her; for through them she received her lover's homage; and it should have been plain to her that Robert spoke of his love for her, and did but give the maid a message for her mistress; but if Love's eyes are bandaged jealousy is born blind. Beatrice pulled aside the curtain, and, coming swiftly and lightly, confronted them with a pale and angry face that, before she could say any thing, told the story. With equal swiftness Robert and Barbara both saw their danger, and started guiltily, as hath happened to many an innocent person. Beatrice surveyed them with scornful looks.

"Spare yourself an excuse," she said to Robert, forcing out the words with effort from her pale lips. "My senses tell me that you, who were my hero and pattern of chivalry, are a seducer and a villain. Do me now the only favor that is possible. Relieve me from your presence, and never venture to approach me by word or letter. For you" (turning to Barbara), "you are even baser than he. Get you gone this night. To your uncle, to the shelter of Lamley Hall, for what I shall say—but get you gone!"

"My dear mistress," Barbara began, tears streaming from her eyes, and tried to take the young lady's gown in her trembling hands; but Beatrice rent it from her grasp.

"I said I will hear nothing. Eyes and ears could not both deceive me. If you touch me, though I be a woman, I am not sure that I will not strike you. I think nothing so base as ye both."

With this she opened the door, brushing as she passed a woman hiding in the shadow; who herself, white and trembling, yet looked after Beatrice, her wide mouth drawn into a sort of snarling grin. It was Mistress Lucy.

One of the most appalling features of suffering and disaster is the indifference of the physical world. The starving wretch groans and writhes in his straw, and the moon shines in on him as sweetly as it did on his cradle. No bird stints its song though the man rides straight to his doom, into the quicksand, or over the precipice. So the sun shone down unconcernedly, and the water rippled softly and caressingly about the dead upturned face of Barbara Eubank, floating where the current had lodged her against a pier of the bridge.

How she came there could not at first be divined; but they brought her back to the house, from whence she had been thrust the night before, and laid her there; the tiny figure once so lithe dripping with water; the fair curls dank and tangled with weeds, the teeth clenched, the eyes staring wide open, the whole face distorted into a look of unmistakable agony and terror—a pitiful sight! Beatrice cried out when she saw it that she had destroyed herself, and that it was she herself who had driven the poor girl to despair, and took to her bed, ill. Others came to view, and remained to gossip; for where there is such a taking off, people will be curious to cast about for the cause. They said that there was a strange livid mark about her neck, and that it was unreasonable to suppose that a God-fearing woman like this should have destroyed herself. It was whispered, Heaven knows by whom first, that Mrs. Beatrice had words with Robert Lamley because of Barbara; and that Mistress Lucy and Barlicorn had seen the maid and Lamley leave the house together, and from that hour no one had seen her alive. Master Lamley that night came home at midnight, his horse and himself reeking and splashed with mud; and, whereas the week before he was planning to build, he talked now of nothing but of sailing for England. These facts laid together looked darkly.

It often happens that those most concerned hear last of a matter. Sitting sullenly at home Robert knew nothing of Beatrice's illness, or the scandal concerning himself, till, as he was putting foot in stirrup to ride to the coast and take ship, he was arrested for the murder of Barbara Eubank. He listened at first with an astonishment that, if not genuine, was its best counterfeit. But men argued that his first surprise was guilty terror, and his subsequent composure a seared conscience. Not many came to him during the two long months that he lay in jail, and none from Simon Marson's household. There

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was reason for this. Simon was a prisoner to gout. Beatrice, lying in her bed, heard nothing of Robert's danger. There are such things as spiritual storms, and when the wind blows in your teeth every straw also lies across your way. So there came to Robert not so much comfort as a word of remembrance from his oldest friends.

But, on the day of his trial, Beatrice, urged perhaps by some premonition, would ride abroad, though Mrs. Lucy, who was a witness for this trial, of which she had not said a word, made an outcry for her health. So the coach was had out, and Mrs. Lucy got in, hoping that Beatrice might break her neck. Beatrice next would drive through the village, and seeing the stir at the court-house, asked what it was.

"The trial of Robert Lamley for the murder of Barbara Eubank," answered Mrs. Lucy, as if she would have the words stab her to the heart. And so no doubt they did. But the Marson blood, like the old baron's, ran strong and red, and Beatrice grew not white but scarlet.

"If that be so," she said, slowly, "his friends should be beside him," and she ordered the coach to stop.

So, as the counsel for the people was bringing in his accusation, there was a bustle of an usher making strenuous way toward the front, and looking up, Robert saw—Beatrice, fair and stately, as his lover's eye could note, even then; and she darted him a look as she sat down—a look of loving pity that thrilled him through. He thought more of it than of his accuser, who was drawing toward the end of his speech.

"Upon view of the body," he was saying, "it did appear that violence had been used to the woman. There was a crease about her neck, and a bruise under her left ear. So here hath been a murder committed, and Mr. Lamley was the last man seen in her company. I could wish he had not been so with all my heart. But then it is a very strange thing, being a friend and frequenter at Simon Marson's house, that he should go away, on that night of all others, without leave-taking, as he did; stealing out by night with this woman, as two witnesses shall testify, and from the time that she was seen of him she was not seen of any alive. It is very observable also, unless there has been a sort of fate in it, that though Lamley Hall is but half an hour's easy riding from Simon Marson's house, Robert Lamley came home at midnight, weary and mud-stained; and though a frequenter of Marson's, as aforesaid, stirred not to see them when news came of this maid's death and of the confusion of the family, but made all haste to sail for England, whereas the week before he talked of building and enlarging his grounds, to prove which we will now call our witnesses, and then I hope he may be put to give you some account of how these matters came about."

Here all eyes turned to the prisoner for those signs of guilt or innocence to which men take such heed, and he, conscious of this stare, kept his face straightforward, and never blenched. Was that like a murderer or like an innocent man? His viewers leaned to the first opinion. For Beatrice, she looked and listened like one in a nightmare, praying to awake. The man at the bar was her lover. The faces turning darkly toward him were her friends and neighbors; the judge and jury—she knew them all. How could these friendly, familiar faces take on such a dreadful aspect? The talk of the witnesses sounded in her ears like the babble of delirium. One came to tell how he saw the dead girl lie in the water; another to say if she floated or hung; a third, how she was taken up, and of the marks on her neck. A learned surgeon proved that drowned men die of suffocation, and talked much of when a body should swim and when it sinks. Mistress Lucy Marson came upon the stand and swore that, walking in the garden on the night of the murder, she saw Robert Lamley and Barbara go away together. That, standing in the shadow, she heard him ask her to go his road, and that the clock was striking eight as they came out. Barlicorn, Robert's man, swore that being in hiding that night, because of his jealousy of Barbara and his master, he saw them go away together, and forbore to follow them lest he should do them a mischief. That, though he walked, and his master was well mounted, he reached home at nine, and his master at midnight.

In those days a prisoner had the right to examine the witnesses, being allowed no other counsel than his wit; but Robert suffered these damaging statements to pass without question, as he had the rest, and being asked what he had to say offered only the following answer:

"What I have to say is this. Here hath been a foul murder committed, but I call God to witness I am innocent of the deed. For the rest, what these people have declared of me is in the main part true. I did frequent Marson's house, and had of late had much talk with Barbara Eubank, the subject of which I shall keep to myself; only I solemnly affirm that our conversation was in all innocence and honor. And on the night of which they speak, coming from Marson's house I met this Barbara at the gate, and did ask her which way she went, knowing that she was that day dismissed by her mistress, to which she answered that she should go to her uncle the miller, and went her way, and I saw her no more. But being, for reasons which it concerns none to know, nigh distraught, I rode to that place they call the Hoppers, choosing the worst road, and wishing to break my neck, and resolved to go to England, because the country was grown intolerable to me; and I never heard that I was called in question of this murder till I saw the officers of the law; and here is all I have to offer."

Now here, on one side, was a story circumstantially built up by witnesses, every incident of which was a bloody and terrible finger, pointing at Robert Lamley spencer and murderer, and on the other side, a tale told by a man, his guilt all but proved, of an aimless riding about, and of interviews, and a journey for which he could give no reason; but it had the ring of truth in it, and it shook men's prejudices.

All this time Joe Tibbitts, the cobbler, was running, breathless, up the hill. What has the cobbler to do with the trial? Why, every thing. And his baby, though the frowsiest imp in the village, had not commenced to cry, judge and jury had never struck the right scent; for it bawled so lustily that, getting weary of the din, the cobbler cried "Have done."

"I want my ring," howled Tibbitts the younger, "that hath tumbled behind your bench."

The cobbler let down his hand at a venture, and brought up a signet of cornelian, set about with diamonds, and bearing the letters J. M.

"Why this is a gentleman's signet," cried the cobbler. "Why Lucky! Why wife, I say!"

Thus adjured came out his wife, and seeing what was in hand,

"Now hold thy tongue for a fool," said she. "It is the ring I found in the drowned girl's bosom when I did undress her. The dead want no gauds, and I said nothing. Neither do thou. Give it me and I will hide it from that brat of ours, who hath eyes like a magpie."

"What!" cried the cobbler. "When a man is tried for his life, and here is perhaps what may save or hang him. And thou hast no conscience, I have."

Lucky, a notable shrew, set up a shrill opposition; but the cobbler ran fast, and outran her tongue; and coming headlong into court, regardless of the majesty of the law, as men were looking at each other after Robert's speech, squeaked shrilly,

"May it please the court, this ring was found in the drowned girl's—"

Where—in her mouth? in her pocket? in her shoe? on her finger? for here the majesty of the law pounced on our bold cobbler, and a thousand surmises ran through the court. The spectators were all agape and craning their necks. Who could tell where it was found? Could Mrs. Lucy Marson? The scarlet in her cheeks died out in ashes, and she eyed the cobbler, who being sworn, was now unmuzzled, so like a wild beast about to spring that perhaps it was as well for Lucky Tibbitts's husband that he stood in open court and not alone on a bridge at night with Mrs. Lucy Marson. Her white hands were as strong as they were comely. Her wrists had been like steel in one death-struggle, and her heart had known no pity, though a girl not nineteen prayed for her life. She listened, and her head swam and her ears roared. A shadow fell near her, and she cast a quick, fearful glance. She was not sure whether it had a shape, and its dank hair was twisted with weeds or no. The story was told, and the ring held up to view. Could any identify it?

Lucy Marson rose to her feet, and all eyes turned toward her.

"It is false," she said. "The ring is not mine. I never murdered her!" and then looking fearfully down, "take her away; she is always praying for her life. She is strong. I never thought she could struggle so. Take her away, I say;" and fell into convulsions.

An indescribable confusion followed. Mrs. Lucy was conveyed away a mad-woman, trying to drive Barbara Eubank from her knees. Of the signet there could be no doubt. It was Joseph Marson's signet, and since his death Lucy Marson had worn it day and night on her finger. The people said, "Here was the finger of God," and Robert was honorably acquitted; and I think he could not have sailed for England, for there is an old house, still standing, in which you may see the portrait of Robert Lamley and Beatrice his wife.

VIEW OF CADIZ, SPAIN.

SEVERAL of the old cities of Spain have come into prominence again, and are likely to have new features of interest added to their already notable history from being the scenes of leading incidents in the insurrection now successfully accomplished against the last of the BOURBON monarchs. Foremost among the places is Cadiz, where the movement began by the revolt of the fleet. Cadiz, a fortified city and capital of the province of the same name, formed the southwest portion of Andalusia, is situated on the Atlantic Ocean at the extremity of a peninsula of the Isle of Leon, the narrow isthmus of which forms an immense bay. Cadiz is a fortress of the first order, is surrounded by walls and defended by batteries, and, being on an elevated site and built of white stone, it has a beautiful appearance from the sea. The public edifices include two cathedrals (one completed since 1832), two theatres, house of refuge, arsenal, naval college, barracks, and the light-house of St. Sebastian, 172 feet in height. The harbor, formed by a mole projecting into the bay, is accessible only to small vessels, and ships of large burden anchor three-quarters of a mile from the shore. Its trade has greatly declined since the emancipation of the Spanish colonies. Its dependency, St. Mary, is the centre of the trade in sherry wine. Cadiz was made a free port in 1829; but it ceased to enjoy that advantage in 1832. It was taken by the English in 1596, and bombarded by them in 1800. In 1823 it surrendered to the French.

Of the events of which Cadiz and Seville have recently been the theatre we have direct and trust-worthy intelligence and interesting details from the insurgent camp in Andalusia. PRIM arrived at Gibraltar on the morning of the 17th of September, before the Generals from the Canary Islands; and soon afterward came a steamer, sent by Admiral TOPETE, requesting that the first General who might arrive there, whether PRIM or SERRANO and his companions, would go at once to Cadiz. PRIM, however, waited some hours for the others before proceeding to join the fleet. He arrived in the Bay of Cadiz at eleven P.M., and went on board the iron-clad *Saragossa*, where the commanders of the vessels composing the squadron presently assembled, and a council of war was held. At dawn of the 18th, when Cadiz opened its eyes to the morning sun, it beheld the ships drawn up in line before the city, with the men at quarters, and every preparation made for action. It was evident that the fleet had "pronounced." A communication was made to the authorities of the city to the effect that the nation was resolved to reassert its liberties against those who had outraged it, and inviting Cadiz and its garrison to join the movement. Presently, from the arsenal and fortress of La Caraca and San Fernando, came marching down two battalions of marine infantry, with drums beating and bands playing the old familiar air of Riego's Hymn, so long prohibited in Spain. They had "pronounced," and it was soon evident that city and garrison were alike prepared to do the same, with the exception of the artillery, which held out. There was some parleying with the colonel in command of that corps; it was pointed out to him that he was in presence of overwhelming forces, and that the insurgents earnestly desired to avoid bloodshed; in short, the arguments were sufficiently cogent and the position of the artillery abundantly hopeless to induce the commander to capitulate, and he and his men remained prisoners of war, which they still were when the messenger who brought this intelligence left Cadiz. There was talk of sending a steamer to Centa to fetch a battalion there which was all in readiness to join the insurgents, but—and this is a great proof of the confidence felt by the chiefs of the rising—the Admiral declared they had plenty of troops and might leave the battalion where it was for the present.

PRIM's entrance into Cadiz was a scene of almost delirious enthusiasm. The whole city was out, mad with delight, men and women crowding round the successful General, embracing and thanking him. The Gaditanos are a demonstrative people, and on this occasion they seem almost to have gone out of their senses with joy. One of the first things to be done, now that all was secure in Cadiz, was to send a messenger to Seville, and a well-known Progressista journalist was dispatched thither. As soon as the chiefs of the Liberal party heard of the success of the movement at Cadiz they rose, and the garrison rose, and the whole city besides; and the Captain-General of the province, old General VASSALO, who declined joining, received a pass and departed northward. A revolutionary committee or junta was at once formed, having for its president Signor ARISTEGUI, well known and much esteemed as a true, liberal, and disinterested man, who has never held office, but has always maintained a high reputation as an honorable patriot. Meanwhile the Generals had arrived from the Canary Islands; SERRANO took command of the insurgent forces, which are estimated at 10,000 to 20,000 men of regular troops, comprising the whole garrison of Cadiz except the artillery, the troops from San Fernando and La Caraca, and probably also some that were in Jerez, Chiclana, the Puertos, all of which places and many other Andalusian towns at once rose, while the whole garrison of Seville and the advanced-guard of PAVIA's (Novaliches) army passed over to the insurgents.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE distance from Omaha to Sacramento is 1721 miles—to San Francisco it is 1845 miles. By Christmas it is expected that the Union Pacific Railroad will reach the vicinity of Great Salt Lake; and by July, 1869, the roads of the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific Companies will have met at some point one or two hundred miles west of Salt Lake, and railroad communication between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans will be established. The extraordinary rapidity which has characterized the building of this road has given rise to fears that it is imperfectly done. Yet when it is remembered that something like twenty thousand men are at work upon it, that necessary materials are *promptly* supplied when wanted, and, moreover, that the road is examined by sworn Commissioners of Government, who are bound not to accept it unless it is in every respect first-class, we may justly conclude that it will prove as well constructed, at least, as ordinary railroads.

The lands along the line of the Union Pacific Railroad, in the valleys of the Platte and other rivers, are among the richest of the fertile fields of the productive West. Through the region of the Rocky Mountains, also, there are numerous valleys needing only careful cultivation to secure a profitable return. Immense forests of pine, spruce, and hemlock grow on the Black Hills, and on other mountain ranges, and the great streams that rise among them will furnish easy transportation of timber to the Union Pacific road. Mineral deposits of various kinds exist along the line of the road. In the Laramie Plains, and in many other sections, enormous beds of excellent coal have been discovered. This coal is semi-bituminous, and is said to be well adapted for use upon locomotives. It is stated that among the Rocky Mountains there are great numbers of mineral springs, hot and cold, saline and sulphurous, and of almost every other known kind. Who can tell how soon our most fashionable watering-places will be located in Wyoming and Colorado? Quite certain it is, that very soon many now unexplored sections of the West will be teeming with a busy population.

From the semi-monthly report of the Castle Garden Labor Exchange, it appears that during the last thirteen days in September there were 1636 applicants for employment—957 men, 679 women.

An "Electric Clock" has been recently exhibited in this city. The motive power is supplied by a weak galvanic battery, the currents from which, transmitted through two coils of wire, act upon steel-bar magnets set within the pendulum ball. The only attention the clock requires is to have a spoonful of acid placed in the battery about twice a year.

The pastor of one of our city churches, in a recent sermon upon the permanent nature of the Christian religion, alluded to the transitory life of many opposing systems of religion, and, in connection, mentioned the following fact: Two years ago, the preacher said, he desired to obtain a copy of a work of Theodore Parker's, entitled "Discourses on Matters Pertaining to Religion," in which the author set forth a system of religion in the place of Christianity. He inquired at all the principal book-stores in New York and Boston, and from them he went and searched in second-hand book-stores, but not a copy could he find. He employed agents to investigate more carefully, but in vain; in less than seven years after the death of Theodore Parker, not a copy of the book which contained his peculiar system of religion could be found in the market, though while he lived his words entranced multitudes, who were swayed by him to adopt his views.

About two years ago a well-known New York publisher, being in delicate health, purchased a fruit farm in Aiken, South Carolina, moved thither with his family, and went vigorously to work. During the whole period of his possession of the farm his profit has averaged five hundred dollars a month. This handsome income has been derived from the sale of peaches, apples, and grapes—and they promise to be still more remunerative in the future.

Why are grossly intoxicated persons allowed in our city cars? One would suppose our rides in these overcrowded vehicles were sufficiently uncomfortable without the addition of such a grievance. Occasionally we have seen a conductor who valued the respectability of his car, and the comfort of his passengers enough to resolutely refuse admittance to one who was too much intoxicated to behave decently. But this is not always the case. The other day we chanced to be riding in a car where a drunken man seriously disturbed all the passengers. He first attempted to buy a newspaper, which having with difficulty accomplished, he tossed it about the car, knocking it around with his stick. Then—the conductor being quite unconscious apparently, and discreetly occupied in collecting fares—he swore loudly, talked coarsely, and finally got up and staggered through the car, falling against one and another of the passengers. A lady, alarmed at the approach of the drunken wretch, appealed to the conductor, who was looking quite the other way, saying, "Should intoxicated people be allowed to do so in the cars?" The conductor glanced at the man, and said, in a surly tone, to the lady, "I know my duty as well as you do!" He, however, induced the man to sit down, though he was performing the same antics again in a moment. And so it continued, until, to the relief of all, the man apparently reached his destination, and was helped off the car. This happened in Car No. 24, on the Eighth Avenue line. Few gentlemen would be willing their wives and daughters should be exposed to such gross annoyances.

At the recent annual meeting of the American Board of Foreign Missions the Treasurer's report showed that the receipts were for the year $535,838 95, and the expenditures (including the last year's debt of $4432) $535,317 99, leaving a balance of $520 96. The general report alludes specially to the increased interest in missionary work among women, and a cordial welcome is given to a new auxiliary in the "Woman's Board of Missions," organized a few months since, but which has already assumed the support of seven single ladies—two in China, one in Ceylon, one in South Africa, and three in Western Asia. While leaving to the American Board and its missionaries all care of details this new Society will aim to diffuse information through frequent correspondence with the ladies it sends out to raise funds for their support, and the support of native teachers and Bible readers under their care, and especially to awaken a lively sympathy and interest in their labors.

It is stated in a Paris journal, which professes to understand the gastronomic tastes of the sovereigns of Europe, that Queen Victoria is a small eater, while Isabella of Spain—if she can still be classed among sovereigns—is a great eater; that Alexander of Russia is very hearty, and his Prussian Majesty fond of drink and good things generally; Victor Emanuel is blessed with an excellent appetite, but is choice in the selection of food; while the Sultan favors strong meats, pastry, and Burgundy. King Louis of Portugal is said to be the smallest eater in Europe!

According to reports, Tennyson has a new poem in hand of greater length than any he has hitherto published, which will be in the printer's hands before the end of the year.

The Paris *Illustration* lets out the secret reason why the Siamese Twins desire to be cut asunder in their old age! It states that before the war they were as happy as possible together; then Chang declared himself a Unionist, and Eng a Secessionist, and so the quarrels have become often very violent. *Query*, why did not Eng secede when the Southern States did, instead of postponing it so long?

There is a very unlucky farm in Erie County, Ohio. Five different families have lived upon it, and one member of each has lost a limb while working it, and in two instances life was lost. The last victim caught his leg in a mowing machine last summer, and was wounded so seriously that his leg was taken off. He survived the operation but a few minutes.

A party of Massachusetts hunters have been having a fine time in the forests of Maine. As proof of their success they brought back to Boston with them three bears, one of which weighs over three hundred pounds, and sundry smaller animals.

A few weeks ago Mrs. Mary L. Hutchinson, mother of the renowned family of singers bearing that name, died at Milford, New Hampshire, aged eighty-three. She was the mother of sixteen children, and was herself naturally gifted with the musical powers, which, transmitted to her children, have rendered them so famous.

Not long ago a good deal of amusement was created in one of the courts in this city by the application of a "Jersey man" to be admitted to a citizenship of the United States. The friend, who accompanied him as witness, also appeared anxious that he should be "put through." "How is this?" asked the Judge; "are you not a native of New Jersey and a citizen of the United States already?"

"A New Jersey citizen, your Honor."

"Well," asked the Judge, "is not that enough?"

"Ah, you know, your Honor," replied the man, fondly fingering the naturalization papers, "I'm from Jersey, and I'd like to be a—a—your Honor knows."

He was officially informed that New Jersey was now in the United States, and left the court with a long-drawn face on which was depicted distrust and lingering doubt.

The following is given as a sample certificate, whereby Dr. Thundergrist—any other name can be substituted—became so overwhelmed with customers that he was obliged to employ thirty assistants to sell his bottles: "Dear Doctor, I will be 175 years old next October. For ninety-four years I have been an invalid, unable to stir except when moved by a lever; but a year ago last Thursday I heard of the Granicular Sirup. I bought a bottle, smelled the cork and found myself a new man. I can now run twelve and a half miles an hour, and throw nineteen double somersaults without stopping."

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"LET US HAVE PEACE."

HEAD-QUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF TENNESSEE, IN THE FIELD NEAR VICKSBURG *July* 3, 1863.

Lieutenant-General J. C. Pemberton, commanding Confederate Forces, etc.:

GENERAL,—Your note of this date, just received, proposes an armistice of several hours for the purpose of arranging terms of capitulation through commissioners to be appointed, etc. The effusion of blood you propose stopping by this course can be ended at any time you may choose, by an unconditional surrender of the city and garrison. Men who have shown so much endurance and courage as those now in Vicksburg will always challenge the respect of an adversary, and I can assure you will be treated with all the respect due them as prisoners of war. I do not favor the proposition of appointing commissioners to arrange terms of capitulation, because I have no other terms than those indicated above.

I am, General, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

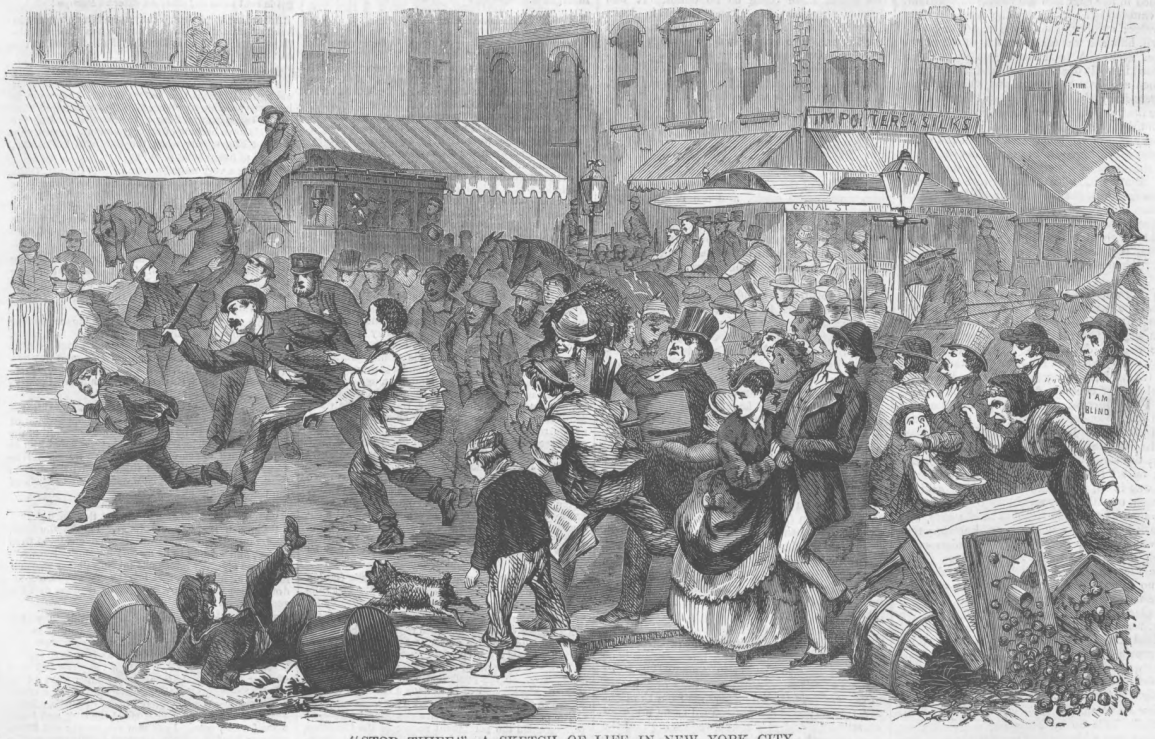
U. S. GRANT, Major-General.

MATCHED. (?)

"A MOB CAN REVOLUTIONIZE AS WELL AS A GOVERNMENT."

GOVERNOR SEYMOUR'S SPEECH TO THE NEW YORK RIOTERS.

MY FRIENDS,—I have come down from the quiet of the country to see what was the difficulty, to learn what all this trouble was concerning the draft. Let me assure you that I am your friend. [Uproarious cheering.] You have been my friends. [Cries of "yes," "yes"—"that's so"—"we are, and will be again."] And now I assure you, my fellow-citizens, that I am here to show you a test of my friendship. [Cheers.] I wish to inform you that I have sent my Adjutant-General to Washington to confer with the authorities there, and to have this draft suspended and stopped. [Vociferous cheers.] I now ask you as good citizens to wait for his return, and I assure you that I will do all that I can to see that there is no inequality, and no wrong done any one.—NEW YORK TRIBUNE, *July* 14, 1863.



"STOP THIEF!"—A SKETCH OF LIFE IN NEW YORK CITY.

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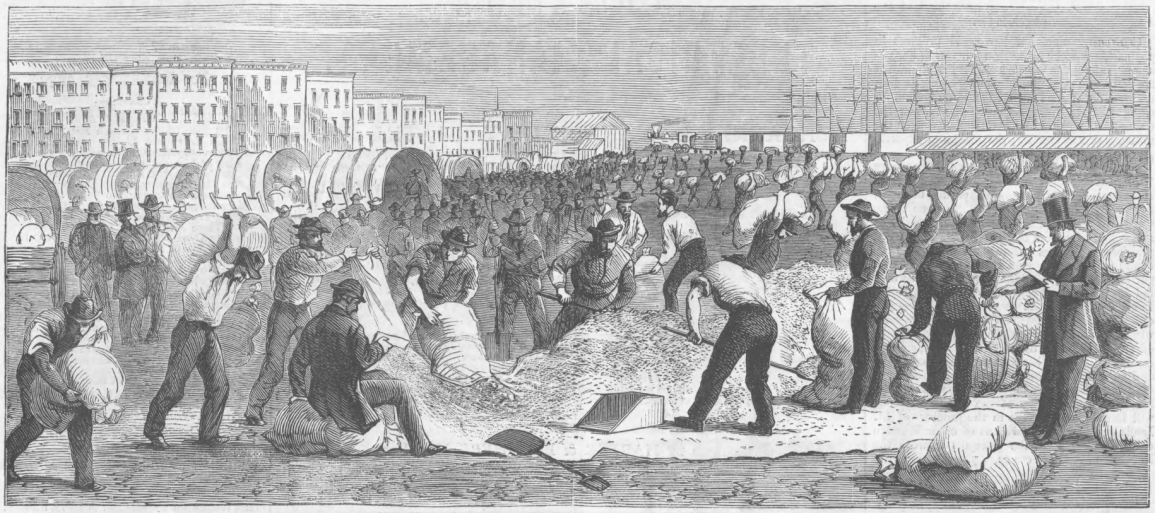
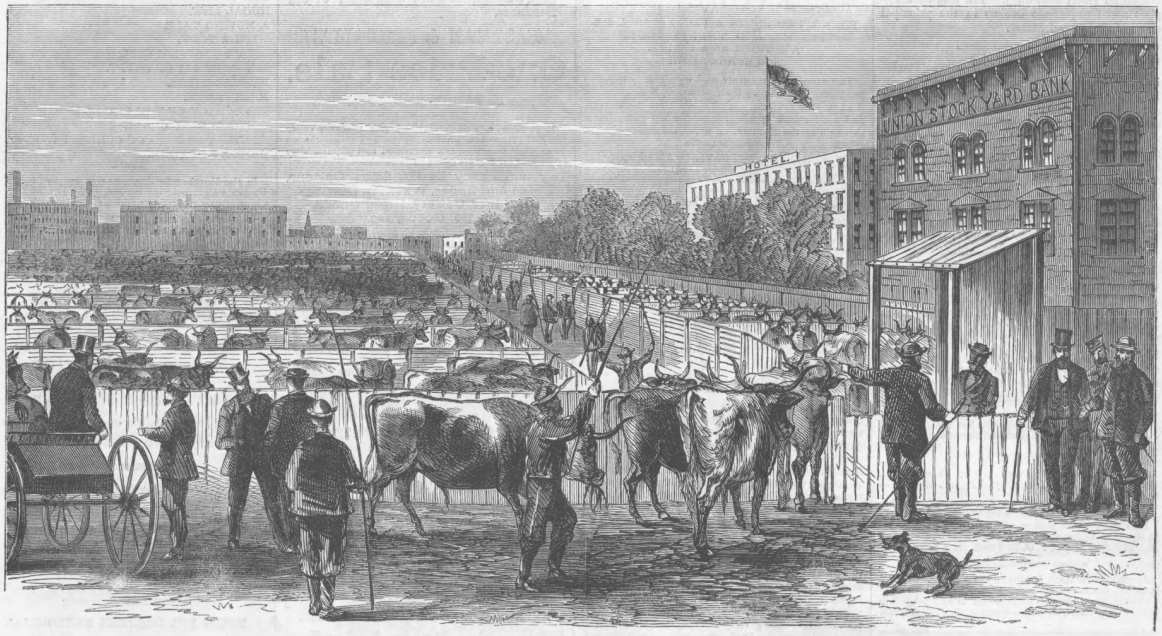
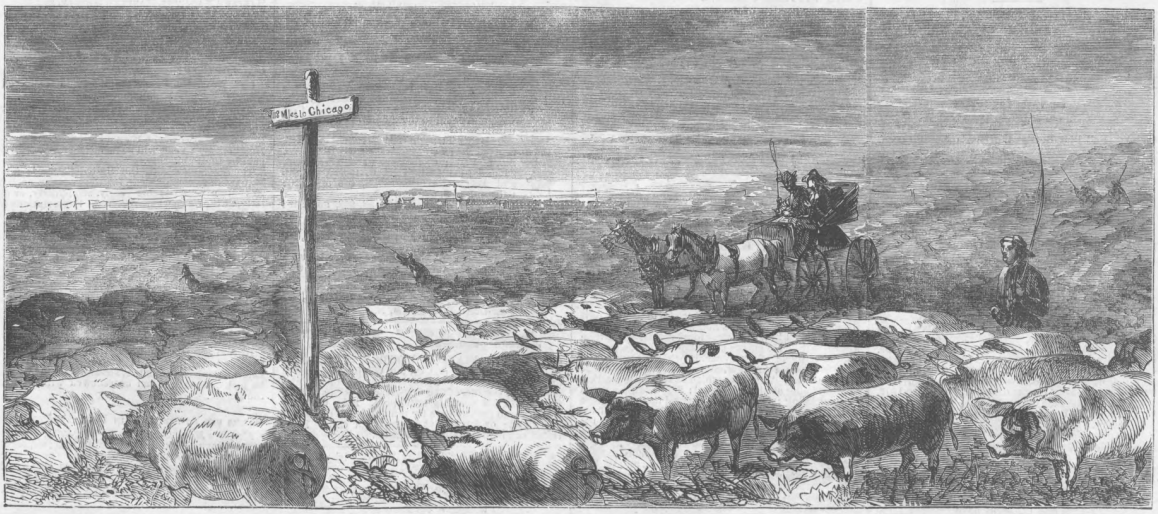


CHICAGO, ILLINOIS—CORN EXCHANGE AND GRAIN MARKET.



CHICAGO, ILLINOIS—THE CATTLE MARKET.



DRIVING HOGS TO THE CHICAGO MARKET.—[SEE PAGE 702.]

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CHICAGO GRAIN AND CATTLE MARKETS.

CHICAGO, Illinois, if her rapid progress in population is to be taken as a fair test of her position, is the great Western city. Her grain and her cattle and pork not only inundate our Eastern markets, but there is also left a large margin for exportation to Europe. Just now, when the drought in England makes an exaction upon the products of this country, the feature of exportation is a very important one.

One of the illustrations which we give on page 701 shows how the grain is collected at the Corn Exchange—how it is examined, packed in sacks, and loaded; another represents the scene at the Cattle Market; and a third illustration carries us away over a hundred miles from Chicago to the prairies, and brings before us a drove of hogs bound for the city. From these cuts we catch a partial glimpse of Western commerce. But they fail to tell the whole story. Chicago and St. Louis are two of the most active commercial cities in the world. The last ten years have witnessed many improvements in the machinery of exportation. Not only have railroads increased in number between these Western cities and our Eastern ports, but grain elevators have been introduced to facilitate the process of loading, etc. The success of the Pacific Railroad will introduce a new era in the progress of St. Louis and Chicago as well as of other Western cities, making them the entrepôts between the Pacific and Atlantic coasts.

BURNETT'S FLORIMEL, also BURNETT'S COLOGNE-WATER (three sizes).—There is a freshness in these delightful perfumes found in no others. New York Branch, 592 Broadway (Metropolitan Hotel Building). For sale by druggists and fancy-goods dealers in the principal cities of the United States.

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CONTENTS:

FISH-CULTURE IN AMERICA.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—French Hatching-Race and Boxes.—A Salmon Ladder.—Salmon-Spearing in Oregon.—Oyster-Hurdles.—Plan of Fish-Ponds.—Plan of Fish-Farm at Stormontfield, Scotland.—Coste's improved Hatching Apparatus.—Coste's first Hatching-Box.—Implements used by Pisciculturists.—Securing the Trout Spawn.—Trout Egg magnified.—Magnified Trout Fry One Week old.—Trout Fry One Week old, Life Size.—Troutlet Three Months old, Life Size.—Feeding the young Trout.—Troutlet Six Months old, Life Size.—Diagram of Ainsworth's Race.—Seth Green.—Stephen H. Ainsworth.—The Troutdale Spring.—The Troutdale Hatching-House.—The Troutdale Fish-Ponds.—Seth Green's Shad Hatching-Box.
EXPLORATIONS IN LOWER CALIFORNIA.—(*Second Paper.*)
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Introduction to the Governor.—Sons of the Country.—Gente de Rason.—Water-Carriers in La Paz.—San Antonio.—Ventura Colonists.—The Cook.—Getting ready for the Journey.—On the Trail.—Todos Santos.—Humors of the Cook.—A bad Pass.—Watering-Place.—Approach to Magdalena.—Camp at Salado.
THE HANDEL FESTIVAL AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE, 1868.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Sims Reeves.—Sandley.—Titiens.—Sainton-Dolby.—Christine Nilsson.—Sherrington.—Rudersdorff.
MISS WORTH'S COMPETITOR.
A BUREAU MAJOR'S BUSINESS AND PLEASURES.
HOUSEHOLD GODS.
THE WOMAN'S KINGDOM: A LOVE STORY. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."
ILLUSTRATIONS.—The Two Wives: Edna and Letty.—Julius and Letty.—The Brothers Stedman.
THE VISIT.
RURAL LIFE.
A MOVING TALE.
WITH A BOOK.
LUCY RUTHVEN'S WILL.
MEHEMET ALI OF EGYPT.
FLOWER SONGS.
MARTYRDOM.
DEMOCRACY OF THE CHINESE.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.

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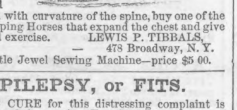

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THE POLICY OF ASSASSINATION.

THE open threats of assassination made against General GRANT come, of course, from the vehement supporters of the Democratic cause—from the men who hailed WILKES BOOTH as a benefactor—and who hope for the election of SEYMOUR and BLAIR as the next best thing to the success of the rebellion for which they prayed and worked. And whence comes the tone of such persons and papers but from the traditions and policy of a party that sought to prostitute the Government of this country to a vast system of defenses of slavery, and that strives, now that slavery is gone, to perpetuate the hate and jealousy and crime that spring from injustice always and every where?

Such is the well-understood spirit of that party that when its candidate for Vice-President recently made a speech in St. Louis, in which he made a doubtful allusion to General GRANT, it was instantly interpreted as a threat of assassination. Those, however, who are most familiar with the reputation of General BLAIR probably do not hold him responsible upon all occasions for what he says in public. Even his party friends who called him into Connecticut in the spring of 1867 were, we understand, quite willing that if the General were not held responsible for his speeches, they should not be held responsible for the General. What words he actually used at St. Louis it is difficult to determine. Those which his friends are willing to have published as used by him, represent General GRANT as a military chief who, having reached the White House, will there intrench himself with a bodyguard and various other luxuries, and never go out so long as he lives.

Now in every country there are plenty of men who consider it right and praiseworthy to assassinate tyrants; and when, speaking to a crowd of which the most considerable element was that of the rebels who rejoiced in the murder of Mr. LINCOLN, General BLAIR paints General GRANT

WILKES BOOTH THE SECOND.

"If he is elected by unfair means, or use of illegal power—if he does not receive a majority of the three hundred and seventeen votes of the Electoral College, fairly cast—if he seeks to override a majority in America, *he dies before his term of office shall one-fourth expire*, and the party that would thus unjustly elevate him to power shall be strangled in the blood it cries for."—*The Democrat*, Oct. 13, 1868.

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as a despot who will subvert the Government, and establish himself permanently in the White House, he can no more escape the responsibility for the kind of interpretation that will inevitably be placed upon his words than Mr. SEYMOUR can shuffle off the responsibility involved in saying to a mob in the city of New York, at the time and under the circumstances in which he made his Academy speech, that a mob may urge the plea of military necessity as well as a government.

In his striking picture upon the first page Mr. NAST shows, with a few forcible strokes, more eloquent than much rhetoric, the spirit of reckless hate which animates so large a portion of Mr. SEYMOUR'S supporters, and that of peace, which always accompanies the liberty of which General GRANT is the representative. The words of LINCOLN, "With malice toward none, with charity toward all," are naturally followed by General GRANT'S expressive phrase, "Let us have peace." GRANT'S administration will secure peace upon LINCOLN'S principle of charity and liberty. The man who hopes for peace from Democratic black codes, from Democratic Ku-Klux Klans, from Democratic hatred and murder of loyal men, hopes to gather grapes of thorns.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1868.

THE OLD PARTY AND OLD POLICY.

THE late desperate and hopeless attempt of some of the directors of the Democratic party to change the aspect of the canvass illustrates a truth which should be very carefully pondered by every voter in the country. The principles and policy of that party, unflinchingly pursued for a generation, plunged the country into fearful war. The party was wholly controlled by its Southern element. Its real leaders were the Southern politicians, and its sole great purpose had become the perpetuity and extension of slavery. Free speech was annihilated in half of the country under Democratic domination, and in the other half the practical destruction of the most precious rights of the citizen was defended by the Democratic orators and press. The contest had become practically that of the two tendencies—the one toward a Union from which slavery should be peacefully and legally eliminated, and the other toward the supreme sovereignty in the Union of the slave power; and of the latter tendency the Democratic party was the political organization.

When its policy was repudiated in the election of 1860 the rebellion was plotted by Democratic leaders, and actively supported by the Democratic section of the country. Passively, it was supported by the Democratic party every where. The Tweddle Hall meeting in the secession winter, at which HORATIO SEYMOUR made a speech charging the threatening condition of the country upon the free States which had refused to submit to the further domination of slavery, was the most efficient aid and encouragement to the rebellion. In one sentence his Tweddle Hall speech was simply this: "We at the North have exasperated the Southern slaveholders by insisting that liberty is a better and more profitable thing than slavery, and they will take just vengeance upon us if we do not humbly kneel and kiss the rod." The author of the Tweddle Hall speech is called a statesman. Yet there was never a meaner, baser, more unmanly appeal made in a free country than Mr. SEYMOUR'S Tweddle Hall speech. If statesmanship be cowardice and huckstering; if statesmanship be advising a great and powerful people who have declared for liberty to submit to the rebellious menace of slavery, then the author of the Tweddle Hall speech is a statesman—not otherwise.

During the war the influence of the Democratic party favored the rebellion by a constant hostility to the Government. Those who denounced the war as wicked, those who sneered at the Union soldiers, those who exulted in the success of the rebels, were all Democrats. More than this, the most conspicuous enemies of the war, frank and open secessionists, were selected as the candidates of the party. In New England THOMAS H. SEYMOUR, in the West VALLANDIGHAM, were its representatives, while the conventions every where discouraged the warm heart of loyalty and banished from the party those who declared unreservedly for saving the Union by every honorable means. At length, in 1864, the National Democratic Convention, with HORATIO SEYMOUR as its President and VALLANDIGHAM as its inspiring manager, denounced the war as a failure, and demanded a practical surrender to the rebellion. The people answered by overwhelmingly re-electing ABRAHAM LINCOLN, and unconditionally crushing the rebellion after a prolonged and unprecedented struggle.

The ground immediately taken by the Democratic party was that nothing was changed in the relations of the States to the Union, and that they might at their pleasure reorganize. The New York *World*, between the fall of Richmond and the capture of DAVIS, recommended the rebels to throw down their arms and rush to the ballot-box, and reappear in Congress at the opening of the next session. The assassination—a natural result of the kind of spirit fostered by the Democratic policy of injustice and inequality—and the tone of the President's earlier speeches, silenced this demand for a time. It revived with the President's unwise and illogical and partial statements of it as his policy. Gradually it became the sole political issue. The President and the Democratic party and the remains of the rebellion were upon one side; Congress and the loyal people upon the other. A clearer perception of the situation, which could only come with time, shaped the policy of Congress. It demanded certain guarantees which were scornfully refused by the remnants of the rebellion, supported by the President and the Democratic party. But Congress and its loyal friends appealed to the country and were nobly sustained. The reconstruction policy had the same validity as any other law. But it could not be set aside by the Supreme Court, for the Supreme Court had itself decided that it was a subject with which Congress alone could deal, and that its action was binding upon every other department of the Government.

As the Presidential campaign approached the faction of the Democratic party which at present has the *World* for an organ, saw that the party with its old purposes, its old policy, and its old leaders, had been resolutely rejected by the country, and that the hope of its restoration to power lay exclusively in the acceptance of the settlement of the old issues and a fresh departure. This showed a want of perspicacity, for it assumed that the Democratic party was willing to concede that the old issues *were* settled, which was not the truth. This was manifested in the violent denunciation of the *World* by the old spirit and the old masters of the party, to which the paper instantly succumbed. Immediately the old spirit and purpose reappeared in the national Convention. It was controlled by ex-rebel soldiers, WADE HAMPTON at the head, who declared "the lost cause" not lost, and by repudiators and Copperheads represented by VALLANDIGHAM. The platform called for practical repudiation and denounced the reconstruction acts as void. The nominations were given to the President of the surrender Convention of 1864, the Tweddle Hall orator of 1861, and to the man who had just demanded the forcible overthrow of the new governments in the disturbed States. It was the old purpose and spirit of the party that had sustained slavery and risen in rebellion—and again it appealed to the people.

The October elections are the popular response; and smarting with the feeling that the policy for demanding which it was peremptorily snubbed, and which it was snubbed into renouncing, might have saved its party, the *World* exclaimed, in the most alarming typography and rhetoric, "I told you so." It insisted that General BLAIR should withdraw, and that the platform should be virtually changed by an explanation, saying that if it were not done the elections of November would merely repeat those of October. It persisted for a few days, and was then scourged again into silence. The old party, the old leaders, the old purpose, remain; and SEYMOUR and BLAIR are now, as they have been since their nomination, the candidates of a party whose policy has been one vast and prolonged disaster for the country. After the defeat, which it is an insult to the American people to suppose is not reserved for them at the election, the *World* will again say that if its party had not been so drunken with the Bourbon spirit it might have succeeded. The paper is not so likely to be whipped in again, and will have secured a greater influence upon its party councils than it has ever had. But the party will still be stronger than the organ, and the retrograde and perilous tendency in our political society will still organize itself as the Democracy. The Tory will never become the Liberal. The party that supported human slavery will never become that of human liberty. The same enlightened freedom which the Republican party has especially asserted in one direction, because it was there most assailed, it will continue every where to assert and to secure.

GENERAL M'CLELLAN AND THE DEMOCRATIC MANAGERS.

GENERAL M'CLELLAN'S letter to the Union Square meeting, following his few words at the reception, were not very agreeable to the Democratic leaders in this neighborhood. The General was one of the "reserves" of which we have latterly heard, but his coming up was neither an aid nor a consolation. The candidate of 1864 declined to take part in the election of 1868, and while he said that he should vote for SEYMOUR and BLAIR, he very peremptorily rejected a substantial part of the platform.

The soldiers who liked M'CLELLAN, and many of whom regretted to see him in the hands of unscrupulous and designing politicians, have probably seen with pleasure the quiet manner in which he says to these managers, "Hands off, gentlemen, if you please." Those soldiers can not cease to regret the want of will or of perception which made him four years ago the candidate of a party whose success would have ruined the country; and they must smile to see him now demanding that the public faith be honorably kept to the uttermost, and simultaneously saying that he shall vote for the candidates of repudiation. But he is an extremely vivacious Democrat who finds comfort in the letter of General M'CLELLAN.

There is something, however, which may not be known to the Boys in Blue nor to the country. It is, that if the General shows himself very cool toward his late political managers, they have shown very little warmth for him. They think, indeed, that they have "made him," forgetting that in 1864 they hoped to steal into power under cover of his popularity. The Democratic party found General M'CLELLAN a very conspicuous and popular man—whether justly or not is not now the question. It nominated him for the Presidency with a platform upon which he stood protesting—not a winning or dignified attitude for any man. Its nomination, of course, drew upon him the tremendous criticism of a hot political campaign, and he was left at the end with scarcely an electoral vote, and fallen immeasurably in public favor from the position he held when he left the command of the Army of the Potomac. He withdrew to Europe and from public observation.

But certainly if any body ought to have been grateful to him it was HORATIO SEYMOUR, the President of the Convention that nominated him, and the Democratic managers. He had sacrificed for them what he can never regain. What had they done for him? His name was still popular among the great mass of the Democratic voters. He was their last national representative man, and it was but natural and fair that at their next national assembly they should at least mention his name with gratitude and regard. With that feeling resolutions of greeting and honor to General M'CLELLAN were prepared to be offered in the Convention. The party would send to its late leader a word of respect and remembrance across the ocean. But the Convention was managed by the late rebels. The name of M'CLELLAN had some odor of loyalty to the Union. Its introduction might make trouble. It might arouse inconvenient enthusiasm upon the part of some of the members. And so the President of the Convention, Mr. HORATIO SEYMOUR, kept the resolutions in his pocket, and the observant reader of the proceedings will remark the careful and significant silence in regard to the late candidate.

The claims of the party managers upon a man in General M'CLELLAN'S position are, under the circumstances, ridiculous. The men who suppressed the resolutions of compliment in Tammany Hall were very willing to have General M'CLELLAN preside at their great meeting. But neither the General nor his best friends could see either the claim or the propriety, and he coolly declined. It is but another sign of the actual situation. The Democratic party, under its Southern leadership, which nominated SEYMOUR just as it nominated PIERCE and BUCHANAN, does not hold even its own partisans. It is distrusted by its supporters. "I shall vote for SEYMOUR and BLAIR, of course," said a life-long Democrat the other day, "because I've always been a Democrat. But if the result depended upon my vote I should vote for GRANT." And if all who really hope that GRANT will be elected should vote for him the Southern leaders who are managing the Democratic party would see how the heart of the country really trusts the General whose life and character and principles all say, "Let us have peace."

THE PARTY OF VIOLENCE.

THE assault by the Baltimore roughs upon the passengers in the railroad train to Philadelphia on the evening before the Pennsylvania election was but an illustration of the method and spirit of the Democratic party. And nothing can be more feeble and silly than the talk of a Democratic paper in the city about the miscreants who were sent to Philadelphia from New York and Baltimore to neutralize the Democratic vote. It is useless for the Democratic papers to try to evade the truth. The most ignorant and vicious classes belong to that party, and it is not surprising that they do. The Democratic party has had but one policy for a generation—a policy of violence, injustice, and consequent disorder. Its great effort has been directed to saving and extending slavery, and its cry has been "Down with the nigger." It has appealed to every mean and miserable passion and prejudice, and it has therefore been the party of the violent and disorderly and depraved; and the city in which it is numerically strongest is therefore appropriately represented in Congress by a person whose only notoriety is that of a pugilist.

How many of the "miscreants" in this city, of those who are described by the technical term "dangerous classes," sympathize with the Republican principles or vote for the Republican candidates? There are instances of special bargain, of course; but who is foolish enough to assert that the huge Democratic majority of the city of New York is composed of the great mass of its intelligent and orderly citizens? By whom were the riots of 1863 instigated and carried on? Was the disturbance an outbreak of the "miscreants" who were sent to neutralize the Democratic vote, or of those who are Democrats because "Democracy" is identical with injustice and violence? How many Republicans swelled the mob of April, 1861, in Baltimore, that, with the countenance of KANE, a representative Democrat, massacred the Union soldiers? Just as many as were in the mob that raged through the cars in the same city a fortnight ago.

We have recently seen some amusing comparisons of the school system of the city of New York and of other parts of the country. Some two years ago a committee from Boston visited the New York schools and reported that in some respects they were superior to the Boston schools. And then what? It seems to be supposed that therefore the population of the city of New York is of superior intelligence and character to that of Massachusetts. The truth is, that Massachusetts, which has as large a Republican majority as the city of New York has Democratic, is the community of the highest general welfare in the world, while Kentucky is distinctively the Democratic State. Those two facts illustrate the whole case. The Democratic papers sneer at what they call the Republican assumption of "all the virtues," and shout at the conduct of certain persons who belong to the party of "great moral ideas." Now, every party in power will have a horde of camp-followers. But it is not the character nor the principles of such followers that made the party successful. The real significance and tendency of the party are to be sought at head-quarters. The authorized policy and views of the Democratic party have been for a generation those of disorganization and violence. Every Democrat has not been violent; but the violent and disorderly have been Democrats. "I do not say," says MILL, "that all conservatives are stupid; but I do say that all stupid men are conservative."

The Democratic party, true to this instinct of injustice and consequent disorder, at its first National Convention after the war is ruled by the chafing and baffled ex-rebels, and nominates exultingly a man whose sole platform is a naked sword. This party demands repudiation of the national debt, and forcible overthrow of State organizations, and giving exclusive political power to a class—and then claims to be conservative, and law-respecting, and nervously anxious for the Constitution. The spirit of FRANK BLAIR, as expressed in his letter, is precisely that of the Baltimore rioters of 1861 and 1868. That of the Democratic platform is the spirit of violence and hate, whose great object was slavery, which produced the rebellion, and which assassinated ABRAHAM LINCOLN. If LINCOLN were the "miscreant," and WILKES BOOTH the conservative, then is the Democratic party the party of peace and order.

LORD STANLEY AND GOOD FEELING.

THERE has been another banquet in England at Liverpool in honor of the United States Minister, and Mr. JOHNSON made a speech, and Lord STANLEY made a speech, and Mr. GLADSTONE made a speech; and if dining and wining and talking could do the work the peace between the United States and Great Britain is secured. "Peace," says Mr. JOHNSON, "is beyond the possibility of doubt."

"It is the settled principle of England," said Lord STANLEY, "to respect, scrupulously, the rights of every nation.....to seek no narrow, no selfish, no exclusive object," etc., etc., etc. Is Mr. JOHNSON'S remark of the same kind as that of Lord STANLEY? His Lordship would perhaps hardly admit the opinion of China and India as to the wholly unselfish nature of the British foreign policy; would he listen more kindly to that of the United States? Does he seriously suppose that we think the policy of the British Government to have been just, generous, friendly, toward us in the late war? Lord STANLEY proceeded to say that upon the *Alabama* question there is a "very decided hope" that it may be near its solution. Does the *Alabama* controversy grow out of the scrupulously liberal foreign policy of the British Government?

We certainly hope, with Lord STANLEY, that the feeling of bitterness toward England in this country may be diminishing. But when he says that that feeling was never reciprocated in England, we are compelled to congratulate his lordship upon his conveniently short memory. He has forgotten the performances of the London *Times* during the war; the paper which is the peculiar and accepted organ of British opinion. He has forgotten that debate in Parliament, when the editorials of the *Times* became the hot speeches of eminent gentlemen. He has forgotten the eagerness with which British public opinion seized the opportunity offered by the *Trent* affair for war with the United States. Lord STANLEY must remember, however, that we have not. He ought to know that when he says the American feeling of bitterness was never reciprocated, he not only carefully for-

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gets, but that his remark is almost a taunt, for our bitterness of feeling was the result of unspeakable amazement that Great Britain, the West Indian emancipator, joined hands with the insurrection of a slave-aristocracy to overthrow constitutional government; our bitter feeling sprang from the clear perception that the British foreign policy was directed to the "narrow, selfish, and exclusive object" of British aggrandizement at every cost.

We do not willingly, nor with any acrimonious or hostile feeling, recall these truths. But sensible men in England, as well as in this country, ought to be tired of mere complimentary international gammon and spinage at public dinners. All truly intelligent people in this country consider the cause of England and the United States substantially the same; for it is the cause of constitutional liberty and political morality as the foundation of material prosperity. But while that is truly the cause, it by no means always seems to be so. The official attitude of Great Britain during the war was very different from the feeling of some English people; and in that feeling was to be found the England to which the heart of this country looks with sympathy. There is no man in the world whose coming to this country would be greeted with such a tempest of affectionate enthusiasm as that of JOHN BRIGHT. He represents the England whose heart beat with ours in the most threatening hour of our existence. But Lord STANLEY must recollect that Mr. BRIGHT opposed the "selfish, narrow, and exclusive" official policy of England.

The anti-British feeling in this country is of course traditional. It dates from the last century, and was marvelously refreshed by the war of 1812. If it was kindled to its old hot point by the war of the rebellion, it was wholly by the conduct of the British Government. There were, indeed, considerations and excuses which we have formerly mentioned. But all reasoning, all diplomacy goes wrong which assumes a feeling which does not exist. There is a kind of impatience and even of suspicion occasioned by mere fine words. The American people will judge the character of the English foreign policy wholly by what the Government does and not in the least by Lord STANLEY'S hopes and wishes. If the *Alabama* claims are settled upon palpably fair principles the people of this country will ask nothing more. But Lord STANLEY should beware how he invites us to contemplate the precedent of British unselfishness as a promise of the happy issue of our differences.

A LITTLE DUST.

WHEN an old wag was near his end, and was ordered to take the air daily, a friend met him and hoped he would have a pleasant drive. "Don't mention it," replied the invalid; "I am merely rehearsing my funeral." Mr. HORATIO SEYMOUR has been upon a similar melancholy excursion. Its object is to distract attention from that terrible General BLAIR and his sword. It was considered a master-stroke of policy for Mr. SEYMOUR to emit a few plausible phrases, to talk about taxation, and the atrocious misgovernment of his "Republican friends," as a blind to the real political policy of the party. But smooth words can not baffle an honest instinct. The canvass has turned upon FRANK BLAIR because he is the positive point, and every body knows it. He is the representative man of the real Democratic purpose and policy, and nobody is deceived by the little dust which Mr. SEYMOUR and his managers are gently trying to throw into the public eye.

"HELP ME, CASSIUS!"

PRESIDENT JOHNSON has written a dispatch to Mr. SEYMOUR, whom his friends with bitter mockery call "the next President," congratulating him upon taking the stump. The President hopes Mr. SEYMOUR will not spare the enemies of constitutional government, but will warn the country against the efforts of the advocates of despotic power. He trusts, also, that Mr. SEYMOUR may speak with "an inspired tongue," and bring comfort to "an oppressed nation." Did the augurs smile or did they not? And what response does Mr. SEYMOUR make? He says that if he is elected he can do nothing; that if General BLAIR is elected he can't possibly draw that sword. He says that Congress will be opposed to him, but that however abused he will still remain true to his convictions.

Nobody questions, probably, the sincerity of Mr. SEYMOUR'S convictions, but it is precisely because of those convictions that he and his party are to be overwhelmed now as they were four years ago. Nobody doubted that at that time Mr. SEYMOUR and Mr. VALLANDIGHAM and their friends sincerely wished to surrender to the rebellion, and it was for that very reason that they were terribly defeated at the polls. Nobody doubts that they would now gladly restore the late rebel chiefs to the supreme power in the Government which they formerly had, and that they would with equal alacrity arrange the financial question to suit the same chiefs. In a word, nobody doubts that Mr. SEYMOUR would be the faithful servant of the Southern policy that he has always been; and for that very reason the people of this country, who have had quite enough of that kind of leadership, will speak to Mr. SEYMOUR in November much more emphatically even than they did in October. "I trust," says the President to Mr. SEYMOUR, "that your voice may penetrate every just and patriotic heart throughout the land." Why, your Excellency, it has already penetrated those hearts. The just and patriotic hearts throughout the land were penetrated by Mr. SEYMOUR'S voice at Tweddle Hall, at the Academy of Music, at Chicago; and Mr. SEYMOUR'S heart in turn will be penetrated by the voice of those just and patriotic people on the 3d of November next.

"A FRANK ABANDONMENT."

MR. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS made a little speech at his home after his return from his late Southern visit, in which he said that the ex-rebels said to him that "they had frankly abandoned what they fought for." Did they tell the truth when they said this? Does Mr. ADAMS not know that they did not tell the truth? If their words to him meant any thing they meant that the fair and logical results of the war were accepted by them. And is not that notoriously untrue, and does any man know it to be untrue better than Mr. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS?

Slavery being abolished all the relations that grew out of it fell with it. This was a matter of course, and the victorious people waited to see if it would be recognized by the rebel States. Upon the demand of the President the State Legislatures acceded, but in such terms, and with such reservations, and in such a way as showed that it was not frankly abandoned. The first act of the same Legislatures was to pass infamous black codes in which the whole spirit of slavery was maintained, and under which orderly and tolerable society was impossible. The black codes re-established all of slavery but the name. The freedmen were made a pariah class; they could not bear arms; nor sit upon juries; nor follow any trade without the permission of white men; their children could be taken and bound out; the criminal laws discriminated wickedly against them; the black code virtually compelled them to be vagrants, and the vagrant laws sold them to service. Congress had said nothing about the suffrage; it had said nothing even about the protection of civil rights, because it waited to see if the Southern leaders "had frankly abandoned what they fought for."

Does Mr. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS think that the Black Codes showed such an abandonment? He knows, with all the rest of us, that the Southern leaders intended to save just as much of the old system as they could, and waited to see whether we had the sense to understand our victory. Then Congress, seeing precisely the spirit with which it had to deal, proposed the Civil Rights bill and the Freedmen's Bureau. The whole rebel interest opposed. Mr. ADAMS'S Southern lambs thought that the Black Codes were a much better system than Freedmen's Bureaus. Then Congress proposed, in the Fourteenth Amendment, that the defeated States should not have gained political power by their rebellion. Mr. ADAMS'S friends, who so frankly abandon all their claims, scornfully insisted that Congress had nothing to do with the subject. In a word, these gentlemen who so dolorously bewail their condition to Mr. ADAMS demanded that the whole question of reconstruction and of the disposition of the freedmen and of other loyal men in the South should be left exclusively to them. And then Congress, speaking for all the people and for the common welfare, said, "Since you contemptuously refuse to accept the plain results of the war, and to reorganize your States accordingly, we will do it"—and it has done it.

GENERAL HAWLEY TO R. H. DANA, JUN.

GENERAL JOSEPH R. HAWLEY, the President of the National Republican Convention, has written a masterly letter to the Hon. RICHARD H. DANA, Jun., strongly favoring his election to Congress in the interest of the national honor and morality. He says:

"General BUTLER'S eminent services during the rebellion will always be held in grateful remembrance. His strong will, fertility of intellectual resources, and indomitable combativeness, made him greatly useful then; but if he is to be upon the wrong side of the controversy concerning the national debt, starting as he does from among the staunch and trusted Radicals, he will be the most dangerous man in the United States. Some say that he cares nothing for the financial views he has pushed forward, but that he yields temporarily, with ultimate right purposes, to a popular tendency that he thinks should be conciliated. If so, and the bad tendency should become stronger hereafter, will he not continue to accompany and accelerate it? But if, as I suppose, he sincerely believes that he is right, we may be sure that what he believes in he will fight for, and that he will do his utmost to carry other Congressmen with him. Shall New England send so powerful a man to give new life to the heresies that were supposed to flourish only 'out West,' but have been almost wholly rooted out of Republican fields in that region?

"Please count me among those who believe without doubt and say without hesitation any where that the financial policy pressed by General BUTLER would put a foul and eternal stain upon the honor of our country. If it is to be carried into effect, let it be done by the champions and abettors of slavery and secession. Let there be one party wholly free from the crime of repudiation, 'open or covert, threatened or suspected,' and then something of honor will be saved to the nation in any event. The Chicago Convention was overwhelmingly of that opinion. I was told that only two members of the Committee of Resolutions favored the views held by General BUTLER, and the strong tide in the right direction was not conscious of their resistance, if they made any. In the Convention itself, covert repudiation made no sign. That body asserted its opinions with vigor and enthusiasm, and, as it supposed, with unmistakable clearness. For one, I have been as much surprised by General BUTLER'S perversions of the platform as I was originally by his perversion of the loan acts and Treasury circulars. It takes much ingenuity and more violence to make its declarations sanction, or to any degree cover, those of the Tammany Convention. Common-sense is not at fault in understanding that the two Conventions are perfectly at issue upon the two matters of bond-taxation and payment in greenbacks."

He then proceeds to an admirable statement of the injustice and consequent impolicy of General BUTLER'S financial plans.

"To 'pay the Five-Twenties in greenbacks' is to forcibly substitute protested demand notes for obligations that pay interest in gold, and whose principal is justly payable only in the recognized money of the world. The objection to so paying the principal is that the holder will make too much money by it. When the protested demand note shall have been put in place of the bond, depreciation will be hastened and the objection will grow stronger daily. Resistance to the downward course will never be so easy as it is now at the beginning.

"The duty of the Government is to pay first the debts that are due first. These are the greenbacks, the demand notes that have been daily protested for six years, and that stand in the market at seventy cents or thereabouts. The bonds are not yet due; nobody is in a hurry to have them paid, and the merchant would be either a fool or a rascal who, because he was embarrassed, would try to substitute for debts not due for years to come, demand notes which he confessedly could not pay.

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"These financial questions are to agitate the country for years. If the Republican party desires the respect of the world or the control of the Government it must take the positions demanded by commercial integrity and national honor, and maintain them without fear, favor, or compromise, 'welcoming recruits and shooting deserters.' There is no man living whom I would support, for any office, upon any other platform. Uncle Sam must be a gentleman. It is claimed that General BUTLER is so able and prominent a representative of Radicalism that the party can not afford his defeat. Rather let us say that Radicalism can always afford to do right, and can never afford to give up any thing of national honor in exchange for supposed advantages to reconstruction and impartial suffrage. I can not say which I deem the more weighty and serious subject—the reconstruction policy of our party, or its purposes concerning financial matters. As to the latter, General BUTLER is in deadly opposition alike to true Radicalism and true Conservatism. If all Republicans were ready to consider bond-taxation and greenback-substitution issues non-essential and of little consequence would not the nation be rushing to repudiation and an immortality of shame? It seems so to me. You have known what it is to stand out for sound principles against the pressure of old friends and great majorities, even in old Massachusetts. You can do it again if necessary. I admire and respect your course. 'Fight it out on that line.'"

General BUTLER'S conduct of his own canvass will hardly commend itself to the sober judgment of his constituents. His elaborate personal ridicule of Mr. DANA, his absurd assaults upon the motives of the newspapers that oppose him, with his ludicrously inaccurate statements in regard to the writers of the articles, merely show the unscrupulousness with which the General pursues his ends.

Whatever the result of the contest may be, we shall remain of the opinion that honesty in public affairs, as in private, is the best policy; and that General BUTLER is in no just sense a representative of the profound conviction and the high moral honor which are the strength of the Republican party.

Mr. DANA in this contest, represents conscience and honor in politics; and the vote that will be cast for a man so able, so independent, so manly, if it does not elect him, will yet stand as the emphatic protest of intelligent and self-respecting citizens against the worst form of demagoguery.

THE TREE JUDGED BY ITS FRUITS.

WHEN the friends of Mr. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS in the late rebel States, who told him so touchingly that they had frankly abandoned every thing they fought for, thought in 1866 that the President was likely to prevail over Congress, and that the Philadelphia Convention was a sign of their coming power, the frightful massacres of Memphis and New Orleans showed what spirit still lingered in the lately rebel States.

Now that the loud boasting of the Democratic orators and papers, the control of the Democratic Convention by the leaders of "the lost cause," the dictation of a platform by those who seek to dishonor the Government they could not conquer, and the nomination of a candidate who flourishes a sword as the only solution of the pending questions have all inspired a hope of Democratic success, massacres and murders begin again in that unhappy region, and foreshow what would follow if the Democratic policy could prevail. If the mere hope of the election of SEYMOUR and BLAIR causes the worst crimes of the Ku-Klux Klan, what are we to expect should they by any evil chance be elected? Mr. SEYMOUR says that we are trying to change the issue to a civil war. Exactly the other way lies the truth. It was the Democratic platform that declared reconstruction void; it was the Democratic makers of the platform who unanimously told WADE HAMPTON that they would support that declaration to the end; it was the Democratic Convention over which Mr. SEYMOUR presided which nominated him upon that platform, and which enthusiastically placed by his side a man whose only policy was the sword. Let the tree be judged by its fruits.

DINNA YE HEAR THE SLOGAN?

THE Democratic party has more cheerful news, like that from Vermont, and that from Maine, and that from Connecticut, and that from Pennsylvania, and that from Ohio, and that from Indiana, and that from Nebraska. It comes this time from West Virginia, and it consists of a Republican majority of three or four thousand. "Dinna ye hear the slogan?" asked the New York *World*, speaking of West Virginia. Most distinctly. It is the same slogan that we have been hearing ever since September, and it grows louder and louder toward that thunder-crash which is coming in November, and whose refrain is GRANT and COLFAX—Liberty and Peace!

A "WATERLOO."

A FEW weeks ago the *World* prophesied for the Republicans a "Waterloo," and said that however the Southern States might vote SEYMOUR and BLAIR would get enough Northern States to elect them.

Now the *World* says, "New York is sure. So are Kentucky, Maryland, New Jersey, Delaware, Connecticut, and Oregon." These are all that it thinks sure, and of these Connecticut certainly, and New York and New Jersey probably, will vote for GRANT and COLFAX. This leaves Kentucky, Maryland, Delaware, and Oregon as the sure States for SEYMOUR and BLAIR. What a Waterloo for GRANT and COLFAX!

MORE STATESMANSHIP.

MR. SEYMOUR says that people may safely vote for him because Congress is sure to be opposed to him, and it will be impossible for him to do any thing. He promises us a continuation of the condition in which we have been for four years, the Executive and Congress at swords' points. What a persuasive argument! What great statesmanship!

LITERARY.

SOME time ago we spoke of a very admirable introductory book of chemistry by J. DORMAN STEELE, Principal of the Elmira Free Academy. Mr. STEELE has now published (A. S. BARNES & Co.) a "Fourteen Weeks' Course in Descriptive Astronomy;" a little work copiously and intelligibly illustrated, and telling the cardinal facts of astronomical science in the most attractive manner. It is designed for a class-book in schools; but we do not know a more useful and delightful little manual of the subject to be always at hand for reference in the school or upon the family book-shelf.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE State election in West Virginia took place on the 22d of October. The result in 27 counties, casting three-fourths of the vote of the State, shows a Republican majority of over 4000.

News was received at Washington on the 25th of the assassination of Hon. James Hinds, Member of Congress from the Third District of Arkansas, and the wounding of the Hon. Joseph R. Brooks, of the same State by members of the KU-KLUX KLAN.

There was a severe shock of earthquake experienced at San Francisco, California, on the morning of the 21st. A large number of houses, including the Custom-house, were seriously injured; business was temporarily suspended, the people were driven by their panic into the streets, and about half a dozen lives were lost. There was no disturbance in the bay. The shock was heaviest east of Montgomery Street. The loss of property is estimated at from $1,000,000 to $3,000,000. In the interior Alameda County suffered most. The villages of San Leandro and Haywards are almost in ruins.

A terrible accident happened at midnight, October 23-24, to the express train from New York on the Hudson River Railroad. It was caused by a broken rail three miles below Greenbush. The train consisted of eleven cars—four passenger coaches, five sleeping cars, a freight and baggage car, and an express car. Three coaches and two sleeping cars were thrown from the track, and are completely wrecked. One lady was killed outright, and a gentleman so badly injured about the head that he died next morning. A large number of the passengers were more or less injured.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN, France, and Italy have recognized the Revolutionary Government of Spain.

There is good reason to believe that the following is the substance of the protocol which has been agreed to by Mr. Johnson and Lord Stanley for the settlement of the *Alabama* dispute: A mixed commission, consisting of eight persons appointed by Great Britain and eight appointed by the United States, is to sit in London and examine every claim presented, whether English or American. Each case is to be argued by the claimant, either in person or by counsel, and the Commission will make the final award. The question of international law is to be referred to the arbitration of the Emperor of Russia. The protocol now awaits the approval of Secretary Seward.

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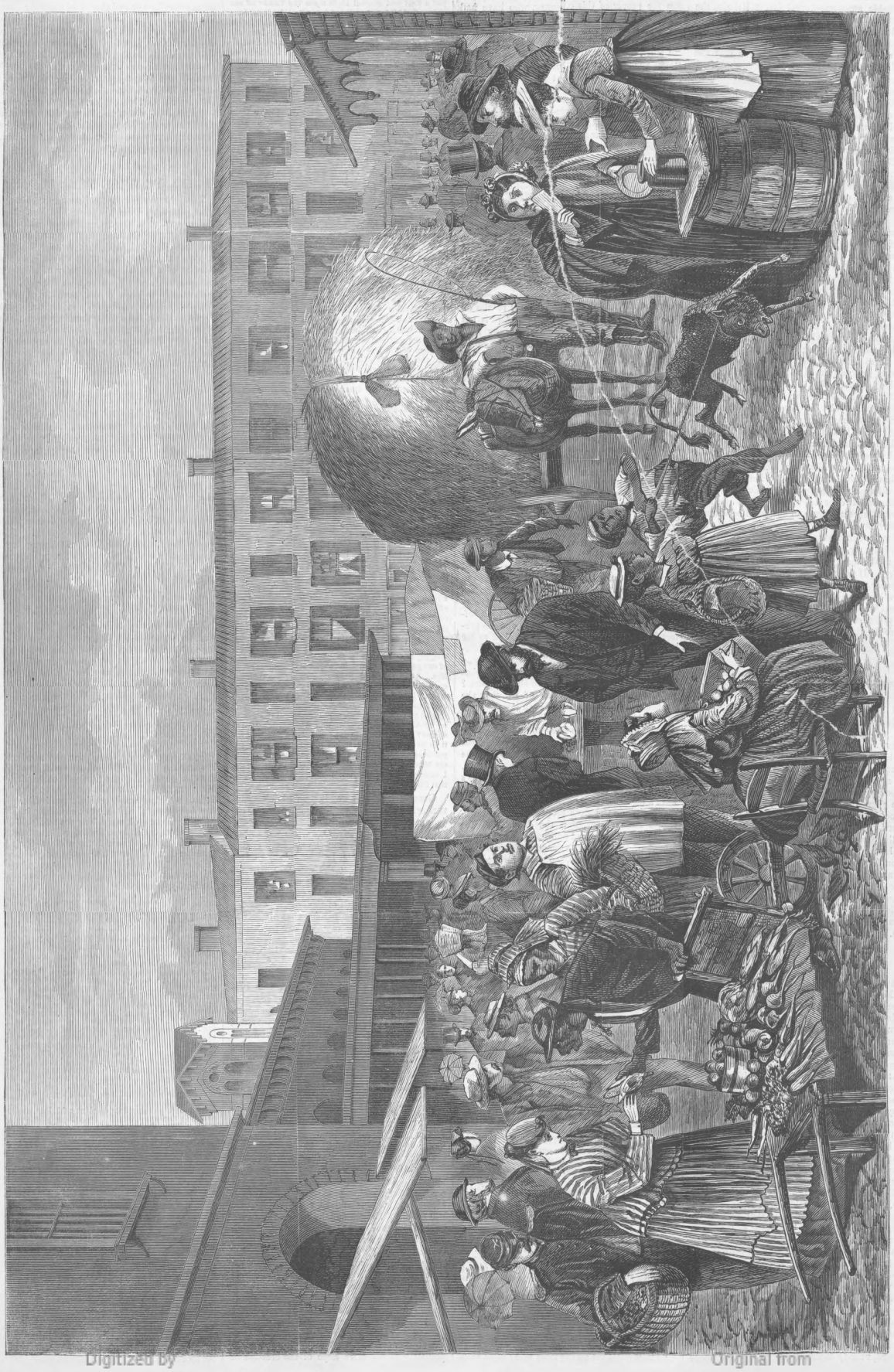

AT THE MARKET, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.—[SKETCHED BY W. L. SHEPPARD.]

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MISS DEVEREAUX'S VACATION.

IT was during one of the first warm days in June that Miss Devereaux fainted away while hearing the class recite in French. Madame St. André, the head of the establishment, being called, was heard to assert that Miss Devereaux had chosen the most inopportune moment for such a caprice; after which she discharged the classes and sent for her salts, with the intention of bringing Miss Devereaux to a reasonable and wholesome view of the case. But this young lady was incorrigible, and obstinately refused attesting to the efficacy of the several remedies which Madame administered, till, having lain insensible for the space of three-quarters of an hour, the *posse* were suddenly seized with a panic, and suggested that Dr. Van Eyck might possibly be equal to the occasion. To do Madame justice, she had thought of that person at the first, but prudential motives had urged her thus to delay introducing into her establishment, on the familiar footing of a physician, a somewhat young and a single gentleman, of whose antecedents she knew absolutely nothing.

"She has been overworked," was the Doctor's first assertion; "she has been overworked, and must have a vacation."

"When she revives," said Madame, reassured.

"I'm afraid it 'll prove a long one," whimpered hysterical little Miss Johnson, an under-teacher.

"Is she better?" whispered some half dozen of the scholars, looking in through a crack of the door, in a state of great excitement.

"Go away!" said Madame, with a turn of her black brows.

"They won't do any harm now," said the Doctor.

"Oh, you wolf in sheep's clothing," mentally ejaculated Madame.

"See!" he continued, "there's a rose-tint for you," and just then Miss Devereaux drew a sigh fathoms deep, and two eyes flashed intelligence into the Doctor's.

"That's all right," said he. "Now, Miss Devereaux, if you will drink this;" and Miss Devereaux sat upright, or nearly so, and drank it off, saying in the soberest manner:

"Thank you; I am quitè well now. I will return to my classes." And she stood up to go, but tottered back to her sofa, looking in dismay at Madame St. André and the Doctor.

"Am I—is there any thing—what is the matter?" she stammered.

"Nothing but overexertion. You must take a vacation."

"But I don't want a vacation!"

Miss Devereaux was always inexplicable, thought Miss Johnson, who was just dragging through the summer term with a prospect of the beaches, new gowns, gay company, and any number of flirtations for August.

"But you need it," reiterated the Doctor; "you must look about you, and decide upon some quiet retreat; and in the mean while you are not to hear classes or any thing of the sort, if you care to—live. I will call again and see how you progress."

Dr. Van Eyck did not content himself with merely calling *again*; he informed Madame that

"I LOVE YOU, FELIX; I LOVE—"

Miss Devereaux was in a dangerously nervous condition, requiring instant attention and respite from care, and requested her co-operation in inducing the invalid to submit to terms.

"But if Miss Devereaux is indifferent, why do you care?" asked Madame.

"She is my patient," he replied.

In the mean time Miss Devereaux kept her room, ate almost nothing, and rarely spoke. Miss Johnson sat with her by hours in a vain attempt at sympathy, detailing her own commonplace experiences, and receiving polite monosyllables in return. Dr. Van Eyck came and felt her pulse, and brought her cordials, and scolded and vexed her into something like spirit.

"So you have no home, no friends, no money," he said one day, repeating the case as she had been forced to represent it. "In that case I shall think it my duty to insist."

"Upon what, pray? I should think it was plain enough that I must return to my classes at once."

"I shall insist that you join my sister, and spend some months at the mountains, and return a new creature."

"You are very kind," she replied, touched by his offer; "but—I can not accept."

"It is a great pity," he said, musingly; "if you only had some cousin now who could be hospitable for a season—almost any change would be preferable to none."

"Oh, I have an aunt in New York," she confessed, "but she is only housekeeper for the family of a Mrs. Adriance. She has no home of her own;" and after that he led the conversation into other channels, and Miss Devereaux believed he had given it up. He did not call again for a day or two, and she congratulated herself upon having gotten rid of him and his vexatious prescription, and was preparing to resume her duties, when he reappeared one morning, radiant and smiling.

"It is all arranged," he said. "You are to take the down-train for New York; your aunt will meet you at the dépôt; you will remain till you are recreated; you will have your vacation after all. Your ticket is bought; you are anxiously expected. The family of Mrs. Adriance are absent at the sea-side, and have left Mrs. Bevis the privilege of inviting a friend to bear her company. It is a charming-house—a picture-gallery, in fact; a piano to sing with; a piazza hidden in vines for summer reverie, a—"

"And pray, Doctor, how do you know all this?" she interrupted, laughing. The Doctor paused and colored violently. The fact was he had gone down to the city with malice prepense, and had arranged the programme to his own satisfaction.

"I am acquainted with Mrs. Adriance," he answered.

"Oh, but you are too good," she said. "What shall I do without you?"

"I hope you will be able to—professionally, at least," laughing; "and you will consent to go?"

"How can I refuse? Give you all this trouble for nothing? Of course I will go, and enjoy every moment of it."

Dr. Van Eyck took her to the station in his brougham next morning.

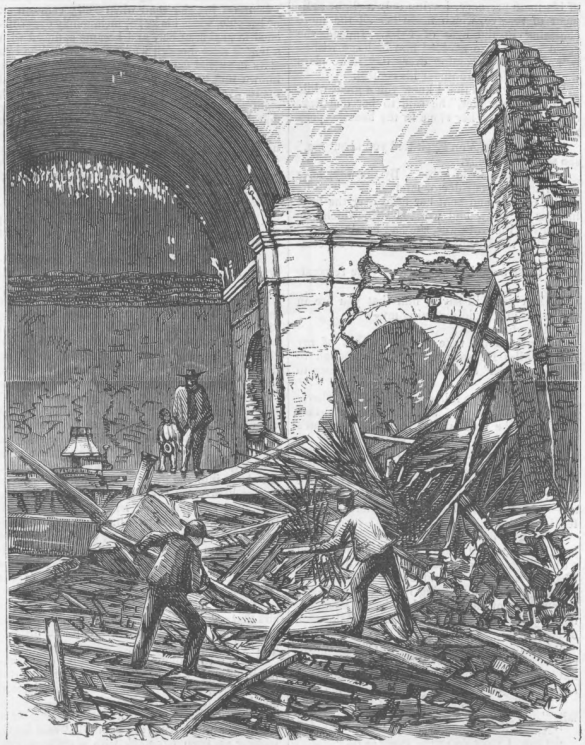
"Now," he said, "I shall expect you to keep me informed of your improvement."

"Daily bulletins," she suggested.

"Weekly letters, if you please."

"But what shall I say? You terrify me with such great expectations."

"Imagine I am making a call, and you are chatting as usual."



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE CHURCH OF ST. ANNE, ICA, PERU, AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE OF AUGUST 13.—[SEE PAGE 714.]

THE EARTHQUAKE AT ICA—MEETING OF THE PEOPLE BEFORE THE STATUE OF CHRIST.—[SEE PAGE 714.]

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"You will end by making an egotist of me."

"Better that than an invalid. Good-by. Be sure and enjoy your leisure, *and think of nothing else.*" She turned to thank him at the last, her eyes swimming with grateful tears, but the inexorable steam-power had already whirled her out of his orbit.

One who has never labored exhaustingly through successive years can hardly understand the content and rest that made themselves guests in Miss Devereaux's heart as she slid along toward New York, with no tedious classes beckoning through the interminable to-morrows. She had always been a source of wonder and conjecture to the other teachers—she who worked on faithfully through term after term without complaint and without vacations; who was not known to possess a relative in the world; who out of a salary equal to theirs neither hoarded nor spent; who wore shabby gowns and bonnets *passé;* who was absent from her post but one day in the year, no one knew whither, always returning before breakfast the following morning a little paler, a little more silent, if that could be. She was a riddle which every one had given up long ago; and in the mean time had arrived this Dr. Van Eyck, with the power of penetrating her reserve and sending her wheresoever he would.

The first week of Miss Devereaux's stay in New York she spent on the sofa, listening to Mrs. Bevis's laudations of the family she served, to her recital of their customs and manners, the grand company they entertained, the jewels that had gone with them to the beaches. The following week found her a little stronger, notwithstanding all this; she even ventured out on the balcony, which the Doctor had recommended her to do, and into the long, dark drawing-rooms with their blinds all closed, their brocatel shrouded in brown holland, and their bronze chandeliers night-capped in pink tissue paper. In making the tour of the rooms she paused before a portrait hanging in a niche. It seemed to her as she looked the brown eyes beckoned and followed her; that the rich color on the oval cheek came and went with the pulsations of the heart; that the full lips now trembled into smiles, now shaped themselves to serious meanings.

"It is some dead ancestor of the Adriance line," she thought. "How I should like to have known him! how he illuminates this niche! Ah, well, I believe some people are born an age too early. To think that 'dust is in those beautiful eyes!'"

She did not speak of the portrait to Mrs. Bevis, but day after day she found herself returning to gaze upon it, clothing it in a history of its own—a romance; giving to the original all manner of peculiar fascinations and noble attributes. When she opened the grand piano, which privilege had been granted her, and played the tender German airs that seemed made to flutter, like beautiful moths, through the perpetual twilight of the room, she always fancied at such times that the portrait listened, bending out of the frame; that she could see the light flash into the eyes there, the pupil dilate with pleasure, the color shoot up the cheek. It was a delightful companionship she held with this portrait which gave to her life a something poetical and mystical. She was able now to sit out on the balcony on fine warm evenings, and watch the fireflies among the vines in a phantom dance; to spend long mornings over the foreign plates in the library or over some long-desired book. She went singing about the house, too, sometimes assisting Mrs. Bevis in her light labors, sometimes lost in the mazes of embroidery, but she never went out. She had forgotten all about the world outside, so to speak. She felt as if her life had begun here, and would continue to flow on thus dreamily forever. But life is full of shifting sand-bars and treacherous currents, of strong and cruel maelstroms,

> "That split the wine-keg on the rocks,
> And lose the pearls."

She had been very busy one morning toward the end of the second week, and it was only after dusk that she left her room to sit a while on the balcony, and watch the flashing constellations prick themselves out against the dark, purple heavens. She sat there utterly lost in thought, the vine with its white stars fallen about her shoulders, the fire-flies heeding her no more than a statue, great dusty moths brushing her cheeks. The distant roar of the city, the toll of neighboring bells, the pathos of some sad singer, the voices of children and laughter of happy lovers came to her faintly, and chanted the chorus to her dream of peace. It was already quite dark upon the balcony; the vines themselves cast heavy, fitful shadows there, peopling the place with restless phantoms; all the light there was came from above, from the luminous depths of space. But as she gazed into darkness there grew upon her, as if shaping itself out of nothingness, the vision of a sweet, familiar face—the face of the portrait. It belonged, however, to a tall young man, who stood on the sill of the French window, and made a profound bow, holding his lighted cigar in one hand.

"I beg pardon," he said then, "I didn't know that the balcony was haunted by sweet spirits of the twilight. You are Mrs. Bevis's niece? Felix Adriance, at your service."

"Good-evening, Mr. Adriance," she returned, rising; "I will preface your service by requesting you to continue your cigar, while I go and find my aunt."

"Allow me to say that you will do no such thing," motioning her toward the vacated seat.

"But perhaps," in that embarrassment which always says the wrong thing, "my aunt is lonesome."

"So am I—and no perhaps about it. The night is too fine to waste indoors, and if you insist upon going in I shall follow."

She sat down then; her own will had nothing to do in the affair, had neither consented nor refused; but after all she was young, and not unhappy at being amused. He threw his cigar over the balustrade as he spoke, and went to bring a seat for himself beside her.

"Fate works with us, I believe," said he; "but it's a recent creed of mine; I could have said hard words to-night when the train dashed off without me; but you see it was all arranged that we should meet thus. Aren't you glad?"

Miss Devereaux answered him with a laugh. "How do I know whether to be glad or sorry, when I haven't seen you five minutes?"

"But you aren't displeased, or you couldn't laugh like that. Besides, Dr. Van Eyck told us so much about you that we're old friends already."

"The Doctor is very kind to me," she said, softly; "he sends me advice every week."

"And you reply to him most gratefully?"

"I write to him often."

"The deuce you do!" aside; then, "Do you want to know what I thought of you yesterday?"

"I didn't know you thought of me at all."

"But I did. Yesterday afternoon you were singing, you may remember?"

"Yes."

"I passed up, in order to procure a shawl which my sister desired me to bring her. I waited on the stair to listen, and I thought—shall I tell you what?"

"Just as you please."

"You're not curious at all?"

"You evidently expect it."

"Well, then, since you are so anxious; I thought, 'that voice is the recompense Nature makes to a woman without other attractions. If she were beautiful she would be irresistible.'"

"You speak plainly."

"But you see my first axiom was an error."

"And your second—"

"Is self-evident."

"Mr. Adriance," she said, laughing in spite of herself, and perhaps secretly pleased, "you are presuming on too slight an acquaintance."

"And yet I am not a presumptuous man," he returned, unabashed. "How do you account for it?"

"I don't attempt to account for it; that is *your* business. And now, indeed, I must go, for my aunt is calling."

"But you will sing that song to me some day? Promise me that."

"I promise," she said, eager to depart.

"And you will let me see you sometimes?"

"I don't possess the art of invisibility, Mr. Adriance. Good-night!"

"Good-night, Miss Devereaux."

Miss Devereaux dreamed that night that she went to look at her portrait, and it was but an empty gilded frame she found; but it was no dream that the next morning she found waiting outside her door—a bouquet of rose-buds and heliotrope in all their dewy sweetness. It was the first bouquet she had ever received; perhaps this was why she preserved the withered thing when it possessed only a remembrance of its youth.

She saw nothing more of Felix for a week, and then he came in some haste, to say that he had a few minutes to spare before taking the train, and would she redeem her promise?

"I thought you had forgotten it," she was artless enough to confess.

"My memory is not remarkably retentive, but there are a few things that never escape me," he said, looking at her with his large, melancholy eyes. They went together, after that, into the long twilighted drawing-room, and entirely forgot the existence of time, of imperative railway hours, of every thing, it would seem, but each other and the German lyrists. At last, when it occurred to Miss Devereaux to ask the time, they were both amazed to find the afternoon quite gone as well as the last train beachward.

"It is because the room is so dark," said she, shutting up her music-book with a sigh; "one never knows here whether it is daylight or dusk."

"I don't think it is that at all," he returned; "I think it is because you have the power of making one forget every thing but yourself."

"Your memory, you know, is not retentive, which detracts somewhat from the compliment. At least you must go now."

"Not unless you forbid me to stay."

"I forbid you? I have no right. Besides, you amuse me too well."

Then they opened the music-book once more and rung for a candle; but a draught blew out the one, and the first received no longer any attention. They had sung enough for one day, and now they conversed in soft under-tones, with brief, happy silences between, during which they listened to the wind shaking the vines on the balcony, to the beatings of each other's heart; and presently Mrs. Bevis, who had taken her tea alone, pulled the bell sharply and impatiently.

"That must be the tea-bell," said Miss Devereaux then; "I must go."

"And am *I* to have no tea?" he asked.

"I shall be delighted to pour you a cup;" and he followed her down to the dining-room.

"I didn't know you were here, Mr. Felix," said Mrs. Bevis, bustling about, "or I should have laid myself out."

"I have dined, thank you," he said, "and only want a cup of tea from the hand of your niece."

"There's cold fowl in the pantry," she persisted; "I'll ring for it."

"Not for me. Do you care for cold fowl, Miss Devereaux?"

"Not to-night, thank you," sipping her tea, reflectively.

"There's some of your favorite meringue, Mr. Felix," entreated the good woman, loth to have her dainties neglected; "I made it myself, thinking some of you might be in, for a bite; and there's honey fresh from the hive, if you fancy it."

"Thanks, but I have all the sweets I desire," with a glance across the table.

"Bless you, what do you call sweets, child? Bread and butter and Indian fritters? Though the butter *is* as sweet as honey; I didn't think of that, and the bread's not bad, eh? But there, you must excuse *me* while I look after the linen."

"Perhaps *you* would have liked the *honey?*" he asked, when Mrs. Bevis had closed the door behind her.

"I don't care for honey. I like the poetical idea, but not the edible article."

"You are looking pale to-night," dropping the honey-comb. "I see how it is; this great solitude oppresses you; it is too dull for a young person of spirits; I shall think it my duty to drop in often and keep you from going mad."

He looked her full in the face as he spoke, and he saw that a helpless, terror-stricken anguish flashed across it, dilating the thin nostril, and darkening the cool gray eyes, till he could have sworn they were deepest black.

"It is in the family," she said, snatching her gaze away from his and half laughing. "I am used to solitude," she continued, turning her inverted tea-cup slowly about in its saucer.

"That means I should be *de trop?*"

"Not at all. I like solitude and—I like you."

"What an admission! And you have no preference? What are you doing there with your tea-cup, pray?"

"I am telling my fortune, if you are interested to know."

"I am interested in whatever pertains to you. What is your fortune like?"

"Tears," she answered, letting the lingering drops trickle down and hang upon the rim of the cup, like yellow topazes. "Tears, and cloudy skies, and rough paths, 'signed on every side with crosses.'"

"Dismal in the extreme. We will hope they are tears of joy and clouds with silver linings. Shall we retire to the balcony and discuss the probabilities?"

But out on the balcony the hours were no longer than in the drawing-room, and when Miss Devereaux said "Good-night," the hall clock was striking eleven, its silver chimes clashing on the silence and waking the echoes every where: she could not remember sitting up till eleven since her first ball, and that was so long ago that it seemed as if it must have been somebody else. She passed, however, a night of restlessness, for which she could not account, and woke in the morning oppressed and almost ill again. Why a little happiness, so quiet, so unsought for, should injure, was a problem she did not attempt to solve. It occurred to her now that Felix and herself were altogether too familiar and intimate for friends of so brief a period, and she determined to be more reserved in future, nor to suffer any more such long-drawn-out *tête-à-têtes;* but day after day, as fulfilling his threat, he dropped in for a light lunch, to bring some promised book, some rare fruit for her delectation; to fetch a paper from his desk, his cane; to change a coat or hat, or leave some order from his mother to Mrs. Bevis, Miss Devereaux found her fine resolves melt in the light of his mere presence, leaving only a slight sediment of reserve, which made her all the more charming in the eyes of Felix. Indeed, she could hardly have avoided him had she wished it, and it was becoming every day more plain that her wishes were under his control.

"I'm convinced that I knew you a great while before ever we met," he said to her one day, having surprised her alone in the housekeeper's room.

"Oh yes; Dr. Van Eyck told you about me," she said, mockingly.

"You are a little goose. By-the-way, have you written to your doctor lately?"

She colored and bent her head over the little bundles of straw and worsted with which she was busy; the truth was, she had barely escaped forgetting the Doctor and his famished expectations.

"I must write him to-morrow," she responded.

"Then you will say to him that you are in my hands and rapidly gaining my—"

"Approbation?"

"Please, don't take the words out of my mouth, Miss Devereaux; it's quite enough to possess yourself of other things that belong to me."

"Exchange is no robbery, I've heard. There, what do you think of that for a castle-in-the-air?" and she held up the result of her hour's work, a mesh of quivering straws secured by brilliant knots of worsted, and dancing and oscillating on the air like any bubble.

"A pretty piece of architecture, truly! I've *heard* of castles-in-the-air, I've built them myself—of straws too, but I never before had the felicity of beholding one!"

"See how buoyant it is, how it swings on a breath. One can imagine it to be inhabited with all manner of sweet fancies and delightful thoughts that pass in and out among its loop-holes, like swallows nesting in a sand-bank—little snatches of song, little bubbles of laughter, tender words and thrilling whispers and the odor of happiness."

"Is it impregnable? I mean to storm it with sighs. I covet these sweet fancies which you have built into it. I want to know if they have any thing to do with the thought of—of me?"

"I shall mount guard and 'let the portcullis fall.'"

"And if that shouldn't avail?"

"Then, I must do as the Romans do."

"Surrender; and the castle will be mine."

"It will be only a castle-in-the-air, you know, after all:

> 'Of this castle-in-the-air,
> Have a care, have a care!
> Enter therein, you who're daring,
> Only ample armor wearing;
> For no exit is, I know,
> Hope, herself, misleads you so.'"

"Hope is a gay deceiver, eh? Well, do you know, little girl, that I've only ten minutes in which to reach the cars?"

"Help me suspend my castle from the ceiling, first; for practically it is a fly-trap, and you shall see it shiver in all the little currents of air."

"You should have a chameleon to live in it," he said, having satisfactorily arranged it, and giving his gaze to her. "Now thank me properly, and let me go."

"I've not been keeping you, Sir."

"If you haven't, I should like to know who *has.*"

"Caprice or accident or—"

"Renè, Renè," he said, taking both her hands in his. "You wound me with such words. Look up and smile on me, or as sure as Fate I shall—lose the train!"

"That is, you will stay here? I sha'n't smile then, if frowning will keep you."

"It's no use, I must be off."

"It makes no difference to you whether I smile or frown, after all."

"If you knew *what* a difference, Renè!"

But before she could reply he had closed the door behind him and was gone.

"He called me Renè," she mused, regarding herself in the old-fashioned beveled mirror. "No one has called me Renè since so very long!" and the picture in the mirror being quite blurred by this time, she went to look at the other picture in the dark drawing-room.

She had known Felix now for just two months, she had grown to look for his coming as one looks for a holiday, to hang upon his words; he made her world, his opinions, his tastes, his wishes were the contemplation of her lonely hours when he himself was not present; her thoughts revolved about him as the aerial current revolves about the earth; he threw a halo around the present, the future beckoned through rosy distances, the past was no longer but a picturesque dream; she read the books he advised, wore the colors he preferred, and forgot every thing he did not choose to remember. When he kissed her hand one day, quite unexpectedly, the happy tears choked her voice, while a strange transport of pain shivered through her being as if he had stabbed her to the heart instead. For years she had been starving for love, now that it was possible, now that the harvest was ripening, did any thing forbid her? But a first love has always the charm of a new horizon; what wonder then, when the horizon stretched away in endless and alluring perspective, if she yearned to follow, and forget that the sun sets at last upon every prospect, however fair and large?

She said to herself that she was quite recovered now, that she ought to return to her work, but still she delayed. She could walk and ride, and sit up late at night, and eat without caution; but a little while after any unforeseen excitement—and her life was full of such now—Nature would seem to demur and demand absolute rest. But she made light of these attacks, and was never happier than when Felix came to sit by her side, while his large, melancholy eyes softened in gazing at her, and became suffused with a tender mist through which they shone like two stars in partial eclipse. Indeed, she must have known that he loved her already; and what did oppressive languors or any form of physical pain signify after that? By-and-by they would pass and disappear, but this—this would last for ever and ever. In the mean while there was little or nothing of the invalid in her appearance, there was no attenuation of the body, the color palpitated on her cheek with every word or varying mood, her eyes had a steady glow and animation, smiles seemed the heritage of those full lips. Every thing spoke of the morning of happiness; nothing suggested that night and sorrow were at hand.

As for Felix, fortune had so persistently favored him hitherto that he doubted not but all his days would round themselves to infinite felicities; and if he discovered any sacrifices to be made in the near or far-away future I think he did not shrink from them, but rather gloried that it was possible to resign any thing for love and Renè. That Fate should require of him nothing but Renè herself was scarcely likely to enter into his calculations, since—in spite of his melancholy eyes, which were, perhaps, merely an affair of physical conformation—he bore the ægis of a sanguine temperament from which doubt and fear recoiled harmlessly. Every morning now he would take Renè out for an airing in the Park before going to business; sometimes extending the drive into the green country, where Nature was at liberty to work her miracles of song and fragrance and perfected leaf; often dining on rustic fare at some village inn, and returning silent and happy in the growing starlight. These were halcyon days for Renè, in which she experienced a novel sensation of buoyancy, as if she were indeed endowed with the wings of the morning. But by some strange contradiction, peculiar to moments of great exhilaration, the airs that seemed most to haunt her were the tearful adagios of despair rather than the inspirations of present joy.

"It is setting in for a storm," said Felix, coming in one gusty evening. "I don't like storms down at the beach. I shall stay here instead and have fair weather, so to speak."

"You don't like storms at the beach? Why, it is just what beaches are good for," said Renè, looking up from her work with a smile of welcome. "For my part, I should like to live in a light-house in mid-ocean and know what danger means!"

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"For my part, I know sufficiently well what danger means," he returned, laughing. "Oh, it sickens me like the sight of blood, those heaped up waves, that resonant thunder!"

"It is thundering now," said the literal and quaking Mrs. Bevis, going to close the shutters. "I will light the gas; it kind of blots out the lightning and makes one feel more secure."

"It's just the night for cheerful company," said Renè.

"Yes," put in Mrs. Bevis. "We made nothing of a storm like this when *I* was young. We had our friends in, and our game at whist, and—"

"We can have our game at whist now; there are cards in the library. What do you say, Renè?"

"I am ready; but we are only three."

"Oh, I'll have dummy; I always had a fancy for her. She plays whist to some purpose, and she doesn't trump any of my tricks," said Mrs. Bevis.

"Which is better than we intend to do."

"What is it you like best in a game at whist?" asked Renè, taking up the ace of hearts. "Oh, what are trumps?"

"Hearts are trumps, of course; and I like my partner best," answered Felix.

"As for me," said Mrs. Bevis, "after I've once seen my hand the play is done; it's just the luck of the thing that interests me. If I can't take three tricks I haven't a morsel of interest left. You lead, Renè. Oh no, it's dummy's, to be sure!"

"Dummy leads trumps!" cried Renè. "I should always like to play second or fourth hand, there's less responsibility in either. But, after all, what *I* like in the game—"

"Is to take the tricks," said Felix, suiting the action to the word.

"Yes. The manœuvring; the finessing, you call it; the deploying my forces to the best possible advantage; remembering the ins and outs, saving my knaves, making on my low trumps, and knowing a thirteenth when I see him!"

"That was a dreadful clap," asserted Mrs. Bevis, *à propos* of the thunder; "it almost shook the teeth out of my head. How are the honors, Mr. Felix? I had two. Dear, no, I didn't; it was dummy who had the ace, after all."

"And Renè played that!"

"Dear, so she did. But the odd trick's mine."

"The thunder demoralizes your memory; you have the odd trick, but the honors belong to your niece."

"Well, it's all in the family," said Renè. "Did you see that blue flash, Felix? It was like cold steel, glittering and sharp!" and then she paused, and blushed, and made a misdeal. She had called him Felix, that was all.

"I forgive the pretty blunder," he said, equivocally, throwing her an arch glance. "Pass the cards to Mrs. Bevis, Renè; we've lost the deal."

"What are you laughing at?" asked Renè, after the blush had subsided and she had stolen a look at Felix, who was smiling without knowing it.

"I was laughing at your dismay at losing the deal," he answered; "at least that was the beginning of it."

"And what was the end?"

"I sha'n't tell you, O daughter of Eve!" for the truth was, he had been thinking of his mother and sister down at the beach, and smiling at the picture he was painting of those high and mighty ladies suddenly arriving to find their elegant son and brother playing at whist with the housekeeper and her niece, and enjoying it, too! Not that he by any means esteemed it a condescension on his part; but he knew too well their aristocratic ideas not to be amused at the shock these would receive from a knowledge of his present employment; for was it not worth his mother's indignation and his sister's sneers to be so near Renè that he might touch her hand, and Mrs. Bevis be none the wiser? So near that he could constrain her gaze and be assured that those eyes shone only for himself? So near he could hear her heart beat, the quick breath come and go at his whispered word, could see the blush painting on the cheek? How did sneers and family pride and the cold shoulder of the world weigh in the balance against these? Let any lover answer. So there they sat, long after the rubber had vanquished them, talking in that delicious half-tone which only lovers and gossips know how to use to advantage, exchanging opinions and tastes, recounting a score of anecdotes of their childhood, going over the early events of their first acquaintance, which already seemed an antediluvian epoch, till presently Mrs. Bevis, who had been obligingly nodding in her chair, occasionally bringing herself up with a lurch and asking some chaotic question of her oblivious companions, made a more desperate effort than hitherto, and startled them from their sweet absorption with a loud query concerning the weather. Renè rose then and threw open a window. "The clouds are breaking," she said; "the storm is over."

Felix went to look out with her; he laid one hand gently on her shoulder while he counted her rings with the other.

"Loves me—loves me not. Haven't you another ring, Renè? A wedding-ring would remedy that. There's a star on the edge of that cloud. One? There's a handful. What are you saying, Renè?"

"'Star light, star bright,
The first star I've seen to-night;
Wish I may, wish I might
Have the wish I wish to-night.'"

"Is that a spell? And when does it take effect?"

"Oh, that's the star's business!"

"And you wished—"

"That is also the star's business."

"And *I* have no part in it, Renè? No more than if I were a dweller in that star?"

"'No dwelling more, by sea or shore,
But only in thy heart,'"

she sang, softly, without replying.

"You make me shudder whenever you sing that dismal distich," he said; "I feel as if I were already dead."

"I was thinking," she answered, "that perhaps all these little gusts that blow across our faces and then are gone are caused by the disembodied in their passage through space; and I was wondering if you would recognize it, if I myself parted the waves of air and sent a cold current to ruffle your hair."

"You are growing spectral, Renè; I shall see through you presently. What put such fancies into your brain? Come, it's time you were in bed; these late hours are raising the—ghosts."

They said good-night on the landing outside her door; a very tedious good-night, thought the estimable Mrs. Bevis, waiting for Renè in the seclusion of her own room.

It was a little singular that, going about his business on the morrow, the very lines he had forbidden Renè to sing should repeat themselves in the mind of Felix again and again; should spring to his lips in melodious measure, only to be checked a dozen times during the day:

"No dwelling more, by sea or shore,
But only in thy heart."

One afternoon a faded leaf blew across his path and reminded him that summer was at an end. This suggested a train of disagreeable reflections, such as the probable speedy return of the family to town, and the speedy retreat of Renè to her school-room. These had the effect of causing him to change his course, which had been in the direction of the station, and to return again to Renè, whom he found shivering over a wood-fire, for the evening was raw, a forerunner of early frosts.

"There's good news for you, Mr. Felix," said Mrs. Bevis, putting down the cream-pitcher and pushing a letter across the table to him. "Your mother writes that she shall return in the course of a fortnight or so, and *hopes to find every thing satisfactory*. But why she should underscore that particular sentence passes me," confessed the perplexed matron. "Every thing *has* been satisfactory, hasn't it? I'm sure, Mr. Felix, I've done my best, and you and Renè have seemed to enjoy the summer amazingly!"

"I don't anticipate any trouble for you, Mrs. Bevis," he answered with his light-hearted manner; and then he put aside the little box containing Planchette, which he had been taking down to amuse the beachers, and went to speak with Renè.

"I'm dreadfully dour to-day," she said, half-smiling; "I've been trying to throw it off as one would a fever, but it won't be so lightly dealt with."

"I've brought a little friend who will exorcise it in a jiffy—a little French lady."

"Oh!" said Renè, who had a feminine horror of strangers generally, "where is she?"

"I'll introduce her after tea; she's a wonderful little body, and will tell you the strangest things. Why, do you know? she told me the other night that I loved my love with an R!"

"Was that one of the strange things?"

"Strange—because it is true."

"I should like to see her," said Renè, rising and beginning to suspect a joke.

"Which?"

"Both, of course."

Mrs. Bevis had been called down stairs just before by Keene to superintend some household affair; and Felix, seeing that they were quite alone in the housekeeper's room, took Renè gently by the shoulder and turned her about before the old-fashioned beveled mirror of the last century; the fire-light flashed across it and brightened the color in the cheeks, and lit a momentary spark in the wide gray eyes, and reddened the brown tint of her falling hair.

"What do you see, Renè?" he asked, looking over her shoulder at the reflection.

"I see a very ordinary little person."

"Speak well of her, if you please, Miss Devereaux, for it is the little person concerning whom you just expressed a curiosity—it is the little person whom I love!"

She staggered somewhat at that, and put away the arms that would have embraced her.

"Oh, I ought to have told you, I ought to have told you," she gasped; and then Keene brought in the tea-tray, followed closely by Mrs. Bevis, and Felix strode to the fire-place and watched the embers whiten and fall till recalled by the odor of crisp toast and fragrant hyson.

There was very little eaten between the two that night; Renè made-believe sip her tea and broke her toast into crumbs, while Felix played with his fork, made true-lover's-knots of his napkin, and gave Mrs. Bevis some account of a picture he had met with down in town, representing "The Lady of Shalott."

"Who is *she?*" asked the matron, quite innocently, but by no means relieving the embarrassment.

"True enough," he answered, good-naturedly, "who is she? You or your neighbor or Renè maybe. Any one who is the prisoner of circumstances, whether mental or material.

'A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot.'

That must have been a weird life of hers; seeing hope and youth and love in her mirror, but utterly beyond her reach—as I just now saw you, Renè."

"I think it means that one should be satisfied with one's own work, and not be looking down to Camelot after shadows."

"But I contend that shadows are better than nothing. If *I* had been the Lady of Shalott, I would rather have seen Launcelot's shadow than not to have seen him at all."

"But the shadow would not have contented you."

"No," emphatically; and after that there was little said, except by Mrs. Bevis, who discussed the merits of white and colored servants, and had it all her own way till the tea-things were removed and Morpheus put in a veto, while Felix sat glowering over the red-hot coals, all there was left of the bright wood-fire, and Renè snipped profiles in paper as if her bread-and-butter depended upon them. Felix had quite forgotten the existence of Planchette, with whose pranks he had expected to amuse Renè; instead he was wondering what it was she could possibly have to conceal from him—if she had ever been married, if she loved—Dr. Van Eyck, for instance; when suddenly it struck him that it might be as well to ask her, and dissipate or confirm his doubts and fears. He left his seat then, and leaning down over the back of her chair till his cheek almost brushed her own, he whispered, in his most resolute manner: "Renè, you said just now that you should have told me something. Renè, I am waiting to hear it."

The hand that held the scissors shook violently and snipped a Grecian profile in two, the cool gray eyes intensified in expression and deepened a shade or two in hue.

"I did not mean to keep it from you," she began, quite calmly: "I was so happy here I forgot it could signify: besides, I had not been used to speak of it to any one; no one would have cared unless—unless— Oh, I should have gone away from you at first; I ought never to have looked at you, spoken to you, thought of you; I should have gone back to my classes at once, and then you would have forgotten me and —I should have died!"

"Then it is not that you love some one else?" he asked, already relieved, and gathering her in his arms. "I've been a jealous fool, Renè, for these two hours. When you are my wife, dear—"

But she shook herself free in replying:

"I do not think that will ever happen, Mr. Adriance. I may go mad, but not mad enough to marry. I told you once before that it was in the family: what would you say if I should tell you now, that my only brother is in the asylum at ——?"

Miss Devereaux's secret was laid bare and she breathed more freely, though only waiting till she should perceive the frost of reserve creep over the manner of Felix, his tone lose its pleading sweetness, his eye lack love and earnestness. But this she was not to perceive.

"Is that all? I should say I'm profoundly sorry, but that very fact renders it more imperative for me to take care you do not follow his example," he answered, possessing himself of her icy hand.

"But I may, you know. Insanity is hereditary. It was a little thing that sent him there, as the world goes; only a cross in love, and—"

"And, Renè," he interrupted, "do you love me?"

"Oh, you know I do!"

"Then assuredly I must marry you. From humane motives purely, in order to keep you sane. You see, I have won the case!" And he gathered her again in his arms, unresisting, and Mrs. Bevis pursued her dreams undisturbed, and the old family clock, that had struck the hour of Felix's birth, went on ticking off the moments of his supremest happiness as composedly as the minutes of any ordinary day in the year; while down at the beach, at that very instant, Mr. Hamilton Hedge was telling Miss Adriance that he had met Felix quite often of late in company with "the loveliest woman, by Jove—present company excepted—met them at Central Park, at Delmonico's, looking at pictures, etc., etc.; a girl with great gray translucent eyes, and such a way of using them, by Jove!" "Ah," says his fair listener, "it must have been Lucia Gascoyne; she is just home from her tour in Switzerland."

Mr. Hedge knows Miss Gascoyne, and it was not that distinguished traveler.

"Who then? Not Barbara Althrop; she has blue eyes, but one might easily mistake blue for gray."

Mr. Hedge is certain it was not Miss Althrop, and, having no further interest in the matter, proposes that they shall join in the next mazourka, which the band is beginning to inaugurate, and immediately they are floating gracefully down the room, as if nothing had happened.

Perhaps it did not much matter, for Felix was too full of happiness to conceal it, only it prepared them for the blow, gave them the vantage-ground, so to speak, when he went down radiant and confessed every thing to his stately mother and sister.

"I hope you are not displeased," he ventured, when the tale was ended and he awaited criticism.

"I shall always be glad to know of your true happiness, my dear Felix," replied his mother. "I shall always do my best to promote it."

For, after all, what could she do? Felix was of age, his money was his own, to be wasted on a plebeian if he chose. What could she do? Well, nothing, perhaps; at least it greatly depended upon the real character of the girl in question; it was of no use to storm to Felix, he was a free agent in the matter, and opposition would only fix his purpose. It was plain there was but one course for her to pursue, and she resolved to pursue it; but it was not acquiescence.

Renè had been idly sitting over her work in the housekeeper's room one morning, waiting for Felix, but he had not come; something detained him, that was all. In the mean while, since Mrs. Bevis busied the servants below, Renè sang softly to herself, looking out at the blue heavens that seemed to wear a smile, at the dead leaves blown up and down by the errant wind in a wild witches' dance, at the doves that cut the sunshine with their tremulous wings; when presently the rustle of silk, and the existence of some heavy odor, drew her gaze inward, to where a haughty, brown-browed woman stood upon the threshold and surveyed her with a questioning gaze. Her heart gave a quick throb at this apparition, and Mrs. Adriance saw, with secret pleasure, that the rose dropped from her cheek as if it had been a mask; that she steadied herself against a chair, as though anticipating a blow.

It was not the way of Mrs. Adriance to dally with whatever ugly business she might have in hand. She went straight to the point now; no sparing of the rod here—no bending or swerving from the original purpose by any such appeals as the steely glitter of tearless eyes, the constriction of colorless lips, the suppressed and painful utterances of a broken voice, a desolated heart. She had a strong will, this Mrs. Adriance, and a powerful eloquence; and when she painted, in no unsympathetic or vulgar terms, the social disparities and distinctions of class, the disasters ensuing from *mésalliances;* and, descending from generalities to personalities, when she entreated the tender woman's heart for generosity toward the man who loved too well for his own peace and prosperity, entreated the beloved to defend her lover against herself, depicted the single-handed combat accruing to one mated out of his rank; when she demonstrated that his love was but a millstone about his neck, which—such is the frailty of poor human nature—might one day grow irksome to him, grow hateful, be cast aside and forgotten; when, waxing terrible in her prophecies, and never once relieving Renè from the nightmare of her basilisk eyes, Mrs. Adriance at last saw that the victim had surrendered her will, it was then only that she paused a little for breath, and it may be for courage, before dealing the final *coup*. She well knew that all her fine rhodomontade would be to Felix but so much rubbish; that if society threatened him, he would defy society; that distinctions of class and all that were but a feather's weight in the balance against love and fidelity; that something very different must be brought to bear before he would believe love a failure and fidelity a myth.

There was silence between the two for a little while, during which Renè seemed only conscious of a subtle, hateful perfume poisoning all the healthy air; only aware of the basilisk eyes still probing her—of a dull sense of something having happened most fatal, of something lost or missed. She heard the house-maid laugh upon the stair, a remote tinkle like the sound one hears in a hollow sphere; her wandering eye, resting on the old beveled mirror of the last century, paused for the last time to behold again the picture it had revealed one autumn evening, not so long ago as to be counted a thing of the past, when the fire-light played upon the ceiling, glittered in the old china on the tea-table, glowed in the eyes of two lovers reflected there—two lovers who would never touch lips again while the breath was warm on both, while the rose reveled on the cheek and love deployed in the eye. She had not observed that Mrs. Adriance in the mean time had risen from her seat and approached her, speaking with an emphasis which Renè vainly exerted herself to understand.

"And in order that your renunciation shall be an affair not merely of words, you will write to Felix and say to him—of course I comprehend how it is, but one must sacrifice to the utmost now and then; such effort is required of one but once in a lifetime—you will say to him, then, that you have ceased to love him; without this avowal your sacrifice will be null and void;" and she put pen and paper before her to write to Felix. She had never done such a thing, she had never had occasion to do so; there was only one thing in the world she could need to say to him, and he knew that, indeed, already; but all the same the unquiet fingers clutched at the pen, and the eyes that had grown dull and opaque since the hour began brightened a trifle at the thought of that knowledge; then the voice of Mrs. Adriance again marred the silence. Mrs. Adriance, who saw events marching "in grand accordance" with her wish.

"And now, as I have some few words to exchange with Mrs. Bevis, I will leave you, certain that your excellent judgment, which has directed you thus far, will not fail you in the sequel;" and she glided from the room, without once glancing over her shoulder, all the purple of her silken robes trailing about her and shaking out rare perfumes from their shining folds as she went.

It was perhaps three-quarters of an hour later that Felix opened the hall-door and moved toward the housekeeper's room, humming as he went the familiar forbidden words,

"No dwelling more, by sea or shore,
But only in thy heart."

He came in with a light step and a lighter heart, but half-way down the hall he paused through some strange impulse, paused and glanced back; some phantasmal thing, some nebulous lustre seemed to sweep by him on a cold wind, that made him shudder where he stood; or was it but the motes in the sunbeam that fell across his path? It was only the fraction of a second, however, before he stood in the doorway of Mrs. Bevis's room; the idle sunshine mapped out the window-shapes upon the floor, with the pots of flowers; the scarlet geranium blushed deeper in its warm embrace; a late fly buzzed noisily through the room and gave a sense of summer to the place; and the castle-in-the-air, suspended from the ceiling, swayed slowly to and fro, as if moved by some gentle breath. The picture was very lovely in his eyes, though it was only the housekeeper's room, adorned by her taste and made sacred by her niece. But why did not Renè speak to him? Why did she sit so still, with her head dropped above her hand? Why did she not even lift her sweet gray eyes to welcome her lover? In a breathing space he had crossed the floor and bent above her. What did it mean, these words scrawled and blurred upon the paper, "I love you, Felix; I love—?" This icy hand stiffening about the pen? These waxen lids that refused to lift?

"Renè! Renè!" he called; but Renè did not answer: she was not there.

Miss Devereaux's vacation was at an end.

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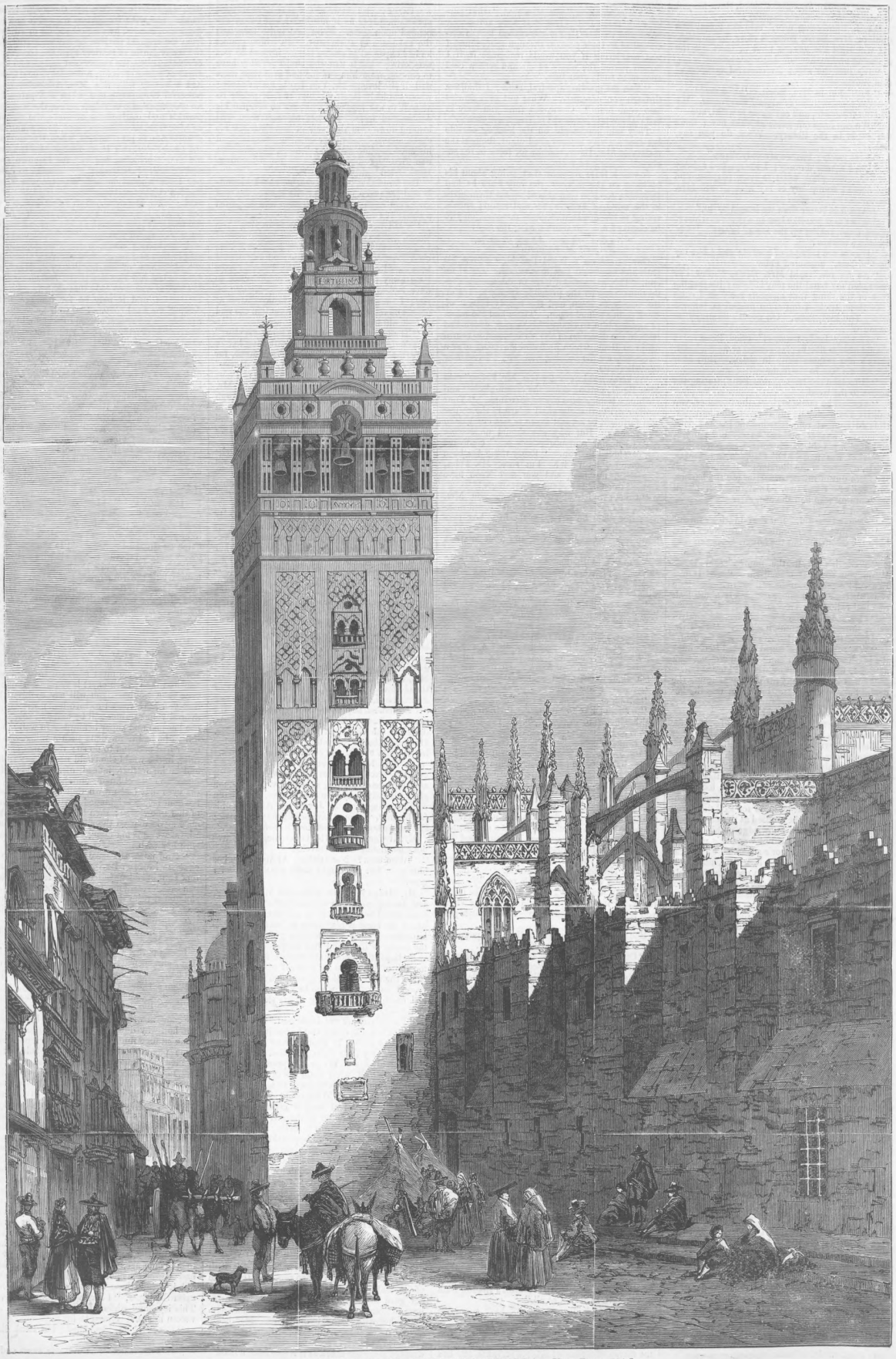

A STREET IN SEVILLE, SPAIN—THE GIRALDA.—[SEE PAGE 714.]

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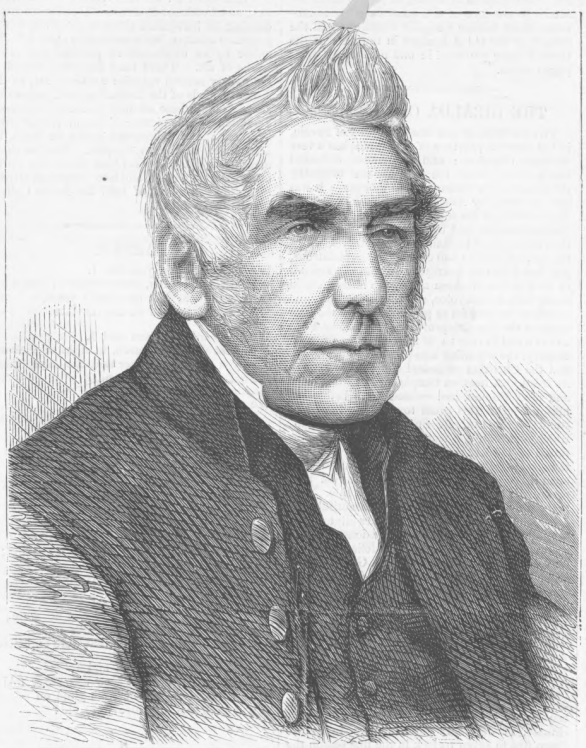
THE LATE DEAN MILMAN.

THE death of this accomplished clergyman, historian, critic, and poet was lately announced. HENRY HART MILMAN was born in 1791. He was the youngest son of Sir FRANCIS MILMAN, BART., M.D., physician to King GEORGE III., who conferred upon the father, in 1800, a baronetcy, now held by the present Sir WILLIAM MILMAN, of Levaton-in-Woodland, Devonshire, first cousin of the late Dean. The mother of HENRY HART MILMAN was a daughter of WILLIAM HART, Esq., of Stapleton, near Bristol. His education was commenced at the well-known school of Dr. BURNEY, at Greenwich, whence he was removed to Eton, where he soon became distinguished for his skill in the composition of Latin verse. From Eton he went to Oxford, where he entered Brasenose College, and in 1812 he won the Newdigate prize for an English poem on the APOLLO BELVEDERE, taking also, in 1813, the Chancellor's prize for a Latin poem on ALEXANDER'S visit to the tomb of ACHILLES. He obtained his B.A. degree in the same year, taking a first class in classics. While pursuing his University course so successfully he found time also to devote himself to poetry, and wrote the tragedy of "Fazio," which he published soon after he had obtained his degree of B.A. It was taken possession of by the manager of the Surrey Theatre, where it was performed as "The Italian Wife," without asking permission of the author. It was afterward acted at Covent Garden, where Miss O'NEILL played the part of Bianca, the heroine, and it has continued to be a stock piece. In 1816 he was ordained, and the year afterward was appointed Vicar of St. Mary's, Reading, a preferment which he held for eighteen years. In 1818 "Samor," an heroic poem in twelve books, which he had commenced while at Eton and had finished at Oxford, was published. In 1820 he published the "Fall of Jerusalem," a dramatic poem founded upon the History of Josephus; and in 1821 "The Martyr of Antioch," "Belshazzar," and "Annie Boleyn," also dramatic poems. In 1826 appeared a collected edition of his poems, including these and other pieces, and a second edition was published in 1840. In 1827 he was Bampton Lecturer, and, as customary, his lectures were published. He became Professor of Poetry at Oxford in 1821, and during his ten years' term of professorship he was not idle in the study of his subject, for he passed from his own language to the Greek, and lectured on the Greek poets, contributing also a series of papers on the same subject to the *Quarterly Review*. Not satisfied yet, he pushed on into Sanscrit literature, and gave to the world a metrical version in English of a Sanscrit poem, one of the episodes of the "Mahabharata," entitled "Naba and Damayanta." This is to be found in the 1840 edition of his poems. His "History of the Jews" appeared anonymously as a portion of MURRAY'S "Family Library," before 1829, but it was not long before its authorship became known. A work upon which his fame might rest appeared in 1840—the "History of Christianity from the Birth of Christ to the Abolition of Paganism in the Roman Empire." This is a work of great merit, and displays the results of much labor and research; but the one by which he will probably be most enduringly remembered, and the most laborious of his many undertakings, has been the "History of Latin Christianity to the Pontificate of Nicholas V.," published in the year 1854. In the year 1835 he was appointed Rector of St. Margaret's and Canon of Westminster, which appointments he held till, on the death of Dr. COPLESTONE in 1849, he was promoted to the Deanery of St. Paul's. He wrote a "Life of Keats" and a "Life of Horace," which is prefixed to the illustrated edition of that ancient poet and satirist published in 1849. He also prepared an edition, with copious notes, of GIBBON'S "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."



THE LATE REV. DR. MILMAN, DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S.

We publish on this page the portraits of some of the most prominent revolutionary leaders. Marshal FRANCISCO SERRANO, who appears to be at the head of the Provisional Government, is the Duke de la Torre. He was born about the close of the last century, and acquired his military experience in the war of independence. He assisted in bringing about the fall of ESPARTERO in 1843. After the restoration of the Queen-mother he coalesced with NARVAEZ in the attempts of the latter to overthrow OLOZAGA. Shortly after the marriage of Queen ISABELLA with the DUKE OF CADIZ he acquired an influence over the mind of his sovereign which occasioned differences between the King Consort and himself and occasioned some scandal. After the ministry of M. DE SALAMANCA had yielded to the storm of popular indignation which assailed it, SERRANO turned Liberal. In 1854 he was exiled on account of his connection with a rising at Saragossa, but soon returned and became an active supporter of the O'DONNELL and ESPARTERO Cabinet. In the rupture which followed between these two he sided with O'DONNELL. In the *coup d'état* of 1856 he played into the hands of the latter, and was then created Duke de la Torre. In 1857 he was sent as embassador to the Court of France. In June, 1865, he was appointed Captain-General of Madrid. Since that time he has acted with the party of progress. His recent return from exile gave him a favorable position at the beginning of the late insurrection.

General DON DOMINGO DULCE, now about sixty years of age, was formerly Lieutenant-General of the Spanish forces. He was born in the city of Sotes, Spain. He is descended from an old and titled Spanish family. In the civil war he took an active part against the Carlist party, and for his able defense of the Queen's palace he was, in 1842, made Gentleman of the Bedchamber. Afterward he was rewarded with the post of Commandant of Seville and Saragossa, where he so distinguished himself that, in 1849, he was appointed Field-Marshal. He was associated with Marshal O'DONNELL in the Vicalvaro insurrection of 1854. He held the position of Captain-General in Cuba from 1863 until the summer of 1866, when, before returning to Spain, he visited this country, receiving a warm welcome from our citizens. Early in 1867 he returned to Cuba, where he was united in marriage with the Countess SANTOVENIA, a lady of wealth and high position. Returning with his bride to Spain he became implicated to such a degree in revolutionary schemes that he was ban-

MARSHAL SERRANO.

ADMIRAL TOPETE.

THE SPANISH REVOLUTION.

AFTER more than a quarter of a century of misrule, during which Queen ISABELLA with apparent impunity has fed upon the forbidden fruit of despotism, this sovereign has been driven from the paradise of royalty. Twelve days of revolution sufficed to clean out at least one of the Augean stables of Spain—that, namely, which defiled her palace. It is remarkable that a revolution so complete has been so quietly as well as so rapidly accomplished, and that a government so tyrannical and so indecent has been overturned without disaster. It can scarcely be called a fall, it was a collapse. The government proved a *felo de se*, its own rottenness procured its ruin. Even the Spaniards, who of all peoples upon earth are characterized by a sentiment of loyalty, refused to follow the standard of a notoriously licentious Queen. The movement against the throne was truly national. Progressistas, Moderates, and Democrats united against the common evil. Even personal jealousies were for the time forgotten; PRIM, SERRANO, DULCE, and TOPETE were in thorough accord. "The victory of the revolution," said PRIM, in the midst of the ovation of his welcome to Madrid, "was due to the joint action of the fleet, Marshal SERRANO, and the exiled generals." All of these leaders placed themselves at the disposal of ESPARTERO, who, however, while congratulating the nation upon its deliverance, declined to take an active part in affairs.

So impotent is the exiled Queen that her very protest, denouncing the revolutionists as felons, and the insurrection itself as a "death-blow to virtue" (!), is in contempt conspicuously placarded in the streets by the order of the Provisional Government.

GENERAL DULCE.

SALUSTIANO OLOZAGA.

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ished to Teneriffe, whence he recently embarked to join the present movement.

Señor SALUSTIANO OLOZAGA has been residing at Paris for some time. He is a wise and moderate statesman, and though called upon to become a member of the Spanish Cabinet is reported to be, like ESPARTERO, indisposed to enter into an active participation in affairs. He has been appointed Special Envoy to Paris and London.

Admiral JOAS B. TOPETE, formerly a representative from Cadiz in the Spanish Parliament, has taken a prominent part in the late movement. He strongly advocates a constitutional monarchy.

The revolution has succeeded, and the provisional Junta is now dissolved to give place to whatever form of government the Cortes may dictate. During its brief rule it has abolished religious orders and suggested many wise measures of reform in regard to the abolition of slavery, the establishment of civil and religious liberty, and the extension of the suffrage.

Spain will have indeed experienced a marvelous deliverance, if, with the revival of a constitutional monarchy, she shall be able to throw off the burden of priestcraft. She has 100,000 monks, bishops and priests without number. Her clergy are intolerant and carefully cherish ignorance and fanaticism. We have seen within the last year with what enthusiasm the people of Roman Catholic Austria hailed their deliverance from their own priesthood. Thus it will be in Spain. It is where the burden is heaviest that it is most sensibly felt. In Spain probably not more than 100,000 out of her population of 19,000,000 (including the colonies) are Protestants; yet here, as in other intensely Roman Catholic nations, we find the revulsion against papal abuses the most violent when once it is aroused. The intimate sympathy which existed between ISABELLA and the Pope certainly did not benefit the Papal cause in Spain. It is a remarkable indication of the national feeling that in the ranks of the Papal army there are so few Spaniards as compared with the recruits from other Roman Catholic countries outside of Italy. The Pope in sending to ISABELLA the golden rose—the emblem of virtue—unless he meant to perpetrate a joke, certainly acted unwisely. Every communication of this sort between the Holy Father and the libidinous Queen was construed by the Spaniards as an insult to themselves. The Queen's consort—who held a sinecure in his domestic as well as in his political relations—is said to have fostered in her mind the most degrading superstition. Whether from this cause or some other, it is certainly true that her mind was a tool in the hands of monks and Jesuits. But the Queen is in exile, and it will be well for Spain if, with her departure, that country shall have been freed not only from ministers of the GONZALES BRAVO type and from Gentlemen of the Bed-chamber like MARFORI, but also from her monks and her Bleeding Nuns. Let us hope that Sister PATROCINIO has gone out with her royal patron and dupe.

THE EARTHQUAKE IN PERU.

WE publish on page 709 two illustrations of the earthquake at Ica, Peru, on the 13th of last August. Ica is the capital of the province of the same name, in the department of Lima. It lies 168 miles from Lima, and near the Pacific Ocean. It is a beautiful city of about 30,000 inhabitants. It was noted for its fine churches and its industrial enterprise. In the year 1813 it was ruined by an earthquake. A little more than half a century has passed since that disaster, and now the city is again laid in ruin. The movement of the earth had been so violent that it completely overthrew more than forty houses and some churches, all the houses that remained standing being completely ruined. The fall of a store which contained inflammable materials occasioned a fire, which, although soon extinguished, consumed seven warehouses. The earth opened in several places, throwing up torrents of water, and the river which runs through the town increased considerably, bearing along water mingled with ashes.

The shocks of the earthquake in the cities of Peru, on the 13th of August, were less destructive to life than those which visited Ecuador three days later; the reason of this is to be found in the fact that the former occurred at about five o'clock in the afternoon, so that the people had time to get out of their houses. The shocks at Ecuador were an hour or two after midnight.

In regard to the earthquake in Peru the Panama *Star* of September says:

"The news in our columns to-day is the most appalling and painful we have ever laid before our readers. Thousands upon thousands of lives have been called instantly into eternity; whole cities, towns, and villages have been swept away from the face of the earth; and ships, with their crews, have been whirled from their anchorages by the receding sea and swallowed up. Such a picture of general destruction and desolation extending for hundreds of miles along the coast, and reaching up to the topmost heights of the Andes, can scarcely be imagined. The reader stands aghast with horror in attempting to contemplate and to comprehend the magnitude of the devastation which has occurred. It is impossible to say if the desolation is at an end. There are many points in the interior and further south of which nothing has yet reached us from the Colombian frontier. But, counting only what is known up to the present, the evil extends over more than 200 leagues. More than 300,000 persons have remained without shelter and without bread in consequence of this horrible catastrophe, and with difficulty shall we find in history an instance of a calamity which has embraced such an immense extent of territory."

Our engraving representing the interior of the Church of St. Anne shows the destructive effect of the earthquake upon the fine edifices of Ica. When the shocks began the people of this city, as is their usual custom in such an emergency, thronged to the public square to implore the protection of their patron saint. In this instance they prostrated themselves before the statue of Christ, called also El Señor del Lorin. This custom of fleeing to patron saints for succor in the face of any great calamity is universal in all Roman Catholic countries. In the same way the old Athenians in the time of the Great Plague gathered in one mass about their pagan altars.

THE GIRALDA OF SEVILLE.

THE picturesque and interesting city of Seville, in the Spanish province of Andalusia, has a very Moorish character; and its famous cathedral belfry-tower, called the Giralda, was originally the minaret of a Mohammedan mosque. It was built in 1196, by ABU YUSUF YACUB, when the Moors ruled all the southern parts of Spain. Its foundations are said to have been composed of the fragments of Roman or Greek statues, which the zealous Moslem had condemned as idolatrous, and had therefore destroyed. From the summit of the Giralda, in those times, the muezzin used to cry with a loud voice, several times a day, and summon the faithful to prayers. After the conquest of the Moorish provinces of Spain by FERDINAND and ISABELLA, at the end of the fifteenth century, the adjoining mosque was pulled down, and the Christian cathedral church was built in its stead. A heathen temple, first Carthaginian and next Roman, had existed there before the mosque. But this great tower was allowed to stand by the Catholic Spaniards. Its height, which had been 250 feet when first erected, was raised to 350 feet by FERNANDO RUIZ, in 1568; the elegant belfry, with sides of richly-decorated, open stone-work, constituted the addition then made. It is a square of 50 feet each side. The graceful intersecting arches form a beautiful feature of its design. It is sometimes illuminated at night, on grand festival occasions, when it seems to hang like a vast chandelier from the dark sky above. The name of the Giralda is derived from the vane on its top, which *gira*, or turns round, like other weather-cocks.

THE HORSES' MORNING BATH AT CALCUTTA.

THE habit of early rising, for the sake of taking exercise in the open air at the only time except, perhaps, an hour in the evening, when it can be safely taken and even enjoyed in that climate, is decidedly commendable in India. From five to seven o'clock in the fine season the resident or visitor at Calcutta may improve his health and find plenty of amusement for his mind by rambling, either on horseback or on foot, about the suburbs of that great city; or may inhale the fresh breeze of morning on the banks of the Hooghly, where he will see many things worthy of remark. Along Garden Reach, for instance, the elegant villas with their verdant lawns and tasteful flower-gardens, have a very attractive aspect, while the distant view of Fort William, and the stately houses of Chowringhee, as well as the Esplanade, with its monuments, the noble Grecian edifice called Government House, the Townhall, and other public buildings, give an appearance of truly palatial grandeur to the supreme metropolis of British Asia. The river itself, broad as an estuary, or arm of the sea, is thronged with vessels of many different kinds, both large and small, both of European and native construction, and where their masts and sails are seen through the stems and branches of an avenue of fine trees the effect is singularly agreeable. The chief landing-place, called the Chandpaul Ghaut, with the strand extending northward, is adorned with many handsome buildings of an ornamental character. This and the other ghauts, or quays, are scenes of much lively bustle at an early hour of the day, when a multitude of native people, chiefly servants and women, come down for water. The syces, or grooms, in the employment of the rich, are likewise accustomed to bring their horses down, and to plunge with them into the river, while it still retains the pleasant coolness of the night. This, indeed, is the only hour of the twenty-four, during the hot season at Calcutta, in which the mere physical sensation of life is a pleasure. When the sun once more makes his tyrannical power felt by every living creature, the sensation of life is a burden to horses as well as to men.

YALE SCHOOL OF THE FINE ARTS.

THIS beautiful edifice, of which we give an engraving on page 717, was designed and erected under the superintendence of P. B. WIGHT, of this city. The Institution was founded in 1864, through the munificence of Mr. AUGUSTUS R. STREET, of New Haven, who proposed to the Corporation of Yale College to erect at his sole expense, as a gift to the College, an appropriate building for a school of the fine arts. The work was immediately begun, in the autumn of 1864. Before winter the foundation was laid, ready for commencing the superstructure early in the spring. The work was carried rapidly forward during the summer and fall of 1865, and the roof was on before winter set in. During the spring and summer of 1866 the inside was finished.

The South Gallery contains the TRUMBULL pictures and some others. The first story and basement are divided into studios for instruction in the arts. The building is of Bellville, New Jersey, sandstone, with trimmings of Connecticut sandstone and Cleveland stone. It is very massive and substantial, and is built to stand for ages. Unfortunately it is not yet quite finished; but provision for its completion was made by Mr. STREET at his death.

The School is managed by a Council, consisting of President WOOLSEY, Professor SALISBURY, Messrs. D. HUNTINGTON, D. G. MITCHELL, and Professor PORTER. These gentlemen, desiring to inaugurate the new School in an appropriate manner, have decided to open it to the public by an exhibition of pictures and other works of art. There have also been placed in the gallery several valuable works of art, as the gifts of friends of the institution, and patrons of art. Among these we may mention ALLSTON'S Jeremiah; a fine picture of Mount Washington, by WUST; and a beautiful statue of Ruth, by LOMBARDI, an Italian sculptor. Besides those mentioned, the gallery contains interesting works of SMYBERT, COPLEY, and later American artists. Since the Exhibition of 1867 the Jarves Collection has been added.

PARTED.

WE sang together, you and I,
In a quiet church, sweet songs of praise;
Your voice was like an angel's voice,
Your face was as an angel's face.

We knelt together, you and I,
In that dim old church, in sight of Heaven,
And you prayed a prayer that the angels know
That sin may be forgiven.

We walked together, you and I,
In the happy groves where wood-birds sing,
But sweeter were the pleasant words
That you kept murmuring.

They beat in time with our glad hearts,
Old words they were from some old song;
Laughing, you sang them, all for me,
As we two wandered on.

We talked together, you and I;
Wise things you spoke for one so young;
I listened, feeling all the while
That on your words a story hung.

We lived together, you and I,
In those old years, two friends no more;
Did we ever dream of what was to be
Could we span the years that were on before?

If we loved together, you and I,
Was it wise that the love was never told?
Was it better to let the time glide on
Till both life and love were old?

MRS. BROWN—WIDOW.

WHEN Mr. Brown was living Sue Stuyvesant and I called upon Mrs. Brown one clear, cold winter afternoon. Sue was a grand girl—something of an old maid, the younger set who had not passed the silly, giggling age said; but I am sure there was not a sign of an old maid about Sue, with her face plump and fresh as any girl's, and her hair as black as a raven's wing and always kept in such beautiful order. Standing on the Browns' door-step I surveyed Sue from head to foot, thinking what a grand girl she was, such an angel of patience at home, such a merry, companionable girl abroad, such a miracle of neatness and industry, and so stylish withal! Then I fell to wondering how Dick Brown could ever have jilted her; for, according to the "tradition of the elders," Sue would have been mistress of the mansion on whose steps we stood but for the blue-eyed, golden-haired woman who reigned inside as Mrs. Brown, and on whom we had come to call in obedience to the social requirements of the times.

"If Sue were mistress," I thought, "Dick Brown's house would be in better repair." I was sure she would prescribe a coat of paint for the front, some hinges for the shutters, a new bell-wire, a half-hour's polish on the door-plate, a vigorous scrubbing of the door-steps, and a general clearing out of rubbish in the area. I was very certain if Sue had been the Mrs. Brown upon whom I had come to call, I would not have been obliged to wear out my gloves pulling at the broken bell-wire and wear out my patience waiting for a servant to answer my ring.

When we were at last admitted to the parlor I fell to thinking again of Sue as mistress. Perhaps the finger-marks on the window-panes suggested how dextrously Sue would have wiped away the stains; perhaps the littered carpet reminded me of the skillful way in which Sue handled a broom; perhaps the dust on the furniture made me think of the vigorous use Sue made of a duster; perhaps the disordered centre-table and the remnants of cake and wine on a side-table brought to mind by contrast the perfect order of the rooms over which Sue presided.

My meditations were interrupted by the reappearance of the slipshod servant who admitted us, and who informed us now that Mrs. Brown was in her room—would we walk up?

In our "walk up" I was thinking again of Sue as mistress. I could not help it, with oil-cloths before me that needed scrubbing, with stair-carpet that needed sweeping, with an odor of burning grease from below and escaping gas from above.

Mrs. Brown met us at the door of her room, with a shower of apologies for her appearance. The apologies served to draw direct attention to her appearance, which was made up of golden hair in a tumble-down condition, a soiled sack, and a crumpled skirt. She apologized for the shabbiness of the room, and we took note of the shabbiness, which was made up of a litter of scraps and children's toys, of dust and stains and general seediness. She apologized for her children, and we could not but observe the uncleanness apparent in their faces and the neglect apparent in their garments.

"It's very well for young ladies like you to look as if you came out of bandboxes, but if you ever get married you'll find it don't pay," Mrs. Brown assured us, half apologetically and half warningly. "Mr. Brown often holds up this young lady, and that one, and the other as patterns to me," she continued. "But I tell him he might as well give me a vest-pattern when I am making up book-muslin. The relations of married women to society are so different that the patterns have no fitness."

I knew Sue Stuyvesant's creed, that the laws of attraction and repulsion that govern the lover govern the husband also. I had heard her say a score of times that the bit of ribbon, the graceful fall of lace, the pretty adjustment of locks of hair, the dainty ruffle, the harmonious dress, the sweetly-sung ballad, the winning tone and charming way that attracted the young man and made him a lover had equal power to please the husband and keep him a lover. I had heard her say as often that the neglected hair, the soiled collar, the untidy dress, the slipshod shoes, the indifferent tone and rough manner that repulsed a young man and nipped love in the bud had equal power to repulse the husband and blight love with the frost of indifference. But Sue Stuyvesant's creed was not to be spoken in Mrs. Brown's house; for my grand girl was a lady with true delicacy of feeling.

"How is Mr. Brown?" she inquired.

"He isn't very well," Mrs. Brown answered. "At least, he complains a great deal; but that's the way of men. They always think they are nearly dead if the least thing ails them. Mr. Brown has a bad cough sometimes, but it's nothing but a slight cold that every body is liable to. I tell him he is whimsical as any old woman."

"Sometimes these slight colds are more serious matters than we think," I suggested, remembering how thin and pale Dick Brown was.

"Yes, I know," Mrs. Brown answered. "But you'll find out, my dear, that it won't be worth while to worry yourself about every whim and conceit your husband gets in his head. Men are always getting some new hobby."

"Hobby?" I asked, with a view to gaining further knowledge.

"Yes," Mrs. Brown answered; "I couldn't enumerate Mr. Brown's hobbies. There's my hair, and dress, and the children, and the servants, and the table, and the bills, and social duties, and domestic duties, and his aches and pains, and the dear knows what else! What a lovely way that is of arranging your hair!"

"It is very simple," I answered. "Your hair would do elegantly in this way."

"My hair!" repeated Mrs. Brown. "Oh, my dear, I wouldn't think of it. It's entirely too much trouble for a married woman like me. Mine is just as well twisted up this way when I don't see any one but Mr. Brown."

"But you haven't given up society, surely," suggested Sue Stuyvesant.

"Almost entirely," Mrs. Brown answered. "Mr. Brown had a great notion of inviting his friends here for a while, but it was a great bore to entertain them; and, you know, it don't amount to any thing with married people. It's quite different with young folks who must get acquainted and find a husband. With Mr. Brown's friends always coming here, I was obliged to keep the parlors in company order, and my dress must be just so, and I had to make a martyr of myself, singing and playing. At last I put my foot down that I wouldn't do it. It was ridiculous in Mr. Brown to expect it. He don't invite his friends here any more. He sees them at the clubs though, for he will be out evenings in spite of his cough. That's the consistency of the man! Oh, my dears, men are very inconsistent creatures! You'll find that out if you ever have much to do with them."

"Do you sing and play much?" Sue asked.

"I haven't touched the piano in six months," Mrs. Brown answered. "Mr. Brown finds fault and begs for music sometimes, but it's such a bore to keep in practice. It's one thing to sing in company and have half a dozen gentlemen ready to turn the leaves for you and know that your singing will earn you invitations to concerts, and operas, and rides, and all that. It's quite another thing to sing for one's husband alone. I tell Mr. Brown my music is played out literally. That's a lovely style of trimming, Miss Sue. I haven't seen a prettier walking-dress this season."

"I made it from one of last year's dresses," Sue Stuyvesant replied. "Almost any dress will cut over into one. The drab poplin I have seen you wear would make over into a very handsome walking-dress."

"Perhaps," answered Mrs. Brown, with a languid smile. "But I think the old poplin will have to do as it is. Those flutings must be a world of trouble, and it don't seem worth while for a woman whose market is made to spend so much time in trimmings. The easiest way of making dresses is the best way in my opinion. Oh, Miss Sue! Mr. Brown hasn't ceased to rave over the chicken salad you made for the church Fair. He begged me to get the recipe of you, though I'm sure my cook will never be able to make it, and I mortally hate to go into the kitchen. Mr. Brown is very dainty in his appetite. He don't care for any thing that comes on the table, and craves all sorts of fancy dishes. If I catered to his appetite as he would like me to I might be cooking in the kitchen half my time, and I didn't get married to be any man's drudge. Oh, you'll find out, my dears, what unreasonable creatures men are, every one of them; and if you know when you are well off you'll stay as you are. Just tell John Peters No, when he proposes." And Mrs. Brown turned to me with a significant laugh.

The embarrassed blushes that I felt creeping over my face were happily put to flight by Sue Stuyvesant's rising. We had obeyed the social requirement of the times, and were at liberty to depart.

Down the street we met Dick Brown, walking with painfully slow steps. Sue Stuyvesant

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sighed after he had passed. "Poor fellow! I think his wife is blind," she said.

As we turned the corner I glanced around, and saw that Dick Brown was looking after us. I wondered if he was not thinking, as I had been, of the cheerless home and slovenly wife and neglected children to which he was going, and the home it might have been if the grand girl at my side had presided over it. "Poor fellow!" I said to myself, echoing Sue Stuyvesant's sigh. "I think if he was blind once he now sees."

Last week Sue Stuyvesant and I called on Mrs. Brown, a widow of nearly a year's standing. Waiting on the door-steps I remarked the paint on the house, the hinges to the shutters, the new bell-wire, the shining door-plate, the clean steps, and the orderly area.

"There is all the difference between a coal-cinder and a diamond apparent here," I whispered, contrasting the previous shabbiness with the present glitter and polish.

In the parlors there were the same marked evidences of improvement. The windows were clean, the carpets well swept, the furniture dusted, the tables orderly, and a delicious odor of violets pervading the apartments.

Mrs. Brown—Widow, soon made her appearance, and this time there were no apologies necessary. Her hair was arranged with taste and care, her dress was well-fitting and elaborately trimmed, and there was a very evident attempt at effect in stray curls, and sundry knots of ribbon, and graceful twists of tarlatan. The woman herself was animated, and interested in all the fashions and gossip of the times. "There is the difference between the coal-cinder and diamond apparent here, too," I thought, contrasting the previous languor and dullness with the present sparkle and gayety.

"Pray tell me how you crimp your hair, and manage your back-hair so beautifully?" she asked of Sue Stuyvesant, with all a young girl's animation and interest.

"It is a great deal of trouble, and I sometimes think it is a shame to spend so much time upon it. I would recommend a simpler style," Sue answered, a little maliciously.

"Oh, I don't mind the trouble so long as it is pretty," Mrs. Brown answered. "If people only think it becoming, I shall be paid."

Sue Stuyvesant gave me a significant look. I knew she was thinking of the twisted knot that was good enough for poor Dick Brown.

"Do you know of any pretty new music?" Mrs. Brown—Widow, inquired, turning to me.

"I thought you had given up your music," Sue Stuyvesant remarked, when I had made my reply.

"Oh yes; I gave it up for several years," Mrs. Brown answered; "but I am taking music lessons again, and devote several hours every day to practice. You know I have a good ear and a very tolerable voice."

"Yes," Sue Stuyvesant assented, a little sharply, with a look in her eyes that told me she remembered how Dick Brown, deceased, had begged for music, and this woman had told him it was "played out."

Mrs. Brown—Widow, fell to the discussion of fashions. "The present style of flouncing is beautiful," she remarked.

"They are an immense amount of trouble," I urged in objection. "The binding, and gathering, and sewing on require a great deal of time and patience."

"I suppose so," Mrs. Brown replied; "but they add so much style to the appearance that they repay you for all the labor they cost. I am flouncing all my dresses after elaborate designs."

Sue Stuyvesant coughed to hide an angry, choking sensation in her throat. She was thinking of the woman who did not deem it worth while to spend much time on trimmings, because her market was made.

"A person in society must dress more, you know," Mrs. Brown said, apologetically, as if she herself remembered her previous conversation.

"Do you see much society?" I inquired.

"A considerable," Mrs. Brown answered. "You know, it isn't well to settle down as if one was quite dead."

Sue Stuyvesant pulled at the tassel of her glove until she broke it, remembering the man quite dead, whose friends this sociably inclined woman had driven from his house.

"My dear Miss Sue," Mrs. Brown—Widow exclaimed, turning to my grand girl, "I never came to you for the recipe for chicken salad that you promised me. Why, Miss Sue, I am getting to be quite a famous cook. I have invited a few friends to tea to-night, and I have been in the kitchen all the morning making fancy dishes. It don't do to trust to cooks at all. I will send around to-morrow for that recipe. One of my gentleman friends is particularly fond of chicken salad."

Over my grand girl's face flitted the shadow of a sneer that the trouble this woman gladly took for strong and hearty friends she had begrudged her sick husband.

There was a ring at the door and Mr. Peters was announced. I looked up to see John Peters, whose business had been so heavy that he had made me less frequent visits for a few weeks past.

Mrs. Brown—Widow greeted her visitor with charming cordiality, thanking him heartily for the bouquet he had left the previous day. I began to suspect dimly that John Peters's "heavy business" had some reference to Mrs. Brown—Widow; and now I observed how really beautiful the woman's blue eyes and golden hair were, and what a winning gentleness was in her manner one moment and what a pretty deprecation the next. I saw now how it had happened that Dick Brown, deceased, had preferred the blue eyes and golden hair and pretty manner to Sue Stuyvesant's plainer face and manner without art or deceit. And I—I was a plainer woman than Mrs. Brown—Widow, and her manner I had not. I gave up John Peters just as a few years before Sue Stuyvesant had given up Dick Brown.

John Peters took his seat in the window, but Mrs. Brown—Widow arose instantly and gave him an arm-chair. "The draught may give you cold," she said, with bewitching thoughtfulness.

John Peters smiled his thanks for the kind consideration, and the shadow of Sue Stuyvesant's sneer fell on my face as I thought of the man whose sickness was unto death, and this woman had called it a whimsical conceit.

I came away and left John Peters to the smiles and winning ways and pretty toilet and fancy dishes. There was nothing left for me but the bitter cup out of which Sue Stuyvesant had once drunk.

"My dear," said Sue Stuyvesant, as she bade me "good-by," "we will call on this woman two years hence, and if you feel at this moment wronged and aggrieved by John Peters's conduct, you will say that even in your bitterest wrath you had chosen lighter punishment for his folly than he will receive. Butterflies will go to the mud while they are butterflies, and afterward to their chrysalis state again; and that woman is certain to gravitate to her level and return to her normal condition again."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

SAN FRANCISCO has been visited with earthquakes again. On October 21 several shocks were felt, doing considerable damage, and thoroughly alarming the inhabitants. Many buildings were entirely demolished; the City Hall was reported a wreck; the patients were removed from the United States Marine Hospital, that building being considered unsafe; and the United States Mint was closed for repairs. Numerous other public buildings were seriously damaged. Four lives were lost by the falling débris. Business was suspended, and the streets were crowded by an excited multitude. Shocks were experienced at Sacramento, Stockton, and other places in the interior, as well as in many places along the coast. Such, in brief, is the report of this disaster, as it first comes by telegraph. Whether more severe tribulations will be revealed by later accounts will be soon known.

It is related of Queen Isabella that as often as her impulses led her to go to Madrid she was dissuaded from her purpose by those around her. Thus she was continually in a distressing state of indecision, which proved her ruin. On returning from the railway station on one of these occasions she wrung her hands and exclaimed, "Oh, that I were only a man!" "And I, too," joined in the King, without reflecting on the sense of the words which he used. It is said that her Majesty broke into a laugh in spite of her despondency.

From Boston exchanges we learn that the American gros grain black silk, which is manufactured in Hartford, Connecticut, has become so popular that the demand greatly exceeds the supply. It appears also that an eminent silk establishment in Lyons, France, with which the Boston firm who have contracted for the sale of the American silks have hitherto had dealings, has examined samples of the silk, and warmly commended its construction and fabric. Moreover, the Lyons house frankly says that its own business will be much diminished in consequence of the introduction of this article. This success is an indication of what American industry may accomplish in the future.

A Louisiana planter, by adopting the following plan, has raised water-melons without seeds: After the vine is about two feet long cover it at a point intermediate between the root and the end. After it has taken root where it is covered divide the vine between the old and new root, and the result will be that the melons will be seedless, without impairing their quality.

Among the sights which are pleasant to behold are a father at a place of amusement with his children; a young man with a clear eye, and a fresh, virtuous, unhackneyed face; a shop-girl neatly dressed, and without sham ornamentation; a man of business going home at night with a bouquet for his wife; a shopkeeper civil to, and patient with a poor woman who, with a baby across her arm, ventures to buy a one-shilling article; a dress-maker who is scientific enough to perfect "a fit," and yet leave your breathing apparatus in Christian working condition; a shop that is not an "emporium;" a milliner who didn't come from Paris; a jolly domestic who likes "the family;" a bride with her pet, small house; a young father with his first boy.

In California cattle live upon green pasture in winter and upon dry fodder in summer. Dairy farming is confined almost exclusively to the mountainous regions north of San Francisco. There is a single establishment which is said to employ two hundred men, and to keep two thousand cows.

The Grecian Bend is readily distinguished from colic—so say physicians—by the expression of countenance, which in the former disease is complacent and self-satisfied. Nevertheless, in both cases the patient appears as if she had eaten two green apples and then drank a pint of milk. Some wise one recommends the following prescription, which, if taken three times a day, after being well shaken (that is, the patient), will certainly cure:

15 drops of paregoric.
2 ounces of decency.
4 ounces of common-sense.

The dose is to be increased if one expects to promenade Broadway during the day.

A Maine paper tells of a miraculous fall of a Bangor man from a three-story building. While making his descent, the idea occurred to his mind to place himself in as good a position as possible to receive the shock of the termination of his involuntary journey. Accordingly he kept his arms close by his side, slightly drew up his lower limbs, in order not to alight on his feet, and thus probably shatter his bones; and the result was, his injuries were limited to a few comparatively harmless bruises. A remarkable instance of presence of mind.

"I can't vote," remarked an old lady, in a Pennsylvania railroad car, when the vote of the passengers was taken, "but I am going to keep one Seymour man at home!" Evidently her political views were clearer than those of a solemn-looking lady who, in a recent canvass of the passengers on a Connecticut railroad train, was sportively asked which way she would vote. She didn't understand the question. It was repeated. "Are you for Grant or Seymour, Madam?" "Grantersemer!" replied the indignant female. "Don't know of any sich place; I am a-goin' to Norwich!"

In Lyons peaches have this year been a drug in the market. Fifteen or twenty can be bought for a single sou, and dealers are obliged to throw away baskets-full, being unable to dispose of them even at that price. It is a pity we could not have some of them in our markets.

Mr. Hughes, the working-men's candidate for Parliament from Lambeth, England, has refused to avail himself of the usual corrupt means for securing his election. He stated that he did not intend to use any public room in the borough, nor to "bill" himself all over the walls of the borough, nor to stick up "Hughes forever," but he would meet the electors at public meetings in every part of the borough, and explain to them the grounds of his political faith; that he did not believe in the old electioneering machinery, and would not use it. It was nothing but bribery, only bribery, in a form which brought the briber under no risk of losing his seat.

An arrangement has been entered into between the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique (French mail steamers), the Panama Railroad, and the Pacific Mail Company, by which a new route is opened for shippers and passengers to the Continent of Europe. The regular time occupied by this new route is to be fifty-four days from Yokohama to St. Nazaire, France; but this is capable of being lessened by four or five days, if the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, desirous of sharing in the carrying-trade in that direction, will use some little effort to expedite it. This route offers many advantages to dealers in silk-worm eggs, and they are already giving it a trial.

Angling is becoming a successful fashion among ladies in England. At Gordon Castle, on the River Spey, reports state that the Countess of Sandwich caught two salmon, one of seven pounds weight and one of five pounds. Lady Caroline Lennox caught one of seventeen pounds, and Lady Florence Lennox one of twenty-three pounds weight.

An American gentleman, who was recently in London, desired to have an advertisement inserted in the London *Times*. It was on a Thursday that he carried it to the office, requesting it to be inserted the next morning, and at the same time asking the price to be paid. "It will be seven-and-sixpence," was the reply, "and will go in as soon as possible." "But," said the gentleman, "when will that be?" "Oh! by Monday or Tuesday," responded the clerk. "Put it in to-morrow," persisted the gentleman, "for I must remain in London for that alone. I will gladly pay any price." The clerk was unmoved. "We don't do business in that way!" he replied, gravely.

Fruit is very good and healthful food. But it should not be crowded into the stomach when the appetite has been wholly sated with other food, nor should it be swallowed at all hours of the day any more than other articles of diet. Fresh, ripe fruit, taken at proper times, in suitable quantities, is seldom if ever injurious. Otherwise eaten, it becomes a *fruitful* source of disease.

A work has recently been published by M. Emile Andreoli, who took part in the last Polish insurrection, and on his capture by the Russians was sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment in Siberia. He says that on some occasions an electric battery has been used by the Russian police, to compel prisoners to answer questions. Even this was not more cruel than the "torture of the herring," which is described by those who have endured it as terrible. Prisoners were confined in a well-warmed apartment, salted herrings with bread and water for the first few days being their only food. If they refused to answer the questions of the examining commissioners the bread was first withdrawn, and then the water; whereupon the torture of intense thirst commenced, depriving the sufferer of all moral strength, and even making him abandon the resolution which he had formed to die. Very rarely did any one remain mute when brought before the commissioners a second time.

One of the city physicians of Cincinnati, Ohio, reports that in two cases during the heated term he tried the following treatment for sun-stroke with success: Warm water was applied to the head, on cloths, as warm as the skin could bear without injury. Consciousness was very soon restored. Liquor ammoniæ acetatis was administered internally as a stimulant. This may be worth remembering till next July.

A good story is told of a bright Chicago woman. Her husband owned a span of horses, and during his absence, one time, she speculated a little by "exchanging" the steeds for a tract of five acres of flat prairie land south of the city. That was two years ago, and the other day she was offered twenty thousand dollars for the land.

An experiment is now being made in Australia in regard to the preservation of fresh meat by a chemical process, founded on a late discovery of Professor Faraday. It consists in freezing it by evaporation; but no exact description of the process has yet been given. Sheep raisers in Australia have subscribed £10,000 to carry on the experiment with, and 300 tons of meat have been shipped to England on trial.

Not long ago, while an old building in this city was being taken down, the workmen discovered in an old rat's nest a roll of bills amounting to two hundred and fifty dollars. Eight years ago one of the occupants of the house lost the money, and a young clerk boarding there was suspected of the robbery, and, on being arrested, was convicted of the crime and sent to prison, with character ruined and bereft of friends. He gave way to dissipation, and eventually died on Blackwell's Island. This sad story conveys its own moral.

A new journal, specially devoted to architecture, has been recently started in Philadelphia. It is called the *Architectural Review and Builder's Journal*, and is probably the only periodical in the United States devoted to this subject. It promises to be valuable not only to professional builders, but also to private individuals who are interested in the comfort or elegance of houses.

The origin of the exultant interjection *hurrah* is as old as the Sclavonic race. The source of the word is in the primitive Oriental idea that every man who dies for his country goes to heaven—*Hu-rij*, the Sclavonian derivative, meaning, literally, "To Paradise."

The details of the size of the English Parliament clock are wonderful. It is stated that the dials are twenty-two feet in diameter. Every half minute the point of the minute-hand moves nearly seven inches. The clock will go eight and a half days, and strikes only for seven and a half, so as to indicate by its silence any neglect in winding it up. The mere winding of each of the striking parts will take two hours. The pendulum is fifteen feet long; the wheels are of cast-iron, the hour bell is eight feet high and nine feet in diameter, weighing fourteen to fifteen tons. The weight of the hammer is four hundred weight.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE GODDESS OF LIBERTY IN A DEMOCRATIC PROCESSION.

BAD INVESTMENTS.—Ritualistic practices are foolish and decidedly *bad in vestments*.

Isabella, Queen of Spain,
Mizzled when she could not *reign!*

A ROARING TRADE—Keeping a menageric.

"WE THINK SO."—May a stupid song be called an *absurd ditty?*

THE MODERN WAY.

INTELLIGENT BURGLAR. "Well, now look here—if there's no arrest, I'll give up half—that's $10,000—the other half I'll keep, for, hang it, I must have something for my trouble."

DETECTIVE. "Oh, of course—and a very fair arrangement—and I'll take half the balance for my trouble, and the owner will be $5000 better off than if he had arrested you."

WATERING-PLACES—Dairies.

A BROAD STATEMENT.—A man who has made a tour among the sects reports that, so far as he can learn, the Unitarians don't care what a man believes if he only does well; the Presbyterians don't care what a man does if he only believes; the Episcopalians don't care what a man does or believes if he only belongs to their Church.

"THE CURSE OF SCOTLAND"—"The deil tak' ye!"

"Your son, Madam, persists in doing nothing," says the director.

"Then," replies the woman, by no means disconcerted, "you should give him the prize for perseverance."

A cobbler has a sole purpose in life.

A short man became attached to a tall woman, and somebody said he had fallen in love with her. "Do you call it falling in love?" said the suitor; "it's more like climbing up to it!"

THE MOST FORMAL OF FLOWERS—The primrose.

TWO USES OF A FAN.

My darling Julia hides her pretty face
Behind her fan in tantalizing fashion.
With her 'tis cool and pleasant; but with me
It fans the flame of a devouring passion.

An old-fashioned clergyman, named More, was riding on horseback one stormy day, enveloped in a loose cloak of large proportions, and having a broad scarlet collar. By the action of the wind the cloak was tossing about in all directions, when a gentleman rode up on a spirited horse which shied, and almost threw the rider.

"That cloak of yours would frighten the devil," said the gentleman.

"You don't say so!" replied Mr. More; "why, that's just my trade."

A ROUND DOZEN—A dozen of eggs.

"Waiter, is this a spring chicken? Most remarkable fowl I ever attempted an assault upon." "Yes, Sir, nice spring chicken; nothing else at this establishment. Don't you see, Sir, it springs every time you try to put a knife into it?" Customer realizes the sad fact; and, after half an hour's futile exercise of the knife and fork, calls for a plate of hash.

IMAGINARY SCHOLARS—The pupils of your eyes.

That was a triumphant appeal of an Irishman, who, in arguing the superiority of old architecture over the new, said: "Where will you find any modern building that lasted so long as the ancient?"

A LONE MAN—The pawnbroker.

A lady went out with her little girl and boy, purchased the latter a rubber balloon, which escaped him and went up in the air. The girl, seeing tears in his eyes, said: "Never mind, Neddy; when you die and go to heaven, you'll dit it."

PERSONS WHO NEED WATCHING—Those who never know what time it is.

"Guilty or not Guilty?" sharply said the city judge the other day, to an inattentive female prisoner in the dock. "Just as yer Honor pelases; it's not for the likes o' me to dictate to yer Honor's worship," was the reply.

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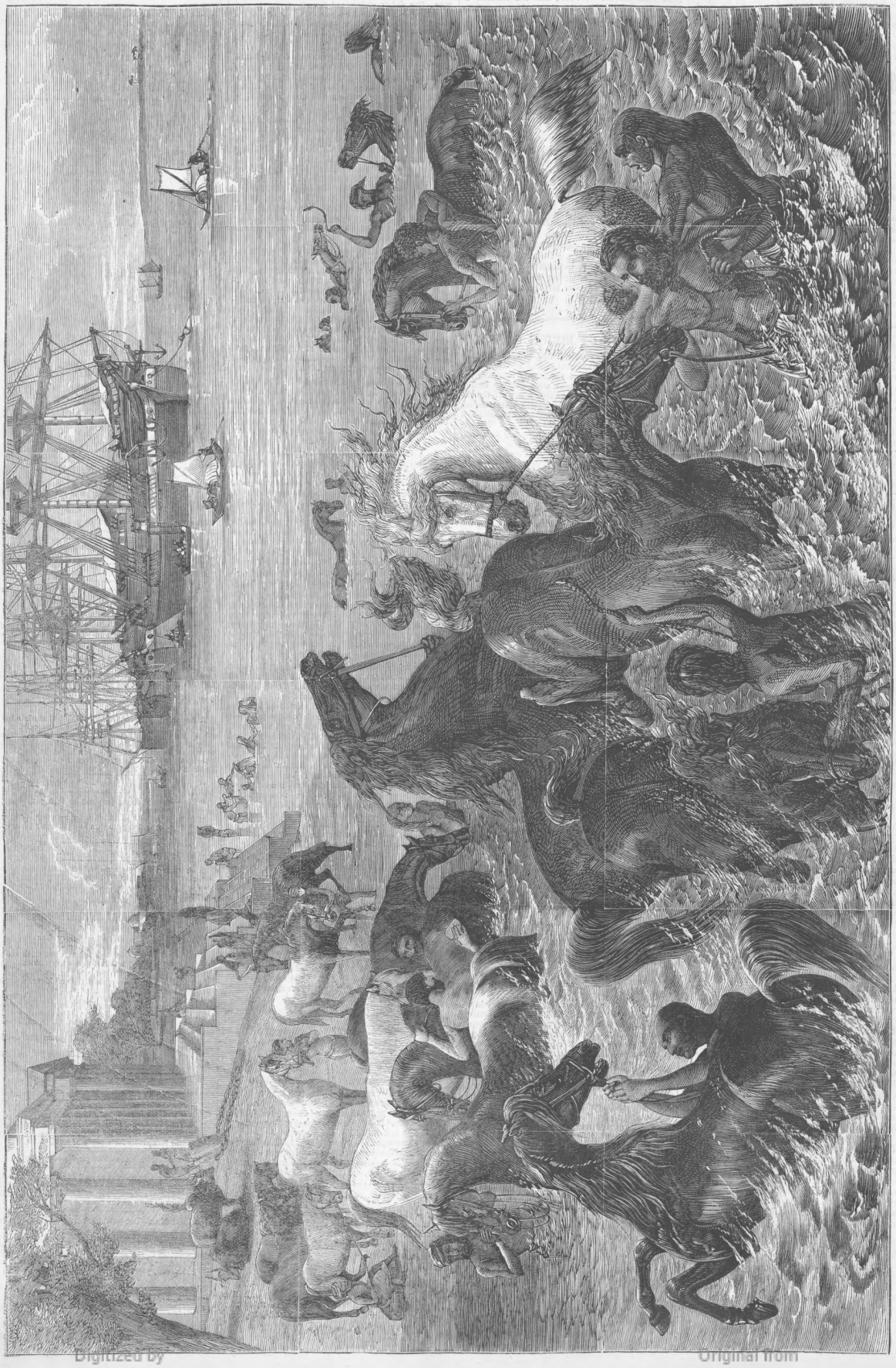

THE HORSES' MORNING BATH AT CALCUTTA.—[SEE PAGE 714.]

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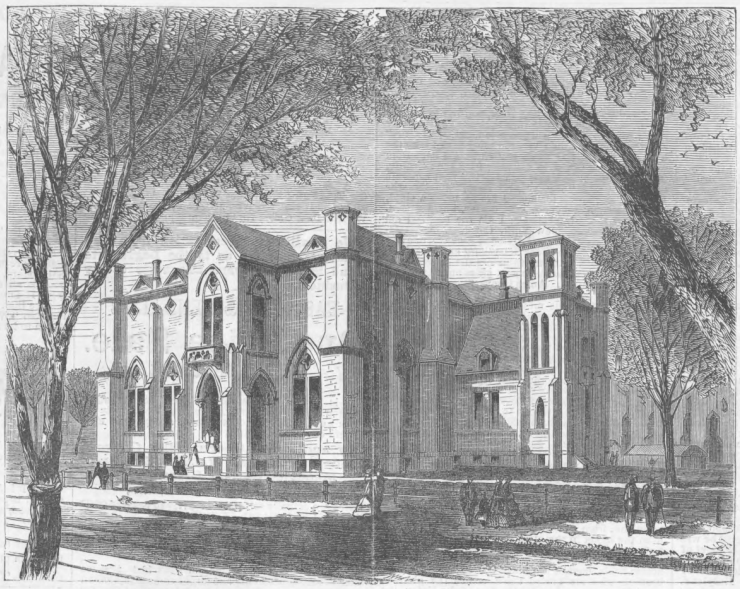
GENERAL JOHN SEDGWICK.

LAUNT THOMPSON'S noble statue of General JOHN SEDGWICK, of the Sixth Corps, of which we gave a picture two weeks ago, was unveiled on Wednesday, June 21, at West Point, with appropriate ceremonies. The day was unfortunately rainy and unpleasant; but a large number of noted officers of the war, many of them warm personal friends of SEDGWICK, was assembled, and the order arranged by the officers of the Corps was punctually observed. The parade of the cadets, the distinguished military groups upon the platform, the magnificent music, the natural charms of the spot, and the interest of the occasion made it all very memorable. The oration was delivered by GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, and we print as much of it as our space will permit:



YALE SCHOOL OF THE FINE ARTS, NEW HAVEN.—PHOT. BY BUNDY AND WILLIAMS, NEW HAVEN.—[SEE PAGE 714.]

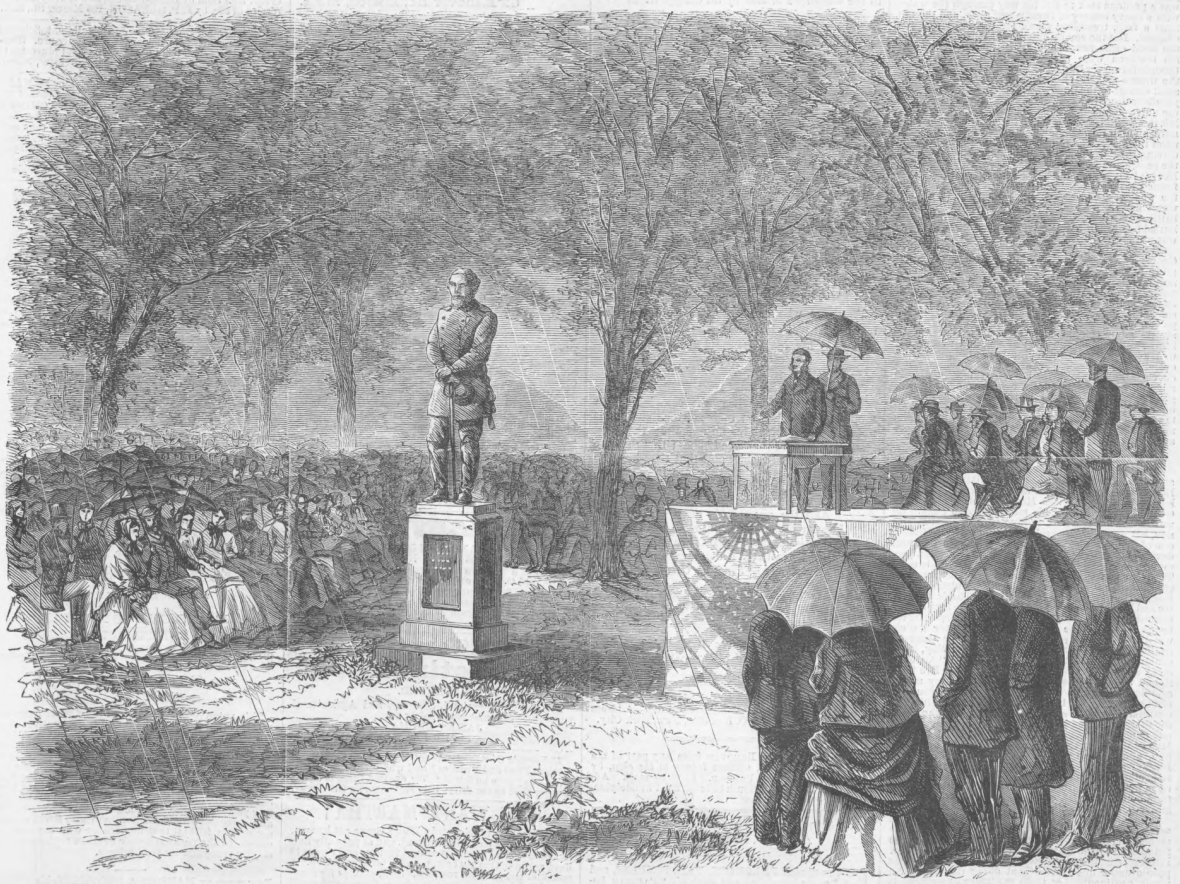
Under this October sky, among these historic hills, with this historic river flowing at our feet; here upon ground that WASHINGTON trod, and which knew the darkest tragedy of the Revolution; beneath that flag—the bright morning-star of hope to the nations—the flag that now floats unchallenged from this central post to the remotest frontier; surrounded by fields golden with immeasurable harvests, by homes of happiness and peace, by hearts of fidelity to country and to man, we come to honor the memory of the brave and modest soldier who died to give to our homes that peace, to confirm in our hearts that fidelity, to keep those fields prosperous and secure; your father, men of the Sixth Corps, our soldier, fellow-citizens, the silent, affectionate, heroic leader, whom the eye desiring sees not, whom the ear attentive hears not; "whose part in all the pomp that fills the circuit of the autumn hills is that his grave is green." "Death hath this also," says BACON, "that it openeth the gate to good fame." But good fame in turn conquers death. He is not dead, although we no more see him. Behold how vast and various is his life! In this fair and noble statue he lives again. On the most heroic page of history he breathes and moves. In your hearts he is immortal. In the deeper splendor of the flag he bore, in the supremacy of the Union he maintained, in the equal liberty in that Union which he secured, in the larger power and increasing justice of the regenerated country that he served, JOHN SEDGWICK lives now, and shall live forever. Natural and noble and beautiful is the instinct that inspires our hands to build monuments to the illustrious dead. We carve their names upon memorial stone, exquisitely the sculptor moulds their forms in bronze or marble; but they carve their own names upon history, they impress civilization with their likeness; and whiter than marble, more lasting than bronze, is the monument which their influence builds in the purer purpose and nobler life of a nation. The American Union is a great monument of WASHINGTON and the men of the Revolution—the American Union, as the security of equal rights, is the monument of SEDGWICK and of 300,000 of our brothers who rest with him.

* * * * * *

In Europe, three centuries ago, the cause of the people took form as the Protestant Reform, and transferred to the battle-field was the thirty-years' war. In England—drawn to a finer point in the sermons of stern preachers, in the debates in Parliament, in the loud snarl of pamphlets—it was known as Puritanism. But at length it was preaching and debating no longer. At Edgehill JOHN PYM's speeches had become pikes, and CHARLES's falsehoods swords. The Cavalier fought for privilege—the Puritan for the people. The struggle was fierce and long, and when the smoke of battle rolled away, Puritanism remained bivouacked upon the field. But its complete victory was reserved for another century and another continent. The old Puritanism was doubtless gloomy and severe—the tree that bore the rosy and delicate fruit of American liberty was knotted and gnarled. But while the Cavalier, the Tory, and the Aristocrat, here as everywhere, have always derided Puritanism, remember that the greatest of all English rulers was a Puritan—the greatest of all England's poets but one was a Puritan. The Puritan policy abroad swept the Mediterranean of pirates, and protected the Protestants of France and Savoy. The Puritan policy at home defended civil and religious liberty against despotism, mitred as a bishop and crowned as a king. Crossing the sea it planted the snows and rocks of New England with the seed of popular liberty and equal rights. The harvest is as vigorous as the soil, for freedom is a rude plant and loves the cooler latitudes. In the auspicious air of a new continent the Puritan spirit became modified, mellowed, and enlarged. Out of strength came forth sweetness. Government by churchmembers became government by the people. JOHN PYM became JAMES OTIS. The larger and generous Puritanism of America inspired the Revolution. They were Puritan guns whose echo is endless upon Bunker Hill. It was the Puritan spirit that spoke in the Declaration of Independence. It was the Puritan will that shook the glittering hand of the Cavalier Burgoyne from the Hudson. It was to the Puritan idea that CORNWALLIS surrendered at Yorktown, and eighty-three years later it was the Cavalier who again surrendered to the Puritan under the Appomattox apple-tree. Those stern, sad men, in peaked hats, who prayed in camp, and despised love-locks, and at whom quibblers in politics laugh and swear to-day, were the indomitable vanguard of moral and political freedom. If they snuffled in prayer they smote in fight—if they sang through their noses, the hymn they chanted was liberty.—if they aimed at a divine monarchy, they have founded the freest, the most enlightened, the most prosperous, the most powerful Republic in history.

As we look back to-day upon that tremendous conflict, we see emerging from the bitter smoke the grim champion of the people, OLIVER CROMWELL, and by his side there rides a sturdy Puritan, Major-General ROBERT SEDGWICK. When CROMWELL became Protector he sent his General as a commissioner to Jamaica, and when the King returned the Puritan decided to remain in America. "Even in our ashes live their wonted fires." And more than a century after Naseby and Worcester, a descendant of ROBERT SEDGWICK, a major in the Revolutionary Army, defended the good old cause at Valley Forge. At the end of the war he was made a Major-General of militia, and his house, which the Connecticut Tories had burned while he was away, was rebuilt for him by his townsmen. It was in the little town of Cornwall, in the pleasant Valley of the Housatonic, in the northwest part of Connecticut, the State of PUTNAM and of WOOSTER; and there his grandson, our General JOHN, was born, on the 13th of September, 1813. He is remembered as a quiet farmer's boy, going to the common-school, and working in the peaceful fields of Cornwall Hollow. A generous, manly lad—a natural leader among his companions. But the spirit of the Ironsides trooper and of the Continental volunteer was in his blood, and as a little boy he called himself "General JOHN SEDGWICK." Thus a soldier, born of soldiers, on the 1st July, 1833, when he was twenty years old, he came here to the Military Academy, where, three years later, he was graduated, and was promoted Second Lieutenant of the Second Artillery. He served immediately in the Florida War against the Indians, a little later upon the northern frontier during the Canadian border troubles, and was engaged in recruiting at various stations.

In your name, gentlemen, and in your presence—here, in the school in which our officers are trained, I deny that to become a soldier is to cease to be a citizen and a man. I deny that a soldier is a moral hermaphrodite for whom right and wrong do not exist. I deny that in a noble breast, whether in or out of uniform, the sense of loyalty to a flag will be deeper and stronger than that of loyalty to conscience and to manhood. And if our own Heaven-born stars and stripes should ever become the black flag of infamy and injustice, it is an insult to you as to your fellow-citizens, to suppose that you or they would imagine it to be an honorable duty to bear it. We are citizens of the world before we are citizens of a country; we are men before we are Americans, *ubi libertas ibi patria*, and our duty as Americans is to make America the home of noble men, and that flag the flag of lib-



UNVEILING OF THE STATUE ERECTED IN HONOR OF MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN SEDGWICK AT WEST POINT, NEW YORK, OCTOBER 21, 1868.

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erty for mankind. In our late war it was not the resignation of their commissions by those who felt, however mistaken in our judgment, that they could not honestly fight under the flag which cast so deep an odium upon them. It was not the conscience, it was the want of conscience. It was not the honest conviction, it was the treachery that was so despicable. If BENEDICT ARNOLD, whose name is forever tragically associated with this spot, had honestly resigned his commission, the consequences might for a time have been deplorable; but his name would not be infamous. It was the treachery that dooms him to eternal execration. It was not that TWIGGS wished to leave the army, it was his base surrender of men and material that blackens his name. It was not the resignation of LEE that forever marks him, it was his following the flag of a cause which he confessed he saw no reason for enrolling. The condemnation of all West Pointers who resigned was not of the soldiers, but of the men. It was that they obeyed the authority of States, which they said they held to be paramount, when that authority ordered them to raise the flag of injustice and inhumanity. If it be said that a soldier must obey commands, whatever they may be, I reply that NO honorable man will remain for a moment in a position which demands dishonor. If KING HEROD order his officer to slay all infants under two years of age, he will refuse longer to be an officer of HEROD'S, and if every officer did so, HEROD'S murders would be left undone. "I have ever had in my mind," says ALGERNON SIDNEY, "that when God should cast me into such a condition as that I can not save my life but by doing an indecent thing, He shows me the time has come when I should resign it," and when that time came he did resign it. He did not say that my King orders it, my State commands it; he said, my conscience forbids it, and he died.

It is not possible, and you will not expect, that I should trace our soldier step by step in his career. Before the late war his service was that of all the officers of his time, and he rose, by brave and brilliant conduct in the field and faithful duty out of it, until the spring of 1861, which found him Major of the First Cavalry, and engaged in the building of Fort Wise, near Pike's Peak, in Colorado. From this remote retirement the shot at Sumter brought him into the constant and conspicuous service in which the brief remainder of his life was passed. In March, 1861, he was Lieutenant-Colonel of the Second Cavalry; in April, Colonel of the First; in August he was appointed, in the place of ROBERT E. LEE, Colonel of the Fourth Cavalry, and in the same month Brigadier-General of Volunteers, serving in the defenses of Washington and along the Potomac in Maryland. When the Virginia Peninsular campaign opened JOHN SEDGWICK was a Division Commander, and his story to his death is that of the Army of the Potomac.

See how the story opened, for it ended as it began. After the battle of Williamsburg the first considerable action was that of Fair Oaks and Seven Pines. The mass of the Union army lay upon the eastern side of the Chickahominy, and two corps, counting about 30,000 men, were upon the other shore. A furious storm in the night promised to swell the river to an impassable flood, and in the morning the whole rebel force bore down upon the Union lines, to annihilate one wing of the army in full sound and sight of their brothers, hopelessly separated from them. All the morning the battle hotly raged; the Union troops were slowly, slowly driven back. By noon the river began to rise. General SUMNER, who was upon the eastern shore, and in whose corps General SEDGWICK commanded a division, was ordered to cross, and he sent word to SEDGWICK, the "always ready," as General SCOTT used to call him, to advance; but as SEDGWICK came toward the bridge he saw that the river had become a sea, sweeping fiercely by. Far out in the midst of the waves a plank, apparently anchored, showed the channel; beyond the further end of the plank the water stretched for a quarter of a mile. It was a perilous task to feel his way through the water with a heavy battery of twenty-four guns, and then to trust a frail, trembling plank for the passage of the channel. But the smoke and roar of the battle beyond the flood came nearer and nearer, and he knew that his brethren were sorely pressed. After a calm, thoughtful survey he gave the word "Forward." Into the waters moved the steady line; the gun-carriages sunk almost to the guns—floundered, staggered; but, painfully dragging on, soldiers and batteries crossed the quivering bridge, which was whirled away as they left it. Toiling again through the swift water and the mire, an hour and a half before sunset SEDGWICK came upon the field. The rebels, flushed with success, were driving their victorious columns as a wedge between the centre and the right of our wavering forces; but, like his ironside ancestor, SEDGWICK swiftly advanced, formed his line, opened his batteries, and shattered the wedge. The wasted foe recoiled before his tremendous fire, his whole division in blazing line of battle moved steadily on, seized the stricken enemy, hurled him into the woods, and the battle of Fair Oaks was won.

On the 4th of July, 1862, SEDGWICK was made Major-General of Volunteers. In all that great army, struggling in the slimy toils of the Peninsula, there was no officer more trusted and beloved than this most unobtrusive man, this almost ideal American soldier. In person not tall, with dark hair, dark, still, almost solemn eyes, with the tranquil aspect of reserved power, who did not talk much or loudly, but who was always gayly chaffing his associates, who was smilingly suspicious of newspaper fame, and never went to Washington; a man of iron will, promptly obedient, and therefore requiring exact obedience. In council clear and swift, in action every faculty nimbly alive, his powers intensely concentrated, his soul glowing with eager purpose, as at a white heat, but not mastered either by victory or defeat. He had all the cardinal soldierly qualities, the positive masculine manly traits, but with them that deathless tenderness and sweet humor that complete the finest natures.

* * * * * * *

Emerging from the Wilderness on the 9th of May, the army was concentrated around Spottsylvania Court House, General SEDGWICK and his corps holding the left of the line. It was Monday morning, and the General was watching his men place the guns. He was sitting under a tree, talking with General M'MAHON, his Adjutant-General and warm personal friend, one of the young heroes whom the war discovered and developed, and whose brilliant service and rapid promotion showed how wisely SEDGWICK chose his men. The General was speaking proudly and tenderly of his staff and his corps, when observing some mistake in the work of the men, he said, abruptly, "That's wrong." He and his Adjutant arose together, and as they moved toward the working parties the rebel sharp-shooters began to fire. The soldiers dodged as the bullets whistled. "Come, come, men," said the General, smiling, "dodging for single bullets! Why, they couldn't hit an elephant at this distance." "Ah, General," said one of the men behind a tree, "I've tried it, and believe in dodging." "Very well, my man," said SEDGWICK, "go to your place, but I tell you they can't hit an elephant here." He turned, still smiling, to continue the conversation with his Adjutant, who heard the sharp, low, singing sound of a bullet, ending dully, and SEDGWICK sank slowly to the ground. His friend, M'MAHON, vainly tried to support him. He bent over him, and spoke to him with passionate eagerness. But SEDGWICK did not answer. His eyes were closed. His hands were clasped. His quiet smile lingered upon his face. A little blood trickled down the cheek from beneath the left eye. His heart beat gently for a moment, and was still.

SEDGWICK died, but the victory was won. What was the victory? It was twofold. First, it was the revelation of an overpowering national instinct as the foundation of the Union. It dissipated old theories. It interpreted the Constitution. Plant a homogeneous people under one Government along the coast of a virgin continent. Let them gradually overspread it to the farther sea—speaking the same language, virtually of the same religious faith, intermarrying and cherishing common heroic traditions. Suppose them sweeping from end to end of their vast domain without passports, the physical perils of their increasing extent constantly modified by science. Steam and the telegraph making Maine and Oregon neighbors, their trade enormous, their prosperity a miracle, their Commonwealth of unsurpassed power and importance in the world, and you may theorize of divided sovereignty as you will, but you have supposed an imperial nation, which may indeed be a power of evil as well as of good, but which, until it is fatally demoralized, can no more recede into its original elements and local sources than this abounding river, pouring broad and resistless into the sea, can turn backward to the petty forest springs and rills whence it flows. "No, no," murmurs the exultant river, "when you can take the blue out of the sky; when you can steal heat from fire; when you can strip splendor from the morning, then, and not before, may you reclaim your separate drops in me." "Yes, yes, my river," answers the Union; "you speak for me. I am no more a child, but a man; no longer a confederacy, but a nation. The States are the members; I am the body. I am no more Virginia, New York, Carolina, or Massachusetts. I am the United States of America, one and indivisible!" Amen! roar Gettysburg and Vicksburg and Port Royal. Amen! thunders the *Kearsarge* as she sinks the *Alabama*. Amen! sings SHERMAN as he marches to the sea. Amen! says SEDGWICK as he sinks dead at Spottsylvania.

But the victory was more than that. A great nation may be a great curse to humanity. An imperial flag may be a black flag of injustice. It is not great power, it is the great use of power that is admirable. The true triumph of the war is, not that the Union shall henceforth be an undivided Power merely, but that it shall be an undivided Power of Justice and Equal Rights. From the first, two principles have struggled for its control: and the evil principle, finding that, by all the laws of Heaven and of human prosperity, it was failing, sought to ruin what it could not rule. Baffled in its bloody effort, let us now take care—with malice toward none, with charity for all—that it be baffled forever. But this can be done only by constant activity. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, because its foe is as crafty as it is cruel. If it is beaten in one form it will try another. The magician who was a tiger yesterday will be a fox to-day. SEDGWICK died to preserve the integrity of the Union. We live that we may preserve its justice. From the three hundred thousand who see not this peaceful autumn sun, from field and river, from mount and sea, from the blood in the streets of Baltimore, from the torture and despair of Andersonville, from Fort Wagner and Fort Pillow, and Spottsylvania, from all your heroic fields, men of the Sixth Corps, and from your brothers who are buried there, comes the glorious cry, "We conquered under the flag of the Union, the flag that promised liberty. We won our victory and died. See that you die rather than surrender it."

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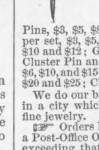
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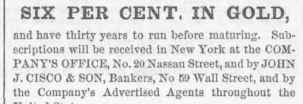

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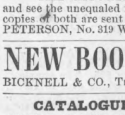

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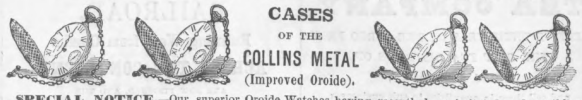

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THE POET'S WIFE.

YES, John, I'm prosaic and stupid:
My beauty is gone and my grace.
Don't deny that you secretly think so,
I discover it in your face.
You wonder, perhaps, what has changed me:
Shall I tell? I'm by no means afraid
To treat vital subjects with candor,
And to call, John, a spade a spade.

You are wearied already. Confess it.
Do you fancy that face to be
A flesh-and-blood hieroglyphic
With an uninvented key?
Do think its least shade of expression
My eyes can not read when they choose?
You are burning now to ignore **me**, John,
For a *tête-à-tête* with the muse.

Of late can I ever address you,
Though I borrow the voice of a dove,
Without the distracting reception—
"Did you happen to speak, my love?"
And your answer means always the same, John,
While you hurry it absently through:
"I must catch the next boat for Dreamland;
It will start in a moment or two."

"Mistaken?" You *know* that I utter
The truth. "Will I kiss and be friends?"
Not at all: don't imagine one smile, John,
Sufficient to make *me* amends.
You consider these charges mere trifles,
Just deserving a smile and no more:
Which is worse than to fly in a passion and swear,
Like the pale lady's husband next door.

Leave hold of my hand. I'm *not* crying;
And if even I were, John, what then?
Would my tears not prove you had acted
Like the cruelest-hearted of men?
"Forgive you this once?" Will you promise
Hereafter, John, not to lose
All regard for your wife's existence
In those *tête-à-têtes* with the muse?

Now and then, John, my thoughts glide backward,
As sad thoughts will often glide,
To the first rosy days of our marriage,
While yet we were bridegroom and bride;
When I fancied each poem you read me
Was a new-written passport to Fame,
Where lived not a critic so churlish
But would *visor* it when you came.

How I laureled you then in my dreams, John,
And hewed you a niche far above
The greatest of all the world's great ones
With my magic chisel of love!
How proudly I heard while you spoke, too,
Of the epic that was to be,
The marvelous embryo epic, John,
With its heroine copied from me!

So faultlessly each with the other
Our moods like our lives, then, were wed,
That they rhymed as two melodic verses
Of one golden couplet, *you* said;
And it seemed, when I thought of the future,
As if by the same pleasant way
We should walk arm and arm into glory
And be famous together some day.

For the loss of those honey-moon moments
It may be *I* am half to blame—
Have perhaps in the mother forgotten
The Bride, since our little ones came:
Yet believe me this new love but strengthens
Wifely faith to the old marriage-vows,
Though poetry never nursed babies, John,
And sentiment can not keep house.

And if only you promise—embrace me
When you have promised, John, not now
That the Poet shall deign in the future
The Husband's just rights to allow,
Who knows but our present may blossom
With our halcyon past's lovely hues,
And the *tête-à-tête* with your wife, John,
Be happy as those with your muse?

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1868.

GENERAL GRANT AND PEACE.

SOME of the papers have been speculating upon the probable consequences of General GRANT's election upon the Republican party. They are of opinion that in the event of his election he will soon be as soundly denounced as he is now warmly extolled, and that he will presently be as inextricably involved with Congress as President JOHNSON has been during his term. This seems to be a resolute borrowing of trouble, which is as amusing as it is unnecessary. We may all be sure that if General GRANT takes the Presidential oath he will make good his aspiration, and that of every loyal man, that there shall be peace. He will keep the peace every where, not by putting one class of the population under the heel of another, but by protecting the rights of every citizen; the right to speak, work, and vote freely under the law and according to the intention of the law.

There has been a great deal said about the folly of the radical system of reconstruction, as if it were a wholly theoretical and visionary policy. The truth is, that it is the result of experience. It was found that the laboring population of the late rebel States, who had been always loyal, but who had been freed by the war, could not safely be intrusted to the rest of the population. As the protection of their rights they received the ballot. Nobody supposed, we presume, that with the old voting population hostile to them, and with a great party in the North hating them, and themselves poor, friendless, and unused to any condition but abject servitude, they would at once secure peace by having the ballot. Peace could come only when the hostile class perceived that the will of the nation to secure fair play to the new voters lay behind the ballot. When that was distinctly perceived, it was tolerably clear that the hostile class, instead of trying to steal the vote, would turn to cajoling the voter.

And that is what we shall see. When the old planting interest at the South is assured that the ballot will stick to the hands of the colored citizen, and that it will be protected by those who placed it there until it is respected, that interest will respect it. If General GRANT should take the Presidential oath that ballot will be respected. He is not an unknown man, and it is not necessary for him to talk for the country to understand that he will keep the peace in a very sensible and practical manner. He has never yet failed to respond to the ripe expectation of the country any more than Mr. LINCOLN did. His character is his true platform, just as ANDREW JOHNSON's was. If he had written ardent letters and made long speeches we should not be surer than we now are that General GRANT as President would keep the peace, as it has never yet been kept in this country, by fair play. When the United States touched the slaves and made them free men, it took the responsibility of befriending them until their condition as freemen was fully and honorably acknowledged by their late masters. This is the Republican policy of Reconstruction, and this is the policy which General GRANT's character as well as his letter accepts.

POISON IN THE FOUNTAIN.

THE attack upon CHRISTOPHER PULLMAN is the sign of a spirit which threatens every citizen who does his duty. Every Democrat especially, if he be an honest and thoughtful man, will ask himself why it is that such murderous assaults as that upon Mr. PULLMAN and the crimes of the Ku-Klux Klan in the Southern States are always the work of those who call themselves Democrats and sustain the Democratic party. That the troubles, the assassinations, the anarchy in the Southern States are to be justly charged to the Republican party or its teachings can not be truthfully asserted. It is true that men like HUNNICUTT have been extravagant in speech, but their extravagance proceeded from the conduct of those opposed to them. The Ku-Klux Klan of to-day is the Vigilance Committee of the old days of slavery. Those committees harried and hung men merely because they opposed slavery, and the Ku-Klux Klan assassinates peaceable citizens to-day because they exercise the right of every American to think and speak and act freely so long as he does not infringe the equal rights of others.

Indeed that the crimes in the Southern States are not the work of those who sympathize with the Republicans is evident from the appeal of WADE HAMPTON to his political friends to refrain from such excesses. But he is himself a ringleader in the disorders, for when he declared that the freedmen should be starved if they would not vote the Democratic ticket he fostered the spirit of brutal violence which makes popular government impossible. If the leaders of the Democratic party openly counsel the coercion of voters by starvation, it is not surprising that their followers obey instructions by murdering their opponents. And this is a spirit and a method which will necessarily destroy the Government: for they will attack and disperse the meetings and despise all other rights of political opponents just as readily as they will assault a single man. For this kind of violence the Democratic party is responsible, because it all springs from the character and necessities of slavery, which that party so long and so carefully fostered. Slavery was a huge system of brute force, and the party which so zealously cherished it of necessity relied not upon reason but upon gross and passionate appeals.

Now, will any candid Democrat reflect upon the case of Mr. PULLMAN? He is a conspicuous citizen, who had done nothing but endeavor, in a perfectly legal and peaceful and honorable way, to defend the ballot-box against frauds. It was not for his own selfish interest that he did it—it was in the interest of all honest men and of honest government; and for doing this Mr. PULLMAN was attacked in the street by ruffians and left for dead. Any honest Democrat will agree that the whole community is indebted to Mr. PULLMAN for the service in which he was engaged; and we put it to the conscience of such a Democrat whether he believes that if he or any noted member of his party had been trying to defend the ballot-box against fraud he would have been waylaid and murdered by four Republican ruffians? We put it to his honor whether the principles and policy advocated by the Republican party naturally and logically lead to such outrages?

No republic, no popular government, can stand against fraud and violence. When the stuffing of the ballot-boxes, and repeating, and colonizing, and naturalization frauds are so open and flagrant that the people do not believe that the majority of the ballots represents the will of the actual majority of the voters they will lose all faith in the decisions of the ballot-box, and the way will lie open to a forcible overthrow of the Government. Any man of sense would prefer to intrust his rights and liberties to a dictator rather than to a mob; and the party which countenances fraud at the polls assassinates popular government.

Now that the heat and fury of the election are passed, all good citizens of every party can see the gravity of the peril. The assault upon Mr. PULLMAN for such a cause is the Ku-Klux Klan in New York. Do the intelligent members of the Democratic party seriously wish that the Ku-Klux Klan should control our politics? Are such men willing to encourage a party to which violence and crime naturally attach themselves? If they can show us that disorder logically springs from the principles of the Republican party, that it appeals of necessity to the bad passions and consequent violence of men, that it is most popular in the most ignorant communities, and that intelligent and orderly citizens are generally opposed to it, we should feel constrained to believe that there was something fatal to the public welfare in that party. A candid man will agree that if a party is not willing to take a position which may alienate the worst of its supporters, it consents to receive its policy from ignorance and lawlessness. Such a party is unworthy the sympathy of any honorable citizen.

THE FUTURE OF OUR DEBT, TRADE, AND COMMERCE.

No circumstance could show the beneficial effect which the recent election has conferred upon the Northern and Western portion of the Union—to be soon shared, we doubt not, by our misguided Southern brethren—than the instinctive impulse which leads to the consideration of those subjects which advance the wealth and productive powers of the community. The control of our vast industries is not to be given to those whose election would be a severe shock to every substantial interest, but to those who, having sustained the general welfare through the period of its greatest peril, may be relied upon in the four years to come after the inauguration in March, and the many years to follow of the same character—for this may be expected of the wisdom, prudence, integrity, and patriotism of the new Administration—to establish our institutions on solid foundations.

The point above all others which is material in securing advancement is that of the honorable treatment of the debt with the burden of which we emerged from the war. The people have scorned not only that form of repudiation which looked to the issue of more paper-money—not much is required, said Mr. PENDLETON—in order to pay off the Five-Twenties, but also that other form of it, which, by tacking on the Confederate debt, would make payment impossible.

In the progress of our country there will always exist a direct connection between integrity in this and in all other transactions of the people. If we deviate into injustice, such also will be the general tone of society. If the public honor is not maintained, to maintain it in our private relations would not be possible. To pay the interest now and the principal hereafter in the money recognized by the commercial world, and to impress this upon all communities as the irrevocable determination of the American people, is the great duty of our country. The elections of October have given this direction to affairs. The train will be started on the 4th of March on that track. It leads to individual safety and success, and to public honor. Thanks be that this great victory is now so certain of accomplishment.

What a shame if any other decision had been reached! The debt of Great Britain, larger than ours, has been borne by a population of about thirty-two millions, occupying—taking into view the entire limits of the kingdom—only about 122,000 square miles. It has been borne without murmuring, and notwithstanding that, after the enormous expenditure and the excessive inflation of the war, she had to undergo the severe experience of recalling the redundant issues of paper, in which not only that debt, but extensive private debts, had been incurred. By the recall of the lower denomination of notes, and thus forcing the community to use gold and silver in their ordinary transactions—spreading it in every nook and corner of the kingdom—specie payments were established, and the whole public debt was raised to a specie value. She can now compete in her manifold industries with nearly every nation. This would have been impossible if her paper issues, made necessary in 1797, and continued for nearly twenty-five years, had not been recalled to the extent required to secure a wide distribution over the kingdom of the precious metals. This constitutes the safest depository of it which human wisdom can devise. It may then be called upon and obtained in great emergencies for purposes of Government, without the necessity of relying on foreign loans. The remarkable feature lately developed by Prussia in her war with Austria, of conducting war on a scale of importance without loans, is due to the wise system of legislation which retains the precious metals within the limits of that kingdom by preventing the large circulation of paper promises. Prussia had set apart a portion of what she received from taxation to constitute a fund for extraordinary purposes.

What this country requires to enable it to compete with the industry of other Powers is to get on the basis of specie. It is the opposite of the policy pursued from dire necessity during the war. In a return to this basis it is clear that suffering will be endured. It will affect all debtors; it will enhance the value of the public debt. But we must choose between ability to compete with other nations as carriers on the sea and as sellers in the markets of the world, and further and constant exclusion from those opportunities. Foreign bottoms bring foreign manufactures to us and carry away the productions which we export. Although we are the growers of cotton, what we export manufactured is too trifling to be named in comparison with what England manufactures and distributes without producing any of the raw material. Pride, love of country, success, all require that our industry shall be placed on better grounds. The great problem to be tried is this: whether our people, containing as they do a greater proportion of debtors than of creditors, can be firm while the process is going forward, which may condemn them to live on abstinence while changing from their present condition into one of the unequaled strength which our natural advantages allow. Now, when gold is at 133 (it touched this rate on the 2d inst.), we can not for the moment with advantage export any of our agricultural productions, although we have much to sell, and a foreign demand will be inevitable. They have cost so much in our redundant currency that gold is the cheaper commodity, and, if it remain at that rate, will itself be sent abroad. The market value of it here is due to speculation for a fall, and somewhat to the desire to absorb what the Government announced that it would sell to the highest offerer by proposal for ten consecutive days, that is to say three hundred thousand dollars per day. The experiment was resorted to by the Treasury in advance of what would have been ordered by Congress—its sale in some public manner. But it is clear that the experiment has enabled speculators to control the market and to adjust the price of gold temporarily below the range, which, on a wide view of our financial condition, was deemed appropriate at Washington. We have good reason for saying that the rate of premium for gold which the Treasury supposed ought to be maintained was between 140 and 145. At all events, looking to the market-price of commodities in the United States, and to the present amount of our paper currency, it would seem to be impossible to prevent its rising at least to the lower of those rates, and remaining there or above until some clear policy on the part of the national legislation shall be developed. The complexion of the Senate makes any expansion of the currency impossible. Prudence requires that no sudden and severe blow be inflicted on the powerful debtor interest. It may be that a "masterly inactivity" is at present the true policy. Measures of reform must be accompanied, if not preceded, by the education of the people up to the point when they will understand the bad influences of a paper system upon the prosperity of all except those who by means of it transfer to themselves much of the wealth which is annually created. They will then prepare for a change.

When we compare our great extent of country, comprising all that is most valuable of North America, with Great Britain, and consider the stream of immigration which is directed to our land, forming a volume sufficient, with our natural increase, to create annually a new State, the fear ought not to be encouraged or indulged that our debt will be a burden too great to be borne by the millions (almost countless they will be) who will share ultimately in the industry upon which its payment is to be charged. The debt must and will be paid to the uttermost farthing. It will compact us into one people to regard this obligation as the highest and most sacred embodiment of the national good faith.

The time will unquestionably arrive—it has been retarded by the war—when by means of the great natural advantages of this country—its coal, its rich lands, its water-power, its immense rivers, its proximity on one side to the East Indies and on the other to Europe, and its close connection with South America, she will become unrivaled. The command of commerce will be transferred from London to us. But this great event, long foreseen, must be preceded by the most unqualified recognition of the debt as it is understood by commercial nations, and preceded also by a reform in our currency, so that we may stand on a common platform with others. Until we do this our industry will be commanded by those who have the inestimable advantage of a sound currency. The highest effort of statesmanship will be required to relieve our country from present embarrassments, and conduct it to our appropriate place among the nations.

MR. SEWARD'S SPEECH.

EIGHT years ago Mr. SEWARD made a remarkable series of speeches at the West in favor of the election of Mr. LINCOLN. He even crossed the line of the Slave States while slavery was still supreme, and planted the standard of liberty and proclaimed equal rights at St. Joseph in Missouri. He was the acknowledged leader of his party. His speeches for many years had more truly depicted the real political condition of the country than those of any conspicuous public man. He had calmly stated the fact of the irrepressible conflict, and his words were an inspiration to many of the most

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faithful and earnest of Americans. His simple declaration of the obvious truth of the irrepressible conflict was denounced as "a bloody and brutal manifesto" by those who were plotting the destruction of the Union even at the cost of civil war. The habit of Mr. SEWARD's mind prevented him from seeing that in the nature of things, since the conflict existed, it could be decided only by war. He believed it could be determined by peaceful and lawful means. In other words, he supposed that an aristocracy would surrender its power without resistance. Mr. SEWARD was a thoughtful student of history, but its most significant lesson for an American statesman of his time had escaped him.

Eight years have passed, and Mr. SEWARD made a speech at his home just before the late election. It is remarkable that during these years his opinions had ceased to awaken any interest but that of curiosity, and could be considered of no influence whatever upon the pending election. Indeed, upon the morning that he left Washington for Auburn, one paper said that he was going home to vote for Mr. SEYMOUR, and another that he would vote for General GRANT. His preference was not known, and nobody cared to know it. The speech that he delivered is, however, painfully interesting to those who gratefully remember Mr. SEWARD's great service to the country. It is an *apologia pro vita mia* of the later days. It recounts his career by implication. It states his view of the great public measures since the war. It accuses the Republican party of high crimes against liberty, but adds that its patriotism and sincere love of liberty are unquestionable. It declares that the reconstruction policy however unwise must be accepted; and that the Democratic party ought not now to be suffered to return to power because it does not show that it has fully accepted the indissolubility of the Union and emancipation.

This is all calmly stated, and with that peculiar charm of style which has always distinguished Mr. SEWARD's best speeches. There is no indication of intellectual decline, and there is a tone of fine pride in his reference to his own past acts. But in the most important part of the speech—that which describes the process of Reconstruction, and which is an arraignment of Congress, Mr. SEWARD remarkably omits to state the whole case. He says that the people of the late rebel States were invited to establish the necessary State governments upon the basis of loyalty and fidelity, of which proper practical tests were provided, namely, acceptance of emancipation; the repudiation of the rebel debt; the abrogation of rebel laws; and the acceptance of the iron-clad oath. He adds that the President did not make those governments; that he merely "suggested;" and that the popular action was spontaneous. This is certainly not an accurate statement. Was the President's North Carolina proclamation a mere suggestion? Did he not expressly disfranchise at his pleasure fourteen classes of persons who had formerly voted? Did not those who voted derive all their authority to vote from him? It was not a spontaneous action of the former voters of the States; still less was it an act of the people, for in the mean while the slaves had become freedmen, and could not be omitted in any fair use of the word people.

But were the practical tests satisfied? Does Mr. SEWARD sincerely think that the manner in which emancipation was acknowledged was satisfactory? Does he think that the Black Codes prove the loyal acceptance of the conditions? If he does, he permits himself to be deceived, as he was when he supposed the slaveholders would not attempt the forcible overthrow of the Government; and he shows again that for him history tells the story of an aristocracy in vain. Mr. SEWARD forgets to state that Congress did not instantly interfere, but waited to see whether the rebel States fairly satisfied the tests; although he acknowledges that it was the duty of the Government, not of the President, to initiate the work, and can not, therefore, deny that Congress might justly have protested at once against such an assumption of power. Mr. SEWARD says that the constitutions adopted were the best attainable at the time, and should have been left to the future and to growing intelligence and virtue. In other words, he says that the freedmen should have been left wholly to the mercy of masters who began by framing Black Codes. It is an inconceivable folly.

Mr. SEWARD says further, that if the patriotic efforts of Democratic leaders to elevate their party to the plane of a true loyalty had succeeded, all the sins of the party would have dropped like Christian's pack; and he would have willingly seen it supplant in power the party that has saved the Union and emancipated the slave, and whose cause from the beginning has been the cause of human nature itself. In Mr. SEWARD's opinion the party of all the disaffected would have been a truer Union party; the party of all the haters of the negro would have been a better liberty party; the party of the ignorant and lawless would have been a safer Conservative party; if it had only been a little more cunning. The one virtue of the action of that party last summer was that its platform was a declaration of its real faith, and its candidates were proper representatives of its real purpose. It is pleasant to have at the close of a canvass so intensely exciting the complete justification of the policy of Congress which Mr. SEWARD unconsciously makes in arraigning it. If this is the argument of the Cabinet, its case is more utterly without reason than had been imagined.

Mr. SEWARD ends his speech by a happy anticipation of his return as a private citizen to his old friends and neighbors, expressed with singular felicity. Indeed it is plain that he justly congratulates himself in the opening of his speech in saying: "I have reason to thank God, indeed, that neither age nor indulgence nor casualty has brought me to great decrepitude, as persons have sometimes imagined."

ENGLAND IN IRELAND.

Now that our election is over we can attend more carefully to that in England. It is there as it was here, an election of peculiar importance, for a great policy depends upon it, a remarkable step in British legislation. There is no greater blunder or crime in the history of England than its government of Ireland. The usual good sense of the race has utterly deserted its councils whenever Ireland was concerned. It has been a sore and a pest for centuries, until the public opinion of England became so morbid that reasonable or even decent conduct became impossible, and its Irish policy has been a policy of hate and exasperation. In this country we have a peculiar interest in the subject, for the vast emigration from Ireland is due to the English policy, and has had an immense influence upon our politics. The enormous number of refugees or emigrants from Ireland who have come to this country have made a class of citizens whose favor has been sought in the most unscrupulous way and for the most disastrous ends. The peril of the influence of so large and so imperfectly instructed a foreign element in our politics has more than once excited a vehement and imposing protest in the form of an "American" party, which, however, could have but a momentary supremacy, because it was essentially un-American in its principle and tendency.

If, however, the British Government should adopt an Irish policy which tended to keep the people of that island at home—if the system of laws were so adjusted that the chances of a poor man were as fair there as here, the emigration would naturally decline. We could then more readily and with less danger assimilate the large foreign element of our population, and our expansion in that manner would be natural and not abnormal as it now is. It is, therefore, not surprising that the organs of what is called the Democracy in this country favor the Tory rather than the Liberal party in England. Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BRIGHT are not favorites of our Democratic newspapers, because those gentlemen represent a policy which would tend to make Ireland contented, and consequently to diminish the emigration upon which the Democratic party in this country so confidently depends. The Fenians are also understood to prefer Mr. DISRAELI, the Tory Prime Minister, to Mr. GLADSTONE, who wishes to do justice to Ireland, and the preference of the Fenians is supposed to rest upon the feeling that any policy which tends to satisfy Ireland will make the Fenian hope of Irish independence of England more visionary than ever. If this be true, it shows only that Fenianism loves Ireland not wisely but too well.

GLADSTONE and BRIGHT represent the return of the English mind to reason in regard to Ireland. The removal of the vast and intolerable injustice of the Established Church in Ireland—an injustice worthy of the Middle Ages—must be followed by a general consideration and correction of all the abuses of the Irish policy. FREDERICK DOUGLASS says, with profound truth, that all that the colored man in this country wants, is to be made fully equal before the law, and then let alone; let alone by friend and foe, let alone by the Government and by the Ku-Klux Klan; but of course not abandoned by the Government to the tormentor; let alone to take their chance under equal laws and with a fair opportunity. This is common-sense, and therefore the highest practical statesmanship. And it is just as true of Ireland as it is of the negro. Make it wholly equal under the law, cease to discriminate against it in any manner, and Ireland will begin to recover from the grievous distemper of centuries of misgovernment and injustice.

This is really the question which is submitted to the English voters at this election. Mr. DISRAELI pleads against it that it is the beginning of an overthrow of the whole British system; and undoubtedly it is so, so far as that system is essentially unjust. But it is a poor argument against the cure of one disease that it will infallibly lead to the cure of others. The British system is already condemned in the British conscience, and its change is inevitable, and is merely a question of time. Mr. DISRAELI is compelled to throw himself upon the old Tory policy and cry that church and state are in danger. But if simple and palpable justice upon one point in Ireland endangers the English church and state, is it not plain that they rest upon injustice? And although Mr. DISRAELI's cry may arouse the ignorant and the dull, it can only inspire the intelligent and courageous to a steady support of the Liberal policy. The attitude of the Tories in England is that of the Democratic party in this country, and hence the sympathy of the Democratic papers here with the English Tories. They both hold tenaciously to an exposed and flagrant injustice. They both insist that injustice and the public welfare are identical. They both claim to be conservative because they resist the most necessary progress and the most obvious improvement. But the English Liberals are very confident, and there is little doubt that we shall soon see Mr. GLADSTONE Prime Minister and the beginning of radical reform in Ireland.

WILL THERE BE A REPUBLIC IN SPAIN?

THE other point of interest in Europe is Spain, and events in that country will now be watched with the utmost curiosity. The romantic popularity of General PRIM, which recalls that of GARIBALDI in Italy, is probably surprising to those to whom the General's name is not familiar. And it is doubtless true that he has not the same kind of hold upon the Spanish heart that GARIBALDI has upon the Italian. PRIM is the leader of the revolutionary party, and has made more than one attempt to overthrow the Government, and has done it, of course, in the name of the people. But he is not one of the European Democracy, and has never yet been saluted as a brother by VICTOR HUGO. We certainly do not say this to disparage him, but to indicate his position. General PRIM is a nobleman and an ambitious soldier, and the recognized chief of an unprecedentedly successful revolution in his country. It is, indeed, one of the most remarkable movements in history, and it leaves this chief temporarily at the head of an ignorant and superstitious nation. The victory has not been won with the cry of a republic, but merely with that of misgovernment by a monarchy. "I am fighting against the Bourbons, not against a monarchy," said General PRIM, upon landing. The question, however, is to be submitted to a vote of the people of the country whether the form of the government, as well as the person of the governor, shall be changed.

It is clear, however, that if the revolution had been directed merely against the person of the monarch, the rights of the reigning house would have been respected and a successor sought in the nearest of kin who was the least obnoxious. But no such step has been taken. The whole system of government was set aside, and the Junta which assumed and exercised power submit the question of the restoration of the system to the popular vote. The result of such an election it is wholly impossible to foretell, but it is very easy to see what must be some of the most powerful influences that will control it. The Spaniards are an ignorant and superstitious people. The power of the priesthood is probably stronger in Spain than in any other country, stronger than in Italy, which, although the seat of the Papacy, has been much more exposed to the influence of modern thought. The vote of the people, therefore, will be very much controlled by the priests, and the Roman Church can not heartily love a republic and republican influences, which tend to absolute liberty of thought and religious independence. The priestly power, therefore, will unquestionably demand a restoration of the monarchy.

The purely aristocratic influence in Spain, also, is very strong, and will be felt in the same direction, and there is no country in which the prospect of a republic would appear to be less promising. It is easy to see, indeed, that there is a very general incredulity upon the subject. A Spanish republic seems to many minds as preposterous as an Irish republic. The country is not ready for it, we are told. The people have not been educated to the proper point. And yet how is a nation ever educated for self-government except by the experiment? Do kings and aristocracies teach the people to dispense with kings and aristocracies? There seem to be two parties arising in Spain, one declaring for a constitutional monarchy and the other for a republic. The chances are certainly in favor of the success of the former. But the feeling for a truly popular government may yet surprise the country, and it is questionable whether Spain is not as ripe for a republic as for a constitutional monarchy.

AMENDING THE NATURALIZATION LAWS.

THE enormous frauds which were undoubtedly practiced at the late election, and at the previous one in October, both in this State and city and elsewhere, is a subject in which every good citizen is profoundly interested. Whatever may be a man's opinion of the relative responsibility of the two parties—whether he thinks that both are equally to blame, that each commands the same number of "miscreants," and is equally willing to cheat at the polls—which we do not believe—yet every honest man of either party will agree that fraud should be prevented by every proper means, and the great source of fraud is the naturalization mill. The thing that should be guarded with the most jealous care in this country is the ballot. Having determined the conditions upon which men shall become voters, it is of supreme importance that those conditions should be observed, or the will of the people will surely be defeated. Fraud at the polls is poison in the very springs of the government.

The Republican party, having the power, is responsible to the country for a correction of some of the flagrant evils resulting from our present system of naturalization. Congress should take up the whole subject and amend the laws in the light of terrible experience. The power of naturalization should be vested by the Government in the national courts only. The spectacle in some of the courts of this State, in the city of New York, is a disgrace to the country. The shamelessness of certain judges stains the bench and the bar. The infamies of the worst days of a sycophantic judiciary are revived in some of those courts, whose judges hold at the pleasure of the most degraded population, and who ceaselessly pander to their master. The absurdity, the tragedy, of elective judges has not yet invaded the national judiciary. A United States judge need not flatter the criminals at his bar in order to secure his re-election to the bench. Such men may therefore be trusted with the processes of naturalization; and nothing but a court of the United States should be authorized to make citizens of the United States.

The details of the laws also require careful examination. Bearing the object of such laws constantly in mind, the regulations should be adjusted to attain the object. They should be considered in the light of actual experience and common-sense, and not merely theoretically. One point which it is plainly necessary to secure is a certain and long period between the naturalization and the right of voting. Let us not consent to be swindled out of our government; and let every body understand that when he comes to settle in America he can have no vote except upon conditions which experience has shown to be necessary to protect the votes of all the people. The process of reconstruction will require only to be carefully watched by Congress and the people that its purpose may not be defeated. But the subject of naturalization may very properly command the earliest and most careful consideration. In adjusting it wisely Congress will defend the country against one of the plainest perils. In avoiding or neglecting it Congress exposes constitutional government to the most dangerous trial, as we show elsewhere.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

BEFORE the publication of this journal the Presidential election will have been decided. There can be scarcely any doubt that those States which in the October elections gave Republican majorities will give as full, and, in some cases, larger majorities on November 8d. New York State seems, as we write, rather doubtful, by reason of the immense number of naturalized voters in this city, most of whom will, of course, vote the Democratic ticket. As to the grand result, however, there can be no doubt.

The recent disturbances in Louisiana indicate the spirit and disposition of the Southern wing of the Democratic party. For several days Seymour and Blair clubs have held the city of New Orleans at their mercy. The houses and stores of Union men have been sacked and robbed; Republican club-rooms have been broken into, and their furniture destroyed; and banners have been paraded in the streets with inscriptions upon them threatening "Death to Grant!" and "Death to Niggers!" The municipal authorities have been set at defiance, and it has been found necessary for Governor Warmoth to appeal to General Rousseau to assist in the preservation of order in the parishes of Jefferson, St. Bernard, and Orleans. The negroes in New Orleans dare not venture upon the streets, and it has been deemed necessary to remove colored policemen from the metropolitan force. All well-known Union men and all negroes in the city are exposed to threats of violence. Many colored men have been murdered by the Democratic "Innocents."

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Spanish Minister to the United States under the new Government will be Señor Mauricio Lopez Roberts, one of the most active of the revolutionists, and a member of the Union-Liberal party. No permanent form of government has as yet been decided upon; that will be left to the Constituent Assembly. On the 18th of October the Junta promulgated its declaration to the effect that a plebiscite (or popular vote), without previous ripe deliberation, would not be an expression of the reasoning will of the nation, and that therefore the important question of the moment must be left to the Constituent Assembly. Most of the revolutionary leaders favor a constitutional monarchy.

Items about Queen Isabella of Spain are flooding the newspapers. She weighs two hundred and twenty-five pounds, unless her recent troubles have caused her to lose flesh. Her two eldest daughters are very handsome girls, but she herself has become very homely, and the contrast between mother and daughters is striking. The Queen's husband is said to be the very embodiment of stupidity. Queen Isabella was expected to arrive in Paris on the 6th inst.

Louis Napoleon, after having tried peace-Congresses in times past without success has gone, it is said, into map-making. He has issued maps to show "that the second empire has strictly regarded its frontiers, as laid down in treaties with neighboring powers." This explanation is thought to cover the Emperor's abandonment of a war policy. It is pleasant to know that the old map-maker is so well satisfied.

Two scientific expeditions to the North Pole are now fitting out in Europe—one at Bremen, under Petermann, and the other at Havre, under Lumbert.

The earthquakings still continue. Other shocks have been experienced at San Francisco; on the 12th and 13th of October a shock was felt in Chili, but no damage was done; and within a few days we have heard of slight shocks in Ireland and England.

The new Queen of Madagascar, although she has not yet espoused Christianity, has abolished idol-worship in that island.

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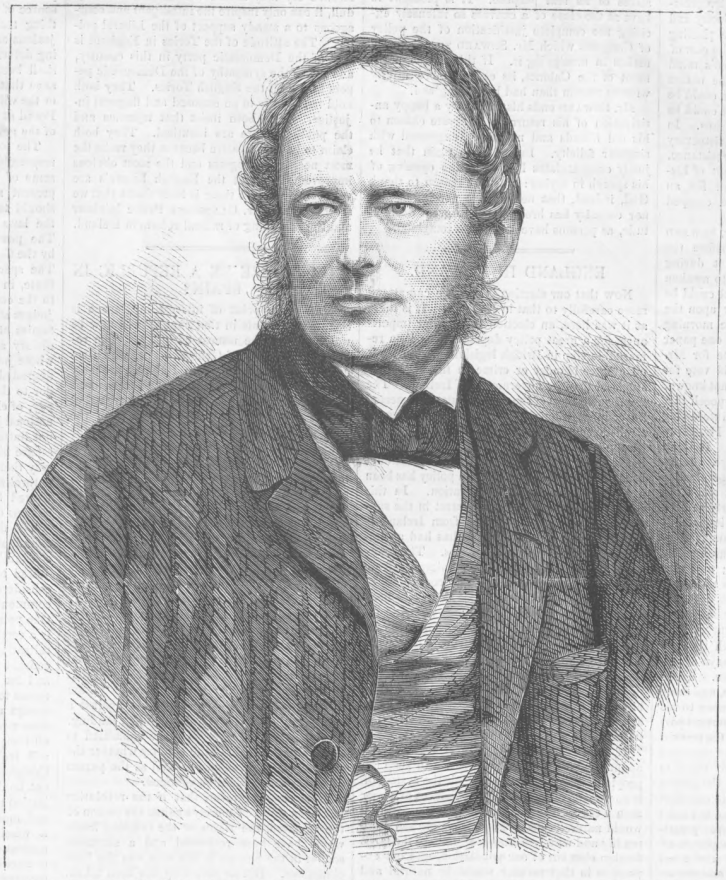
BARON VON BEUST.

THE great and remarkable changes which BARON VON BEUST has already effected in the ancient empire of the HAPSBURGS during less than two years are known to all the world; and few will deny that at this moment the hopes of Austria to obtain a thorough political regeneration and a truly constitutional system of government stand or fall with the BEUST Ministry.

FREDERICK FERDINAND BARON VON BEUST, the present Chancellor of the Austrian Empire, and Imperial Royal Minister of Foreign Affairs and of the Emperor's household, was born at Dresden, on January 13, 1809—the same year in which the battle of Wagram was fought. He received his early education at home, under the superintendence of his mother, who was a daughter of the Saxon Conference Minister, VON CARLOWITZ. When thirteen years of age (1822) he was sent to the "Kreuz" (Cross) school at Dresden, and thence he went, in 1826, to the University of Göttingen, where he attended the lectures of Professors EICHHORN, HEEREN, and SARTORIUS, which aroused in his mind a predilection for diplomatic and political studies. After having for two more years studied at the University of Leipsic, he passed his examinations in law and political science in 1829. Returning to Dresden, he obtained an appointment in the Ministry for Foreign Affairs in 1831. In 1832 he entered upon a traveling tour through Switzerland, England, and France. Upon his return, in 1836, he was appointed Secretary of Legation at Berlin, where he staid two years. From Berlin he was transferred to Paris, where he remained three years. In 1841 he was recalled and sent to Munich as Charge-d'Affaires of Saxony. In that capital he married the daughter of the Bavarian Lieutenant-General BARON VON JORDAN, a young lady of rare beauty, whose portrait at that time formed one of the most attractive gems in the gallery of celebrated female beauties established by King LUDWIG. In 1848 BARON VON BEUST occupied the post of Resident Minister of Saxony in London. At the outbreak of the revolution in that year he was summoned to Dresden by the King; but events having anticipated the plans of his Majesty, BARON VON BEUST returned to London, and was shortly afterward appointed Embassador of Saxony at Berlin.



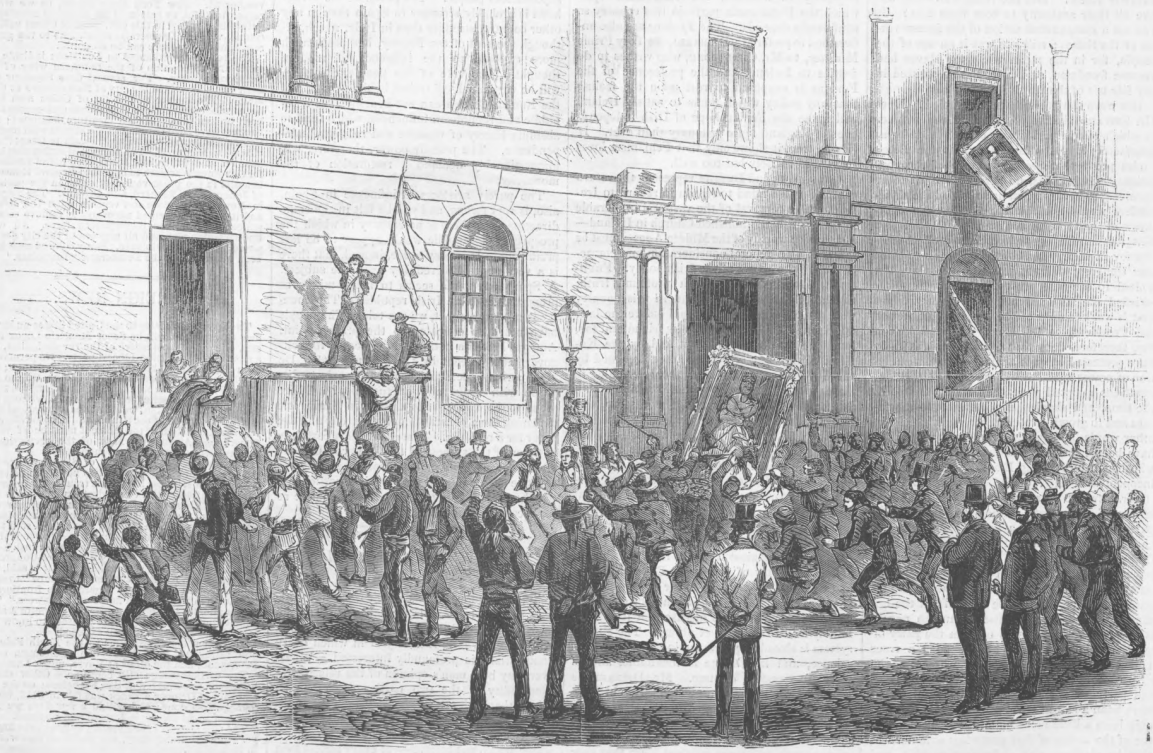
FREDERICK FERDINAND BARON VON BEUST, AUSTRIAN MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS, ETC.

After the retirement of the Braun Ministry, in February, 1849, he entered the Cabinet as Minister for Foreign Affairs. The refusal of the King to sanction the German Constitution of March 28, 1849, voted by the National Assembly at Frankfort, brought about a change in the Ministry, BARON VON BEUST and the War Minister, VON RABENHORST, being the only Ministers remaining to conduct the affairs of the State. The King fled to Königstein, and the insurrectionists having established a provisional government in the capital, BARON VON BEUST saw himself compelled to solicit the military assistance of Prussia to subdue the revolt, as the armed force of Saxony was too weak for the purpose, a whole army corps of hers having been dispatched to Schleswig-Holstein to assist in the war against Denmark. Soon afterward, order having been restored, a Ministry was reconstructed, in which the Baron had charge of the port-folios of Foreign Affairs and Public Worship, the latter of which he exchanged three years later for the Ministry of the Interior. He devoted particular attention to the commercial and industrial prosperity of the country, while he adopted in other respects a liberal policy, and protected the freedom of the press.

Always enjoying a great popularity and the confidence not only of the Saxon people, but of other Liberal Germans, BARON VON BEUST's reputation rose to still greater brilliancy when, in 1864, he was, in deference to the national wish of all Germany, sent to London by the Federal Diet as their special plenipotentiary and representative of the German confederation in the conference upon the Danish affairs; and the German people went so far in their grateful recognition of his patriotic efforts as to commence on his return a national subscription for the purpose of offering him a testimonial in the shape of a mansion and an estate.

It may be remembered that King JOHN of Saxony, in the negotiations for peace with Prussia, two years ago, was compelled to dismiss BARON VON BEUST, his Minister of Foreign Affairs and of the Interior. There was no fear on the part of Prussia that this Saxon statesman might become dangerous to the new order of things, but he was accused of "special malevolence and ill-will" toward Prussia. Such at least was the explanation then given by the Government organs at Berlin. The King of Saxony, as is well known, relieved the Baron from his functions as Minister of State at Dresden with a deep regret, expressed in a very touching letter. As a sort of recompense, the Crown-Prince of Saxony exerted his influence at the Court of Vienna in VON BEUST's behalf, and in consequence of his good offices the Baron was appointed by the Emperor of Austria Minister for Foreign Affairs in the Imperial Cabinet at Vienna.

When BARON VON BEUST entered the Austrian service he found that empire completely disorganized. The catastrophe of 1866 had brought the country to the verge of, apparently, almost inevitable ruin. The Austrian statesmen were helpless; the people were dissatisfied and disgusted, the finances were bordering on a state of bankruptcy, the fabric of the State was tottering, and every thing seemed passing into the last stage of dissolution. It was therefore necessary for BARON VON BEUST to endeavor to effect an entire reform in the internal government of the



SPANISH REVOLUTION—SCENE IN MADRID AT THE OUTBREAK OF THE REVOLUTION IN THAT CITY.—[SEE PAGE 727.]

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state. So early as December, 1866, he went to Pesth, in order to become personally acquainted with the leading men of Hungary and the state of affairs in that kingdom, with a view of paving the way for a reconciliation between Austria and the Hungarian nation. Being impressed with the conviction that an arrangement could only be achieved on a *legal* basis, he saw, with a characteristically keen perception, that such a basis could only be established, on the one hand, by the restoration of the Hungarian Constitution, and, on the other, by the revivification of the suspended February Constitution for the kingdoms and countries of Austria situated on this side of the Leitha. This double object he accomplished with such impartiality and freedom from prejudice that he did not even avail himself of the incontestable constitutional right of dissolving the Diets which had been elected under totally different political organizations, and under the auspices of his predecessors. Yet his policy was diametrically opposed to that of Count BELCREDI, inasmuch as he attempted a compromise in *one* direction only—namely, on the basis of the Constitution and by inaugurating a truly Liberal régime in both halves of the empire, with complete autonomy for Hungary. BARON VON BEUST perceived that in the task before him he could only succeed with the assistance of that party which supported the idea of political reform and concentrated all its labors upon the introduction of Liberal institutions and the consolidation of a firm and durable organization of the Monarchy.

His first great victory was the pacification of Hungary, which he achieved by simply acceding to the just demands of that heroic nation. Next, a liberal constitutional rule was proclaimed by the Sovereign; and advisers of the Crown were chosen by him whom the representatives of the people trusted and supported. Moreover, the Kaiser's assent has been given to measures whereby the Concordat was virtually abrogated and a full measure of civil and religious liberty extended, for the first time, to every Austrian subject.

"HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP."

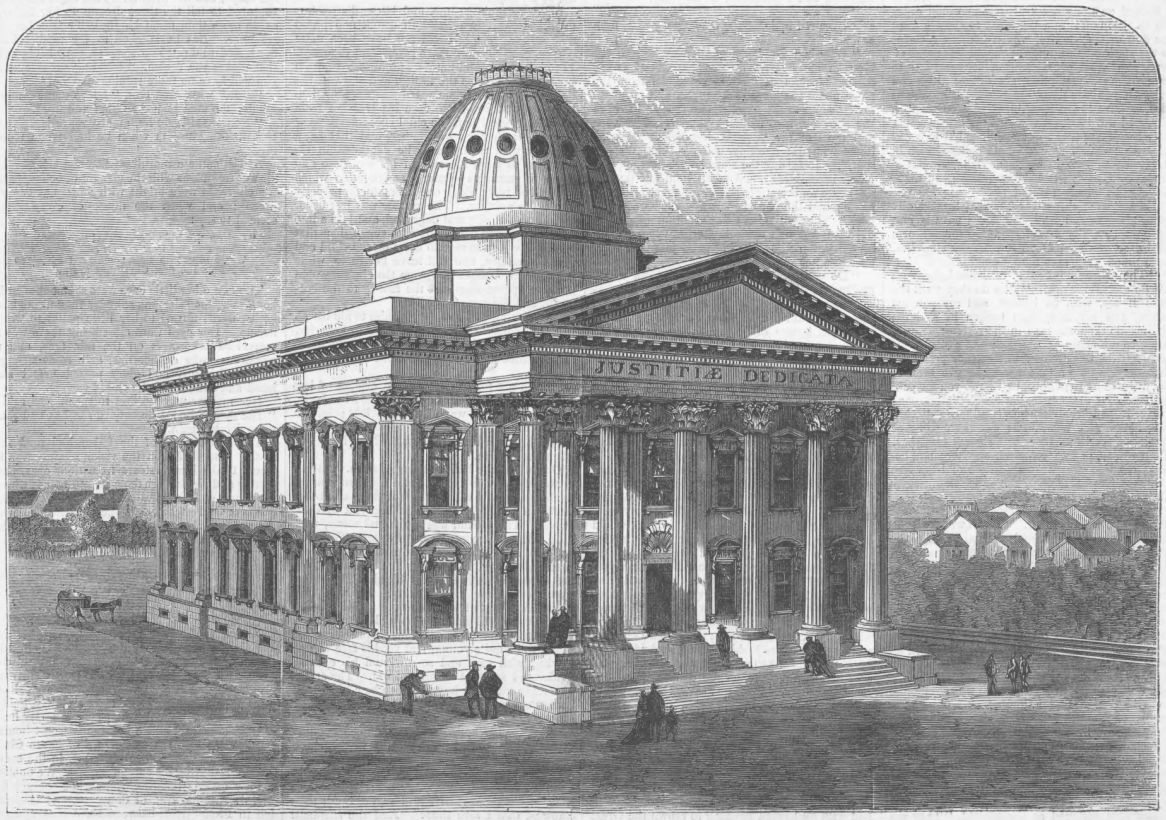
EVA EVE.

THE home of our little heroine was on one of those streets which cross the great metropolis in the vicinity of Five Points. Narrow and tall and crowded were the houses, with their groups of dirty children on the low steps, with the carts jolting over the rough stones of the narrow street, with the fronts of the buildings soiled and mouldy, and their tops hung with clothes to dry amidst the smoke of the chimney-pots. There was a narrow brick archway leading from the street to the second row of tenement houses built in the backyards of the first, and where dirt and darkness did not rent so high. The alley under the archway was narrow, and margined next the wall by rivulets of mud, which were generally an inch deep in stagnant soap-suds. A rain was falling, and the little boys who had been playing trap-ball all day, by making a fragment of whittled pine fly up in lieu of a ball, now sought the shelter of arch or doorways, and crowded among the ragged girls and babies who had been there before. The rain only made the mud more fluid, and seemed to extract from, and awake in, the air a mild odor of decayed cabbage-leaves. Here and there the white peel of a turnip coiled itself on the ground like an earth-worm, and the red fragments of tomato-skins looked like spots of blood.

It was in the top story or attic of one of these retired houses, that a single room, fronting on the open windows of the house in front, served as the home of Mrs. Eve, her husband, little Eva, who was nine years old, and two younger children. Mrs. Eve had been a handsome young Irish chamber-maid, and had married Dennis Eve, a porter in a dry-goods store, twelve years before. Her husband had always had his Saturday night spree, and his hot toddy at home on Sunday mornings. The smell of the steaming beverage, coupled with his repeated invitations, had been irresistible, and Evaline, his wife, soon learned to love strong drink as well as her husband did, and to use it with even less judgment.

Eva, with her fair skin, curly chestnut hair, and blue eyes, was the pride and pet of the family. Johnny had been crippled by being pushed from a street car by a rude conductor; but was still a news-boy, and now nearly eight years old. Little Susan had been vaccinated in her babyhood by one of those barnacle physicians who cling to city governments, and take the care of the poor by contract, at so much a street. He had inoculated her with the poison of the scrofula, and spoiled her health and beauty forever.

Ever since Eva could remember, her home had been much the same. Sometimes her father would have spells of good resolution, and pay the rent, and provide his family with from twenty-five to fifty cents a day for food. Sometimes he would bring home no money for a week, and then all the children and their mother would go and eat at the Five Points House of Industry, and pawn the second-hand clothing given them there to pay the rent. This was eight dollars a month for their vermin-haunted room. When there was money fire was kept in the little stove, and cooking and washing done. When there was none the fire died out, and clothes went dirty. Sometimes the money for food and fire was taken by the mother to the corner beer-shop, and then she would forbid the children to go for the food of charity, and would complain to all comers that the rich gave most to beggars and negroes, and neglected "respectable housekeepers." After a spree of the wife the husband generally staid from home a day or two, and Johnny would make a profit of five or six pennies a day by risking himself again on the moving cars; and Eva had a fragment of a barrel-head with holes bored in it, which was her flower-stand. She could buy one tuberose and two leaves of geranium for four cents, when she had the four cents, and could sell them for five. So she passed through the ever-hurrying crowd of Broadway, and in and out of the shops and stores of the most kind of the merchants, a little, ragged,



COURT-HOUSE, SAN JOSÉ, CALIFORNIA.—[SEE PAGE 726.]

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pale-faced flower-girl. Tens of thousands see her kind every day who never think of following them to their homes.

On the rainy day in question all of this family were huddled in their small room. The windows had the dirty glass let down to keep out the damp, and there was a heavy steam from the hot soap-suds of the wash-tub. Eva had just been telling, for the twentieth time, about the gentleman in shining broadcloth, and the young lady in silks and soft laces, who had met her at the Sunday-school, and asked her if she would like to go and live with them. The very idea had been like a fairy tale to her, and opened indistinct visions of clean doorways above marble steps, of lighted rooms with frescoed and pictured walls; and—greatest mystery of all—every body sitting down to warm, comfortable meals three times a day. In the midst of her glowing description of these wonderful friends she paused suddenly and exclaimed, "Oh, mamma, there they come now!"

Sure enough, picking their way through the filth of the court-yard, and besieged by a score of the *gamin* of the neighborhood who thought such a phenomenon must forebode them pennies, came the gentleman and lady. His gray business-suit and her dark water-proof covering did not exactly fill the Sunday description; but the umbrella was certainly silk, and Eva knew the faces.

She darted down to serve as a pilot up the dark, crooked stairs, and they were soon visible in quite a ghostly way through the steam of the room.

The purpose of the visit was what the child had hoped for, but its consummation much more difficult than she or they had supposed. Mrs. Eve had taken just enough spirits that morning to make her talk freely, and, from having lived at service with great people, she was confident of her power to talk well.

"Sure it would be a powerful fine thing for the child to have a nice home," said she; "it might be the making of her a fine lady. And I wish somebody would adopt me and make a fine lady of me; I'd be after leaving my old man pretty quick."

The young lady was talking to little Eva, who was in her lap, and the gentleman replied: "You could not leave your children, you know, and few families would want so many new-comers all at once. But even if you are never made rich in this world, there is a chance to be much more than a fine lady in heaven."

The face of the woman was half sad, half comical, as she replied: "Sometimes I think so, and then again, I don't know. It would be nice to sleep where there is good air and a plenty of room, and to be where my little flower-girl could get the blossoms free, and not need to sell them. I have heard tell of the wonderful trees by the beautiful river that bear twelve manner of fruits for the healing of the nations. Maybe they are apples, and I like apples, but as sure as I would reach for one, some old woman at a 'stand' would say, 'Thim large fine ones is five cents.' And if I walked on the grass a policeman would order me to 'keep off!' and if I went to sleep among the flowers they tell of, why if I didn't get sent to the station-house for it, I should be scared of every angel that come along, and expect him to say: 'Come! you must get out of this, you know, if you can't pay the rent!' It would be nice to have bread that didn't cost so much a bite, and not to count the pennies before going for a handful of coal, and have none left to count when ye come back; but I don't believe much in it. There may be a heaven for rich folks, but if the like of us are to have so much good then, why don't we have a little now?"

He answered earnestly: "There is generally some good reason why God sends poverty and suffering as either a trial, or a punishment, or a cure; but you hear of all that in the churches, from much wiser men than I am."

"The churches indeed!" exclaimed she, with a little scornful laugh. "And do they want the likes of me, with no bonnet, and my patched calico, and my hoop-skirt broken in a dozen places—do they want me in their soft-cushioned pews, to rub against their cloth and white linen, and hear the fine music and soft easy preaching that they pay for? No indeed! I've been to the doors more than once, and I tell you the sexton could see every body but me!"

He looked troubled, but continued: "That may be so, and I fear it is, yet there are free chapels built by nearly all the great churches. Trinity has one, Grace Church another; and besides the free chapels every where and the free churches like St. Albans, the galleries of nearly all the churches are open to all strangers."

"An' you'll catch me agoing to them!" was her unexpected rejoinder. "Who wants all the dandies in kid gloves and side whiskers to be lookin' at the holes in my stockings as I go slippily-slop up the steps in my old shoes; and who wants to see the one in the pew before you move to the far end as if one had the small-pox, and have stuck-up girls giggle behind their handkerchiefs at the patches and the darns on old faded clothes? Let alone the preacher, who, the minute he catches sight of a body, is sure to crack up what a nice thing it is to be a washer-woman with hopes of heaven; as if a gold harp and a white night-gown fifty years from now was equal to a beef-steak and a cup of nice tea and a warm bed just now! Let 'em build churches for the poor and fill 'em with rich folks as they do. I reckon the poor will go, an' like to go, when they have decent clothes and enough to eat."

"Do you have the same objection to the Divine service at the Missions and the House of Industry?" he asked.

Her face softened as she replied, "They are good at some of those places. One place—where they tell my children that I and their father get drunk, and when I go for a bit of soap, or a loaf of bread, ask me if I am going to trade it for a dram—I don't go to. Poor people have feelings if they are poor, and an insult goes as deep into us as if our bosoms was covered with lace. Maybe it hurts us a little worse when we deserve it a little. But I hate to go to the Episcopal House. It takes three thousand dollars a month, Mr. Halliday tells me, to feed the hundred or so children that lodge there, and the three hundred more women and children who eat there three times a day. Other shops shut up, and other schools and churches have summer vacations, but they never shut the doors day nor night; and I tell you it makes me cry when I hear them little children set there and sing:

"'We won't shut the door against one of Christ's poor,
Though you bring every child in the city.'"

The visitor asked, "Do they really do so much good as that? But I suppose they have a plenty of money."

"Indeed they don't," was her quick reply. "They don't have any money hardly but what comes from kind people, as a gift, and that is uncertain. It takes about fifteen hundred pairs of shoes for all the children of a winter, and a sight of pants, and jackets, and stockings, and skirts, and little dresses. The most the children get are made out of old clothes and boots and shoes that people send there; but then they don't last so long as new, and children can't eat old clothes and shoes, you know. I hate to go as I told you, for they do so much, it looks wrong to seem to be looking for more, and there are people poorer than we, that need help, and I seem to myself to be in their way."

The gentleman had walked to the window, and his voice was somewhat husky as he asked, "Would you go to church if you had a better dress?"

"Oh yes, I'll be powerful religious if you hire me to be," was her ready response.

"I do not wish to *hire* you to be good, but pray that you may be," was his answer, as he placed a ten-dollar bill in her hand, and turned to where his daughter was earnestly talking with little Eva. There, at least, poverty was not regarded as a kind of curious snake, worth seeing but not safe to touch; for the uncombed hair of the flower-girl nestled on the shoulder of her friend; and the gray eyes of the up-town beauty were certainly in full sympathy with the blue ones of the little pauper who looked in her face.

The conversation had been going on long enough to become interesting, and Carrie Adams—for that was the name of the half girl, half woman—had just asked, "How do you know, Eva, that Christ feels for you and for all of us in every trouble?"

"Because," was the instant reply, "the Bible says that he is touched with a feeling for our infirmities, and was tempted in every manner as we are, but yet without sin."

"Where do you learn such things?" asked Carrie.

"Oh, I go to the Sabbath-school, and good men come and talk to us, just like easy short sermons, and I remember all they say."

"Tell me some things they say, won't you?" asked the red lips and the bright gray eyes both at once.

"Why last Sunday a gentleman told us the German story about the wooden Christ in the market-place, that used to get down from the place under the lamp every night, and go about giving shoes to the barefoot children and food to the starving, and mending the broken wagons and tools of the poor work-people. Nobody knew who did it all for a long time, till one morning about day the shoemaker saw the place of the image empty, and pretty soon saw the image come up the street and climb up to the cross again; and then he knew it was Christ who did it all. The gentleman told us that no image ever did that, but that the real Christ, when he was on earth, went about doing good just that way, only in a better way."

"Do you remember any thing he did which makes you love him?" asked Carrie.

"Yes, something he told us in the same little talk. He said that one day Jesus was walking along the streets of Jerusalem, or some place, and was dressed in that clean and beautiful white robe which had no seam, and which the soldiers cast lots for when he was crucified. His disciples all followed him, dressed in clean white too, and presently they were met by some women of the city, and every woman had a child by the hand or in her arms. Then the gentleman asked us if we thought they were the children of the rich, and wore beautiful embroidered dresses and silk stockings, and had curly golden hair, like the children in the Park? and when we did not know he said he thought not, and would tell us why he thought not. He said if they were beautiful and clean children the disciples would have been glad enough to have Christ notice them, and even to play with them themselves. But they were poor, and so the disciples thought: 'Well, now, our Master is too kind-hearted; and if he stops to notice these dirty little things they will soil his clothes, and his white robe will have to be washed, and he will have to comb his head with a fine comb; and then these rich Pharisees and Sadducees are looking at us, and will think we are low people to associate with the like.' So they wanted to send the children away."

"Did Christ let them go?" was the suggestive question.

"No, he didn't; for he took them right in his arms, and said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

"You have a good memory, Eva. But when Christ arose from the dead, with the affrighted soldiers of Rome flying from the opening tomb, and with all heaven bending to crown the Great Conqueror of hell and the grave, do you suppose he had time to care for poor people then?"

The blue eyes opened wide in wonder as she said, "I know he did; for while the poor woman stood weeping and troubled near where she had seen the two angels in the deserted tomb, he was sorry for her, and came and asked, 'Woman, why weepest thou?' and when she thought he was the gardener, and asked to know where he had laid the body, he only said 'Mary,' and she looked up and knew him. Then he knew how sorry Peter must be because he had denied him, and how troubled he must be to remember that last sad look in the judgment hall, and so his first message to the disciples had Peter's name in it."

The eyes of Mr. Adams had filled with tears as he listened and thought how from the mouths of babes and sucklings God had perfect praise. But willing to test the memory and the faith of the little theologian to the uttermost, he said, "Do you not think that the kindness of Christ may have been because he had suffered so himself, and so recently? Do you think that after he had been in heaven for many years, among all the adoring angels, and had become used to the diadem and equal glory of God's only Son, that he would stoop from that high throne to talk to one of his old friends and be as kind as he was?"

The questioner knew of but one such instance, and was surprised that the little girl knew it as well as he did. "Oh, yes!" she said, "it was over sixty years after, and ninety-six years after Christ was born, that John—the one he loved, you know—saw him in Patmos. He writes about it himself, and says, when he saw his face like the sun, and the seven stars in his hand, he fell down at his feet as if dead; and Christ laid his hand on him and said, 'Fear not, I am the first and the last: I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore.'"

"I wish that all the children of the land knew as much of God and his holy book as you do," said Mr. Adams, tenderly, as he stooped and kissed her. "Now we must go; and your mother tells me I may come at three o'clock next Sunday, when your papa will be at home, and see if he will let you live with us and be my other child."

Then they were gone, and there was only the dirty room, and the filthy court, and the slow, dreary drizzle of the rain.

Eva knew too much of the uncertain temper of her father to mention the matter to him before the important hour should come; and his wife did not. So the hours passed, and she wandered in bare feet over the cold damp of the pavements, reaping her slender harvest of cents; and the mother sometimes encouraged her hopes by talking of the fine times she was to see, and then depressed them by asking how she could bear to be better off than her own flesh and blood, and predicted that when she once had fine clothes and rode in a carriage, she would forget and despise her poor mother, and crippled brother, and weak-eyed little sister. At such times Eva would shed silent tears, and think she must be very wicked to even want to go; but could not entirely give up the sweet hope.

Sunday evening came, and bitter disappointment. Dennis Eve was half drunk and proud and sullen. A pig could not have been more obstinate, nor a peer more proud and dignified. Yet he had law, and nature, and human right on his side, for he was the father, and she was the light of his dark home. He was even civil to the man who wished to take his treasure from him, and argued that the child could never be as happy as with her own mother, and that he, a strong-armed man, would be degraded in his own eyes to leave the care of his own flesh and blood to strangers — strong positions, to which there is no reply which one freeman can properly address to another. The mother was just sober enough to feel silly and degraded, and broke into the conversation frequently with suggestions that it would be just as nice to dress up the child and give her money, and still leave her there, while Mr. Adams thought how soon the clothes would go to the pawn-shop and the money to the bar-room, and did not reply.

The parting kiss and the promise to aid her all it was possible through the institutions of charity, was all the consolation for little Eva as the evening sunshine and her friend faded up the street together.

He did not forget her; but an orphan of less mind and beauty shared his name and home.

Eva thought it was all for the best; but as winter came the shrunken skin over her temples grew whiter, and the red spot on her cheek was not a health rose.

One night she had a strange dream. In her dream she was no more a little girl, but a white lamb feeding with a large flock of sheep and other lambs in a wide, dreary plain bounded by dark woods. The ground was rough and stony, with little grass and scanty pools of water. The wind was cold and strong, so as to sometimes almost blow them away, while briers and thorns tore the fleece, and sometimes drew blood. The sheep were mostly poor, with soiled and torn wool, and sometimes wolves from the woods would grow so bold as to try and pluck the young lambs from the very arms of the shepherd. This shepherd seemed to her to be quite young, and yet his face was so marked with care and sorrow, and his eyes so tender and sad that he seemed old. The strangest thing was, that he seemed to be a great man in that country, and all the people who passed by on the highway did him reverence and seemed anxious for his notice and favor. His conduct toward these was as singular as his lonely life on the cold plain. He would stop some richly-clothed traveler in the very midst of his protestations of high regard, and would ask, "Lovest thou me?" Then the man would say, "Lord, thou knowest that I love thee!" And the shepherd would point toward the scattered flock and say, "If thou lovest me, feed my sheep."

All the people who heard these words would say that they intended to feed them bountifully, and some few would busy themselves with gathering grass and tender herbs for them in the coldest days; but the most part passed on, and said they were then in great haste. When they had more time, and the wind was not so cold out there, they would come and do it, but not then. Then the shepherd would look sorrowful, and lead the sheep himself to the greenest pastures and stillest waters; but these were few and wide apart, and often picked over.

Then Eva awoke, and while the dream was a sad one, yet the face of the shepherd had been so kind and sweet, she could not avoid telling it all to her sister and brother, and talking of it to her mother all that day.

She felt hardly strong enough to push her way through the hurrying crowd of Broadway, and she had a little cough.

In a few nights more she had the same dream, and heard the same words with the same results. Again she told her dream, and her mother told her it was eating at night made her dream. Eva thought she did not eat enough to hurt her, but did not say so.

A third time the dream came. A third time the lord of the waste stopped a sleek and well-clothed man in the midst of flattery, and anxiously asked, "Lovest thou me?" The person looked astonished, as others had done, and said, "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee!" Then the shepherd pointed to where she was lying with other lambs on the hill-side, and said, "If ye love me, feed my lambs." But the man, and all others who came by, were too busy to attend to it then, and the cold had killed all the grass. So the shepherd came to her, with tears in his eyes, and said, "Come, little one, I must take you to a far distant fold, or you will perish here." And he took her to his warm bosom and hastened away, while she slept warmly in his mantle. When at last he paused and loosened its folds, the cold waste and dark woods were gone. There were wide green meadows with butter-cups and daisies and sweet violets—there were blue murmuring streams that wandered through the rich grass, or sparkled in cascades and made rainbows of their mist—there were tall trees which tempered the warm sunlight with cool shadow, and which had glossy leaves and snowy flowers, with beautiful and wondrous fruits—there were vast flocks of sheep feeding in peace and safety every where, and among the happy, frisking lambs Eva knew some that she had missed, one by one, from the cold waste she had left. Then she hardly knew the shepherd who had brought her as the same one. His robe shone like illumined snow, the care and sorrow had passed from his face, and his shining hair was brighter than a crown. But the same soft and tender light beamed from his loving eyes, and it was the same sweet voice which said, "You are to stay here, my little lamb; this rest is for you."

Then Eva awoke, and, half crying with bewildered excitement, went again to tell her brother, her sister, and her mother. That night she even ventured to tell the three dreams to her father, as, in more than usual kindness, he took her on his knee. But he laughed as the mother had done, and said: "You sleep on your back, and that makes you dream. Sleep on your side, and you will have no more trouble about it."

"But," whispered Eva, "I love the dream so much; the man looked so kind and good."

"Nonsense!" said he, and began to promise a visit to the Museum when he had made more money.

At last came a morning when the bright cold air was tremulous with the clangor of bells; when the churches were bright with flowers and evergreens; and when the music of every choir seemed to say:

"Lo! on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Saviour now is born,
While bright on Bethlehem's sacred plains
Bursts the first Christmas morn."

The two other little ones were soon out of bed, but Eva seemed sleeping sounder than usual, and both parents turned to her little pallet to wake her up. Her eyes were closed, but there was a marvelous brightness on the fair face, and a wondrous smile on her lips, as if some strange vision of beauty and glory passed before her mind and penetrated the closed eyelids.

Her mother was the first to speak, and said: "The dear child! I do believe she has had that same dream again."

The quicker eye of the father had read the truth. Eva *had* seen the vision again—seen it where God wipes all tears from their eyes, and sorrow and sighing are done away—seen it where the River of Life flows softly by the city of the saints of God—where His sheep pasture free on the green savannas of the future, and the lambs of the fold keep their eternal holy-day.

"*He giveth his beloved sleep.*"

COURT-HOUSE AT SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA.

IT has lately been proposed to remove the Legislative Assembly of the State of California from the city of Sacramento to San José, in the county of Santa Clara, which is now a thriving city, with broad graveled thoroughfares, long lines of substantial brick stores, stately public edifices, hotels, seminaries of learning, city hall, elegant churches, and a handsome Court-house, the use of which the authorities of Santa Clara County have proffered to the State, in the event of their removing the capital thither. We publish a view of this building, from a photograph by MR. J. A. CLAYTON, of San José. It is situated in First Street, between St. James and St. John streets. It fronts the east, and a broad plaza lies directly opposite the main entrance. The architect is LEVI GOODRICH. The build-

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ing was let out by contract, and will have cost, with the ground, the sum of $150,000. The apex of the dome is reached by flights of steps (172). The building is two stories in height, besides basement and attic. It is designed in the classic style of architecture. The order employed is the Roman Corinthian, with elaborate enrichments of capitals, medallions, and richly-carved mouldings, all in cast iron and wood. The building has a front of 100 feet, with a depth, including portico steps, of 140 feet. The height from the ground to the top of a level cornice is 56 feet; to top of dome, 115 feet; to the top of flag-staff, 185 feet. The base of the dome is 50 feet through, and is 17 feet across the top. The first floor is 8 feet above the ground line; the portico has a depth of 15 feet, with a length of about 76 feet, and is reached by a flight of thirteen granite steps and landing, which landing supports a colonnade of six Roman Corinthian columns, a little less than 4 feet in diameter and 38 feet high, supporting an entablature of 9½ feet high. The building contains twenty-one rooms.

THE SPANISH REVOLUTION.

OUR engraving on page 724 represents a scene in Madrid at the first outbreak of the revolution there. The people took possession of the Government buildings, removed the royal arms, and pitched the portraits of the Queen, King, and other members of the royal family out of the windows into the streets, where they were trampled upon and destroyed. This took place at the Ministry of Works especially, the scene at which is depicted in our engraving.

A correspondent, writing from Madrid on the afternoon of the 29th of September, thus depicts the enthusiasm of the citizens after the battle of Alcolea, which had resulted the day before in the surrender of the Queen's army: "I have been out into the streets, and made my way into the Puerta del Sol. The whole population is out, with wild joy in every countenance. The scene has changed as if by magic. I saw no window that had not its festive decorations. Crowds of men, armed and unarmed, with flags at their head, are parading the streets. The very priests are setting up their most joyous peals from every steeple. From every tobacco-shop, from every public office, the Queen's arms are torn down and trampled in the dust. Her bust, her portraits, her name, and those of the Princess and the rest of the family, are laid hold of wherever they are to be found, and subjected to every ignominious ill-treatment. The Palacio de la Gobernacion (Home Office and General Command) has been invaded by the mob. The doors are closed; but the people climb up, crawl up, and break in at every window. The *Novedades*, a Progressista paper, is already being hawked about, and it contains the new charter of the country stipulating for freedom of conscience and worship as the most sacred of popular liberties. The destinies of the country are referred to the vote of the National Assembly, but the Progressistas have evidently the upper hand. The outburst of popular excitement is indescribable. It is one of those moments which a man does not see many times in his life, but which, once seen, are never forgotten."

Within half an hour after the retirement of General CONCHA and the triumph of the revolution the place formerly known as the Puerta del Sol was rechristened the Plaza del Popolo. The names of several other streets and squares have been changed in a similar manner. The Plaza Isabel II. has become the Plaza de Prim; the Plaza de Herradores the Plaza de Serrano. The proprietors of the Café Princesa have cut off the last two syllables of its name, and it now stands as the Café Prin, the nearest approach which the old name permitted to that of the revolutionary general.

The Progressista clubs of Madrid have entered into a union for political purposes. At a recent meeting of the united clubs Señor OLOZAGA informed them that Queen ISABELLA would abdicate in favor of Don CARLOS. The election for members of the Constituent Cortes will take place on the 29th of November. This body will determine the form of government, which will probably be that of a constitutional monarchy.

STREET-SWEEPERS AND RAG-PICKERS.

THE street characters represented in our two engravings on page 733 are familiar to all of our New York citizens who are early risers. At early dawn we shall find the street-sweepers gathered together in groups at their morning rendezvous, near the City Hall, at Jefferson Market, and other localities, waiting the arrival of their various inspectors. The inspector comes and calls the roll, striking off from the pay-list all who are not present to answer the call, and then the signal is given, the brooms, scrapers, etc., are seized, and the workmen disperse themselves over the city and enter upon their allotted tasks. The working day is from 6 A.M. until 3 or 4 P.M.

The rag-pickers are out before the street-sweepers, their best opportunity being during the hours before the stores are opened. They are to be seen in the greatest numbers in the lower portions of the city. The scene in Ann Street, which is represented in our engraving, may be witnessed every morning between 6 and 7 o'clock. Women and boys with their paper bags and their bundles of dirty rags throng about the entrances to the shops of those dealing in this street-litter. Upon the balances are placed the uncouth bundles of these wretched customers, who in the mean time are often engaged in angry disputes among themselves as to the monopoly of their respective hunting-grounds. Their profits are variable. The price obtained for rags is from two to four cents per pound, that for waste paper ranges from one to three cents. The earnings of a single rag-picker amount to from thirty to fifty cents a day.

INDIAN FUNERALS.

ON page 732 we publish four illustrations representing the custom of burial as observed by the Kaw Indians of Kansas. The body is first carried to the place of interment by the friends of the deceased. The chief mourners then make their appearance leading the horse, which is, according to custom, to be strangled on the grave, and carrying the pole which is to serve as a mark indicating the spot. It is usually decorated with scalps, horse-tails, and bits of scarlet cloth. The grave is then dug by squaws, after which the horse is strangled with all his equipments on, and the grave is covered up. The men show that they are in mourning by painting their faces black, the women by bedaubing the tops of their heads with white clay. Mourning is continued daily at the grave during a period of from three to six months.

PHOTO-SCULPTURE AND CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHY.

EVERY process, mechanical or otherwise, which tends to cheapen without degrading art is a positive benefit to the public, and a means of art education which is not to be lightly disregarded or criminally neglected. The universal distribution of good engravings is as necessary to the art instruction of the people as the distribution of school books is to their general education; art schools are as necessary as public colleges; and it is for these reasons that we are glad to notice, as we have heretofore, the disposition to erect statues and monuments to the heroes and soldiers of the late war, which now prevails, and the discovery of any new process for cheapening art works. Among the most notable of these are photo-sculpture and chromo-lithography.

The new art of "photo-sculpture," as it is called, has been practiced in Paris for two or three years by a company working upon the patent of the inventor of the process—M. Willème, the sculptor. The process by which the photograph is translated, if we may be permitted to use the term, into clay or terra-cotta is as follows: Supposing a person, for instance, wishes to have a statuette of himself, it is requisite that he should go through the preliminary process of having a series of photographic segments, as it were, of his person. This is accomplished by "posing" him in the attitude selected, on a round platform, in the centre of a circular photographic room. Around this apartment, at equal distances, twenty-four cameras are placed, each instrument so arranged as to take a longitudinal twenty-fourth segment of the sitter, the whole number representing exactly his entire figure. From the segments, which form what may be termed the working drawings of the artist, enlarged copies are taken of the size required for the statuette. These preliminaries being accomplished, the process of translating the flat drawings to the soft lump of clay takes place through the agency of the pantograph—an instrument, the principle of which was discovered by the great Watt, and is known and practically used in this country under the name of the copying machine. The pantograph is an instrument having a tracer at one end, and a knife, or stile, at the other; and it is put in operation by two persons, one of whom applies the tracer to the enlarged outlines of the photograph, and the other directs the opposite end to the lump of clay. As the two ends move equally, the outline is thus translated to the knife; and as fast as the tracer can follow the lines of the photograph the knife cuts out the rough outline of the figure. The more delicate work is produced by the same agency, and when the statuette is complete it will be found to correspond line for line and crease for crease with the sun-picture, of which, in fact, it is a mechanical copy. In this manner the most absolute truthfulness is obtained.

To understand how chromos are made, the art of lithography must first be briefly explained. The stone used in lithographing is a species of limestone found in Bavaria, and is wrought into thick slabs with finely polished surface. The drawing is made upon the slab with a sort of colored soap, which adheres to the stone, and enters into a chemical combination with it after the application of certain acids and gums. When the drawing is complete, the slab is put on the press, and carefully dampened with a sponge. The oil color (or ink) is then applied with a common printer's roller. Of course, the parts of the slab which contain no drawing, being wet, resist the ink; while the drawing itself, being oily, repels the water, but retains the color applied. It is thus that, without a raised surface or incision—as in common printing, wood-cuts, and steel engravings—lithography produces printed drawings from a perfectly smooth stone.

In a chromo, the first proof is a light ground-tint, covering nearly all the surface. It has only a faint, shadowy resemblance to the completed picture. It is in fact rather a shadow than an outline. The next proof, from the second stone, contains all the shades of another color. This process is repeated again and again and again; occasionally as often as thirty times. The number of impressions, however, does not necessarily indicate the number of colors in a painting, because the colors and tints are greatly multiplied by combinations created in the process of printing one over another. In twenty-five impressions, it is sometimes necessary and possible to produce a hundred distinct shades.

The last impression is made by an engraved stone, which produces that resemblance to canvas noticeable in all finer specimens. English and German chromos, unlike the finished work made by Louis Prang of Boston, and other less extensive publishers in this country, do not give this delicate final touch, although it would seem to be essential in order to make a perfect imitation of a painting.

AT A LITTLE DINNER-PARTY.

FIRST OLD HUMBUG.

DEAR brother Brown, if we could take
Such liberty with Time,
As just to back his fatal clock
To mark our early prime.
When we were barely twenty-three,
And prodigal of Youth,
And thought all women were divine,
All men the souls of truth:
If we could feel as then we felt,
And know what now we know,
We'd take more pleasure than we did
Twice twenty years ago.

SECOND OLD HUMBUG.

Dear brother Smith, I'm not so sure,
'Tis heart that keeps us young,
And heart was ever ignorant
Since Eve and Adam sprung.
And if we knew in youthful days
As much as when we're old,
I fear that heart would turn to stone,
And blood run very cold.
Yet none the less, for sake of life,
Though life should bring me woe,
I'd gladly be the fool I was
Twice twenty years ago.

THIRD OLD HUMBUG.

Dear Smith and Brown, of parted hours
Your talk is void and vain,
They're gone—God wot! Let's bless our lot!
They can not come again.
Each age has its appointed joy,
And each its heavy load,
And I for one would not retrace
My footsteps on the road.
I know no Time but present Time,
And if the claret flow—
And we enjoy it—why recall
Twice twenty years ago?

I know I've had my share of joy,
I know I've suffered long,
I know I've tried to do the right,
Although I've done the wrong.
I know mid all my pleasures past
That sleep has been the best,
And that I'm weary, very weary,
And soon shall be at rest.
Yet all the same I cling to life,
"To be" is all I know,
And if I'm right, I knew no more,
Twice twenty years ago.

THE YOUNG HUMBUG.

You dear old humbugs, Jones and Smith,
Thou dear old humbug, Brown,
You live like oysters, though not half
So useful to the town.
I'll lead a nobler life than yours,
While yet my youth remains,
And gather up a store of gold
To heal old Age's pains.
You've had your pleasures as you went
In dribblets small and thin,
I'll have my pleasures in the lump,
And end where you begin.

I'll carve and care, I'll stint and spare,
And heap up sum on sum,
To make myself a millionaire
Before old Age shall come.
I'll flaunt the rich, I'll feed the poor,
And on the scroll of Fame,
So large that all the world may read,
I'll write my honest name!

CHORUS OF OLD HUMBUGS.

Yes! Fool! and when you're old as we,
You'll find, on verge of death,
That little pleasures are the best,
And Fame—not worth a breath.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

ONE is almost tempted, as he reads the daily records of accidents on railroads and steamboats, to wish for a return of the old times when slow-going coaches were the fashionable vehicles for public travel. People were content then to jog along at a moderate speed; or if, by chance, some nervous individual became impatient, he might safely vent his vexation upon the phlegmatic driver, who would not suffer his faithful old horses to be startled from their regular trot. Nowadays, life is recklessly exposed by the management of our public conveyances. A collision occurs between two steamers on the Sound—the passengers, as by a miracle, escape death, though not injury. The newspapers comment on the casualty for a day or two, and what is done about it? What new care is taken to prevent the like occurring any night? A frightful calamity recently took place on the Hudson River Railroad—to be sure, such an event is nothing rare or strange on that, and on many other railroads. Some were killed, many wounded, all the passengers in imminent danger of most horrible death. Almost every day some similar accident is reported, not always one fatal to life—usually a bare escape from death—a broken rail, or some similar *trifle* being the ordinary cause of exposing travelers to fearful perils.

The carelessness and recklessness of railroad management has been abundantly discussed—with what good result perhaps facts will best show. But the "spirit of the age," in America at least, tends toward undue haste, unwarrantable exposure of life, unwise risking of property—any thing to "get on" in life. People are not content to be moderate and sure; they want to *hurry* to the end of their journey, to *hurry* to become rich, to *hurry* to gain repute, and thus they soon *hurry* through life. Courage is a grand quality; "Nothing venture, nothing have," is a sensible proverb:

> "But there are human natures so allied
> Unto the savage love of enterprise,
> That they will seek for peril as a pleasure."

On behalf of those who need to be reminded that "All's to be feared where all is to be lost," a mention of the views of a philosophical old negro may not be useless. It may make them contented on a slow-going train. To be sure, the old negro had run away from the Union army, about the time of the capture of Fort Donelson—a proceeding not to be approved; but supposing he had run away from the Hudson River Railroad cars, his philosophy would not be much at fault!

"Were you in the fight, Sam?" inquired a white man of the colored veteran.

"Had a little taste of it, Sah."

"Stood your ground, did you?"

"No, Sah; I runs."

"Run at the first fire?"

"Yes, Sah; and would hab run sooner had I know'd it was coming."

"Why, that wasn't creditable to your courage!"

"Dat isn't my line, Sah. Cookin's my profession."

"But your reputation?"

"Reputation's nothing to me by the side of life. Life is worth more dan all dis world; for what would dat be worth to a man wid de bref out of him? Self-preserbashun am de fust law wid me, Sah."

"But traitors might have broken up the Government without resistance; and even if you were killed your company would have scarcely missed you."

"Maybe not, Sah. But I'd a missed myself, and dat was de pint wid me."

If "self-preserbashun," rather than speed and money, were the "fust law" with railroad and steamboat managers and passengers, the list of "casualties" would be diminished.

A destructive fire recently occurred at Hunter's Point. An explosion, caused probably by a lighted lamp, took place on the brig *Huntington*, which was loaded with petroleum. The brig was entirely consumed, and some lives lost. The pier also took fire, and an immense quantity of oil which was there stored, and a large kerosene warehouse in the vicinity, were destroyed.

Those interested in the important matter of obtaining pure water for domestic use, and desirous of knowing what kind of pipe has the approval of scientific men, can not do better than to examine the report of Messrs. Colwells, Shaw, and Willard, manufacturers of the "Lead-Incased Block-tin Pipe." This pipe consists of two, the inner one of pure block-tin being covered with lead, and both so thoroughly soldered together that their separation or secession is regarded as impossible. Among the many who have examined and approved it are Professor Doremus, Professor Draper, Professor Chandler, of the School of Mines; Professor Booth, of the United States Mint; Professor Silliman, of Yale College; and numerous medical and scientific men. Professor Doremus says of it: "After repeated examinations and analyses of the inner surface of your incased block-tin pipe, I found no exposure, not even at the joints, for galvanic action; hence it is as safe as a pipe constructed wholly of tin." Dr. Pohlé states that the pipe thus constructed, and when used as a conduit for water, is no more liable to galvanic action than if made of tin alone. Benjamin S. Church, Esq., Assistant Engineer of Croton Water-Works, declares the union of the tin and lead is so complete that it is quite impossible for the moisture to get between to form galvanic currents. Dr. Antisell and Professor Everett give it as their opinion that galvanic action is impossible in the lead-incased block-tin pipe. The testimony of practical analytical chemists is ample to satisfy those who have had doubts whether any new invention was essentially better than the old-fashioned lead-pipe, which has been proved to impregnate the water with salts of lead. As there is no practical mechanical difficulty in working the incased tin-pipe, it is to be hoped that the time may soon come when the public may be relieved from the apprehension of being slowly poisoned by the use of Nature's beverage.

Matrimonial advertisements are not popular in Saxony. Recently a young man in Leipsic requested through the newspapers young ladies who wished to marry him to correspond with him, and he was sentenced to three years' imprisonment in the Penitentiary.

During the darkest hours of the first day's fighting at Pittsburg Landing, April 6, 1862, Major-General Don Carlos Buell arrived on the field. He had ridden in advance of his own army a long distance. Seeing the desperate state of affairs, he asked Grant:

"What preparations have you made to secure your retreat, General?"

"We shall not retreat, Sir."

"But it is possible," added Buell; "and a prudent General always provides for contingencies."

"Well, there are the boats," said Grant.

"The boats!" said Buell. "But they will not hold over 10,000 men, and we have 30,000.

"They will hold more than we shall retreat with. We shall whip them yet," was Grant's characteristic reply.

A treaty has lately been entered into between our country and Madagascar. The object is to secure closer relations of commerce and friendship. Citizens of the United States will, while in Madagascar, enjoy the privilege of a free and unmolested exercise of Christian religion and its customs. New places of worship, however, will not be built by them without the permission of the Government. Commerce will be perfectly free with all the privileges under which the most favored nations are now or may hereafter be trading. The details of the treaty tend to secure the rights of both contracting parties.

The Chicago *Times* states that the lives and likenesses of one hundred and ten of the leading citizens of Chicago have been published by an enterprising concern in that city, in a volume of seven hundred pages, at $20; also an edition without the portraits at $7 50. It may be presumed that somebody will before long publish the "lives and likenesses" of the remainder of the "leading citizens" of Chicago.

An instance of unusual faithfulness and perseverance is that of a carrier of the New York *Sun*, who has not failed to go through his route a single day in seventeen years. Last winter he was very ill, and the doctors told him it would be dangerous to expose himself; but though he fainted twice one morning before daylight, wading through the snow and slush with his load of papers, he came to again and performed his task.

Steinway Hall is greatly improved, and will now be a delightful concert hall. The stage and its accessories have been altered, the organ is concealed by a handsome screen, and a private box on the opposite side preserves the symmetry of the whole. Busts of Beethoven and Mozart, and two statues, representing Poetry and Music, are on either side. The latter were imported from Berlin, and are very beautiful. The ceiling is frescoed, and appropriate ornamentation has been artistically made. Additional lights have been placed in the Hall, and a new system of ventilation adopted.

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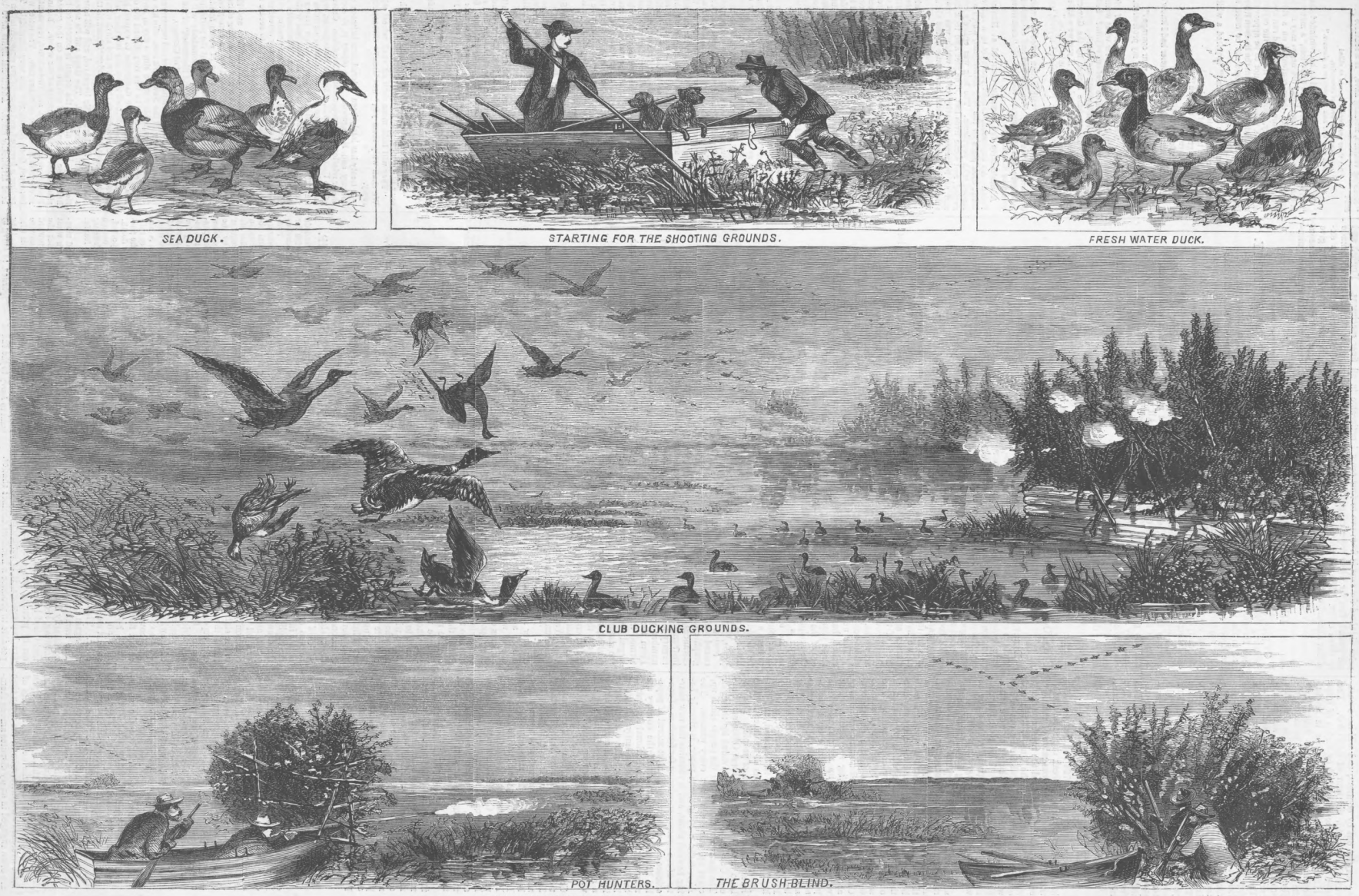

DUCK-SHOOTING.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 729.]

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THE HEBREW TEMPLE EMANU-EL.

THIS temple, situated at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-third Street, New York city, was consecrated on the 11th of September. It is considered one of the finest specimens of church architecture in this country. It belongs to the Moorish style. The corner-stone was laid in October, 1866, and it took nearly two years to complete the structure. The design of this edifice, and the perfection and delicacy with which the details have been executed, do credit to the genius and taste of LEOPOLD EIDLITZ, the architect, who has, while adopting the Saracenic style, yet allowed himself much freedom in the composition of his design. The walls and ornamental work are of light freestone. The building contains 1800 seats on the main floor and 500 in the gallery. The colors in the decorations are red, blue, yellow, white, and gold, and the effect is most brilliant. The ceilings are of a deep blue, set with diamonds of stars. The gilding is profuse. When illuminated by its five hundred jets of gas the interior of the edifice presents a splendid appearance. This building cost upward of $800,000.

MOUNT VESUVIUS.

VESUVIUS is again in a state of volcanic activity. A considerable flow of lava has taken place and a violent eruption is apprehended.

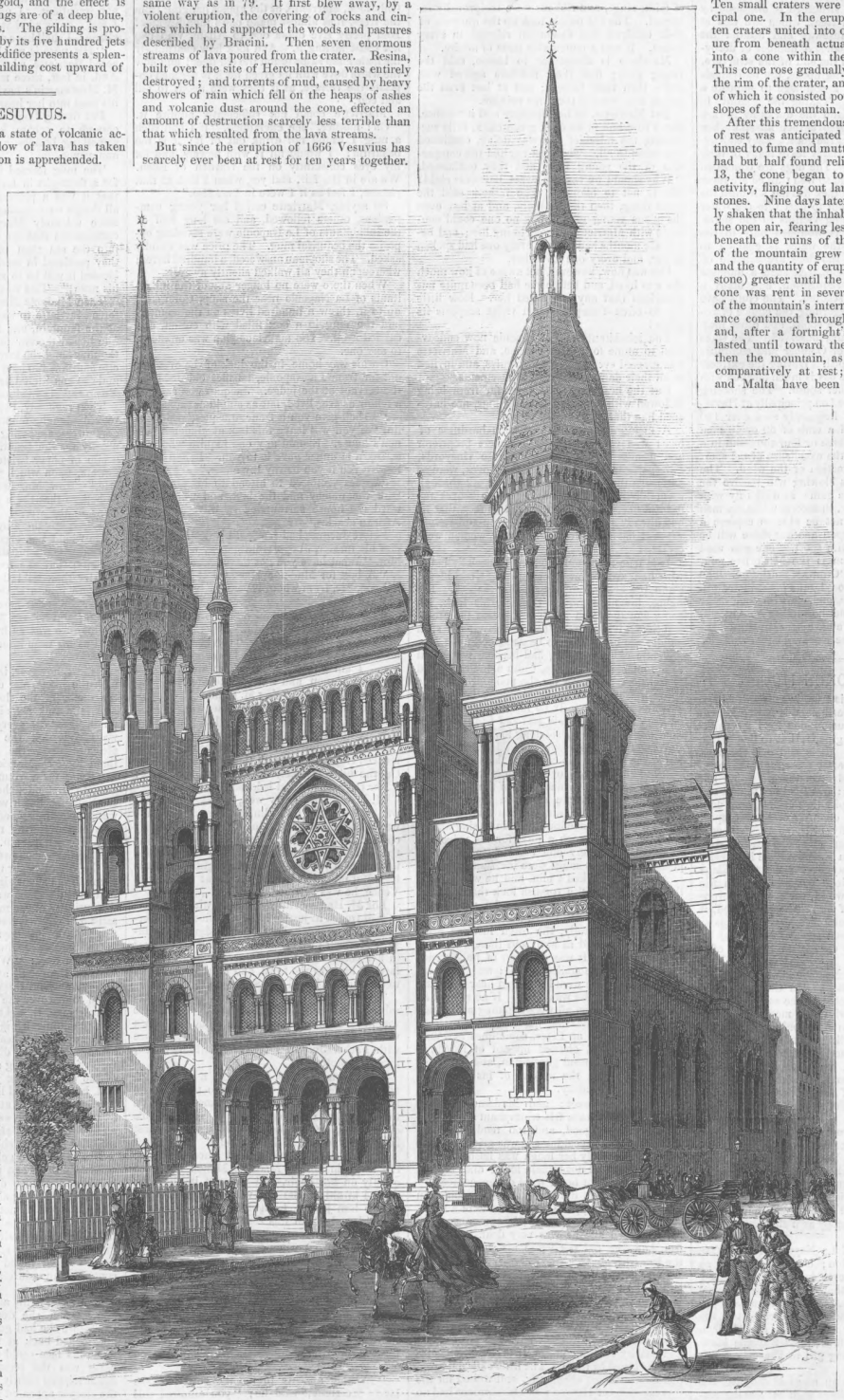
The announcement of an approaching eruption of this mountain, which has already been twice in eruption within the past twelve months, indicates an unusual activity in the South European volcanic district. It is a remarkable circumstance that the temporary cessation in the action of Mount Vesuvius, which since the end of August has done nothing but fume and grumble, has been marked by the occurrence of several earthquakes in the south of Europe. Two shocks were experienced in Gibraltar; then a large portion of Turkey was shaken, and, lastly, a sharp shock was experienced in Malta. These disturbances following each other within so short a space of time suffice to confirm the opinion that the subterranean forces whose effects have been experienced from time to time over a district extending from the Canaries and Azores across the whole basin of the Mediterranean into Syria, form a single system, of which Vesuvius, Etna, Stromboli, and the volcanoes of the Grecian Archipelago are the outlets. We do not remember any former instance in which the evidence has been so decisive. The fact that Ischia and Vesuvius are intimately associated with Stromboli and Etna had been confirmed by several striking phenomena. When Ischia was in full activity before the great outburst of Vesuvius in 79 the fires of Etna had seemed to be gradually expiring, insomuch that it was ranked by Seneca among extinct volcanoes. But during the long interval of rest which Vesuvius experienced before the great eruption of 1500, Etna was in a state of unusual activity, a circumstance which Sir Charles Lyell considers to indicate that "the great Sicilian volcano sometimes serves as a channel of discharge to elastic fluids and lava that would otherwise rise to the vents in Campania." But although such facts as these had been noticed, and the connection of the Italian with the Archipelagic and Syrian volcanoes had been suspected by many geologists and seismologists, yet we do not remember any former instance in which the temporary quiescence of Vesuvius has been followed by earthquakes occurring in portions of the South European volcanic system so widely separated as Turkey, Malta, and Vesuvius.

It is worthy of notice that from the time of the great eruption of 79 Vesuvius had been in activity only at distant intervals until the eruption of 1666. In 1631, indeed, it seems as if the mountain were gradually assuming the condition of an extinct volcano. At that time Bracini wrote as follows: "The crater of Vesuvius is five miles in circumference, and about a thousand paces deep; its sides are covered with brushwood, and at the bottom there is a plain on which cattle graze. In the woody parts wild boars frequently harbor." One is reminded by this description of the condition of the mountain before the convulsions which preceded the eruption of 79. At that time the mountain presented so small an appearance of activity that the bands of slaves and pirates which flocked to the standard of Spartacus found refuge within the very crater of the sleeping volcano. In December, 1631, the mountain behaved much in the same way as in 79. It first blew away, by a violent eruption, the covering of rocks and cinders which had supported the woods and pastures described by Bracini. Then seven enormous streams of lava poured from the crater. Resina, built over the site of Herculaneum, was entirely destroyed; and torrents of mud, caused by heavy showers of rain which fell on the heaps of ashes and volcanic dust around the cone, effected an amount of destruction scarcely less terrible than that which resulted from the lava streams.

But since the eruption of 1666 Vesuvius has scarcely ever been at rest for ten years together. Many of the eruptions also which have occurred during the last two hundred years have been as remarkable as any which took place before the eruption of 1666. In the great eruption of 1779 molten lava was propelled vertically upward to a height of at least 10,000 feet. According to the account of Sir William Hamilton, Vesuvius was surmounted continually by what appeared as an enormous column of fire, the heat of which was distinctly perceptible at a distance of at least six miles on every side. Equally remarkable, but quite different in character, was the great eruption of 1793. In place of lava streams millions of red-hot stones were propelled into the air. Dr. Clarke relates that these stones reached a height at least equal to half that of the cone itself. Enormous masses of white smoke were vomited forth by the disturbed mountain, and, gathering themselves together at a height of several thousand feet above the cone, they formed a huge and resplendent canopy, constantly illuminated by the glowing fires within the mountain, and seeming to open from time to time to hurl down dark streams of volcanic dust and vapor, mixed with cascades of red-hot rocks and scoriæ. In the great eruption of 1822, so enormous a mass of earth and rock was propelled from the crater that an abyss was formed extending for 2000 feet into the very heart of the mountain. The same eruption flung down the whole of the upper part of the cone, so that the mountain was reduced in height by about one-fifth.

In the eruption which took place twelve years ago lava poured down the slopes of Vesuvius for three weeks together. A river of molten lava swept away the village of Cercolo, and streamed nearly to the sea-shore at Ponte Maddaloni. Ten small craters were formed within the principal one. In the eruption of last winter these ten craters united into one, and continued pressure from beneath actually converted this crater into a cone within the great exterior crater. This cone rose gradually until it reached beyond the rim of the crater, and then the molten matter of which it consisted poured in streams down the slopes of the mountain.

After this tremendous outburst a long interval of rest was anticipated; but the mountain continued to fume and mutter as if its pent-up forces had but half found relief. At length, on June 13, the cone began to show signs of renewed activity, flinging out large quantities of basaltic stones. Nine days later Vesuvius was so violently shaken that the inhabitants passed the night in the open air, fearing lest they should be crushed beneath the ruins of their houses. The throes of the mountain grew gradually more violent, and the quantity of erupted matter (chiefly basalt stone) greater until the beginning of July. The cone was rent in several places by the violence of the mountain's internal throes. The disturbance continued throughout the whole of July; and, after a fortnight's rest, began again and lasted until toward the end of August. Since then the mountain, as we have said, has been comparatively at rest; but Gibraltar, Turkey, and Malta have been shaken by more or less violent earthquakes. It seems that the mountain has not yet vomited forth the elastic gases which have been disturbing its repose during the past year; and we shall, in all probability, soon witness a renewal of the energetic eruptive processes which prevailed last year at the corresponding season.



THE HEBREW TEMPLE EMANU-EL, CORNER OF FIFTH AVENUE AND FORTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK CITY.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.]

DUCK-SHOOTING.

THIS sport is not confined to any particular section of our country, for the inland lakes and streams furnish as good a shooting-ground as the favorite shores of the Chesapeake. We have in this country as many as thirty different varieties of duck.

The ducking season is at its height in November and December, but the game-laws of the different States permit this shooting from the 15th of August until the 1st of February, and then only in what is known as a sportsmanlike manner. That is to say, only with a gun which may be raised to the shoulder, and from an artificial blind or brush screen, not more than one hundred yards from the shore.

This is to prevent what is known and despised by every honest sportsman, namely, Pot-hunting—a method of slaughtering ducks in vogue among market-men and others to whom ducks mean dollars, and not sport.

The game-laws of the State of Delaware, and some other sea-board States, forbid citizens of other States from shooting on their waters under penalty of a heavy fine and forfeiture of boats, tackle, and sporting implements.

To the sportsman who delights in duck-shooting the shores of the Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries afford peculiar facilities. During certain seasons of the year vast numbers of ducks of different varieties are in the habit of resorting to this locality. In no other section of the United States is this peculiar branch of the sportsman's pursuit followed with greater vigor and

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success. In fact, so famed for quality and quantity of game has this spot become that nearly the whole of both shores of Chesapeake Bay and its inlets has been portioned off in sections, and either bought or leased by numerous Ducking Clubs for the more convenient and profitable following of their favorite amusement. Most of these clubs have built upon their grounds spacious and comfortable club-buildings for the accommodation of the members and their many visitors and friends. As represented in the larger sketch in the illustration, a long pier is constructed running out into the bay, at right-angles with the shore. At the end of this causeway is placed transversely a structure resembling a long wooden box to contain the sportsmen who are waiting the approach of the unwary and deluded fowl. When the season for the shooting is at hand this whole structure is disguised by branches of evergreen trees, which are tied at intervals along the causeway and around the "blind," as it is termed. A number of decoy-ducks are anchored off the end of the structure, which attract the passing flocks, the individuals of which suppose this assemblage to indicate a good feeding-ground. Taking the "blind" to be simply a point of land the ducks fly toward the decoys, and only discover their mistake when they are within reach of the guns. They endeavor to fly past, but invariably leave many of their number behind them. The dogs are concealed within the "blind," and so well trained are these sagacious animals that they will not stir until the proper moment for them to dart into the water and bring the struggling victims to the shore. Sometimes the duck is wounded only in the wing, and falling to the water is enabled to swim off faster than the dogs are capable of doing in pursuit of them. At such a moment the boats come into requisition, and many a "lame duck" is thus secured. The clubs have the most rigid rules regarding the choice of position, the division of the spoils, and other matters, which are invariably observed. The sport begins about the 1st of October and continues with intervals until April. During the extreme cold weather, when the bay is much blocked with ice, the ducks go further south. The shooting for the markets is carried on principally at Havre-de-Grace. Men have frequently shot over 150 ducks in one day, and a club of 30 or 40 men will capture at times three or four thousand in a single day. Much of the excellence of the sport depends upon the direction of the wind. The shore upon which it is blowing will receive the great proportion of the game, as ducks fly with the wind. Frequently, therefore, while the men upon one shore will not be able to capture a single fowl the men upon another shore will be abundantly supplied with sport. The gun used throughout this section is the M'Cornas gun, manufactured by A. M'Cornas, Baltimore. The clubs, as may be supposed, take great interest in their respective shores, and vie with each other in their attentions and hospitality to visitors. The "shore" which we have here illustrated belongs to the "Japanese Ducking Club."

THE BROKEN MUG.

LA NAPOULE is, it is true, but a small village on the sea-shore; nevertheless, it is well known in Provence. It is surrounded by lofty palm-trees and dark orange groves; but to this it does not owe its celebrity. It is said that the most juicy grapes, the sweetest roses, and the prettiest girls in the world grow there. I can not speak from experience; but I believe it, and can only say, that it is a pity that La Napoule does not produce a greater quantity of juicy grapes, sweet roses, and pretty girls, as in that case some of them would certainly have reached us.

As the women of La Napoule have been celebrated for their beauty ever since the village was built, little Marriette must have been the eighth wonder of the world, for even the chronicle makes mention of her. She was called, it is true, "Little Marriette;" and yet she was as tall as girls of seventeen generally are, that is, her forehead reached exactly to the lips of a grown-up man.

The chronicle of La Napoule had good reasons for mentioning Marriette. In the chronicle's place I should have acted in the same manner, for Marriette (who, with her mother, Manon, had hitherto resided in Avignon), when she returned to her native village, almost turned it upside down. Not exactly the houses, but the heads of the people, and especially of those whose heads and hearts are always in danger when in the vicinity of a pair of expressive eyes. I speak from experience, and know that in such a case it is no joke.

Madame Manon would, perhaps, have done better had she remained in Avignon; but she had inherited in La Napoule some land and vineyards, together with a pretty house sheltered by a rock, and surrounded by olive-trees and African acacias. This was not to be rejected by a poor widow, and in her own opinion she was now as rich and happy as if she were Countess of Provence.

The good people of La Napoule did not fare so well on the occasion; but they foresaw no mischief, and from never having read Homer, they were not aware that a pretty woman once roused all Greece and Asia Minor to arms.

Before Marriette had lived a fortnight in the house surrounded by olive-trees and African acacias, every young man in La Napoule knew that the most charming girl in Provence dwelt there.

When, looking like an angel in disguise, she walked through the village with her waving petticoat, pale green bodice, with a bouquet of orange blossoms and rose-buds in the front of it, and her lovely face shaded by her gray hat trimmed with flowers and streamers of ribbon, then the old became eloquent, and the young became dumb. And doors and windows were opened one after another as she passed, in order to say "Good-morning," or "Good-evening, Marriette!" and she smiled and nodded right and left.

When Marriette entered the church all hearts (that is, the hearts of the young men) were turned from heaven, all eyes from the saints, and fingers became entangled in the rosary. That must have been a great offense to the religious people; and the young girls of La Napoule must have been at that time especially pious, for they were the most scandalized on the occasion. And one can scarcely blame them; for, from the time of Marriette's arrival, more than one intended had grown cool, and more than one lover faithless. There were quarrels and reproaches—tears and refusals. Instead of weddings broken-off matches became the subject of conversation. Pledges of faith, rings, and ribbons were reciprocally returned. The old people took up the quarrels of their children, and dissension reigned in every house. It was a lamentable state of affairs.

Marriette is altogether to blame, said the young girls; first their mothers agreed with them, then their fathers; and at last even the young men were of the same opinion.

But Marriette, in her modesty and innocence, like a rose-bud in its dark green calix, little suspecting the mischief she was doing, continued courteous to all. This first excited the compassion of the young men, and they exclaimed, "Why should we vex the sweet, harmless child? She is not to blame!" The fathers said the same thing, then the mothers, and at last even the pious young girls. For no one could converse with Marriette without liking her; and before six months had elapsed every one had spoken to her, and every one loved her.

She was now, however, not aware of how much she was liked, and before she had been quite unconscious that any one hated her. How little the so-often-trampled-upon violet suspects its value!

The inhabitants of La Napoule now endeavored to atone for their injustice, and Marriette was greeted every where with smiles, and invited to all their dances and rural amusements.

But the hearts of some men, far from being endowed with compassionate feelings, are hardened like that of Pharaoh.

A memorable example of such hardness of heart was young Colin, the richest proprietor and farmer in La Napoule, whose vineyards, olive gardens, lemon and orange groves, were so extensive that one could scarcely walk through them all in one day. What alone proves the natural hardness of his heart is this fact, that he had already attained the age of seven-and-twenty without having ever inquired why women were created!

It is true that many persons (especially ladies who had arrived at a certain age) considered Colin the best young man under the sun. His figure, his unrestrained manner, his look, his smile had the good fortune to please the aforementioned fair ones. But the decisions of such judges are not always to be depended upon.

While old and young had become reconciled to the innocent Marriette, Colin alone continued to feel no compassion for the poor girl. If the conversation turned upon Marriette he became silent as the grave. If he met her on the road he grew alternately pale and red from indignation, and cast furious sidelong looks at her.

When the young people assembled in the evening at the ruins of the castle on the sea-shore, in order to sing, dance, or play some merry game, Colin never failed to make one of the party; but the moment Marriette appeared the malicious Colin became silent, and all the money in the world would not have induced him to sing another note. It was such a pity, for his voice was so sweet that every one listened to him with pleasure; and his songs were inexhaustible.

All the girls liked Colin, and he was civil to them all. He had a roguish look that maidens both fear and love; and when he smiled one would have wished to make him sit for his portrait. But, naturally, the often insulted Marriette never looked at him, and therein she was perfectly right. It was a matter of indifference to her whether he smiled or not; and, as to his roguish looks, she would not even hear of them; and there again she was right. If he related an anecdote, just when all were listening attentively she commenced teasing her neighbors; threw weeds sometimes at Peter, sometimes at Paul; and laughed and chatted instead of listening. This vexed the proud gentleman, and he generally broke off in the middle of his story and walked gloomily away.

Revenge is sweet; and Madame Manon's daughter might have felt triumphant; but Marriette was too good, and too tender-hearted. When he ceased speaking she was grieved; if he looked melancholy her laugh was hushed; if he withdrew she did not remain long; and, arrived at home, she wept bitter tears of repentance.

Father Jerome, the priest of La Napoule, an old man of seventy, had all the virtues of a saint, and but one defect; namely, in consequence of his advanced age he was very deaf. This defect, however, did not cause his sermons to be the less edifying to his congregation, and he was always listened to with attention. It is true he had only two texts, upon which he preached as invariably as if his whole religion consisted therein. Either "Little children, love one another," or "Wonderful are the dispensations of Heaven." They contained, however, so much faith, hope, and charity that one might, if driven to extremities, be saved by them. The little children loved one another most obediently, and waited for the dispensations of Heaven; but his sermons had no effect upon Colin with his heart of flint, who, when he appeared to be well-disposed, had always some evil design.

The Fair of Vence is a great source of amusement to the inhabitants of La Napoule, who, although they may not have money to purchase much, see at least a great variety of merchandise.

Marriette and her mother went to the fair; and Colin was also there. He purchased various nick-nacks and bonbons for his fair acquaintances, but not the most trifling thing for Marriette. And yet he was perpetually at her heels. He did not speak to her, nor she to him, and it was evident to every one that he was brooding mischief.

Madame Manon, stopping suddenly at a shop, exclaimed, "Oh, Marriette, look at that beautiful mug! A queen would not disdain to put it to her lips. Do look! the brim is glittering gold; and the flowers, although they are merely painted, are more beautiful than any that we have in our garden; and Paradise in the centre! Only look, Marriette, at the apples hanging from the trees, that almost make one's mouth water! And pretty Eve offers one to Adam, who can not resist tasting it. And look how charmingly the little lamb skips round the old tiger! and how the white dove with its green neck is perched opposite the vulture, as if they were about to bill and coo!"

Marriette could not sufficiently admire it. "Oh! mother," she exclaimed, "if I had such a mug I would not drink out of it; it is too beautiful! I would fill it with flowers, and fix my eyes constantly on the Garden of Eden. We are in the fair, and yet, when I look at that picture, I feel as if I were in Paradise."

So saying, Marriette called her young companions, others followed, and ere long half of the inhabitants of La Napoule were standing opposite the beautiful mug. The price was timidly asked. The shopman answered, a hundred livres; whereupon they all walked silently away.

When there were no longer any of the inhabitants of La Napoule near the shop, Colin stole up to it, threw a hundred livres on the counter, laid the mug in a box filled with cotton, and carried it off. His malicious plan was unknown to any one.

On his way home, in the dusk of the evening, not far from La Napoule, he met old Jacques, the servant of the judge. Jacques was as good a fellow as ever lived, but as stupid as an ass.

"I shall give you a franc, Jacques," said Colin, "if you will leave this box at Madame Manon's house. Should any one inquire who sent it, say a stranger gave it to you. I shall never forgive you if you betray my name."

Jacques promised to attend to his direction, took the money and the box, and walked toward the house surrounded by olive-trees and African acacias.

Before Jacques had reached his destination he met his master, Judge Hautmartin, who said to him, "What have you got there?"

"A box for Madame Manon, but I dare not tell you, Sir, from whom it comes."

"Why not?"

"Because M. Colin said that 'he would never forgive me if I betrayed him.'"

"It is a good thing that you can keep a secret; but as it is so late you had better give me the box. I am going to-morrow, at all events, to Madame Manon, and I shall execute the commission without betraying M. Colin. It will prevent your having to go out of your way."

Jacques, accustomed to obey his master implicitly, delivered up the box, which the judge carried immediately into his house, and commenced examining it with the greatest curiosity. On the lid was nicely written with red chalk: "For the amiable and beloved Marriette."

M. Hautmartin knew well, however, that this was only waggery on Colin's part, and that there was some wicked trick in it. He accordingly opened the box with great precaution, fearing that either a rat or a mouse might be concealed in it; but when he had caught a glimpse of the beautiful mug that he had seen that morning at Vence, he was petrified.

For M. Hautmartin was a man who was quite as well versed in justice as in injustice. He perceived immediately that Colin's design was to injure Marriette by asserting, when the mug was in her possession, that it was the gift of some favored lover in the town, and thereby cause her to be shunned by all honest people.

To prevent all evil insinuations, the judge resolved to acknowledge himself as the donor. He was in love with Marriette, and would have been well pleased had she acted more in accordance with Father Jerome's text: "Little children, love one another!"

M. Hautmartin was, to be sure, a child of fifty, and in Marriette's opinion the text was no longer applicable to him. Madame Manon, on the contrary, considered him a very sensible child, who, besides being rich, was the most important person in La Napoule. When the judge spoke of marriage, and when Marriette ran away in horror, Madame Manon remained quietly on her chair, and was not in the least degree afraid of the tall venerable gentleman. To do him justice, he had no personal defect; and although Colin was the handsomest man in the village, M. Hautmartin had the advantage of him in two particulars—namely, in years, and in the possession of a large, of an enormous nose. This nose, which, like a courier, always preceded him, in order to announce his approach, was positively an elephant among the noses of mankind.

With this elephant, his good intentions, and the mug, the judge went the next morning to the house surrounded by olive-trees and African acacias.

"Nothing appears to me too costly for the lovely Marriette," said he; "you admired this mug yesterday at the fair. Permit me, charming Marriette, to lay it and my enamored heart at your feet."

Madame Manon and Marriette were astonished and delighted when they saw the mug. Madame Manon's eyes sparkled with pleasure; but Marriette, turning to the judge, said: "I can not accept of either your heart or your mug." Her mother became furious, and exclaimed: "I shall, however, accept of both. Oh, you little fool, for whom are you waiting? Do you reject the Judge of La Napoule in the expectation that a Count of Provence will make you his bride? I know better what is for your advantage. M. Hautmartin, I shall consider it an honor to be able to call you my son-in-law."

Marriette walked out of the room weeping bitterly, and detesting in her heart the beautiful mug.

The judge stroked his nose with the palm of his hand, and wisely observed: "Madame Manon, do not be too precipitate; the little dove will acquiesce when it knows me better. I am not impatient. I understand womankind, and I feel convinced that, before three months have elapsed, I shall have crept into Marriette's heart."

"His nose is much too long for that!" whispered Marriette, who stood listening at the door. And, in fact, three months passed away without M. Hautmartin's having forced even the end of his nose into her heart.

But during these three months Marriette had enough to occupy her mind. The mug, and something besides, caused her a great deal of annoyance.

The mug formed the subject of conversation for a fortnight in La Napoule. Every one said that it was a present of the judge's, and that all things were arranged for the wedding. The more solemnly Marriette assured her young companions that she would rather throw herself into the sea than marry the judge, the more they persisted in teasing, by saying: "Oh, how blessed it will be to repose under the shadow of his nose!" This was the first annoyance.

Then Madame Manon was so barbarous as to force Marriette to wash the mug every morning at the fountain, and to fill it with fresh flowers. She hoped thereby to accustom her daughter to the mug, and the love of the donor; but Marriette continued to hate both the gift and the giver, and she considered her employment at the fountain an actual punishment. Annoyance the second.

Then regularly, twice a week, she found on the rock, beside the fountain, a bouquet of the choicest flowers, appearing to have been arranged expressly for the beautiful mug. There was also a slip of paper twisted round the stalks of the flowers, upon which was written "Dear Marriette." Now Marriette was not such a fool as to believe that there were still fairies and magicians in the world. Consequently the flowers had been left there by Judge Hautmartin. Marriette would not even smell them because they had been contaminated by the breath from his nostrils; but she took them because they were prettier than wild flowers. The slip of paper she tore into a thousand pieces, and scattered it over the spot where the flowers had been laid. But this did not vex M. Hautmartin in the least, for his love was as immeasurably great after its kind as his nose after its kind. Annoyance the third.

At last, however, in the course of conversation with the judge, she discovered that he was not the donor of the flowers. Who could it be? Marriette was astonished when she made this unhoped-for discovery, and from that time forward she took the flowers with much more pleasure from the rock, but—Who had left them there? Marriette became (a most unusual thing for a young girl) very curious. She guessed first one, then another, young man in La Napoule, but it was not to be guessed. She watched and listened until late at night; she rose earlier in the morning; but she watched and listened in vain. And yet, twice a week, the miraculous flowers lay upon the rock, and on the slip of paper that was wound round them she read the silent sigh addressed to her: "Dear Marriette!" This was sufficient to have excited the curiosity of the most indifferent person. Unsatisfied curiosity, however, becomes at last positive torture. Annoyance the fourth.

On Sunday Father Jerome again preached upon the text: "Wonderful are the dispensations of Heaven;" and Marriette hoped that, by some wonderful dispensation, she would be enabled to discover the donor of the flowers. Father Jerome, thought she, is always right.

One summer's night Marriette was awakened by the oppressive heat, and could not go to sleep again. No sooner did she perceive the first rosy tints of the morning appearing above the surface of the sea than she joyfully sprang out of bed, and, having dressed herself, she went out to wash her face and hands at the fountain. She took her straw-hat with her, as she intended to saunter for an hour on the sea-shore, and perhaps bathe in a secluded spot that she had discovered.

But in order to get to the secluded spot it was necessary to ascend the rock at the back of the house, and thence descending to pass by some pomegranate and palm trees. On this occasion Marriette could not pass by; for under the youngest of the palm-trees lay a young man fast asleep, and beside him lay a bouquet of the most beautiful flowers. She also saw a piece of paper twisted round the stalks, which probably contained an address to her. How could Marriette pass by?

She stood still, and trembled from head to foot. Then she determined to return home; but before she had gone many steps she stopped, and looked back at the sleeper. But at a distance his face could not be recognized: now or never was the secret to be discovered. She again tripped lightly toward the palm-tree; but the sleeper appeared to move, and she again ran away. The movement, however, had been mere imagination on her part, and she again approached the tree. Could it be possible that he is pretending to be asleep? thought she, again running toward home. But who would run away on ac-

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count of a mere possibility? She commenced her journey to the palm-tree with renewed courage.

During this wavering of her mind, between curiosity and fear—this tripping backward and forward between the house and the palm-tree—she had advanced each time some steps nearer the sleeper, for curiosity was overcoming her fear.

"Of what consequence is it to me whether he be asleep or awake? The path leads past him, and I merely pass by." So thought Marriette; but, instead of passing by, she stopped in order to examine the sleeper's face, and put an end to all uncertainty concerning the donor of the flowers. He meanwhile continued sleeping as soundly as if he had not closed his eyes for a month before. And who was it—who else could it be—but the reprobate Colin?

And so he it was, who, by sending the mug, had caused the poor girl so much annoyance, and had involved her in the vexatious affair with M. Hautmartin: he it was who had teased her by leaving the flowers on the rock, in order to excite her curiosity. And why? Because he hated Marriette, and treated her on all occasions in the most unpardonable manner. Whenever it was possible he avoided her; but if that was not in his power, he made a point of doing something to annoy her. There was no girl in La Napoule to whom he was not more civil and obliging than to Marriette. Only think! he had never asked her to dance with him, and she danced beautifully.

There he lay now, caught, betrayed. Revenge took possession of Marriette's breast. How could she insult him? She took the bouquet, unfastened it, and strewed the flowers with just indignation over the sleeper. But the slip of paper, upon which "Dear Marriette!" was written, she stuck hurriedly into her bosom. She wished to preserve this proof of his handwriting for future occasions. Marriette was sly. She now thought of going away. But she was not sufficiently revenged: she could not bring herself to leave the spot without having paid Colin in his own coin. Accordingly she took the violet-colored ribbon from her hat, twisted it lightly round the sleeper's arm, and tied Colin, with three knots, fast to the palm-tree. When he awakes how astonished he will be! How tortured by curiosity to know who has played him such a trick! *That* he could not possibly discover, and so much the better. He deserved it.

Marriette was only too merciful to him. No sooner had she carried her plan into execution than she began to repent of what she had done. Her bosom heaved impetuously, and I believe even a tear stood in her eye as she looked compassionately at the criminal. She walked slowly back toward the pomegranate-trees, and often looked round while slowly ascending the rock. Then, hearing her mother's voice, she hurried home.

That very day Colin played another trick. What did he do? He resolved to put poor Marriette to the blush. Alas! it had not occurred to her that her violet-colored ribbon was known to every one in La Napoule! Colin knew it only too well. He wound it round his hat, and displayed it every where as a trophy. Every one exclaimed, "It has been given him by Marriette!" And all the young girls exclaimed, "The villain!" and all the young men, who liked Marriette, exclaimed, "The villain!"

"What, Madame Manon!" shouted Judge Hautmartin, as he entered her house, and he shouted so loud that his words were echoed marvelously in his nose. "What! is it possible that you have allowed my intended bride to give her hat-ribbon to farmer Colin? It is high time to solemnize our marriage. When that has taken place I shall have a right to dictate."

"I quite agree with you," replied Madame Manon. "If matters have come to that, we must have the wedding immediately. That will put an end to all such nonsense."

"But, Madame Manon, your daughter perseveres in refusing my proposal."

"Prepare the marriage-feast!"

"But she has not given me one kind look; and if I sit down beside her, the little wild thing jumps up and runs away."

"M. Hautmartin, prepare the marriage-feast!"

"But if Marriette will not consent?"

"We shall take her by surprise. The ceremony shall be performed on Monday by Father Jerome. We shall easily induce him to consent; for I am Marriette's mother, and you are the person of the greatest authority in La Napoule. She must obey. But Marriette must not know any thing about our plan. I shall send her early on Monday morning to deliver a parcel to Father Jerome, in order that she may not suspect any thing; and he must endeavor to persuade her to comply with our wishes. Half an hour afterward we shall make our appearance, and then, without a moment's delay, to the altar. And even if Marriette answer *No*, instead of Yes, it will be of no consequence, for the old gentleman can not hear. But do not say a word on the subject to Marriette or any one in La Napoule."

Thus the affair was arranged between them. Marriette little dreamed of the happiness that awaited her. She could think of nothing but Colin's cruelty in having made her a subject of conversation for the whole village. But however bitterly she may have repented her indiscretion with respect to the ribbon, in her heart she forgave the miscreant. Marriette was much too good-natured. She said to her mother and her young companions, "Colin found my ribbon; I did not give it to him. He is now trying to vex me about it. You know he has always endeavored to annoy me whenever he had an opportunity!"

Alas! the poor girl little knew that the malicious wretch was meditating new enormities.

The next morning Marriette carried the mug as usual to the fountain. No flowers lay upon the rock; but it was too early, for the sun was only beginning to make its appearance above the surface of the sea.

Soon afterward she heard the sound of footsteps, and looking up she beheld Colin with the flowers in his hand. Marriette blushed deeply. Colin stammered, "Good-morning, Marriette!" But the salutation did not come from his heart; he uttered it with difficulty.

"Why do you wear my ribbon so publicly, Colin?" said Marriette, as she placed the mug on the rock. "You know I did not give it to you."

"You did not give it to me, dear Marriette?" inquired he, growing pale from suppressed rage.

Marriette, ashamed of having told a falsehood, cast down her eyes, and said, after a pause, "Well, I did give it to you, but you ought not to have exhibited it. I request that you will return it to me."

While slowly taking it off his hat, his vexation was so great that he could neither suppress a sigh which rose from his breast, nor conceal a tear which stood in his eye.

"Dear Marriette, allow me to keep your ribbon?" said he, softly.

"No!" answered she.

Thereupon his rancor turned to despair. Looking first with a sigh toward heaven, then gloomily at Marriette, who stood with downcast eyes quietly and innocently at the fountain, he wound the violet-colored ribbon around the bouquet, and exclaiming, "There, you have all!" he dashed the flowers so spitefully against the beautiful mug, that it fell from the rock and was broken to pieces. He then ran exultingly away.

Madame Manon, who had been listening behind the window, had seen and heard all that had passed. When the mug was broken she was so horrified that she lost her sight, hearing, and almost her speech. While squeezing herself through the narrow lattice, in order to pursue the criminal, the mouldering stones in the wall gave way, and the window frame, falling with a terrific crash on the ground, was broken to pieces.

So many misfortunes at once would have caused any other woman to have lost her presence of mind; but Madame Manon quickly recovered herself. "What a fortunate circumstance that I witnessed his violence!" exclaimed she. "He must appear before the judge, and he shall pay the weight of the mug and window in gold. That will pay for your trousseau, Marriette!" But when her daughter brought her the fragments of the mug—when she saw Paradise Lost, Adam without a head, and nothing remaining of Eve but her legs; the serpent triumphing unhurt, the tiger uninjured; but that the little lamb had disappeared even to its tail, just as if the tiger had swallowed it—then Madame Manon broke out into imprecations against Colin, and concluded by saying, "It is quite evident that it was broken by the devil."

With Marriette and the broken mug Madame Manon betook herself to Judge Hautmartin at the ninth hour, that being his appointed time for sitting in judgment. Exhibiting the broken mug and Paradise Lost, she vociferously made her complaint. Marriette wept bitterly.

When the judge saw the broken mug, and when he saw his betrothed in tears, he was filled with such just indignation against Colin that his nose became the same violet color as Marriette's renowned hat ribbon; and he instantly dispatched bailiffs to summon the transgressor.

Colin arrived, looking very much vexed. Madame Manon repeated her accusation with considerable eloquence in the presence of the judge, bailiffs, and clerks. But Colin, instead of listening, walked up to Marriette and whispered: "Forgive me, Marriette, as I forgive you. I have only broken your mug unintentionally; but you—you have broken my heart!"

"What is the meaning of all this whispering?" inquired Judge Hautmartin, with judicial dignity. "Listen to the charges that are brought against you, and defend yourself."

"I can not defend myself. I broke the mug without intending to do so," said Colin.

"I almost believe him!" said Marriette, sobbing: "I was as much to blame as he was; for had I not offended and exasperated him, he would not have thrown the flowers and ribbons so inconsiderately. He could not help it."

"Good Heavens!" shrieked Madame Manon, "is the girl going to vindicate him? Judge Hautmartin, do you decide. He has broken the mug, that he does not attempt to deny; and he was the cause of my breaking the window; should he deny that, I can prove it."

"As you can not defend yourself, M. Colin," said the judge, "you must pay three hundred livres for the mug, for that was the value of it; and for—"

"No," interrupted Colin, "it was not worth so much; for when I bought it at the fair for Marriette, I only paid a hundred livres."

"You bought it, Mr. Impudence?" shouted the judge, his whole face becoming the color of Marriette's ribbon. He would have said more had he not been afraid of unpleasant explanations.

But Colin, indignant at the imputation, exclaimed—"I sent your own servant with the mug to Marriette the day of the fair. There he is, standing at the door. He can bear witness. Jacques, did I not give you the box to carry to Madame Manon's?"

Notwithstanding M. Hautmartin's endeavors to interrupt him, the simple Jacques said—"Recollect yourself, Judge Hautmartin; you know you took M. Colin's box from me, and carried the contents yourself to Madame Manon. The box is lying there among your papers."

The bailiffs were ordered to turn simple Jacques out of the room; and Colin was also desired to withdraw until his presence should be required.

"Very well, M. Hautmartin!" said Colin; "depend upon it this is your last trick in La Napoule. Your having endeavored to insinuate yourself into Madame Manon and Marriette's good graces at my expense is not the only transaction that has come to my knowledge. If you want me you had better ride to Grasse and inquire for me at the governor's." So saying, Colin walked away.

The affair had perplexed M. Hautmartin so much that he scarcely knew what he was doing. Madame Manon shook her head; for the affair was beginning to assume a suspicious appearance. "Who is to pay me now for the broken mug?" inquired she.

"I," exclaimed Marriette, with a glowing countenance—"I am almost paid for it."

Colin rode that very day to Grasse, waited on the governor, and returned early the next morning. When M. Hautmartin heard of his having done so, he laughed and lulled all Madame Manon's suspicions by swearing that he would allow his nose to be cut off if Colin had not to pay three hundred livres for the mug. He also went with Madame Manon to Father Jerome to arrange about the wedding, and to enjoin him to impress upon Marriette that it was her duty, as an obedient daughter, not to oppose her mother's wishes. The pious old gentleman promised to do what they desired, although he had not understood the half of what had been shouted in his ear.

As to Marriette, she now, for the first time, valued the broken mug, which she carried into her sleeping apartment; and it seemed to her as if the Paradise that had disappeared from it had been placed in her bosom.

On Monday morning Madame Manon said to her daughter, "Dress yourself nicely, and carry this myrtle wreath to Father Jerome; he wants it for a bride." Marriette put on her holiday dress, took the wreath unsuspiciously, and carried it to Father Jerome.

On the way she met Colin, who saluted her in a friendly manner; and when he heard where she was taking the wreath, he said: "I am going to the same place in order to pay Father Jerome his tithes." As they walked on in silence he took her hand; upon which they both trembled as much as if they had some evil design upon one another.

"Have you forgiven me?" whispered Colin, timidly. "Ah! Marriette, what have I done to cause you to act with such cruelty toward me?"

She could only say, "Never mind, Colin, you shall have the ribbon again; and I shall keep your mug. It was sent by you, was it not?"

"Oh, Marriette! can you doubt it? I should like to give you every thing I possess. Will you in future be kinder in your manner?"

She made no answer; but as they entered the priest's house, she cast a sidelong look at him, and observing a tear standing in his handsome eye, she lisped, "Dear Colin!" He seized her hand, and was in the act of kissing it, when the door of an adjoining room opened, and the venerable Father Jerome stood before them. The young people appeared to have become suddenly giddy, for they held each other fast. I can not tell whether this proceeded from the kissing of the hand, or from veneration for the old man.

Marriette gave the myrtle wreath to Father Jerome, who placed it on her head, saying, "Little children, love one another!" And he then exhorted the good girl in the most impressive and affecting manner to love Colin; for the old gentleman either on account of his deafness had not heard, or in consequence of his failing memory had forgotten the name of the intended, and naturally concluded that Colin was the bridegroom.

On hearing the exhortation of Father Jerome, Marriette was so overcome that she burst into tears, and exclaimed, "Alas! I have loved him this long time, but he hates me."

"I hate you, Marriette!" exclaimed Colin. "My soul has been wrapped up in you ever since you came to La Napoule. How could I either hope or believe that you loved me? Are you not adored by every one in the village?"

"Why then, Colin, did you avoid me on all occasions, and show such a decided preference for my companions?"

"Oh, Marriette! whenever I saw you I was overcome by fear, dejection, grief, and love. I had not courage to approach you; and yet when I was not near you I was miserable."

During this conversation Father Jerome, imagining that they were quarreling, put his arm round both, and drawing them together, he said, imploringly, "Little children, love one another!"

Thereupon Marriette sank upon Colin's breast, who clasped her in his arms, and perfect bliss was depicted on their countenances. While Colin pressed his lips to Marriette's pretty mouth, the priest—the whole world—was forgotten. In fact, so completely had they lost their recollection, that they unconsciously followed Father Jerome into the church and up to the altar.

"Marriette!" sighed he.

"Colin!" sighed she.

There were many pious persons praying in the church, who were much astonished when they witnessed the marriage of Colin and Marriette. Many departed before the conclusion of the ceremony, in order to announce the event in La Napoule.

Father Jerome led the bride and bridegroom back to his house, heartily rejoicing that they had made so little opposition, and that he had been able to perform his task with so little difficulty.

Just then Madame Manon arrived, completely out of breath. She had waited at home for the bridegroom, but she had waited in vain; and as the last sound of the church bell died away her anxiety increased to such a degree that she went herself to M. Hautmartin's. There new horrors awaited her; for she was informed that the governor had made his appearance, and having examined the records and accounts of Judge Hautmartin, had placed him immediately under arrest.

"The impious Colin has brought that about!" thought she as she hurried to Father Jerome, in order to make an excuse for the delay of the wedding. The good old man, proud of his work, smiled as he led the new married pair up to her.

Madame Manon really became speechless when she was told what had occurred; but Colin, who had now more use of his tongue than he had had during his whole life, commenced relating all about his love, the broken mug, the duplicity of the judge, and how he had unmasked him in Grasse. He concluded by begging of Madame Manon to give him her blessing; for neither he nor Marriette had been to blame, and what was done could not be undone.

Father Jerome, who for a length of time could not conceive what had happened, was at last made to understand the mistake about the bridegroom; whereupon he folded his hands, and piously raised his eyes to heaven while exclaiming, "Wonderful are the dispensations of Heaven!" Colin and Marriette kissed his hand, and Madame Manon gave the young couple her blessing, remarking, at the same time, that her head was so confused that she did not know what to think of the whole affair. When, however, she discovered the extent of her son-in-law's riches she was quite satisfied with him, especially as M. Hautmartin, together with his nose, had been taken as a prisoner to Grasse.

The broken mug has been preserved as a relic in the family until the present day.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"HUNTING PARTIES"—Mothers with daughters to marry!

A TRUISM FOR THE TIMES.—The Ritualists ought to be Romanists by Rites.

"Waiter, I should like a clean napkin. This looks as though it had been through the dock."

"Can't change, my dear Sir. Always give second-hand napkins with single fish-balls, Sir."

HEARTS AND DEVICES—Valentines!

A "GROUND SWELL"—A "Lord of Acres!"

A little girl wanted to say that she had a fan, but had forgotten what it was called; so she described it as "a thing to brush the warm all off of you with."

YE AGED BACHELOR.

When I remember all
The girls I've met together,
I feel like a rooster in the Fall
Exposed to every weather.
I feel like one who treads alone
Some barn-yard all deserted,
Whose oats are fled—whose hens are dead,
And off to market started.

"I have come for my umbrella," said the lender of one of these articles, on a rainy day, to his friend. "Can't help that," exclaimed the borrower; "don't you see that I am going out with it?" "Well, yes," replied the lender, astonished at such outrageous impudence; "yes, but—but—but what am I to do?" "Do?" replied the other, as he threw up the top and walked off, "Do as I did—borrow one."

BASE INHOSPITALITY—Turning out your toes.

A REMARKABLE BRIDGE.—An observing man who was traveling on a train noticed a gentleman and lady seated in close juxtaposition, and, judging from their conduct, imagined that they were exceedingly intimate. In front of the comfortable pair sat two Germans. Presently the train passed through a dark bridge. Amidst the rattling of the bridge could be heard a noise that sounded for all the world like a concussion of lips. As the train emerged into daylight, one of the Germans slowly drew his spectacles down over his nose, and exclaimed: "Well, I link dish ish a bad bridge. I hears him crack, one, two, three, four times." The lady drew down her veil, and for the trip looked mute and quiet.

THE HONEY-MOON.

LUCY. "Charles, dear!"
CHARLES. "Well, my love."
LUCY. "Will you do me a favor, dear?"
CHARLES. "Surely, love."
LUCY (*timidly*). "Well, Charles, if I might ask you, would you bring home two pounds of country sausages?"

GLASSES ROUND—Those worn in the eye.

SUGGESTION BY A SUFFERER.—Is the operator disposed to be too talkative when you sit down to have your hair cut? As he is sure to ask how you wish it done, you can easily give him a hint by telling him to cut it short.

BUSY INSECTS IN THE CHURCH—Protest-*ants*.

THOROUGH-BRED HOSS.—A hoss which had his breed improved by means of a sulky, containin a fellow with a long whip, till he ain't worth 18 sents for any purpose except a gambling masheen.

THOROUGH-BRED GENTLEMEN.—A bob tail cote, a 3 sent paper koller, a white kotten weskit, yaller trowsers whithout any cloth in the legs, shiny leather boots, a pair of yeller gloves, and inside of 'em all, a thing got up in imitashun of a man, but as the kounterfeit detectors say, poorly executed and not kalkulated to deseve. Must swar, drink shampain, and telk horse. Mustash indispensabul, brains onnesessary.

AN APATHETIC MAN.

With smile so faint we know not when we've seen it,
And then inquire if he can really mean it—
Who can not love, whose warmest welcome freezes;
Who can't offend, because he never pleases.

A clergyman says it is curious to note how many people attend a circus "only because they want to please their children; but still more curious to observe that in many instances it takes two or three able-bodied men, with as many women, to look after one little boy or girl."

"What are you doing there, Jane?"
"Why, Pa, I'm going to dye my doll's pinafore red."
"But what have you got to dye it?"
"Beer."
"Who on earth told you that beer would dye red?"
"Why, Ma said it was beer that made your nose so red, and—"
"Here, Susan, take this child."

SECRETARY INTELLIGENCE—"Spanish *Bonds*" have fallen.

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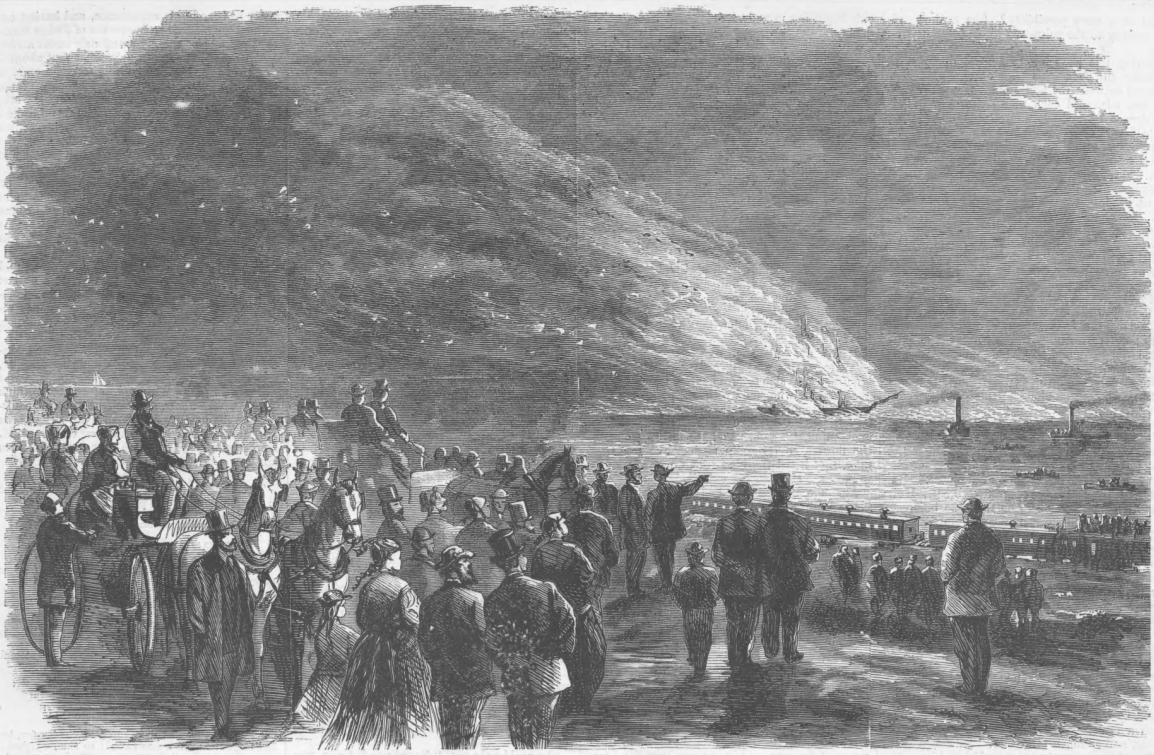


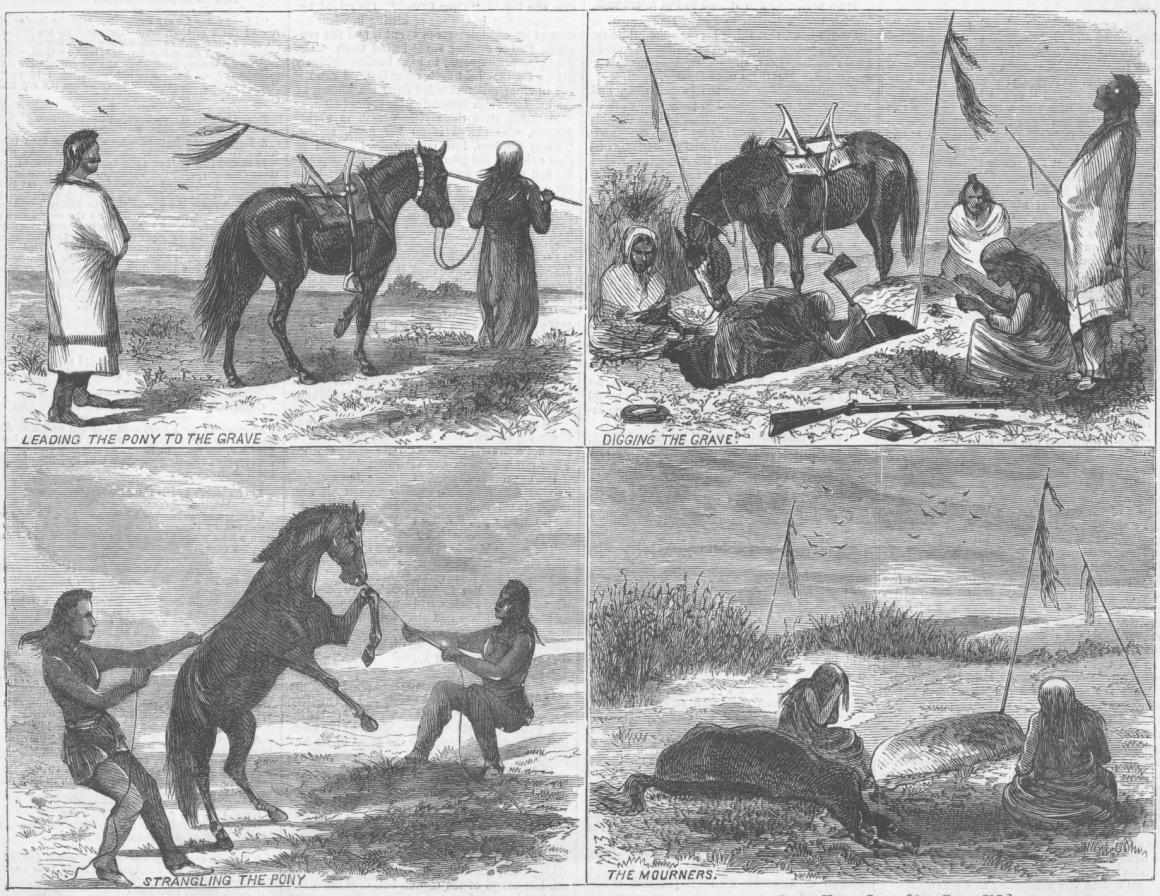
TERRIBLE EXPLOSION OF PETROLEUM ON LAKE ERIE, OCTOBER 26, 1868.—[SKETCHED BY T. T. SWEENY.]

EXPLOSION ON LAKE ERIE.

IN the explosion on board the bark *H. L. Cotton*, on the evening of October 26, we have a new illustration of the perils to which human life is exposed in navigation. This vessel cleared from the port of Cleveland for Liverpool, England. According to her manifest there were on board 1460 barrels of spirits of petroleum (or naphtha), 499 barrels of oil of petroleum, the value of which was set down at $12,428. Besides the above there were 17,500 staves and 1100 boat oars, of the value of $1610, the aggregate value of the cargo being $14,038, as made out at the Custom-house.

The crew consisted of the captain, two mates, steward, and six seamen. The captain's wife was also on board, making eleven persons in all. The vessel and cargo were valued at $50,000.

GEORGE L. DE WOLF, the captain of the



CEREMONY OF BURIAL AS OBSERVED AMONG THE KAW INDIANS.—SKETCHED BY JAMES KIDD, JUN.—[SEE PAGE 727.]

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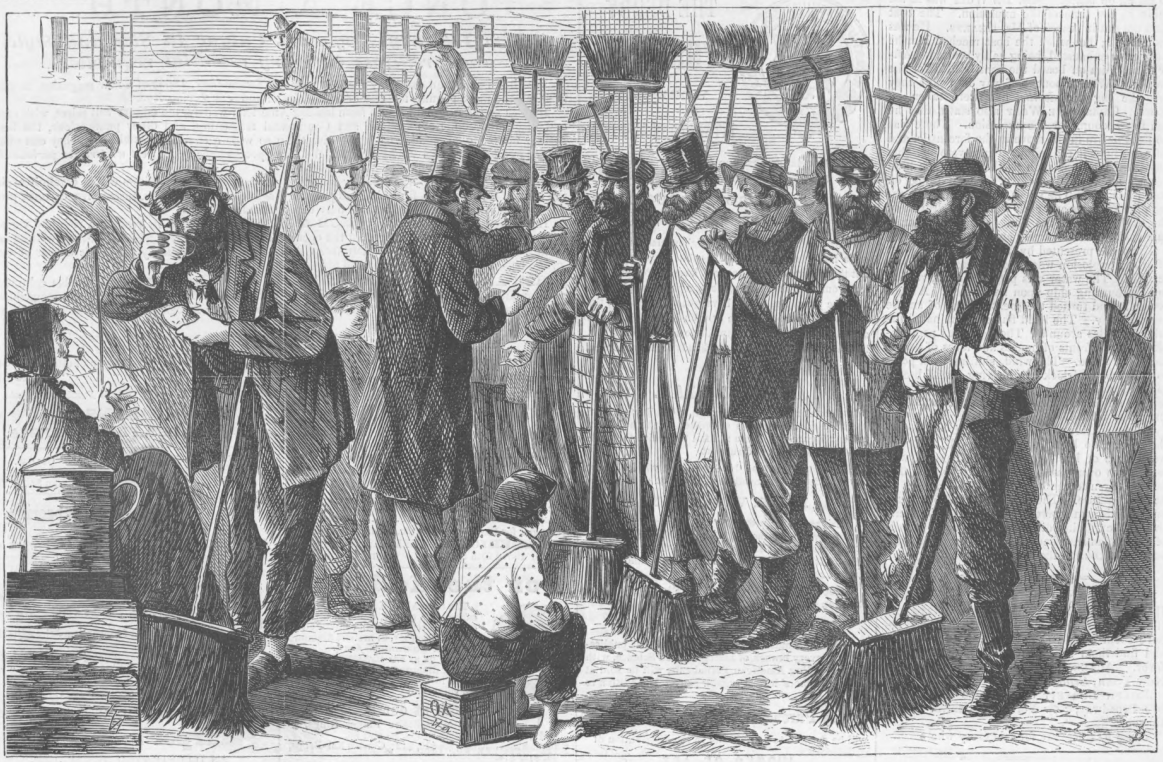

SKETCHES OF CITY LIFE—THE STREET-SWEEPERS ANSWERING TO THE INSPECTOR'S CALL-ROLL.—SKETCHED BY PAUL FRANZENY.—[SEE PAGE 727.]

bark, states that he left port at twenty minutes to five o'clock, Sunday afternoon, in tow of the tug *W. D. Cushing*. About three-quarters of an hour after leaving the tug, the canvas being set, and all hands on deck cleaning up the vessel, a sudden and terrific explosion was heard. The whole deck seemed to heave. Barrels, oars, and staves were blown into the air with great force. The explosion seemed to extend the entire length of the vessel. One man was blown overboard. Every person on board was thrown into the air, some of them as high as twenty or thirty feet. The deck settled back, all out of shape. As soon as the explosion took place the flames burst out, and the vessel was soon wrapped in a sheet of fire. The sails and rigging caught immediately, and in the next moment were all burning. The small boat was got down as soon as possible, but not a moment too soon, as the flames were raging with great fury, and time was hardly given

SKETCHES OF CITY LIFE—THE RAG-PICKERS DISPOSING OF THEIR GATHERINGS.—SKETCHED BY PAUL FRANZENY.—[SEE PAGE 727.]

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to get all on board. Mrs. DE WOLF was in the cabin at the time of the explosion. The boat then put out in search of Mr. HEARNS. He was soon found; but when the boat reached him he was nearly exhausted, being badly bruised. After taking him on board the boat headed for the harbor. When about half-way into port they met the tug *Prinderville*, and were taken on board. Captain DE WOLF also states that he can not account for the explosion. There was no light or fire in the stove in the forecastle, and only one light in the cabin. There were no lights above deck except such as the navigation laws compel all vessels to carry. Every thing on board was lost. The ship's papers and the clothing of the officers and crew were all destroyed by the explosion and the fire. Some of the men came ashore with scarcely any clothing on.

The scene presented by the burning vessel just after the explosion was as magnificent as it was terrible. The water was perfectly calm, reflecting the burning ship upon its surface. A light breeze inland turned the great volume of smoke over the city. The lurid flames illuminated the lake for miles around. The light was perceptible upon the fronts of houses and faces of people along the shore. The wind, shifting from point to point, by 8 o'clock was blowing a stiff breeze to the eastward, carrying the vessel before it, and leaving a line of burning oil upon the surface of the water behind.

As remarkable and miraculous as it may seem, there were no lives lost. Nearly all on board were more or less injured. Mr. HEARNS, who was blown overboard, was so badly burned that he was taken to the Marine Hospital as soon as he came ashore. The steward was also burned, and had his arm severely injured. It is fortunate that the explosion did not occur in the middle of the Atlantic, where it would probably have been disastrous to the crew.

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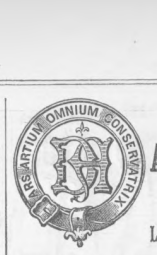

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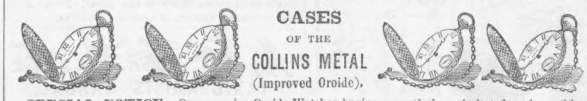

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PETROLEUM V. NASBY.

THE portrait of this prominent personage, given below, suggests the propriety of quoting from the "Prelis or Interduetry Chapter" of his historical work, entitled "Swingin Round the Cirkle," a paragraph or two explanatory of the origin of that celebrated volume. He says: "There is a vacancy in the mind uv the public for jist sich a book ez this, else it had never bin published. There is a vacancy in my pockit for the money I am to reseeve ez copy-rite, else I hed never slung together in consecootive shape, the ijees wich I hev from time to time flung out thro the public press, for the enlitenment uv an ongrateful public and the guidance uv an obtoose Dimocracy. I didn't put these thots uv mine upon paper for amoozement. There hezn't bin anythin amoozin in Dimocrisy for the past five years, and the standard-bearers, the captins uv fifties and hundreds, the leaders uv the hosts, hev hed a ruther rough time uv it. Our prominence made us uncomfortable, for we hev bin the mark uv every writer, every orator, ez well ez uv every egg-thrower, in the country. Twict I wuz drafted into a service I detested—twict I wuz torn from the buzzum uv my family, wich I wuz gittin along well enough, even ef the wife uv my buzzum wood occasionally git obstinit, and refooze to give me sich washin money ez wuz nessary to my existence, preferrin to squander it upon bread and clothes for the children—twict, I say, I wuz pulled into the servis, and twict I wuz forced to desert to the Dimocrisy uv the south, rather than fite agin em. When finally the thumb uv my left hand wuz acksidentally shot off, owin to my foot becomin entangled into the lock uv my gun, wich thumb wuz also accidentally across the muzzle thereof, and I wuz no longer liable to military dooty and cood bid Provost Marshels defiance, I only steered clear uv Scylla to go bumpin onto Charybdis. I coodent let Dimocrisy alone, and the eggins—the ridin upon rails—the takin uv the oath—but why shood I harrow up the public buzzum? I stood it all till one nite I wuz pulled out uv bed, compelled to kneel onto my bare knees in the cold snow, the extremity uv my under garment, wich modesty forbids me to menshun the name uv it, fluttrin in a Janooary wind, and by a crowd uv laffin soljers compelled to take the oath and drink a pint uv aw undilooted water! The oath give me inflamashen uv the brane and the water inflamashen uv the stumick, and for six long weeks I lay a wreck uv my former self. Ez I arose from that bed and saw in a glass the remains uv my pensive beauty, I vowed to wage a unceasin war on the party wich caused sich havoc, and I hev kept my oath.

"I hev bin in the Apossel biznis more extensively than any man sence the time uv Paul. First I established a church uv Democrats in a little oasis I diskivered in the ablishn State uv Ohio, to wit, at Wingert's Corners, where ther wuz four groceries, but nary church or skool-house within four miles, and whose populashen wuz unanimously Dimocratic, the grocery-keepers hevin mortgages on all the land around em—but alars! I wuz forced to leeve it after the election of Linkin in 1864. Noo Gersey bein the only State North wich wuz onsquelched, to her I fled, and at Saint's Rest (wich is in Noo Gersey) I erected another tabernacle. There I stayed, and et and drank and wuz merry; but Ablishnism pursood me thither, and in the fall uv '65 that State got ornery, and cussid, and went Ablishn, and agin, like the wandrin Jew, I wuz forced to pull up, and wend my weary way to Kentucky, where at Confedrit × Roads I feel that I am safe. Massychoosets ideas can't penetrate us here. The aristocracy bleeve in freedom uv speech, but they desire to exercise a supervision over it, that they may not be led astray.

"It is proper to state that the papers uv which this volume is composed wuz written at various times and under various circumstances. They shift from grave to gay, from lively to severe, with much alacrity. I might say more, but wherefore? Ez the record uv a year uv hopes and fears, uv exaltation and depression, it may possess interest or may not—'cordin to the style uv the reader. Whatever may be its fate, one thing I am certain uv—to wit, I am a reglerly commissioned P. M.; and while the approval of the public mite lighten the toils uv offishl life and sweeten the whisky wich the salary purchases, the frowns uv the said public can't redooce me to the walks uv private life. They can't frown me out uv offis, nor frown P. M. General Randall's name off my commishn."

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, EX-POSTMASTER.

THE SUBMERSION OF ARICA, PERU.

WE have already placed before our readers some account of the terrible earthquake which lately visited the western sea-board of South America, destroying eight cities, the most important on that coast, and making its terrible influence felt northward from Arica, the central point, to Callao, a distance of about 650 miles, and southward to Cobija, in Bolivia, a distance of 280 miles or more. The worst fears are fully confirmed, and the horrible scenes and incidents at first but vaguely imagined are set out in later accounts in pictures but too real. The Peruvian sea-port town of Arica, the submersion of which is depicted in our engraving, was nearly destroyed by an earthquake in 1605, and now, with seven other cities, it has actually ceased to exist. Arica, as we have said, seems to have been the focus of the shock. In the mountainous parts of the country, at the back of this populous coast town, a sensation was experienced as from the collision of two heavy masses; and the hidden convulsion was followed by three fearful undulations of the earth, each undulation accompanied by a tidal wave, the second of greater lateral extent than the first, and the third larger, in turn, than the second. A witness of the disastrous effects at Arica says:

"The hour was that when by custom most of the inhabitants had just closed their daily labors and were at their homes. The instant the startling indications of an earthquake were felt there was a general rush for uncovered spaces, which were reached by many uninjured, but not by all. The streets became a scene of terror. All the houses in the city trembled like a person affected with the ague. Then they surged, and some of them fell to pieces with crash after crash. At this juncture, when the undulations were active, the earth opened in several places in long and almost regular lines. The fissures were from one to three inches in width. The sensation was distinct, as though something was rolling underneath. From every fissure there belched forth dry earth like dust, which was followed by a stifling gas. Owing to the demolition of buildings and the general destruction of all kinds of property, and the dust belched forth as well as that set in motion by the general tumult, a dense cloud was formed over the city and obscured the light. Beneath the cloud was the gas, which oppressed every living creature, and would have suffocated all these if it had lingered longer stationary than it did, which was only about ninety seconds. The undulations were three in number. Each succeeding one was of greater magnitude than the former. When the undulations ceased the cloud of dust ascended and dispersed, and the light was restored. Then quakes at short intervals succeeded, as though subterranean explosions or collisions were taking place. At this time people from all parts of the city fled to the hills, amidst falling stones and timbers which descended from swaying walls and broadly-rent buildings just on the eve of crumbling into perfect ruin. Some were struck down dead by the falling materials, and others were maimed, while all were made to stagger from side to side like people in a state of intoxication. Many of both sexes carried children in their arms, and those who had not these carried articles of value. The avarice of some was stronger than fear, even amidst this terrible confusion; and hence there were those who dallied to collect valuables, many of whom suffered for their temerity either by the sacrifice of their lives or otherwise. As the rush for the hills continued, and stones and materials of all kinds were falling, and houses and parts of these were crashing, numerous people were struck down and either killed or dangerously hurt. The water in the harbor was now receding from the shore, bearing with it all the shipping, at rapid speed. Then the current changed, and, before an almost overhanging, tremendous

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wave, the vessels came back, tossed one way and then another, or whirled about as though they were only floating logs; and on the very summit of this immense volume of water rode the United States steamer *Wateree*. The huge wave dashed against the stone mole or pier and shattered it to pieces, then swept from its path what was standing of the Custom-house, and almost every vestige of the ruins of other buildings. It rolled over the already destroyed houses of the city, and set a myriad of articles afloat which eddied in every direction; while, at the same time, the vessels and floating materials were forced ahead of the wave's at this time curling and foaming summit. Every thing which it encountered in its course was swept away in an instant. Even great masses of stone were rolled over and over. When the force of the wave was spent it retired, and in a short time the equilibrium of the water was restored, and then it occupied about the same line and presented nearly the same appearance as it did before the earthquake. The vessels carried inland were a terrible sight. Most of them were bottom upward. Their masts had been snapped like sticks. All this dreadful picture the refugees on the hills were now beholding. Many of them did so with the most marked evidences of fear, because quakes of the earth were still felt at short intervals. The *Wateree* was grounded inland, at a quarter of a mile from the beach, on the line of a railroad. As far as heard from, only one life was lost on board. Near the *Wateree* a Peruvian war vessel was also grounded, and so gently that none of its rigging nor any of its timbers were impaired. On board the Peruvian war steamer *America*, which is a total wreck, eighty lives were reported to have been lost. The United States store-ship *Fredonia* was upset, and all her crew except three drowned, according to report. Those who escaped were the captain, surgeon, and a paymaster, who were on shore when the earthquake occurred, and sought refuge on the hills. A British vessel, called the *Chanarcillo*, lost many of her crew, who were tumbled overboard. A United States brig, name unknown, foundered with all on board. The vessel, it is reported, was laden with guano. The rest of the shipping destroyed were South American coasters. The fatal casualties in the city were about fifty, and the other casualties about one hundred. The total loss on shipboard was about three hundred, principally fatal. The refugees remained on the hills for two days, during which time they suffered greatly for food; at the same time the quakes continued as before at intervals. In time their sufferings became so intense that the males had to go in search of food, a limited quantity of which they found in a damaged condition, and with this they succored their families. The second morning after the earthquake a light-draught coasting-vessel entered the harbor, but did not remain long at anchor. As soon as the captain became aware of what had happened he took on board a number of people and left with them for Callao; thence one of the parties got to Panama."

In different places the shocks lasted from two to seven minutes, and caused greater ravages than any similar calamity that ever befell the same country before; for not only were whole towns shaken down, and their destruction completed by fire, but the sea, retiring to extraordinary distances, returned on the coast at the rate of ten miles an hour, and with a wave fully fifty feet high, that covered the towns and swept away in its reflux every thing within its power, leaving big ships high and dry.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1868.

THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE.

THE triumphant election of General GRANT is not only the ratification, but it is a final interpretation of the war. From the moment that General LEE surrendered to General GRANT in the field there has been a loud debate as to the real significance of the war, and what was actually settled by it. The Democratic theory was that nothing had happened but the suppression of a riot, during which slavery had ceased to exist in the old form. The President's theory was partly this, and partly something else which was not very intelligible. He declared that the States were suspended, lying in a kind of political catalepsy, from which he proposed to awaken them by assuming absolute power, which he did in his North Carolina proclamation. This was, of course, a hopeless confusion, and gradually the President has disappeared in the Democratic embrace. The Republican party have contended that with slavery fell every thing that sprang from slavery, and they have insisted that not only justice and honor, but reason and common-sense, indicated equal suffrage in the recovered States as the only security of order and of the restoration of the normal situation under a free popular government.

The election was joined upon this issue. The Southern leaders returned to the Convention at Tammany Hall, and took their old places at the head of the party. They repudiated every thing in the Republican policy of reconstruction, declared for the national dishonor, and nominated candidates that pleased them. The consequence was that there has been no obscurity as to the real point of the canvass. Shall the general Congressional policy of reconstruction be sustained or abandoned? was the question. Are the people of the United States resolved that they will reconstruct the Union upon principles agreeable to them, or do they prefer that the late rebels shall reconstruct it as they prefer? Are the people afraid of negro supremacy, or do they believe with General LONGSTREET, and with the testimony of all experience, that the cry of negro supremacy is the mere cat-call of a canvass? Do they think that they can not constitutionally say a word upon the subject of reconstruction, or is their authority, under the circumstances, supreme? Have they learned that the Democratic cry of "nigger," which has been sounding for a generation, is merely a noise to confuse the public mind that it may not see that ignorance and injustice of every kind mean endless agitation? Is the North resolved that its idea shall govern the country as the idea of the South has governed it for many a dreary year?

These were the questions, simple, sharp, clear, and the answer is tremendous. A futile effort was made to obscure the real point, and to fix the public attention upon financial questions. But every man instinctively knew that the political interest necessarily takes precedence at such a time as this of the financial. When a great party, which, as a party, has favored the rebellion of its chief wing, returns to the control of that wing, and under its lead demands not a change of policy, not new measures under the Government, but the forcible overthrow of national law, it is a question of national order and existence; and it was as foolish to hope to divert the public mind from it now as it was in 1864. The result shows that it was so. It is not a defeat so much as an extinction of the Democratic theory of the situation. It exposes its utter ignorance of the noble American heart, and the great purpose of a victorious and generous people.

The Democratic appeal has been twofold—to the meanest form of selfishness in the pocket, and to the hatred and jealousy of race. They have both been as successfully and overwhelmingly rejected as its proposition in 1864 to surrender to the rebellion. Of the old free States Mr. SEYMOUR apparently receives the vote of two—New York, which, by fraudulent means, gives him five or six thousand majority; and New Jersey, which, by the same method, may reach two thousand. He gets the vote of Louisiana and Georgia, in which the directions of WADE HAMPTON, to starve those who would not vote for SEYMOUR, have been followed and improved; and Kentucky, Maryland, and Delaware vote for him, the three States in which the old slavery Democracy is still supreme. But the conscience, the heart, the intelligence, the industry, the enterprise of the country, the indomitable spirit that pushed the war to an unconditional surrender, that emancipated the slaves, that saved the Union, that is in full sympathy with every lover of liberty in the world, and that will greatly mould the future of the world, have all resistlessly declared against Mr. SEYMOUR, and the inhuman and un-American policy of which he is the fit representative.

This is the end of the old form of the Democratic policy in this country. It will now cut loose from the corpse to which, thirty years ago, it so exultingly chained itself. Its old Southern leaders have lost their prestige. Yet they have one hope, and it is in the ignorance of their followers. The Southern chiefs are the men of conviction and of purpose in the party; and such men, as experience has shown in the history of all parties, are very powerful. Hopeless of reversing the accomplished action of Congress, the wisest of these will now endeavor to influence the vote which they could not destroy; while the more stupid will continue to thwart and delay a work which they can not prevent. But the duty of Congress is clear. The country has amply sustained a policy which secures equal rights, and which forbids all kinds of evasion and special pleading. The country means fair play to white and black in the Southern States, and the new Administration will take care that they both have it. As to the "oppression" under which the Southern whites are suffering, the elections in Louisiana and Georgia, and the universal terrorism, show who is oppressed. In every one of those States there are nothing but American citizens. American citizens have equal rights; and the Administration of General GRANT, sustained by the enormous majority of the people, will see that those rights are protected.

MR. JOHN T. HOFFMAN.

MR. JOHN T. HOFFMAN is apparently elected Governor of New York. Last year, when the contest for the mayoralty in this city was plainly between Mr. HOFFMAN and Mr. FERNANDO WOOD, we spoke a word for Mr. HOFFMAN as the least of two evils. Had we then believed Mr. HOFFMAN capable of so grave an offense against public morality as he committed in his proclamation of October 31 of this year, just before the election, we should not have perceived his superiority to Mr. FERNANDO WOOD.

It was notorious that vast naturalization frauds had been committed, designed to affect the election. Whether the Republicans or the Democrats were the guiltier party was not the question. Every good citizen who understands the inexpressible importance of a pure ballot-box was interested to expose the frauds. They were not subjects of common rumor merely. We, in common with hundreds of our fellow-citizens, knew individual cases in which fraudulent naturalization papers were held. There were few men in or near the city taking practical part in the election who did not know of them, and who were not doing, as Mr. PULLMAN did, all that they could to keep men from voting upon such papers. Similar frauds had been legally exposed and judicially denounced in Philadelphia. Nobody denied the frauds or their vast extent: nobody doubted that if there were vast frauds in the city of New York which were intended to affect the election, whatever the Republican effort may have been, the great weight of the fraudulent vote would be cast for the Democratic candidates.

Now a good citizen, of whatever party, who was also the chief magistrate of this great city, would use every power, and all the influence of his official position, to baffle the frauds. Knowing what every body else did, he would declare the situation, and warn all offenders that they should be prosecuted and punished to the utmost, because their crime was fatal to popular government itself. Such a course would have earned the respect of every honest citizen of every party. But what did Mr. HOFFMAN? He issued a paper in which he declared the charges of fraud against those high in authority to be "gross and unfounded." He declared that these false charges were made by his political opponents to conceal their own schemes of fraud, and to excite violence and disorder. And he called upon all citizens to assert their rights boldly and resolutely, and to rely upon the State laws against the "United States Government officials."

Such a document could have but one purpose and one interpretation. It was a hint to fraudulent voters not to be afraid. It was an assurance, like Mr. SEYMOUR'S speech in the Academy of Music before the riots, that the authorities were the "friends" of evil-doers. In issuing such a proclamation under the circumstances, in the face of established facts, and with the necessary tendency of promoting his own election, Mr. HOFFMAN was guilty of an offense against public morality which ought not to be forgotten. He has forfeited the respect of all honorable and patriotic men. He has thrown the mantle of his high official position, and of what has hitherto been called his "respectability," over the most shameless conspiracy to defeat the will of the honest voters of New York. The offense is the more flagrant because he was a candidate; and there is not a man in the country who does not know that if there were frauds he would be benefited by them. Mr. HOFFMAN has succeeded in being elected Governor of New York. But it is an election without honor, and without real significance, because every reflecting man in the State is morally sure that he was not honestly elected.

OUR CROPS, AND THE FOREIGN DEMAND FOR THEM.

THERE are two parties to the question whether the demand for grain from abroad will be extensive. Those who deny that it will be, are not merely the representatives of large consuming populations across the Atlantic who systematically attempt to break down our market as the season for purchase approaches, but there are others who, actuated by a gambling propensity, apply it in their dealings in the staff of life. Producers are appealed to by both sides, and when the price of grain is carried up suddenly, and it as suddenly falls, as was the case lately at Chicago with Indian corn, which rose from 90 to 112 per bushel and soon receded, the vicissitudes of the stock market seem to them to attend the great farming interest of the country.

There is but one mode of punishing effectually the habit; and that is, for our farmers to hold on to as much of their grain as they can conveniently store, so that the temptation for gambling, which is evinced only when the market can be controlled, may be rendered inactive by danger.

The recent report from the Agricultural Department at Washington, which shows only a moderate increase above the average of the quantity of wheat harvested this year, occurring chiefly in California, and much more severe damage to corn in the Northern States than the country was prepared to expect, ought to prevent any sacrifice on the part of our farmers of the food they have to sell. It is clear beyond all question that the foreign demand, between this and the next harvest, for all descriptions of food, will be sufficient to absorb our whole surplus; and as the suffering from drought when very severe—as was that of Great Britain and of adjacent portions of the Continent—can not be overcome by one harvest, the policy of not allowing any sacrifice of such articles of food as our farmers may safely store can not be doubtful. It will not only contribute to their advantage, but to the general safety.

The policy of pressing every product upon the market promptly is supported by those who want the advantage of a brisk trade, and the stimulant to manufacturing industry which arises from cheap food; but the situation of the country—deeply in debt to foreign people—makes it far more important to the general interest that we shall take the opportunity which the failure of crops abroad furnishes to obtain a remunerative price for what we have to sell. The strength thus derived will enable us to reduce a portion of our debt held on the other side, and ultimately benefit all interests.

We are fully aware of the estimates presented by Mr. SANDERSON, and more recently by Mr. CAIRD in the London *Times*, as to the crops of all descriptions harvested in 1868, and particularly as to wheat, and assuming that their estimates as to wheat are not at all extravagant, and that this crop will be larger than usual, we feel entirely sure of our ground. The loss on every other crop, and particularly of hay, roots, and pasturage, is far more serious than would have been the loss of wheat. Mr. CAIRD admits that "*there will be a great deficiency in the food of live-stock, and a very serious loss in that branch of agricultural industry.*" The number of animals slaughtered in England in July, August, and September exceeded all precedent. Butcher's meat was lower than it had been known. Lamb's-wool had fallen, attributed to the quantity of lambs thrown upon the market. This had mitigated for the moment the effect of the drought, but it constitutes one of the causes for protracting recovery from its effects. The great drought of 1800 carried up the average price of middling or mealing wheat, which, in 1799, was £3 15*s.* 8*d.* per quarter of eight Winchester bushels, to £6 7*s.* in 1800, and £6 8*s.* 6*d.* in 1801. In 1802 it fell to £3 7*s.*

The long-continued necessity of calling upon the grains to supply the want of deficient pastures, and the baked condition of the soil when it is required to be plowed, are two of the chief causes which carry the influence of such a calamity into the second year. This applies as well to Spain—which has, in addition to drought in some portions of the kingdom, the disadvantage, so far as its industry is concerned, of a revolution—as to Russia and those adjacent countries which have been severe sufferers. A newspaper printed in Paris on the 3d of October attributes the recent order of the Russian Government, forbidding any person to enter within Russian limits except he can prove his ability to maintain himself, to the deficiency of the Russian crops of this year. We presented, at an early period of the Russian harvests, statements of the extraordinary deficiency in the product of grain and hay due to drought, and that extensive fires had run over large districts of country invited by the parched surface. Russia is a large country, and contains districts exempt doubtless from this misfortune. The diminution in recent imports of grain into Great Britain from Russia, and also from Prussia, is due to this cause. Our most important competitors in this trade are seriously weakened.

Mr. CAIRD, in the letter which appears in the London *Times*, with a view to affect the price of grain, states that "a system of transport has been arranged by the Illinois Central Railroad for the shipment from Cairo to New Orleans of 10,000 quarters daily (80,000 bushels of Indian corn meaning), in the expectation of orders from Europe at New Orleans to take off this supply." We doubt whether this can be done, or whether such an arrangement would be deemed desirable at English markets. It is *here* that purchases are expected, because the risk of heating is not endured, and the lines of ocean transportation do not need to be created. When the voyage is through warm latitudes and is long, grain becomes compacted into a mass and is dug out with a spade.

We repeat, therefore, that our farmers need have no fear of not being able to find a market for all they have to sell. No safeguard is more important than the annual storing and hoarding of part of every year's crop until economy permits the most advantageous consumption of new grain. It can then be shipped also with the greatest advantage. Our wheat-growing region is co-extensive with the Union, and although we may be visited with drought it is scarcely probable that in such a diversified and immense country it can be general; still, it is so necessary to prosperity that the staff of life—as bread has been properly called—should be abundant and within the reach of all, that we hope the practice may become general to provide ample means for storing wheat, and to be sure that enough shall be annually stored to carry the country through any period of distress. Wheat is endowed with a capacity for preservation beyond that of any other grain. It may also stand better than any other grain the trials of severe weather in the process of growth. If the estimates of Mr. SANDERSON and those of Mr. JAMES CAIRD were correct it would appear that an unparalleled drought was of great service to the growth of wheat! We must do Mr. CAIRD the justice to say that he lops off from Mr. SANDERSON'S estimate of the total product about seven millions of bushels, and admits that "on shallow gravels and light sand" the production does not equal the average on other soils. In the early stages of the drought the correspondents of *Mark Lane Express* did not limit the soils in which wheat was plowed in to that grown on *shallow gravels* and *light sand*,

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but stated that this occurred in many light soils. The omission of both these gentlemen to speak of the fate of spring wheat, which is largely sown in several districts, can not be explained except on the hypothesis that they need all the wheat lands to enable them to arrive at their extravagant grand total.

If these statements were made to inform the English of their exact condition, and had the effect to produce care in the use of what had been gathered, we should have no criticisms to make; but as they appear to be framed with a view to influence foreign markets, and have the effect which the *Mark Lane Express* feebly attributed of encouraging waste, we have no hesitation to show their inaccuracy, and to advise our producers on this side not to part from their products except at remunerative prices.

The low price of gold at this market on the 6th instant, when it reached 132, left no margin for the export of our grain, or indeed of any of our agricultural productions, excepting, perhaps, the products of the dairy and some articles required in feeding animals in England. The partial recovery of their pastures, the slaughtering of cattle and sheep on an extensive scale, and the general disposition to economize in the use of food for men and animals, which has attended every stage of the drought, have mitigated its effects; but the need of large imports into England can not be avoided, although it may be postponed with a view to break down foreign markets.

London and Liverpool stand face to face with our merchants on the exchange here, and refuse to advance their offers up to what will be a remunerative price to our farmers. The latter are able to hold with perfect steadiness; and if they make no sacrifices to temporary necessities they will be amply rewarded for the labors of the year, and will contribute to the general welfare.

THE DEMOCRACY OF GENERAL GRANT.

SINCE General GRANT has been elected by so immense a majority, it is lustily asserted by the Democratic journals that he is, and always has been, a real Democrat. Undoubtedly he is, and that is his first radical difference with the Democratic party. General GRANT is a Democrat, and the Democratic party is, and has been for a generation, the instrument of an aristocracy. For what is it to be a Democrat in the true sense of the word? Certainly it is not to do what slave-lords command, and to vote as a Ring ordains. But that is what Democracy has been for many a year. The policy of the party was just what the slave-masters thought the interests of slavery required. The great measures of the party during the twenty years before the war were the annexation of Texas and the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, while every minor measure was tested by its degree of service to the same great end of the supremacy of slavery in the government. This system was the denial and outrage of every human right; but the party existed and struggled for no other end, and still called itself Democratic. To be a Democrat was to apologize for slavery, and defend it; to sneer at a part of the population as of an inferior race to be abused at pleasure, and consequently to stultify the moral sense, to sophisticate and prevaricate, and to struggle endlessly with every generous human instinct, with religion and civilization.

This was to be a Democrat. It made no difference that there was a plea that it was a subject upon which nothing could be done, and therefore upon which no thought should be expended; that there was an incessant talk about State rights, and reserved rights, and limited powers, and original compromises. The one fact that was steadily clear through all the obscurity and confusion was that a Democrat was a man who supported the practical assertion that some men had no rights which other men were bound to respect. And it was this tragical absurdity which has been driving the best men out of the Democratic party for twenty years. The old and true Democratic paper in this city is the *Evening Post*. How long since it has been technically a Democratic paper? In the true sense of Democracy, or respect for equal rights, who are and always have been stancher Democrats than its editors, Mr. BRYANT, Mr. GODWIN, and Mr. NORDHOFF? But what have they had to do, what could they have to do, with a "Democracy" which drew its inspiration from CALHOUN, with his doctrine of slavery as the only sure foundation of a free government; which followed a dozen years ago the leadership of HAMMOND and his associates, sneering at free laborers as mud-sills; and which accepted in this last election the dictatorship of WADE HAMPTON and ROBERT TOOMBS, their hands dripping with the blood of loyal citizens—of FORREST fresh from Fort Pillow, and SEMMES from the *Alabama*?

To be a true Democrat is to reject with scorn every distinctive principle that the Democratic party has professed for a generation, and to disown all its acknowledged chiefs from CALHOUN to SEYMOUR. To be a true Democrat is to believe in the equal rights of men, not of States, and to organize that faith in law; it is to reject the resolutions of '98, and to acknowledge the necessary subordination of the States to the Union; it is to oppose every kind of hostility of race, of interest, and of section in the country; it is to insist upon an economical and honest administration of government; it is to be neither a bully to the weakest of foreign states nor a sycophant to the strongest, but reasonable, firm, and self-respecting with all; it is to foster to the utmost free schools and churches; to demand absolute freedom of speech and action every where in the land; to keep the national honor unstained; it is, above all, to see that justice is expediency, and that the maintenance of the equal rights of men is identical with true policy. This is Democracy, or the practical assertion of the rights of man. This is exactly what the Democrats who voted for Mr. SEYMOUR have opposed. This is precisely what General GRANT accepts. If he be a Democrat HORATIO SEYMOUR is not. The Democrats of to-day will find small comfort in General GRANT until they renounce what is now known as Democracy.

THE FACTS OF THE FRAUDS.

THE Union League Club has appointed a committee to investigate the frauds. Will the Manhattan Club do the same? Fraudulent voting is a matter of the highest public concern irrespective of party, and it may fairly be assumed that when a great successful party is indifferent to such an investigation, or is hostile to it, it is because of a consciousness that it will appear to owe its success to the frauds themselves. If the Republicans have stuffed the ballot-boxes, "led on by General SICKLES," as a Democratic paper asserts, we call for an exposure of the facts, and we promise for our parts to hold up General SICKLES, should the charge be sustained, to the same public censure that we should commend Mr. TILDEN if the same charge should be sustained against him. But is not Mr. TILDEN, as a good citizen, quite as much interested in this investigation as General SICKLES? Mr. TILDEN by long experience has probably the profoundest faith in the incorruptibility of the Democratic voters of the Sixth Ward in this city, and in the spotless purity of its ballot-boxes. He believes, of course, that every vote of Mr. HOFFMAN'S apparent majority is an honest vote. If he supposed he had been fraudulently elected, as an intelligent man, understanding the real foundation of a popular government, he would prefer to lose his Governor rather than to destroy the system, wouldn't he? At least let us suppose so.

Now it appears that the fourth district of the Sixth Ward had a registry of 828 names, but it returned 842 votes for HOFFMAN, and 21 for GRISWOLD—thirty-five more ballots than registered names. The tenth district of the Eighteenth Ward had a registry of 406. It returned 455 votes for HOFFMAN, and 124 for GRISWOLD—one hundred and seventy-three more ballots than registered names. The twenty-first district of the same ward had 322 registered names, and returned 470 votes for HOFFMAN, and 30 for GRISWOLD. The poll was nearly double the registry. The twentieth district of the Nineteenth Ward had a registry of 320 names, and returned 438 votes for HOFFMAN, and 134 for GRISWOLD—two hundred and fifty-two more ballots than registered names. Now, upon this state of facts, the *Evening Post* justly remarks: "With perhaps 900 legal voters in the four districts, there are 1876 names registered, and they return an actual majority for JOHN T. HOFFMAN of 1896, or twenty more than the whole number of names on a registry already doubled by fraud."

Now, certainly, this is a matter in which every honest citizen has an equal interest. But what is the reply of the organs of the party that benefited by this fearful fraud? It is not a denial, for the facts are indisputable. It is merely an assertion that Republicans had better be silent about frauds, because there were as many Republican as Democratic inspectors. But that is not the point. If Republican inspectors have connived at frauds let us have the proof, and let the party bear such responsibility as may fall to it. But the real point is, that there have been frauds, and frauds that necessarily vitiate the poll in the districts we have named; and the result of the fraud is an eighth or a tenth of Mr. HOFFMAN'S entire majority. Does that gentleman wish to be Governor by fraud? Is there any body in the State who, in the presence of facts already established beyond denial, ought to be so interested for his own character and dignity to investigate these frauds as Mr. HOFFMAN? Is it not even worth while for Mr. TILDEN, interested with the rest of us in an honest ballot-box, serenely to look into this matter a little?

As for the cheerful philosophy which asserts that one party is as bad as another, that the devil is not as black as he is painted, that naught is every thing and every thing is naught, we have only to say that the loud assertion may tend to prevent the timely knowledge of offenses, but it can not avert their consequences. If a hole is being bored in the bottom of the ship we may dance and sing upon deck in the liveliest manner, but the ship will presently go down for all that. It is bad enough to have the candidate of the Ring elected Governor of New York according to law; but to have him foisted upon the State, not by lawful election, but by cheating, is something which the people will thoroughly investigate, unless they feel that it is hopeless to contend with what the Democratic District-Attorney, MORRIS, described in the convention that nominated Mr. HOFFMAN as "the Tammany clique, with its unfinished Court-house and its thousand other schemes of robbery and plunder." This is the clique, described by one of its own party, which such frauds as we have described have put into power in this State.

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION.

ON the afternoon of election-day we met a friend who had left his place at a rural poll for a moment, and who said, "There is really no need of our being there; every thing is as serene as TILDEN." Upon reflection, however, he agreed that it was because of the presence of those who meant to keep order that order was maintained. If the city election was also as serene as the chairman of the Democratic State Committee, whose astute management nominated Mr. SEYMOUR, it was very much due to the public knowledge that the Governor of the State was in the city, and that he had made ample preparations to suppress the disorder which the Mayor's proclamation tended to incite. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. The action of the Governor secured tranquillity and order. Of course, in the Democratic judgment he is a despot, and a satrap, and a tyrant, and the people are "disgraced" who "made this man a Governor," and "the fair Democratic fame of this imperial city" has never been tarnished with any excess—especially when orphan asylums were burned, and the most helpless and unfortunate of the population were murdered in the riots of 1863.

Four years ago, at the last Presidential election, the example of this wanton insult of a "miscalled Governor" to the peaceful Dead Rabbits and orderly roughs of this metropolis was furnished by the Government of the United States, which sent General BUTLER to command in the city during the election. It was rumored that this person sent at the time for the purest patriots, the most devoted friends of the Union, such as AUGUST BELMONT and his friends, who had begged the English Minister to persuade his Government to interfere in the war, and significantly told them that he hoped the peace would not be broken! As if there were any danger of disorder in the midst of a city which the year before had been in the practical possession of bloody rioters for three days? The peace was not broken. There was never a quieter election. Could there be any stronger proof of the orderly disposition of the late rioters? Could any thing show more conclusively the folly of the conduct of the Government in providing for the public peace?

The truth is, that at that time General BUTLER was, as he was in New Orleans, so far as public order was concerned, the right man in the right place. And what he was then, Governor FENTON was upon the day of the late election. His presence, and the general knowledge of his will and intention to preserve order at all hazards, preserved order. It was not the "friends" of Governor SEYMOUR, nor the incendiary proclamation of the Mayor, that kept, or tended to keep, the peace, but the Governor and the Police Commission. Had the Governor of the State been the Democratic candidate for President, as the Mayor of the city was for Governor, and had there been no resolute and experienced Police Commission, the loyal Republican voters of this city would have been as wholly at the mercy of the "friends" of Mr. SEYMOUR as they were in New Orleans.

MR. REVERDY JOHNSON AND MR. LAIRD.

OUR Minister to England, Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON, is likely to be as unpleasantly famous for talking as his predecessor was agreeably distinguished by his reticence. We have not yet heard any cordial approval of his conduct in any part of his own country, and if Mr. JOHNSON is not careful no act of the new administration would be hailed with more general applause than his immediate recall. Yet Mr. JOHNSON is a man of proved ability, and his conduct is to be explained only by a singular want of practical good sense and by his undoubted sympathy with the old régime in the United States. He is a man of humanity; and, when it was evident that slavery or the Union must go, he did not, with HORATIO SEYMOUR, declare for slavery, but pleaded for emancipation. But his sympathies are of the kind called conservative, which means aristocratic; and, in his natural desire to signalize his official service by settling the disputed questions with Great Britain, he forgets plain facts and profound feelings.

Mr. LAIRD is a Liverpool ship-builder. He had all that dull British hatred of the United States which a genuine John Bull might be supposed to entertain. He agreed with Mr. ROEBUCK when that gentleman proposed, in June, 1863, that the English Government should recognize the Confederacy upon the ground, as Mr. ROEBUCK stated it, that the United States would not bully the world if they were divided and subdivided. Mr. LAIRD supported Mr. ROEBUCK in Parliament. He voted that England should lend all her power, first morally, and then as might happen, to destroy this Government; and he built ships and ran them out to sea, eluding the laws of his own country, that he might give the rebellion material aid. More than any Englishman, except Lord WHARNCLIFFE, who shares the odium with him, the name of LAIRD is most detestable to this country, and justly detestable. He not only wished us ill, but he did all that a great ship-builder could do "in aid," as JOHN BRIGHT said, speaking of ROEBUCK'S motion, "of the most stupendous act of guilt that history has recorded in the annals of mankind."

Having already dined gratefully with Mr. ROEBUCK at Sheffield, and having said with enthusiasm that the name of WHARNCLIFFE would be always precious to the American heart, it only remained for Mr. JOHNSON to receive the forgiveness of Mr. LAIRD, and this he has now done in the most humble manner. "Former differences are forgotten!" exclaims the American Minister as he bows to kiss the gracious hand of the builder of the *Alabama*, "and the heart of Liverpool is a heart full of friendship for the United States." This is so inexpressibly comical that indignation is almost laughed away. When General ROSECRANS went to Virginia and said to General LEE: "I know you are a representative man in reverence and regard for the Union, the Constitution, and the welfare of the country," there was only a smile of contempt for the General's folly. But the performance of Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON before Mr. LAIRD is really an insult to the country.

We repeat what we have before said, that the better public opinion of the United States has not forgiven the conduct of Mr. LAIRD and of Lord WHARNCLIFFE, and the speeches of Mr. ROEBUCK. It certainly cares nothing about them, so long as those persons remain quiet. But this country very distinctly remembers who were its friends in its mortal peril, and does not forget who were its enemies. If Mr. LAIRD has any regret to express as a man for supporting an insurrection to perpetuate human slavery, and as an Englishman for aiding the destruction of a friendly power, let him speak if he will. But the loyal citizens of the United States, still bleeding and burdened with the cost of the effort to save their national life, have the right to demand that their Minister does not so grossly and ridiculously misrepresent the sentiment of his country as Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON is constantly doing. He need not express hostility to any person or to any party in England, but he should not select for especial honor the persons and parties who have strained every nerve to dishonor and destroy his country.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE result of the Presidential election is very gratifying. General Grant and Schuyler Colfax have been elected President and Vice-President, obtaining the electoral votes of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Nebraska, Tennessee, California, Nevada, Missouri, Kansas, North Carolina, Minnesota, and Florida. Seymour and Blair have carried New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky, Georgia, Louisiana, Oregon, and South Carolina. This would give Grant 196 electoral votes to 85 for Seymour. It is still doubtful on which side the 5 electoral votes of Arkansas and the 8 of Alabama will be cast.

New York State was carried for Seymour by over 8000 majority, while Hoffman is elected Governor by about 24,000. Thus in his own State Seymour runs at least 15,000 behind his own ticket. The Democrats have failed in securing a majority in the Assembly, which, according to the latest returns, stands 75 Republicans to 53 Democrats.

In Pennsylvania the Republican majority is nearly 30,000; in Massachusetts, over 76,000; in Maine, 28,000; in New Hampshire, 7000; in Rhode Island, 6456; in Connecticut, 3000; in Ohio, 35,000; in Illinois, 50,000; in Iowa, 53,000; in Tennessee, 30,000; and in Missouri, 21,000.

The Republicans have carried, of the region that was formerly occupied by slavery, Missouri, Arkansas, West Virginia, North Carolina, Florida, Alabama (probably), and Tennessee. They would have unquestionably carried Georgia and Louisiana but for the violent action of the Democrats, which kept many Republicans from the polls.

The Democratic majority in Kentucky in the State election was 90,000, which, in November, was reduced to between 65,000 and 70,000.

General Grant has not only gained over two-thirds of the electoral, but also a large majority of the popular vote.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Spanish Republicans appear to be persistent in their opposition to a monarchy; but upon the declaration of the Cortes, this faction (which is a small minority) will doubtless submit to the result. General Prim has been confirmed by Serrano as Commander-in-Chief of the Spanish army. The situation in Cuba has compelled the departure from Spain to that island of 9000 soldiers with four batteries.

The Papal army is being reduced by desertion.

The late British Parliament was dissolved on the 11th, and the elections were to take place on the 17th and 18th. The Liberal party estimates that it will have a majority of at least 100 members in the new House of Commons.

Reports received in Lisbon represent that an expedition consisting of 600 Portuguese soldiers had been massacred in Mozambique, South Africa. They had been sent into the interior for some purpose, and the natives fell upon them and slaughtered nearly every one. Sixty only escaped to the sea-coast. The arms, ammunition, etc., with the expedition, all fell into the hands of the natives.

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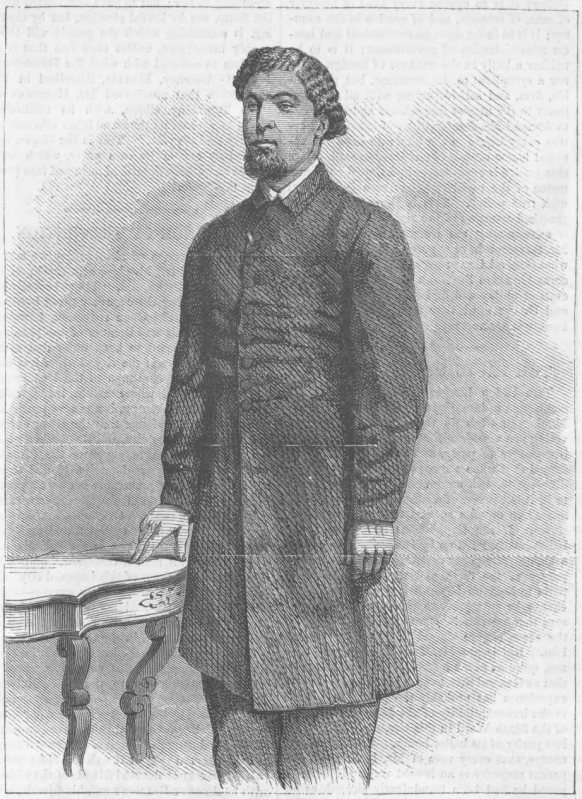
MURDER OF THE REV. B. F. RANDOLPH.

ONE of the most satisfactory results of General GRANT'S accession to the Presidency will be peace in the South, involving protection to life as well as property, and a toleration by each political party of the opinions of the other. It is not chiefly the fact that GRANT has been elected President which will secure this result, but rather the utter defeat which that election brings upon them in the South who as a habit intimidate their political opponents and slay all whom they can not intimidate. It is now settled that the national law means Liberty and Equal Rights, and that those who violate that law must be punished as law-breakers. We give on this page a portrait of the Rev. B. F. RANDOLPH, a Methodist clergyman of South Carolina, and a Senator of that State, who, on the 17th of last month, fell a victim to assassination for his political opinions. Shortly after the murder the Charleston *Christian Advocate* published the following account:

"We are called upon to record one of the most daring and cold-blooded murders that ever darkened the pages of history, committed upon the person of one of the members of our Conference. The Rev. B. F. RANDOLPH was, on the 17th inst., assassinated, in open day, while traveling by public conveyance. He was upon a lecturing tour in one of the upper counties of the State. He lectured at Abbeville on the 15th inst., and left on Friday morning to go to Anderson, where he was to lecture in the evening. When he got upon the Greenville train at Hodge's station he put his carpet-bag and shawl on a seat, and then returned to the platform of the car to speak to a colored man. While engaged in conversation with this person he was shot from behind by three ruffians, simultaneously, and fell dead, the shots taking effect in his head, lungs, and bowels. These murderers came to the depôt on horseback, and immediately after committing the deed remounted their horses and rode quietly away. The report is that they are unknown and can not be identified. This speaks for itself, when it is remembered that the deed was committed in open day, with the usual throng of passengers on the cars and around the depôt. No one starts in pursuit, and all seem to concede that it is useless to make any effort to identify or arrest the murderers. Brother RANDOLPH'S remains were taken on the following day to Columbia and interred on Sabbath, the 18th inst., with appropriate religious services, a vast concourse of people following them to the grave. Mr. RANDOLPH was born in Kentucky, and was educated at Oberlin, enjoying the advantages of the classical department. He was duly licensed and ordained as a minister in the Old School Presbyterian Church. Having received the appointment of chaplain in the army, and assigned to a colored regiment in that capacity, the fortunes of war brought him to our State. After the organization of the South Carolina Conference, he felt that the field opened by the Methodist Episcopal Church in this section would afford him a greater opportunity for usefulness than he could enjoy in continuing his connection with the Presbyterian Church. He consequently solicited admittance to the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was duly received and admitted on trial at the session of our Conference in the spring of 1867. His first appointment was in connection with the Freedmen's Bureau as Assistant Superintendent of Education in this State. His next appointment by the Conference was to Columbia. Although he was connected with our Conference, he received no fund from our Missionary Society. When the Charleston *Advocate* was started he held to it the relation of an assistant editor, in which he was continued until the resignation of the entire editorial corps in anticipation of the appointment of an editor, as arranged by the last General Conference. At the time of his death Mr. RANDOLPH was a member of the State Senate and Chairman of the Republican State Central Committee. In these official positions he was doing good service for his race and the cause of human rights. He took the position which he occupied in connection with the political interests of the State from a sense of duty which he could not well resist from the peculiar state of political affairs here."

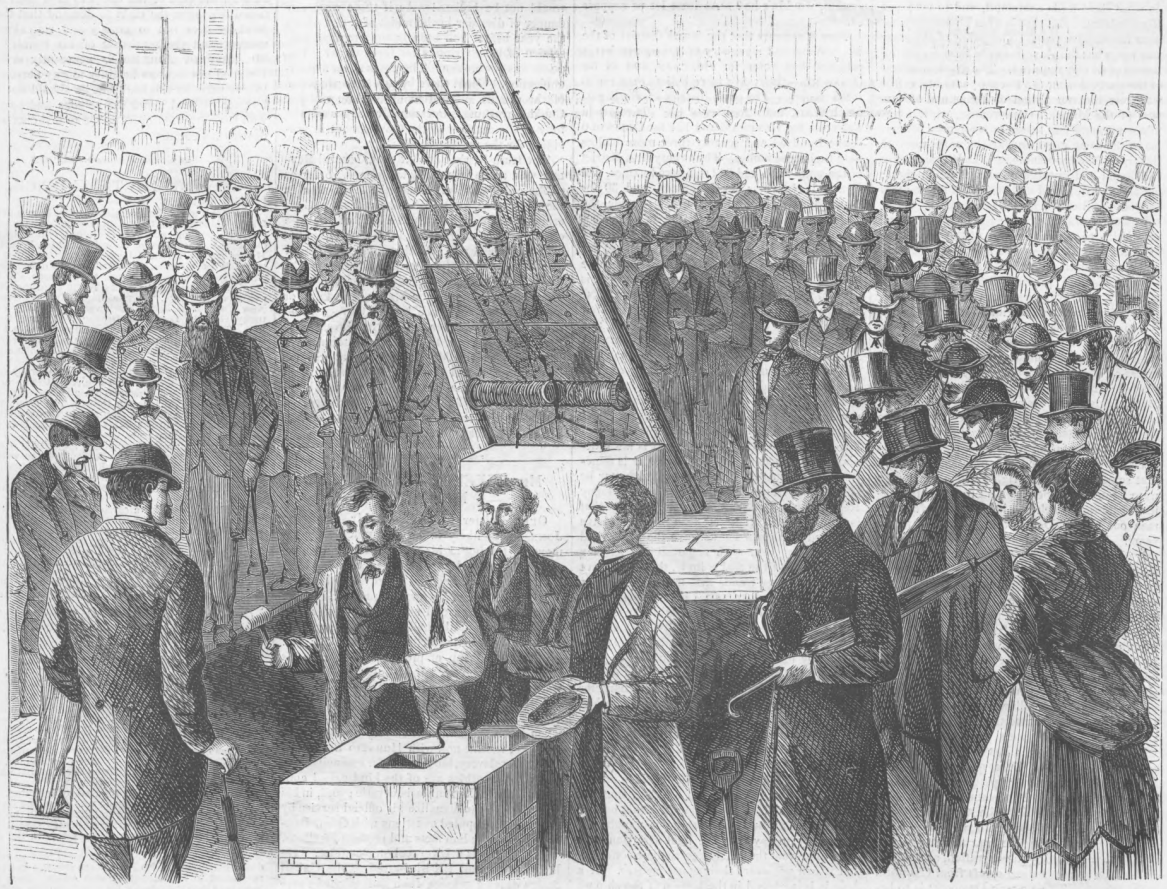


THE LATE REV. B. F. RANDOLPH, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.—ASSASSINATED OCT. 17, 1868.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY S. A. COOLEY.]

THE NEW BUILDING OF THE Y. M. C. ASSOCIATION.

THE corner-stone of the new building of the Young Men's Christian Association was laid in Fourth Avenue, corner of Twenty-third Street, on the afternoon of October 31. The attendance was large. Hon. WILLIAM E. DODGE, Jun., stated the objects of the proposed edifice. He said that young men should be taught the nobility of a Christian education and the influence such an education exerts on the country. All Christian young men would be cordially welcomed to this institution regardless of their creeds or beliefs, for the Association is founded on the simple basis of love of Christ. The Rev. Dr. ADAMS, the Rev. Dr. Foss, and the Rev. JOHN HALL followed with appropriate remarks. The Rev. Dr. TYNG also spoke, and his remarks were listened to with attention. The corner-stone was laid after the usual manner. A hymn was then sung, and the benediction pronounced by Chancellor FERRIS.

The building to be erected extends 175 feet on Twenty-third Street, and 83 feet 3 inches on Fourth Avenue. It is to be constructed of variegated Ohio and Belleville freestone in the French *Renaissance* style. The edifice will be three stories high, divided by the cornice of the second story. The frieze of the upper cornice will be highly enriched; that of the lower one paneled. At the centre of the front part of the building there will be a projecting tower terminating in a grand dome. The main entrance will be beneath the tower. Coupled columns will support the cornice of the first story, from which will spring the arch, adorned with mouldings and enrichments, terminating beneath the cornice of the second story, and forming a bold and dignified portal. On the arch will be inscribed the name of the Society. The piers of the towers will be rusticated for two stories, each alternate one being ornamented with rich engraved work, the intermediate ones being channeled, affording a rich contrast. A tablet underneath the cornice of the second story provides for a bass-relief. In the spandril formed by the arch over the door,



LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE NEW BUILDING OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, NEW YORK CITY.
[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

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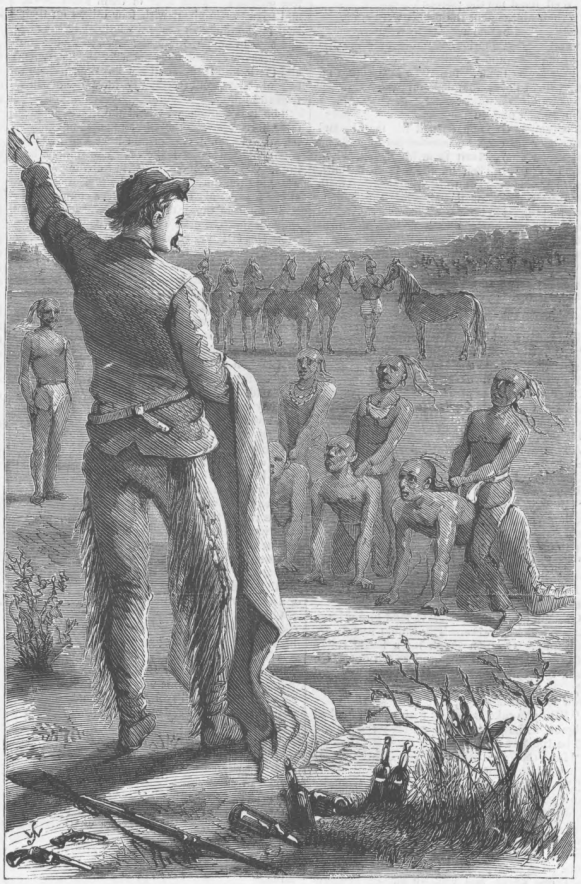
rich rosettes will give lightness and vivacity to the whole. The cornices on which rest the bosses of the Doric columns that flank the tower on either side are to be highly ornamented with rich designs. The windows will be subdivided between the columns by pilasters carrying straight lintels. The fluted columns will support the cornice of the next story. The whole of the first story will be rented as first-class store-rooms, with the exception of the Twenty-third Street entrances, a court-yard, and a gymnasium in the rear. On the left-hand side of the entrance, on the second story, will be the reception-room, out of which opens the reading-room. Connecting with the reading-room are parlors, and attached to them are dressing-rooms, with a wash-room and bath-room. From the reception-room a flight of steps, covered in with glass and ornamented iron-work, will lead to the gymnasium below. On the right-hand side of the entrance staircase will be the great hall, capable of seating 1300 persons. In the third story, on the left-hand side of the entrance hall, will be a lecture-room and a library; the former measuring 45 by 36 feet, and the latter 72 by 31 feet; also three large class-rooms on the same floor. The fourth and fifth stories are to be divided into rooms for artists' studios, and have attached to each a bedroom. There will be ten studios and three offices on each story. In the fifth story will be a fine picture-gallery. The entire building will be warmed and ventilated by steam. It is to be finished next summer, at the cost of $300,000. The lot on which the edifice stands was purchased at the cost of $142,000.

GRIGNON.

IT was a pleasant event in my life when I was thrown into the company of Grignon, the famous conjuror. I was on my way to California, and had taken the overland route in preference to any other. It was while on my journey across the Plains that I made his acquaintance. Our party overtook a single wagon. It contained a solitary man. The horses were dead, the man nearly so. This man was Grignon. I paid the utmost attention to his wants. Being a medical man I gave him all the benefit of my skill and care. As he recovered he naturally entertained a strong friendship for me. His wagon had fallen behind the train to which he belonged, and they had been compelled by their own necessities to desert him.

The conjuror, however, was destined for a far more glorious fate than to die miserably in the desolate American desert. He was to become an astonisher of the natives (Indians), a savior of civilized lives, and a lion in California.

We resumed our journey. We had started, however, like many others in those days, with insufficient preparations. As soon as we found out our mistake we had to be very economical with our provisions. We killed buffaloes whenever we found them, and always replenished our water-casks at every stream. At length, however, we came to a dry and parched waste, where there was scarcely a drop of water, scarcely a blade of grass, and not a single living animal of any description.



"THEN FOUR OF THEM KNELT DOWN."

And now began the real troubles of our journey. We had come into the country of the warlike Indians, and they were not slow to acquaint us with that fact. Every day they prowled around us in great numbers, threatening and insulting us. Occasionally they used to snatch up something and dart away on their fleet horses. We did all that we could to be friendly, and determined to avoid an open rupture as far as possible, for there were only twelve on our side, and on their side apparently twelve hundred.

Every day, however, only made matters worse. In spite of our precautions the Indians grew more and more abusive and insulting. We became watchful, and tried to be more forbearing, but our forbearance was taken for cowardice, and the savages began to think that they could do any thing with us.

We held a council of war, and determined to bring matters to a crisis at once.

The crisis soon came.

One day a big Indian came riding along by us. He began talking in a contemptuous way, and gesticulating furiously. At last he asked one of our men for his gun. The man refused. The Indian repeated his question, and attempted to take the gun from his hand. The man drew back. The Indian sprang forward, flourishing his knife, and threatening. At this the man calmly leveled his piece, and shot the Indian through the heart.

As the wretch fell shrieking from his horse the Plain seemed to become alive with other Indians. From behind every clump of trees, every hillock, every rock, and every rising ground, they poured forth in countless numbers. We had never before seen so many assembled together as now.

And now our companion the conjuror came out conspicuously. He had been once in the French army, he said, and understood all its admirable discipline. A few words of warning and a short explanation sufficed to make us form a circle of the wagons, and draw up behind them, with baggage heaped up for a breast-work. There we waited for the savages.

But they did not come just then. With loud whoops and screams they gathered upon the plain at a distance from us. The wretched cowards, as soon as they saw our slight preparations, were actually afraid to attack.

They waited till night.

Night came. Our defenses were made. Our wagons were arranged more closely, and the barricade of baggage was made higher, deeper, and more effective. In the centre were our cattle. Behind this little fortification we awaited our foes.

Shortly after dusk the tramp of thousands of hoofs shook the plain. Down upon us thundered the Indians. Shouts, screams, and yells burst around.

On they came, nearer and still nearer.

We waited in breathless suspense.

At last our volley burst in thunder upon them.

Shrieks arose from amidst the gloom. We saw not what the effect of our shots had been, but could only conjecture that it had been deadly.

There was a wild uproar—the confused sound of trampling horses, the noise of men calling to one another, intermingled with groans and cries of pain. Without giving them time to recover from their confusion we poured in another volley, and yet another, loading as rapidly as we could, and firing revolvers where we had them.

The effect was terrible. Many must have been

"CREASING" MUSTANGS IN TEXAS.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 742.]

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wounded or killed, judging by the awful uproar that arose. For a long time there was a confused hubbub of sounds. Horses were trampling, men calling; groans were mingled with cries of rage. During all this time we fired at intervals whenever we heard a sound, husbanding our ammunition, and not willing to waste a shot.

At last there arose a wild tramp of horses, the sound moving away from us, and seeming to show that our enemies had retired baffled from the assault.

Yet we were afraid of some plot. Grignon made us keep up our watch, and all that night we lay on our arms, expecting every moment to hear the Indian yell which announced the assault of the savages.

After a long night, which seemed interminable, morning dawned. As the light illumined the wide plain we looked around anxiously for our enemies, but saw none whatever. We took a hasty breakfast, and then deliberated on what we ought to do, whether to take advantage of this respite and move on, or wait for a time. Most of us thought we had better hurry on; but Grignon gave it as his opinion that the Indians were yet in the neighborhood, and were waiting to attack us on the march. He thought that it would be better to wait at least another day. We all yielded to his opinion, and waited as we best could.

We did not have to wait long.

After a few hours, at about ten o'clock, ten or a dozen horsemen appeared over a hillock in the distance riding slowly toward us.

"They wish to have a parley," said Grignon. "Some of you step forth, and see what they want. I wish to have a little to say, but will wait."

One of our men was selected, and went outside of our inclosure to meet them.

Meanwhile Grignon lifted a trunk out of the wagon which belonged to him, drew it outside, and busied himself coolly in arranging and turning over the things. We all thought that this was done for the purpose of assuming an air of indifference. So none of us noticed him particularly.

Our representative stood outside waiting for the Indians. Ten of them dismounted, and walked toward us in a friendly manner, while the rest held the horses.

One of them addressed our man in broken English.

The Indians, he said, did not want our lives. They wanted powder. If we would give them what we had they would let us go in safety, and protect us from other tribes till we got beyond the Plains.

Give them our powder! A pleasant request. It scarcely needed debate. We refused.

Well, then, would we give them our bullets? They were very much in want of bullets.

One of us said in a low voice that bullets were the only thing they would get from us, but the Indians did not hear him. Our representative refused very mildly.

The Indians now stood talking with one another, and Grignon advanced toward them. He whispered something in a low voice to our representative, who withdrew.

Grignon then stood facing the Indians.

"Are you the Captain?" said the spokesman of the Indians, suddenly, as he noticed Grignon.

"No, I'm the medicine-man; you can't shoot these men, or these horses; I save them."

The Indian translated this to his companions, who burst into roars of laughter.

Grignon advanced more closely. He was looking steadily at the Indian, and we noticed that the latter appeared to be uncomfortable under his gaze.

"See," said Grignon, "you can't shoot me. Here"—and he drew a pistol from his pocket, a revolver—"fire at me."

The Indian smiled.

"You don't want me to kill you?" said he, scornfully.

"You can't."

The Indian's eyes flashed.

"Shoot!" cried Grignon, folding his arms.

The Indian hesitated a moment. He looked at us suspiciously. Then he looked at his companions and said something in their language. They all responded vehemently.

The Indian took aim.

"You tell me to shoot," said he.

"Shoot!" cried Grignon again.

The Indian fired.

Grignon smiled, and, walking forward to the Indian, he handed him a bullet.

The Indians looked paralyzed.

Grignon showed him how to fire it again.

The Indian fired the other five shots.

Grignon caught each bullet, sometimes seeming to catch it from his breast, sometimes from his face, and each time he handed it to the Indian.

The other Indians were now in a state of wild excitement.

"They may all shoot if they choose," said Grignon, and saying this, he went to his trunk, drew out nine pistols, and coming up to them proceeded to load each one. He took the powder and put it in, then the wadding and bullet, and the Indians saw him do it. He handed a pistol to each on loading it. Suddenly one of these fellows took aim and fired. Grignon, without seeming to have noticed him, raised his hand and seemed to catch a bullet from his forehead. He tossed this toward the Indian, who picked it up with an air of stupefaction.

Then he stood off, and told all the rest to fire. Eight reports sounded in rapid succession.

Grignon took off his hat and walked up to the Indians. To their amazement eight bullets were in his hat. Each man took one and looked at it in wonder.

"Do you want to fire again?" asked Grignon.

They all expressed a wish to do so.

"Well, hand me the pistols."

To their amazement the pistols were gone.

They looked at one another in wonder.

"You see," said Grignon, "they fired the pistols at me too; and I swallowed them."

"Swallowed them!" faltered the Indian, and he told this to his astounded companions.

"Yes; do you want them?"

The Indian nodded.

Whereupon Grignon opened his mouth, and rolling back his eyes, he inserted his fingers and drew a pistol apparently from his throat. Another followed. Then he drew forth a third, then a fourth, and so on until he had drawn forth eight pistols from his throat, while the Indians stood looking on in utter bewilderment. And no wonder, for we ourselves felt no less astonishment. We could not account for it; we were as much stupefied as the Indians themselves.

After this Grignon calmly drew forth six or eight more pistols, then a number of cartridges, and finally a carbine.

"I'm the medicine-man," said he, solemnly.

The Indians said not one word

"Do you want to fire again?" said he, and he offered the pistols to the Indians.

They all shrank back in horror.

Grignon tossed the pistols, cartridges, and carbine over to us, and smiled benignantly on the astounded savages.

He then shook his hand.

A knife fell out of the palm. Another followed, and another. He shook three more out of his left hand, and then drew a score or so more out of his ears.

"Perhaps you would like something to drink?" said he, smilingly, to the Indian who spoke English.

The savage looked at him suspiciously.

"What'll you have? Rum, brandy, gin, whisky, ale, porter, wine, or cider?"

The Indian brightened up, and spoke to his fellows. They all preferred whisky.

Grignon asked the Indian to lend him a loose blanket which he wore. The Indian took it off doubtfully. Grignon shook it; a bottle rolled out. He shook it again; a glass fell out. He shook it a third time; nine more tumblers fell out. Finally he shook it again, and a corkscrew tumbled down.

"Will you take it raw or with water?" asked Grignon, as he proceeded to unscrew the cork.

The Indian said nothing.

"Isn't that good whisky?" asked Grignon, as he poured out a glass.

The Indian smelled it suspiciously. Then he tasted it. The taste was enough. He drank it all off, smacked his lips, looked around triumphantly on his companions, and then—held out his glass for more. At this all the other Indians, encouraged by this experiment, clamored for some. Grignon poured away from his bottle. Each one drank and wanted more. Grignon was quite willing to pour. He was not forgetful, however, of the duties of hospitality. He walked off to the Indians who were holding the horses, who had been watching the scene in stupefaction, and offered some to them. The smell of the whisky was enough for them. They drank, and wanted more.

But Grignon shook his head.

"Not now," he said to the spokesman. "I'll give you a bottle apiece to carry home with you." And going up to the blanket he shook out a dozen bottles of the same kind as the last.

By this time the Indians were in the jolliest mood conceivable.

"Before I give you any more," said he, "let me make you so that you will not get drunk."

He walked up to the first Indian, and took his hands in each of his, and looked at him steadfastly in the eyes for some time. Then he stroked his brows, and left him; this he did to each. The Indians had got over all suspicion, and merely expected that something good was coming. So they allowed him to do as he chose.

Grignon then stood off at a little distance, and in a loud voice ordered them all to look at him. Whether they understood English or not made no difference. They certainly all did look at him.

I had seen plenty of experiments before in mesmerism and electro-biology, so that the present scene did not surprise me so much as it did my companions and the other Indians.

Grignon simply stood at a distance, waving his arms at times, and giving words of command. Every word was obeyed.

First they all began to dance.

Then they all knelt down.

Then they touched hands, and could not sever themselves from one another's contact. The Indian who had been spokesman rushed wildly around, with the others all joined to him, trying to free themselves, but utterly unable, yelling and howling like wild beasts.

At last, at a shout from Grignon, the charm was dissolved. They sprang back from one another and stood motionless, like so many statues.

Suddenly they all began to shiver as though they were suffering from intense cold. They gathered their blankets closely around them, their teeth chattering and every limb trembling.

Grignon spoke.

In an instant they were panting as though suffering from extreme heat, drawing difficult breaths, gasping, and flinging off those blankets which but a moment before they had wrapped so tightly about them.

Then this passed.

They began to bark like dogs. They went down on all fours, and evidently imagined that they were of the canine species.

Then they tried to imitate the motion and the croaking of frogs. After this they went through performances too numerous to mention. At one time they became rigid, and arranged themselves like the stakes of a tent—heads together, feet outward. Then four of them knelt down, and tried to run about with four others on their backs; then they all jumped wildly up in the air, and began to flap their hands. At last they made a furious onset upon one another with fists, nails, and teeth, and if they had not left their weapons behind, they would certainly have done some frightful injury.

The two Indians who held the horses looked on in horror, bewildered and stupefied, not knowing what to do. They would have fled in their fright, but dared not leave their companions behind. Grignon stood calm, with frowning brows, watching the uproar, himself the presiding spirit of the scene. My companions were confounded. Even some of these, as they afterward told me, thought that Grignon was the devil.

At last Grignon gave a loud shout.

The Indians fell flat on the ground.

They lay there for some time as if dead. Then Grignon waved his arms, and they rose to their feet. All looked bewildered and frightened. With terrified glances they regarded first Grignon and then one another.

The Indian is superstitious, like all savages; in fact, like all human beings. These men saw in Grignon a terrible demon, who could exert over them any power which he chose.

He advanced toward them.

They recoiled.

He walked up nearer.

They turned and ran toward their horses.

Grignon shouted after them.

In a frenzy of terror each man flung himself upon his horse.

Grignon ran after them.

Away they went. They urged on their horses at the top of their speed.

Grignon followed but a short distance.

Then he turned back, and came into our inclosure.

"Gather up those bottles," said he. "Tackle up the cattle, and let us march."

Instantly our men arose and obeyed.

Grignon took a heavy glass of whisky, and then lay down in one of the wagons, utterly exhausted.

We traveled all that day and all the next night unmolested. Grignon slept long and soundly. After resting for a time we pushed on our teams, so as to get as far beyond the hostile Indians as possible.

We saw nothing of them.

"They won't dare to pursue us," said Grignon, confidently. "They'll go back and tell such a story as will be the wonder of the savages for many a long year."

Grignon was right. Not only did they not pursue us, but for all the remainder of that year, and for all the next, no travelers on that route were molested.

"I don't see," said I, "how you managed to do those tricks on the open ground without a table."

Grignon smiled.

"Only clumsy performers use tables," said he. "I could have done far more wonderful things, but they would have been thrown away on those savages. I'll reserve my good tricks for San Francisco."

And so he did; for of all the wizards, magicians, and conjurors that have visited the Golden State, none have won such fame or excited such wonder as my friend Grignon.

WILD HORSES IN TEXAS.

OVER to the eastward of the Sakatcho Mountains is an uninhabited tract of country, about eighty miles long by forty miles wide, that abounds with wild mustangs. There are three ways of catching them in general use—"walking them down," "snaring," and "creasing." The general impression is that wild horses are all lassoed; but that method is of no use except to break down "gentle" horses, to illustrate geographies, and to embellish watch-cases; it is not practiced to any great extent on the prairies.

Whichever way you choose to operate, first and foremost you must find where the horses "water." Their drinking-places in this dry country are few and far apart, and a "bunch" of mustangs will often graze in the same vicinity and drink from the same waters for weeks at a time, if undisturbed.

If it is proposed to catch the whole herd by walking, it requires four men, and about two "led" horses to each man. These go to the watering-place and wait quietly the appearance of the herd, when two of the men, with their extra horses, show themselves and start slowly after the herd, taking care not to frighten them into a run.

The mustangs keep a respectful distance, very much astonished and puzzled at two men who act so strangely, running neither toward them nor from them.

The men take it very easy, do not move faster than a walk, and aim to get a position upon the flanks of the herd, and just barely keep them moving, so that they can not eat.

The season of bright moonlight has been chosen, and the plain trail in the tall grass is easily followed through the long night, until the gray light of early dawn reveals the drove a trifle nearer and a trifle tamer than before, but still full of the nervous fire that would carry them far out of harm's way upon the first note of alarm from their leader.

The men, who by this time are fifteen or twenty miles away from their friends at the water-hole, and have tired one horse and rode one of the extras part of the night, now head the mustangs and start them on the back track with little trouble, for they are tired and just begin to thirst for another drink from the familiar watering-place.

But when they arrive, nearly crazy with thirst and hunger, what must be their despair at seeing two more men, with three fresh horses apiece, on their trail!

This second relief takes them out for another twenty-four hour trip, never letting them feed a moment; and when joined by their companions at the water-hole on the third evening, the mustangs having been driven constantly without food or water for sixty or seventy hours, they are generally so tired and dispirited that the four men can drive them across the country and into the nearest corral by the next morning without farther trouble.

Instances have been known where a herd was kept on the move seven days and nights before being sufficiently used up to corral.

The next method used for capturing these horses is the "snare," practiced mostly by Greasers, who are too lazy to do any thing else but hang a rope on a tree and watch till it catches something.

For this to be successful the water-hole must be surrounded by thick chaparral, with only a narrow path or pass leading down to the water; then they take several lassoes and fasten one end of each to a heavy clog of wood, and hang the noose in the path. When the herd comes to water and approaches the first noose the Mexicans jump up behind them with a loud yell, while the horses rush through the narrow defile as best they can, and two or three are certain to be caught; then such a jumping and kicking and plunging and screaming is not to be seen elsewhere, I fancy, as those horses exhibit until they are tired out and choked down.

The "crease" is purely American, and is practiced by hunters who only want one horse, or by travelers who have been unfortunate enough to lose their mount, and who are good rifle-shots.

It simply consists of lying in wait for the drove at some convenient place—usually a water-hole—taking your pick, and shooting him through the top of the neck, touching but not breaking the spinal column. The horse falls as if dead; but by the time you get him bound he revives, and his slight wound is healed with little trouble.

HARLEM LANE, SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

ON every fine Sabbath afternoon all the best roads leading out of New York are thronged with vehicles bound for the pleasant regions that skirt our metropolis—for Westchester County, Coney Island, and elsewhere. The most celebrated and most frequented of these is Harlem Lane, of which, on page 744, our artist gives a representation as it appears upon these jolly occasions. The Lane is a continuation of the Central Park Drive, and leads into Eighth Avenue near One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street.

The picture given by our artist is a sort of microcosm—a representation of Vanity Fair on wheels. There is the gay young clerk with his smiling companion; the flashy millionaire with his magnificent turn-out; the young spendthrift with his gay, carouse-loving comrades; the roué and the gambler; and a long, never-ending procession of pleasure-seekers. Fast men, fast women, and fast horses hold a sort of monopoly over the Lane on Sunday afternoons, and as they emerge into the Avenue the road on either side is usually almost lined with curious or admiring spectators. This fleeting procession wears, after all, only the mask of gayety, which hides below it the rottenness and dreary desolation of a life devoted to fashionable vanities.

SKETCHES IN THE ADIRONDACK REGION.

IF you choose to "rough it," there is no section of this country more favorable for your purpose than that in the immediate vicinity of the Indian Pass through the Adirondack range of mountains.

Via the wagon road from Crown Point on Lake Champlain the distance is just fifty miles to Adirondack village. Thirty miles of this road is corduroy, which is so rough that the buck board wagon is or ought to be the only vehicle used to convey the tourist into the wilderness.

The deserted village of Adirondack was built nearly thirty years since by a wealthy company of gentlemen who constructed extensive iron-works there, and finally discovered that, after transporting iron pigs fifty miles by wagon, the profit on the metal amounted to nothing. Then the works and the village were abandoned. Furnace-men and charcoal-burners went their several ways. The Adirondack Bank called in its circulation. The huge iron chest, heavy with specie, was sent from the source to the mouth of the Hudson. And one family, that of ROBERT HUNTER, was left to inhabit the village and take charge of the works.

There is a curiously well-balanced boulder which you will see by the road-side twenty miles from the village, a huge mass of rock, to all appearance so nicely balanced that you may, by means of a fence rail used as a lever, throw the boulder from its resting-place on the rock.

MAX TREADO and JOHN CHEENY, both well-known as successful hunters and skillful trappers, make their home at Ta-haw-hus, a small settlement ten miles from Adirondack. With them you may tramp through the forest, camp out, hunt and fish, until, satiated with sport, you are weary of the woods and long for civilization.

The top of Mount Marcy, the highest peak in New York State, is within thirteen miles of Adirondack. The Great Indian Pass runs near by from Lake Henderson, which is not more than half a mile distant.

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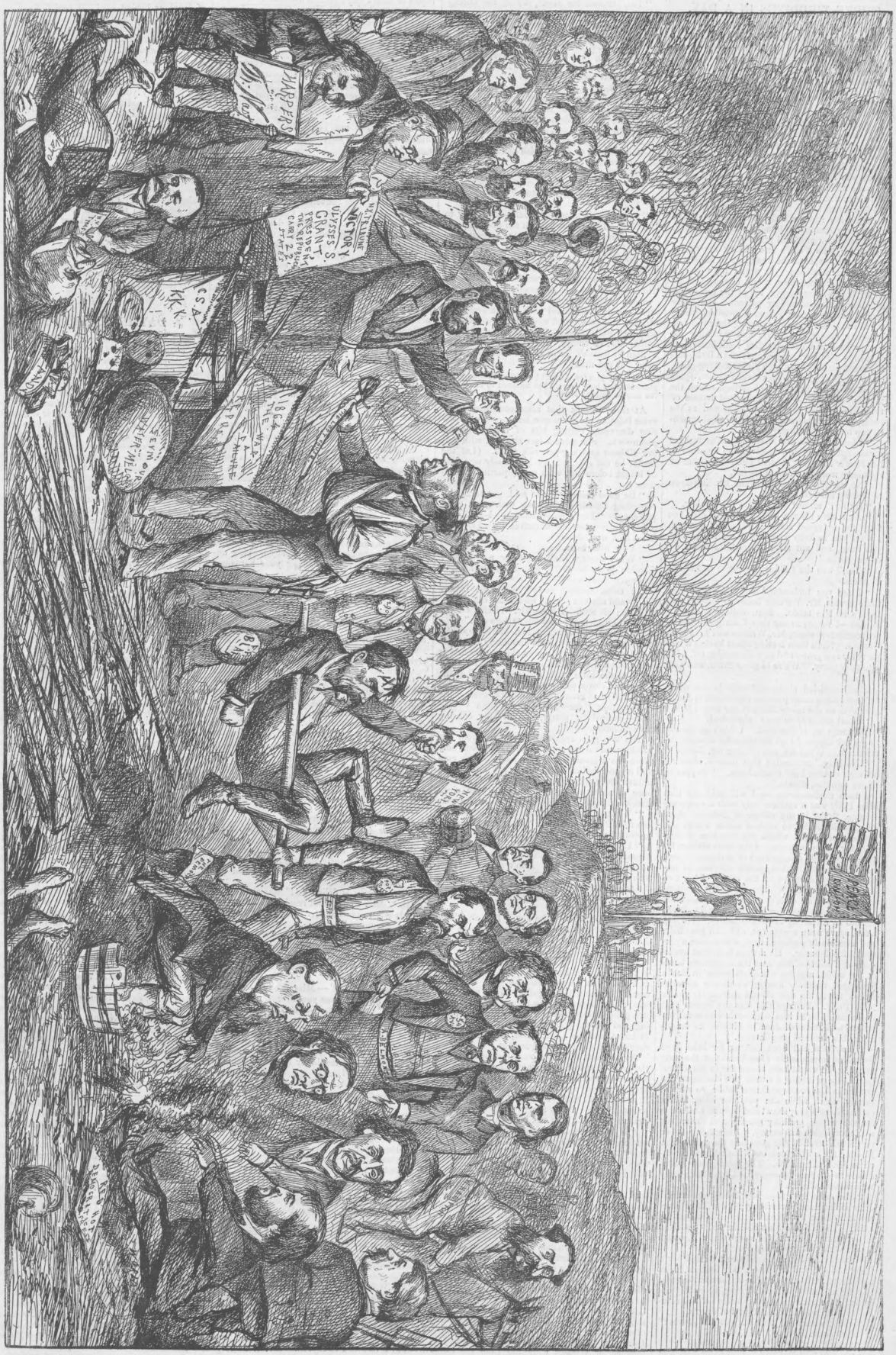

UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER GRANT.

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THREE WEDDINGS IN A DAY.

"I DO wonder," said Miss Polly Whittlesea, suspending her knitting and her rocking, and sending an indignant gaze across the street, where a young lady, dressed in the cloudiest of white muslins and the bluest of blue ribbons, was being helped into a carriage by a young gentleman—"I *do* wonder what's the sense of a woman's getting married! making a slave of herself, when she might be comfortable, and being dictated to by somebody in pantaloons! There's that Jenks girl," indicating the young lady before mentioned; "she had every thing she wanted at home, and her Pa was worried if she scratched her little finger; she could dress as she liked, go where she liked, and do what she liked; and here she must up and marry that ridiculous snip of a clerk, who earns six hundred a year! Of *all* the foolishness! Six hundred! I wonder where she'll get her ribbons and her Cologne! It's a melancholy example of blindness and perversity, and I hope you girls will profit by it."

But for Miss Polly's last remark the reader might have supposed she was alone in her shady parlor that afternoon. It would have been a mistake; her niece Jane, a tall, demure-looking young lady of twenty-five, sat at the table near by, dotting an embroidery pattern. Her niece Mollie, a curly-headed damsel of seventeen years, sat in the open window, swinging the sprays of blossomy lilac abstractedly, and watching the couple who had excited Miss Whittlesea's indignation with envious eyes. It was a little, old-fashioned parlor, with a high gilded looking-glass, a few quaint pictures, claw-footed chairs, spare curtains, and a great vase of syringa set on the mantle. Miss Polly, an antiquated female of forty-five, looked quite as old-fashioned as the room, as she sat knitting vigorously in her starched cap and black silk apron.

"I hope," continued Miss Polly, after waiting a reasonable time and receiving no response to her former remark, "I shall never see either of *my* nieces making a fool of herself."

"No, certainly, aunt," said Jane, bending down to pick up her reel of cotton.

"Oh no!" echoed Molly from the window.

"As I have always said, I want to save you from the universal stumbling-block of the sex. I want you to keep what health and happiness you have, and not slave yourself to death for other people."

"Yes," was the subdued response of her two listeners.

"I see you understand me. Why, Mollie, there comes Mr. Wilkins home to supper, and there's no fire made. Run, child—oh, stop a minute—I forgot to say that I am going out to tea to-morrow night, Mr. Wilkins and I, to Mrs. Green's. She's been talking about having a tea-party for two years, and now it's coming off. It's a regular party. We're to go at three, and stay till nine."

Mollie whirled about suddenly in the doorway, and there was a peculiar expression in Jane's gray eyes as she raised them to her aunt's face.

"Shall you stay so late?" she asked.

"I mean to, if I'm well. I don't go merely to get my supper; I go for the sake of social intercourse. What are you waiting for, Mollie?"

"Nothing," responded that damsel, dancing off with sudden light-heartedness. "Supper in fifteen minutes, auntie."

I hate explanations, so I will only say that Miss Polly was a maiden lady with a moderate fortune, living in the village of Belton. Jane and Mollie were two orphan nieces whom she had educated, and whom she loved as if they were her own daughters. Like most maiden ladies, Miss Polly disapproved of matrimony, and she had striven, with apparent success, to impress her own opinions on the minds of her two charges. The Mr. Wilkins obscurely mentioned above was an elderly gentleman whom Miss Whittlesea was boarding for the summer, driven thereto by a scarcity of pocket-money. He was a tall, spare man, a widower, with stiff gray hair, and a curiously puckered face, which wore a perpetual feeble smile. He always had most amazingly stiff shirt-collars, and the squeakiest boots in the world, and his whole conversation was a prolonged meander among words—a hopeless search for terms that should sufficiently praise Miss Polly. Perhaps this was the reason that the latter endured him with such wonderful patience, and reproved Jane and Mollie for laughing at his personal peculiarities.

If any one had been looking for Miss Jane Saunders immediately after breakfast the next morning, he would have found her in her chamber hastily scribbling a letter. Of course we can not make her correspondence public, so we will merely watch while she puts the letter in her pocket, dons a gray shawl and bonnet, and starts for the village, walking gravely and innocently as if that pocket was empty. After doing one or two small errands she goes into the post-office. Now we are on the look-out: the letter is directed to Mr. Lyman Ellis. The postmistress smiles a little as she sees the name, and Jane turns away with flushed cheeks.

"She must have thought it a business letter," Jane soliloquizes, perturbedly; "but, to be sure, she must have wondered why I didn't call at his office. I don't care what she thinks! Surely it is not wrong. Aunt will never know it, and I have so few chances to see him."

Nevertheless Jane's conscience troubled her a little, and she walked more slowly than usual, as she came near home. Mollie was out at the gate, looking as pretty as the morning, ostensibly occupied in breaking dead branches off the rose-bushes with a reckless disregard of thorns.

"Why, where are your scissors and gloves?" inquired Jane.

"I don't want them," said Mollie, hastily. "I can work as well this way. Isn't there a prayer-meeting to-night?"

"Yes," replied her sister, feeling her cheeks grow hot again.

"You're going, I suppose?" questioned Mollie, becoming very busy with the rose-bushes.

"I think so, if you're not afraid to stay alone."

"No indeed," was the quick answer, delivered with unnecessary earnestness. "Don't think of staying on my account."

"Very well."

The instant Jane was out of sight Mollie, after looking suspiciously at the front of the house, that looked back at her meekly with closed blinds and vacant doorway, and after peering down into the recesses of the garden on her right, called in suppressed tones to a tiny Irish child on the opposite sidewalk,

"Mick!"

"Yis'm."

"Going past Mr. Bent's store?"

"Yis'm."

"Give this note to Mr. Hall—remember to Mr. Hall. If you'll be back in ten minutes, and won't tell any body, I'll give you the biggest piece of cake! Will you?"

"Yis'm;" and the small urchin was off in an instant. Mollie listened to the patter of his bare feet with a very satisfied smile, then went on trimming the rose-bushes demurely.

Mick, having returned in precisely seven minutes, was duly rewarded with an immense bar of cake, duly cautioned never, never to tell, and dismissed well content. Then Mollie opened the letter; for, of course, like all communications written by females, her note had required an answer. It ran thus:

"DEAREST MOLLIE,—I will be with you to-night at precisely half past seven. I'm inclined to bless both the dragon and my stars. TOM."

At three o'clock that afternoon Miss Polly came into the parlor, where her nieces were sitting demurely, cutting bits of bright silk for patchwork. She wore a lace cap tied with yellow ribbons and a green silk dress. (Let the reader be not shocked, for Miss Polly was fond of bright colors and went to tea-parties but seldom.)

"Be good children," she said, patronizingly, regarding herself in the glass with great complacency. "Don't sit up for me. I shall take a key and we can let ourselves in. Does my dress look well, Jane?"

"Very well, aunt."

"What flowers shall I get for a bouquet? London pride is pretty and sweet-williams—don't you think so?"

"I think smaller flowers would be better. I'll go and cut you some," said Jane, dutifully.

"No; sit still. I hear Mr. Wilkins on the stairs. I'll pick some myself as I go out."

You might have heard Mr. Wilkins at the other end of the town, such amazingly stiff boots had he seen fit to assume on this occasion. It was quite a wonderful thing to watch him as he stood in the little path, awkwardly holding the bouquet of clover pinks and yellow coreopsis that Miss Polly had given him, remarking every other minute that "the—hum—the flowers were—hum—excessively pretty," and finally offering his arm laboriously.

The two girls regarded this scene from the window and turned away without comment, only there was a good deal of wonder in Jane's eyes and a good deal of fun in Mollie's. They sewed industriously the rest of the afternoon, scarcely once speaking to each other, until the clock struck five and Jane went out to prepare supper.

"What a beautiful sunset!" said Mollie, as she rose from the table. "How long does the meeting last, Jane?"

"Until half past eight; but I may not be home then, for I'm going to carry old Mrs. Dobbs some medicine. Don't sit up for me. You can leave the back-door open, or I'll take the other key of the front one. I shall be back before auntie," she added, guiltily, seeing Mollie's surprised face.

"You'd better take the key. I think I'll go to bed early. Don't come into my room and disturb me, Jane. I never sleep well if I'm waked."

As Mollie put the last dish comfortably away in the closet she heard the clock strike seven, and saw Jane passing out the gate, basket in hand. Mollie felt very guilty. How good Jane was, and what a difference between them! Jane was going to do good and attend a prayer-meeting, and she was going to disobey her aunt, stay at home, and see Tom! But, somehow, Mollie thought the prospect was pleasant.

At half past seven she was stationed down by the gate. She had little time for anticipation, for somebody came up the street at a very quick pace, somebody sprang through the gate, or over it, and greeted Mollie with the freedom of an old acquaintance. It was a merry-faced young gentleman with blue eyes and brown curls.

"My respects to the dragon," said the newcomer, bowing to the house with great deference. "My respects to Wilkins and your unfortunate sister. How have I become blessed with the opportunity of seeing you?"

"Auntie and Mr. Wilkins are at a tea-party, and Jane's gone to a prayer-meeting. Hurry, Tom. Come down in the garden, or somebody'll be sure to see you. I've locked up the house. You can stay till just half past eight."

"One hour. Momently expecting that the dragon will fall upon me. *I* don't care if she does."

"Stop calling her a dragon, Tom; and don't talk so, if you have any pity for me."

"Quite tragic! Excuse me for saying so, Mollie; but how ridiculous all this is! Here we have been engaged a year, and you frown if I bow to you on the street; you scarcely let me show my head near this house, and you won't hear of my speaking to your aunt. If I walk past here, I discover Miss Polly glaring out of the parlor-window, or Wilkins squinting from the front-door. If I look at you twice in church, I'm the object of Miss Polly's furious attention. Now, I say it's ridiculous. I'm not a Gorgon—I'm a respectable young man, at least I always thought so. Can't you go and tell your aunt you want to get married, if you don't think I'm competent to arrange matters?"

"You know I would if I dared, Tom; but aunt is dreadful. I do try sometimes, but I can't; really I can't."

"What's to prevent? Will she put an end to your existence, or shut you up on bread and water?"

"She'd disown me, Tom. She'd cut me off with a shilling, and never hear my name spoken again."

"Is that all? I'll own you, and give you twenty shillings for every one she won't give you, besides bestowing my name upon you. Come, that's an offer!"

I will not give the conversation in detail. Suffice it to say that it was nearly nine o'clock when Mr. Hall, having exhausted all his arguments without effect, finally became indignant, and determined to depart. He was making one final appeal to Mollie, who, still unconvinced, and still lacking in courage, sat sobbing on the bench before him, when they both heard the gate closed softly, and saw, dimly, two figures turning toward the garden.

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed Mollie, in terrified accents. "Tom—the pear-trees!"

Before Tom quite knew what he was about, he had followed Mollie, or had been dragged by Mollie, under the shadow of the trees, and was stationed behind a flourishing clump of rhubarb plants.

"This *is* a proceeding!" he began, then suddenly checked himself to listen.

The voices were very near them now, and a moment after another miserable couple seated themselves on the same bench which the concealed pair had left so unceremoniously.

"Poor little Mollie," said Jane, mournfully, glancing back at the dark house, "she's gone to bed long ago, I dare say. I wish I was as happy as Mollie. Oh, what would she think of me, if she knew?"

"Think?" replied the voice of Mr. Lyman Ellis. "I own it wouldn't be very agreeable to be discovered lurking about the house in this fashion, but if you will allow me to go to your aunt to-morrow morning and tell her I wish to marry you, she could think or say nothing unpleasant. You are sacrificing your happiness and mine to a miserable caprice. Your aunt happens to have a prejudice against marriage, and so you promise yourself to remain single till she dies."

"Oh, don't speak so. I owe Aunt Polly every thing, and her death will be the greatest misfortune in the world to me."

"All the benefits in the world give her no right to dictate in a matter like this."

"I know."

"Well, then, consider me a little—you consider her so much—let me come here to-morrow and speak to her plainly."

"Oh, I daren't! Oh, Lyman, what shall I do? There she comes now."

In fact two more figures *were* discernible coming through the gate, unmistakably the figures of Miss Polly and Mr. Wilkins. They seemed in no hurry to go in, but stood leaning on the fence in the moonlight and talking. Presently—oh disastrous movement!—they were seen sauntering slowly toward the garden.

"What shall I do?" gasped Jane, again, in the very extremity of terror.

"Come under the shade," said Mr. Ellis. "She won't perceive us."

In a moment they were crouching so close to the retreat of their fellow-sufferers that the recumbent Mr. Hall could have touched Mr. Ellis's coat-tails.

"This moon is delightful!" was the first remark of Miss Polly's that reached their ears.

"It is!" responded Mr. Wilkins. "Hum—it is. Enchanting."

"I love to walk by moonlight."

"It makes me quite—hum—sad—lonesome."

"Ah!" said Miss Polly, sympathizingly.

"I—hum—feel as if I hadn't a friend in the—hum—the world."

"That's strange"—Miss Polly stopped to gather a rose—"when you have so many."

"You are—hum—mistaken. Hum—I haven't one."

"I'm sure I'm your friend, Mr. Wilkins," said Miss Polly, speaking lower, and putting the rose before her face.

Mr. Wilkins immediately became bewildered in a desert of "Hums," "he—hum—hum—he wished she would—hum—ah—he wished he could—hum—believe it."

"I should think you might," rejoined Miss Polly, "when I say it. I suppose the thought of your past happiness is rather trying," she continued.

"Hum—no. I—hum—could be—hum—happier than I—hum—ever was."

"Indeed!

"I—hum—assure you. If—if—you—hum—thought so."

"Don't!" exclaimed Miss Polly. "Remember your—think of Mrs. Wilkins—dead and gone."

Mr. Wilkins was so abashed by this outburst that he said absolutely nothing for five minutes. Miss Polly got out of patience.

"You weren't congenial," she said. "I see. Ah, that *is* trying!"

Mr. Wilkins was betrayed again, and declared he—"Hum—never knew what—hum—congeniality was till—hum—till lately. Would she—hum—hum—let him say so?"

"Don't speak to me!" exclaimed Miss Polly, sinking down on the much-enduring bench. "I'm a disgrace to myself. Oh! if those girls should hear this, what *would* they say?"

Those girls! There was such a merry shout of laughter behind her! It pealed forth upon the startled ears of Miss Polly and Mr. Wilkins, frightening them nearly into fits. When they recovered a little there were Tom and Mollie on one side, Jane and Mr. Ellis on the other, the last two looking very surprised.

In an instant Mollie's arms were round her aunt's neck, and she was crying,

"We'll say you're the dearest auntie in the world! Be good now."

"Be magnanimous," put in Tom. "You see we've all found each other out."

"And are all equally culpable," subjoined Mr. Ellis.

Miss Polly Whittlesea was a wise woman. I shouldn't have written about her if she hadn't been wise. And when she saw that Fate favored her desires she did not try to undo the doings of Fate. For reasons of her own she had determined to try her fortunes matrimonially; and when she found her nieces inclined thus also she agreed to let them go along with her for shipwreck or prosperity, remembering that if she did otherwise her example and precept would contradict each other. Oh, acute Miss Polly! Thus it happened that three weddings took place in one day.

A DAY IN ANCIENT ROME.

AT break of day the noise of the city rose like the hoarse murmur of the distant sea. Artisans hurrying to their daily labor; the touting of the shopmen, as in London in the olden time; the rushing whirl of rapid wheels; the cries of itinerant dealers; and the mingled sounds that ascend from every crowd, "murdered sleep;" and rich and poor alike shook off their drowsiness. Among the earliest passengers in the streets might be seen assiduous Clients hastening to their Patron's mansion, and swarming around his half-closed gates, within which the more privileged were alone admitted. The "first admissions," as they were called, consisted of the intimate friends of the great man, who were favored with a private interview. The "second admissions" were also allowed to pass within the house, but obtained merely a collective audience. At length the gates were thrown open, and the expectant crowd rushed into the Atrium. Forth came the Patron, robed in his toga, and preceded by the first and second admissions. Slaves announced his approach. The hum of conversation subsided, and all pressed around their common Patron. The most flattering compliments, the most obsequious inquiries as to his health, were addressed to him. He was styled "lord" and "king." Accompanied by his "nomenclator," he proceeded in state through the opening ranks. With some he affected to converse confidentially; others he would even embrace; with these he shook hands; to those he simply wished "good-day;" others, again, he barely noticed by a slight inclination of the head, or heeded not at all.

Thus passed away the first two hours of the day. Precisely at eight o'clock the Patron "descended into the Forum"—such was the phrase—reclining in a litter borne on the shoulders of six or eight stout slaves, or perchance bestriding the back of an ambling mule. The "cohort" of Clients closed him in, and in this style he reached the arena of public business. The more numerous his Clients the more onerous were his duties. For one he would have to plead before the Prætor's tribunal; for another he must appear at the Columnia Mœnia to answer the petty charges alleged against him; for a third he must find bail; for a fourth he must make an arrangement with impatient creditors. Such labors occupied the morning hours of the rich, who worked the more diligently because it was only thus they could hope to acquire popularity, and attain to the highest honors of the state.

Meanwhile the tribunals were sitting, the money-changers were seated behind their counters, the shopmen displayed their wares, the citizens pursued each his respective employment, and the streets were thronged with horsemen and pedestrians, with senators and slaves, with knights and artisans. But all at once the bustle ceased as if by enchantment. It was noon, the sixth hour of the day. The glowing pavements of the streets were suddenly deserted, and all returned to their homes save only those who earned their daily bread by manual labor. The others, more fortunate, after partaking of a light repast, threw themselves on their beds or couches and snatched a brief repose.

At three in the afternoon work of every kind was given up, and recreation became the order of the day. The tide of population then set in toward the Campus Martius, where men of all ages, ranks, and professions gathered together. Here the strenuous, able-bodied youths exercised themselves in all kinds of athletic games, especially those connected with a military career. They hurled the javelin, discharged the sling—and with such skill and force as to strike an object at the distance of two hundred yards—fenced at the effigy of a man, vaulted on horseback from the right or left, broke in young colts, leaped to the ground sword or lance in hand, ran races, contended in jumping and in lifting weights, and, with their bodies rubbed all over with oil, wrestled for the first fall. These rough and hardy sports they would terminate by plunging into the yellow waters of the Tiber, the temperature of which nearly equals that of the atmosphere.

In another direction the *discoboli* were throwing the *discus* or quoit, made of iron, lead, brass, or marble. This they generally discharged by means of a leather thong, which they first waved round their head to give the quoit a greater impetus. At other times they threw it simply from the hand, after the manner of modern quoit-

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players. Some, again, would prefer the *trochus*, or hoop of iron or brass, set round with rings, which they trundled rapidly along by means of a short iron staff or rod. A third set might be seen engaged in pugilistic encounters, but with their hands enveloped in loose gloves padded with wool or other soft substance. Still more numerous were those who delighted to display their address in games of ball, of which there were five varieties, all requiring quickness of eye, hand, and foot.

Each of these contending parties had its own *corona* or ring of spectators, who entered warmly into the spirit of the game, applauding the successful, ridiculing the awkward and inexpert, and backing their favorite champions to sometimes a heavy amount.

At four o'clock a brazen disc or gong announced the opening of the public baths, and soon the thronged and noisy plain became once more the abode of silence and solitude. After bathing, the Romans sat down to supper, which they sometimes prolonged to a late hour of the night. As the sun sank below the horizon, carts and wagons were permitted to circulate freely through the otherwise deserted streets, and all night long the dull crushing sound of their slowly-revolving wheels fell heavily on the ear of the sleepless watcher.

UNLOOKED FOR.

THE brown front of the house where I lived was not "brown stone," although it might have been, for stones were plenty as bones in a shad all over the bit of garden behind it. But, however, the house had a brown front all the same, and a round window with diamond-shaped panes in a little alcove at the south corner, where my rocking-chair, my work-table, and my writing-desk always stood; and where, my house being small and soon kept, I spent many hours every day.

I had had my experiences and troubles in life, but they were past; and I had come into a quiet place at last, where, living alone with my flowers and my books, I could look out upon the tumults and struggles of other people as one in a light-house looks out upon the surging and unrest of the waters below.

Opposite my window was a great, old-fashioned house with large chimneys, and with points and gables all over it, and a deep, green yard in front shaded by horse-chestnuts. Beyond the house one saw the river with its boats, then the houses of a village on the opposite shore, and a high stone monument showing against the sky on a hill behind. A peaceful picture but full of unrest. The still, white monument memorized the clangor and shouting of a battle; the placid water flowed over the wreck of many storms, and the quiet house was alive with the passions and yearnings of human hearts.

In this house, which came from dead generations to them, lived two spinster sisters, Miss Louisa and Miss Amy Saben; but though they were the only sisters of their family they were by no means the last of their race. They had brothers at California, brothers at India, brothers at the Sandwich Islands, and brothers ready to turn up every where. And all the brothers had daughters, who were forever being sent to their aunts here in Landfordshire for one reason or another. Because the climate was unhealthy, or they were delicate, or wild, or in the way. So there was much coming and going and stir of young life as though the Misses Saben had kept a girls' boarding-school.

And because their house was full in every corner, if any body wished to be sad or quiet they came across the way to me; so I always had a rocking-chair standing by, a pillow on the sofa, and was myself ready for talk or for silence.

One morning, quite in the heart of July, I had finished all my house-work in the cool of the day, and sat by the window when the Toppleton stage creaked up to the Misses Sabens' door and a young man jumped out. Now a young man was a very unusual sight, for, although nieces coming in stages were plenty as dandelions, there was never a nephew among them all. So I looked out with a little surprise, and saw Miss Louisa herself coming to the door to receive him, which was another unusual thing—Miss Louisa being very much given to state and ceremony in her way.

A portmanteau or two was handed down, then the stage jolted and floundered off, creaking and wheezing as though it had asthma; and presently I saw the young man sitting by the open parlor window looking over photograph albums with the appearance of amusing himself. And then I fell to reading "Brownlows," and forgot entirely the house over the way, until Adaline Saben, the youngest and most talkative of all the nieces, and whose father lived in China, ran in looking like an animated apple-blossom in her white gown and pink ribbons with her white face and pink cheeks.

"Oh, Mrs. Chaney!" she began, "we are having such a funny time at our house! Last week Aunt Louisa had a letter from a gentleman, the son of a very old friend of hers, *so* nice, and *dreadfully* rich, asking permission to visit her 'niece, Miss Saben;' but without saying which niece; and now he has come before she had time to reply. We had all seen him excepting Bessy and me; he was here once with his mother, just before we came; and we can't guess which he has come to see. Aunt Louisa doesn't like to ask right out, you know; and so there it is. We keep going into the parlor one after another, and aunty introduces us as 'My niece, Miss Saben;' or if she isn't there, one of the girls says: 'My cousin, Miss Saben;' and he looks bewildered every time, but doesn't light up at all as though the right one had appeared. Dear me! It is *such* fun!"

And with that little Adaline floated away like a bit of thistle-down, disappearing a moment after within the house over the way.

But before tea-time Clementine, one of the Sandwich Island cousins and rather my favorite of them all, came in. Clementine was out of health, and always out of breath; so she sank at once upon the sofa, and did not speak for a while. By-and-by, without waiting to breathe quite easily, she gasped: "*I* think it is *Pauline*. He talks most to Diana, but he keeps *looking* at *Pauline!*"

Then Clementine laughed, lying and shaking all over on the sofa, at some recollection. "Each of us hopes it is she the Prince has come to marry," she continued. "Each but me: of course I am bright enough to know that no Prince in his senses would look a second time at a medicine-chest; but all the others, even down to little Adaline, are so full of hope for themselves, and so jealous of the rest, that it is good as a poor play for me to lie on the sofa and watch them. To tell you the truth, Mrs. Chaney, though Mr. Vincent is so rich and so nice, I fancy he is a little *soft*. You may imagine it is because the season is backward for grapes that makes me think so; but I don't believe it is altogether that: I believe he really is a little 'under,' as Nurse Styles used to say. Perhaps no more so than the only son of such a ridiculously rich man would naturally be. But, any way, there he sits and quotes poetry and pays compliments; and when he praises Margarethe's beautiful curls, Diana looks as though she would like to fly at them with a pair of shears. And when he speaks of Diana's beautiful eyes, Bessy says: 'Then you don't detect she is near-sighted?' Pauline is the only one he hasn't complimented; he has even spoken of *my* color being so good for an invalid; but he has done nothing for Pauline, only to look at her."

At this moment Miss Saben's tea-bell rang, and Clementine went away.

But before bedtime, as I sat knitting in the moonlight, Miss Amy ran in with an Indian scarf over her head, and a good deal of excitement in her manner. Miss Amy was a nervous soul, to whom the sun was always just going into eclipse; and to-night she was particularly desponding.

"I don't see what sister Louisa can be thinking of," said she, nearly ready to cry, "to let the girls get so crazy about that young man. There is Bessy just as excited as she can *possibly* be—I can see it in her eyes; she won't *sleep* to-night; and then she will be ill!"

To Miss Amy's mind *sleeping* was the safest occupation for every body, and not to "sleep" was the climax of misfortune.

"That young Mr. Vincent is turning their heads with his pretty speeches and superb diamonds. They are fairly bewitched, and I would not have such an experience come into their lives for *any thing in the world*," continued Miss Amy, who when people *couldn't* be asleep wished them to be quietly sewing or reading something not too heavy, as the next safer employment.

"And, besides, sister Louisa expects so much to be done for a guest, and Catharine, our second girl, is ill in bed; so every thing comes upon Rachel, and she will feel it is pretty hard. I suppose sister will insist on one of her great dinners to-morrow, and I don't see how Rachel can *possibly* get through with what she has to do in the kitchen, and be in time to dress and wait at the table. Every thing always happens so untimely, and this is all so unfortunate from beginning to end."

Then Miss Amy sighed as though she was trying to start a wind-mill, and went home.

All the next day I saw through the opposite windows and in the green yard the bright, pretty figures of the Saben girls flying about like lady-birds, and among them Mr. Vincent himself, in his light summer clothes; but evidently they were all on watch or too much engrossed with their visitor, so none of them came in as usual until nightfall again.

Then, it was Miss Louisa herself, prim and proper; yet full of warmth and humor if one could get below the ladylike formal surface.

"So ridiculous!" she began, stirred quite out of her usual dignified manner. "And yet, I might have known Sophia Vincent's son would have an odd streak somewhere. Now what do you think, Mrs. Chaney, but when my handsome nieces had done all in their power to entertain him, he should seem still unsatisfied and disappointed, though he said nothing. Neither did I. I always think it is better to let every thing work itself out without any meddling, and it always will if one gives it time, and will do it much better too for being let alone. So I kept quiet and watched, and if you will believe, at tea to-night, when Catharine was well enough to wait on the table for the first time, he looked at her as she came in, and with a little start dropped his napkin and went pink as a girl. It flashed upon me in a twinkling; and then I remembered when Eugene Vincent was here before, Catharine was not strong from a sprained ankle, and was sewing that week—she sews beautifully. Well, Catharine's name happens to be *Sabin*, very nearly like ours, only an *i* instead of an *e*; and I suppose she was in the drawing-room, and somebody introduced her by her name simply, so very naturally Eugene was left with the impression she was one of us. Catharine is really a very nice girl indeed. She belonged to a very good family, but her father died poor after a long illness and left her quite destitute and alone. She is plenty well enough for Eugene if the Vincents only think so, and of course I am not responsible. I have done nothing about it either way, and the family can not blame me whether they are pleased or not. But they will be satisfied, for they are people of great good sense."

Then Miss Louisa went home, and, the gas being lighted behind them, I saw Mr. Eugene Vincent and Miss Catharine Sabin sitting together at the opposite window, while through the open windows of the dining-room I saw the Misses Saben washing the tea-cups and laughing after the silly fashion of young girls over their wasted airs and graces.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

"TINK"—how that blacksmith 's hammered
Stroke upon stroke for hours,
In the grass while I've been dozing
Among the April flowers!
What is the use of toiling,
Beating at iron bars?
Isn't it better lying
Watching the daisy stars?

I'm idle as twanty sultans,
Couched in the grass so green;
I wonder what those creatures
In black and orange mean,
Climbing with toilsome patience
To the top of a stalk and stem,
Once high above the meadow,
To just walk down again?

Yet just as I'm growing drowsy
A blustering, bullying bee,
In his black and yellow velvet,
Comes with a rush at me,
Wondering why I'm idle
When all the world's astir;
And ere he's past on the holly,
Or the topmost shoot of that fir,

That grasshopper's vaulted past me
Five times since I turned to look
How yonder flashing swallows
Glance down the bend of the brook.
Oh, I alone am idle
In this never-resting world:
No! there, for one brief moment,
That butterfly's wings are furled;

But now again it's poising
O'er the golden sun outspread
Of a dandelion, glorious
In the light that it seems to shed;
And here, in a long procession,
Come a train of ants at work;
Contemptuous, they pass me—
I, a mere sleepy Turk.

Yes! every thing is toiling,
Moving from class to class;
Even the little mushroom
Is pressing through the grass;
And I alone am idle,
Watched by the pitying sun—
I, I alone am shirking
The work that must be done.

The restless age is crying
To me to come and toil,
If I want my part of the treasure,
My share in the wine and oil.
These creatures are my warnings,
Their prophecies are plain;
I'll up and away to Babel
By the fast 5.40 train.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

GOOD NEWS FROM THE ARCTIC REGIONS—Hall's well.

What comes after cheese?—Mice.

DON'T SLOP OVER.

"Don't slop over," the old man said,
As he placed his hand on the young man's head;
"Go it by all means, go it fast;
Go while leather and horseshoes last:
Go it while hide and hair on horse
Will hold together. Oh, go it, of course—
Go it as rapid as ever you can,
But don't slop over, my dear young man.

"Don't slop over. You'll find some day
That keeping an eye to the windward will pay.
A horse may run a little too long,
A preacher preach just a fraction too strong,
And a poet who pleases the world with rhymes
May write and regret it in after-times.
Keep the end of the effort in view,
And don't slop over, whatever you do.

"Don't slop over. The wisest men
Are bound to slop over now and then;
And yet the wisest at work or feast
Are the very ones who blunder the least.
Those who for spilt milk never wail
Are the ones who carry the steadiest pail.
Wherever you go, go in for the fat;
But don't slop over—and freeze to that!

"Don't slop over, distrust yourself,
Nor always reach to the highest shelf.
The next to the highest will gen'rally do,
And answer the needs of such as you.
Climb, of course, but always stop
And take breath a little this side of the top;
And so you will reach it in wind and strong
Without slopping over. Thus ends my song!"

A Missourian informed a traveler who inquired about his corn that each stalk had nine ears on it, and was fifteen feet high.

"That's nothing to our corn," replied the traveler. "Up in Illinois, where I came from, we always had nine ears to each stalk, and a peck of shelled corn hanging to each tassel, but we could never raise any field beans with it."

"Why?"

"Because the corn grew so fast that it always pulled the beans up."

ARGUING WITH A WOMAN.—"You must admit, Doctor," said a witty lady to a celebrated doctor of divinity, with whom she was arguing the question of the "equality of the sexes," "you must admit that woman was created before man!"

"Well, really, Madam," said the astonished divine, "I must ask you to prove your case."

"That can be easily done, Sir. Wasn't Eve the first maid?"

What trade is more than full?—Fuller.

TO BENEDICKS.—A married man should never buy his cigars on credit, for by so doing he becomes a weed-ower.

BUTLER'S HIMSELF AGAIN!

YOUNG AMERICAN WONDERS.

I wonder what makes papa tell such nice stories to visitors about his hiding his master's rattan when he went to school, and about his running away from the schoolmistress when she was going to whip him, and then shut me up all day in a dark room because I tried just once to be as smart as he was!

Wonder what made papa say that wicked word when Betsey upset the ink all over his papers, and then slapped my ears because I said the same thing when my kite-string broke!

Wonder why mamma told Bridget the other day to say she was not at home when Tommy Day's mother called, and then puts me to bed without my supper every time I tell a lie!

A BACHELOR'S DEFENSE.

Who is petted to death by ladies with marriageable daughters?—The bachelor.

Who is invited to tea and evening parties; and told to drop in just when it is convenient?—The bachelor.

Who lives in clover all his days, and when he dies has flowers strewn on his grave by the girls that could not entrap him?—The bachelor.

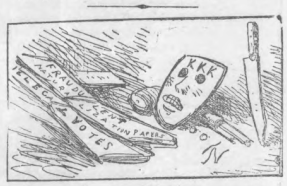
Who goes to bed early because time drags heavily with him?—The married man.

Who gets a scolding for picking out the softest part of the bed, and for waking up the baby in the morning?—The married man.

Who has wood to split and marketing to do, the young ones to wash, and the lazy servants to look after?—The married man.

Who is taken up for whipping his wife?—The married man.

Who gets divorces?—The married man.



DEMOCRATIC MAJORITY.

A brow-beating lawyer, in cross-examining a witness, asked him, among other questions, where he was on a particular day, to which he replied:

"In company with two friends."

"Friends!" exclaimed the lawyer; "two thieves, I suppose, you mean!"

"They may be so," replied the witness, "for they are both lawyers."

Two young misses, discussing the qualities of some young gentlemen, were overheard thus:

"Well, I like Charley, but he is a little girlish; he hasn't got the least bit of a beard."

"I say Charley has got a beard, but he shaves it off."

"No he hasn't, either, any more than I have."

"I say he has, too, and I know it, for it pricked my cheek."

That's how she knew.

THE POWER OF FOLLY.

Would you know the reason why
Folly often fools us?
'Tis that Folly knows no rule,
And that is why she rules us.

It is generally admitted that the Irish are most famous for making bulls; but the Germans can go ahead of making pigs. For instance: I've got a pig cat, and I've got a pig dog; I've got a pig calf, and I've got a pig hog; I've got a pig baby, so pig and so tail; and I've got a pig wife dat's pigger as all.

THE REIGN OF FRAUD AND THE REIGN OF TERROR.

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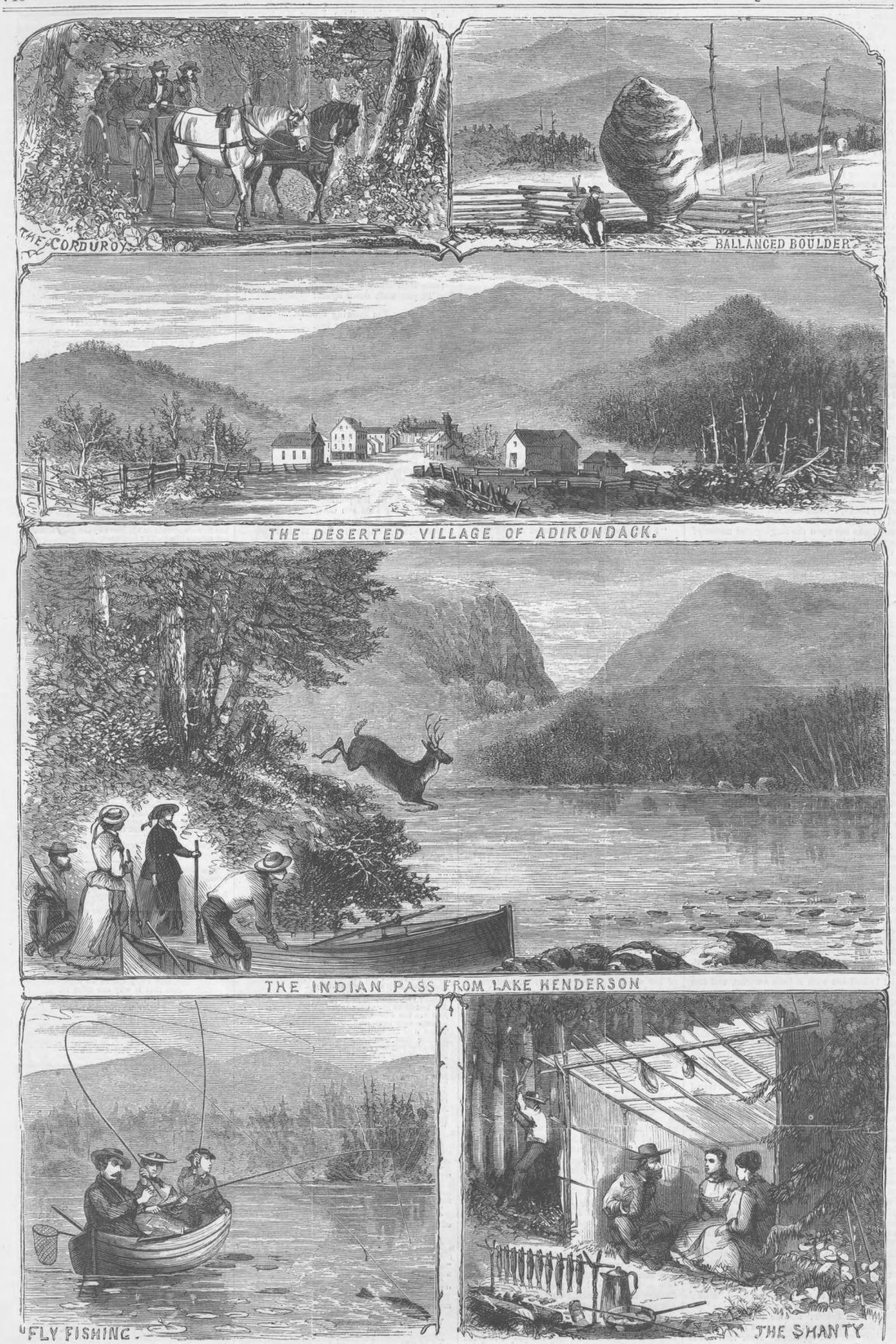

SKETCHES IN THE ADIRONDACK REGION.—BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 742.]

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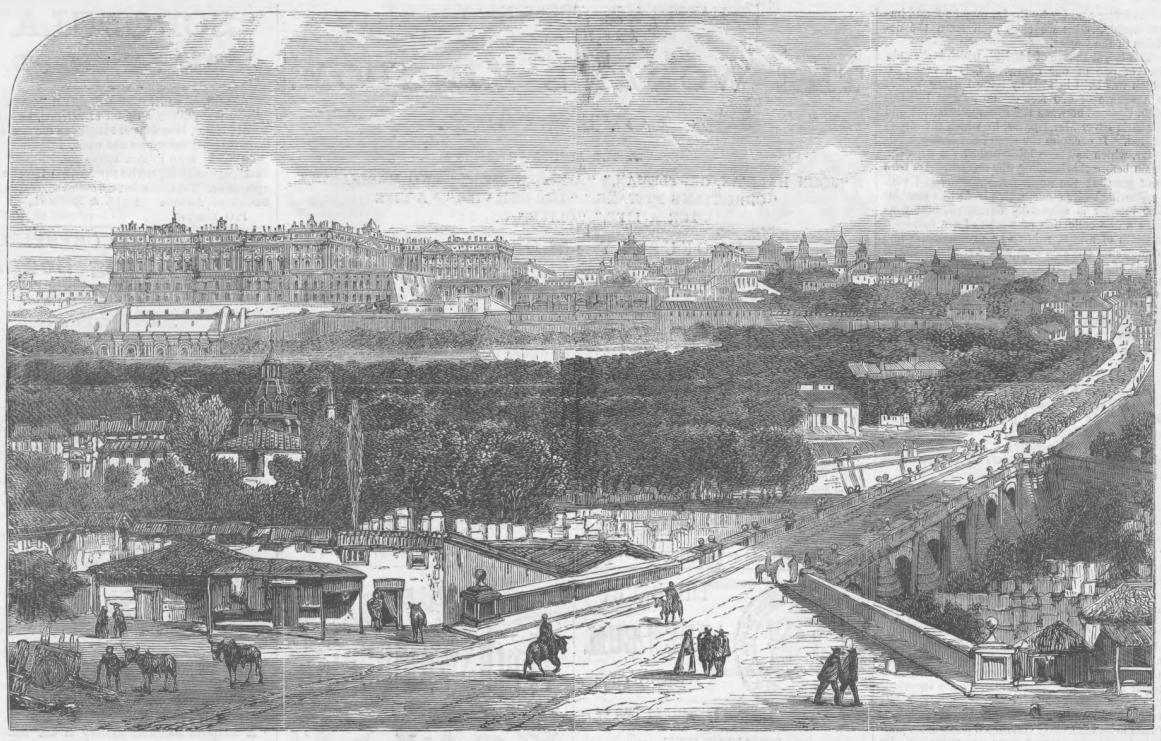
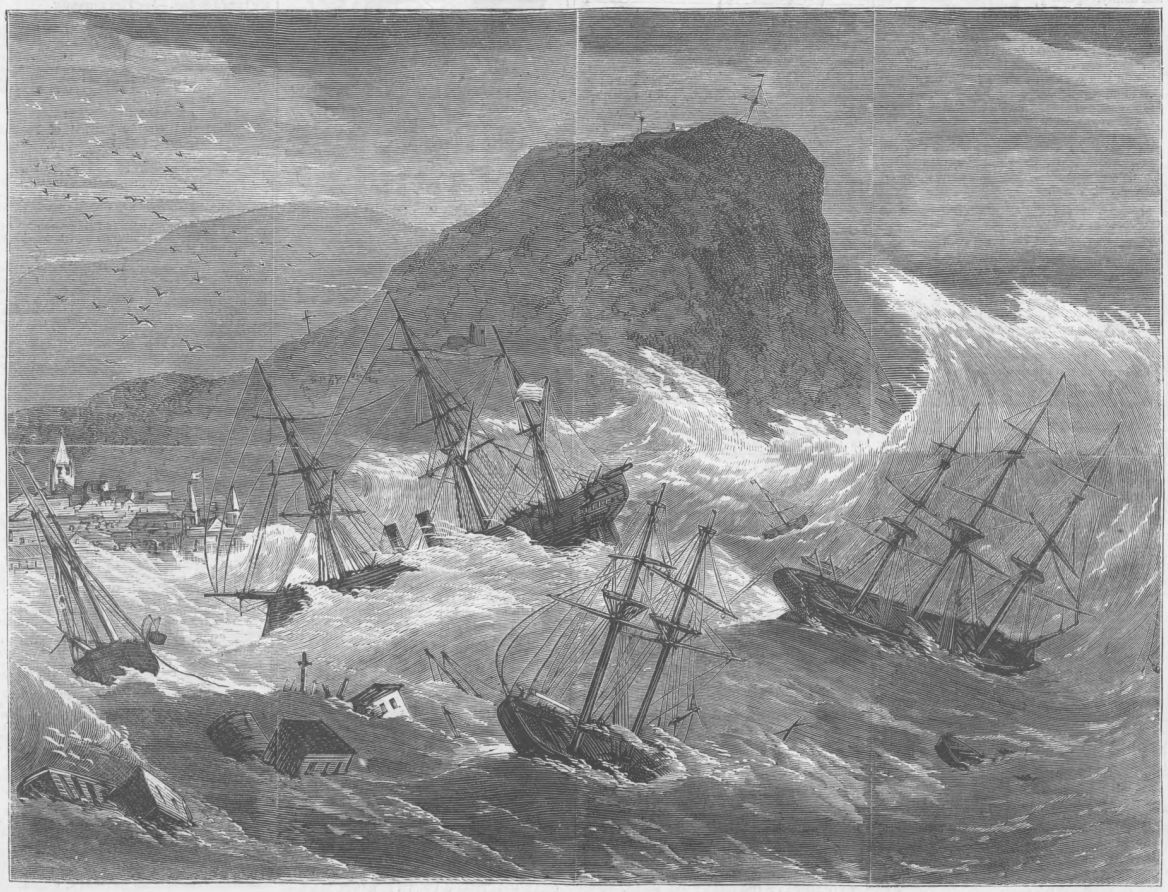


THE REVOLUTION IN SPAIN—THE ROYAL PALACE, MADRID.

THE SPANISH REVOLUTION.

THE late Spanish revolution promises to accomplish for Spain what the revolution of 1688 accomplished for England. It bears scarcely any resemblance to the French revolutions of 1830 and 1848. Therefore it is not surprising that French Republicans are dissatisfied with the present aspect of Spanish affairs, and distrustful as to the future. Thus, EMILE DE GIRARDIN finds fault with General PRIM for not imposing a republic upon Spain, and denounces the idea of a constitutional monarchy. But PRIM very properly replies that the majority of Spaniards favor a monarchy; that the BOURBONS were overthrown not because they were monarchs, but because they were arbitrary, and constantly violated the fundamental laws; and that the scheme of the revolution extended no farther than to the establishment of a Power, liberal, monarchical, and constitutional.

The real difficulty which offers is the choice of a sovereign. Even the selection of the King of Portugal, involving, as it must, the absorption



EARTHQUAKE IN PERU—SUBMERSION OF ARICA.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

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of the latter country by Spain, may be found impracticable. But we shall soon learn the decision of the Cortes.

The Royal Palace of Madrid, which is the subject of one of our engravings, is a vast pile, which was built in 1737 by King PHILIP V. It is a square of 470 feet each way and 100 feet high, situated between the Plaza del Oriente and the little River Manzanares, by which the city is skirted. It occupies the site of the Moorish Alcazar, which had been inhabited by the Kings of Spain before this building was erected. Its base is of granite; the upper parts are dressed with a glittering white stone, which looks like marble. The interior is splendidly decorated, and contains a fine collection of works of art, besides a museum of armor, said to be unequaled. The windows on one side look across the river to the woods of the Casa del Campo, and the plains beyond, as far as the Guadarama Mountains. It is said that Queen ISABELLA escaped with an enormous booty, estimated at over fifteen millions of dollars. The Spaniards, however, would consider it a "good riddance" though purchased at ten times that cost.

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PRANG'S AMERICAN CHROMOS.—No praise too great and no encomiums too lavish could be bestowed upon PRANG'S last and best chromo, "*Sunlight in Winter*," by MORVILLER, for it is one of those artistic productions which, for completeness of detail and brilliancy of execution, has rarely been equaled and never excelled by any similar work.—*Wide World.*

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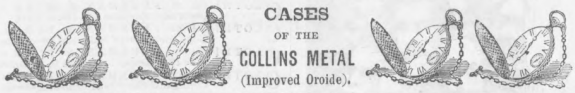

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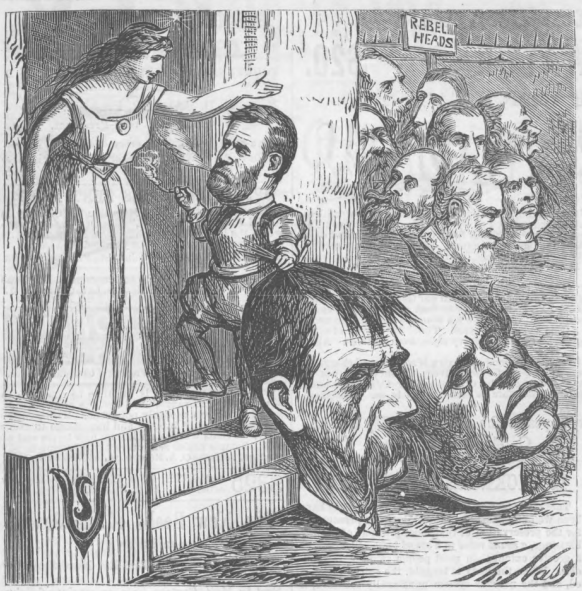

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CHEAPNESS OF LIFE IN AMERICA.

THE shocking accident at the Fulton Ferry will make a few persons more careful—that is all. It will not lead to greater official care—it will not lessen the exposure and the peril—but some few persons will hereafter wait until the boat is fast or nearly so, before they press out to the extremest edge, and possibly, now and then—one passenger in a week or a month—may decline to go in a boat so packed that, in case of accident of any kind, disaster is inevitable. There has been a piteous display of the details of the sad accident, and in the lull of other excitement a great deal of skill has been devoted to the elaboration of this. But the truth is, that human life is cheap in this country. With the Ku-Klux Klan and the constant murders going on in certain States of which the report is read every morning, it is impossible that it should be otherwise. We laugh a good deal at England. Well, at least, Englishmen don't permit each other to be butchered. Suppose that every morning brought to the readers of the *Times* stories of such slaughter in Yorkshire, for instance, as we read of in Louisiana and elsewhere—something would be done as well as said.

The paternal governments of the Continent attend to details which we scorn. We should be very much wiser if we did not scorn them; and this is coming to be seen. Upon the best ordered railroads, for instance, those only are permitted to pass into the station who have tickets as passengers. The result is, that those who are not travelers do not occupy the best seats until the train starts, and in the rush of escape their legs are not broken under the cars. There is a ludicrous indignation upon the part of some very worthy people at the refusal to have every thing their own way in traveling. But one of the best lessons of experience is that it is not wise that they should. All baggage at the risk of the owner is an excellent maxim, but when it breaks your neighbor's shins, he wishes for some better protection than an excellent maxim. Then there is a favorite philosophy which declares that the way to avoid danger is to take risks—also an excellent maxim, but against them all we plead that there is reason in roasting eggs. It is certainly a great deal pleasanter, and in every way better, that a great crowd at a ticket-office should be forced into a queue and compelled to remain there, rather than to jam and squeeze, every man with as good a right to plant his elbows in his neighbor's ribs as his neighbor to do the same. Society has some rights as well as the individual.

The packing of people into boats and cars is something that should be remedied by the people themselves, not individually by crowding and insulting, but by law. It is very foolish for us to blame the Union Ferry Company or any other company for doing what we all daily countenance. The street railroads make great sums of money—and the street railroads do just as they choose. We have often referred to our old and familiar friend, the thirteenth man in the omnibus. The public safety and comfort depend very much upon organized public action. If companies can be persuaded by enormous damages to do what is obviously essential to the welfare of travelers—that is one way of reaching the result. It is a matter for experience to decide. When it is tolerably evident that enormous damages will not do the work, why not try the law in a more stringent form? We do not point these remarks especially at the Union Ferry Company, because it has carried passengers with great safety. We mean the boot for any foot that it will fit.

THE STRINGENCY IN WALL STREET.

DURING the past summer, partly from the want of the full activity in trade which attends good seasons not interfered with by a Presidential canvass, there was a large accumulation of money at the great financial centres lying idle. Tempted by this abundance, loans were put upon the market quite freely, and they were as freely taken, and stocks never before favorites met with ready sales. The demand from abroad for our bonds aided this tendency, and, as our best securities were removed from our market, the vacuum was supplied with others not of the highest reputation. The low rate of interest abroad, and the higher rate here, induced reinvestments of what was collected on account of capitalists abroad for interest moneys on the Government debt, and for the principal of floating loans; and the banks of the city took as collateral for loans an inferior class of securities. With these unfortunate aids speculation in all descriptions of property here and elsewhere became active. The advance which took place in the prices of what had become favorites with operators kept pace with the encouragement thus furnished. We forbear to present instances of the advance in particular bonds and stocks which was thus occasioned, as this might do injury to those who have become their unwilling owners. This fact is too evident to have escaped attention, now that a state of things the very opposite prevails due to the diversion of capital from these objects to the removal of the crops, and to the locking up of legal-tenders by speculators who operate for a fall of prices. Heavy losses have occurred, and such has been the tightness of the money market that enormous rates of interest have been temporarily paid on the hypothecation of Government bonds or of gold—the securities lately fashionable having gone out of sight, except to those owners of them who, on inspecting their pocket-books, discover this evidence of their folly.

The market partially recovered from its state of collapse on Saturday, the 7th of November, on the promulgation of a statement from Washington that the Secretary of the Treasury had determined to avail himself of a supposed authority, resulting from acts of Congress, to reissue part of the amount of above fifty millions of dollars which had been withdrawn from circulation by him under the Act which authorized the withdrawal of not exceeding four millions per month, which Act was repealed by Congress last winter. There was no justification for this statement except a letter from the Secretary of the Treasury to one of his subordinates, claiming that he had a right to issue some portion of the legal tenders—probably the three per cents.—which had been recalled; but the emergency was not considered sufficient to require this expansion. On the contrary, he has stated that it was the true policy to get down to what he calls "hard pan" as soon as this can be done without a crash. No permanent relief can be experienced until prices become adjusted to the diminished quantity of money now in circulation.

The temptation to call upon the Government for new issues in a time of trouble is very great; but it must be borne in mind that if the currency shall be expanded to the quantity in circulation before the recall of this fifty millions or more, prices would inevitably become adjusted to the new state of things, and that an augmentation of the circulating medium would be required again and again, as new emergencies arose of the description of the one through which we have just passed. This seems to be one of the unfortunate evils which ever accompanies a paper system.

The locking up of a large amount of legal-tenders, variously estimated at from fifteen to twenty millions of dollars, had a powerful effect in checking the movements of the Bull interest, and in reducing the prices of the subjects of speculation. But its influence reached also to gold, to our breadstuffs, and partially to cotton, and to all the great interests of the country. Gold was sold short, and the premium, which touched 50, fell to 32. The downward movement in gold was aided by the unexpected sale by the Treasury of between two and three millions without notice, and was continued until after the sale had been completed of $300,000 per day, in pursuance of the notice from the Treasury that such sum would be offered, under a system of proposals, for ten consecutive days. These sales were unwise. The Bear interest, aided by the stringency of the money market and by borrowing gold from Canada on a pledge of legal-tenders, hammered down the price of gold by heavy operations for a fall, from which no recovery was had until the promulgation of the supposed Treasury order already spoken of. The fear that the power of the Treasury may be exerted, stands as a partial check upon those who have been engaged in withdrawing legal-tenders from circulation, and prevented heavy failures among the Bulls.

Many in Wall Street supposed that the stringency would produce a general panic; but when it is recollected that the money in circulation is a *fixed quantity* in the United States, that it will seek always the best market, and that what is locked up must be restored to circulation on the maturity of the loans which enabled parties thus to tie it up, it will appear that a severe and general panic is impossible. Those banks which aided this conspiracy to corner operators by such means, no doubt feel keenly the situation which their own wickedness has produced. The whole country will share in the loss which this stringency has occasioned.

Our regrets in this matter do not arise from the success which one interest in Wall Street has achieved by depressing another—for both are gamblers on a frightful scale—but because the depression has reached our agricultural productions (this may have been one of its objects), and enabled those abroad who are intently watching our market to purchase their supplies at the reduction to which their measures have contributed. Our people must learn that they will continue to be subject to contingencies of this nature as long as we suspend our prosperity "on the wings of paper-money." When we stand on the solid ground which a stable currency produces we shall be able to command the situation, but as long as the country remains exposed to the folly of those bankers whose sole aim is to make heavy dividends without regard to general effects, we shall be at the mercy of those foreign powers which, having large accumulations of the precious metals, are enabled to obtain our productions at rates which afford no profit to our industry.

As a demand from abroad for our agricultural productions is inevitable we continue to say to our farmers that they should strengthen our markets by holding on to their grain until those who want it on the other side of the water are willing to pay for it at remunerative prices.

We regret to witness that the occasion of this stringency has been seized upon to support an issue of "bonds bearing a low rate of interest to be held by the banks at their option as part of their reserve, and reconvertible on demand into currency." The Boston *Daily Advertiser*, regarded as a highly conservative press, supposes that this scheme, or one of like features, may be matured on such a basis of safety as to recommend it to the acceptance of Congress, and refers to the issue of Exchequer bills in the spring of 1793 by the British Government as a precedent for this extraordinary example. These bills were authorized, to the extent of £5,000,000, to be issued to such merchants and manufacturers as should deposit goods as security for the sum advanced.

The French Convention, in February 1793, had declared war against England and Holland, and Mr. PITT had been forced to borrow suddenly a sufficient sum to enable Great Britain to go into the struggle, which was one for supremacy. On the 27th of March Mr. PITT reported to the House of Commons that he had borrowed £4,500,000 for the service of the year. British and French merchants had become closely connected as the result of a commercial treaty, and owing to the sudden stagnation of trade produced by the declaration of war and the alarms occasioned by the political situation, a general failure of commercial credit took place, and to such an extent that many merchants "with large quantities of goods in their possession were unable to make the smallest payment." As Mr. PITT had taken out of the channels of trade about twenty-seven millions of dollars in gold and silver, to be expended largely upon the Continent, it was incumbent on the Government to provide against the commercial disasters which its own policy had, from dire necessity, occasioned. The issue of Exchequer bills was its first step. In 1797, from the pressure of the same circumstances, the Government went to the extremity of its power, and made the paper of the Bank of England in *effect* a legal-tender. The second issue of Exchequer bills, on the principles of the act of 1793, was made in 1811, but the war was then in disastrous progress.

There is nothing alike in the situation to justify us in a resort to this extraordinary remedy. The war is now over, and the emergency at an end which calls for the strain of additional issues of paper. Our troubles now are due to the want of circumspection and foresight in the summer on the part of all those in the Treasury and in banks who are charged with the duty of so regulating our finances in a time of plethora as to prevent disgraceful gambling. The transfer of money to the West and South for the removal of crops—an object which all should encourage—is seized upon by speculators to lock up capital in order to promote their cornering operations, and instead of resorting to Exchequer bills as a remedy the true resort is to bills of indictment under laws which shall punish this war by sharpers upon our most substantial interests as a misdemeanor, which shall subject them to fine and imprisonment.

ROSSINI.

ROSSINI is dead, the most charming, the most vivacious, the most sparkling of the modern Italian composers. His music so gay, so brilliant, so delicious is entirely unique, and has nothing in common with the Italian school with which we are now most familiar, the school of BELLINI, DONIZETTI, and VERDI. His genius, never profound, was always exuberant. His music, often merely glittering and rhetorical, has still a wonderful charm; and none of the more modern Italian composers have impressed themselves so strongly as he upon the musical mind of the age. The characteristic of the music that followed ROSSINI in Italy is pathetic sentimentality. It is the music of pensive lyrical poets. That of ROSSINI is the work of a brilliant man of the world. His life and his work seem always harmonious. When he retired from his last professional situation he settled into an otiose, self-indulgent, indolent life, and the chief stories that we have heard of him during the latter years have been of his snuffing the spicy incense of flattery, and of his exquisite *salon* and *cuisine*.

ROSSINI was born at Pesaro in 1792, the son of strolling musicians. The boy was full of music, and began to compose operas at seventeen or eighteen. At twenty he was famous. At thirty he had composed all of his great operas but the *William Tell*. Before he was forty he had retired into Sybaritic seclusion, and wrote nothing of importance again except the *Stabat Mater*. He lived in and near Paris, complimented and complimenting, until the tranquil lapse of time had brought his seventy-seventh year, when he quietly died.

ROSSINI was at first musical director of San Carlo in Naples; then, for a time, in 1824, of the Italian Opera in London, and afterward in Paris until 1830. His first famous work was *Tancredi*. This was followed by *L'Italiani in Algieri*, and some less noted operas. Then came *Otello*, *Mose in Egitto*, *La Donna del Lago*, and others; and in 1816, when he was twenty-four years old, the incomparable *Barbiere di Seviglia*. The next year he wrote *La Cenerentola* and *La Gazza Ladra*, and, after some minor works, the superb *Semiramide* in 1823. After this he composed the *William Tell* about 1830, the most elaborate and careful, but not the most charming of his operas, although it has always the most honorable mention. These dates show that this captivating music is the bright effervescence of youth; and indeed it has the quality of the finest wines, the honey richness of the first run of the grapes, pressed only by their own weight.

His active career covered the time from NAPOLEON'S Russian campaign to the Revolution of July. His music is that of a period that wished to be cheered and amused, not to think. You fancy all the theatres in Europe ringing with his gay melodies, and people half forgetting the storms that thundered and shook outside. The heart-break of Italy is not heard in them as it is in the tender strains of BELLINI, whose *Il Pirata* and *La Straniera* immediately succeeded ROSSINI'S *Semiramide*. We do not know that ROSSINI ever had any especial sympathy with his country—or that he was other than a lotus-eating Epicurian, content to forget the past and to live in the present pleasure. But he is always kindly associated with his fresh, beautiful music, and there will always be a personal interest in so delightful a composer. He lived to see many of his younger countrymen rise into fame in his own sphere; and he may well have smiled encouragement, for he died while his own genius was still supreme.

"THE BAZAR."

OUR neighbor and friend, *Harper's Bazar*, has justified all its fine promises, and has become to a fabulous number of families an indispensable weekly visitor. It is sure to have something interesting for the home-circle to read and to see. Next week, for instance, it has a new portrait of Vice-President-elect COLFAX and of Miss ELLA M. WADE, whom he has just married. The bridegroom's gift to his bride is also faithfully portrayed. It will also present to its readers one of those remarkable and beautiful colored fashion-plates, for which it is noted, and which can not yet be successfully executed in this country. It represents varieties of the present mode of carriage and visiting toilets, and is an exquisite illustration of the excellence to which this pictorial art has been brought.

LITERARY.

"Sermons by Henry Ward Beecher." The HARPERS have published two handsome volumes, containing forty-six of Mr. BEECHER'S sermons, selected from more than five hundred, and revised by himself; and they are such, of course, as he would be judged by. The greatness and sweetness of his heart, the opulence and felicity of his fancy, his sincere piety, his blithe humor, his brave and vigorous thought, are all admirably expressed, but are never exhausted, in this collection.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE official returns of the late elections give the Democratic party in New York for President a majority of 9257, and for Governor 30,152. The Democratic majority in New Jersey was, for Seymour, 3073; for Randolph, 4373. All but six counties in Ohio give General Grant a majority of 41,596. Illinois gives him (all but four counties reckoned) 54,736. The proposition for a Constitutional Convention in that State appears to have been defeated. Alabama is conceded to Grant by about 2500 majority.

Governor Reed, of Florida, who has been lately impeached by the State Legislature, has appealed to the Supreme Judiciary of the State, protesting against the competency of the body which has arraigned him.

Colonel Tappan, Indian Peace Commissioner declares that all the Indians—70,000 in number—whose representatives the Commission have met and treated with this year are keeping faith, and have gone or are on their way to the reservations provided for them. The war at present existing is with some 6000 Indians whom the Government has disappointed in not fulfilling the treaties made last year.

The charter election at Charleston, S. C., took place on the 11th, and resulted in favor of Pillsbury, the Republican candidate for Mayor by a majority of 18 in a vote of 10,000. The defeated party has taken steps to contest the election. The Republicans, it is said, will attempt to install their Mayor by force.

On the night of November 13-14, there was a brilliant shower of meteors; 623 were counted by a single observer in the course of about three hours and a half.

The population of Chicago is now estimated at 252,054—an increase in seven months of 9671.

Ex-Governor Tod of Ohio died at his home in Youngstown on the morning of the 13th.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GIOACCHINO ROSSINI, the great Italian musical composer, died at Paris, November 14, in his seventy-seventh year. A very excellent portrait of Rossini was published in *Harper's Weekly* for November 9, 1867.

The Provisional Government at Mardid has declared all the Spanish colonial ports free; anchorage duties are abolished. Civil marriages are now of frequent occurrence in Spain. The formation of a Protestant Church in Madrid has been sanctioned by the authorities.

By telegram from Lisbon we learn of the receipt at that port of the mail news from Paraguay. The allied army before Angostura had been attacked by the Paraguayans, and had repulsed the assailants. It was fully confirmed that President Lopez had shot his brothers.

The United States of Colombia are in the midst of a civil war. The confederation consists of nine States, of which three are in the hands of the Conservatives, and the others, as well as the Federal Government, in the hands of the Liberals.

A severe earthquake shock was experienced at Hiogo, in Japan, early in October.

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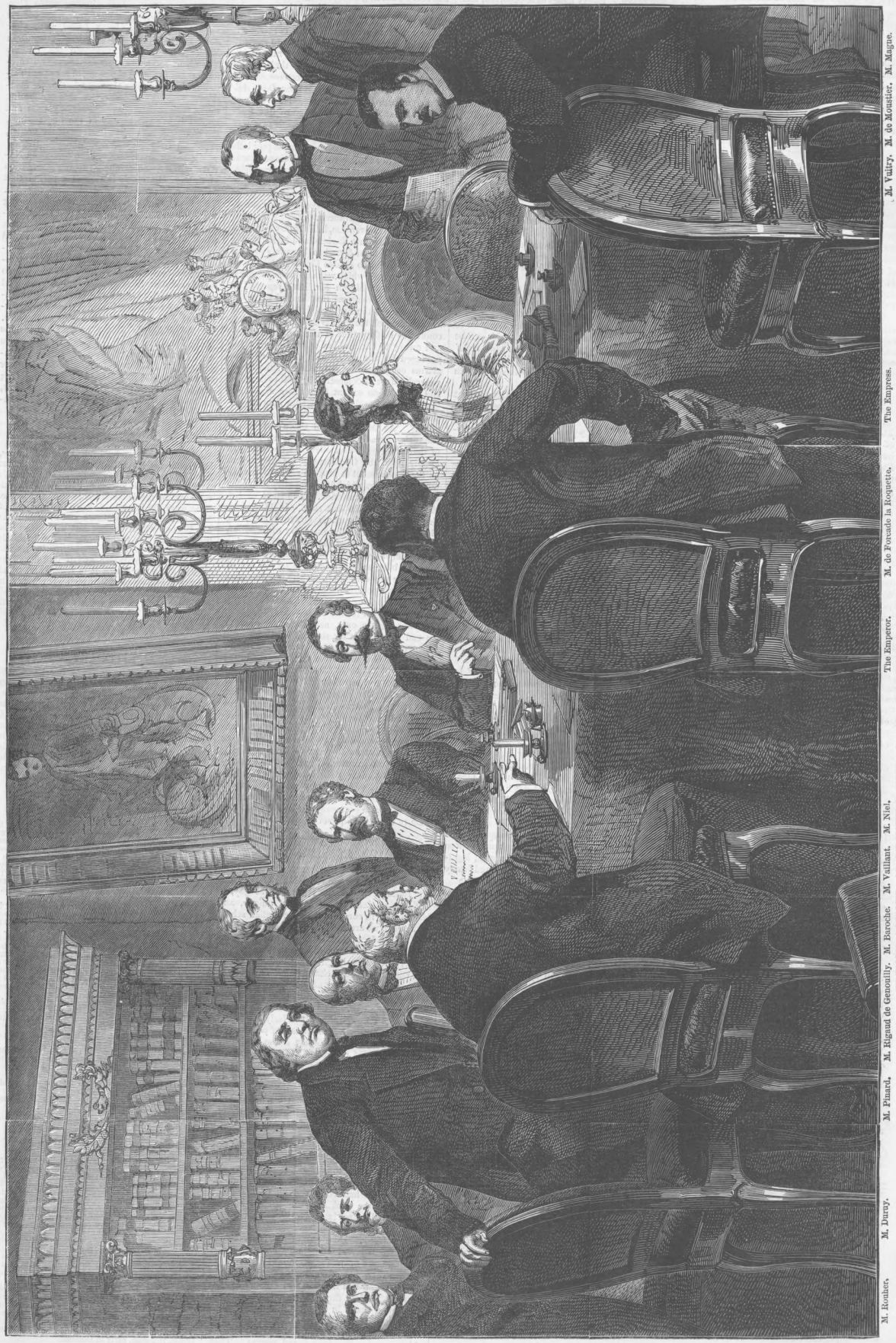

FRENCH COUNCIL OF MINISTERS HELD AT ST. CLOUD, PRESIDED OVER BY THE EMPEROR.—[SEE PAGE 757.]

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THE FRENCH CABINET COUNCIL.

THE Emperor NAPOLEON, immediately after his return from Biarritz, called together a grand council of his Ministers, over which he presided, at St. Cloud. It is announced that measures of grave importance were discussed; but, as is usually the case, the secret has been well kept, and nothing has transpired to indicate the nature of the decisions arrived at on this occasion. The Empress EUGÉNIE was present at the council. Our illustration on page 756 is from a sketch made by a French artist who happened to catch a glimpse of this illustrious party. Of course this council has been the occasion of much speculation in political circles throughout Europe. Every body watches the Emperor. He is the great oracle, and every word which he utters is published and commented upon all over the world. It is supposed that, if he chooses, he could to-morrow deluge a continent in blood. He may proclaim daily that "the Empire is peace," but still it remains true that the rest of the world interprets his every speech and action to mean war.

THAT BOY OF NORCOTT'S.

CHAPTER I.

THE TRIAL.

SOME years ago there was a trial in Dublin which, partly because the parties in the cause were in a well-to-do condition of life, and partly because the case, in some measure, involved the interests of the two conflicting Churches, excited considerable sensation and much comment.

The contention was the right to the guardianship of a boy whose father and mother had ceased to live together. On their separation they had come to a sort of amicable arrangement that the child—then seven years old—should live alternate years with each; and though the mother's friends warmly urged her not to consent to a plan so full of danger to her child, and so certain to result in the worst effects on his character, the poor woman, whose rank in life was far inferior to her husband's, yielded, partly from habit of deference to his wishes, and more still because she believed, in refusing these terms, she might have found herself reduced to accept even worse ones. The marriage had been unfortunate in every way. Sir Roger Norcott had accompanied his regiment, the —th Dragoons, to Ireland, where some violent disturbances in the south had called for an increase of military force. When the riots had been suppressed, the troops, broken up into small detachments, were quartered through the counties, as opportunity and convenience served; Norcott's troop—for he was a captain—being stationed in that very miserable and poverty-stricken town called Macroom. Here the dashing soldier, who for years had been a Guardsman, mixing in all the gayeties of a London life, passed days and weeks of dreary despondency. His two subs, who happened to be sons of men in trade, he treated with a cold and distant politeness, but never entered into their

WITH MY MOTHER.

projects nor accepted their companionship; and though they messed together each day, no other intimacy passed between them than the courtesies of the table.

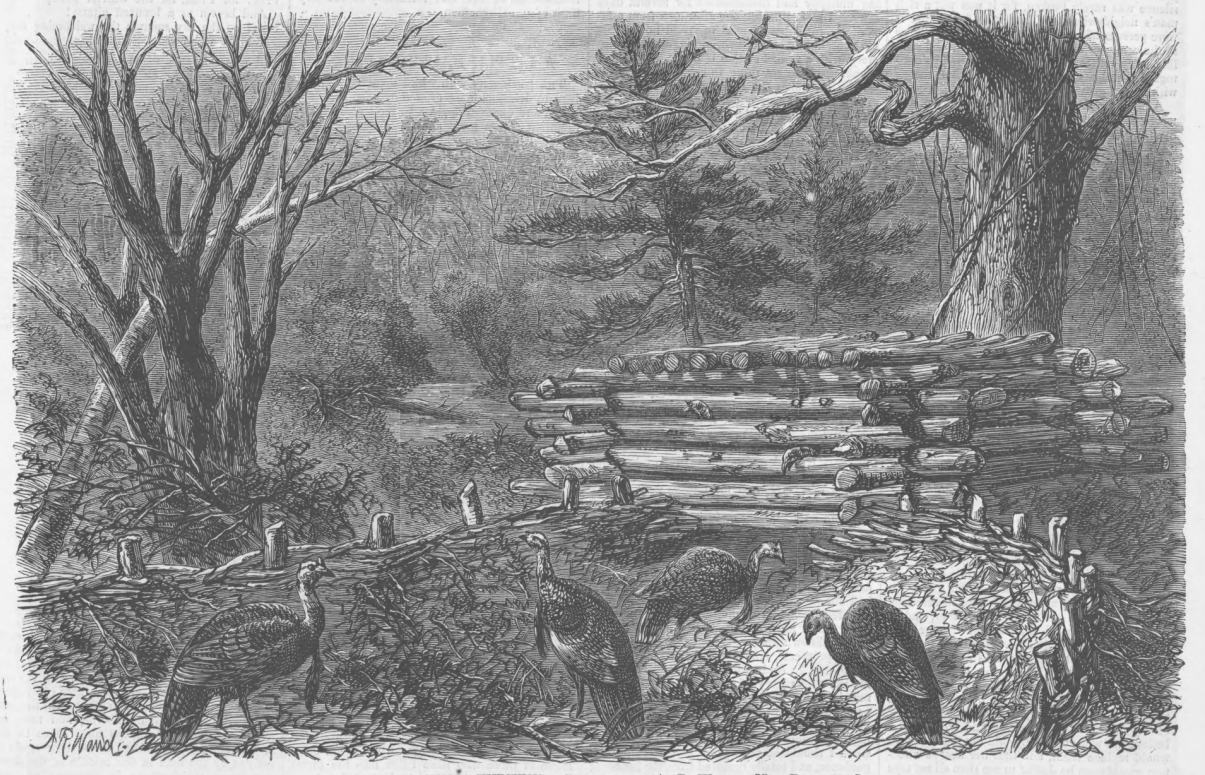
It chanced that while thus hipped, and out of sorts, sick of the place and the service that had condemned him to it, he made acquaintance with a watchmaker when paying for some slight service, and subsequently with his daughter, a very pretty, modest-looking, gentle girl of eighteen. The utter vacuity of his life, the tiresome hours of barrack-room solitude, the want of some one to talk to him, but, still more, of some one to listen—for he liked to talk, and talked almost well—led him to pass more than half his days and all his evenings at their house. Nor was the fact that his visits had become a sort of town-scandal without its charm for a man who actually pined for a sensation, even though painful; and there was, too, an impertinence that, while declining the society of the supposed upper classes of the neighborhood, he found congenial companionship with these humble people, which had a marvelous attraction for a man who had no small share of resentfulness in his nature, and was seldom so near being happy as when flouting some prejudice or outraging some popular opinion.

It had been his passion through life to be ever doing or saying something that no one could have anticipated. For the pleasure of astonishing the world no sacrifice was too costly; and whether he rode, or shot, or played, or yachted, his first thought was notoriety. An ample fortune lent considerable aid to this tendency; but every year's extravagance was now telling on his resources, and he was forced to draw on his ingenuity where before he needed but to draw on his banker.

There was nothing that his friends thought less likely than that he would marry, except that, if he should, his wife would not be a woman of family. To bowl over both of these beliefs together he married the watchmaker's daughter, and Mary Owen became a baronet's bride.

Perhaps—I'm not very sure of even that—her marriage gave her one entire day of unbroken happiness; I do not believe it gave her a week, and I know it did not a month. Whether it was that his friends were less shocked than he had hoped for, or that the shock wore out sooner, he was frantic at the failure of his grand coup, and immediately set about revenging on his unhappy wife all the disappointment she had caused him. After a series of cruelties—some of which savored of madness, but which she bore without complaint or even murmur—he bethought him that her religious belief offered a ground-work for torment which he had hitherto neglected. He accordingly determined to make his profession to the Church of Rome, and to call on her to follow. This she stoutly refused; and he declared that they should separate. The menace had no longer a terror for her. She accepted whatever terms he was pleased to dictate; she only stipulated as to the child, and for him only to the extent we have already seen. The first year after the separation the boy passed with his father; the second he spent with his mother. At the end of the third year, when her turn again came round, Sir Roger refused to part with him; and when reminded of his promise, coarsely replied that his boy, above all things, must be a gentleman; and that he was now arrived at an age when association with low and vulgar people would attach a tone to his mind, and a fashion to his thoughts, that all the education in the world would not eradicate; and that rather than yield to such a desecration, he would litigate the matter to the last shilling of his estate. Such was the cause before the Barons of the Exchequer; the mother pleading that her child should be restored to her; the father opposing the demand, that the mother's habits and associates were not in accordance with the prospects of one who should inherit title and fortune; and last of all, that the boy was devotedly attached to him, and bore scarcely a trace of affection for his mother.

So painful were the disclosures that came out



TRAPPING WILD TURKEYS.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 758.]

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during the trial, so subversive of every feeling that pertains to the sanctity of the family, and so certain to work injuriously on the character of the child whose interests were at stake, that the judge made more than one attempt to arrest the proceedings and refer the case to arbitration; but Sir Roger would not agree to this. He was once more in his element, he was before the world—the newspapers were full of him, and better than all, in attack and reprobation. He had demanded to be put on the table as a witness, and they who saw, it is said, never forgot the insolent defiance of public opinion that he on that day displayed; how boldly he paraded opinions in opposition to every sense of right and justice, and how openly he avowed his principle of education to be—to strip off from youth every delusion as to the existence of truth and honor in life, and to teach a child, from his earliest years, that trickery and falsehood were the daily weapons of mankind, and that he who would not consent to be the dupe of his fellow-men must be their despot and their persecutor. If he had the satisfaction of outraging the feelings of all in court, and insulting every sense of propriety and decorum, he paid heavily for the brief triumph. The judge delivered a most stern denunciation of his doctrines, and declared that no case had ever come before the court where so little hesitation existed as to the judgment to be pronounced. The sentence was, that up to the age of twelve the child was to be confided to the mother's charge, after which period the court would, on application, deliberate and determine on the future guardianship.

"Will you leave me, Owen?" asked the father, and his lips trembled and his cheek blanched as he uttered the words. The boy sprang into his arms and kissed him wildly and passionately; and the two clung to each other in close embrace, and their mingled sobs echoed through the now silent court. "You see, my lord, you see—" cried the father; but the boy's struggles were choking him, and with his own emotions would not suffer him to continue. His sufferings were now real, and a murmur ran through the court that showed how public feeling was trembling in the balance. The bustle of a new cause that was coming on soon closed the scene. The child was handed over to an officer of the court, while the mother's friends concerted together, and all was over.

Over as regarded the first act of a life-long drama; and ere the curtain rises, it only remains to say that the cause which that day decided was mine, and that I, who write this, was the boy "Digby Norcott."

CHAPTER II.

WITH MY MOTHER.

My mother lived in a little cottage at a place called the Green Lanes, about three miles from Dublin. The name was happily given, for on every side there were narrow roads overshadowed by leafy trees, which met above and gave only glimpses of sky and cloud through their feathery foliage. The close hedgerows of white or pink thorn limited the view on either side, and imparted a something of gloom to a spot whose silence was rarely broken, for it was not a rich man's neighborhood. They who frequented it were persons of small fortune, retired subalterns in the army, or clerks in public offices, and such like petty respectabilities who preferred to herd together and make no contrasts of their means with larger, greater incomes.

Among the sensations I shall never forget, and which while I write are as fresh as the moment I first felt them—were my feelings when the car stopped opposite a low wicket, and Mr. M'Bride, the attorney, helped me down and said, "This is your home, Digby; your mother lives here." The next moment a pale but very handsome young woman came rushing down the little path and clasped me in her arms. She had dropped on her knees to bring her face to mine, and she kissed me madly and wildly, so that my cap fell off. "See how my frill is all rumpled!" said I, unused as I was to such disconcerting warmth, and caring far more for my smart appearance than for demonstrations of affection. "Oh, darling, never mind it," sobbed she. "You shall have another and a nicer. I will make it myself, for my own boy—for you are mine, Digby. You are mine, dearest, ain't you?"

"I am papa's boy," said I, doggedly.

"But you will love mamma, too, Digby, won't you?—poor mamma, that has no one to love her, or care for her, if you do not; and who will so love you in return, and do every thing for you—every thing to make you happy—happy and good, Digby."

"Then let us go back to Earls Court. It's far prettier than this, and there are great lions over the gateway, and wide steps up to the door. I don't like this. It looks so dark and dreary—it makes me cry." And to prove it, I burst out into a full torrent of weeping, and my mother hung over me and sobbed too; and long after the car had driven away we sat there on the grass weeping bitterly together, though there was no concert in our sorrow nor any soul to our grief.

That whole afternoon was passed in attempts to comfort and caress me by my mother, and in petulant demands on my part for this or that luxury I had left behind me. I wanted my nice bed with the pink curtains, and my little toolcase. I wanted my little punt, my pony, my fishing-rod. I wanted the obsequious servants, who ran at my bidding, and whose respectful manner was a homage I loved to exact. Not one of these was forthcoming, and how could I believe her who soothingly told me that her love would replace them, and that her heart's affection would soon be dearer to me than all my toys and all the glittering presents that littered my room. "But I want my pony," I cried; "I want my little dog Fan, and I want to sit beside papa, and see him drive four horses, and he lets me whip them too, and *you* won't." And so I cried hysterically again, and in these fretful paroxysms I passed my evening.

The first week of my life there was to me—it still is to me—like a dream—a sad, monotonous dream. Repulsed in every form, my mother still persisted in trying to amuse or interest me, and I either sat in moody silence, refusing all attention, or went off into passionate grief, sobbing as if my heart would break. "Let him cry his fill," said old Biddy, the maid. "Let him cry his fill, and it will do him good." And I could have killed her on the spot as she said it.

If Biddy Cassidy really opined that a hearty fit of crying would have been a good alterative for me, she ought not to have expressed the opinion in my presence, for there was that much of my father in me that quickly suggested resistance, and I at once resolved that no matter what it might cost me, or by what other means I might find a vent for my grief, I'd cry no more. All my poor mother's caresses, all her tenderness, and all her watchful care never acted on my character with half the force or one-tenth of the rapidity that did this old hag's attempt to thwart and oppose me. Her system was, by a continual comparison between my present life and my past, to show how much better off I was now than in my former high estate, and by a travesty of all I had been used to, to pretend that any like complaint from me would be sheer ingratitude. "Here's the pony, darlin', waitin' for you to ride him," she would say, as she would lay an old walking-stick beside my door; and though the blood would rush to my head at the insult, and something very nigh choking rise to my throat, I would master my passion, and make no reply. This demeanor was set down to sulkiness, and Biddy warmly entreated my mother to suppress the temper it indicated, and, as she mildly suggested, "Cut it out of me when I was young"—a counsel, I must own, she did not follow.

Too straitened in her means to keep a governess for me, and unwilling to send me to a school, my mother became my teacher herself; and, not having had any but the very commonest education, she was obliged to acquire in advance what she desired to impart. Many a night would she pore over the Latin Grammar that she might be even one stage before *me* on the morning. Over and over did she get up the bit of geography that was to test my knowledge the next day; and in this way, while leading *me* on, she acquired, almost without being aware of it, a considerable amount of information. Her faculties were above the common, and her zeal could not be surpassed; so that, while I was stumbling and blundering over *Swaine's Sentences*, she had read all Sallust's *Catiline*, and most of the *Odes* of Horace; and long before I had mastered my German declensions, she was reading Grimm's *Stories* and Auerbach's *Village Sketches*. Year after year went over quietly, uneventfully. I had long ceased to remember my former life of splendor, or, if it recurred to me, it came with no more of reality than the events of a dream. One day, indeed—I shall never forget it—the past revealed itself before me with the vivid distinctness of a picture, and I shame to say, rendered me unhappy and discontented for several days after. I was returning one afternoon from a favorite haunt, where I used to spend hours—the old church-yard of Kellester, a long-unused cemetery, with a ruined church beside it—when four spanking chestnuts came to the foot of the little rise on which the ruin stood, and the servants jumping down, undid the bearing-reins, to breathe the cattle up the ascent. It was my father was on the box, and as he skillfully brushed the flies from his horses with his whip, gently soothing the hot mettled creatures with his voice, I bethought me of the proud time when I sat beside him, and when he talked to me of the different tempers of each horse in the team, instilling into me that interest and that love for them, as thinking, sentient creatures, which gives the horse a distinct character to all who have learned thus to think of him from childhood. He never looked at me as he passed. How should he recognize the little boy in the gray linen blouse he was wont to see in black velvet, with silver buttons? Perhaps I was not sorry he did not know me. Perhaps I felt it easier to fight my own shame alone than if it had been confessed and witnessed. At all events the sight sent me home sad and depressed, no longer able to take pleasure in my usual pursuits, and turning from my toys and books with actual aversion.

Remembering how all mention of my father used to affect my mother long ago, seeing how painfully his mere name acted upon her, I forbore to speak of this incident, and buried it in my heart, to think and ruminate over when alone.

Time went on and on till I wanted but a few months of twelve, and my lessons were all but dropped, as my mother's mornings were passed either in letter-writing or in interviews with her lawyer. It was on the conclusion of one of these councils that Mr. M'Bride led me into the garden, and seating me beside him on a bench, said, "I have something to say to you, Digby; and I don't know that I'd venture to say it, if I had not seen that you are a thoughtful boy, and an affectionate son of the best mother that ever lived. You are old enough, besides, to have a right to know something about yourself and your future prospects, and it is for that I have come out to-day." And with this brief preface he told me the whole story of my father's and mother's marriage and separation; and how it came to pass that I had been taken from one to live with the other; and how the time was now drawing nigh—it wanted but two months and ten days—when I should be once more under my father's guidance, and totally removed from the influence of that mother who loved me so dearly.

"We might fight the matter in the courts, it is true," said he. "There are circumstances which might weigh with a judge whether he'd remove you from a position of safety and advantage to one of danger and difficulty; but it would be the fight of a weak purse against a strong one, not to say that it would also be the struggle of a poor mother's heart against the law of the land; and I have at last persuaded her it would be wiser and safer not to embitter the relations with your father—to submit to the inevitable; and not improbably you may be permitted to see her from time to time, and, at all events, to write to her." It took a long time for him to go through what I have so briefly set down here; for there were many pros and cons, and he omitted none of them; and while he studiously abstained from applying to my father any expression of censure or reprobation, he could not conceal from me that he regarded him as a very cold-hearted unfeeling man, from whom little kindness could be expected, and to whom entreaty or petition would be lost time. I will not dwell on the impression this revelation produced on me, nor will I linger on the time that followed on it—the very saddest of my life. Our lessons were stopped—all the occupations that once filled the day ceased—a mournful silence fell upon us, as though there was a death in the house; and there was, indeed, the death of that peaceful existence in which we had glided along for years, and we sat grieving over a time that was to return no more. My mother tried to employ herself in setting my clothes in order, getting my books decently bound, and enabling me in every way to make a respectable appearance in that new life I was about to enter on; but her grief usually overcame her in these attempts, and she would hang in tears over the little trunk that recalled every memory she was so soon to regard as the last traces of her child. Biddy, who had long, for years back, ceased to torment or annoy me, came back with an arrear of bitterness to her mockeries and sneers. "I was going to be a lord, and I'd not know the mother that nursed me if I saw her in the street! Fine clothes and fine treatment was more to me than love and affection; signs on it, I was turning my back on my own mother, and going to live with the blackguard—she didn't mince the word—that left her to starve." These neatly turned compliments met me at every moment, and by good fortune served to arm me with a sort of indignant courage that carried me well through all my perils.

To spare my poor mother the pain of parting, Mr. M'Bride—I can not say how judiciously—contrived that I should be taken out for a drive and put on board the packet bound for Holyhead, under the charge of a courier, whom my father had sent to fetch me, to Brussels, where he was then living. Of how I left Ireland, and journeyed on afterward, I know nothing; it was all confusion and turmoil. The frequent changes from place to place, the noise, the new people, the intense haste that seemed to pervade all that went on, addled me to that degree that I had few collected thoughts at the time, and no memory of them afterward.

From certain droppings of the courier, however, and his heartily expressed joy as Brussels came in sight, I gathered that I had been a very troublesome charge, and refractory to the very limit of actual rebellion.

A LITTLE HALLUCINATION.

THE pertinacity with which mankind will adhere to delusions long after they have been detected and exposed appears to have escaped the attention of the great analyst of human weaknesses, King Solomon. The best and the worst educated people, and those who have no education at all, persist in remaining hoodwinked, and in clinging, against the evidence of trustworthy authorities, and almost of their own senses, to a whimsical belief in entirely fabulous things. The highly immoral notion inculcated in the remark lately quoted would seem to be, that if the world chose to have lies told them the liars should have thorough impunity, and lying be recognized as an orthodox institution. But this easy philosophy fails to satisfy persons of an uncomfortably inquiring temperament. "Lying," says Thomas Carlyle, "is not permitted by the Eternals;" by which he means, I apprehend, that the success of a falsehood can be only temporary; and that in process of time Truth will fully vindicate herself, although to do so it may be necessary for the poor thing to strip herself stark naked. I knew two brothers once, the elder of whom was incurably addicted to saying the thing that was not, while the other was scrupulously truthful. Charley, who was somewhat of a wag, used to declare that he spent at least four hours every morning in going about contradicting the fibs which Jemmy had told during the previous day. But not all of us can spare the sixth part of the day for such labors; and not all of us care about demolishing the Munchausenisms which our brother has related. If you wish to get along comfortably in this world it is best to allow your brother, and your sister too—by whom I mean every body—to lie themselves black in the face. So long as they refrain from forging your name, and so getting you into any pecuniary trouble, they can't do you much harm. It is impossible for any one man thoroughly to disprove nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand falsehoods. For each lie told there are a number of listeners who are eager to believe it, and who consequently *do* believe it, however strong the proof may be to the contrary. And, on the other hand, it is certain that we hear of very few persons who have ever done themselves any good by advocating the truth and stigmatizing error; whereas the catalogue of those who have fallen into the direst scrapes through those means is well-nigh inexhaustible. Socrates and Galileo, Savonarola and John Huss, Solomon de Caux and Daniel Defoe, devoted the major portion of their lives to the upholding of what they deemed to be true. You remember the nature of their reward: the hemlock bowl and the Inquisition dungeon; the stake, the mad-house, and the pillory.

A LAY OF THE SPANISH REVOLUTION.

A LAY! A lay! A trumpet lay!
A glad and a glorious strain!
For a nation free, and a victory
For the good old cause again!

It was at merry Michaelmas,
When the vintage time comes round,
And pomegranate and olive ripe
Smile o'er the Spanish ground;
A cry went up o'er all the land,
Like the roar of the surging sea,
And 'twas "Down with the Bourbons! Down for aye!
With the Bourbon tyranny!

"Too long! Too long they've tortured us
Beneath their ruthless yoke,
And flayed our flesh and drained our blood
Till our heart-strings nearly broke.
Now we, who've borne all this too long—
A cause of shame to men—
Shall vindicate Spain's ancient name,
And Spaniards be again!

"We'll take our stand for that old land
Th' Hidalgo sires that bore,
The glorious land of the knightly west,
The land of the Campador!
Whose iron infantry unchecked
Marched Europe through and through,
Taught haughty Italy to yield,
And France and Holland too.

"Who won the new world of the west
In conquest stern and fleet;
And sat enthroned on the Andes' crest
With two oceans at her feet!
What though that mighty empire's gone,
On which the sun ne'er set,
His orb shall rise once more to crown
Our new-born glories yet!"

Thus sang the Spanish nation all,
O'er their hills and valleys far,
From Malaga to Santandér,
From Cadiz to Navarre;
From the Douro to Gibraltar's Rock,
From Gerona to the Ocean,
All Spain rang out with song and shout—
Rang out in glad commotion!

Oh, came you by the bridge of doom
That spans the southern river?
Saw you the Bourbon's farewell fight
On the banks of the Guadalquivir?
Or have you been at Santandér,
In the stubborn north far down,
Where the streets ran o'er with the people's gore,
Till at last they held their own?

Saw you Madrid's gay banners wave?
Saw you her heroes enter?
Felt you the throb, at the Puerto del Sol,
Of the nation's heart and centre?
Viva! for Prim, for the warrior grim,
And brown as a bronzed gitano!
Viva! to the sky mounts the welcoming cry,
For the victor chief Serrano!

And where is SHE, while her race's doom
Is proclaimed by all her people
'Mid beating drums and ringing bells
From every tower and steeple?
Lo! where on Biscay's rock she stands,
Forlorn, above the Ocean,
Whose stormy billows rudely mock
Her rage and wild emotion!

Her sceptre now a broken reed,
And crushed her royal crown,
Not a champion left on Spanish ground,
Not a rood to call her own!
And he who in Spain's bleeding rights
Had dyed his hands deep red—
BRAVO in name, in nature too—
Her Libertícide is fled!

A train! A train! Down the line amain!
A fast and a farewell train!
Oh, take her away to the Frenchman's land,
Or any land but Spain!
Away! Away! 'Twas the last sad ray
Of the Bourbon sun now set—
A race who wisdom ne'er could learn,
And folly ne'er forget!

Awakened Europe hails the star
New risen o'er the gloom,
Th' Iberian star of Peace and Hope,
Above th' oppressor's tomb.
In its pure light the words are writ,
The noble lesson's given,
Let Freedom do her own good work,
And vengeance leave to Heaven!

A lay! A lay! A trumpet lay!
A glad and a glorious strain!
For a nation free, and a victory
For the good old cause again!

TRAPPING WILD TURKEYS.

A WILD turkey trap is a simple contrivance, only requiring a few poles, laid together like a small log-house, with plenty of wide chinks, the roof composed of logs just too heavy for the turkeys to push through. In the centre of the floor is a hole to which a passage leads from the outside. Along this corn, acorns, and nuts are strewn, to lead the turkeys on. Once in the house they never think of descending again to get out by the hole in the middle of the floor, but waste their efforts in attempts to push through the chinks left in the logs till the proprietor visits the establishment to go through the ceremony of wringing their necks.

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THE EARTHQUAKE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

WE give illustrations on page 765 of the earthquake at San Francisco, October 21—the severest that ever occurred in that city. The shock was sudden and terrible in its effects. It was early in the morning, just before eight o'clock, as the people of the city were about to resume their daily occupations. Probably no other event is so calculated to create a panic as an earthquake. There is first the surprise, and then the attempt at flight—a flight which is, from the nature of the case, objectless and hopeless. Danger appalls, but with it there is offered no means of possible escape; the exercise of human power or of human thought are alike unavailing.

The San Francisco *Morning Chronicle* published the following account of the earthquake just one week after the occurrence:

At six minutes before eight o'clock on the morning of the 21st inst., our city was visited by an earthquake, the severest by far that was ever experienced here. The shock commenced by a slight tremor, then an undulating motion followed, gentle at first, but increasing in violence until the earth seemed rapidly jerked back and forth, and ending with a sharp twist violent enough to almost throw men from their feet. This motion lasted during a period of time that is variously estimated from 42 to 46 seconds. During its continuance the ground swelled and rolled like the heaving of the ocean; billows could be seen coming over the land, shaking and toppling the buildings in their course, raising them to the crest of the rollers, and, as the wave passed on, settling them in their former positions. A gentleman who was driving on the Ocean House road at the time was surprised at the singular action of his horse. The animal snorted, pricked up his ears, and was seized with a trembling as if in great fear. Upon looking ahead on the road he could see a wave as if on the ocean, making its way rapidly toward the city, with smaller waves following in its rear. In many portions of the city the ground settled, and in other places it opened for some distance. The effect on the populace was one of extreme fear. People rushed from their dwellings into the streets, some of them jumping from their beds and running out in their night-clothes, and in a few minutes the streets were filled with frightened people. Many of them ran to the public squares, others sought the water front to embark upon some sailing craft, deeming it safer on the water, and many gained the centre of the streets, and stood there to avoid the falling of buildings, which they feared must immediately follow. On the solid ground and in the suburbs, however, the panic soon subsided in a measure, and people returned to their dwellings, but gathered together such articles of apparel as were deemed necessary for immediate use, ready to run again upon a repetition of the shock. Soon the tidings came from the lower portion of the city that buildings had been destroyed, and in the excitement of the hour exaggerated stories were set afloat to the effect that hundreds of people had been killed. At 10.35 A.M. a second shock occurred, but not equal in severity or duration to the first, and at 11.20 A.M. another, still lighter, while throughout the day there were frequent slight shocks and tremors, some of them barely perceptible, but in the excited state of the public mind they were sufficient to prevent the fears of the people from being allayed. Then came the news from Haywood, San Leandro, and other suburban towns, all of which had experienced the earthquake to a greater or less degree. In the vicinity of the last-named towns it appears to have spent its force. The lower portion of the city was terribly racked and shattered. Many of the buildings were completely destroyed; the walls were cracked and broken from top to bottom, and are now held up by shoring of heavy timbers. Throughout Battery, Sansome, Sacramento, Commercial, Clay, Washington, and California streets a large number of the buildings are prevented from falling in this manner. In the southern part of the city, bordering on Mission Bay, on what was formerly the marshes, the ground sunk in several places from a few inches to a depth of four feet. At the corner of Folsom and Fourteenth streets the ground cracked a distance of forty feet, leaving a fissure about two inches wide, and similar openings were made in Fremont, Pine, and other streets. At M'DONALD'S Mill, on Market Street, the ground sank in the rear and opened, letting down the rear wall some eight feet. Similar openings were made among the foundries on First and Fremont streets, the fissures emitting water and sand. On Clay Street, below Battery, the ground settled about two feet, letting down the front wall of the Railroad House and adjoining buildings, and breaking the Railroad House completely in two. On California Street, below Sansome, the ground appears to have sunk in some places, and raised in others, smashing several buildings to atoms. The centre of Pine Street, below Sansome, appears to have been forced up a foot, and left a crack in the pavement, while the sidewalk settled several inches. The earth is cracked all around the gas-works, corner of First and Howard streets. On the water of the bay people on shipboard describe the sensation as of a vessel striking and grinding heavily upon the rocks, while the vessel's timbers shook like reeds in the wind. At the Vulcan Iron-Works, on First Street, the ground opened, and a volume of water spouted up to a height of nearly three feet, and fissures were plainly visible six inches in width. At Oakland the shock was immediately preceded by a heavy rumbling, as of distant artillery. From the accounts thus far received the earthquake appears to have commenced on the coast about one hundred miles northwest of San Francisco, traveled southeasterly, gathering strength until it spent the most of its force in San Francisco and across the bay for a distance of ten miles, and then to have scattered its forces and gradually died out.

The amount of property destroyed is variously estimated at from $300,000 to $5,000,000. Four persons were killed and a large number were wounded.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE little town of Chicopee, on the Connecticut River, has the honor of having cast the magnificent bronze doors for the east wing of the Capitol at Washington. Several years ago Congress intrusted the design of the work to the artist Crawford; but he died before the models were completed, and the business was intrusted to his pupil, Reinhart. The plaster models were sent to the celebrated foundry at Munich, and all details for casting were satisfactorily arranged, when, in consequence of our civil war, the Bavarian establishment, distrusting our resources, refused to fulfill the contract, unless the payment money should first be deposited in gold at London. Congress promptly ordered the return of the models, and committed the execution of the work to the Messrs. Ames, of Chicopee. Unfortunately—whether by carelessness or design, does not appear—the models were so miserably packed that one of the panels, on being opened, was found to be in thirty pieces; but by patience and perseverance the fragments were patched. The estimated cost of these doors is about sixty thousand dollars. Several battle and other historical scenes, as well as emblematic types of Peace and War, are represented on the various panels. The doors are each three feet and three inches in width, by fourteen feet in height, and each divided into five panels, the upper one being narrower than the rest, and ornamented with a laurel-wreath encircling a star. This is an open panel, and is to serve as a ventilator. In the two doors there are one hundred and thirty pieces of bronze, requiring in their fitting thirteen hundred and sixty-six screws. The door-posts and casements are plain and massive, and the soffit is open-work decorated with seven hundred and eighty-three rosettes of burnished bronze.

Letter-carriers have been directed by the Post-Office Department to wear a uniform while on duty. The coat, vest, pantaloons, and cap are to be made of what is technically called "blue-mixed cadet cloth." A reversible cape, made of the same material on one side, and of gutta percha cloth on the other, is also to be worn when needed. We learn, moreover, that specimens of a new style of street letter-box are now being manufactured, and some of them will soon be put up in this city. They will be arranged to receive newspapers as well as letters, and so constructed as to secure the packages from any unauthorized investigation. A dial-plate on each box is arranged to signify the hour when the next collection will be made.

Fatal mistakes by druggists are becoming altogether too frequent. The wife of a Philadelphia merchant recently died in consequence of a sad mistake. She had been suffering from a nervous disorder, and under the advice of a physician had been for some time taking asafœtida pills, made according to a prescription given her by the doctor. She sent to a drug-store to have the prescription renewed. The druggist being absent, the pills were compounded by his son. The young man made the fatal mistake of reading the abbreviation of asafœtida for atropin, a narcotic poison, and this he put in the pills in the quantity prescribed for asafœtida. The poisonous effects of this were soon shown in alarming symptoms, and before antidotes could be given the poison had done its work. She died after severe suffering.

Professor Doremus, the President of the Philharmonic Society, remarked in reference to the opening of a new musical season, that as it has always been a primary object of the Philharmonic Society to develop and cultivate a taste for the highest order of music, the system of public rehearsals has been adopted, where the celebrated works of the greatest composers could be studied. Hence there will be, as in years past, three public rehearsals on the Friday afternoons preceding each concert. The number of concerts and rehearsals has been increased, without a corresponding increase in the price of tickets to associate members, in hopes of adding greatly to this list, for it is earnestly desired that this shall become a school of classical music, attractive to professional and amateur musicians. The orchestra consists of a hundred performers, and our best artists have promised to assist at the different concerts.

London journals are cordially warm in their commendations of Miss Minnie Hauck, who lately made her first appearance at Covent Garden, in the popular Opera "La Sonnambula." Her voice is spoken of as a pure soprano, light and flexible, sweet and penetrating. Her reception was exceedingly favorable, and the belief was expressed that she will become an ornament to the profession she has chosen.

Light-fingered gentry, in all countries, understand how to turn events to their own profit. An exiled Hidalgo received at the table d'hôte of a hotel in Paris a large red-sealed official letter stamped with the Madrid post-mark. The interesting refugee opened the missive and perused it rapidly, with astonishment and delight. Then he handed the letter round the table. "Dear Alonzo," it ran, "come back immediately. Our dear country has need of all her sons. Your estates are rendered unto you. Fraternally, PRIM." The table d'hôte was universal in its felicitations. But suddenly the exile's face grew sombre. Pressed for a reason for this strange melancholy, he announced that, having no means wherewith to travel to Madrid, he should be forced to wait a fortnight at least ere he could once more behold his ancestral towers. Mine host promptly placed £20 at Don Alonzo's disposal, who joyously departed, promising to return the money in three days, and with a basket of his own Andalusian Xeres. The good hotel-keeper is still in vain anticipation of the wine and money.

Miss Georgiana M. Craik—author of "Mildred," an interesting novel recently published by Harper & Brothers—is the daughter of the late George Lillie Craik, formerly of Glasgow, and at the time of his death professor in Queen's College, Belfast, Ireland. He was the author of "Pursuit of Knowledge Under Difficulties," a "History of English Literature," and other works. Miss Craik has written several popular novels, and since her father's death, with praiseworthy independence and assiduity, devotes herself to her literary work. George Lillie Craik, husband of the lady so well known as Miss Mulock, is son of the Rev. Dr. Craik of Glasgow, and cousin to Miss Georgiana Craik.

Few fictitious works of the present day exhibit more purity of sentiment and faithful delineation of character, combined with plots of genuine interest, than those of Miss Mulock. Her stories teach lessons for everyday life. Evidently she does not believe that the "Girl of the Period," as represented in a certain English Review, is a universal character. In her latest work, "The Woman's Kingdom"—which has been published as a serial in *Harper's Magazine*, and is now issued in book form—she thus speaks of "Edna:" "And there came before her a vision of her life to come—not an easy one; not that of a woman who slips into marriage to 'better herself,' as servants say—to attain ease, and luxury, and position, and all the benefits which 'a good marriage' is supposed to confer. Hers would be a life in which every energy would be tested, every power put to use—which would exact unlimited patience, self-denial, courage, strength; the life, in short, of a woman who does not care to be a man's toy and ornament, but desires, rather, to be his help-meet—supplying all he needs, as he supplies all she needs, teaching her through the necessities of every day how to fulfill the perfect law of love—self-sacrifice."

A neat practical joke was recently played upon a rich financier of Paris, who was very stingy to his wife. One day a lady, closely veiled, and apparently very anxious not to be recognized, called upon him and borrowed a large sum, leaving her diamonds as a pledge. He was chagrined to learn afterward that it was his wife.

The latest intelligence from Dr. Livingstone—which does not seem so very recent, when we consider that the letters were dated December, 1867—was that he had been living for three months with friendly Arabs, near Lake Tanganyika, and that he intended, on the close of a native war, to explore that lake, and then return to Zanzibar on his way home. One of the great objects of the traveler's last journey into Central Africa was to ascertain whether the source of the Nile was not considerably to the south of the Albert Nyanza. The supposition was, that the great Albert Lake and Tanganyika were either one sheet of water, or connected by a large river, and it was also presumed that the sources of Tanganyika might extend indefinitely to the west or southwest. It now appears that Dr. Livingstone crossed from Lake Nyassa to the Cazembe country, and that he there found a large lake already marked on some of the old maps. He seems to have made a considerable stay there, and to have been very hospitably entertained. When details arrive, it will probably be found that Tanganyika is only one of a number of connected lakes, running to the southwest. It is still a matter of speculation when Dr. Livingstone will return to England.

Toronto has received a second consignment of servant girls from England. They came, as before, under the personal care of Miss Rye, whose kindness to her *protégés* is undoubted. The girls, on their arrival, looked clean and healthy; they are in general young, and modest in demeanor. Seventy-three landed at Toronto, about twenty having found places at various points on the route. Miss Rye appears to take the deepest interest in those who have emigrated under her supervision.

The Freedmen's Bureau expires by Congressional limitation at the close of this year. According to the annual report made by General Howard, there will be no necessity of continuing it longer. The school expenditures during the past year were $2,000,000, of which the freedmen paid $360,000; Northern benevolent societies $700,000; the Bureau $940,000. The Bureau will have surplus funds to carry on the educational work without further appropriations.

In Davenport, Iowa, on the afternoon of November 3, a low-seated buggy was driven to the polls by a beautiful young lady. By her side was seated Deacon Gilbert, who is upward of one hundred years old. He cast his first Presidential vote in 1788, in the State of New York, for George Washington, and has voted at every Presidential election since that year. The young lady assisted the centenarian and patriot to alight, and, placing her arm in his, accompanied him to the polls. He handed an open straight Republican ticket to the judges. As he did so the by-standers broke into cheers, which did not cease until three times three had been given for the aged Republican, followed by three more for the young lady who had accompanied him.

A woman applied at one of the city dispensaries for medical aid, stating her disease to be *flirtation* of the heart. "Not an uncommon ailment with your sex, ma'am," said the doctor, with a twinkle of the eye; but it is not dangerous if the proper remedy is applied."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

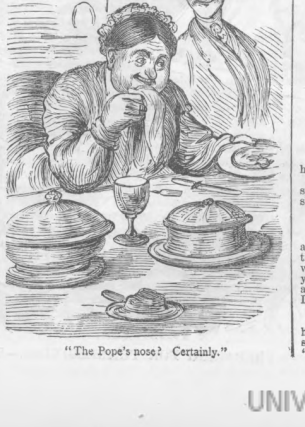
A GRUMBLER explains the present system of raising revenue as follows: "Now, you see, in the first place, they git the amount of a feller's business. That is first taxed. Then they find out how much he earns every month, and that's taxed. Then they find out all about his profits, and on that they lay their tax. Then they manage to get some tax on what he owes. Next comes what they call income, and that's taxed. Then, if any thing is left, the preacher calls around and gets it to sustain the church and convert the heathen."

A coffin-maker was asked whom he was making for, and mentioned the intended. "Why, he is not dead, man!" said the querist. "Don't you trouble yourself," replied the other; "Dr. Coe told us to make his coffin, and I guess he knows what he gave him."

An irritable man went to visit a sick friend, and asked him concerning his health. The patient was so ill that he could not reply; whereupon the other, in a rage, said, "I hope that I may soon fall sick, and then I will not answer you when you visit me."

CUTS OFF OF THE TURKEY.
THANKSGIVING DAY, 1863.

"Any part, Sir; it doesn't make the slightest difference."



"The Pope's nose? Certainly."

"Wants Turkey too, for 'ittle darlin'."

Finis.

A bright little boy was asked by a lady if he studied hard at school. He replied that he did not hurt himself much at it.

"Oh," said the lady, "you must study hard, or you will never be President of the United States."

"Yes, ma'am," he replied; "but I don't expect to be: I am a Democrat."

IM-PORT-ANT.

When is a poor string like good liquor? When its poor twine (port wine).

Apropos of port wine, it is hardly the thing to designate the mouth of a naval officer who is addicted to its use as a port-hole.

The great natural port—Portland.
Port liked by the young ladies—Sup-port.
Prime custom-house ports—In-ports.
The Sublime Port of Turkey is not a port-able (poor table) port, any more than what we designate the portemonnaie is cash for port wine.
The port of the newspaper—Re-port.
Port of the West Indies—Port O'Rico.
The darkey says port wine is like good manners when it's de-port-ment by gentlemen.

The following affecting lines may be found upon a tombstone in Connecticut:

Here lies, cut down like unripe fruit,
The wife of Deacon Amos Shute!
She died of drinking too much coffee,
Anny Dominy eighteen forty.

"Have you any good tooth-picks, Mr. Mortapot—something good and also cheap?"

"Yes, Sir, just from the hotel; only been used once; not a bit damaged at the other end. Put you up a box, Sir?"

THE GRECIAN BEND.

Not the bow of deep affliction,
Nor the bend for benediction,
Grecian grace! in thee I view,
Angle of the ancient well-sweep,
As the bucket downward plunged deep,
See thyself as others do.

Hateful stoop of affectation,
Gracing no one in creation,
Who of thee did first conceive?
Or who see this strange position,
Wishing not that some physician
Would the sufferer relieve?

Of thee many words are spoken,
By thee many backs most broken;
Only one thing more I'll do,
Grecian Bend, thou child of fashion,
Wasting not on thee my passion,
I will hope thy days are few.

"Wife, wife, what has become of the grapes?"

"I suppose, my dear, the hens picked them off," was her moderate reply.

"Hens—hens!—some two-legged hens, I guess," said her husband, with some impetuosity; to which she calmly replied,

"My dear, did you ever see any other kind?"

"How do you like the character of St. Paul?" asked a parson of his landlady one day, during a conversation about the old saints and the Apostles. "Ah! he was a good, clever old soul, I know, for he once said, you know, that we must eat what is set before us, and ask no questions for conscience sake. I always thought I should like him for a boarder."

What is the difference between a honey-comb and a honey-moon?—A honey-comb consists of a number of small "cells," and a honey-moon consists of one great "sell."

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PREPARING FOR THANKSGIVING.—SKETCHED BY J. W. EHNINGER.—[SEE PAGE 762.]

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THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DINNER.—Sketched by W. S. L. Jewett.—[See Page 762.]

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THANKSGIVING.

THERE are not many *dies fasti* with us Americans. How nations and times differ in this regard! The ancients, owing to their love of outward show, had frequent festivals; and the same is true of the more barbarous races of the present time. Thus among the Abyssinians two-thirds of the days of the year are festival days. The progress of civilization has a tendency toward the elimination of these days from the calendar. This is to be accounted for partly by the fact that life, as regulated by civilization, is forever growing busier and more intense; as men depart from their primitive modes of living they have less leisure, they live more and more "by their wits," and find that the necessities of such a life occupy nearly all of their time. Besides, the cultivated intellect looks rather to the inherent significance of life, and therefore devotes less attention to outward show; it rejects feast-days and processions; and thus it is that the earnestness of modern thought has discarded most of those external manifestations without which the life of the barbarian would be insufferably dull and tedious. Not that modern life is less of a drama; on the contrary, it is a subtler and intenser drama, more significant and more profound.

Civilization develops home life, and reserves for that the greatest and best of its powers. Our two great festivals—Thanksgiving and Christmas—are home-festivals. The former is national, it is true, and the latter is religious; but while they are thus connected in our thoughts with our common country and our common faith, while they are bonds of social union and harmony, still they are celebrated by families, and find their natural centre in our hearth-stones.

Hence the memorable feature of Thanksgiving Day is not the sermon but the dinner. This festival is preserved not for its outdoor show but for its private sacredness. If our artists had prepared for our readers a sketch representing a congregation listening to a Thanksgiving sermon instead of the characteristic pictures on pages 760 and 761, nobody would take the trouble to look at it. But who will not be touched by our illustration representing a family at the market purchasing their Thanksgiving dinner? We almost go through the whole scene in our imaginations. We hear the market-man praising his nice fat turkeys as if they were his pets; we see the serious face of the good-wife, who is counting the cost and calculating how far the contents of her purse will go, and we congratulate the wisely silent husband, who regards his wife with a deferential look that seems to say: "Every thing depends upon you, my love." Truly has Mr. EHNINGER portrayed this interesting group; and not less characteristic is Mr. JEWETT'S illustration on the opposite page. It is "The first Thanksgiving Dinner" of a poor little girl who has been called in from the cold street to feel the delicious warmth of a home such as she never has had, and to taste dishes and dainties never tasted before. Those who called her in do not fully appreciate the situation; it is with them a common affair—but to the little wanderer it seems like a bit of heaven!

Oh, if we only knew what charity really means—what really is the pith of our Christianity—then indeed there would be happier hearts all the world over, and not only Thanksgiving Day but all the days of the year would be crowned with the love of Christ.

UNDER SENTENCE OF DEATH.

IT was three o'clock on a fine warm afternoon in the latter end of April. The garden at the rear of the comfortable, whitewashed, thickly-thatched cabin was abundantly stocked with early cabbage and potatoes; every thing bore the look of humble prosperity; from the blue smoke curling up from the freshly-made fire on the kitchen hearth to the green meadows where the cows were lying peacefully ruminating. A broad river, glistening in the sun's rays, rolled smoothly beside the boundary-wall of their pasture.

Yet Kate Moran stood at her father's door looking sadly across the river to the mass of shipping, houses, and spires which rose on the other side.

"Mother, honey, I can't keep me eyes aff that dhreadful place!" said she, turning as she spoke to an elderly woman who sat knitting on a bench near the fire.

"Musha, acushla, what good 'll that do ye?" said she, rising and going over to the door also. "Come in now," putting her hand on her daughter's shoulder caressingly.

"Oh, mother! To think o' the poor fellow bein'—" Here she fairly broke down, and burst into a wail of distress.

"Whisht now!" cried her mother. "Here's your faither comin', and don't let him see ye cryin'."

Kate ran hastily into a bedroom as her father entered the kitchen.

"There's no chance for the poor craythur, Pat?" asked his wife, as a broad-faced, good-humored looking man came forward and sat down on the settle.

"Chance?" said he, roughly, while his face clouded. "Sorrow chance! He'll be hung, as sure as I've this pipe in me hand."

"Lord have mercy on his sowl, the craythur!" moaned his wife.

"Oh, musha! amin!" said her husband, sighing. "I'm goin' in wud the cowlt to the fair to-morra, an' to see the last of him. It's niver I thought to see poor Mick Welsh's son on a gallus!"

The sun was setting over the opposite hill, where the tall many-storied houses rose in terraces and steep lanes, and was shedding the last beams of his radiance on the large dark stone building which crowned the height. The red light seemed to be concentrated on one part of the building, where there was an iron gateway, spiked and double-locked. Far above in the dark massive wall was a small black door. And beneath this door and around this gateway men were busy putting up strong timber railings; while a crowd, talking and gesticulating, constantly pressed in upon the workmen, and were driven back by officials in uniform and a few soldiers.

Inside the massive walls other workmen were busy, but their work was commonplace enough. Something was wrong with the great main sewer of the jail. Masons and bricklayers had been laboring for some hours; and now, when the city clocks and bells were striking six, they were taking up their tools, putting on their coats, and leaving their work till next day.

There were no rough jests among them. One man laughed as a companion slipped down into the slimy ditch whence they had emerged; but his merriment was checked by an involuntary look from the others toward the far side of the yard, where a man in a felon's dress and with manacled hands was walking slowly up and down.

"Lord have mercy on his sowl!" muttered an old mason, compassionately. "Poor Tim Welsh! As honest a boy afore he got into bad company as iver a father rared."

Whether the prisoner had caught the sound of his name or not, he raised his head and looked sadly toward them.

"Lord help him!" said two or three of the men; "for makin' away with one poor sheep—what a rich man had plenty of!"

An official came across the yard to look at their day's work, and after asking some questions, walked away, saying, "Come along now, the gate is open."

So, casting a backward glance at the manacled prisoner, the men passed through an arch into an inner court, whence the great doors opened to let them out into the street.

The manacled man gazed after their retreating figures with a sigh—almost a groan—as he thought of their return to their homes, free and happy, from their honest labor, while he—the "rap, rap, rap, tap, tap" of carpenters' hammers outside beat at the thought he could not dwell upon.

There was no one with him, no one near him, but a turnkey pacing up and down an angle of the building; for in those days there was far less vigilance than now. He was not confined to his cell on this, the last day of his life, but was permitted to walk about the quadrangles of the prison; apart from the other criminals, however, and securely handcuffed.

Bitter and despairing were his thoughts. He thought of his gray-haired widowed mother, of his stalwart young brothers, of the lads he had played ball with, of Katie Moran, whom he had danced with at the fair only two months ago. Mechanically he walked across the square to the place where the bricklayers and masons had been busy: thinking as he did so, half unconsciously, how large the opening was, how long the great sewer was, and where it emptied itself. Suddenly a thought occurred to him, making his pale thin face flush, and his fettered hands tremble with excitement. He turned sharply away lest he should excite suspicion, and loitered with his former heavy weary step toward the doorway of the inner court-yard.

"Goin' in, are you?" said the turnkey.

"Yes," replied the prisoner.

The official stalked on before him into the adjoining square, then opening a door, passed through a long stone corridor, and stopping before a cell-door, unlocked it. "If you want any thing, you can call," he said, graciously, through the trap in the door as he relocked it.

"Thank ye," answered the condemned man. If the official had been better skilled in reading faces, he might have looked to the fastening of the cell-door a little more carefully.

Tim Welsh had noticed that the bolt of the lock was very shaky, and he knew that a shaky bolt can be forced back.

It would not be dusk for a long while yet, but he could not wait; the one chance—desperate, hopeless, as it seemed—must be tried quickly. While the turnkey's steps re-echoed in his hearing, he, still fettered, unscrewed the iron leg of his bedstead, and, stealing forward, waited until he heard the great doors at the end of the corridor clash; then, putting the leg of the bedstead between the bolt and the wall, he strove with all his strength to force it back. But it resisted, and he dared not make a noise.

In despair he replaced the leg, and sat down to recover breath. Soon he heard another turnkey coming. He went to the cell-door and called.

"What is it? What d'ye want?"

"A dhrink of wather, plase; I'm very thirsty."

When the turnkey had brought in the water, and retired, Welsh, who had been watching the lock, saw that, though gone to its place, it was not half as far home as before. He drank the water to cool his burning mouth and parched throat, and, seizing the iron leg again, listened as before until the doors clashed, when, placing the instrument in the old place, he—first gently shaking the bolt—gave it a vigorous blow, the sound of which was lost in the noisy echoes from the shutting doors. The bolt shot back, he pulled the door open, and peered around; returning to his bed, he replaced the leg, and made up a bundle under the clothes, as well as he could, with the aid of the bolster; then closing the cell-door softly after him, he ran lightly down the gallery to the door that opened into the yard. The key was in it, he turned the key, and, glancing around for the second time, shut it after him and darted across to the arched doorway, where a sentry paced.

How to get past this soldier was the question, while he trembled in mingled horror at the sound of the "rap-rap" "rap, tap-tap" coming freshly to his ears, and the thought of probable freedom, and more probable recapture. At this moment the sentry turned back on his beat, and the prisoner, crouching in the doorway, stole swiftly along by the wall to the opposite side of the yard, and slunk in beside a buttress. The open sewer was on the same side but further down. Trembling in every limb, he lay huddled up, not daring to move, lest he should attract attention, until the sentry turned for the third time. Then he fled along by the wall, and dropping into the sewer crept into the darkness there.

"Safe for a while, any how, glory be to God!" he gasped.

But as the poor creature pushed his way onward, through the foul air, in a stooping position, with his fettered hands pushed out before him to feel his way, a deadly sickness came over him. Still the faintly glimmering prospect of escape kept him up.

Fortunately there were but few rats. Five or six times he felt them biting at his feet, from which his coarse stockings had long been cut to pieces, and heard them squeaking as they scrambled up the dripping walls. "Will I iver smell a fresh breeze again, Lord help me!" he groaned. As he crawled along under the principal streets he could hear the carriages rolling over his head, and at one grating to which he came he heard the words of a song, chorused by some men near a public house. At length, after he had been more than eight hours on his way, he heard the rolling of the river, saw a faint gleam through the pitchy darkness, felt a faint fresh breeze from the flowing tide. A few more steps—falling in his eagerness—and the glimmer grew clearer, the breeze grew fresher, and he reached the river bank.

It was just four o'clock, and the clear solemn light of the dawn was shed over the sleeping city; the gardens were fresh in early fruit and flowers; the noble river rippling serenely on, and the cottages, trees, and meadows lay far on the other side. Very far off they looked, and the river—cold, broad, and deep, lay between; yet the undaunted fugitive, fettered, aching, sick, exhausted, muttered another prayer, and plunged in.

The cold water gave him a temporary strength; keeping his eyes fixed on the goal of his hopes, he swam on, almost entirely by the movement of his legs and feet, as his hands were nearly useless to him.

But the bracing effect of the cold shock was soon followed by a distressing numbness. His utmost efforts barely sufficed to keep his head above water and propel him slowly onward. Slower and fainter became each stroke, and a wave of the rising tide rushed over his head, when with a gurgling moan he made a last effort and his feet touched the bottom. He now stood upright, and slowly waded to the low muddy shore, where he sank down on the sedge and sea-pinks, and swooned away.

"I must be stirrin' meself," said Pat Moran to his wife, about half past four o'clock that morning. "I've a power to do. I've to take the cowlt to the fair, an' the turnip-field to plow afore I go."

Just as the first beams of golden sunlight were resting on the cabin chimneys, and on the high buildings of the city hills opposite, he led his two horses from their stable to the field by the river, where the plow lay, and having yoked them he began turning up the furrows afresh.

"It's a fine mornin', glory be to God!" he soliloquized, "on'y fer the poor sowl that's to see the last of it. Musha! What's that? Woa, thin," he cried, suddenly catching sight of something which looked like a heap of muddy clothes. "Lord save us!" And without losing a moment, he ran down to where the unconscious man was lying, face downward, on the sedge.

Pat Moran's first impulse was to run for help; his next to raise the body gently and drag it further up. The motion aroused the poor half-dead creature.

"Who, in Heaven's name, are ye, an' what brought ye here?" inquired the farmer, looking in terror at the handcuffs.

"I'm—aren't you Pat Moran?"

"Yes."

"Pat, ye knew me poor father. I'm Tim Welsh, the poor fellow that's to be hanged to-day. Won't ye thry an' save me, for the love of God? I've come through the sewer. I'm all night creepin' through it, an' I swam the river, an' I'm 'most gone! Won't ye thry an' save me, Pat Moran, and the Lord 'll remimber it to you an' your childher foriver."

"Tim Welsh! Lord be good to me. What am I to do wud ye? I'm done for, if you're found wud me, an' how can I save ye? What am I to do? Sure 'tisn't in the regard of sayin' that I wouldn't do a good turn for ye, Tim; but the counthry'll be roused afther ye, an' where'll I hide ye, or what 'll I do at all?" Thus groaned the farmer as he opened the little gate and led him into the kitchen, where Kate was baking a griddle-cake for breakfast.

"Father, honey! O lor! What's that?" she cried, as the tottering figure in the soaked, discolored garments came into the cheerful light of the turf-fire.

"Whisht, acushla! It's Tim Welsh," he whispered. Kate sprang up from her knees, and her face grew white.

"Kate, honey, what are we to do wud him?" said her father, trembling, as he recounted the manner of Tim's escape.

"Hide him, father!" she cried, with all a woman's impulsive generosity. "The Lord pity you!" she added, bursting into tears at sight of the wretched object before her.

"I'll do what I can, Tim. Give him a bit to ate, Katie. I'll spake to some one I can thrust."

"Pat, me life is in your hands," broke in the fugitive.

"Never fear, avick. I'll do me best for ye." He hurried away a few hundred yards to the house of his landlord, a Protestant minister; he knocked furiously at his front-door, and was admitted by a sleepy maid-servant.

"Somethin' I want to spake to the masther about—I'm goin' to the fair this mornin'—tell him I'm in a great hurry, af ye plase."

After a minute's delay the gentleman appeared.

"Somethin' very particular, Sir," said the farmer, in a low voice. "About that cow you were spakin' to me, Sir," he added, for the maid-servant's benefit.

"Come into my study here, Moran," said his landlord.

"Be your lave, Sir, I'll shut the door," said Moran. Then walking over to the table, he put his clasped hands on it.

"Misther Raymond, I can thrust you. I'm in a great hobble, Sir, an' I dunno what to do at all. Misther Raymond, you was always a kind friend, and a good friend, and you'll not betray me? It's another man's saycret, an' you must give me your word, Sir, else I'd be afeard to let mortal man hear me."

"Moran, if you think I can promise as a man and a Christian, I will. You may trust me, whatever it is," said Mr. Raymond.

Thus assured, the farmer unfolded his story, and begged his landlord's counsel.

"I hardly know how to advise you, Moran," said he, as soon as he could speak coherently in his astonishment. "The poor fellow will be found out, I'm afraid, in spite of all you can do, and you'll get into great trouble. Have his handcuffs filed off at all events," he went on in a low tone. "Martin Leary will do it, and you can trust him, and maybe the best you can do is to give the fugitive some of your clothes, and some food, and this." He took a guinea from a drawer. "Bury his prison-clothes carefully in the manure-pit, and start him on the road to Wexford. That is all you can do safely; but be quick!"

The farmer left the house and ran on to the blacksmith's forge, where the smith and his son were getting to work.

"Martin, I'm in a great hurry, goin' to the fair, an' I want ye to run over wud somethin' to cut a chain for me; 'twon't take you five minutes. Martin, you niver did a bether day's work in your life if you'll come as fast as your legs 'll carry ye!" He said this in an under-tone while the son's back was turned, "and whisht for all sakes!" he added, clenching his hand and shaking it at the unconscious young Vulcan; then he rushed out, leaving the father grasping a bar of iron and staring after him.

The smith, with the freemasonry that exists among the Irish peasantry, perceived that there was secrecy and trouble in the way, and that his good faith was relied on. He picked up some tools, muttered an excuse to his son, and followed, hastily.

When Pat Moran reached home he was met at the door by Kate.

"Is he safe?"

"Yes, father, he's in the room atin' a bit."

Her father went in, and going up to his strange guest, said, "I'm goin' to do what I can for you, Tim." Then they all began discussing eagerly the best way for the fugitive to take.

"But, Lord! The whole counthry'll be roused afther him!" broke in the farmer, dejectedly, as they suggested various lonely hill-paths and cross-cuts. "Lord! they'll root up the ground after him! I must thry though, I must thry. Heaven mend me! Aff I didn't lave the horses all this time, an' niver—" he ejaculated, catching sight of his forgotten team, who had dragged the plow after them to the adjoining meadow, and were grazing there.

A sudden thought struck him, and he hastily returned to the house with his face flushed. As he entered the kitchen he ran against the smith, Martin Leary, who was staring about him.

"Martin, you're thrue an' honest, I know, an' you'd do a good turn as soon as any man I know," said Pat Moran, abruptly.

"There's me hand on it," returned the smith, bringing down his black fist on the other's shoulder. In a few words he was told what was required of him, and also of the bright thought that had just occurred to Pat Moran.

"Here! Let me at it," cried the smith, enthusiastically grasping his chisel and hammer. Thereupon the farmer led him into the little room, where Kate was administering hot tea and smoking griddle-cake to the poor fellow, who ate and drank almost mechanically, with his eyes fixed on the pretty face and busy hands that ministered to him.

"Here, Tim, is some one to do you a good turn. Hould out your hands, me boy! Peggy," turning to his wife, who was devoutly groaning and telling her beads in a corner, "go an' get me ould clothes, an' Kitty, run for that yellow clay in the kitchen-garden! Run!" She did as she was bid, and when she returned with the clay, was desired to keep out of the room for a few minutes.

"Mother honey, what are they doing?" she inquired.

"Sorra bit o' me knows, acushla. On'y your father has some plan in his head. Oh! Kitty, agra, I'm thrimblin' to think of the throuble he may be gittin' into. Och, Pat, honey, what are ye goin' to do at all?" she cried, addressing her husband, who came out of the bedroom, dressed in his best blue swallow-tailed coat, corduroys, and new gray stockings.

"I'm goin' to show this new sarvint boy where he's to plow, afore I go to the fair;" said the farmer, with a wink to the two women, who stared open-eyed at the change of the condemned man with the fatal prison garb dripping with mud and sand, and fettered wrists, into a careless, easy-going looking young laborer, in a suit of well-worn and patched frieze and corduroy, dirty

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and clayey, with lumps of clay sticking on his brogues, a rakish "caubeen" slouched over his eyes, and a black "dhudeen" between his lips.

"Now come on! 'Tis time you were at your work. His name's Maurice Slattery, Kate; an' he's wud us this month back!"

"Oh, father, honey!" "Oh, Pat, acushla!" cried the wife and daughter, with admiration.

The young man, taking the pipe from his mouth, said, solemnly, "May God foriver bless you, Pat Moran, an' you, Mrs. Moran, an' you, Kate, an' you, Martin Leary!" and he grasped their hands all round.

"Come, 'tis six o'clock," said the farmer. "You know where the plow is, Maurice Slattery. You've a new piece of iron to melt, Martin. An', Kate, you've to bury them clothes. Come an' I'll show you where."

Half an hour afterward he was riding slowly to the fair on his young horse which was to be sold, casting cautious glances backward at the field by the river, where he could see his horses plowing, and his new servant boy toiling quietly after them.

Such confusion and excitement had not been known for years in the old cathedral town. Police there were none in those days; but the whole garrison had turned out in search of the escaped felon. Groups of red-coats perambulated the streets, the roads leading to the country, and even the lanes and meadows. Hundreds of country-folk, who had come in to see the execution, also crowded the town. The throng on the prison-hill was so dense that the farmer could scarcely proceed a step. They were all talking vociferously in Irish or English, every one giving his or her version of the wonderful story. Some declared that the prisoner had not escaped, and that it was a device of the authorities to conceal some foul play. When Pat Moran had elbowed his way with great difficulty almost to the prison gates, he looked eagerly for the objects of his search, some of Tim's own people, whom he discovered sitting and standing together in an excited group.

"Pat Moran, d'ye bleeve this?" said one of the men, hoarsely, clutching the farmer's coat. "D'ye bleeve that poor Tim has got out of their cursed thrap?"

"John Welsh, Tim did get out!"

"Whisht! Lord save us!" they all broke in with one voice.

"'Tisn't safe to say more. I'm thrimblin' that some o' them fellows wid the brass buttons will hear me," glancing toward the turnkey, dimly visible behind the iron grating; "but you, John Welsh, an' you, Mick Power, come wud a car to-night to the cross-roads beyant the ferry, at twelve o'clock, an' there'll be a *friend* to see ye. Whisht, for your sowls!"

The prison warders were not long in discovering by what means the captive had effected his escape; and from the opening the search was carried above-ground to the mouth of the sewer where it emptied itself into the river. A venturesome spirit even crept up a few dozen yards of the black passage, but speedily returned, vowing that nothing could live half an hour in it. Nevertheless, they sought for footmarks on the river brink; but the friendly tide had been before them. Still, on the supposition that he might have lived to reach the river and swim across, a party of prison officials and soldiers was ferried over, and marched in a body to Farmer Moran's house.

Kate was busy feeding chickens, and her mother peeling potatoes, when they both caught sight of the gleam of scarlet and white cross-belts, and heard loud tones and footsteps.

"Lord, be good and merciful to us evermore, amin! Protect and save us!" muttered Peggy Moran, dropping the potato she was peeling, and turning with a face of terror to her daughter, who whispered, without turning her head,

"Mother, darlin', don't purtend any thing, for all sakes. Chucky, chucky! Chuck, chuck, chuck!" she went on, raising her voice gayly, as she scattered the food.

"Servant, Sir," she said, wiping her hands and courtesying to a tall stout officer, who strode up to the door, scattering the chickens by the clanking of his spurs and sword.

"Is this Farmer Moran's, my good girl?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Are you his daughter?"

"Yes, Sir, and this is my mother."

"Where's your husband, Mrs. Moran?" said the officer, turning to the poor woman, who was endeavoring to look calm.

"At the fair, Sir—oh sure, 'tisn't got into any harm Pat has, Sir?"

"What harm should he get into—about this runaway prisoner you mean?" said the officer, trying to startle her into some admission.

"What man, Sir?" cried Kate. "Law, mother, honey! That's what that boy was telling us!"

"What boy?" said the officer, now off his guard.

"A boy, Sir—oh! a ra'al little chap—a gossoon—run in here a while ago an' said the man that's to be hung's got out an' run away—an' sure we didn't bleeve him!" said Kate, with such an air of self-possession and innocent inquisitiveness that the officer was completely deceived. A boy *had* come in as she had said, and told the wonderful story, so she spoke the truth in that part of her assertion.

"Well, Mrs. Moran," said the officer, "you've no objection to have your premises searched, I suppose? It is suspected that the prisoner is hidden somewhere about here."

"Musha, what put that into yere heads?" said Peggy Moran, angrily. "Faith! it's somethin' else we'd be thinkin' of, an' not meddlin' wud the law; but you're welcome to sarch away, Sir, as long as ye like, on'y its a quare thing to have an honest man's house sarched like a robber's!"

"I must do my duty," said the officer.

"Sure the gintleman won't do us any hurt, mother," said Kate. "Please don't let 'em thrample the potatoes, Sir!" she called out as the men turned into the little garden.

Pat Moran's words were almost fulfilled, that the pursuers would root up the ground in search of the fugitive. Not a bush or a hollow about the ground, not a loft or cranny in the house or out-building but was thoroughly investigated. At last, with a sickening feeling of apprehension, Kate saw the band disperse themselves over the fields, and three soldiers run across the plowed field to question the man who was plowing.

Welsh's blood ran cold as he saw them coming; but recollecting that they did not know his face, he glanced over his shoulder, and shouted in a feigned voice to the horses.

The soldiers were young and careless. They merely asked two or three questions in an irrelevant way, staring up at the sky and down at the clay, as if they expected to discover the prisoner transformed into a spirit of earth or air. Then they ran off again; and Welsh breathed freely until he spied six other soldiers advancing toward him, with the officer in charge, and two others in dark frock-coats with shining buttons and red collars.

"God help me! Sure I can only die!" he murmured.

"How long have you been plowing?" said the officer.

"Sence daybreak, Sir. Woa! An' hard work I have had, every one runnin' to me sence breakfast, axin' me did I see the man that run away. Steady there!" The laborer sulkily keeping his back toward the prison warders.

"He is supposed to have swum the river," said the officer; "and if so, and you have been here since daybreak, he could not have got over without you seeing him."

"Sorra haporte I see, sure, if he did; an' he must be a brave swimmer to come across that river this time o' year, an' the wather like ice," said the plow-boy, with an incredulous grin; "sure he might land down farther, it's a gr'a'dual narrer, but any how I see nothin'. Conshume ye, straight!" he growled at the horses, and, bending double over the plow, furrowed on. The officer called his men hurriedly back to the country road.

The long day drew to a close, and when Kate came to call the plow-boy to his supper, whispering that there was no one in but her father and mother, he felt as if he had lived a lifetime in the past twenty-four hours.

The farmer laughed heartily in telling some of the stories which were rife about the prisoner's disappearance. His body had been picked up four miles down the river, his clothes had been found by a turnkey under a bush, and his handcuffs had been picked up—filed half across—in a bog ten miles away.

"Faith I bursted laughin'," said Pat Moran, "when I knew that Martin Leary had 'em welded into linch-pins, an' that Katy had the clothes buried in last year's manure hape!"

So they chatted pleasantly and securely, while the rescued man sat silent from thankfulness and gratitude, only casting side looks at Kate and sighing heavily.

"Musha, ruan, don't be sighin'!" cried the farmer, jocosely; "you'll be kickin' up yere heels at your weddin' in Amerika this time twelve-month, plase God!"

"No, Misther Moran, I'll never marry any one in Amerika," answered Welsh.

Kate got up to put on fresh fuel immediately.

"Och, niver fear, you will," replied the farmer, with good-natured obtuseness.

"Musha, Misther Moran, 'tisn't every man 'ud give his daughter to one like me," said Welsh, in a low tone.

"Arrah, Tim, agra, who'd think the worse o' you for havin' got into throuble an' got out agin?" pursued the farmer.

"Ah, 'tisn't every one is like you," said Welsh, sighing.

"Oh, sure no one will know any thing in Amerika, Tim; that's where you're goin', I suppose?" said Mrs. Moran, gravely and coldly.

"Yes, ma'am," answered Welsh. "I hope so."

The good woman was far more acute than her husband, and disliking the turn the conversation was taking, began to introduce other topics; but with little success, as her husband grew sleepy and stupid, Kate sat quite silent, and Welsh was sad. Thus they sat until twelve had struck, and then Welsh and the farmer rose to walk on to the cross-roads, where the car was to be in readiness with his relatives as convoy and body-guard.

Welsh shook Mrs. Moran's hard hand and kissed it in the fullness of his emotion, uttering broken words of gratitude and blessing. Then he turned to Kate, who was weeping silently; he strove to speak, but words failed him, and he grasped her hand passionately and turned away.

"I'll shut the gate afther ye," said Kate, following them out into the darkness. So she did, and Welsh delayed a moment, helping her to find the loop and staple, probably; though he strove to put a few hasty words together, which had no reference to the gate.

"Keep up yere heart, Kate, agra," he whispered; "I'll send ye a lether whin I get safe over, plase God!"

Welsh sailed for England in a small coasting vessel, and thence from Liverpool, where he remained concealed for some weeks until the ardor of the pursuit after him had abated, he embarked on board a fast-sailing vessel—for there were no steamers in those days—for America. When he landed he sought the home of a relative who had been settled in the new country for some years, and, by industry and strict honesty—for the dreadful lesson taught him was not wasted—he very soon became independent of his cousin, and had his own snug house and thriving farm.

He wrote regularly to the Morans; to the father first, then to the mother, and, lastly, to the daughter. When he had amassed a little money he wrote again to the farmer, telling the astonished man his hopes and wishes concerning Kate. Peggy Moran angrily declared her husband to have been blind all along—as there is no doubt he was—but she positively refused to listen for a moment to the audacious suitor. However, "time works wonders." Her violent opposition died away gradually, and Kate waited patiently. At the end of five years, her father being then dead, she and her mother departed for the land beyond the sea.

A SONG.

I'll sing you a song, my love,
I'll sing you a song,
And it's all about the old summer times,
When the days were long.
It's all about the old sunny times,
When the flowers grew,
When we walked underneath the linden-trees,
I and you.

And I'll sing it so sweet, my love,
I'll sing it so sweet,
That you'll think of the pleasant scented hour
When we used to meet.
You'll think of the leafy lader bank,
Where the blossoms blew,
When we talked underneath the linden-trees,
I and you.

And I'll sing it so sad, my love,
I'll sing it so sad,
That you'll think my poor heart's full of pain,
When it's only glad.
You'll think that it's full of foolish pain
When it's only true
To the days when we walked by the linden-trees,
I and you.

JOHNNY'S OPINION OF HIMSELF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

My name is Johnny—at least that is my domestic and pet name, which I generally go by. My other, if I gave it, might break in too much upon the sanctity of my private life—a proceeding obnoxious to both dogs and men.

I conclude I am both a good dog and a pretty dog, or the artist would not have taken so much pains to draw my likeness. There it is—hung on the wall—and a very good likeness, I can assure you. The young lady who is fondling me, and whom I am trying hard to kiss, is, I beg distinctly to state, *not* my mistress. That lady is a much older, graver, and more alarming person, for whom I have the utmost respect; but as to kissing her—dear me! I should never think of such a thing. For has she not been, ever since I can remember, my *magister morum* (which is canine Latin I know, but never mind), the stern guardian of my morals, the awful arbitress of my destiny? Were it not for her—But no more! Perhaps, like most young animals, I shall learn to appreciate her better as I grow older.

I must have been very young when I came to this house. Indeed, I have but the faintest recollection of any other. Sometimes I think my first real glimpse of existence must have been when I was taken out of solitary confinement in a thing called a hamper—too small for me to do more than just stretch myself, too dark to see any thing; and as for hearing, I had been nearly deafened by hours of constant noise—rumbling, rolling, and fizzing, intermingled with sharp shrieks, which nearly frightened me to death. I afterward understood this to have been a railway journey. Out of its horrors I was saved, taken out of my hamper, warmed, and fed, then spirited off again half asleep. I remember nothing else till I found myself peering out of the clutches of a small boy, who conveyed me very carefully along a solitary green road until we met my mistress. "Oh, what a bonnie wee dog!" said she, and immediately received me into her arms. She carried me home herself. Her words were so kind, her shawl so warm and comfortable, that I had little fear of her, and began biting her sleeve with great content. Alas! since then—But let me not forestall things.

As I have said, my name is Johnny. I am, as you may observe, a Skye terrier; of noble birth I presume, since, whenever I hear my origin talked about, there are sure to be references to the "duke's game-keeper." Whether I belonged to the duke or the game-keeper I can not discover; in the absence of proof, let us conclude it was the duke.

My personal appearance speaks for itself, and as I am always mentioned as being "thoroughbred," I trust my manners are quite unexceptionable, as well as my principles. I know my mistress has her own crotchets on the subject of what constitutes a gentleman, so let us hope that a dog of the purest breed could not be otherwise than a dog of the highest character.

She (to save trouble I will always write her down as She, with a capital S) must have desired me to become such, for She commenced my education very early. The first thing She did, after feeding me, was attempting to make me clean.

Now I don't like to be washed: dogs never do—nor children neither; and I was so very young—a mere baby, indeed. She treated me like a baby. She put on a big apron, had a tub of warm water ready, into which She soused me, soaping and rubbing me with her own hands, till all my pretty curls were wetted through. I shrank into the size of a rat, and came out, struggling no more, but shaking all over. She laid me on her lap, rubbed me dry, coaxed and patted me, then put me into a little round basket lined with flannel, where I could just curl myself round, and which She called my "cradle." But afterward, finding I shivered still, though more with fright than cold, She coaxed me out of it, and taught me to run backward and forward in the warm sunshine after her feet. This was so amusing that I soon recovered myself, and showed my pleasure by biting her stockings and tearing a piece off the hem of her gown.

After that I was washed every week—as I am still. No doubt it is all for my good; but it is very unpleasant, and I don't like unpleasant things.

Gradually I became accustomed to the house, and preferred it to the garden, which was sometimes soppy, sometimes snowy, and, it being winter, always cold. But the house was very comfortable. There were carpets and rugs in every room—delightful to sleep upon, and to tear to pieces when one woke and wanted a little amusement. At least I thought so at first, but time has taught me differently.

I shall never forget my first lesson on this matter. One day, after sleeping on a worked sofa-cushion, I found it consisted of the head of a dog like myself—only much bigger and uglier—a portrait, though I then thought it reality. Of course I attacked it at once, and, finding it did not resist, would have torn it to pieces, but it was tough—and besides, I was half afraid of it. It might have come alive, then what would have become of me? So I contented myself with dragging it about the floor, and gnawing one of its tassels to bits. I had just satisfactorily accomplished this, when—in came my master and mistress!

Now my master has the tenderest heart in the world. He would let me do any thing, wrong or right. If by chance he gives me a sharp word, he immediately takes and cuddles me up, and calls me the best of doggies, and says that I may do any thing I choose—which of course I do. Nay, one day, when I had been amusing myself in the garden by biting off certain obnoxious plants newly set in the borders—and had been accordingly punished—I heard him whisper to himself: "Never mind, my wee doggie! you've more to me than all the geraniums in th' garden!"—I am sure *he* would never have said a word if I had eaten up all the four tassels instead of only one; but he looked at my mistress, who looked very grave.

"This can't go on," said She.

"No—but Johnny meant no harm—he doesn't know right from wrong."

"How is he to know it, unless we teach him? It is our fault, not the doggie's. But if we don't make him understand he will grow up a nuisance to every body in the house. He *must* be punished."

"I suppose so," said my master; and turned away.

Then my mistress took me up in her arms—showed me the tassel—called me "Naughty dog!" many times over, in a grave, severe, sorrowful voice, and then—She whipped me! Not so as to hurt me much, but still enough to show how very angry She was with me; and She being a person who is not often angry made it more alarming still. I shrank into the smallest possible compass on the floor, then slinked away into a corner with my tail between my legs, and the tears running down from my eyes—and I never gnawed the cushion again.

This was my first grievous sin that I remember—but, no doubt, I committed a great many more. Indeed, I was always doing wrong things. The servants—who I must say have always been uncommonly kind to me—were forever complaining to my mistress of the things I tore and destroyed. I even got into her bedroom and bit a hole in her newest and neatest pair of boots. I heard her say the mice had done it, and that She must get a cat immediately, but I knew in my secret heart that it was not the mice—it was I.

Then as spring came on, the garden (which you must know is the delight and pride of my mistress's heart) became my favorite play-place, and of course every day something uncomfortable was happening. One morning the gardener came to her with a serious countenance (I should observe She had given strict orders that no one should punish me but herself).

"Ma'am," said he, "that dog will be the ruin of us. He has jumped among my cuttings, scratched up my seeds, bitten the tops off my young blossoms, and as to the number of flower-pots he has broken, it is endless! Oh, what a nuisance is a dog in a garden!"

"Still, we can't keep him out of it," said She, sighing; "we can only teach him to behave himself in it. He is such a young dog—perhaps he'll mend. I'll take him in hand myself."

From that time, every plant I destroyed—and I shouldn't like to count them—She took me up to it, showed it to me, and then scolded and whipped me soundly. Gradually I began to understand that flowers were meant to be looked at, not bitten, and beds were to be ran round, not to be scampered over. And as there are plenty of gravel-walks, shrubberies, and a beautiful lawn—where I may play about without vexing any body—I keep to the regulations, and have been a better and happier dog ever since.

Nevertheless, I stand in great awe of my mistress. I look upon her as the administrator of justice; and though, as I said, I respect her extremely, I can't say I love her so well as I do my kind master, or the cook who gives me my meals, or the gentle little parlor-maid who carries me off to bed every night—out of the drawing-room into the kitchen—and who, whenever it is her duty to report my misdeeds, or bring me up for punishment, looks as sorry as if she were going to be whipped herself.

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"A VERY GOOD LIKENESS, I CAN ASSURE YOU."

"I WAS SO PLEASED WITH IT THAT I ATE THE WHOLE BACK."

But my life is not all composed of whippings, I assure you. I have a very jolly time of it, both in house and garden. In the former I derive great amusement from the incessant pursuit of rats and mice. Not that I ever see them, but I have a conviction they are there. I have often lain for half an hour at a time, quite still, with my nose in a corner of the room, smelling for them—and if they only would come out to me! But they never will. And sometimes I hear my master and mistress laughing because I persist in searching for them in all sorts of places where rats are not commonly found—under sofa-cushions, for instance, and between books in the book-case. And this reminds me of a case in which I was really conscience-stricken.

My master loves his books as much as my mistress her garden. He has a great collection of them, beautifully bound, and is forever pottering after them; and as I am always pottering after him, and can't bear to be out of his sight, of course I know them quite as well as he does himself. They are very pretty books, and they do taste so nice. I gnawed a bit of one of them accidentally, and was so pleased with it that I ate the whole back. It was one of ever so many—big ones, too, I believe called "Waverley Novels"—so of course it could not be missed, and I was thinking whether I should not try another when She came in.

"Oh, Johnny! what have you been doing?" And I think She nearly cried. "Johnny, your master will be so grieved at this. You *must* be whipped."

And whipped I was; and I own, for the first time in my life, I did dread the coming home of my master.

But, instead of looking angry, he only looked sorry, and told my mistress not to vex herself—put the book back in its place—said, "Poor Johnny! he wouldn't have done it had he known," and spent the evening in removing the other books out of my reach. That was all. Now, what do you think of my master? Is he not a—a Brick?

And it sometimes occurs to me that, after all, my mistress is not quite so bad as She seems: that She does not really hate me, and only wants to make me a good little dog, and a pleasure instead of a nuisance to myself and other people. She now and then looks very kindly at me, even when I pay her no attention at all, and says I am the prettiest dog in the parish (or the kingdom, I forget which, but it's all one), and that She should be so fond of me if I were only good. Perhaps I may be good some day—I don't know. It's a great deal of trouble.

Still, people do alter very much sometimes: take, for instance, me and my first enemy—the first rival introduced into the house—whom I hated with a violence which now seems quite ridiculous.

It was only a kitten—a very small, gentle, frightened little thing—which I don't suppose meant me any harm in the world. Still, I had never seen a kitten before; and this one was so very black—not a white hair upon it—and when you looked at it in the dark you saw nothing—absolutely nothing—except two green, fiery eyes glaring out at you, all by themselves, enough to make any respectable dog angry.

Then it was such a silly shape of an animal, not a bit like me; with short ears and the most ridiculous, long, thin tail. For all that, it could jump about any where, even on the table, where I would have given any thing to get to and couldn't. And it could climb trees—run up them as quick as lightning—while I had to stay barking at the bottom. Then the servants made such a fuss over it, and my mistress walked about with it sitting on her shoulder; and even my master condescended to look at it sometimes, and call it "a nice little thing." No wonder I felt furious; and for days—nay, weeks—I can truly say I did my best to make that kitten's life thoroughly miserable.

Yet she never ill-used me. She was such a gentle little kitten, poor dear—I may say that for her now—she never scratched me until I almost worried her to death; she was so patient, unobtrusive—she would never have got in my way at all if I had not so persistently attacked her. And even then her worst revenge used to consist of running up this tree I have spoken of—a big apple-tree on the lawn—from the height of which she would glower down at me, quite safe and independent, with her back up and her tail thrice as big as its natural size—as fierce as if she would have liked to eat me up—which, however, she didn't.

Of course this was all pretense, as doubtless she was admiring me all the time, and wanting to play with me; indeed, she told me so afterward, when I had condescended to make friends and to play with her. You see, I liked play, and I was so very hard up for companions that even a cat was better than nothing. And, as I said, she was such a gentle little cat—so sensible, too, in her way. When we got to conversation, instead of fighting, she used to explain to me all the amusing things about the garden—a large toad that lived in the strawberry-bed, a family of frogs who were very happy in the little pond, and, above all, the birds, which were endless fun.

Our garden is full of birds. They know they are never shot at, nor have their nests taken, so they come and build here year after year—robins, chaffinches, blackbirds, thrushes—and the nightingales, though they do not build there, sit and sing, and make an awful clatter all night long. During May and June they quite annoy me, and I bark at them incessantly, but they will not stop singing, which is very provoking.

Well, I and the kitten fraternized, especially on the subject of birds. I used to bark at them and make them fly off, and she ran up trees after them; sometimes she caught one, and then she always gave me a bit, or I took it from her and ate it myself. She could easily catch another, you know. And even when we caught nothing the pursuit was entertaining. There was one young water-wagtail—deserted by its parents—which used to hop about by itself on the lawn, where she and I led it a pretty life. We should have killed it over and over again, I am sure, if my mistress had not driven us away, scolding us severely, for She loved that little water-wagtail: why, I never could find out.

So, on the whole, we spent a happy summer—the kitten and I—and settled into downright friendship: quarreling sometimes—all friends do—but still making the best of one another. I remember even now how, when I had teased her till I was quite tired out—biting her ears and her tail, and even taking her bodily into my mouth and carrying her, she was so small—she would come and sleep beside me on the kitchen hearth, with her two paws affectionately round my nose. I believe she thought me the very nicest of dogs; and I am sure I was very kind to her.

We might have lived in harmony for many years but for something which happened. I suspect it was poison; for we have a farm close by, and I overheard our gardener saying they lay it for the rats. But one Sunday morning my kitten wouldn't play with me as usual. She told me she couldn't—that she felt very ill; but I refused to believe her, and thought it all sham, till she crept away and laid herself down on the lawn, writhing and moaning, where she remained hour after hour, no better, rather worse.

I don't like to think of it. It was such a sunshiny Sunday, the birds singing and hopping about, the bees so merry in the flower-beds. I could not much enjoy any thing, and I could not bear to come near my poor little kitten and see her suffering: so I went away to the other end of the garden, thinking what a nice little kitten she was, what good friends we had grown to be, and how often I had vexed her, and how, if only she had got better, I would never vex her any more.

Yet there she lay, making no fuss, and troubling nobody—only so very, very ill. The servants came often to look at her, seeming very sorry; and when I ran to meet my master and mistress coming in from church I overheard the parlor maid, half crying, tell them all about her—and my mistress went straight to see after her, and staid beside her for ever so long. The poor little thing seemed to know her voice, or the touch of her hand as She stroked her—for she painfully dragged herself a few inches or so and laid her head upon my mistress's feet. Then my mistress began to cry too.

But I won't write any more of this, for it makes me melancholy, and I am a little dog that likes to be merry. And besides, she had a happy life while she was here—my poor kitten—and every body was very fond of her.

They did all they could for her, but it was of no use. I doubt if any of the household ate much dinner that Sunday—I know nobody thought of giving me mine—but I should not have cared for it, I was too sorry. The last sight I saw was every body standing round the little cat—my master, mistress, and the servants—and some of them with exceedingly red eyes. I ran away to the far end of the garden, and when I came back my kitten was gone.

I have never seen her since. I hope she is content and comfortable somewhere, though I have not the slightest idea where; but the house seemed long empty without her, and I used to go looking about for her from room to room, wondering what had become of her, and thinking if only I could have her back to play with me for just ten minutes how very kind I would be to her, and how exceedingly nice it would be! And though I have had two kitten-friends since then—each pleasant enough in her way—and we have all gone through the same course of hating one another cordially at first, and gradually making it up till we live in perfect amity—still no kitten will ever be to me quite like the first one. She *was* the first one—and she loved me so.

But I got over every thing in time, and now I do believe I am the happiest dog in the world. Besides, I do not think I am quite as naughty as I used to be; I have ceased to see the fun of gnawing things to pieces, and hanging on to the tail of people's gowns, and trying to destroy every thing I can get at; and I am learning to do my duty as well as to amuse myself. When beggars come to the door I bark at them furiously; and the other day when I saw two great horses walk into our garden of their own accord, and begin eating the grass on the lawn, I flew at them as if I would have torn them in pieces, and frightened them so much that they immediately scampered away. At which my mistress praised and patted me so much that I thought I would try barking at the heels of our own pony next time it was brought down to the hall-door—which startled it so much that, if it had not been the best pony in the world, it would have run away and overturned the carriage. This time I got no praise, but was scolded for my pains, and told never to do the like again, which I do not at all understand, and think very hard.

But it is time to cease talking so much about myself, as I suppose there are other dogs in the world besides me; older dogs, too, who have seen a great deal of life, and had a great many adventures. All mine are to come; and I am sometimes very anxious that they should come, for I get a little tired of my quiet life; of my master and mistress—who are rather humdrum people after all, always stopping at home, and never taking me about with them, as I understand other dogs often are taken—and of the servants—who look so comfortable, and never quarrel—so that the only "rows" that ever happen in the house are between the cats and me.

All this is very uninteresting, and I wish I had something more remarkable to relate than my opinion of myself and of the people I live among—of whom the only person who has my entire and earnest approbation is my master. I am sure if you asked him he would say the same of me.

As to my mistress— But there She is! I am silent.

* * * * * *

P.S. (Being his mistress's opinion of Johnny.) He is a pretty dog, and a clever dog, and a loving dog. As to his being a good dog—well, "he might be better and he might be worse." And for him—as for all young dogs and young things of every sort—"It's never too late to mend."

"I WAS HALF AFRAID OF IT."

"I USED TO BARK AT THEM, AND MAKE THEM FLY OFF."

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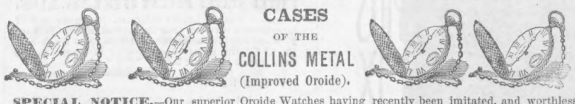

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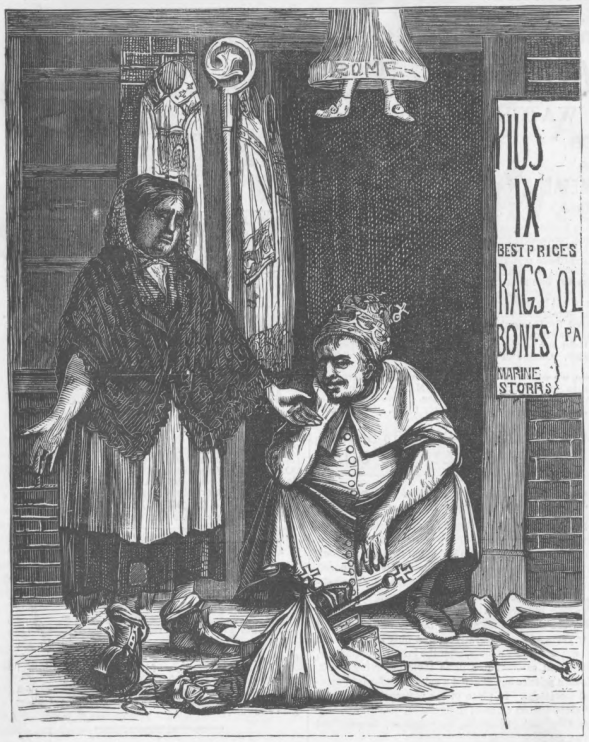

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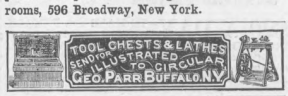

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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BARON JAMES DE ROTHSCHILD.

THE late head of the house of Rothschild has fallen. The original founder of the house was MEYER ANSELM ROTHSCHILD, who was born at Frankfort-on-the-Maine in 1743, and who died there in 1821. He was a money-changer and exchange broker in easy circumstances. In the first campaign of the French Revolution General CUSTINE, at the head of the Republican Army, took Frankfort, and the Senate, in order to save the town from pillage, agreed to pay a heavy ransom. To meet the emergency MEYER ANSELM ROTHSCHILD obtained a loan from his friend the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel. This was the beginning of a series of transactions which was continued through the war; and in this connection the house of Rothschild acquired its first standing in the financial affairs of Europe. This landgrave, WILLIAM IX., was one of those German despots who sold troops to England during the American Revolution and afterward during the wars of the French Revolution. He accumulated immense sums of money, but his tricky politics excited the indignation of NAPOLEON. After the battle of Jena NAPOLEON decreed the forfeiture of the States of Brunswick and Hesse-Cassel, and the French army was put in march to enforce the decree. The landgrave was forced to fly; but he had in his vaults twelve millions of florins (about a million pounds sterling) in silver. To save this vast amount of money from the French was a difficult matter, as it could not be carried away and the landgrave had no confidence in his subjects. He sent for M. A. ROTHSCHILD and entreated him to take charge of the treasure, giving him the use of the money without interest. By the assistance of some friends, Jewish bankers at Cassel, the money was carefully stowed away; those who desire to give a touch of romance to the story say that it was hidden in ROTHSCHILD'S garden. But, however it may have been secreted, it was the stepping-stone to the immense fortunes of the house of Rothschild. MEYER ANSELM at this time had five sons, three of whom—ANSELM, NATHAN, and SOLOMON—were of age; ANSELM was sent to Frankfort, while NATHAN was established in England, first in Manchester and subsequently in London, and SOLOMON became the traveling agent of the house, visiting the various courts and princes of Germany who needed loans. By enterprise and industry the original capital of this financial establishment rapidly increased and multiplied. Thus in

THE LATE BARON JAMES DE ROTHSCHILD.

1813 the ROTHSCHILDS were appointed agents for the payment by England of twelve millions sterling to Russia, Austria, and Prussia—an operation by which they profited to a large amount. After the victory of Leipsic, in the same year, when the allied sovereigns were pursuing NAPOLEON, and had reached the banks of the Rhine at Frankfort, it was found that the treasury of Austria was empty, and as it was impossible to obtain a loan from the merchant princes of Frankfort, the Prince of Metternich was obliged to stoop to the disagreeable necessity of borrowing from ROTHSCHILD, a Jew. The promptness and the grace with which the request was granted was not forgotten. M. A. ROTHSCHILD was created a baron of the Austrian empire; his son NATHAN was appointed Austrian Consul-General in Great Britain, and the whole weight of Austrian influence was devoted to extend and secure the financial operations of the house of Rothschild.

The Hessian landgrave's money was retained at the paltry interest of two per cent. until his death in 1823. M. A. ROTHSCHILD died in 1821, at which time his five sons were at the head of five immense establishments, at Frankfort, London, Paris, Vienna, and Naples. Between the brothers there was a copartnership and the most perfect unanimity. The foresight and enterprise of the house, together with this cooperation, made it almost despotic in the financial affairs of Europe. Such was its influence that it frequently decided the issues of peace and war. In 1830 ANSELM ROTHSCHILD, at Frankfort, was bold enough to declare: "The house of Austria desires war, but the house of Rothschild requires peace." Again, in 1840, when war was on the point of breaking out between the Porte and MEHEMET ALI, the ROTHSCHILDS preserved the peace of Europe by arguments more potent than could be urged by the most eminent statesmen.

JAMES ROTHSCHILD, the subject of our sketch, was the last surviving brother of the original house, and now that he is dead the third generation of ROTHSCHILDS conduct the business. JAMES opened a banking-house in Paris in 1815. He had no taste for political life; to be the central figure of the most powerful commercial house that ever existed satisfied his ambition. He loved to dispense a munificent hospitality at his sumptuous hotel in the Rue Lafitte. It was here that, in 1859, GUSTAVE, his youngest son, was united in marriage with the daughter of JOEL ANSPACH, a judge of the

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Cour Imperiale—the only Jew on the Paris bench. On the day of the marriage JAMES presented his daughter-in-law with a small pocket-book covered with crimson velvet and containing *rente* scrip to the amount of 50,000 francs—that was the bride's pin-money. The banquet which followed the wedding was thus described by one of the "Jenkinses" of that day:

A letter from Paris states that at the banquet given after the late ROTHSCHILD marriage the magnificence was beyond all description, and it would appear that splendors vying with those recounted in the "Arabian Nights" were lavished upon an entertainment to which nobody but the family, some sixty or seventy ROTHSCHILDS, was admitted. The entire changes of the more than threescore guests were made in silver and silver gilt; plates, dishes, every thing was of the precious metals, as at royal tables; only at dessert was perceived the priceless service of old Sèvres, belonging to the Paris paterfamilias, and whereof each plate represents somewhere about a king's ransom. As to the viands on the table, they came from every country and every clime: there were swallows' nests from China, sterlets (a fish of excessive price in Russia, of the size of a salmon, and of fat, orange-colored flesh) from Russia, reed birds and canvas-backs from America, bustards from Spain, pheasants from Bohemia, entrés of peacocks' brains, fillets of buffalo-hump, and one of my lady informants declares—salmis of Brazilian parrots! Every salt or fresh water had yielded up its fish; every moor, marsh, and forest its fowl; every hot-bed, heated by fire or the sun, its fruit; and every grape that ever hung any where, its wine. As to the flowers with which the table and the dining-room were ornamented, it is affirmed that there were £1500 worth (I mean £1500 English). All the windows were covered with trellis-work, over which were framed the choicest creeping plants of the tropics, shedding their luscious perfumes around. It is affirmed that the ladies present wore upon their persons between 20,000,000 and 30,000,000 francs worth of jewels; and in the way of doing honor to the banquet, those who partook of it sat at table from half past six to midnight.

Baron JAMES ROTHSCHILD died on the 15th of November, in the seventy-seventh year of his age. According to the ancient resolve of the family—that of intermarriage among its members—he married the daughter of his brother SOLOMON. His son EDMUND inherits his father's immense fortune.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1868.

THE DICTATOR LOPEZ.

THE recent conduct of LOPEZ in Paraguay will probably undeceive those who have had some degree of sympathy with him in the war with the Allies. When the war began we stated the facts upon the best authority. The "republic" of Paraguay is the most ferocious despotism. LOPEZ received the country from his father, as he in turn from Dr. FRANCIA, as his property to manage at his pleasure. The people are wholly submitted to his will. He has sought to exclude all foreigners, and has peremptorily monopolized all the trade of the state. There is no Turkish pacha so absolute in his secluded province as LOPEZ in Paraguay. Freedom of every kind is absolutely suppressed, and it was not a misfortune for civilization when his aggressions upon Brazil and the constant menace of such a tyranny to the smaller neighbors of Paraguay occasioned the war which, it is to be hoped, will end only with the overthrow of the system which has so long prevailed.

The United States have already had occasion to call LOPEZ to account, and his recent conduct will, of course, lead to a stricter settlement. The story related by Mr. WASHBURN, our late Minister in Paraguay, is extraordinary. When the movements of the Allies compelled LOPEZ to withdraw from Asuncion, his capital, a crowd of foreigners flocked to the American Legation to be protected from the mob, from the Allies, and from the spies and agents of the tyrant. Mr. WASHBURN'S Legation was United States territory. The Portuguese Consul invoked its protection with the rest. LOPEZ demanded the dismissal of every body who did not belong to the Legation. Mr. WASHBURN informed the refugees of the demand, and told them he would deliver nobody who was not accused of specific crime. But the refugees seem to have thought that, if they were to be surrendered to a mere accusation of crime, they might as well go at once. They did so, and the English laborers disappeared within a week, while the Portuguese Consul was arrested upon reaching the street, and is understood to have been soon afterward shot. The fate of the others can only be imagined. But the mercies of tyrants are always the same.

When the sanctity of his Legation had been thus violated Mr. WASHBURN thought that he also might as well leave. But before he was quite prepared to do so another demand was made by LOPEZ, that he should surrender two members of the Legation. "At this point I made a stand," says Mr. WASHBURN, with an absurd air of dignity and firmness. And he issues from his Legation, with the two gentlemen whom LOPEZ had demanded, to embark upon the United States war-steamer *Wasp*, and upon the way they are taken from his side by the agents of LOPEZ, and Mr. WASHBURN sails away to tell the tale.

Probably no recent incident has so astonished the people of this country. Why did not Mr. WASHBURN reply to the first demand of LOPEZ that his Legation was American territory, and that it would be invaded at the peril of the aggressor? Then, if LOPEZ had not hesitated to seize his victims, why did not the United States Minister remain until he had communicated with his Government, or until his successor had arrived? Against the force of LOPEZ he alone could of course have done nothing; but his protesting presence was necessary until his Government could act; and he must have known how prompt and vigorous its action would be. He says that he left because he was powerless and could be of service to no one. But he should remember, as his country will not forget, that he voluntarily withdrew from his post when two of his countrymen had been seized and were lying in the dungeons of LOPEZ. His continued presence might not have released them; but it would have been an assurance to them and to the tyrant that they were not forgotten, and would doubtless have eased their condition. We know of no foreign Minister of the United States who has ever had a more serious account to settle with his countrymen than Mr. WASHBURN.

Meanwhile it is understood, and we trust correctly, that General M'MAHON, the successor of Mr. WASHBURN, will receive very distinct instructions from the Government, and that he will proceed to Paraguay with the fleet of Rear-Admiral DAVIS. The most absolute satisfaction will be demanded, and unless LOPEZ has some explanation to give which has not yet been suggested, we suppose, of course, that the United States will not hesitate to remove him from a power which he has so long and wantonly abused until at last he has assailed the rights of American citizens.

MR. REVERDY JOHNSON UPON SLAVERY.

THE Freedmen's Aid Union in Great Britain was a society for the purpose which its name indicates, and it has contributed one hundred thousand pounds in money, and twenty thousand pounds in clothing and other articles, to the relief of the freedmen. As the operations of the Society are about ending, a deputation called upon the new Minister of the United States and presented an address, to which Mr. JOHNSON returned a formal written reply, and then made a speech. It suggests a great deal of reflection—it is very open to criticism as plain talk when plain talk is easy and safe; but it is, nevertheless, a frank and striking statement of the case.

Mr. JOHNSON began by a vigorous declaration of the utter crime and blunder of slavery. "It has no foundation in morals: it has no foundation in Christianity. It robs men of that for which alone it is excellent and worthy to live." But it became, by means of the cotton-gin, the source of the prosperity of the planters. Fearing its gradual ultimate extinction when Mr. LINCOLN was elected, "they raised their arms against the authority of the Government for the purpose of perpetuating the institution of slavery." The determination to perpetuate slavery destroyed it, although, in a government based upon the principles of the Declaration of Independence, it was sure to disappear. Mr. JOHNSON proceeded to extol WILBERFORCE. Then he referred to his own experience among the colored race, and said that they were just as capable of education as white people. He laughed at the idea that they were of a different race in any important sense. "As well might we say that a black horse or a black sheep do not belong to the same class of horses or of sheep as to indulge in any such idea." He praised General HOWARD most warmly. Great as his services in the war were, in which he lost an arm, they were trifling compared with those he has rendered as the head of the Freedmen's Bureau; and his praise is upon "the lips of every intelligent, disinterested, and liberty-loving man within the wide domain of the United States." Then looking forward, the Minister said that the product of slave labor, compared with that of free labor, will be as a mole-hill to a mountain: the freedman knows what is expected of him, and that it is his duty not to disappoint that expectation.

It is humiliating that such a speech, so obvious, so true, and so merely elementally true, spoken by the Minister of the United States in England, should be a sign of the vast progress which this country has made. The fact only shows how absolutely this country was ruled by the slave system and its great lords, the planters. At length, and for the first time in our history, an American Minister can refer without wincing to the Declaration of Independence. As for Mr. JOHNSON himself it is impossible not to remember that he grew up and passed his public life under the shadow of slavery; and that if he then thought, as of course he did, that it was a crime and a blunder, his open expression of such an opinion would have been of incalculable service to liberty. The time for a statesman to help a reform is when he sees the enormity of the abuse. Slavery can harm Mr. JOHNSON no more, and he denounces slavery. If he were a proselyte, if he had just come to the perception of the crime, it would not be fair to recall his silence and passivity. But the evil grew to its overwhelming power, and could be removed only by such terrible sacrifice, because men like Mr. JOHNSON and other leading public men persisted in opposing the agitation which might have led to a less costly remedy. As Mr. BRIGHT said in his late Edinburgh speech, the agreement upon the Corn-Law question in England came too late; "and the misfortunes which had been, perhaps, foretold, or which were inevitable, happened, and it was only after the fact that we were able to agree as to what ought to have been done." Let us hope that the public men of the day at least will learn something from the tremendous experience of the country, and not consider it the height of wisdom to suffer every evil to grow into a power strong enough to challenge the whole force of the Government.

Mr. JOHNSON carefully avoids speaking of the suffrage of the freedmen. But that has spoken, and will still speak, of itself. The Minister has heard of the election of General GRANT, and he accepts the situation without committing himself. He perceives at last that the heart of his countrymen is set upon equal rights as the stable foundation of a prosperous and peaceful commonwealth.

ABROAD AND AT HOME.

THE elections in England, like those in this country, have been carried by the Liberals. In Mr. BRIGHT'S expressive phrase, "the nation is now in power;" and the aristocracy having abdicated by the passage of the Reform bill, the responsibility of progress rests now with the people. The election in England was even more that of a ruler than in the United States. In the success that brings the Liberal party into power carries its leader, Mr. GLADSTONE, to the head of the Government, with the initiation of its policy. That policy can no longer be the traditional policy of the Whig party. It is no longer a mere game of place among patricians; it is a necessity of the relief of those who suffer. The great non-landholding class, for instance, will now support and vote for itself. The law of primogeniture will be revised. The whole subject of education must be considered. There is no resting-place in political progress; and the impatience that denounces fresh agitation is mere folly. It would have been as reasonable to stop just before the last step as just before the next. Every point well-reached is only a point of fresh departure; and the real leader of men is he who prepares the way onward from the present situation, as the forest guide pushes into the thicket and underbrush to find the path while the rest lie comfortably around the camp-fire.

A party, however liberal, coming into power is proverbially Conservative. Mr. GLADSTONE, Prime Minister that shall be, is a man of so delicately poised a judgment that he seems often timorous or reluctant. Of the most sensitive temperament, of great capacity, of ample and various accomplishment, of long and active experience, he is yet a man of so much conscience that he sees and allows the weight of the opposing argument while his nervous irritability sometimes betrays him into rash words and acts. But he is evidently a statesman who has learned the chief lesson of a statesman, to be guided by experience. He does not insist upon wresting the world to his own theory, but he also is willing to be convinced. So the High Church Tory of thirty years ago is to-day the chief Liberal leader, demanding the disfranchisement of the Irish Church, and preaching a gospel of the suffrage more radical than had been known in England. This great change in Mr. GLADSTONE has never thrown the least suspicion upon his character. Nobody supposes that he has become a Liberal for the sake of office. His change of opinion is honored as much as that of Sir ROBERT PEEL from protection to free trade, and, as in Sir ROBERT'S case, it is the kind of change that commends him more closely to public confidence.

But if upon assuming office there should be any supposed disposition to falter or forget, there will be enough who will pointedly recall the new Ministry to its duty. It is supposed that Mr. GLADSTONE'S promotion will bring Mr. BRIGHT also into office. But, as if to show that he means not to pause, but to throw his javelin still farther forward, Mr. BRIGHT, in his speech at Edinburgh just before the election, spoke of the country as standing upon the threshold of a new career, and mentioned three or four reforms which seemed to him now properly in order.

What is true in England is no less so here. The election of General GRANT settles, in general, the policy of reconstruction. The next step is to correct it in detail where it has failed to accomplish its purpose, and to proceed to such other changes as experience has shown to be essential. The cry to return to the old state of things is as comical as a wish to go back to the ark after the deluge had subsided. It was the old state of things that plunged us into the war. What we need is a new state of things; a large and liberal interpretation of the Constitution; a reasonable view of State rights; emancipation from the fear of dangers which, in our situation, are necessarily imaginary; a profound faith that morality is essential to great public policy, and proved intelligence to skillful and economical public service; and a careful independence of party-spirit, which will enable us to see that, while in a free government we must work with parties, yet even our own party may make mistakes, and honor those who are not truly honorable.

REMEDY FOR THE STRINGENCY IN WALL STREET.

WHETHER the "let up" which occurred some days after the promulgation of a statement that the Secretary of the Treasury had promised relief, was due in part to any actual interference of the Secretary or Controller of the Treasury, or chiefly to the voluntary action of the parties to the "lock up," after their objects had been accomplished, is not precisely known; but it is certain that the stringency is now over.

On the 17th of November the Bank of the Commonwealth distributed ten millions five hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars to the other banks, on checks held by the latter, which was accepted as proof that the speculators for a fall of Erie and other stocks, who had locked up greenbacks, had adopted the opposite policy. This sum was probably required in payment for Erie stock—repurchased after it had been used to depress the market—as 200,000 shares at 54 would amount to $10,800,000. The extraordinary order authorizing the Receiver of Funds of the Company to purchase 200,000 shares, was issued by the Supreme Court on the 18th of November, on an affidavit made by an officer of the Company that its then market value was 54. From this price it advanced on the 20th to 62, immediately after which—the corner having culminated and a conspicuous short having settled—it fell to 43. The gain from this settlement alone is stated at from one to two millions of dollars. Others were in the same dilemma.

The amount involved in the lock up, obtained largely from the proceeds of new Erie stock, is estimated at from fifteen to twenty millions of dollars—a sum sufficiently large to accomplish the object when it is borne in mind that it was withdrawn simultaneously with the annual transfer from the East to the West of large sums intended to facilitate the transportation of cotton and grain to the sea-board. On examining the list of debits and credits from the 19th of October to the 17th November inclusive, issued by the Clearing-House, it will readily appear what banks in this city were selected as depositaries in these efforts to convert the ordinary derangement which accompanies the annual movement of crops into one of extreme damage to the whole Union.

We trust that one of the first steps of the ensuing Congress will be the appointment of a committee to investigate in New York this extraordinary proceeding, with a view to the full disclosure of the transaction and the punishment of any such conspiracy now or hereafter. It appears that no relief can be obtained here. Indeed, it is much more likely that integrity will be considered a crime by the "unjust judges" who have secured exemption from punishment and durability in power by the result of the election in this State, accomplished by means which commend fraud to shelter and adoption.

Although the stringency is over it is expedient to consider what features there are in the structure of the New York and Erie Railroad which permit the frequent repetition of immense and disgraceful operations. The General Railroad Act, passed after the Erie had been incorporated, provided in subdivision 9 of Section 28 that the companies organized under it, the Erie not being one, might confer on any holder of any bond issued for money borrowed and necessary for completing and finishing or operating their railroad, "the right to convert the principal due or owing thereon into stock of said Company at any time not exceeding ten years from the date of the bond under such regulations as the directors may see fit to adopt." By Section 49 of that Act all the then existing Railroad Corporations within this State were declared to have and possess all the powers and privileges contained in that subdivision of Section 28 "*not inconsistent with the provisions of their charter.*"

In considering whether or not this power might be exercised by those railroad corporations established in advance of the passage of the General Act, it has always been supposed, when the amount of capital had been declared in any act of incorporation, that it was inconsistent with it to enlarge the amount, but the Erie Railroad, which for many years regarded its capital as fixed by positive legislation, and as being incapable of enlargement without direct legislative authority, has been accustomed since its management has been conducted with a view to speculation to use the legislative franchise of authorizing the creation of new stock at its pleasure without publication or requiring a public sale.

It is well known that this incorporation is stronger at Albany than the Legislature, and, therefore, that no legislative means have been adopted to prevent the sacrifice of this great interest to private cupidity. The wrong of authorizing new and frequent issues of such stock is aggravated by the fact that each issue has been supposed to have been secretly made to aid in cornering operations, having in view, in the first place, the depression of its market value. By reason of the last issues and the lock up the stock fell from above 80 to 35 per cent. On a change of operations it advanced to 62, and the object accomplished it fell in-

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stantly to 43. You shall know, said one of the judges appointed prior to the constitution of 1846, addressing a criminal then before him, that if justice is slow in her steps she has at least a firm grasp. If the Bench were thus constituted, or if legislation in this State were pure, these glaring offenses which astonish every civilized community would meet with certain and sufficient punishment.

It can not be doubted that Mr. GRISWOLD owes his defeat, in the late election for Governor, to his determination that the government of the State should be restored to its true basis. The numerous frauds that are to be uncovered and corrected whenever the State shall be in proper hands will secure the defeat of such a candidate until the people shall be fully informed of the immense danger of allowing the most important servants of the public to owe their whole power to the worst influences.

The country now looks with hope and confidence to the great chieftain who has been elected President to aid in giving the requisite protection and safety. What we most need is the certainty that every honest citizen who goes to the polls in any, even the worst district, whether it be to vote or to oppose improper votes, shall be esteemed a public sentinel behind whom stands the whole public force to protect him in this duty. Until this is thoroughly accomplished and known government will be used for violating the fundamental principles for which it was organized.

If the Congressional inquiry we have suggested shall be set on foot—the Committee to meet in this city with power to send for persons and papers—it will be made to appear whether, and in what manner, the banking organizations of the Union are wielded to depress the value of private property, and at the same time embarrass the Treasury. It will embrace examination into the recent gigantic and startling operations of this road, so far as they have a bearing on the lock up, and enable the great interests whose industry has been seriously affected by means of it—the farming, manufacturing, and commercial interests, for all have been equally and seriously damaged—to apply the corrective. *It is to have honest servants in every invortant position.*

THE STREET AND THE BENCH.

THE recent, and indeed the constant transactions in Wall Street, have more than a merely economical aspect. It is a consideration which affects the public character and welfare that the typical spot of immorality in the city of New York is no longer the Five Points but is coming to be Wall Street; and that the most noted people in the city, and by many the most envied and admired, are not indeed the gentlemen in very new hats, and very bright neckscarfs, and very large diamonds, who loiter at certain street corners, but men of the same profession who pursue their gambling not in "hells," more or less gaudily furnished, but in offices down town. The daily transactions of persons who are socially recognized by respectable and honorable men are openly and at length described as swindling—and nobody even stares at the word. It is perfectly well known that nine-tenths of the offenses for which criminals are daily sent to the Tombs and to Sing Sing are not comparable in moral guilt to the operations of "great financiers," but apparently nobody is troubled; the story is a racy bit of gossip; it is diamond cut diamond and the Kilkenny cats.

If this were, indeed, all it would be very foolish to lose time in attending to the matter. But meanwhile the courts of law join the jolly round. The Bench, which is the last official resource of modern civilized society, takes a hand in the pool. Judges are retained by criminals. Decisions are sold at auction. Then the Bar gives a dinner to one of its leaders—a man of proved ability and spotless character—and when he says that the memory of the unjust judge is cursed, there is such tremendous applause that the delighted reader instantly looks through the list of guests to see who the company is composed of; and some names, taken with the applause, will remind the reader of what CARLYLE tells us of a hypocrisy so profound that it was seriously hurt when it was accused of being hypocritical. But it is time to ask seriously whether it is only a jest when notorious venality sits in the ermine and assumes to discharge the functions of a magistrate? Does the reflective student see any thing essentially different between JEFFRIES upon the bench doing the will of a ruthless king and court at Whitehall and another judge doing the will of a great operator and his clique in Wall Street? Is any man safe when the courts are bought for private purposes? Was there ever a city in Christendom in which courts were so corrupt as some in the city of New York?

We may say that if the Wall Street gambling were merely diamond cut diamond no man need lose time in thinking of it. But can deliberate swindling be recognized as reputable business and society remain secure? If any body denies that it is recognized as reputable, we reply that the notorious stock-gamblers are not sent to Coventry. They are not treated as swindlers. When exposed, honorable men do not refuse to have further dealings with them. They gain or lose reputation for shrewdness, but their dishonesty is merely laughed at. Why isn't the dishonesty of a forger laughed at? Why is an embezzler sent to Sing Sing? Why doesn't Wall Street give its hand to a pickpocket? And will it pretend that there is any moral difference between a pickpocket and men whom it daily receives? We insist, therefore, that these persons whom the public journals openly denounce as swindlers, without protest or contradiction, are recognized as reputable when they are not treated as other swindlers are.

Does any body seriously suppose that dishonesty can be honored, and the community not suffer? Are all the moral sentiments chimeras, and the moral safeguards of society absurd? Is any man willing to educate his children for a contest with sharpers? Can any rational man read such an article as that upon the Judiciary of the City of New York in the *North American Review* for July, 1867, or that in the *Law Review* of a month or two since upon the "Erie Row," or the pamphlet, published by PUTNAM, upon the WOOD leases, and not feel that there is an immense public peril in this state of things; and that the worst sign of the condition of any community is the apathy with which it regards such dishonesty and judicial corruption as are revealed in the late Erie operations in Wall Street?

THE ELECTION FRAUDS.

THE you're-another argument only convicts those who use it. It is no reply to the charge of frauds in the elections to say that somebody else cheated. The allegation of fraudulent naturalization papers, of repeating, of false registry, is made, and somebody who feels accused shouts that Mr. BEECHER had better ascertain how much money Senator MORGAN spent in the election. But it is not a party question, and whoever tries to make it so confesses judgment. It is simply stupid in any body to deny that there were monstrous frauds, because they are universally known. The business of all good citizens is to expose them, and to bring the offenders to the judgment of the courts and of public opinion. One paper ludicrously asserts that the journals which have charged fraud at the polls in New York have "villainously belied the city in which they live, move, and have their being, and who have so befouled their own nest.....Why do these papers seek to bring discredit upon the city in which they are trying to earn thir own bread and butter?" To speak of the Brooklyn Ferry disaster is also to discredit the city, probably, and to hint that the city of New York is not a little heaven below is to foul your own nest. Those who do not see that the inevitable tendency of such frauds is to destroy all respect for the ballot-box have yet to learn the simplest conditions of a popular government.

LOUISIANA.

THE State Republican Committee of Louisiana for the campaign have published an address plainly stating the facts of the late election. It was evident from the April election that the State was Republican, and that the body of the new voters were upon that side. The Democratic party, therefore, resolved to carry the State by any means, under the encouragement of BLAIR'S letter and the instructions of WADE HAMPTON and the other Southern leaders. It had large means, and a semi-military organization counting eighteen thousand armed and drilled men in the city of New Orleans alone; and it had also the countenance and sympathy of Generals ROUSSEAU and BUCHANAN. Before election-day it was evident that the aggressive portion of the Democratic party had resolved that if the colored men would not vote for SEYMOUR and BLAIR they should not vote at all, and that an attempt to cast the whole Republican vote would end in rioting and massacre. The Republicans, therefore, resolved to vote where they could peaceably, and to abstain where the effort would end in violence and murder.

The result was that in the peaceful parishes, where employers especially needed the work of colored men, the full Republican vote was thrown. In Concordia parish, where there were 1644 Republicans registered, 1554 Republicans voted; in St. James's parish of 2389 registered Republicans, 2161 voted; in Iberville parish, where 2150 Republicans registered, 2086 voted. In the city of New Orleans, on the other hand, where there were 18,000 colored citizens registered, only about 100 voted, and although besides these there were 3000 registered white Republicans, the whole Republican vote of the city was but 276. In the parish of St. Landry, where more than two hundred negroes were killed in October, out of a Republican registration of more than 2000 not one Republican vote was cast. In three other parishes, with a similar registration in each, there was one Republican vote.

This intimidation at the polls was the work of the party which has sacked Republican churches, school-houses, club-rooms, and residences; which has dispersed Republican meetings, exiled and murdered prominent Republicans, and established a reign of terror which has paralyzed the State, and brought it to the verge of anarchy. We trust that the Governor of Louisiana will make such representations to Congress that the electoral vote of the State will not be counted until after the most careful and thorough investigation, and that Congress will take care that hereafter, in the States where similar violence may fairly be expected at elections without assistance from the authorities, such provision be made that the poorest and most friendless citizen may be as secure in voting as the richest and most influential.

HAPPIER AND HAPPIER.

MR. REVERDY JOHNSON, of whose speech to the Freedmen's Aid Union we elsewhere speak as an illustration of belated wisdom, has written a note to some steamship agents in England, denying the statements of the New York correspondent of the London *Daily News* in regard to the state of society in Texas. Mr. JOHNSON says that it was his business as a Senator to know the truth, and the truth is, that there is no more violence in Texas than in any other State of the Union—Vermont, for instance, or Iowa.

Why will Mr. JOHNSON persist in these performances? The condition of Texas might be inferred from the fact that it was a border slave State, always somewhat lawless, and recently involved in a long and sanguinary civil war which emancipated the slaves. That of itself would lead any sensible man to expect a very disorganized and perilous state of society. Mr. JOHNSON would do no violence to ordinary experience if he suggested that abnormal disturbance in Texas was highly probable. But it is not a subject which is left to inferences and speculations. The statistical accounts from Texas, the public and private reports, reveal the exact situation, and it amply justifies all that the correspondent of the *News* has stated.

Mr. JOHNSON writes this letter from a vigorous resolution that every thing in this country shall appear as serene as the mind of Mr. TILDEN in contemplating the chances of Mr. SEYMOUR'S election. "Trouble in my happy land," says the United States Minister, "disorder upon the Mexican frontier among the most desperate of the chivalry! Why, nothing is so delightful as that very part of my country. It is, in fact, the Happy Valley described in the charming romance of 'Rasselas,' written by that great Englishman who was of opinion that taxation without representation is no tyranny, and who both wrote and spoke in a truly remarkable manner that language of SHAKESPEARE, and of MILTON, and of the blessed translation of the Holy Scriptures, which bind the Englishman to the American, my dear friend Mr. LAIRD and my dear friend Mr. SUMNER, in the most indissoluble bonds of love and friendship."

A week after he had commended Texas to all inquiring immigrants as the most tranquil and inviting of civilized lands, the excellent Mr. JOHNSON, heroically bent upon pleasing and being pleased, received the deputation of the Freedmen's friends, and made them a speech as bland and blissful as his letter to the Texas agents. At the close of his remarks Mr. JOHNSON said with warmth, and doubtless with the gushing fervor of truth: "I can assure you that during my residence among you I have been happy from the first; I am getting yet happier every day, and was never more happy than now." Who doubts it? The good man is all smiles and sweetness. But while at innumerable banquets he alludes to our immortal language, and assures Messrs. LAIRD and WHARNCLIFFE and ROEBUCK that John Bull is the very apple of the American eye—how about the *Alabama?*

THE PERIL OF THE HOUR.

THE enormous frauds at the election must not be forgotten now that the election is passed, and with such a triumphant result for the policy of justice and peace. That is very gratifying, but the frauds are the worst peril that could threaten us. If the State of New York is to be governed by such means, the whole country will presently be governed by the same, and the whole system of popular government will be overthrown. It is not, therefore, the question of a party, nor of an election, nor of a city, but of the highest welfare of the whole country and of all citizens.

Indeed the feeling is so profound, and the sense of outrage in this State so serious, that Congress can not avoid entering upon the whole subject, and revising the naturalization laws throughout. Against repeating and colonization there are guards which experience has suggested, and which may be constantly improved; but the cheats of naturalization are more elusive, and require still stricter scrutiny. The power should be taken from suspected courts at least, and there are courts in New York which are suspected. It should be taken from the State courts altogether, and it should not be possible for a man to vote immediately upon completing his term. Knavery, of course, will elude any law and baffle the shrewdest rules. But something can be done to correct this and all other evils.

We say that some of the courts of New York are suspected. If there be any judge more tainted with suspicion, or who is notoriously and flagrantly active in these schemes of polluting the ballot-box, let him be impeached by the Legislature of the State. The Republican party remains in power in the State, as well as in the country. Its responsibility is great, but so is its power, and so should be its purpose. The danger that threatens us is no longer rebellion—it is corruption of every kind, and at every point. It is not a peril which appeals to the heroic sentiments, but it is a thousand-fold more deadly than open rebellion is ever likely to be. It does not batter the walls; it crumbles the foundation. Every man who winks at fraud, encourages the assassin who would slay us. If we are indifferent or negligent, if we suffer the crimes of this character committed this year to pass with a little puff of indignation, they will return every year with seven devils worse than themselves.

LITERARY.

"The Life of George Stephenson, and of his son Robert Stephenson," by SAMUEL SMILES, just issued in a handsome volume by the HARPERS, is not only a very interesting biography of the two noted engineers, but is a valuable history of the railway syrtem, its rise and development. There are few books lately published which convey so much substantial information in so attractive a form.

"About Woman, Love, and Marriage," by F. SAUNDERS, author of "Salad for the Solitary," etc., published by E. W. CARLETON & Co., is a collection of the sweet and gracious things that have been said upon the delightful subjects named, connected by a thread of dainty and pleasant suggestion, in which humorous anecdote and happy incident are skillfully woven. It is a bouquet of the flowers of various reading, and will be sure to charm a host of genial and tender hearts.

"The Woman's Kingdom" is Miss MULOCH'S (or Mrs. CRAIK'S) last novel, just published by the HARPERS. It will undoubtedly dispute the palm with "John Halifax" as her best work. It is a love tale of absorbing interest.

"Passages from the American Note Books of Nathaniel Hawthorne" (FIELDS, OSGOOD, & Co.) is a book of extraordinary interest. No man was so reticent to other men, or so lavish of intimate confidence upon paper, as HAWTHORNE. No diary certainly was ever so free from selfish egotism. It is so simple a transcript of original emotion and impression that it is Homeric. Its merits are remarkable in many ways; and its purely literary value and significance are very great. Yet no book required such careful editing, and in one or two instances we fear it may occasion personal pain, from the infliction of which HAWTHORNE would have recoiled.

"Sol. Smith's Theatrical Management." The HARPERS publish this autobiography of "a retired actor" whose name is very familiar, especially in the West and South. It is a series of characteristic anecdotes and sketches of life for the last thirty years in those parts of the country as seen by a man whose chief interest was the theatre. There are interesting and characteristic details of MACREADY, the KEANS, FANNY ELSLER, and the famous stars that have shone during that period. The whole is made interesting by that tone of simplicity which so often distinguishes gentlemen of the profession, and which wins a kindly regard even from those who do not frequent the theatre.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEW YORK State pays more attention to her public schools than the New England States generally. The percentage of children in these schools is over 67, while in Maine it is 44, in Vermont 50, in Connecticut 47, and in Rhode Island 41.

A land-slide occurred near Westbrook, Maine, November 22, covering about forty acres of land. It completely filled up the channel of the Presumpscot River.

The Lunatic Asylum at Columbus was destroyed by fire Nov. 19. Six of the patients were burned to death.

On the evening of November 17 a complimentary dinner was given by the bar of New York to Mr. Evarts, the Attorney-General, at the Astor House. Among those present were the President elect, General Grant, Admiral Farragut, and many distinguished statesmen and politicians.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE elections in England have resulted in a grand triumph for the Liberal party. The majority of this party in the next Parliament is estimated by the London *Times* to be 142. The election was a very exciting one, and was attended by a series of riots in Ireland and England.

Lord Stanley consents to the arrangement stipulating that the *Alabama* claims commission shall sit in Washington.

The Chinese embassy was courteously received by Queen Victoria November 20.

The English statisticians tell us that during last year there were 2513 vessels wrecked on the British coast, and that 1338 lives were lost with the vessels. In one month, December, 326 men went down. Out of the total number of vessels lost last year, 1551 were engaged in the coasting trade. It is stated by the same authority that upward of five hundred vessels were known to have been lost from absolute unseaworthiness. The National Life-boat Institution was the means of saving 1098 lives during the year.

The eruption of Vesuvius is increasing in violence, and threatens the town of San Giorgio.

Captain-General Lersundi has an army of about 12,000 disciplined men, and against this force, properly managed, it seems impossible that the Cuban insurrection will make farther headway. The manifesto of the Madrid Government, proclaiming liberal reforms, it is expected will do much toward restoring quiet in the island.

Domingo F. Sarmiento was inaugurated as President of the Argentine Confederation on the 12th of October.

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HOUDON'S WASHINGTON.

PERHAPS on the termination of a general election for President of the United States nothing could be offered to inspire the patriotism of our readers so much as a likeness of WASHINGTON. It appears on this page, and comes from a photograph of the statue of WASHINGTON in the Capitol at Richmond, Virginia. This statue has been justly spoken of as the most precious work of art to Americans that exists in the world. It is undoubtedly a true representation of the noble features and form of the "Father of his Country."

The Legislature of Virginia in 1784 unanimously passed a resolution "requiring his image to be made in the purest marble by the most eminent sculptor in Europe." The duty of selecting an artist was committed to JEFFERSON and FRANKLIN, who offered the work to HOUDON, then the most celebrated sculptor in Paris. Although the sum appropriated was inadequate, HOUDON answered: "It would be the glory of his life to be enabled to place his name humbly upon the plinth of a statue representing that good man."

It was supposed that whatever artist might be engaged would perform his work in Paris from such material as he could obtain; and for this purpose a copy of PEALE'S full-length portrait of WASHINGTON was sent to France; but HOUDON rejected all such aids, and determined to proceed to America to obtain the requisite materials. JEFFERSON informed WASHINGTON that the artist "had a difficulty to withdraw himself from an order of the Empress of Russia," who expressed her surprise that HOUDON should leave the rewards offered at her court "to make the statue of a Colonial Rebel."

JEFFERSON described the artist to WASHINGTON as "without rivalship, and as disinterested, generous, candid, and panting after glory." "He comes now for the purpose of lending the aid of his art to transmit you to posterity." FRANKLIN accompanied HOUDON across the ocean and announced their arrival in Philadelphia. To this WASHINGTON, then at Mount Vernon, replied on the 26th September, 1785. On the same day he sent a characteristic letter to HOUDON, which is as follows: "Sir,—By letter, which I have lately had the honor to receive from Doctor FRANKLIN at Philadelphia, I am informed of your arrival at that place. Many letters from very respectable characters in France, as well as the Doctor's, inform me of the occasion; for which, though the cause is not of my own seeking, I feel the most agreeable and grateful sensations. I wish the object of your mission had been more worthy of the masterly genius of the first statuary in Europe, for thus you are represented to me.

"It will give me pleasure, Sir, to welcome you to this seat of my retirement; and whatsoever I have or can procure that is necessary to your purpose or convenient to your wishes you must freely command, as inclination to oblige you will be among the last things in which I shall be found deficient, either on your arrival or during your stay."

HOUDON'S STATUE OF WASHINGTON.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.]

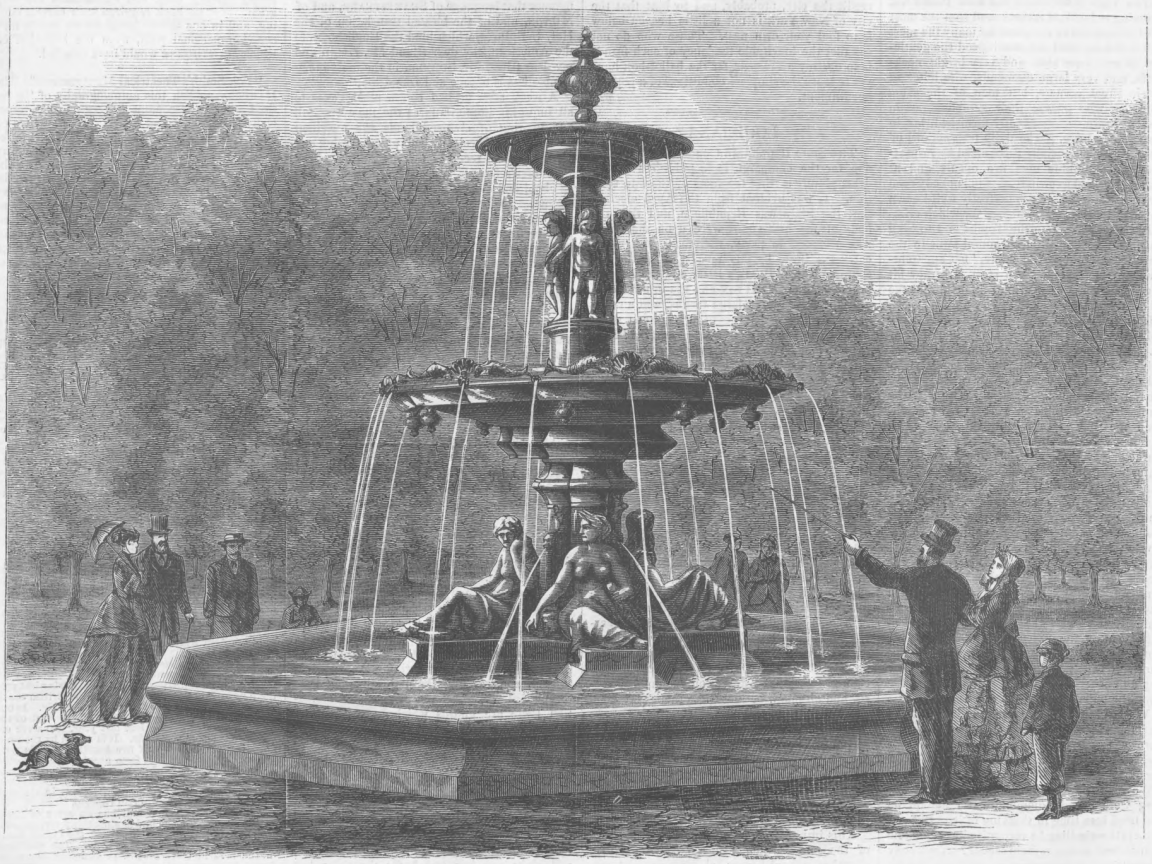
HOUDON immediately proceeded to Mount Vernon, and was cordially received. Although the artist had been led to anticipate the highest pleasure from beholding WASHINGTON, yet he afterward stated to JEFFERSON that he "had no idea of the grandeur of his form, features, and presence." WASHINGTON at first refused HOUDON'S request to allow plaster casts to be taken of his face and whole person, but such was the confidence which the artist inspired that WASHINGTON submitted, saying, "Do with me as you please. I can refuse you nothing;" and thus it was that his whole precious form has been transmitted to our time.

HOUDON remained at Mount Vernon a fortnight engaged in taking casts, which he sent to Paris. The moulds of the head were retained under his special charge, he observing: "If they are lost in the ocean I am determined to perish with them." He descended so far into the minutiæ as to make casts of WASHINGTON'S watch-seals, spurs, and walking-stick, which appear in the statuary.

HOUDON determined, immediately on looking at WASHINGTON, to take him in the costume of the time, which accorded with WASHINGTON'S wishes, and with the judgment of the best authorities abroad. This garb was finally adopted, and hence WASHINGTON appears in his ordinary dress. The attitude in which he stands was common on important occasions. He had resigned his authority as Commander-in-Chief. The cane of the civilian which he holds in his right hand is intended to express that he had become a private citizen. His sword and military mantle resting on the rods or fasces—the military emblem of the Confederacy—the Constitution of the United States had not then been adopted—presents the same idea. The original statue, chiseled in Paris, now stands in the Capitol at Richmond. It represents WASHINGTON at the age of fifty-three, then in the prime of life. The tranquillity and dignity of the expression can not be surpassed. His noble frame stands there in full majesty.

We have often regretted that this work of art, so precious to those now on the stage and to generations to follow, should still stand in a building not only not fire-proof, but easily destroyed. It should be placed beyond the possibility of destruction in a fire-proof edifice on the Capitol grounds. This, we hope, may be done, and we beg leave to suggest it to the present authorities of that State.

We have, however, the gratification to know that three bronze copies of it were taken under the consent of an act of the Legislature of Virginia, and that one of them is at Raleigh, an-



THE BREWER FOUNTAIN ON BOSTON COMMON.—[SEE PAGE 774.]

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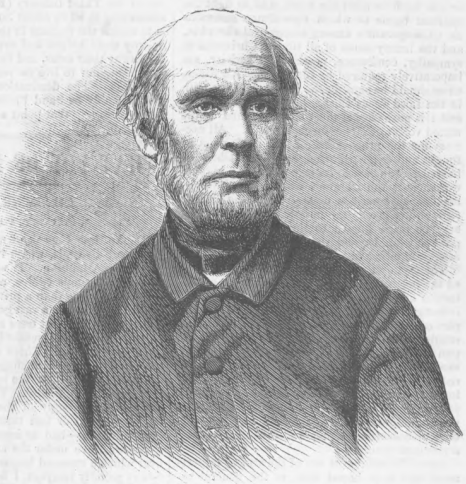
REV. RICHMOND FISK, D.D., PRESIDENT OF ST. LAWRENCE UNIVERSITY.



REV. DR. FISHER, PRINCIPAL OF THE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

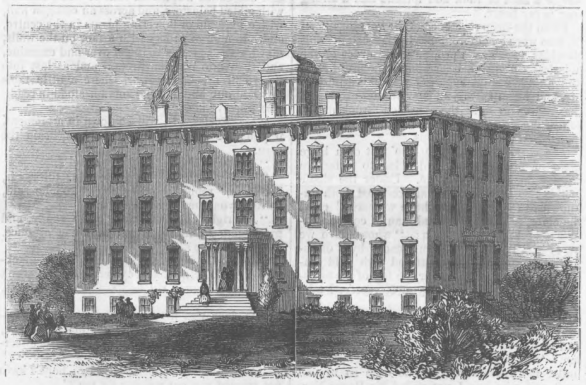
other in the grounds of the college at Lexington, Virginia, presided over by General LEE, and the third is temporarily deposited in the City Hall at New York. The latter is offered for sale at $10,000, on behalf of the widow and heirs of HUBARD, the artist who made these bronze copies.

We have high authority in the pamphlet from which we have gathered these facts for stating that the copy is exact, and trust that it may be obtained for erection in Central Park. We hope this will be done, so that whatever may be the fate of the original our people here can have the opportunity, as they gaze upon the noble features and form of WASHINGTON, to recollect his example, and to resolve to follow him as the purest and truest of the great men who have adorned the world.

THE ST. LAWRENCE UNIVERSITY.

AT Canton, the county seat of St. Lawrence County, in Northern New York, is located the St. Lawrence University, under the control of the Universalist denomination, which its friends hope will soon receive such endowments as will enable it to take rank with the other great educational institutions of the land. We give on this page a view of the University building as it now stands. Its friends hope that within a few years this picture will have become obsolete. A special feature of this institution is that students of both sexes are received, on due examination, to pursue on an equal footing either course of study they may select. The President of the Faculty, whose portrait we give, is Dr. RICHMOND FISK, born at Bennington, Vermont, in 1836. He graduated at Union College in 1858. After graduating he studied law for a year; but the bent of his mind was toward the ministry of the denomination to which he belonged. He thereupon accepted the position of pastor of a church at Auburn, which, after three years, he resigned to accept his present position.

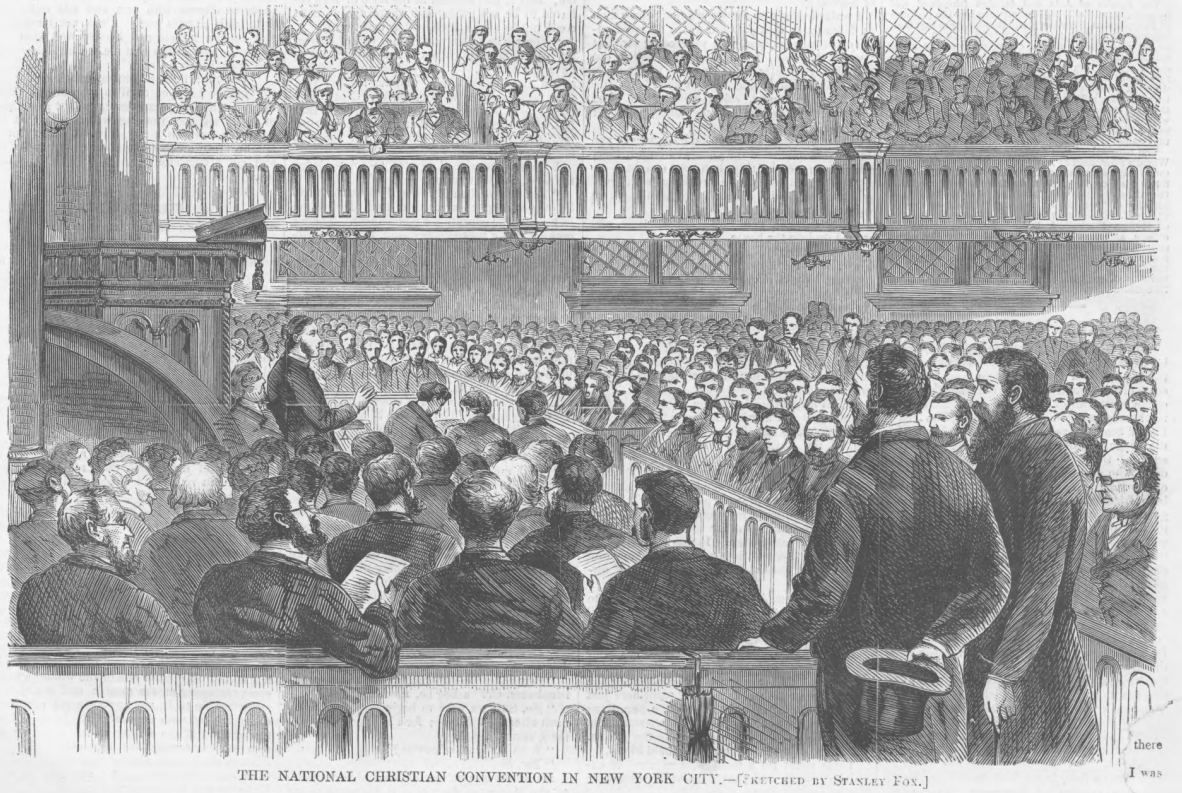
A "University" comprises, as its name imports, a Faculty for teaching each of the great departments of science. Among these is that of Theology. The Principal of the Theological School, whose portrait we also give, is Dr. EBENEZER FISHER. He was born in Maine in 1815. His early training was that of most New England boys, in the common schools, reading, meanwhile, every book that came in his way. His early training was in the faith of Christianity as expounded by CALVIN. As he grew up he abandoned this for the tenets held by the Universalist denomination, and of these, at the age of twenty-two, he resolved to become a preacher. Meanwhile he was elected to the Legislature of his State. His year of legislative service having expired, he began the work of preaching, officiating at several places in Maine and Massachusetts. In 1858 he was induced to take charge of the Theological School at Canton, out of which has grown the St. Lawrence University.



ST. LAWRENCE UNIVERSITY.

THE NATIONAL CHRISTIAN CONVENTION.

THIS Convention, which met a few days ago in the Reformed Protestant Church on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street in this city, was composed of ministers and lay members of evangelical churches in various parts of the United States. The object of the Convention is expressed in the words of the call: "The increasing influence of material interests in our land, so rapidly growing in population, wealth, and commercial activity; the ignorance of the multitudes and their indifference to the claims of the Gospel; the extensive introduction of irreligious and anti-religious styles of thought and life from abroad; the organized forms of attack upon the authority of God's word; the fascinations of a shrewd system of superstition, allied to open worldliness, and the inroads of an infidel philosophy, reared upon the foundation of universal skepticism, alike demand peculiar vigi-



THE NATIONAL CHRISTIAN CONVENTION IN NEW YORK CITY.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

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lance on the part of the disciples of the Son of God, lest the high vantage-ground God has so graciously given His people in this country be stolen from them. Extraordinary efforts must be put forth to meet the crisis, and to fight the spiritual battle to which Providence summons us. Co-operation among evangelical churches, and the hearty union of all sincere Christians in sympathy, conference, prayer, and activity, are imperatively required by the times. All differences should be sunk in the harmony of one faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, our atoning Saviour; and His pure Gospel must be proclaimed by the united voices of His redeemed people. All avenues for the propagation of His truth must be sought and diligently used, and every Christian heart be awakened to its responsibility; in other words, it is the Church's work in its broadest meaning that must be done; that by the Church (true to her Head) the manifold wisdom of God may be made known to the principalities and powers who, beyond the sphere of sense, are interested either in her glory or her shame."

The topics discussed in the Convention regarded the means for a more perfect working organization among the members of each church; an investigation of the causes of the failure on the part of so many churches to reach the poor; the relation between churches and voluntary Christian associations; the efficiency of week-day meetings; woman's work in the Church; the enlargement of Christian home influence; the improvement of the homes of the poor; lay-preaching; open air services; city missions; the better observance of the Sabbath; the conduct of Sabbath-schools; and other subjects of a practical nature.

All of these subjects are of the utmost importance, and it is hoped that, in the general reawakening of the Church, which is one of the characteristic events of the day, they will receive the attention which they demand.

THE BREWER FOUNTAIN ON BOSTON COMMON.

THE following description of the bronze fountain on Boston Common, recently presented to that city by Mr. GARDNER BREWER, and illustrated on page 772, is taken from a Boston paper:

The height of the fountain is 24 feet, and the diameter of the basin 28 feet, which is two feet more than in the original. It is erected here under the supervision of Messrs. EMERSON and FEHMER, architects, and Messrs. I. & H. M. HARMON, builders, of this city. The design is by the celebrated LIÉNARD, Knight of the Legion of Honor, whose productions maintain a high rank as works of art wherever they are known. Its appropriateness, representing as it does marine subjects—dolphins, shells, etc.—and the fidelity with which the general idea is carried out in every part, even in the more minute details of ornamentation, can hardly fail to strike the most careless observer. The statuary is from the chisel of MATHURIN MOREAU, who received the grand prize of Rome, four medals, and the cross of the Legion of Honor. The four large figures at the base represent mythological subjects, viz., Neptune, Amphitrite, Acis, and Galatea. The children at the top are merely ornamental, and have no special signification. Neptune, god of the ocean, and brother of Great Jove, needs no biographical sketch to acquaint our readers with him, and his wife Amphitrite, beside him, asserts her dignity as goddess of the ocean so grandly that none need be told her story.

The figures of Acis and Galatea (shepherd and nymph), recall the story of their love and the jealousy of Polyphemus; how the giant, finding them together, became enraged and threw the fatal rock at Acis as he fled; and how Galatea, emerging from the water into which she had plunged in affright, ran to him and endowed him with the honors of his father the river god; how his purple blood flowed from under the rock which crushed him, but by degrees grew like turbid water, and in time became pellucid; and then the rock opened and the water gushed from the chasm with a pleasing murmur. Thus Acis was changed into a river of Galatea's own element and called by that name.

The original of this fountain was executed for the World's Fair, held at Paris in 1855, where it attracted much attention, and was awarded a gold medal. Since then copies of it, in iron, have been made for the cities of Lyons and Bordeaux; also one in bronze, like that on the Common, for SAID PACHA, late Viceroy of Egypt. The one for Boston was cast in the foundry of Messrs. FOURMENT, HOUILLE, & Co., in the Val d'Osne, and was finished in Paris under the direct supervision of the well-known American banking house of Messrs. BOWLES, DREXEL, & Co., who, from the commencement, have manifested the warmest interest in it, and have carefully watched every stage of its construction.

SHERIDAN ON THE MOVE.

THE 15th of November was the day fixed upon by General SHERIDAN for his departure to the front, *i. e.*, from Fort Hayes in Kansas to the south of the Arkansas, to take command in person of the operations of the winter campaign against the hostile savages. Company C of the Tenth United States Cavalry had been sent ahead, with the baggage train, etc., thus having one day's start of the Commanding General. The Indians who accompanied this column are a party of the Kansas or Kaw nation, who have always been friendly, and will be used as scouts and guides, as their familiarity with the physical features of the comparatively unexplored country which the troops will traverse eminently adapts them to that purpose. The names of these Indians are: SAM SAMBO, an Indian speaking English, who will act as interpreter; FRANK JOHNSON, UTES-AR-GAH-BE, TAH-E-AH, O-UTES-AR-JAH, TAH-SE-AH, JOHN MOON, B-AR-SE-BAH-SE, WY-O-NOSH-IN, and JOHN DE LASH.

The winter has been chosen as the best season for hostile operations, because it is a season when the savages are in the most embarrassing situation as regards supplies of every sort, and when they are most reluctant to undertake battle. The campaign is in good hands, and the same energy [illegible] distinguished General Sheridan at Fisher's Vinchester, and Five Forks will, it is hoped, restore quiet to our Indian frontier in the West.

The entire force in the field for this important campaign consists of Governor CRAWFORD's Kansas cavalry, 1500 strong; seven companies of the Fifth Cavalry; eleven companies of the Seventh; four companies of the Tenth; one company of the Thirtieth Infantry (colored); and one of the Third Infantry (FORSYTH's scouts)—amounting in all to about 3000 men. The plan is to attack the Indians in their winter-quarters, destroy their lodges and every thing they have, take away their arms, and force all those that escape slaughter to live on reservations below the Arkansas. The destination of the expedition will probably be Sand Plains, south of the Arkansas, making that point a base of supplies.

THAT BOY OF NORCOTT'S.

CHAPTER III.

WITH MY FATHER.

AT the time I speak of my father dwelt in a villa near Brussels, which had been built by or for Mdme. Malibran. It was a strange, somewhat incongruous edifice, and rather resembled a public building than a private gentleman's residence. It stood in a vast garden, or rather park, where fruit and forest trees abounded, and patches of flowers came suddenly into view in most unexpected places. There were carriage-drives, too, so ingeniously managed that the visitor could be led to believe the space ten times greater than it was in reality. The whole inside and out savored strongly of the theatre, and every device of good or bad taste—the latter largely predominating—had its inspiration in the stage.

As we drove under the arched entrance gate, over which a crowned leopard—the Norcott crest—was proudly rampant, I felt a strange throb at my heart that proved the old leaven was still alive within me, and that the feeling of being the son of a man of rank and fortune had a strong root in my heart.

From the deep reverence of the gorgeous porter, who wore an embroidered leather belt over his shoulder, to the trim propriety and order of the noiseless avenue, all bespoke an amount of state and grandeur that appealed very powerfully to me, and I can still recall how the bronze lamps that served to light the approach struck me as something wonderfully fine, as the morning's sun glanced on their crested tops.

The carriage drew up at the foot of a large flight of marble steps, which led to a terrace covered by a long veranda. Under the shade of this two gentlemen sat at breakfast, both unknown to me. "Whom have we here?" cried the elder, a fat, middle-aged man of coarse features and stern expression; "whom have we here?" The younger—conspicuous by a dressing-gown and cap that glittered with gold embroidery—looked lazily over the top of his newspaper, and said, "That boy of Norcott's, I take it; he was to arrive to-day."

This was the first time I heard an expression that my ears were soon to be well familiar to, and I can not tell how bitterly the words insulted me. "Who were they," I asked myself, "who, under my father's roof, could dare so to call me? and why was I not styled Sir Roger Norcott's son, and not thus disparagingly 'that boy of Norcott's?'"

I walked slowly up the steps among these men as defiantly as though there was a declared enmity between us, and was proceeding straight toward the door, when the elder called out "Holloa, youngster, come here and report yourself! You've just come, haven't you?"

"I have just come," said I, slowly, "but when I report myself it shall be to my father, Sir Roger Norcott."

"You got that, Hotham, and I must say you deserved it too," said the younger in a low tone, which my quick hearing, however, caught.

"Will you have some breakfast with us?" said the elder, with a faint laugh, as though he enjoyed the encounter.

"No, I thank you, Sir," said I, stiffly, and passed on into the house.

"Master Digby," said a smart little man in black, who for a moment or two puzzled me whether he was a guest or a servant, "may I show you to your room, Sir? Sir Roger is not up: he seldom rings for his bath before one o'clock; but he said he would have it to-day earlier."

"And what is your name, pray?"

"Nixon, Sir. Mr. Nixon, Sir Roger is pleased to call me for distinction sake—the lower servants require it."

"Tell me, then, Mr. Nixon, who are the two gentlemen I saw at breakfast outside?"

"The stoutish gentleman, Sir, is Captain Hotham, of the Royal Navy; the other, with the Turkish pipe, is Mr. Cleremont, Secretary to the Legation here. Great friends of Sir Roger's, Sir. Dine here three or four times a week, and have their rooms always kept for them."

The appearance of my room, into which Nixon now ushered me, went far to restore me to a condition of satisfaction. It was the most perfect little bedroom it is possible to imagine, and Nixon never wearied in doing the honors of displaying it.

"Here's your library, Sir. You've only to slide this mirror into the wall; and here are all your books. This press is your armory. Sir Roger gave the order himself for that breech-loader at Liége. This small closet has your bath—always ready, as you see, Sir—hot and cold; and that knob yonder commands the shower-bath. It smells fresh of paint here just now, Sir, for it was only finished on Saturday; and the men are coming to-day to fix a small iron staircase from your balcony down to the garden. Sir Roger said he was sure you would like it."

I was silent for a moment, a moment of exquisite reverie, and then I asked if there were always people visitors at the Villa?

"I may say, Sir, indeed, next to always. We haven't dined alone since March last."

"How many usually come to dinner?"

"Five or seven, Sir; always an odd number. Seldom more than seven, and never above eleven, except a state dinner to some great swell going through."

"No ladies, of course?"

"Pardon me, Sir. The Countess Vander Neeve dined here yesterday; Madame Van Straatan, and Mrs. Cleremont—excuse me, Sir, there's Sir Roger's bell. I must go and tell him you've arrived."

When Nixon left me I sat for full twenty minutes like one waking out of a trance, and asking myself how much was real, and how much fiction of all around me?

My eyes wandered over the room, and from the beautiful little Gothic clock on the mantlepiece to the gilded pine-apple from which my bed-curtains descended—every thing seemed of matchless beauty to me. Could I ever weary of admiring them? would they seem to me every morning as I awoke as tasteful and as elegant as now they appeared to me? Oh, if dear mamma could but see them! If she but knew with what honor I was received, would not the thought go far to assuage the grief our separation cost her? And, last of all, came the thought, if she herself were here to live with me, to read with me, to be my companion, as she used to be—could life offer any thing to compare with such happiness? And why should not this be? If papa really should love me, why might I not lead him to see to whom I owed all that made me worthy of his love?

"Breakfast is served, Sir, in the small breakfast-room," said a servant, respectfully.

"You must show me where that is," said I, rising to follow him.

And now we walked along a spacious corridor, and descended a splendid stair of white marble, with gilded balusters, and across an octagon hall, with a pyramid of flowering plants in the centre, and into a large gallery with armor on the walls, that I wished greatly to linger over and examine, and then into a billiard-room, and at last into the small breakfast-parlor, where a little table was laid out, and another servant stood in readiness to serve me.

"Mr. Eccles, Sir, will be down in a moment, if you'll be pleased to wait for him," said the man.

"And who is Mr. Eccles?" asked I.

"The gentleman as is to be your tutor, Sir, I believe," replied he, timidly; "and he said, perhaps you'd make the tea, Sir."

"All right," said I, opening the caddy, and proceeding to make myself at home at once. "What is here?"

"Deviled kidneys, Sir; and this is fried mackerel. Mr. Eccles takes oysters; but he won't have them opened till he's down. Here he is, Sir."

The door was now flung open, and a good-looking young man, with a glass stuck in one eye, entered, and with a cheery, but somewhat affected voice, called out—

"Glad to see you, Digby my boy; hope I have not starved you out waiting for me?"

"I'm very hungry, Sir, but not quite starved out," said I, half amazed at the style of man selected to be my guide, and whose age at most could not be above three or four and twenty.

"You haven't seen your father yet, of course, nor won't these two hours. Yes, Gilbert, let us have the oysters. I always begin with oysters and a glass of sauterne; and let me tell you, your father's sauterne is excellent. Not that I counsel *you*, however, to start with wine at breakfast. I haven't told you that I'm to be your tutor," said he, filling his glass; "and here's to our future fellowship."

I smiled and sipped my tea to acknowledge the toast, and he went on:

"You mustn't be afraid that I'll lean too heavily on you, Digby—at least at first. My system is, never make education a punishment. There's nothing that a gentleman—mind, I say a gentleman—ought to know that he can not acquire as easily and as pleasantly as he does field-sports. If a man has to live by his wits, he must drudge; there's no help for it. And—but here come the oysters. Ain't they magnificent? Let me give you one piece of instruction while the occasion serves: let no one ever persuade you that Colchester oysters equal the Ostend. They have neither the plumpness nor the juiciness, and still less have they that fresh odor of the sea that gives such zest to appetite. One of these days I shall ask you what Horace says of oysters, and where. You never heard of Horace—eh?"

"Yes, Sir; I was reading the *Odes* when I came away."

"And with whom, pray?"

"With mamma, Sir."

"And do you mean to say mamma knew Latin?"

"Yes, Sir; she learned it to teach me. She worked far harder than I did, and I could never come up with her."

"Ah, yes, I see; but all that sort of learning—that irregular study—is a thing to be grubbed up. If I were to be frank with you, Digby, I'd say I'd rather have you in total ignorance than with that smattering of knowledge a mamma's teaching is sure to imply. What had you read before Horace?"

"*Cæsar's Commentaries*, Sir, an *Æneid of Virgil*, two plays of Terence—"

"Any Greek?—any thing of Euripides or Aristophanes, eh?" asked he, mockingly.

"No, Sir; we were to begin the New Testament after the holidays; for I had just gone over the grammar twice."

"With mamma, of course?"

"Yes, Sir."

He helped himself to a cutlet, and as he poured the Harvey sauce over it it was plain to see that he was not thinking of what was before him, but employed in another and different direction. After a considerable pause he turned his eyes full upon me, and with a tone of far more serious import than he had yet used, said, "We're not very long acquainted, Digby, but I have a trick of reading people through their faces, and I feel I can trust you." He waited for some remark from me, but I made none, and he went on, "With an ordinary boy of your age—indeed, I might go farther and say with any other boy—I'd not venture on the confidence I am now about to make; but a certain instinct tells me I run no danger in trusting *you*."

"Is it a secret, Sir?"

"Well, in one sense it *is* a secret; but why do you ask?"

"Because mamma told me to avoid secrets; to have none of my own, and know as little as I could of other people's."

"An excellent rule in general, but there are cases where it will not apply: this is one of them, for here the secret touches your own family. You are aware that papa and mamma do not live together? Don't flush up, Digby; I'm not going to say one word that could hurt you. It is for your benefit—I might say for your absolute safety—that I speak now. Your father has one of the noblest natures a man ever possessed; he is a prince in generosity, and the very soul of honor, and, except pride, I don't believe he has a fault. This same pride, however, leads him to fancy he can never do wrong, indeed, he does not admit that he ever made a mistake in his life, and, consequently, he does not readily forgive those to whom he imputes any disasters that befall him. Your mother's family are included in this condemned list—I can't exactly say why; and for the same reason, or no reason, your mother herself. You must therefore take especial care that you never speak of one of these people."

"And mamma?"

"*Her* name least of all. There may come a time—indeed, it is sure to come—when this difficulty can be got over; but any imprudence now—the smallest mistake—would destroy this chance. Of course it's very hard on you, my poor fellow, to be debarred from the very theme you'd like best to dwell on; but when you know the danger—not merely danger, but the positive certainty of mischief—a chance word might bring about, I read you very ill, or you'll profit by my warning."

I bent my head to mean assent, but I could not speak.

"Papa will question you whether you have been to school, and what books you are reading, and your answer will be 'Never at school; had all my lessons at home.' Not a word more, mind that, Digby. Say it now after me, that I may see if you can be exact to a syllable."

I repeated the words correctly, and he patted me affectionately on the shoulder, and said—

"You and I are sure to get on well together. When I meet with a boy, who, besides being intelligent, is a born gentleman, I never hesitate about treating him as my equal, save in that knowledge of life I'm quite ready to share with him. I don't want to be a Pope with my pupil, and say, 'You are not to do this, or think that,' and give no reason why. You'll always find me ready to discuss with you, and talk over, any thing that puzzles you. I was not treated in that fashion myself, and I know well what the repressive system has cost me. You follow me, don't you, in what I say?"

"Yes, Sir; I think I understand it all."

Whether I looked as if my words had more meaning than they expressed, or that some sort of misgiving was working within him that he had been hasty in his confidence, I know not; but he arose suddenly, and said, "I must go and get a cigarette." And with that he left me.

CHAPTER IV.

THE VILLA MALIBRAN.

FOR some hours I wandered over the house, admiring the pictures, and the bronzes, and the statuettes, and the hundreds of odd nick-nacks of taste or curiosity that filled the salons. The treasures of art were all new to me, and I thought I could never weary of gazing on some grand landscape by Both, or one of those little interiors of Dutch life by Ostade or Mieris. It seemed to me the very summit of luxury, that all these glorious objects should be there, awaiting, as it were, the eye of him who owned them, patient slaves of his pleasure, to be rewarded by, perhaps, a hurried glance as he passed. The tempered light, the noiseless footsteps, as one trod the triple-piled carpet, the odor of rich flowers every where, imparted a dreaminess to the sense of enjoyment, that, after long, long years, I can recall and almost revive by an effort of memory.

I met no one as I loitered through the rooms, for I was in a part of the house only opened on great occasions, or for large receptions; and so I strayed on, lost in wonderment at the extent and splendor of a scene which, to my untutored senses, seemed of an actually royal magnificence. Having reached what I believed to be the limit of the suite of rooms, I was about to retrace my steps, when I saw that a small octagon tower opened from an angle of the room, though no apparent doorway led into it. This puzzle interested me at once, and I set about to resolve it, if I might. I opened one of the windows to inspect the tower on the outside, and saw that no stairs led up to it, nor any apparent communication existed with the rest of the house. I bethought me of the sliding mirror which in my own room concealed the book-case, and set to work to see if some similar contrivance had not been employed here; but I searched in vain. Defeated and disappointed, I was turning away,

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when, passing my hand along the margin of a massive picture-frame, I touched a small button; and as I did so, with a faint sound like a wail, the picture moved slowly, like an opening door, and disclosed the interior of the tower. I entered at once, my curiosity now raised to a point of intensity to know what had been so carefully and cunningly guarded from public view. What a blank disappointment was mine! The little room, about nine or ten feet in diameter, contained but a few straw-bottomed chairs, and a painted table on which a tea-service of common blue-ware stood. A Dutch clock was on a bracket at one side of the window, and a stuffed bird —a grouse, I believe—occupied another. A straight-backed old sofa, covered with a vulgar chintz, stood against the wall; an open book, with a broken fan in the leaves, to mark the place, lay on the sofa. The book was *Paul and Virginia*. A common sheet almanac was nailed against the wall, but over the printed columns of the months a piece of white paper was pasted, on which, in large letters, was written, "June 11, 18—. Dies infausta." I started. I had read that date once before in my mother's prayer-book, and had learned it was her marriage-day. As a ray of sunlight displays in an instant every object within its beam, I at once saw the meaning of every detail around me. These were the humble accessories of that modest home from which my dear mother was taken; these were the grim reminders of a time my father desired to perpetuate as an undying sorrow. I trembled to think what a nature I should soon be confronted with, and how terrible must be the temper of a man whose resentments asked for such aliment to maintain them! I stole away abashed at my own intrusiveness, and feeling that I was rightfully punished by the misery that overwhelmed me. How differently now did all the splendor appear to me as I retraced my steps! how defiantly I gazed on that magnificence which seemed to insult the poverty I had just quitted!

What a contrast to the nurtured spitefulness of his conduct was my poor mother's careful preservation of a picture representing my father in his uniform. A badly painted thing it was; but with enough of likeness to recall him. And as such, in defiance of neglect, and ill-usage, and insult, she preserved it—a memorial, not of happier days, but of a time when she dreamed of happiness to come. While I was thus thinking, seeking in my mind comparisons between them, which certainly redounded but little to his credit, Nixon came up to me, saying, "Oh, Master Digby, we've been looking for you in every direction. Sir Roger has asked over and over why you have not been to see him; and I'm afraid you'll find him displeased at your delay."

"I'm ready now," said I, dryly, and followed him.

My father was in his study, lying on a sofa, and cutting the leaves of a new book as I entered; and he did not interrupt the operation to offer me his hand.

"So, Sir," said he, calmly, and coldly, "you have taken your time to present yourself to me? Apparently you preferred making acquaintance with the house and the grounds."

"I am very sorry, Sir," I began; "but I did not know you had risen. Nixon told me about one or two—"

"Indeed! I was not aware that you and Mr. Nixon had been discussing my habits. Come nearer; nearer still. What sort of dress is this? Is it a smock-frock you have on?"

"No, Sir. It's a blouse to keep my jacket clean. I have got but one."

"And these shoes; are they your own making?"

"No, Sir. I couldn't make even as good as these."

"You are a very poor-looking object, I must say. What was Antoine about that he didn't at least make you look like a gentleman, eh? Can you answer me that?"

"No, Sir, I can not."

"Nor I either," said he, sighing. "Have you been equally neglected inside as out? Have you learned to read?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And to write?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Write my name, then, there, on that piece of paper, and let me see it."

I drew nigh, and wrote in a full, bold hand, Roger Norcott.

"Why not Sir Roger Norcott, boy? Why not give me my name and title too?"

"You said your name, Sir, and I thought—"

"No matter what you thought. This Literalism comes of home-breeding," muttered he to himself; "they are made truthful at the price of being vulgar. What do you know besides reading and writing?"

"A little Latin, Sir, and some French, and some German, and three books of Euclid, and the Greek grammar—"

"There, there, that's more than enough. It will tax your tutor's ingenuity to stub up all this rubbish, and prepare the soil for real acquirement. I was hoping I should see you a savage; a fresh, strong-natured, impulsive savage! What I'm to do with you, with your little peddling knowledge of a score of things, I can't imagine. I'd swear you can neither ride, row, nor fence, never handled a cricket-ball or a single-stick?"

"Quite true, Sir; but I'd like to do every one of them."

"Of course you have been taught music?"

"Yes, Sir; the piano and a little singing."

"That completes it," cried he, flinging his book from him. "They've been preparing you for a traveling circus, while I wanted to make you a gentleman. Mind me now, Sir, and don't expect that I ever repeat my orders to any one. What I say once I mean to be observed. Let your past life be entirely forgotten by you—a thing that had no reality; begin from this day—from this very room—a new existence, which is to have neither link nor tie to what has gone before it. The persons you will see here, their ways, their manners, their tone, will be examples for your imitation; copy them, not servilely, nor indiscriminately, but as you will find how their traits will blend with your own nature. Never tell an untruth, never accept an insult without redress, be slow about forming friendships, and where you hate, hate thoroughly. That's enough for the present. Ask Mr. Eccles to have the kindness to take you to his tailor and order some clothes. You must dine alone till you are suitably dressed. After that you shall come to my table. One thing more and you may go; don't ever approach me with tales or complaints of any one; right yourself where you can, and where you can not, bear your grievance silently. You can change nothing, alter nothing here; you are a guest, but a guest over whom I exercise full control. If you please me it will be well for you; if not, you understand—it will cost me little to tell you so. Go. Go now." He motioned me to leave him, and I went. Straight to my room I went, and sat down at once to write it all to mother. My heart swelled with indignation at the way I had been received, and a hundred times over did I say to myself, that there was no poverty, no hardship I would not face rather than buy a life of splendor on such ignominious terms. Oh, if I could but get back again to the little home I had quitted, how I would bless the hour that restored me to peace of mind and self-respect! As I wrote my indignation warmed with every line. I found that my passion was actually mastering my reason. Better to finish this later on—when I shall be cooler, thought I; and I walked to my window and opened it. There were voices of people speaking in the paddock below, and I leaned over the balcony, and saw the two men I had seen at breakfast, seated on rustic chairs, watching a young horse being broken to the saddle. The well-worn ring in the grass showed that this spot was reserved for such purposes, nor was I displeased to know that such a source of interest lay so near to me.

"Isn't he one of your Mexicans, George?" asked Captain Hotham.

"No, Sir, he's a Hungarian-bred 'un. Master calls him a Jucker, whatever that is."

"Plenty of action, any how."

"A little too much, Sir; that's his fault. He's a-comin' now, and it's all they can do to keep him going over the park paling. Take this one back," said he to the groom, who was ringing a heavy-shouldered, ungainly colt in the ring.

"You'll not gain much credit by that animal, George," said Cleremont, as he lighted a cigar.

"He ain't a beauty, Sir; he's low before, and he's cow-hocked behind; but Sir Roger says he's the best blood in Norfolk. Take care, take care, Sir! the skittish devil never knows where he'll send his hind-legs. Steady, Tom, don't check him: why, he's sweating as if he had been round the two-mile course."

The animal that called for this criticism was a dark chestnut, but so bathed in sweat as to appear almost black. He was one of those cross-breeds between the Arab and the western blood, that gain all the beauty of head and crest and straightly-formed croup, and yet have length of body and depth of rib, denied to the pure Arab. To my thinking he was the most perfect creature I had ever seen, and as he bounded and plunged, there was a supple grace and pliancy about him indescribably beautiful.

George now unloosened the long reins which were attached to the heavy surcingle, and after walking the animal two or three times round the circle, suffered him to go free. As if astonished at his liberty, the young creature stood still for a minute or two, and sniffed the air, and then gave one wild bound and headlong plunge, as though he were going straight into the earth; after which he looked timidly about him, and then walked slowly along in the track worn by the others.

"He's far quieter than the last time I saw him," said Hotham.

"He's gettin' more sense every day, Sir," replied George; "he don't scratch his head with his hind-leg now, Sir, and he don't throw hisself down neither."

"He hasn't given up biting, I see," said Cleremont.

"No, Sir; and they tell me them breed never does: but it's only play, Sir."

"I'll give you six months before you can call him fit to ride, George."

"My name ain't Spunner, Sir, if the young gent as come to-day don't back him in six weeks' time."

"And is it for the boy Norcott intends him?" asked Cleremont of Hotham.

"So he told me yesterday; and though I warned him that he hadn't another boy if that fellow should come to grief, he only said, 'If he's got *my* blood in him, he'll keep his saddle; and if he hasn't, he had better make room for another.'"

"Ain't he a-going beautiful now?" cried George, as the animal swung slowly along at a gentle trot, every step of which was as measured as clock-work.

"You'll have to teach the youngster also, George," said Hotham. "I'm sure he never backed a horse in his life."

"Nay, Sir, he rode very pretty indeed when he was six years old. I didn't put him on a Shelty, or one of the hard-mouthed 'uns, but a nice little lively French mare, that reared up the moment he bore hard on her bit; so that he learned to sit on his beast without holdin' on by the bridle."

"He's a loutish boy," said Cleremont to the captain. "I'll wager what you like they'll not make a horseman of him."

"Eccles says he's a confounded pedant," said the other; "that he wanted to cap Horace with him at breakfast."

"Poor Bob! that wasn't exactly his line; but he'd hold his own in Balzac or Fred Soulié."

"Oh, now I see what Norcott was driving at when he said, 'I wanted the stuff to make a gentleman, and they've sent me the germ of a school-usher.' I said, 'Send him to sea with me. I shall be afloat in March, and I'll take him.'"

"Well, what answer did he make you?"

"It wasn't a civil one," said the other, gruffly. "He said, 'You misapprehend me, Hotham. A sea-captain is only a boatswain in epaulets. I mean the boy to be a gentleman.'"

"And you bore that?"

"Yes. Just as well as you bore his telling you at dinner on Sunday last that a Legation secretary was a cross between an old lady and a clerk in the Customs."

"A man who scatters impertinences broadcast is only known for the merits of his cook or his cellar."

"Both of which are excellent."

"Shall I send him in, Sir?" asked George, as he patted the young horse and caressed him.

"Well, Eccles," cried Hotham, as the tutor lounged lazily up, "what do you say to the mount they're going to put your pupil on?"

"I wish they'd wait a bit. I shall not be ready for orders till next spring, and I'd rather they'd not break his neck before February or March."

"Has Norcott promised you the presentation, Bob?"

"No. He can't make up his mind whether he'll give it to me or to a Plymouth brother, or to that fellow that was taken up at Salford for blasphemy, and who happens to be in full orders."

"With all his enmity to the Established Church, I think he might be satisfied with you," said Cleremont.

"Very neat, and very polite, too," said Eccles; "but that this is the Palace of Truth I might feel nettled."

"Is it, by Jove?" cried Hotham. "Then it must be in the summer months, when the house is shut up. Who has got a strong cigar? these Cubans of Norcott's have no flavor. It must be close on luncheon-time."

"I can't join you, for I've to go into town, and get my young bear trimmed, and his nails cut. 'Make him presentable,' Norcott said, and I've had easier tasks to do."

So saying, Eccles moved off in one direction, while Hotham and Cleremont strolled away in another; and I was left to my own reflections, which were not few.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

SHARP PRACTICE—Shaving.

A CITY EPIGRAM.

Said Tom to Dick, "'Tis strange to see
How few new companies there be!"
Said Dick to Tom, "You might have known
All bubble companies are *blown*."

AN Irishman, who lives with a Grahamite, writes to a friend that, if he wants to know what "illigant living" is, he must come to his house, where the breakfast consists of nothing, and the supper of what was left at breakfast.

NOT THE BIRD FOR A SAILOR—A night-in-gale.

A "TRYING" SITUATION—A seat on the bench.

A small child being asked by a Sunday-school teacher "What did the Israelites do after they had crossed the Red Sea?" answered, "I don't know, ma'am; but I guess they dried themselves."

THE LATEST THING OUT—The gas, when it is turned off, and every body has gone to bed.

THE "LATEST" SONG OUT—"We won't go home till morning."

A DISCHARGE WITHOUT A REPORT—A servant dismissed without a character.

A man from the country was accosted by a juvenile Chicago polisher of begrimed understandings with the usual question:

"Black your boots, Sir?"
"No."
"Black 'em for five cents!"
"No."
"I'll do 'em for nothing!"
"All right."

The young hopeful set about his work with great relish, and soon had one boot in bright, shining condition. Then, turning up his face to the blackee, he gravely announced:

"Now, you'll have to give me a quarter to do the other."

That boy will yet be somebody.

A LESSON ON PHYSICS.

You see her in the merry dance—
She seems to fly,
But you don't see that rapid glance
From her bright eye
Flash through the long and crowded room;
He only sees that glance, to whom
It brings extreme felicity;
That's *electricity!*

They dance *together*, full of grace,
She clings so close;
And on his shoulder rests her face—
A blushing rose!
Life in that hour seems doubly sweet,
They see it through a rosy prism;
Their hands so long and often meet:
That's *galvanism!*

The night has come to him, but still
No sleep has brought;
To *her*, though quite against his will,
Flies every thought!
In vain a struggle is with facts;
In vain is all such heroism;
Too powerfully she attracts;
That's *magnetism!*

An Irish judge had a habit of begging pardon on every occasion. At the close of the assize, as he was about to leave the bench, the officer of the court reminded him that he had not passed sentence of death on one of the criminals, as he had intended. "Dear me!" said his lordship, "I really beg his pardon—bring him in."

TAILORS DEFENDED.

A tailor possesses the qualities of nine men combined in one, as will be seen by the following observations:

1. As an economist, he cuts his coat according to his cloth.
2. As a gardener, he is careful of his cabbage.
3. As a sailor, he sheers off whenever it is proper.
4. As a play-actor, he often brandishes a bare bodkin.
5. As a lawyer, he attends many suits.
6. As an executioner, he provides suspenders or gallowses for many persons.
7. As a cook, he is generally furnished with a warm goose.
8. As a sheriff's officer, he does much at sponging.
9. As a rational and scriptural divine, his great aim is to form good habits, for the benefit of himself and others.

An old bachelor, possessed of a fortune of $50,000, meeting a friend one day, began to harangue him very learnedly upon the detestable sin of avarice, and gave the following instance of it: "About three years ago," said he, "by a very odd accident I fell into a well, and was absolutely within a very few minutes of perishing before I could prevail upon a heartless and grasping dog of a laborer, who happened to be within hearing of my cries, to help me out for a shilling. The fellow was so rapacious as to insist upon having twenty-five cents, for about a quarter of an hour, and I verily believe he would not have abated me a single farthing if he had not seen me at the last gasp; and I determined rather to die than to submit to his extortion."

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

FIRST CITIZEN. "Hallo! General, why what on Airth are you a-doin' of in that there Flour-Bar'l?"

SECOND CITIZEN. "Wa'al, some darned Skunk has been and Stole my Clothes when I was Bathing; but I guess I'll get home very comfortable in this!"

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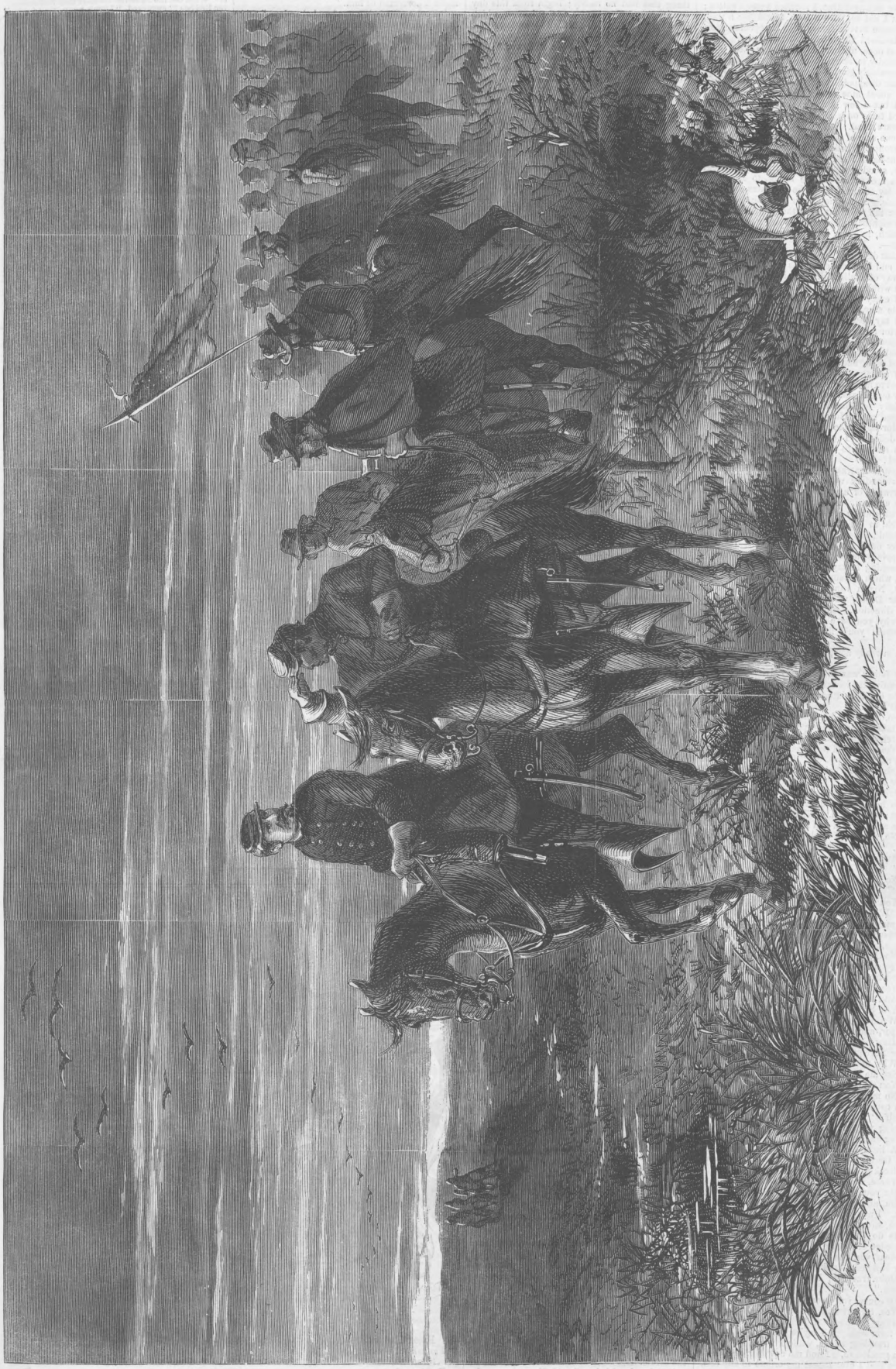

THE INDIAN WAR—SHERIDAN ON THE MOVE.—[SEE PAGE 774.]

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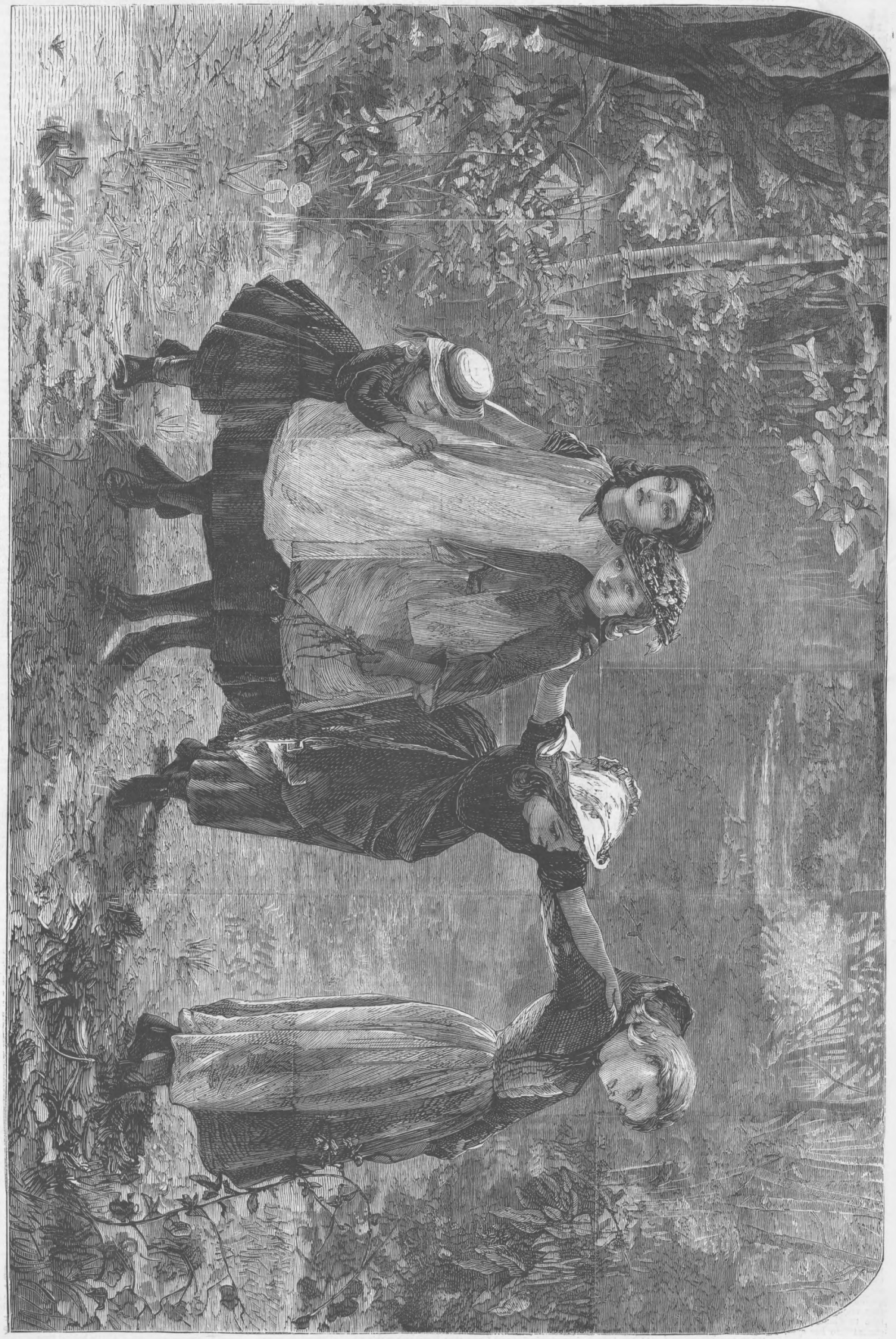

HOLIDAY IN THE WOODS.—FROM A PAINTING BY LIONEL SMYTHE.—[SEE PAGE 781.]

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JUDGMENT WANTED.

BY ANNIE THOMAS.

I WAS antipathetic to her at first, in spite of the beauty of her face and form, which no man could deny, and in spite of a deft glibness with her tongue which some men would have appreciated. I was decidedly antipathetic to her, for I thought my aged friend Mr. Wallrond might have done many more efficacious things, when he was bent on bargaining for happiness for the few last years of his life, than marrying this pretty young woman, who had neither connections nor money to bring to the strengthening of the firm of Wallrond, Driver, Coxe, & Co., of which my old friend was the head.

I was going to call him my "esteemed old friend;" but having resolved upon being veracious in all respects save the suppression of real names in this history, I find myself compelled to leave out the word "esteemed" in describing my own sentiments and feelings toward Mr. Wallrond. I did not esteem him, though I liked staying at his splendid house, and enjoyed drinking his splendid wines, and was in fact thoroughly alive to all the advantages to be derived from having the freedom of his *ménage*. Still I did not esteem him. He had been what I—who had once hoped he would leave me a large slice of his fortune—deemed culpably weak in marrying Catherine Hawes, the present Mrs. Wallrond. He was also culpably weak in holding out the brilliant prospects which he did hold out to the two young men his partners, Messrs. Driver and Coxe. Illogical and amiable people might have been deceived into thinking these promises of good provision for them in the future the outpourings of an overflowing generosity. I knew better, and attributed them to that same weakness which had made him marry Catherine Hawes because she was poor and pretty, and there was no one to look after her.

Mr. Wallrond had himself built the house in which they lived, near the big commercial city of which he was a merchant-prince; and after his marriage his wife had named it Wallrond Court. It was a very fine place. There was no more pretentiousness about the name than there was about the place itself. There were finely-proportioned reception-rooms, conservatories, grape-houses, and orangeries, magnificent walled gardens, and unexceptionable stables. And the promoted Catherine Hawes—who had sprung from Heaven knows where, Heaven knows how—presided over all these things well.

She was just the type of woman who requires a certain amount of pomp and glory in her surroundings to set her off and show her properly—a young, elegantly-formed, bright-complexioned brunette, with a pair of the largest, softest, darkest eyes I ever saw in any woman's head. She always looked strong, and full of health and vigor; but she also looked unscrupulous at times, and bold, I thought, at others, and—well, on the whole I did not like her as the mistress of a reputable English mansion.

Wherever she had come from, or whatever she had been, Wallrond Court, and the society round about Wallrond Court, was not enough for her ambition. She was always urging her husband to sell out of the business, and go and live in or near London. But he liked the business, and clung to it; and his beautiful Cleopatra-like wife could not mould her Antony to her wishes in this respect. In spite of my want of sympathy with her generally, and in spite of my not liking her so well as her constant kindness to me ought to have made me like her, I did side with her desire to get to another sphere when I saw the best people she had been able to collect for a dinner-party on the occasion of my last visit to Wallrond Court.

I have said that she was always very kind and attentive to me, and as she was a clever woman, one who had been in good society, and a beautiful object to look at into the bargain, I was not sorry when fate condemned me to spend several hours with her alone one day. It was late in October, fine weather, bright and sunny out of doors, and still just cool enough to make a wood-fire in the large drawing-room very pleasant.

I was sitting by this fire about eleven o'clock in the morning, when Mrs. Wallrond came in with her walking-dress on, and sat down by me. Very well indeed she looked in her walking-dress, a purple velvet dress and jacket trimmed with ermine, an ermine-bound hat perched on the top of her rich brown hair, and an ermine muff in her hand.

"I pity you for being kept from shooting to-day by that," she said, glancing at my right hand, which had been a good deal hurt the day before in a contest with a colt; "I am going out to walk to warm myself. Will you come, Mr. Dysart?"

I rose up gladly to accompany her, saying, "But is it possible you feel cold this bright morning?"

"Yes, I do; quite chilled. See, I have taken up my furs; I had no sleep last night; worry and restlessness stop my pulses, and make me cold."

I regretted both the cause and the effect.

"I *am* worried," she said, walking on very fast as soon as we got outside the house. "I am bepartnered nearly out of such mind as I was originally endowed with. If you hear of my sudden death, attribute it to Driver and Coxe."

"Have they been doing any thing to annoy you?" I asked.

"They annoy me by existing—by existing within my orbit, that is. They annoy me by their exemplary attention to business, by their social spotlessness, and by all their other good qualities which endear them to my husband; they annoy me particularly to-day by coming here to dinner;" she stopped, and the tears started into her eyes, but she hastily brushed them away and went on. "Life has been made up to me lately of Driver and Coxe dining here, and they never dine here but Mr. Wallrond tells them how well they will find he has 'taken care of *them* when he is called from the stage of life.' That is his expression; he doesn't regard, or at any rate he doesn't *sufficiently* regard, what is to become of me when he is called from the stage of life, after having used me to all this."

It was very awkward. I hardly knew what to say to her, because really, from her point of view, there was great justice in what she said. I felt this, though at the same time I knew that Mr. Wallrond had been in the habit of promising a good provision to his young partners from the time of his having taken them, boys, into his office. Feeling this, I said:

"But there is no doubt, there can be no reasonable doubt, that Mr. Wallrond will be found to have provided amply for you."

The remark roused her impatience; she did not betray that it had done so as ladies are apt to do in fiction by stamping her foot, but she showed it in the genuine way in which people do show it in real life. She looked as if she thought me a fool.

"Provided amply for me! I shall feel every thing that is curtailed doubly when I know that I am deprived in order that Messrs. Driver and Coxe may be enriched. You haven't seen those men out of the business yet. Wait till you see them at my table to-night, and sitting about on chairs in their own vulgar way in my drawing-room after dinner, and then tell me if you are surprised at my despising and detesting Driver beyond any one else in the world, and disliking Coxe still more."

"It must be very annoying to you," I said, deprecatingly.

"Annoying to me! It is that. My own people (I have people of my own, though for many reasons they never appear on the surface) thought it no sacrifice when I gave up something like a prospect of happiness and married for splendor. I have had the splendor for three years, and I shall feel myself grossly defrauded when I lose any of it."

"Mr. Wallrond has toiled hard to amass such wealth," I said, in a commonplace way.

"He has, indeed, poor dear old man!" she said, heartily, "and with all my heart and strength I trust he will live long to enjoy it. His life is a valuable one to me."

We walked along over the rustling autumn leaves in silence for some time after she had said this, then she resumed, abruptly:

"I tolerated those abominations (my husband's partners) quietly for a long time, because I had a plan which I have never been permitted to mature—of marrying two of my most stupid sisters to them."

"Have you two sisters?" I asked.

"Two? I have nine!" she answered, scornfully. "Fancy starting in life with the feeling having nine sisters and being poor produces. When I married I made a vow that I would never be sister my husband's house, so they think me heartless; but I know I am sensible. I had enough of them at home; still, if I could have married off two of them well I would have done it. However, that plan broke down. Driver and Coxe are both going to marry two fat-faced girls, and it's to keep them and their progeny in luxury and comfort that I am to be shorn."

Mrs. Wallrond turned round as she said this, and we walked home without a word more being said about the obnoxious topic. Need it be said after this that I enjoyed the walk home very much more than I had enjoyed the walk out? Mrs. Wallrond recovered her temper, and spoke with delicious frankness of the ways and foibles and follies of her neighbors; and as her neighbors were no friends of mine it would have been hypocritical, as well as hypercritical, had I professed to be offended at her openness.

"They are all dull people here," she said. "The men—as commercial men must be—are up in politics (home politics principally) very well indeed; and they are clear and sharp-sighted about current events, and able to speak about them. But the women: it baffles me to tell you how mindless and tongueless they are before their lords and masters. Really, Mr. Dysart, you may go to many houses here where the table appointments and the dinners and the wines are faultless, and where the mistress couldn't, to save her life, answer a question that did not concern her nursery or her cook. You doubt me now, but to-night you shall judge for yourself; and don't forget to pity me when I retire with the squaws."

When we reached the house she just took her hat off in the drawing-room, and sat singing to me until luncheon was announced. She had a striking voice, and she sang striking songs; none of Claribel's sweet, tender prettinesses, but pulse-thrilling ballads called "Clear and Cool," and "The Irish King's Ride." As I sat and listened to and looked at her, I did not at all regret the accident which had caused me to give up my day's shooting. For once I felt amply compensated for having missed a capital preserve and a perfect brace of pointers.

"Better he loved each golden curl
On the brow of that fair Hibernian girl,"

she sang, repeating two lines of the last-named song as she rose from the piano. "*Ay di me*, the Irish King wouldn't have cut his Rose of the Isles short in order to enrich a Driver and a Coxe, after telling her at the altar that 'with *all* his worldly goods he her endowed,' would he, Mr. Dysart?"

I replied that I really couldn't undertake to say how the monarch in question would have conducted himself under the circumstances. And then Mrs. Wallrond staggered me by asking,

"But, judging by yourself, how would you act?"

"I should do whatever you wished me," I said, hurriedly and unguardedly, and I saw that Mrs. Wallrond was making the natural and feminine mistake of attributing my transient admiration to a deeper feeling. She blushed brightly through her pomegranate-hued, charmingly-rounded cheeks, and then changed the conversation abruptly.

"Do mark those men at dinner," she said, laughingly. "See how the bagman crops up in all they do and say; they jerk their thumbs in the direction of what they want, and aid the butler in his endeavors to give them the wine they like best by winking appreciatively at him; and Coxe drops his *h*'s rather; I am inclined to believe an *h* never came near him to be dropped."

So she went on talking about them, sometimes speaking fiercely on the subject of their influence over her husband, sometimes contenting herself with piercing them with that sharp weapon her woman's tongue, which her woman's wit well whetted on this occasion.

The hours went by. I, Arundel Dysart, am free to confess, in spite of all that has happened since to make the confession a painful one, that they went by very pleasantly for me. She was one of a very different order to the "tongueless, mindless" women whom she had described as constituting her present social feminine circle. She had read a good deal, and thought a good deal, and mixed with various people. I began to feel that even without the beauty—the dark-glowing, sparkling beauty which she did undoubtedly possess—even without this she would have been a very charming woman. Perhaps my appreciation of her was heightened by her appreciation of me. Perhaps it was pleasant to my self-love to be recognized as one of her own order of thought on such things, as this lovely woman did recognize me when she was laughing at the inferiority of other men. Whatever it was, it caused me to have a delightful day alone with Mrs. Wallrond.

My host came home about six, and grew earnest with his butler about his wine directly. Whatever the occasion of this dinner, he evidently deemed it an important one. He spoke to Mrs. Wallrond, still lounging by the fire in her walking-dress. "My dear Kate," he said, "are you aware that time is slipping away?"

"We dine at eight—I don't take two hours to dress," she said, curtly. However, she got up and left the room, and I saw her no more till I went into the drawing-room just as dinner was announced.

Mrs. Wallrond really looked magnificent enough to be justified in any number of great expectations which she might have formed, however unreasonable these might appear to people who are not won by beauty. She carried out the "one-colored" artistic idea charmingly in her toilet. She had pearls about her neck and arms—royal-looking pearls they were too—and a double string of them hooked up some lace which was arranged as scarf and tunic all in one, over her inimitable shoulders and train. All the color and relief that was given to the silver shade of her costume was given by her flashing eyes and rich dark brown hair, and the clear, glorious crimson that kept mantling up into her face. Old Mr. Wallrond was very proud of his superb wife that night—proud of her beauty, and of the way he enabled her to set off that beauty. And well he might have been, for she put out all the women, and made them look the pale, uninteresting creatures they were, even in the eyes of their own men. She gave me one glance as I entered, and then her gaze went like lightning round the room, as if she was bidding me observe that this was what she had to endure in the present, and *these* were the men for whom she was to be shorn in the future. I read her glance aright; following it, my own lighted on Mr. Driver and Mr. Coxe.

The former was a plump, liquid-eyed, amiable-looking man, with a florid face and a turn-up nose and fat hands. He wore a great deal of waistcoat and embroidered shirt-front, and seemed to feel depressed and motiveless. The other was a little thin-faced fellow, with straggling hair and whiskers of the same gingery hue. The young ladies to whom they were respectively to be allied were seated near them, giggling a good deal whenever they looked at each other, and endeavoring to convey disparagement of Mrs. Wallrond in their inexpressive looks toward their future husbands. There were additionally four or five married couples, men and women so much alike that nothing of them need be traced here, and a small bevy of young men who had strengthened themselves for this part of the ordeal by coming primed with the latest telegrams.

I made my way to my hostess at once, and she inclined her head toward me and murmured:

"Mr. Dysart, you are to take me in," and though I regarded this as my right only, I being of a higher order than these men of money, still there was something in her cool way of putting me, the younger man, to the fore, that made me flush. Could it be that I was falling in love with my beautiful antipathy, and she with me? I hoped not, and felt guilty.

We went into dinner, and good as it was I need not dwell upon it long here. The viands were admirable, the attendance perfect, the wine worth speaking about (and a great deal was spoken about it), and the women were speechless. Mrs. Wallrond did not put her imperially-beautiful self out in the endeavor to entertain them. She kept on leading me to look at the many solecisms which were perpetrated by Mr. Driver and Mr. Coxe. This she did intentionally; what she did unintentionally was to lead me to look at the anxiety she could not conceal when the wine went round freely, and Mr. Wallrond drank freely of it. I remembered what she had said about his life being valuable to her, and I gathered from her anxiety that wine was not good for him.

By-and-by it transpired, I don't know how exactly, that this was a celebration dinner. It was in honor of the recently-ratified engagement, and the speedily-approaching marriage, of Mr. Coxe with one of the undesirable young ladies at the table. Mr. Wallrond spoke of the event with emotion. The gist of his observations was to the effect that he should make it his care that his young friends should not in their early married days have to struggle to make two ends meet in the same exhausting way in which the first Mrs. Wallrond and himself had been compelled to struggle. This was the marrow and fatness of a vast amount of effusive and enthusiastic talk. Mr. Coxe tried to look as if he only expected a small legacy; and only succeeded in making every ginger-colored hair on his head and face express his firm belief in having a large fortune. And Mr. Driver tried not to look sulky at there being no public demonstration in his honor this day, and failed in his attempt as signally as did his junior partner.

In time Mrs. Wallrond swept the ladies away before her. In time the sitting over the wine, and the even drearier time in the drawing-room, came to an end. Mrs. Wallrond would not sing. "It's not my vocation to sing and amuse people I don't like," she said, when I asked her; "let them do it; they'll murder something, and then ask each other if they don't remember that Patti sang that when she was here last, or Titiens sang it the time before. Oh dear! delightful evening, isn't it?"

I could not say that it was, and I was honestly glad when it ended. I went to bed tired out with the dinner and the guests, and the pain in my hand, which was beginning to develop signs of inflammation. My fatigue soon sent me to sleep, and I fell into confused dreams, from which I constantly started broad awake and frightened. I accounted for these satisfactorily in my own mind by telling myself that I had lately been reading a most perplexing number of a recent "sensation" novel. But though the cause was obvious enough, the effect was annoying. This feverish restlessness caused by my hand would react savagely upon my hand, and prevent my going out shooting the following day, when old Wallrond, or some one else, had arranged a capital battue-party to meet on the shivering sands. Here I lost the thread utterly, and must have fallen asleep.

For how long I do not know. I was roused up by an ejaculation of terror, and by the bursting open of my door. My lamp was burning dimly; still, by its light I made out the outline of the intruder, and recognized Mrs. Wallrond.

"Get up at once!" she shouted; "my husband is dying. I've roused the house. Come quickly!"

I followed her without delay as she turned and fled through the corridor and the serried ranks of frightened servants to her own bedroom. We went in. Mr. Wallrond, supported by the old butler, was on the bed.

"Send for doctors," I said, as I walked up and put my hand on his heart. Then I knew that the doctors would be of no avail, let them come when they would. Mr. Wallrond was dead.

Her grief was supreme. It was not only the loss of a husband who had been generous and kind to her that she mourned, but it was the loss of the wealth and luxury she loved which nearly distracted her. Mr. Wallrond had died in a fit suddenly—a fit that had been brought on by overexcitement, they said; but one of the medical men told me privately that "it was the port-wine did it."

I saw her the next day, and perceived that she was burned up with fever and anxiety.

"He made a will some time ago," she began; "and his own lawyer saw that it was properly witnessed. He would draw it up himself. How *has* he left things, I wonder? Oh, I wish I knew! Oh, I wish I had routed those wretches, those mean, vulgar wretches, from their place in his liking while the time was my own!"

She was not a woman to be consoled by condolences or by æsthetic talk. Knowing this, I did not attempt either, but just suffered her to rage herself tired, which she shortly did. I left her sobbing bitterly among the sofa-cushions, declaring that "life wouldn't be worth having if he had done as he often said he would, namely, not put temptation in a woman's path by leaving too much wealth in her power."

I did not see her again for a few days. When we met, I was enchanted to find how much better and calmer she appeared. "I have spent several hours daily in the room by my husband's dead body, Mr. Dysart," she said, solemnly; "and I believe I'm a better and a happier woman for having done so." But even as she avowed herself to be a better and a happier woman, she shuddered and turned paler than I had thought it possible the brilliant-faced Mrs. Wallrond could ever look.

I gathered from other sources that "she had her fancies, poor bereft creature," about the coffin. She had insisted on having a large plate-glass cross let into the top of it; and she declared that it should not be fastened down until a few minutes before it was taken out of the house. "They all think me mad about it, I believe," she said to me when the day came and the funeral guests. "But I must be in that room alone for a little time, Mr. Dysart, and then I shall stay there while they fasten him out of my sight forever; see, I have made this cross to lay on his breast under the glass." As Mrs. Wallrond spoke she called my attention to a very exquisitely-made cross of dark purple, crimson, and white flowers, which she had executed herself. "After all, she did love him," I thought, as she disappeared within the chamber of death.

I went into the room where those who were to attend the funeral were assembled. Mr. Driver and Mr. Coxe were there, trying to look humble and unhappy, and failing wholly. "We are a little behind time," Mr. Coxe said to me as I approached them, "a little behind time already,"

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he repeated, impatiently; and I snubbed him by my manner as I answered:

"The widow must not be disturbed; she is mistress here, you must remember."

Presently the undertaker's men were summoned, and they went in, and put on and fastened down the coffin-lid, and then put it into an outer and stronger coffin, and soldered that down securely, she standing by and seeing it all done; "the brave creature," I called her then. Then she came out, and I met her and conducted her to her own sitting-room. The color had come back to her face, and the light was living in her eyes again.

"Oh, Mr. Dysart," she said, as she sat down, "it was hard to do it, but I am so glad that I conquered my feelings and staid there with him to the last. I feel strong enough to bear whatever there is for me to hear when the will is read. If I am left a pauper, I am resigned."

When the funeral was over we all came back to hear the will read; and as soon as we were assembled, Mr. Clay, the lawyer, who evidently thought he had an unpleasant task before him, asked if some one would summon the widow. I went and fetched her. She came in leaning on my arm, and I was glad to see, in proof of her spirit being chastened, that she did not glare at Messrs. Driver and Coxe. She sat down while Mr. Clay explained "that after the sudden death —the awfully-sudden death of his friend and client, he, Mr. Clay, had searched for the will unsuccessfully for three days. At the end of that time he had found it in a drawer in deceased's bedroom, and had recognized it as the same one he had seen executed (not drawn up) some short time since. At least, he had recognized its exterior aspect. Of its contents he was as ignorant as every one else present." Here Mr. Driver and Mr. Coxe looked more humble and unhappy than ever; but I was delighted to see that she had sufficient self-command and self-respect not to notice them. Amidst the most profound silence Mr. Clay opened the will. Amidst the rustle of a faint movement and faint mutterings among us, he dropped it, picked it up again, and tried to read it. Only Mrs. Wallrond watched him with steady eyes.

"Tell him I am not afraid to hear the worst," she said to me; and then Mr. Clay stammered out in concise but perfectly legal phraseology, the fact that Mr. Wallrond had devised every thing he possessed in the world to his beloved wife Catherine unconditionally. It was very differently expected by Messrs. Driver and Coxe and Mr. Clay. The disappointed men gazed at the attesting signatures, and could not dispute the validity of the will. I was heartily glad when at length the house was cleared of them all, and I was left alone with the lady.

She was so grandly glad that it had all "turned out so," as she phrased it; "it was a reward," she said, "for the way she had devoted herself to her husband, even after he was dead and unconscious of such devotion." And I believed her; and condemned myself for that lack of faith in her which had made me distrust the wisdom of the step my old friend had taken in marrying her.

I soon did more than believe her and condemn myself. I loved her; and vainly tried absence, change of scene and society, and other certain cures which short-sighted mortals who hadn't seen her suggested to me. Finally, about seven months after the events recorded, I went back to Wallrond Court, determined to win my widow without delay. I saw at once that she knew what had brought me—the clever creature—and that she was glad of the cause. A good deal of the brightness of her beauty and spirits was gone, and it seemed to me that she was still unreasonably restless and unhappy.

"And do you know what they say, and what we all believe is the cause?" Coxe, that evil genius of hers, whispered to me the night before the day I intended taking the plunge. "We can't prove it, of course—the coffin can't be opened on mere suspicion, especially as the will proved bears what we can't swear aren't genuine signatures—"

"Get on, man," I hastily interrupted; "what do 'they say' and you hint?"

"Why, that she wasn't in that room so many hours for nothing, and that the real will lies buried in our old friend's coffin, unless she took the more obvious course and burned it," he said, straightening himself and looking at me.

I did not marry her, for I could not help recalling sundry ghastly evidences of guilt. She was not surprised when I bade her farewell after Coxe's conversation; and we parted and shall never meet again. But judgment and power to cause this mystery to be cleared are sorely needed.

THE LAND OF EARTHQUAKES.

THE Spaniards in South America were not without early intimation of the insecurity of the soil. Lima was founded in 1535, under the high-sounding title of Ciudad de los Reyes, or City of the Kings, since altered to its present name. In 1582 Lima had its first recorded attack of earthquake. The centre of the shock, however, was lower down along the coast, in the neighborhood of Arequipa, founded by Pizarro some twelve months after the establishment of Lima. Arequipa was laid in ruins then as now; but Lima escaped with a warning. Lima's turn, however, was not long in coming. Four years afterward it was laid prostrate; and so great was the catastrophe, even in that land of catastrophes, that the anniversary of that destruction is solemnly commemorated to the present time, on the day of the Visitation of Elizabeth. Lima had its third attack in 1609. In November, 1630, there was another earthquake; but so many of the citizens contrived to escape that they, then and there, instituted the Festival of Nuestra Señora del Melagro, which is celebrated annually to this day.

Thenceforth, earthquake and city may be truly said to have entered into contest for possession of the soil. Earthquake returned to the charge in 1655 with such violence that, for the first time, the citizens camped for several days in the country districts around. When they returned they found no stone standing on another; nevertheless the city rose again. After this there was no earthquake for some twenty years. Again, ten years later, in 1687, at four o'clock in the morning, houses and public edifices came tumbling down without the least previous intimation: the inhabitants, as usual, rushing into the squares and open spaces. The miserable consolation, however, of looking on in safety was this time denied them. At six in the morning the earthquake repeated its attack with renewed vigor, and the sea, retiring and rising in a wall of inky waters—as it did in the great earthquake of this year—dashed back with overwhelming force over the land. Callao, which had arisen as the port of Lima, a few miles from it, was entirely destroyed, and most of the inhabitants were carried away by the receding waters. The local records, preserved to us by Don Antonio de Ulloa, captain of his most Christian majesty's navy, mention this as the most disastrous visitation to that date. December, 1690, September, 1697, July, 1699, February, 1716, January, 1725, December, 1732, were all earthquake months in Lima. In 1734 and 1745 there were more earthquakes. On the 28th of October, 1746, at half past ten at night, the first shock was felt of another earthquake, and within the space of three minutes all the buildings in the city, great and small, public and private, were heaps of ruins, burying with them those inhabitants who had not been quick enough in escaping to the squares. Then succeeded a moment's calm, as when the heavy ordnance has opened the battle, and the lighter, but more numerous, musketry prepares to follow. Soon it began again, and the houseless, homeless inhabitants counted two hundred distinct shocks within the following twenty-four hours. These shocks continued until the February of the following year, and were computed at four hundred and fifty in all. On this occasion the port of Callao sank quite down below the level of the sea. Nothing was left standing save a piece of wall belonging to the fort of Santa Cruz, on which twenty-two persons contrived to save themselves. Of the twenty-three ships then in port, nineteen were wholly sunk, and the remaining four carried a considerable distance inland. Of the four thousand inhabitants, which the port of Callao then numbered, only two hundred survived. In Lima thirteen hundred dead bodies were excavated from the ruins, exclusive of great numbers of maimed, who afterward died of their hurts. Commander Wilkes, of the United States exploring expedition of 1849, was able in that year to define the site of the old port of Callao beneath the sea.

So much for Lima. Let us next take the case of Caracas, chief city of the Republic of Venezuela.

Ascension Day, 1812, rose fair and bright in that city. The air was calm—the sky unclouded: it is an error to suppose that earthquakes are usually accompanied or preceded by any threatening appearance of the elements. Large numbers of the inhabitants were at church, in attendance on the services of the day. Suddenly the bells tolled without touch of mortal hand: this was the first intimation of the earthquake, which almost simultaneously was upon the unhappy people. The movement of the earth—as in the late wide-spread catastrophe—was from north to south, with transverse jerks from east to west. These cross agitations of the surface, occurring with extreme rapidity, instantly prostrated every thing animate and inanimate. The inhabitants were unable to crawl to the church-doors, and those vast churches, which are characteristic of all South American cities, from the largest to the smallest, descended in ruins around them. Ten thousand persons are said to have been killed in the churches alone. The churches of La Trinidad and Alta Gracia, more than one hundred and fifty feet in height, with naves supported by pillars of twelve and fifteen feet in diameter, were reduced to masses of ruin little more than a man's height. In the barracks a regiment of soldiers had just been drawn up under arms, ready to form part of a procession that was to take place after divine service. Scarcely a man of them was left. And all this was the work of a single minute. From the first tolling of a bell to the falling of the last stone of the city of Caracas, one minute only elapsed. Many thousand persons were maimed and wounded, for whom there was no shelter, no medicine, no food, scarcely a drop of water. There were not even implements wherewith to extricate them from the ruins which lay upon them. The survivors dug out with their fingers two thousand of their crushed fellow-citizens who had still some life remaining in them. The shock had broken the pipes conveying water; the falling in of the earth had choked up the springs which supplied them; there were no utensils in which to carry water from the river. The wounded and sick were carried to the river's bank, and there left under such protection as the foliage afforded. The night, we are told, rose calm and serene; the round, full moon shone over the sad labors of the survivors. Mothers still carried their dead children about, refusing to believe that life had entirely fled. Troops of relatives and friends sought for missing ones up and down streets now to be traced only by long lines of ruins. A sterner duty yet remained. Twelve thousand dead bodies lay around, and decomposition within the tropics may be said to begin at the moment of death. There were no means of digging graves; the bodies must be burned, and that at once. Bands of citizens were set apart for this duty. Vast piles of timber from the ruins of their homes were raised at frequent intervals; bodies of fathers, husbands, wives, children were laid on them; and soon the whole sky was lighted with these awful flames. This lasted for several days, during which the survivors strictly devoted themselves to religious exercises. Some sang hymns; others confessed crimes of which they had never been suspected; numbers made what compensation was in their power.

Narratives as sad could be taken from Santiago (1730); Riobamba, near Quito (1797); Conception (1835); New Granada (1837). Caracas soon rose from its ruins, and is now a handsome city of some fifty thousand inhabitants. As far as accounts inform us it has escaped the catastrophe of 1868.

Up to the present time scientific witnesses assure us that little faith is to be reposed in those appearances which superstition commonly connects with earthquakes. One scientific person indeed—for as such we must account a professor of mathematics in the University of Lima, then the most famous seat of learning on the whole of the American continent—published in 1727 a work entitled "L'Horloge Astronomique des Tremblemens de Terre," or Astronomical Dial of the Earthquakes, in which he marked out the fatal hours in which they might be apprehended. But, as we have already seen, it did not help toward the saving of his fellow-citizens during the frequent attacks to which Lima has been subjected. In truth, earthquakes occur indifferently at all hours of the twenty-four, and at all periods of the year. The circumstances and surroundings which accompany them on some occasions are absolutely wanting in others. The subterranean sounds (bramidos) which at ordinary periods accompany great earthquakes, can not be said to be essentially connected with them. There may be earthquake without the peculiar rumblings, and the peculiar rumblings without earthquake. Thus the earthquake of the 4th of February, 1797, which destroyed Riobamba, and which Humboldt called "one of the most fearful phenomena recorded in the physical history of our planet," was unaccompanied by any subterranean noise whatever. Again, in the elevated table-land of Guanaxuato, subterranean thunderings began about midnight of the 9th January, 1784, and continued without intermission for the space of a whole month, without any disturbing motion of the earth. The city lies among some of the richest silver mines in the world, and large quantities of silver, in bars, were stored within it. Nevertheless, the inhabitants forsook all, expecting the earthquake to be upon them every moment. But, within the city, there was no earthquake; and, at the bottom of the deepest mines, one thousand six hundred feet underground, no shock was felt.

The earth movement appears to vary considerably. It has been already mentioned as occurring from north to south, with quick transverse jerks from east to west. But this is by no means always the case. The movement is sometimes upward, sometimes rotary. In the earthquake near Quito, already referred to, many bodies of inhabitants were thrown into the air: some being found on the hill of Cauca, several hundred feet in height, and on the opposite side of the river. A sailor in mid-ocean was violently flung into the rigging from the deck, as if a mine had exploded under the ship. In other instances walls are observed to be twisted, although not thrown down; and rows of trees will be turned from their previous parallel direction. Stranger still is the facility with which objects on the surface of the earth have been found to shift from one place to another. The furniture of one house has been found on the ruins of a neighbor's; and, at Quito, the council of justice had, in many cases, to decide on the ownership of property, even including fields and growing crops, which had thus shifted their positions without sustaining much apparent injury.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

AMERICANS are not naturally a polite people. They have energy, ingenuity, industry, and many valuable characteristics; but they seem to feel that it is not worth while to waste time or words in being *polite*. An American gentleman traveling in Europe contrasts the business manners of the Russians with those of New Yorkers, giving an instance in his own experience. On going to his bankers' in St. Petersburg, he was shown to a seat, his letter of credit taken by a clerk to one of the firm, who immediately came out from his office, and after a few complimentary inquiries asked him what he could do for him, and in a few minutes the business was done. He retired as if from a friendly interview. On going to a banking-house in New York, he presented his business papers to a clerk, who took them without looking at them, being engaged in a rattling conversation with a companion. At length glancing at them, he pointed with his pen to another desk, saying, "Across the way." The gentleman, who had called to pay the house a bill, went to the other side of the room, and after standing ten or fifteen minutes, obtained attention from one of the clerks, and concluded the business. "There was not a word said," he remarked, "that might be called disrespectful, but there was a total want of 'manners.' In Baedeker's Hand-book for Travelers in Paris, is this significant remark: "To insure civility from servants, officials, and others the traveler in France is cautioned not to omit the inevitable '*s'il vous plaît*,' when making a request, or even when ordering refreshments at a café or restaurant." The French are habitually polite, and marvel at the apparent rudeness of foreigners.

A year ago last August the now famous Howland Will case was brought before the United States Circuit Court in Boston. The details were then fully laid before the public, which, of course, was deeply interested in the result of a cause involving so much property, especially as the plaintiff was herself a millionaire. The Court, after having taken something like fourteen months to make up its opinion, has now decided that there is no competent evidence that such an agreement was ever made between Miss Sylvia Ann Howland and Miss Hetty Robinson (now Mrs. Green) as would annul the last will of the former lady. So the question of forgery, upon which much of the legal interest of the trial depended, has fallen to the ground. It is said an appeal will be made to the United States Supreme Court; but it is not probable the result can be changed.

The *Herald* a few days ago published the following list of public offices said to be held by Irish Roman Catholics in New York city:

Sheriff,
Register,
Controller,
City Chamberlain,
Corporation Counsel,
Police Commissioner,
President of the Croton Board,
Acting Mayor and President of the Board of Aldermen,
President of the Board of Councilmen,
Clerk of the Common Council,
Clerk of the Board of Councilmen,
President of the Board of Supervisors,
Five Justices of the Courts of Record,
All the Civil Justices,
All but two of the Police Justices,
All the police court Clerks,
Three out of four Coroners,
Two Members of Congress,
Three out of five State Senators,
Eighteen out of twenty-one Members of Assembly,
Fourteen-nineteenths of the Common Council, and
Eight-tenths of the Supervisors.

This vast political power is believed to be used in the interests of the Papal Church, securing for its institutions immense grants of valuable real estate from the city as well as large sums of money. The church thus in the first place controls the taxation of city property, and then the appropriation of the millions of revenue received from taxation. It wields the entire legislative power of the city, nine-elevenths of the city's representation in the State Assembly, and three-fifths of its influence in the Senate; it controls all our civil courts, all but two of our police courts, and three-fourths of our Coroners; and under its all potent influence are our Acting Mayor, our Sheriff, our Register, our Controller, our City Chamberlain, the President and fourteen-nineteenths of our Board of Councilmen, and the President and eight-tenths of our Board of Supervisors. The Roman Catholics are said to control and manage the Democratic party.

Velocipedes continue to interest the public, and occasionally the exhibition of one in swift motion on Broadway or in the Central Park attracts all eyes. Somebody earnestly recommends velocipedes on the ground that the cost of keeping a horse a year would buy velocipedes for a whole family—a *large* family, we suppose. Many inventive minds have been, and still are, busy in designing models of these curious vehicles, which shall combine the greatest possible safety and comfort. A marine velocipede has been constructed in Paris, which is said to ride over the water in a charming manner. The slightest movement of the foot turns it, it is not easily upset, and the whole machine is managed in a very simple manner. Evidently horses and boats will soon be at a discount.

Why is coal so enormously high? There is plenty of it in the world. It is estimated that within four years eighteen billions of tons of coal have been discovered in Russia.

It is a singular coincidence that Gioacchino Rossini and Baron James Rothschild—two men whose careers have been so noted, though in different ways—were born in the same year—1792—within two months of each other, and that Rothschild died two days after Rossini. Baron James Rothschild was the fourth son of Meyer Anselm Rothschild, a German banker of the Jewish race. He went to Paris in 1812, the same year in which his father died; his four brothers resided in other cities, but they all constituted one firm, in which they all had an equal interest, while it was conducted under five branches. This great banking-house has long furnished loans to many of the European states as they have required. Their wonderful success and great wealth is, no doubt, in part due to the fact that the Rothschilds have followed the advice of their father, who, with his dying breath, enjoined on them the necessity of an inviolable union. The title of Baron was received from Austria, in acknowledgment of the promptness and courtesy with which the Rothschilds responded to an application for a loan in 1813. A son of Baron James becomes heir to his immense wealth.

Frederic William Dickens, latest surviving brother of Charles Dickens, died a few weeks ago at Darlington, England. He was a genial, good-humored gentleman, with a ready fund of anecdote, and was a general favorite in society.

Some of the residents of New Jersey believe they have experienced shocks of earthquakes; but there has been, as yet, no general shake in this vicinity. If there is, however, it will seem to confirm the theory of Professor S. M. Thorpe of Nebraska College, which he has recently stated he propounded months ago, on the first announcement of an eruption of Vesuvius. His theory was that a vast mass of the crust of the earth, under the West Indies, having, by some means, become detached, had fallen into the burning mass below, and had given rise to the antecedent disturbances in St. Thomas and vicinity; that the shock had sent rolling eastward an irresistible, although sluggish ocean of lava, seeking a vent; that the eruption of Vesuvius was the first demonstration, and that the various outlets of the globe, especially in the line of march, would in regular succession of time give similar tokens of the surging commotion beneath them. Moreover, Professor Thorpe says that he warned the inhabitants of San Francisco that they would experience the effects of this rolling wave of fire; and he also anticipated the Atlantic coast, from New York, southward, would feel some slight effects from the same wave.

An excellent physician of a certain city in Vermont, while driving into town on election morning, was hailed by a friend with the question if he had voted.

"Not yet," said the doctor; "but I have been out all night after a voter. I got him too."

"When will he vote?"

"Oh, about twenty-one years from now."

"Ah—I see. Not bad. Well, look after him, doctor, and see that he votes right."

"No fear. He can't go wrong with the name he's got. His father is a Democrat, but when I told him he had got a boy, and asked him what he would name him, he said: 'Ulysses Grant, by thunder.' So he'll do."

An Eastern paper describes a house recently built in Brownsville, Maine, which is not only shingled, but clapboarded with slate. The slates are put on to the boarding of the walls with only paper between. They are in the form of segments of a circle overlapping each other, and have a very ornamental effect. The natural color of the slate is pleasing to the eye, and no paint is needed. The whole establishment is elegant in appearance, and shows what can be done with native materials. The front steps are of beautiful slabs of slate; the sinks, mantles, shelves, are of slate; the wood-work is of brown ash, a native wood, which makes a handsome finish.

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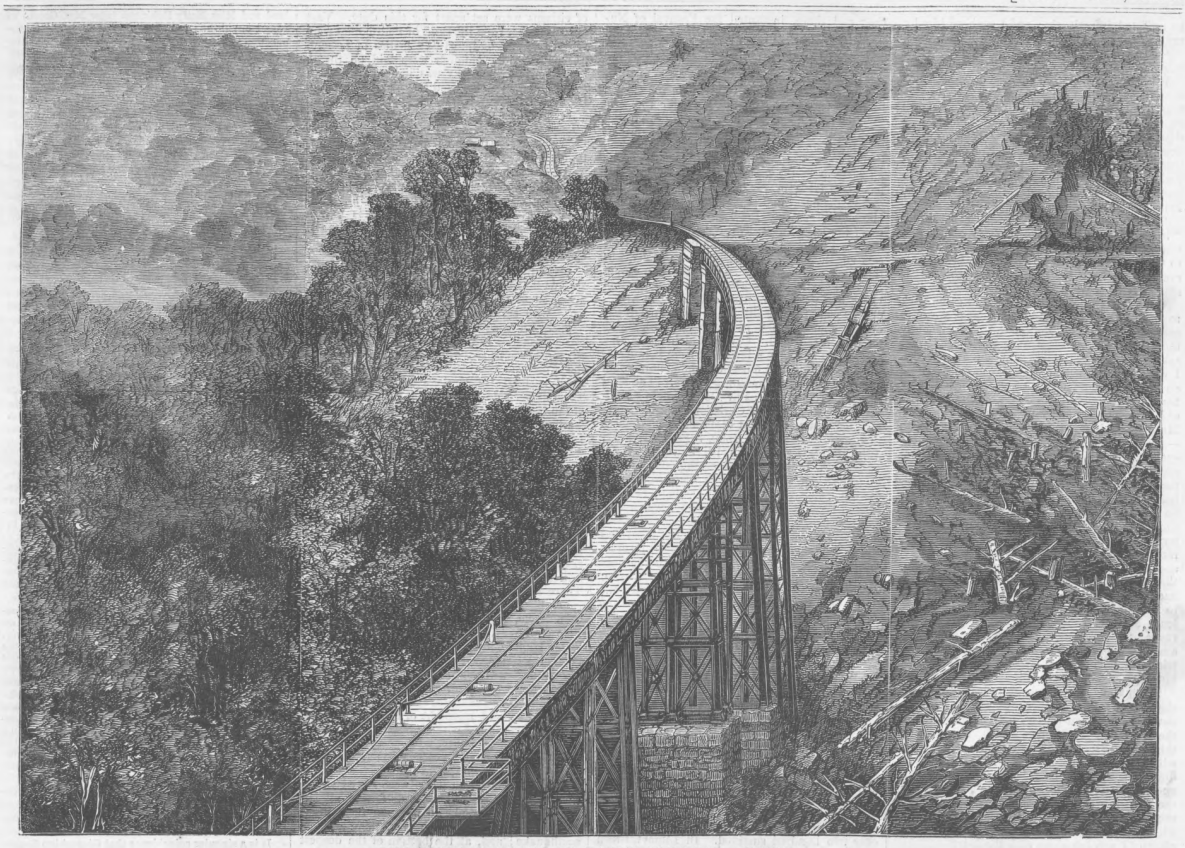


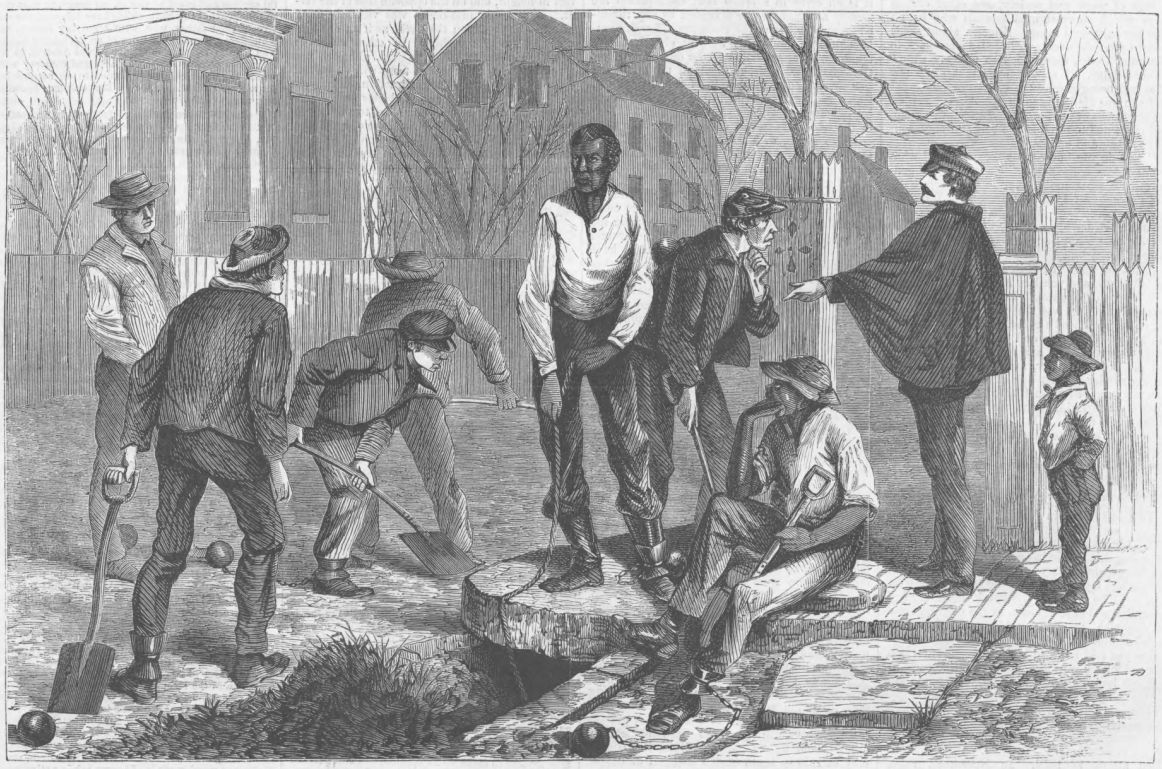
THE SERRA VIADUCT, ST. PAUL'S RAILROAD, BRAZIL.

RICHMOND CHAIN-GANG.

OFFENSIVE as it is to the eye, one is quite tempted by the condition of our New York streets to wish that the Southern custom which our artist illustrates was almost universal. In various Southern cities the municipal authorities are authorized to employ all petty thieves under conviction in the cleaning of the streets; and, chained in gangs and watched by a detail of policemen, they serve in place of our street-scavengers.

ST. PAUL'S RAILROAD, BRAZIL.

THE St. Paul's Railway in Brazil is one of the wonders of modern engineering. Starting from the port of Santos, 250 miles south of Rio de Janeiro, it makes its way across the marshes intervening between the sea and the foot of the Serra, for a distance of twelve miles, to the broad opening of a deep gorge, where it essays its ascent to the summit of this natural obstacle by a series of four planes on a grade of one in ten. Four large Cornish engines, by means of a steel wire rope running over revolving bearings, draw the cars through deep cuttings, over high embankments and gigantic viaducts thrown across gaping ravines, and around curves, to the top of the Serra, upward of 2500 feet above the level of the sea. Here the locomotive takes the train through alternate plain and runs over the elevated plateau to St. Paul's, a city with 40,000 inhabitants, fifty miles from Santos; thence through a more rugged region, by bridge, embankment, cutting, and tunnel, to the town of



CHAIN-GANG AT RICHMOND.—[SKETCHED BY W. S. SHEPPARD.]

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Jundiahy, forty miles from St. Paul's, where it stops for the present until an extension is built to the city of Campinos, twenty-five miles further, and just in the basin which is the best coffee-ground in Brazil.

This road, as far as Jundiahy, was built by an English company, to which the Brazilian Government guarantees 7½ per cent. on the investment, which amounts to nearly two millions sterling. The two chief engineers were Mr. JAMES BRUNLEES, resident in England, and Mr. DANIEL FOX, resident in Brazil. The new Empire is indebted to the science and skill of these gentlemen for the completion of this most important work. Much of the actual work was intrusted to the skill of experienced American contractors. Messrs. D. H. SAMPSON, SAMUEL DRIESBACK, O. C. JAMES, and Dr. REINHART are among those of our countrymen who have been connected with it.

The iron viaduct in the Serra, represented in our engraving, crosses a ravine more than 1000 feet wide and 350 feet deep.

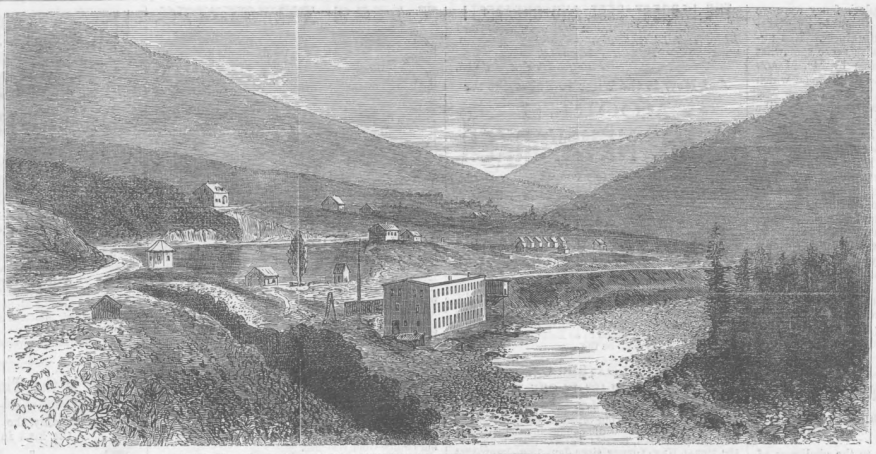
THE HOOSAC TUNNEL.

THE object sought for in the construction of the Hoosac Tunnel and Troy and Boston Railroad was a more direct route from Boston to the West *via* Troy and the New York Central Railroad than is now afforded by the Western Railroad.

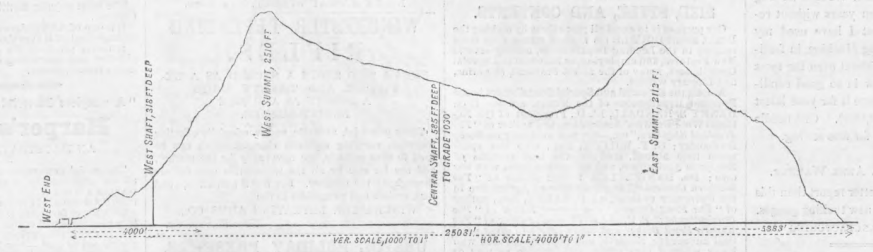
The distance from Boston to Schenectady, *via* the Tunnel and Troy, is 210 miles—*via* Western Railroad and Albany 218 miles, a saving by the former route of eight miles; but the *grades* of the tunnel line being much less than those of the Western road, give the former an average load of 102 tons to 87 tons for the latter.

The length of the tunnel will be 25,031 feet, or about 4¾ miles.

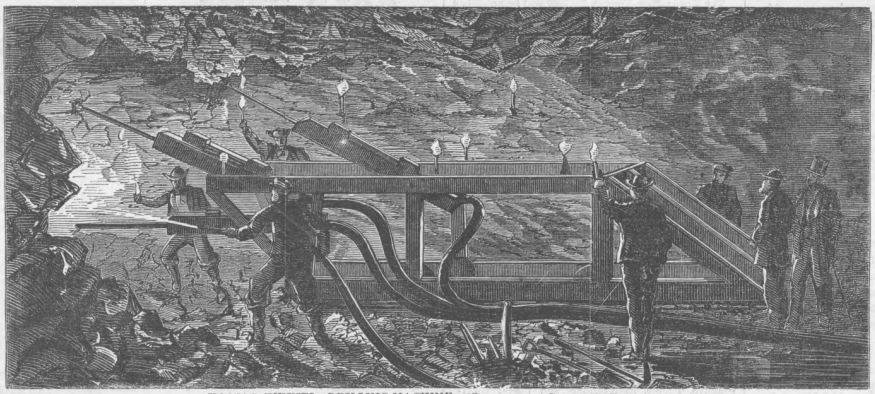
The altitude of the Hoosac Mountain, immediately over the tunnel, is 2510 feet above tide-water at Troy, the height of the mountain above the tunnel at the same point is 1718 feet.



HOOSAC TUNNEL—AIR-COMPRESSING BUILDINGS AND MACHINE-SHOPS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.]



PROFILE OF HOOSAC MOUNTAIN.



HOOSAC TUNNEL—DRILLING-MACHINE.—[SKETCHED BY GEORGE G. ROCKWOOD.]

On the 28th of October connection was made between the west end and the west shaft, so that on that side there is now excavated 4000 feet of Tunnel and Heading; while on the east side there is completed 5283 feet, making a total of 9283 feet of lineal excavation, 15,748 feet being yet unbroken.

There are two principal shafts—the west shaft 318 feet in depth, and the central of 1637 feet. This latter is not finished, a depth of about 600 feet only having been attained.

The drilling of the rock at the east end and west shaft is accomplished by means of the Burleigh air-drill, the motor being compressed air.

The most difficult part of the work has been at the west end in arching through the "demoralized" rock—one of the most laborious feats of engineering ever accomplished in this country, and at one time pronounced impossible by many engineers. Mr. FARREN commenced this part of the work in June, 1866, and has built 800 feet of arched tunnel, most of it through the "demoralized" rock, as it is called, which is disintegrated mica and talcose slate permeated with water, and of the consistency of molasses. Tunneling through such material was only accomplished by a thorough system of drainage *outside* the tunnel and at great expense.

The arching has now reached permanent rock; but the tunnel will have to be lined with brick perhaps 1200 feet further into the mountain.

With money and *management* the tunnel could be readily completed in six years.

The profile gives an idea of the amount of work done and to be done, together with the height of mountain, etc.

HOLIDAY IN THE WOODS.

IF the picture by Mr. SMYTHE, of which, on page 777, we give an engraving from the original painting, retains a tithe of its charm in the medium of black and white,

HOOSAC TUNNEL—ENTRANCE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD, 839 BROADWAY.]

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we should but fetter the reader's fancy were we to attempt with the pen to illustrate its graceful vivacity and natural truthfulness. Not unworthily may it be named with those somewhat similar idyllic subjects drawn by Mr. MASON from the sweet budding time of girlhood which are so deservedly admired. For, though Mr. SMYTHE does not, as is usually the case in the works of the artist we have named, here render an evening effect, with all its beautiful harmonies of subdued yet rich color and all its tender and pensive associations, he is not less faithful to another lovely phase of natural effect. Summer afternoon sunlight, barring with burning gold the cool shade of a country lane, trickling in tremulous twinkle through its overarching foliage, and as they traverse the checkered way, in playful peeps, with radiant pencil, tipping into sprightliest relief a group of pretty little village maids in attitudes of wayward fancy, has seldom been so felicitously expressed. Drawing, color, effect, touch, are alike admirable; and the dazzling yet tempered brilliancy of summer sunlight is in perfect keeping with the sparkling mirth and the lovelier dreamlight shed by youth on earth and sky.

A CHALLENGE FROM A LADY.

NEW YORK, *Oct.* 20, 1868.

Messrs. Wheeler & Wilson, 625 Broadway:

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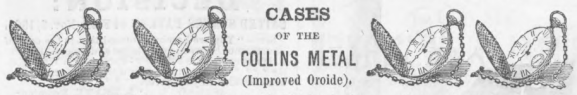

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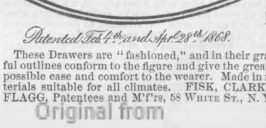

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XII.—No. 624.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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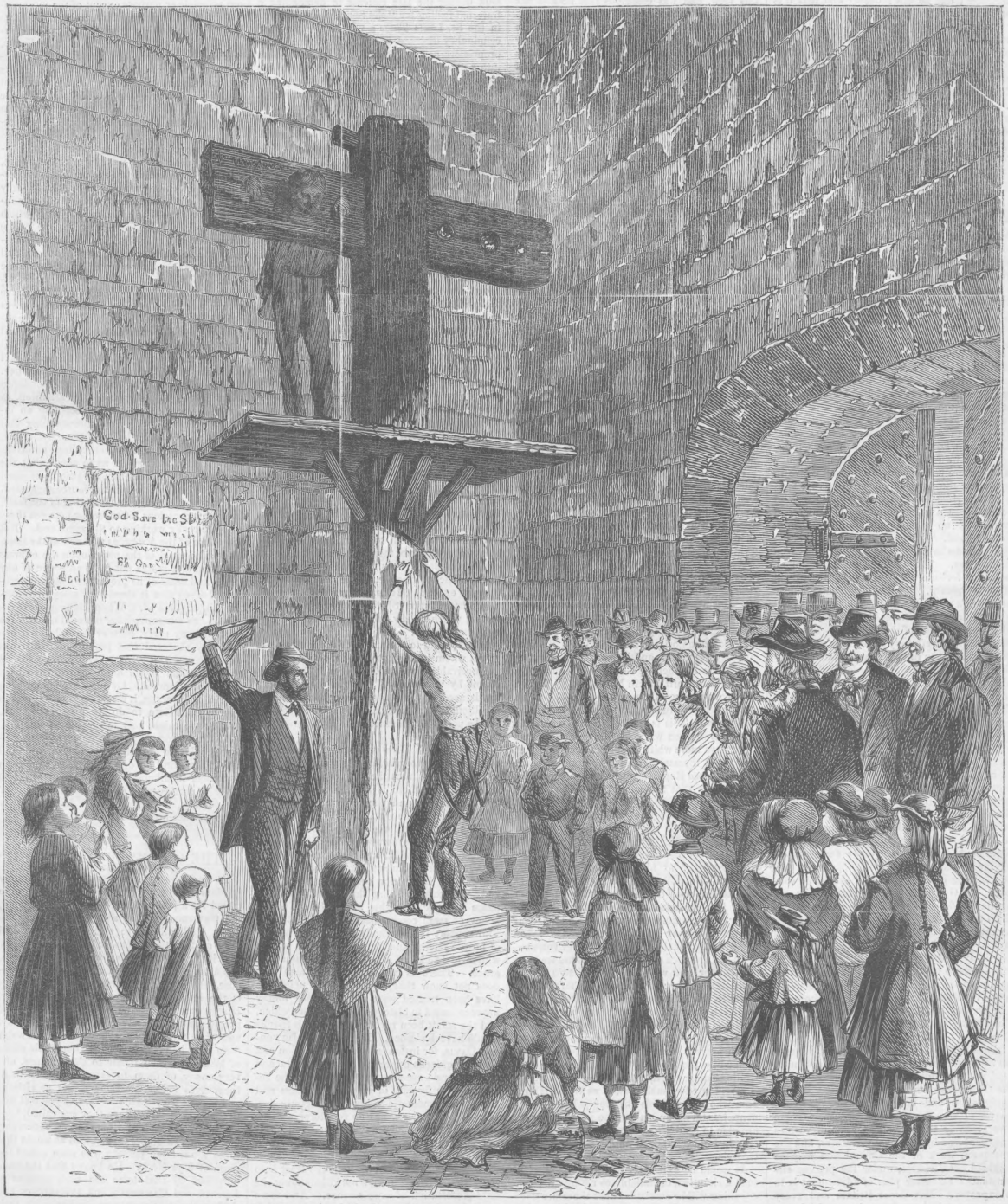

THE WHIPPING-POST AND PILLORY AT NEW CASTLE, DELAWARE.—SKETCHED BY EARL SHINN.—[SEE PAGE 791.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1868.

OUR BRITISH CLAIMS.

MR. REVERDY JOHNSON'S speech at the Lord Mayor's banquet is one thing; the "authentic version" is another. The report published the next morning unquestionably gives the speech as delivered; the "authentic version" may give what was meant to be delivered. That Mr. JOHNSON said more than he ought to have said is evident, and when Mr. DISRAELI remarked that the speech of the American Minister "has prevented the necessity of my imparting to you any Cabinet secrets," there was a sneer which must have sharply stung Mr. JOHNSON, if he understood it. In any case that gentleman is preparing for himself peculiar discomfort if the utmost expectations of both nations are not satisfied with the results of the diplomacy which Mr. JOHNSON so loudly celebrates; and he will probably find that it is very much easier to excite the applause of lively gentlemen by a speech after dinner than to satisfy two nations that seriously differ upon points of interest and pride.

The case of the *Alabama* is not a complicated case. It has been curiously mismanaged, and wholly irrelevant issues have been thrust into it. Thus the point which was understood to be strongly pressed by Mr. SEWARD, that Great Britain must begin by apologizing for recognizing the belligerency of the rebel States, should not have been made a part of the negotiation. The recognition was an unfriendly act, but it was an act of sovereign power, for which there is no remedy but war or an adjustment of the general agreement called international law. Every nation interprets that law or custom at its own pleasure, and, of course, at its own risk. For an unfriendly act we might have peremptorily called Great Britain to account, or have invited a Congress, but we can not expect her to apologize for her interpretation of the law. Moreover, her action recoils terribly upon herself. Her conduct proclaimed the principle that maritime rights may be conceded to a belligerent without a port. That is merely a certificate of piracy, as it proved in our case; and whenever England goes to war the principle of her conduct toward us will annihilate her commerce. She sees this as well as we, and therefore, when the British Government agrees to treat upon the subject of the claims, it virtually confesses the impolicy of its conduct. That Government is more interested than we to renounce its own precedent, and the matter may be left where it is, since it does not involve in any degree the question of our claims for losses by the *Alabama* and other privateers, and merely raises a point of national dignity and honor that no government would surrender upon demand.

Our claims have a very simple and conclusive justification. The Queen's proclamation of neutrality forbade all British subjects to aid either belligerent. Mr. LAIRD, in contempt of the Queen's order, built a vessel for the rebels, to which the United States Consul and Minister called the attention of the British Government. The Ministers were very reluctantly convinced that they ought to interfere, and after most unfriendly delays they sent an order to forbid the ship to go to sea. The order arrived two hours late, and the ship was gone. After leaving Liverpool she was provisioned and manned from the British territory. She put out to sea and ravaged American commerce. Having no port to enter she burned her prizes, and after the British Government by forbidding her to go to sea had acknowledged that it was its duty to arrest her, the *Alabama* was received at British ports, and was there refitted and supplied. Thus she was built and equipped upon British territory, and was enabled to continue her destruction of our commerce by British assistance. There could be no plainer case; and if, waiving the demand that the impropriety of acknowledging belligerent rights should be conceded, our Government had presented its authenticated demand of damages upon a record which the British Government could not deny, the settlement of the question would already have been much further advanced than it is now likely to be for many years.

It seems to be understood that the basis of the arrangement is to be a mixed commission sitting in Washington and, perhaps, alternately in London to hear claims and settle them. If counter claims are also to be heard, the sessions of the Commission will be endless. The *Alabama* captured twenty-eight ships, twenty-two barks, five brigs, six schooners, the steamer *Ariel*, and the United States gun-boat *Hatteras*. The *Shenandoah* captured thirty-eight vessels, mostly ships and barks. The *Florida* took thirty-six; the *Sumter* twenty-seven. There were probably three hundred craft of various kinds captured by the rebel privateers, and the consequent work of the Commission may be imagined. Of course, under the present circumstances, no better plan of adjustment is to be expected. But Great Britain and every great power will have learned a useful lesson from the consequences of the foolish and unfriendly precipitancy of a Government which committed itself against us before the Minister of the United States known to be in England had arrived in London.

THE VOTING IN GEORGIA.

LAST week we stated the facts of the election in Louisiana, showing how complete was the terrorism over loyal voters in that State. The majority for Mr. SEYMOUR was obtained by preventing the opposition vote. This was the plan of JAMES M. MASON when the vote upon secession was to be taken in Virginia. "Take care," said that worthy Democrat and rebel chief, "that any body votes against secession at his peril." The same Democratic method was followed in Louisiana. Colonel KEELER, who is a staff-officer of General ROUSSEAU, recently arrived in Washington and stated that the Republicans did not generally vote because they were advised by their leaders not to attempt to do so for fear of a massacre; and the Colonel frankly confesses that General ROUSSEAU concurred in this view, and was conscious that he had not force enough to preserve the peace at the polls. By whom was that peace threatened? By those who, out of a registration of more than twenty thousand in the city of New Orleans, cast less than three hundred votes, or by those who cast nearly thirty thousand? The party of violence and disorder and rebellion in this country is not the party that has elected General GRANT President.

This week we have the report from Georgia. There are 200,918 registered voters in the State. Last April there were 159,883 votes cast for Governor, of which the Republican candidate, BULLOCK, received 7171 majority. The number of white voters disqualified in April who voted in November is estimated at from 10,000 to 20,000. In November there were 159,414 votes cast, and SEYMOUR'S majority was 46,242. The great bulk of the vote for GRANT was in the sections where there was military protection. A careful analysis of the vote shows that a section of eleven counties, containing 7823 registered votes, with a white majority of only 705, polled 4891 votes for Governor in April, and 4116 for President in November. The majority for the Democratic Governor was 919; that for President 4116, the whole of the vote polled in November. Is it not remarkable that in eleven counties, with 3559 colored voters and with a vote only 775 less than in April, not one man, white or colored, voted for General GRANT? Is it more likely that all who voted for the Republican Governor in the spring have changed their minds, or that their votes were changed after they were cast?

In another section of eleven counties, which contains 10,727 registered voters and 853 colored majority, there were 8118 votes polled in April, and in November 5584, being 2534 less than in April, and of these votes there were but 87 for GRANT. One of these counties gave BULLOCK, the Republican Governor, 1222 votes in April and GRANT 1 vote in November. In the twenty-two counties of these two sections which gave BULLOCK nearly 3000 votes GRANT received 87. A similar investigation shows that in forty-four counties, including the two sections already named, the whole registration was 43,105, and the colored majority 1615. In April there were 30,750 votes polled, and in November only 23,506. The Democratic GORDON'S majority was only 2196 in April, and in November, with 7244 less votes, SEYMOUR'S majority is 20,188, while GRANT received in the forty-four counties only 1659 votes. This is the region of the Camilla riots. But when we reach the sections where there were more white Republicans we find that they voted themselves and gave moral support to the colored Republicans. The survey shows conclusively that the colored vote was largely changed in the boxes or coerced; and we trust that neither the electoral vote of Georgia nor of Louisiana will be received without the most searching investigation. General ROUSSEAU'S statement, by his staff-officer, of his inability with the force at his command to keep the peace at the polls, and his acknowledgment that he approved the action of the Republican party in threatened places in yielding to the terror and declining to vote, should be conclusive testimony that the reported vote of Louisiana is not the will of the lawful voters.

In the presence of such facts as these we hope the quieter and well-disposed citizens of the Southern States understand why there is such doubt in the feeling of the loyal States as to the condition at the South. It is not because it is supposed there are no peaceful and orderly persons there who deprecate the constant confusion which prevails, but because a region must be judged by those who control it, and the controlling public sentiment of the Southern States is represented by such persons as WADE HAMPTON, who recommends coercing political opponents by starvation, and whose political friends are able to establish such terrorism as has been seen in Louisiana, or to nullify votes as seen in Georgia.

It would be extremely foolish to be blind to such a situation, or amiably to assume that every thing will be serene because there are good people who wish that serenity should prevail. If it be evident that order and fair play in the Southern States will not be secured if the national supervision is wholly removed, the duty of the Government is plain. It is very unfortunate that the States will not protect the rights of all their citizens, and that they can not wisely be left to the remedy of the courts and the local authorities. But it would be more than unfortunate—it would be criminal for the Government of the United States to abandon its citizens in any State where such is the situation. What is called peace might have been had at any time by allowing the WADE HAMPTONS to have the exclusive control of affairs. But the quiet that reigns at Warsaw is not the peace which this country intends to have.

HATRED AND CONCILIATION.

THE London *Pall Mall Gazette* speaks of the "fanatical hostility toward the South" which is shown by some prominent politicians in this country. Mr. GEORGE H. PENDLETON and other gentlemen who were in favor of allowing the rebellion to destroy the Union were also very loud during the late canvass in demanding a fraternal feeling for "the South;" and we find in the St. Louis *Times* a vehement charge of criminality directed against this paper and its proprietors, as attempting to "convert the South into a terrestrial hell," and "ministering to the worst passions of ignorance." This is very foolish talk for sensible persons. We have waged constant and unsparing war upon those political and social principles which have plunged this country into the extremest suffering and peril. We have never underrated their dangerous power and inflexible purpose, nor have we ever doubted the ingenuity and the persistence of the chief representatives of those principles. By every means at our command we have sought to expose the real situation, and to incite an opposition as profound and steady as the determination of those who seem to us hostile to the highest welfare of the country.

We have had very little respect for what is called a policy of "conciliation," because we have been conscious that we cherished no vindictive feeling, and that "conciliation" is merely a mask of surrender. The Philadelphia Convention was a movement of "conciliation," and we did not doubt from the first that it would be what it proved to be, an attempt to confuse the public mind as to the actual situation, so that the country would be cheated of the real result of the war. The whole JOHNSON policy was "conciliation," and it meant precisely the same thing. The demand of the Democratic Convention led by ex-rebels, for peace and goodwill, was the same attempt renewed. "Conciliation" is a word which means politically at this time declining to insist upon what was fairly won in the war. We are opposed to any such policy. The great cause of the war, as Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON confessed in London, was Slavery. The friends of Slavery lost, and we are for holding them to their loss. Now the loss of Slavery is not merely the technical emancipation of slaves; it is the readjustment, upon the republican principle, of the States in which Slavery existed. It is the removal of every thing based upon Slavery, except the social feeling which no law, which only time and reason, can remove. "Conciliation" which consists in leaving to the mercy of the masters the slaves whom the defeat of the masters freed is inconceivable nonsense. Yet this is what is meant by "fraternity," and the other smooth words used by the conservatism that palliated rebellion, and opposition to so stupid and suicidal a policy is "fanatical hostility" toward the South.

The St. Louis *Times* undertakes to assert the mildness of slavery before the war. In doing so it merely imitates the folly of General LEE in saying that there is no ill feeling between the late slaves and the late masters. The black codes of the JOHNSON régime and the treatment of the colored voters during the late campaign, the massacres of New Orleans, of Memphis, of Camilla, and elsewhere, are the answer to that statement, even if history were destitute of instruction upon the point. But what we declare is, that the establishment of peace upon equal rights at the South is the policy of mere common-sense, and that those who support it are wholly free from any kind of hostile feeling and from any wish to subject whites to blacks as a punishment or as a disgrace. There is not a Southern man who does not know that he and all his neighbors have been treated with a forbearance totally unprecedented in history—a forbearance which, had the result been reversed, he and his friends would have disdained. The feeling of JEFFERSON DAVIS, for instance, toward the Union and its loyal citizens expressed in his Atlanta and other Georgia speeches at the close of the rebellion; the ferocity of men like TOOMBS and the other Democratic leaders at the South during the late canvass, has no counterpart whatever among loyal men any where. Indeed, it it was very slowly and almost reluctantly that they saw the necessity of securing the legitimate results of the war without the least help from the defeated party, notwithstanding its loud protestation of acquiescence. And there is no fear that "hatred" will inspire any other policy that they may adopt. Yet we trust that our friends are prepared, as we are, to hear every measure that may be necessary to secure justice and equal rights in the disturbed States denounced as intended "to convert the South into a terrestrial hell."

INDEPENDENT JOURNALISM.

THE New York *Times* promptly denies the story that Mr. RAYMOND and Mr. WEED were to buy the Washington *Intelligencer* and make it the "organ" of President GRANT. The daring and absurd violation of every probability in such a statement was truly admirable. That General GRANT would have an "organ" was a laughable conceit; and that Mr. THURLOW WEED would be its resident editor in Washington, and Mr. RAYMOND its corresponding editor in New York, was a suggestion of pure comedy. Indeed, as the Chicago *Tribune*, in a late admirable article, very truly asserts, "organs" are played out. Independent journalism is becoming a power which it never was before; for, hitherto, independent journals have been without principle or purpose except of the most selfish kind, or they have been merely masked batteries. The consideration of great public questions upon grounds of the highest expediency, and with experience, sagacity, and ample information, has certainly not been universal among our newspapers hitherto; while the treatment of General GRANT by the *World*, during the late canvass, shows the pitiable means to which a merely partisan journal, however able, will resort.

But independence of political action and expression, whether in a newspaper or elsewhere, does not imply indifference to parties. Political results in a free country will be attained only by great parties, and the sympathy of every intelligent man will be given to that party which seems to him to promise most for the public progress and welfare. Yet parties need criticism and restraint as much as individuals, and every honorable party-man will gladly welcome both. This has always seemed to us the excellence of *The Nation*—a paper of which we have spoken more than once. Certain circumstances at its beginning added to the peculiar independence of its management have, however, exposed it to the decided hostility of many strong Radicals who can not forgive its satire upon what it considers radical unreason and extravagance. This hostility has lately led to a correspondence which has excited a good deal of attention, as the editor was charged with accepting an increase of capital with the understanding that the paper was to be in some sense an organ, and then violating the understanding; and General BUTLER went so far as to assert that the *Nation* opposed his election because he opposed the increase of capital from the source suggested.

We regret the misunderstanding of the facts, because it occasions bitter feeling between those who are really working to the same end. But the editor of the *Nation*, as we knew at the time, assumed control of the paper upon the express condition that it was not to be an organ of any kind; and those of its projectors who had earnestly desired that it should be, after some discussion, acquiesced. When the paper was issued it was announced that it would not be "the organ of any party, sect, or body," and it has faithfully observed that promise, while it has been so powerful an auxiliary of the liberal cause that the *World* has called it the ablest Republican journal. Of course if it had been started as an organ, it would be perfectly fair to expose its failure to do its prescribed duty. But, as we think, very fortunately it was not. Indeed no accomplished and able man, who proposes to devote himself to journalism, will bind himself to grind an organ if he can make an honorable livelihood otherwise; and while, as we said, parties must do the political work of the country, if they would do it wisely, they must produce and encourage their own critics.

THE "SCUM" OF THE CITY.

A DEMAGOGUE is a man who deliberately panders to the passion and ignorance of a crowd for a political purpose. Mr. HOFFMAN, the Governor-elect, in a late speech at Tammany Hall, alludes to something which had been said in the *Tribune* about "the scum of the city." Those words have a very intelligible meaning. There is no intelligent man, we suppose, who does not understand them. But this is the interpretation put upon them for Mr. HOFFMAN: "Go to the work-shops where the people work from early morn to late in the day, and when the sun is setting wash in cold water from their hands and faces the honorable stains of labor, and then repair to their homes, and very many of them to evening schools to fit themselves better for their duties as citizens and men. Go with me there, and you will find the *scum* of New York, as they are called."

This is rather pitiful for the new Governor. Mr. HOFFMAN knows just as well as we do that these are *not* the persons who were called the scum of New York. He knows that the class described by that term are such persons as LARKIN and CAMPBELL and O'BALDWIN and their associates: men who do not wash their

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hands of the stains of honest labor and go to evening-schools, but who stagger in a frenzy of drink into saloons and grog-shops; who colonize and repeat and bully at the polls; who are midnight brawlers and July rioters; and who murder or are murdered in drunken rows. No man knows better than MR. HOFFMAN, for he has been Recorder, that there is a criminal class in the city, a worthless and dangerous class, and that they are intended by the words "scum of the city." When, therefore, he declares that the words are applied to orderly and industrious and intelligent citizens, he says what every body else knows to be untrue, and what every body feels that he says merely to excite passion and prejudice. A gentleman who is to be Governor of the State of New York should remember that his words publicly uttered attract attention; and he should therefore refrain from saying what he knows will merely move the contempt of intelligent men, or he should beg the newspapers not to report his speeches.

THE RECENT SPECULATIONS.

THE reason which some one wittily gave for not purchasing Erie, that the Company printed it faster than he could purchase it, illustrates one of the dangers to which speculators are exposed; but there is, in the mode of the operation, a still more important warning. In each late instance of the issue of this stock it has been preceded by large sales of it by those who were let into the secret, the purchasers having no knowledge of the intention, and supposing that the stock would be supplied to them from the quantity in existence at the time of the sale. After accepting large quantities the latter begin to suspect that stock has been created for the purpose, and when their pockets are sufficiently depleted the fact of a new issue is made known, to their utter dismay. It is not difficult to decide that a sale founded on this secret knowledge, and not communicated, is a clear violation of honor which the Stock Exchange should annul. The transaction not only could not be maintained in law, but each purchaser thus deceived would have redress if the old and established maxims of law have not passed out of the memory of an elective Judiciary. It may be that the Stock Exchange is now the safer place to have a corrective applied. If the hope is entertained that the Board can have any standing with the public, they will not longer be parties to a mode of dealing which will necessarily drive out of the market such outsiders as decline to put their fortunes at hazard when the dealer is allowed to fix the cards. We hear from all quarters that few orders to purchase stocks are given. This dullness is due to the danger which recent transactions have developed.

We are not entitled to give advice to hardened speculators, and indulge in these observations not so much with a view of correcting disgraceful habits as to point out to those who are engaged in other pursuits the immense danger that results from dealing in stocks. A code of laws has been adopted in Wall Street which places the unwary at disadvantage, and the fear is wide-spread that the bench itself is not wholly free from these influences. In the quiet of every good home a tone is perceived which fixes upon those who engage in such dealings, and still more decisively upon those who are not swift to afford an adequate remedy, the just rebuke which these great violations of honor and law require.

It has been too much the habit for solid men in every part of the Union, when idle capital is lying upon their hands, to invest it temporarily in some speculative stock, in the hope that it may speedily advance. Large fortunes have been lost in the attempt either to protect a purchase thus carelessly made, or by new operations to recover the first loss. The original step is justly regarded as the "assertion of a principle of conduct involving the threat of its repetition." In nothing is this rule so constantly proved as in operations of this nature, and particularly when slight profits at first accrue.

To those who are cursed with a taste for gambling it will be difficult to present any reasonings which have weight. It is merely possible that the discovery of the pernicious code of honor which prevails, and the uncertainty, if it is no worse, in obtaining redress against a fraudulent sale, may induce caution if not repentance where ruin is the certain result.

An examination into the motives of those who speculate in stocks will disclose a tendency which is inconsistent with true happiness, or with delightful intercourse among men. It is founded on a desire to procure wealth, not as the fruit of honorable toil, but from the sweat and toil of others. All the wealth which has been created is the result of the aggregate industry of the world, and when it is procured we obtain what labor has produced. To arrive at independence by giving a fair equivalent in the shape of industry the most skillful, or by mental efforts of a high order in the practice of pursuits beneficial to the world, confers honor and happiness, and is consistent with those laws which must govern each individual if he expects to receive the approval which is valuable above all other. In the long-run it is true policy to adhere earnestly to whatever good business one may have chosen. The large fortune of a great merchant whose career is a matter of astonishment to the thousands who have witnessed its rise from the smallest beginnings, and its rapid progress, is due in great part to the firmest resistance throughout his entire career to go outside of his regular business on suggestions that fortunes could thus be grasped.

But what justification can the thousands have to enter into speculation who occupy positions of trust or employment which they may wield to the injury of their principals? In the light of the example afforded in the management of the Erie Railroad those will be considered exceedingly *green* who suppose that a director of a company, or an officer of a bank, or a clerk in a merchant's counting-room should know that these valuable employments are inconsistent with habits of speculation. The stockholders or employers, the real parties in interest, make their appointments to secure an honest attention to duty, and would instantly displace every servant tainted with this habit. It is therefore a fraud upon the trust either to use, or permit the use by friends, of corporate funds in this manner. A person standing in these relations to others can not without indelicacy or violating confidence use even his own funds in this manner. His time, his judgment, his sagacity, his foresight, these belong to trusting stockholders or employers. They are diverted to other objects when speculation in Wall Street is pursued.

The great mass of men throughout the United States are engaged in some form of substantial industry. They constitute the solid portion of the country, and maintain unchanged the old habits and opinions which generations of honest people have transmitted to our time. They look with horror upon these recent revelations, which they regard as a stain upon our land. The honest yeomanry of the country, in tones not to be misunderstood, nobly stood up for the right in the recent election, and although overpowered by frauds in this State, they were successful throughout the Union, and will effectually place their lasting condemnation upon those who are known to have violated important trusts.

Great works are in progress, some of them stretching across the Continent, and it is not to be concealed that a painful solicitude is felt as to what the future may disclose. The gains which may temporarily arise from mismanagement are as nothing compared with the censures that will be pronounced against those who fail in these places to protect the great interests committed to their charge. They will find that there is virtue enough still left to control the vice which prevails, however extensively it may seem to prevail.

THE SITUATION IN SPAIN.

SPAIN presents an extraordinary spectacle. One of the worst monarchies in Europe has been peacefully overthrown in that country; the Queen, apparently without a single regret, has been exiled: for many weeks an impromptu government has kept the peace: and now it has submitted the question of the future form of government to the people, and immense popular meetings are held in the great cities, some favoring a republic and others a monarchy. What secret intrigues are meanwhile going on we do not, of course, know; but the spectacle is unprecedented in history. VICTOR HUGO and MAZZINI and GARIBALDI, the three Democratic chiefs of Europe, have each issued an address to the people of Spain, telling them what "the world" expects—by which they mean their own ardent hearts. GARIBALDI, who descends to more detail than his brethren, suggests a Dictator for two years and then a Republic. VICTOR HUGO and MAZZINI are in this, at least, wiser than GARIBALDI, that they demand a republic at once. And why postpone it for two years? The Spaniards will not be educated into a republic by two years of dictatorship more than by centuries of monarchy; and to decree the republic two years hence is practically to decree it now.

There seems as yet to be no man who plainly controls the situation even as LAMARTINE did in France for a few weeks in 1848. General PRIM, who is the chief figure of the revolution, has declared for a monarchy, and is supposed not to be unwilling to wear the crown himself; but there is an active, if not numerous, republican party opposed to him. Indeed, nothing would show the unfitness of PRIM as a leader more than his reported willingness to be king. He ought to know that there has been but one royal family founded in modern times, and that was the result of marvelous power and a dazzling career. Royalty at this time, when thrones are every where tottering, and, like ISABELLA'S, quietly tumbling down, demands a more bewildering prestige than any living man can give it. If Spain is to have a king it must be from an old royal stock, not from a new family. Even CROMWELL felt that he could not be king.

The election of the Assembly, which will be virtually a decision of the question, takes place before the holidays; and an election of more peculiar interest has never taken place.

THE GEORGIA QUESTION.

THE Georgia question is interesting, and will require instant attention from Congress. The Fourteenth Amendment was adopted in that State by a Legislature, many of whose members were disqualified from sitting in the Legislature by the amendment itself. The disqualified members then expelled thirty of those who had voted for the amendment upon the ground that they were disqualified by the negro laws of Georgia. If therefore Congress recognizes the latter action, the amendment has never been legally adopted, even in the rebel view; and if it adheres to the terms of the amendment, it will reject the votes of those whom the amendment disqualifies.

The intention of the Reconstruction laws was plain. It was to secure to Georgia and the other States a Republican form of Government, as the Constitution requires. If therefore the new Constitution of Georgia arbitrarily disqualifies any innocent class of voters from holding office, or discriminates against their equality of right in any way, it is void as not being republican. If any State law excludes them, it is unconstitutional and void. Congress, of course, does not propose that its purpose shall be defeated. It is not playing a game of wits with lawyers. When therefore Senators MILLER and HILL present their credentials, it will be the duty of Congress to look into the whole subject; and we have very little doubt that its investigation will show the stringent necessity of a uniform rule of suffrage throughout the country. It is preposterous that a citizen of the United States in Vermont should be stigmatized as unfit to be a citizen of the United States in Georgia or in New York.

The whole subject of the suffrage is very ill understood in the country, and we have seen no more admirable and conclusive treatment of it than a little pamphlet upon *Our Democratic Republic* by HOWARD M. JENKINS, of Delaware—a State in which the folly of the present system is most poignantly felt. The theory that the States only can control the suffrage is a theory which defies the most vital provisions of the Constitution; and the astonishing assertion of Senator TRUMBULL that "a Republican government does not depend upon the number of people who participate in the primary election of representatives" is a direct denial of the American principle that governments justly exist only by the consent of the governed.

A WORTHY OBJECT.

THE Rev. DANIEL WATKINS appeals to the sympathy of the public in behalf of the Manual Labor School of the colored citizens of Tennessee. It has been chartered by the State, and $15,000 have been subscribed by the citizens of the State of every political and religious party. The Board of Trustees have purchased a tract of land, consisting of 300 acres, in Rutherford County, 27 miles south from Nashville, and 3 miles north from Murfreesborough, a portion of which is fenced in, and 135 acres are put under cultivation this year, yielding, in corn, 3200 bushels; cotton, 7½ bales; sorghum, 1500 gallons; estimated worth, $2800. There are over one hundred pupils already on the ground, but there are not sufficient buildings nor farming implements, to say nothing of what is needed for the school-rooms, manufacturing and mechanical branches; so the Board has thought it best to send an agent North to make known the facts, and ask such assistance as friends may be willing and able to give. Mr. WATKINS has the most cordial recommendation from General GEORGE H. THOMAS, Governor BROWNLOW, and other State officers and citizens of Tennessee, and from many well-known gentlemen in Philadelphia and New York. We add our hearty commendation of his appeal.

LITERARY.

"Tablets," by A. BRONSON ALCOTT (ROBERTS BROTHERS). This is a beautiful book in type, paper, printing, and binding, and it is the work of a serene and beautiful nature. It is a series of essays upon topics ranging from sweet herbs to embryons and immortality, revealing a wide acquaintance with the best literature, a mystic and optimistic view of man and nature, and remarkable literary skill. Mr. ALCOTT'S chief admirer hitherto is Mr. EMERSON; but no man can escape the influence of the moral sweetness and purity and repose that breathe from these pages. The book argues no points, defends no theories, but commends itself by its wisdom and insight, and will become a permanent part of our literature.

There will be no more superb and intrinsically valuable book of the holiday season than "The Little Passion of Albert Durer," reproduced in fac-simile and edited by W. C. PRIME. (J. W. BOUTON, New York.) Upon the editor's part it is a labor of knowledge and of love, and a more satisfactory work is not often seen. The book comprises a brief and admirable introductory essay upon wood-engraving, and of ALBERT DURER'S work in that way, followed by the thirty-seven cuts representing incidents in the life of CHRIST, designed by DURER, executed by him or under his immediate supervision, and now reproduced "from the original impressions" by photographic process and printing, by the New York Lithographing, Engraving, and Printing Company. Those who are especially interested in art and its history know the peculiar value of this work, and the genius of the master, and can appreciate the very great service which Mr. PRIME has done to the good cause of æsthetic culture. But the series will equally commend itself to every man who can perceive force and beauty and profound passion in engraving. The sublimity of the story is never lost in the quaintness of the aspect under which it is presented; and as "the time draws near the birth of Christ," there is no one who will not highly prize this vigorous and famous, yet practically new, version of the great story. Apart from its essential interest, we hope that our readers will not fail to see so tasteful and beautiful a book.

WOMAN'S MODERN ASPIRATIONS.

I TELL thee what we want, a clearer space,
More breathing room, some stirring work to do!
"To climb life's hill"—how well you state the case!
Those climb the hill who would enjoy the view.
If true strength lies in a calm nothingness,
Then idiots are all mighty men, I guess.

Soft compliments, indeed, and well expressed!
Love, music, flowers, and other useless matters
Suit our rich sisters. Tell me, are the rest—
The thousand poor ones—still to starve in tatters?
'Tis masculine to doctor, lecture, quibble;
Must women be content to teach or scribble?

"Man hath his fitting tasks"—I grant you so!
And those tasks bring him good substantial payment;
While woman treads the same dull world of woe,
But scarcely gains enough for food and raiment.
She, working hard, is buried among paupers—
He leaves a fortune to his sons and daughters.

"Our heritage of light" sounds really charming!
But yet it brings no money year by year.
Now, were it so with physic, preaching, farming,
You masculines would soon feel rather queer.
Perchance we beat you in our pious notions;
Still, women can't *exist* on their devotions.

To rule the heart of man 's not our ambition,
We can not keep our own in proper trim;
Thus, you would place us in an odd position—
Failing at home, can we bamboozle him?
Such small intrigue may give a moment's fun.
But, when the prize is gained, what have we won?

Thank God! you can't bring back the Middle Ages,
Or make us quite forget our A B C.
Prate as you may, some women have been sages,
And so in future times they yet shall be!
Not resting, minus soul, beside the mountain—
The sweetest flowers grow high by wisdom's fountain.

At best all life contains its share of trial—
Neath freedom's sunlight men can brave the gloom!
Our path, perforce, is strewn with self-denial;
Can we gaze patiently upon our doom?
To serve, to nurse, to tutor, and for all this,
To get sometimes a patronizing kiss.

Then let us still be pure, good, and trusting—
No harm to wish us just a trifle wiser?
A woman not a woman is disgusting,
But independence don't make me despise her.
So, when she's homeless, friendless, and a-weary,
Grant work, with gold, or life will be but dreary.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE Alabama Legislature is discussing bills for the abolition of Ku-Klux violence. The bills make it indictable for any person to appear in a mask, and if any person shoots one who is masked after dark it is to be considered no crime. The time of imprisonment for being disguised is from one to two years.

Attorney-General Evarts has given it as his opinion that the Eight-Hour Law can not govern the price to be paid for a day's labor, which must depend entirely on the value of the work rendered.

General Grant has submitted to the Secretary of War his report as commander of the armies. It is very brief, recommending the transfer of the Indian Bureau to the War Department, and states that a further reduction of the army at present is not advisable.

FOREIGN NEWS.

LATER returns from the English elections indicate a diminution of the Liberal majority. In the manufacturing districts the anti-popery excitement was violent, and an attempt was made to intimidate Liberal voters. The result of this violence will doubtless lead to the agitation of the question of modifying the mode of election by introducing the ballot.

Another mine explosion has taken place in the Arley mine colliery near Wigan, in which fifty-seven persons lost their lives.

Disraeli has refused the peerage: his wife has been created Viscountess of Beaconfields.

From France we learn that the Emperor's health is failing. The excitement consequent upon the prosecution of the editors of various Parisian journals was very great. The editor of the *Reveil* has been sentenced to two months' imprisonment, with a fine of 2000 francs: the editors of the *Tribune* and *L'Avenir* to pay a fine of 2000 francs each: and the editors of the *Temps* and *Journal de Paris* to pay a fine of 1000 francs each, for publishing articles encouraging the subscription for the monument to Baudin.

M. Pierre Antoine Berryer, the celebrated French advocate, died November 28, in his seventy-eighth year.

In Spain the elections for members of the Cortes are to be held on December 18. The continuation of the period of suspense has been very prejudicial to the interests of peace. The strength of the Republican faction has been allowed time to develop itself; and apprehensions of a violent collision between Republicans and Monarchists are increasing.

Our latest advices from Paraguay inform us that the Brazilians were about to attack Lopez at Villeta with a flanking column of 12,000 men. There was to be a simultaneous attack by Marshal Caxias's fleet upon the river batteries.

General M'Mahon, our Minister to Paraguay, and Admiral Davis have been instructed by Secretary Seward to demand and obtain prompt redress for the late outrage inflicted upon American citizens by President Lopez.

Mount Etna is in a state of eruption.

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H. RIVES POLLARD.

THE assassination of H. RIVES POLLARD, Esq., at Richmond, on the 24th of November, has awakened throughout the country a sensation of aversion for the murderer mingled with detestation for the victim. In Richmond, however, the latter sentiment is uppermost, and the assassin, upon his arrest, was cheered in the streets as if he were a hero.

H. RIVES POLLARD was a native of Virginia, having been born at Alta Vista, in Nelson County, about 30 miles from Lynchburg. He was the son of Major RICHARD POLLARD, an officer in the United States army. He completed his education at the Virginia Military Institute, and held a clerkship for some time in the Post-Office Department in Washington. He was connected with a newspaper in Leavenworth, Kansas, during the troubles in that Territory, and with the Baltimore *Sun* as news editor when the war commenced. He first became known to the public as the editor of the Richmond *Examiner*, the newspaper of the late J. M. DANIELS. His writings, sharp and trenchant, were often bitter and personal. After the suppression of the rebellion Mr. POLLARD revived the *Examiner*, which was subsequently allied with the *Times*, and after a brief and unsuccessful career was wholly suspended. While the proprietor of this paper he had a personal rencontre in the lobby of the Virginia State House with Messrs. TYLER and COLEMAN, of the Richmond *Enquirer*, during which several pistol shots were fired. It is somewhat over a year ago that the deceased started the *Southern Opinion*, a paper representing the extreme political sentiments of the South. Having received a threatening letter from two officers of the United States army, who had or were about to fight a duel, and who had no desire that the particulars should be published, Mr. POLLARD informed General SCHOFIELD and had the parties arrested. This was the last time that he was brought prominently before the public previous to his death. Mr. POLLARD was about 35 years of age. He was about five feet ten inches high, had black eyes and dark complexion, and wore a heavy black beard, which had not been trimmed for years. His manner was cordial to all friends, haughty to foes, and reserved to those with whom he was slightly acquainted.

Mr. POLLARD was the brother of EDWARD A. POLLARD, author of "The Lost Cause." He was, as we have above stated, the editor of the *Southern Opinion*. On the Saturday previous to his death an article was printed in that paper reflecting upon the character of a daughter of WILLIAM H. GRANT, a wealthy tobacconist in Richmond. The article was purposely insolent; and it is certain that Mr. POLLARD would have shot at sight the editor of any journal which had thus shamefully insulted his own sister. JAMES GRANT, the brother of the girl, moved by a similar feeling, shot Mr. POLLARD on the morning of the 24th as the latter was entering his office at about 10 o'clock. The shot was fired from a third-story window opposite, from a double-barreled gun loaded with buckshot. Mr. POLLARD fell upon his face and immediately expired. It is said that POLLARD'S paper has recently assailed a number of people in Richmond in a very coarse manner, and this fact accounts for the spirit manifested by the citizens toward the assassin.

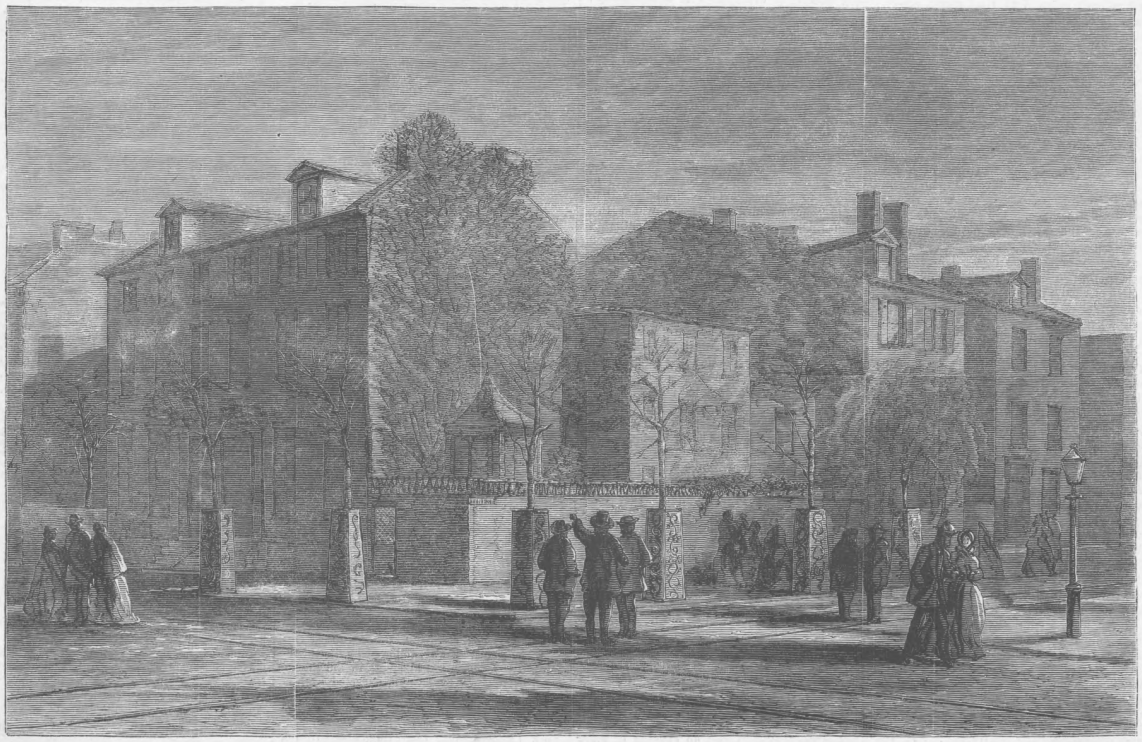
Mr. EDWARD A. POLLARD, who left New York for Richmond as soon as he received intelligence of the murder, published a card on the 26th, claiming justice for his brother. He asserts truly that the murder was committed in the most cowardly manner, and that the article in question was not written by his brother.

H. RIVES POLLARD, ASSASSINATED NOVEMBER 24, 1868.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. R. REES & CO., RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.]

INTERIOR OF AN ALASKA HUT.

THE Indians of the country lately called Russian America, the peninsula opposite Kamtschatka, on the east side of Behring Strait, which has now become a Territory of the United States Government, almost universally adopt underground houses for winter use. Our illustration on page 789 represents the interior of one. They are simply square holes, sometimes lined with logs or boards, the roof alone raised above the level of the soil. The entrance is often a rude shanty on the surface. Passing into this you find a hole in the ground into which dropping you reach a subterranean passage 2½ feet in height, through which you crawl into the chamber. The fire is made on the floor of the room, and when the cooking arrangements are over the embers are thrown out of the "smoke-hole" in the roof, which is then covered tightly with a skin. The entrance-hole is covered in the same way, which, of course, effectually shuts in all warmth, with a good deal of smoke and carbonic acid gas. In fact, so hot are these dwellings in the coldest weather that the Indians are found living inside in a semi-nude condition. The dirt and odor of these houses are often intolerable, and would not suit a squeamish person; but the explorers of the late telegraph expedition were often glad of their shelter in the wintry gales and blinding snowstorms common to this country.

These Indians, though much resembling the Esquimaux in manners and customs, are a finer and larger race of people, the men frequently attaining a higher standard than ourselves; the women almost invariably stout, greasy, and good-humored. These people were much employed by the late Western Union Telegraph expedition.



SCENE OF THE PHILADELPHIA TRAGEDY, CORNER OF TENTH AND PINE STREETS.—SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 796.]

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ALASKA—INTERIOR OF AN INDIAN HUT.—[SEE PAGE 788.]

MY WIFE'S PROMISE.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON.

IT was my fate at an early period of my life to abandon myself to the perilous delights of a career which of all others exercises the most potent fascination over the mind of him who pursues it. As a boy I joined a band of brave adventurers in an Arctic expedition, and from the hour in which I first saw the deep cold blue of the northern sea, and felt the subtle influence of the rarefied polar air, I was for all common purposes and objects of life a lost man. The expedition was unfortunate, though its leader was a wise and scientific navigator—his subordinates picked men. The result was bitter disappointment and more bitter loss—loss of valuable lives as well as of considerable funds. I came back from my cruise in the *Weatherwise*, to the western world, rejoiced beyond measure at the idea of being once more at home, and determined never again to face the horrors of that perilous region which had lost me so many dear companions. I, Richard Dunrayne, was the elder son of a wealthy house, my father a man of some influence in the political world, and there were few positions which need have been impossible for me had I aspired to the ordinary career affected by British youth. I had been indulged in my early passion for the sea, in my later rage for Arctic exploration; and it was hoped that, having satisfied these boyish fancies, I should now settle down to a pursuit more consonant with the views and wishes of my people. My mother wept over her restored treasure, and confessed how terrible had been her fears during my absence; my father congratulated me upon having ridden my hobby, and alighted therefrom without a broken neck; and my family anxiously awaited my choice of a profession.

Such a choice I found impossible. If I had bartered myself body and soul, by most explicit formula, to some demon of the icebergs, or incarnate spirit of the frozen sea, I could not have been more completely bound than I was. From the Christmas hearth round which dear friends were gathered, from my low seat at my mother's knee, from worldly wealth and worldly pleasure, the genius of the polar ocean beckoned me away, and all the blessings of my life, all the natural affections of my heart were too weak to hold me. In my dreams, again and again, with maddening repetition, I trod the old paths, and saw, ghastly white against the intense purple of that northern sky, the walls of ice that had blocked our passage. It seemed to me that if I could but find myself again in that dread solitude, success would be a certainty. It seemed to me as if we had held the magic clew to that awful labyrinth between our fingers, and had, in very folly, suffered it to escape us. "A new expedition, aided by the knowledge of the past, *must* succeed," I said to myself; and when I could no longer fight against the prepossession that held me I consulted the survivors of our unfortunate voyage, and found in their opinions the actual echo of my own convictions.

We met many times, and our meetings resulted in the organization of a new journey. Money was poured into our little treasury like water, so poor a dross did it seem to us compared with the jewel we went to seek. Our preparations had begun before I dared tell those who loved me that I had pledged myself to a second expedition. But at last, one bright spring evening, I went home and announced my decision. I look back now and wonder at my own heartlessness, and yet I was *not* indifferent to their grief. The cry that my mother gave when she knew the truth rings in my ears as I write this. No; I was not indifferent. I was possessed.

My second voyage resulted in little actual success, but was to me one prolonged scene of enjoyment. I was a skilled seaman and navigator, no indifferent sportsman, and having acquired some slight reputation during the previous voyage, now ranked high among the junior officers on board the *Ptarmigan*. We wintered at Repulse Bay, with a short stock of fuel, and a shorter supply of provisions; but we managed with a minimum of the former luxury, and supplied all deficiency of the latter by the aid of our guns. Never was a merrier banquet eaten than our Christmas dinner of reindeer steaks and currant dumplings, though the thermometer had sunk 79° below freezing-point, and our jerseys and trowsers sparkled with hoar-frost.

The brief summer of that northern latitude brought us some small triumphs. We spent a second winter in snow-houses, which resembled gigantic bee-hives, and were the snuggest possible habitations, and in the second summer turned our course homeward, in excellent health and spirits. I returned to England to find my mother's grave bright with familiar autumnal flowers in a suburban cemetery, and to know that the tender arms which had clung about me in the hour of parting would never encircle me again. The blow was a severe one, and for some time to come I thought with aversion of that strange northern world which had cost me, and which was yet to cost me, so much.

Time passed, and I remained in England, at five-and-twenty years of age, a broken man. With the men I met I had no point of sympathy. Their pursuits bored me, their paltry ambitions disgusted me. The pleasures of a city life had not the faintest charm for me. A polar bear would have been as much at home as I was in a West End ball-room, and would have been as interested in the conversation of a genteel dinner-table. Away from my old comrades of the *Weatherwise* and the *Ptarmigan*, I had not a friend for whom I really cared; and as the civilized world grew day by day more distasteful to me, the old longing revived — the old dreams haunted my sleep. In my father's handsome drawing-rooms I yearned for the

"WE EXAMINED THE BOARD AT THE HEAD OF THE MOUND."

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rough stone cabin of Repulse Bay, or the snow-hives of Cape Crozier. Another expedition was afloat, and letters from my old messmates announced anticipated triumphs, and warned me of the remorse which I should suffer when the hardy victors returned to reproach the idler who preferred to live at home at ease while old friends were drifting among the ice-floes, and bearding the grizzly tyrant of the North.

I let them go without me, at what sacrifice was only known to myself. My father's health had been declining from the hour of my mother's death, and I was determined not to leave him. *This* duty at least I would not abnegate. This last sad privilege of attending a father's death-bed I would not barter to the all-exacting demon of the frozen seas. For three empty, patient years I remained at home; my hands reverently closed the eyes that had never looked on me but with affection, and I alone watched the last quiet sleep. This being done I was free once more, and the old infatuation held me close as ever. My father's death left me wealthy, and to my mind wealth had but one use. All the old yearnings were intensified by tenfold for the saddest reason. The *Ptarmigan* had never been heard of since the hour she left Baffin's Bay, and the fate of those familiar comrades with whom I had lived in the closest communion for two happy years was a dark enigma, only to be solved by patient labor. The expedition had not been of sufficient importance to attract much attention from the scientific world; there had been too much of a volunteer and amateur character in the business; but when the fact of the *Ptarmigan's* disappearance became known a meeting of the Royal Society gave all due consideration to the case, and promised help to a party of investigation.

My ample fortune enabled me to contribute largely to the expenses of the new voyage, while volunteers and voluntary contributions poured in from every quarter. I had difficulty in selecting officers and crew from so large a number of hardy adventurers; but I was prudent enough to engage the crew of a battered old whaler for the staple of my men. We were away in all six years, wintering sometimes in South America—once in New York, and getting our supplies as best we might. We made some discoveries which the Royal Society received with civil approval; but of those we went to seek we found no trace; and I began to think that the fate of my old friends was a mystery never to be solved below the stars.

I came back to England at thirty-four years of age, a hardy wanderer, with a long brown beard that seemed lightly powdered with the northern snow, and with the strength of a sea-lion. For the best years of my life I had lived in snow-hives and stone-cabins, or slept at night amidst the white wilderness of ice in a boat my stalwart shoulders had helped to carry during the day. Heavens! what a rough unlicked cub, what a grim sea-monster I must have been; and yet Isabel Lawson loved me! Yes, I came back to England to find a fairer enchantress than the spirit of the frozen deep, and to barter my liberty to a new mistress. One of my sisters had married during my absence, and it was at her country house I took up my abode. The young sister of her husband, Captain Lawson, was here on a visit, and thus I met my fate.

I will not attempt to describe her; the innocent face, so lovely to my eyes, was perhaps less perfect than I thought it; but if perfection wears another shape, it is one that bears no charm for me. Isabel was my junior by sixteen years, and for a considerable period of our acquaintance regarded me as a newly acquired elder brother, whose age gave something of a paternal character to the relationship. For a long time I looked upon her as a beautiful picture, an incarnate presentment of all that is tender and divine in womanhood, and as far away from me as the stars which I pointed out to her in our summer evening rambles by the sea-shore near our country home.

How I grew to love her I will not ask myself. She was a creature whom to know was to love. How she grew to love me is a mystery I have often tried to solve; and when I have asked her, with fear and wondering, why I was so blessed, she told me it was because I was brave and frank and true, and worthy of a woman's love. God help my darling, the glamour of the frozen North was upon me, and the mere story of the wondrous world I knew had magic enough to win me the heart of this angel. She was never tired of hearing me describe that wild region I loved so well. Again and again I told her the histories of my several voyages, and the record seemed always to have a new charm for her.

"I think I know every channel in Davis's Strait and Baffin's Bay," she said to me a day or two before our wedding; "and the ice-bound coast, from Repulse Bay to Cape Crozier, and the ice-packs over which you carried your boats, and the shoals of seals and clouds of ducks, and the colony of white whales, and the dear little snow-houses in which you lived so snugly. Don't you think we ought to spend our honey-moon at Cape Crozier, Richard?"

"My precious one, God forbid that I should ever see you in that wild place."

"Be sure, Richard, if you went there, I should follow you."

And she kept her word.

Dream-like, and oh, how mournful! seems the bright scene of my bridal-day, as I recall it to-night beside a lonely hearth in the house of a stranger. My Isabel looked like a spirit in her airy robe and veil; and I, to whom the memories of the North were ever present, could well-nigh have fancied she was clad in a snow-cloud. I asked her if she were content to have given her young beauty to a battered veteran like me; and she told me yes, a thousand times more than content—inexpressibly happy.

"But you will never leave me, Richard?" she said, looking up at me with divine love in her deep blue eyes; and I promised again, as I had promised many times before, that the North should never draw me away from my beloved.

"You shall be my pole-star, dearest, and I will forget that earth has any wilder region than the woods and hills around our happy home."

My darling loved the country, and I loved all that was dear to her; so I bought a small estate in North Devon—a grange and park in the heart of such a landscape as can only be found in that western shire. I was rich, and it was my pride and delight to make our home as beautiful as money and care could make it. The restoration of the house, which was as old as the Tudors, and the improvement of the park, employed me for more than a year—a happy year of home joys with as sweet a wife as Heaven ever gave to man since Adam saw Eve smiling on him among the flowers of Paradise—and during the whole of that time I scarcely thought of the North. With the beginning of our second year of happy union, I had even less inclination to think of my old life; for God had blessed us with a son, pure and blooming and beautiful as the region in which he was born.

Upon this period of my life I dare not linger. For nearly two years we held our treasure; and if any thing could have drawn us nearer to each other than our love had made us long ago, it would have been our affection for this child. He was taken from us. "The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord." We repeated the holy sentences of resignation; but it was not resignation—it was despair that subdued the violence of our grief. I laid my darling in his grave under the mid-summer sky, while one bird was singing high up in the heaven where I tried to picture him, among a band of such child-angels; and I knew that life could never again be to me what it had been. People told me I should perhaps have other children as dear as this.

"If God would give this one back to me He could not blot from my memory his suffering and his death," I answered, impiously.

For some time my sorrow was a kind of stupor—a dull, dead heaviness of the soul, from which nothing could raise me. Isabel's grief was no less intense, no less bitter; but it was more natural and more unselfish. She grew alarmed by my state of mind, and entreated me to try change of scene.

"Let us go to London, Richard," she said; "I shall be glad to leave this place, beautiful and dear as it is."

Her pale face warned me that she had sad need of change; and for her sake, rather than my own, I took her to London, where we hired a furnished house in a western square.

Being in town, and an idle man, with no London tastes and no friends, it is scarcely strange that I should attend the meetings of the Royal Society. The fate of Franklin was yet unknown, and the debates upon this subject were at fever-heat. A new expedition was just being fitted out by the Government, and there could be no better opportunity for a volunteer band, which might follow in the track of the government vessel.

In the rooms of the Society I encountered an old comrade who had served with me in my first voyage on board the *Weatherwise*, and he exerted his utmost powers of persuasion to induce me to join himself and others in a northward cruise to search for Franklin and for our lost companions of the *Ptarmigan*. I was known to be an old hand, well provided with the sinews of war, adventurous and patient, hardened by many a polar winter; and my friend and his party wanted me for their leader. The proposal flattered me more than I can describe, and caused me the first thrill of pleasure I had known since my son's death. But I remembered my promise.

"No, Martyn," I answered; "the thing is impossible. I am a married man, and have given my word to the dearest wife in Christendom that I will never go out yonder again."

Frank Martyn took no pains to conceal his disappointment at my decision, nor his contempt for my motives.

It was my habit to tell my wife every thing; and I told her of the debates at the Royal Society, and of this meeting with an old comrade.

"But you will keep your promise, Richard?" she asked, with a sudden look of fear.

"Until the end of life, my darling, unless you should release me from it."

"Oh, Richard, that is not likely; I am not capable of such a sacrifice."

I went again and again to the Royal Society; and I dined at a club with my friend Martyn, who made me known to his friends, those eager volunteers who panted for the icy winds of the Arctic zone, and languished to tread the frozen labyrinth of polar seas. I listened to them, I talked with them, and the demon of the North resumed his hold upon me. My wife saw that some new influence was at work, that my home life was no longer all in all to me.

One day, after much anxious questioning, she beguiled me of my secret. The old yearning was upon me. I told her how every impulse of my mind—every longing of my heart—urged me to join the new enterprise; and how, for her dear sake, I was determined to forego the certainty of pleasure, and the chances of distinction. She thanked me with a sigh.

"I stand between you and the purpose of your life, Richard," she said; "how selfish I must seem to you!"

"No, darling, only tender and womanly."

Upon my persistent refusal to command the expedition, my friend Martyn was unanimously elected captain. A wealthy brewer of an adventurous turn provided the larger part of the funds, to which I gladly contributed my quota.

"I know Dunrayne will go with us," said Frank Martyn. "He'll turn up at the last moment and beg leave to join.—But remember, Dick," he added, turning to me, "if it is the last moment you'll be welcome, and I shall be proud to resign the command to a fellow who knows the Arctic zone as well as a cockney knows Whitechapel."

The preparations for the voyage lasted longer than had been anticipated. Months went by, and I still lingered in town, though I knew that Isabel would have preferred to return to Devonshire. I could not tear myself away while the *Forlorn Hope*, the vessel chartered by the brewer, was still in dock. I saw the adventurers almost daily, assisted in their preparations, pored over the chart with them, and traveled over every inch of the old ground with a pencil for their edification.

It was within a week of the departure, and the fever and excitement of preparation was stronger upon me than on any one of the intending voyagers, when my wife came to me suddenly one morning, and threw herself, sobbing, into my arms.

"My dear Isabel, what is this?" I asked, in alarm.

"Oh, Richard, you must go," she sobbed; "I can not hold you from your destiny. My selfish fears are killing you. I can see it in your face. You *must* go to that wild awful world, where Heaven has guarded you in safety before, and will guard and guide you again. Yes, darling, I release you from your promise. Is God less powerful to protect you yonder than here? He made that world of eternal ice and snow, and where He is there is safety. No, Richard; I will not despair. I will not stand between you and fame. I heard you talking in your sleep last night, as you have talked many nights, of that distant solitude: and I know that your heart is there. Shall I keep my husband prisoner when his heart has fled from me? No, Richard, you shall go."

She kissed me and fell fainting at my feet. I was blinded by my own selfish folly, and did not perceive how much of her fortitude was the courage of despair. I thought only of her generosity and my release. It was not too late for me to accept the command of the *Forlorn Hope*. I thanked my wife with a hundred kisses as her sweet eyes opened upon me once more.

"My darling, I shall never forget this," I cried; "and it shall be the last journey, the very last. I swear it, by all that is most sacred to me. There is no danger, believe me, none, for a man who has learned prudence as I have done—in the school of hardship."

There was only a week for leave-taking.

"I can bear it better so," said my wife; "such a blow can not be too sudden."

"But, my darling, it is no more than any other absence; and, remember, it is to be the last time."

"No, Richard, do not tell me that. I think I know you better than you know yourself. A man can not serve two masters. Your master is *there*. He beckons you away from me."

"But for the last time, Isabel."

"Well, yes," she answered, with a profound sigh. "I think that when you and I say good-by next week we shall part for the last time."

The sadness of her tone seemed natural to the occasion; nor did I remark the melancholy significance of her words.

"I will make you a flag, Richard," she said to me next day. "If you should discover any new spot of land out yonder you will like to raise the British standard there, and I should like to think that my hands are associated with your triumph."

She set to work upon the fabrication of a Union Jack. I remembered a melancholy incident in the life of Sir John Franklin, and I hardly cared to see her thus employed; but I could not sadden her with the story, and she worked on with a happier air than I could have believed possible to her. Alas! I little knew that this gayety was but an heroic assumption sustained to save me pain.

My darling insisted upon examining my charts, and made me show her every step of our projected journey—the point where we hoped to winter—the land which we intended to explore on sledges—the spots where we should erect cairns to mark our progress. She dwelt on every detail of the journey with an interest intense as my own.

"I think I know that distant world as well as you, Richard," she said to me on the last day of all. "In my dreams I shall follow you—yes, I *know* that I shall dream of you every night, and that my dreams will be true. There must be some magnetic chain between two beings so closely united as we are, and I am sure that sleep will show you to me as you are—safe or in danger, triumphant or despondent. And in my waking dreams, too, dear, I shall be on your track. My life will be a double one—the dull commonplace existence at home, where my body must needs be, and the mystic life yonder, where my soul will follow you. And, dear husband," she continued, clinging to me and looking up with a new light in her eyes, "if I should die before you return—"

"Isabel!"

"Of course that is not likely, you know; but if I should be taken from you, darling, you will know it directly. Yes, dear, at the death-hour my spirit will fly to you for the last fond parting look upon earth, as surely as I hope it will await you in heaven!"

I tried to chide her for her weird Scottish superstition; but this speech of hers, and the looks that accompanied it, shook me more than I cared to confess to myself; and if it had been possible to recede with honor, I think I should have resigned the command of the *Forlorn Hope*, and staid with my wife. O God, that I had done so at any cost of honor, at any sacrifice of friendship!

But my fate drew me northward, and I went. We started in July, and reached the point that we had chosen for our winter harbor at the end of August. Here we walled our vessel round with snow, and roofed her over; and in this grim solitude prepared to await the opening seas of summer. To me the winter seemed unutterably long and dreary. I was no longer the careless bachelor who found amusement in the rough sports of the sailors, and delight in an occasional raid upon the reindeer of the ice-bound coast. I had indeed tried to serve two masters; and the memory of her I had left behind was ever with me, a reproachful shadow. If, now, I could have recalled the past, and found myself once more by that hearth beside which I had languished for the old life of adventure, how gladly would I have made the exchange!

The long inactive winter that was so dreary to me seemed pleasant enough to my companions. We had plenty of stores, and all were hopeful as to the exploits of the coming summer. We should find the crew of the *Ptarmigan*, perhaps, hardy dwellers in some inaccessible region, patiently awaiting succor and release. With such hopeful dreams my comrades beguiled the wasted days; but I had lost my old power of dreaming, and a sense of duty alone sustained my spirits. My friend Frank told me that I was a changed man—cold and stern as the veriest martinet.

"But all the better man for your post," he added. "The sailors love you as much as they fear you, for they feel that they would find you as steadfast as a rock in the hour of peril."

The summer came, the massive ice-packs were loosened with sounds as of thunder, and drifted away before a southern breeze. But our freedom brought us nothing save disappointment—no traces of our friends of the *Ptarmigan* gladdened our eyes, no discovery rewarded our patience. Scurvy had cost us four of our best men, and the crew was short-handed. Before the summer was ended we had more deaths; and when the next winter began Martyn and I faced it drearily, with the prospect of scant stores and scanter fuel, and with a sickly and disheartened crew. We had reason to thank God that the poor fellows were faithful to us under conditions so hopeless.

Before the coldest season set in we left our vessel in tolerably safe harbor, and started on a land expedition, still bent on our search for traces of the missing *Ptarmigan*. We had a couple of sledges and a pack of Esquimaux dogs, faithful hardy creatures, who thrived on the roughest fare, and were invaluable to us in this toilsome journey. No words can paint the desolation of this wild region—no mind can imagine that horror of perpetual snow, illimitable as eternal.

Martyn and I worked hard to keep up the flagging spirits of our men. One poor fellow had lost his foot from a frost-bite, and but for our surgeon's clever amputation of the disabled member, must have surely perished. He was of course no small drag upon us in this time of trial, but his own patient endurance taught us fortitude. We had hoped to fall in with a tribe of Esquimaux, but saw none after those from whom we bought our dogs.

So we toiled on, appalled by the grim change in each other's forms and faces, as short rations and fatigue did their work. The dead winter found us again reduced in number. We built ourselves a roomy snow-house, with a cabin for the dogs; and here my friend Frank Martyn lay sick with three other invalids throughout our hopeless Christmas. My own health held out wonderfully. My spirits rose with the extremity of trial, and I faced the darkening future boldly, beguiling myself with dream-pictures of my return home, and my wife's glad face when she looked up from her lonely hearth and saw me standing on the threshold of the door.

It was Christmas-day. We had dined on pemmican—a peculiar kind of preserved meat—biscuit, and ice. Spirit we had none, save a little carefully stored in case of urgent need. After our brief repast the able men went out in a body in search of sport for their guns, but with little hope of finding any thing. The invalids slept, and I sat by the fire of dried moss which served to light our hut, with the aid of a glimmer of cold dull daylight that came to us through a window of transparent ice in the roof.

I was thinking of England and my wife—what else did I ever think of now?—when one of the men rushed suddenly into the hut, and fell on the snow-bank that served for a bench. He was white to the lips, and shivering as no man shivers from cold alone.

"Good God, Hanley, what is the matter?" I cried, alarmed by the man's terror.

"I went away from the others, Captain," he began, in rapid, gasping accents, "thinking I saw the traces of a bear upon the snow; and I had parted from them about half an hour when I saw—"

His voice died away suddenly, and he sat before me, with lips that moved but made no sound.

"What? For pity's sake speak out, man."

"A woman!"

"Yes; and of an Esquimaux tribe, no doubt. Why didn't you hail, and bring her back to us? Why, you must be mad, Hanley. You know how we have been wishing to fall in with some of those people, and you see one, and let her slip through your fingers, and come back scared, as if you'd seen a ghost."

"That's it, your Honor," the man answered hoarsely. "What I saw was a ghost."

"Nonsense, man."

"But I say yes, Captain, and will stand by my word. She was before me, moving slowly over the snow; you could scarce call it walking, 'twas such a smooth gliding motion. She was dressed in white—no common dress—but one that turns the heart cold only to think of. While I stood, too scared to move hand or foot, she turned and beckoned to me, and I saw her face as plain as

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I see yours this moment, a sweet face, with blue eyes, and long fair hair falling loosely round it."

I was on my feet in a moment, and rushing toward the door.

"Great God of heaven!" I cried, "my wife!"

The conviction that possessed me was supreme. From the moment in which the sailor described the figure he had seen, there was no shadow of doubt in my mind. It was Isabel, and she only. The wife who had promised that her spirit should follow me step by step upon my desolate journey was near me now. For one moment only I considered the possibility or impossibility of her presence, and pondered whether some northern-bound vessel might have brought her to an Esquimaux station near at hand that we knew not of; for one instant only, and then I was hurrying across the snow in the direction to which the sailor pointed as he stood at the door of our hut.

The brief winter day was closing in, and there was only a long line of faint yellow light in the west. Eastward the moon was rising, pale and cold like that region of eternal snow. I had left our hut some two hundred yards behind me, when I saw a white-robed figure moving toward the low western light; a figure at once so dear, so familiar, and yet in that place so awful, that an icy shiver shook me from head to heel as I looked upon it.

The figure turned and beckoned. The sweet face looked at me, awfully distinct in that clear cold light. I followed, and it drew me on, far across a patch of snowy waste that I had left unexplored, or had no memory of traversing until now. I tried to overtake the familiar form, but though its strange gliding movement seemed slow, it eluded my pursuit, follow swiftly as I might. In this manner we crossed the wide bleak waste, and as the last glimmer of the western light died out, and the moon shone brighter on the frozen plain, we came to a spot where the snow lay in mounds—seven separate mounds ranged in the form of a cross beneath that wild northern sky.

A glance told me that civilized hands had done this work. The Christian emblem told me more. But though I saw the snow-mounds at my feet, my eyes seemed never to leave the face of my wife—O God, how pale in the moonlight!

She pointed with extended finger to one of the mounds, and I saw that it was headed by a rough wooden board, almost buried in snow. To snatch a knife from my belt, throw myself on my knees, and begin to scrape the coating of mingled ice and snow from this board, was the work of a moment. When I looked up I was alone beneath the wintry sky. My wife was gone. I *knew* then what I had *felt* from the first—that it was her shadow I had followed over that wintry waste, and that on earth she and I would never look upon each other again.

She had kept her promise as truly as I had broken mine. The gentle spirit had pursued me to that desolate world in the very moment it was liberated from its earthly prison.

It was late that night when Hanley and his messmates found me lying senseless on the snow-mound, with the open knife beside my stiffening hand.

They brought me back to life somehow, and by the light of the lanterns they carried we examined the board at the head of the mound. An inscription roughly cut upon it told us we had found the lost crew of the *Ptarmigan:*

"Here lies the body of Morris Haynes, commander of the *Ptarmigan*, who died in this unknown region January 30, 1829, aged 35."

The other mounds also had head-boards bearing inscriptions, which we dug out from the snow on the following day, and carefully transcribed. After this we found a cairn containing empty provision-tins, in one of which was a book that had evidently been used for a journal; but rust and snow had done their work, and of this journal nothing was decipherable but the name of the writer, Morris Haynes.

These investigations were not made by me. The new year found me laid low with rheumatic fever, and Frank Martyn had to take his turn as sick-nurse beside the snow-bank where I lay. Our provisions held out better than we had expected, thanks to the game our men shot, and the patience with which they endured privation. The spring came, and with it release. We contrived to make our way to Baffin's Bay—a consummation I had scarcely thought possible in my dreary reveries of mid-winter—and a Greenland whaler brought us safely home.

I went straight to the town-house of my brother-in-law. He was at home, and came without delay to the library where I had been ushered, and where I sat awaiting him with a gloomy face.

Yes; as I expected: he was in mourning: and behind him came my sister, with a pale face, on which there was no smile of greeting.

Lawson held out both his hands to me.

"Richard," he began, in a faltering voice, "God knows I never thought it possible I could be otherwise than glad of your coming home—but—"

"That will do," I said; "you need tell me no more. My wife is dead."

He bent his head solemnly.

"She died on the twenty-fifth of last December, at four o'clock in the afternoon."

"You have been told, then," cried my sister; "you have seen some one?"

"Yes," I answered, "I have seen *her!*"

THE WHIPPING-POST AND PILLORY IN DELAWARE.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* on the 21st of November wrote a graphic description of the whipping-post and pillory at New Castle, Delaware, and the barbarities that day inflicted upon the victims of these instruments of punishment—the relics of a former and less enlightened age.

It is not to be wondered at that a State which has no free schools should be behind others in civilization. But we should scarcely expect to find, even under these circumstances, the perpetuation of a penal code which was a disgrace to the eighteenth century, and which was long ago abolished by all the civilized nations of the world.

In Delaware men are hung not only for murder, but also for rape, arson, and burglary; and up to the time of the passage of the Civil Rights Bill by Congress the law made a gross and partial distinction between white and black offenders. "A white man was imprisoned and flogged for an offense for which a negro was hung. A crime which brought a white man to the whipping-post placed a free negro upon the block, where he was auctioneered to the highest bidder, and sold into a wickeder slavery than any that ever existed in the rice swamps of Georgia."

In 1791 even English bigotry and conservatism consented to stop flogging females; but in Delaware, "thirteen years ago, white and black women were publicly whipped in this Christian town of New Castle. Dragged from prison into the jail-yard, the sheriff stripped them naked to the waist in the presence of a multitude of shameless men, and then, tying them to the whipping-post, gashed their backs with a whip until the blood spurted from them. Not content with this infamy, but a few years since the law often required that the sheriffs should seize his shears and crop the ears of his fair victims, very much as those of a dog are cut, bringing them to sharp points. Sheriffs in those days had not only to be simple brutes, but to have skill in the brutal fine arts as well. It was not every man who could slice a female ear with precision and tastefulness."

The whipping of women was abolished by the legislators of Delaware in 1855, but they still flog little children.

"There were," says the correspondent from whom we have quoted, "seven persons whipped here to-day [New Castle, November 21], and the ancient instrument of torture trembled again, as it has done for half a century, in the terrible embrace of its victims. It is a curious old relic of a semi-civilization that is forgotten every where else but here. It consists of a sturdy post a foot square. Three feet from the ground it pierces a small platform; and five feet above this there is a cross-piece, which contains, in each of its arms, a hole for the neck and two holes for the wrists of the miserable wretch who is to suffer its torture. The upper half of the arm lifts to admit the victim, and then closes sufficiently tight upon him to impede the circulation of the blood. It is fastened down with a wooden wedge-shaped key, shot into the centre post.

"The whole machine looks like a gigantic cross, with a platform half-way down its length. It is black with age, covered with patches of green mould and moss, and shrunken and split until the grain of the wood protrudes in ridges. It is as worm-eaten and decayed as the villainous code which sustains it; its unsightly, disgusting presence is a worthy type of the conservatism which makes these people laggard in the march of humanity and progress.

"There are three of these pillories in the State—in New Castle, Georgetown, and Dover. They stretch along down the peninsula like tide-posts, marking the shoal waters of barbarism amidst the weltering, fathomless sea of surrounding civilization. The New Castle pillory stands in the jail-yard. A few years ago it boldly faced the world upon the public common. It is a happy omen of its final destruction that its devotees were so much ashamed of it that they hid it in this inclosure. Across the street stands a church, and behind the jail there is another. To-day their walls echoed the screams of St. Pillory's victims as they writhed beneath the lash; to-morrow they will resound with praises and supplications to a God who is merciful as well as just."

Who are the criminals and what the crimes which demand this barbarous penalty? Here is the case of a boy twelve years old:

"MATTHEW PERRY picked up a piece of pig-iron, said—improbably—to be worth seventy-five cents. Chief-Justice GILPIN and Judge HOUSTON, two venerable magistrates backed by society against one small child, declared that he should 'pay seventy-five cents restitution money, the costs of his prosecution, be whipped with twenty lashes on his bare back, be imprisoned for six months, and be compelled to wear a convict's dress in public for six months after his discharge.'"

At 10 o'clock, when the gates of the jail-yard swung open, and the orgies in honor of St. Pillory were about to commence, "by actual count there were 125 little girls and boys present, some of them not more than four or five years of age.

"The entertainment began by the introduction of WILLIAM JONES to the audience. Mr. JONES had stolen store goods worth thirty-eight dollars, and he was sentenced to return that amount of money, stand in the pillory for one hour, be whipped with twenty lashes, be imprisoned for six months, and wear a convict's dress for six months after his release.

"The first thing in order was the pillory. WILLIAM ascended the long ladder rather sadly, and the jailer, having placed his neck and hands in the holes, fastened the top bar upon them, and came down to the ground. The criminal was taller than the stock, and he was compelled to bend down just enough to make his position intensely painful. A keen, piercing northeast wind swept in from the broad expanse of the river, and compelled the spectators to blow warmth upon their fingers. Mr. JONES had his circulation stopped, but he could not blow upon his hands.

"The jagged, splintered edge of the wooden collar rasped his neck until it tore the skin, and whenever he attempted to move his head to make his position more easy, the bar would catch the upper part of his jaw-bone, and give him exquisite torture.

"'Jailer, isn't that pretty severe?'

"'Well, yes, it's a very uncomfortable position; and then his fingers and face get numb, you see.'

"A few years ago the crowd used to hoot at the pillory-hugged man, and pelt him with mud and filth. When the fathers of these children were boys they saved up all the cats that died and the eggs which were spoiled in the town for the purpose of 'vindicating the outraged majesty of the law' upon criminals who stood in this very pillory; and the poor wretches were often disfigured for life in one hour. It is a triumph for decency that this infamous custom has been abolished. The boys now only dispute the question of the discomfort or comfort of the sufferer."

When Mr. JONES has been reduced to a state of exhaustion he is taken back to his cell; but he has a lashing to bear yet.

"The Sheriff came out with the 'cat' in his hand. This venerable weapon consists of a stout handle about two feet long, with nine lashes of somewhat greater length. The thongs are made of thick leather, twisted together, and as hard as wire. They have been soaked with blood before this, and it has dried upon them until their edges are as sharp as knives."

The first candidate for the lash was the boy alluded to above, who stole seventy cents' worth of pig-iron. He receives his twenty lashes; then a boy of 14 receives as many more; then Mr. MULLONEY, who has stolen a pair of drawers, submits to a like number.

"Then there was a piteous sight. An old man of 70 years, decrepit, feeble, and very lame, hobbled out, his gray hairs streaming in the wind. He wanted a shirt, Heaven knows, badly enough this bitter winter weather, and he had very wickedly stolen it. He had none on now. The jailer fastened him to the post, and snatched the blanket from his back. His skin was yellow and wrinkled, and it had scars upon it. The lashes fell, and the old man's whole frame was convulsed with agony. He writhed under each blow as if it was unendurable, and at last he put his head down and cried like a child. Most of the spectators were affected. I would like to have had the unjust judges and the Delaware law-makers look that poor, broken-down old wretch in the face then."

But we will not continue the story of these punishments through its revolting details to the end. The examples which we have given are sufficient. Even while we are writing (November 28) another public flogging like that above described is going on in Delaware.

WESTERN MEN.

THE Western character develops freedom and takes in large calculations. This is more true of the man of Western cities than of the farmer and the frontier man, but still the character applies to all. A Western man thinks nothing of going one thousand or one thousand five hundred miles, and has no traditional feud with any class of Jew or Gentile. The elements of various nationalities flowing together Westward form a strong and tolerant community. If a man out West has his horse stolen, he mounts another and traces the thief; shoots him if he can. The extending prairies, immense lakes, grand rivers, seem to enlarge the whole conception of things. The big farm yields thousands of bushels of grain. The Western man may have twenty horses, a hundred mules, and a thousand head of cattle grazing in his pastures, and five hundred pigs fattening in his fields. He reads the prices-current; knows all that is going on; forms his own opinions, and is loud and bold in the expression of them. He is a man of patient courage, who will lose thousands of dollars by the fall of the market, and make less account of it than he would of the laming of a favorite horse or the loss of a faithful dog. If he doesn't turn his loss off with a laugh, and is pushed to speak of it, you may see the gleam of stern grit flashing from his eyes, as he tells you he will do better next time. He is full of reckless and mercurial daring. As impulsive as the Southerner, and yet practical in all things, he sees and takes always the short cut to his end. Feeling about the sacred character of ancestral acres never disturbs the mind of a man whose possessions were reclaimed from the wilds but yesterday, and may be left to-morrow. Whatever he has he will sell; and whatever you own he is willing to buy, providing he can make some "boot" on it. With him all things were made to buy and sell. A frontier man once described to me, without the least idea of the strange character of the transaction, how he had "traded off a Bible for a plaguy good fiddle." If any thing you have on you or about you strike his fancy, he will at once offer to buy it, and has no notion that certain pieces of property mayn't be for sale.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AN "ATTRACTIVE SCIENCE"—Magnetism.

"Dead as Chelsea" is a common phrase, and a good many complain of that city as somewhat slow. An old lady, possibly a friend of Mrs. Partington, declares she likes it, "because it's such a *local* place."

A professor of natural history, who is sometimes quite absent-minded, while hearing a class in zoology, put the question: "Did you ever see a porpoise?" "No, Sir." Professor, very forcibly, as was his wont: "The *next*. Did you ever see a porpoise?" "No, Sir." "The *next*. Did *you* ever see a porpoise?" "No, Sir." At this point, forgetting that his question was entirely extraneous, he closed the book with a bang, and an indignant "Take this lesson again," amidst the laughter of the class.

"Pa, will you get me a new pair of skates if I'll prove to you that a dog has ten tails?" "Yes, my son." "Well, to begin, one dog has one more tail than no dog, hasn't he?" "Yes." "Well, no dog has nine tails; and if one dog has one more tail than no dog, then one dog must have ten tails." The father gave the boy his skates.

THOUGHTS WHILE SEWING.

BY AN OLD MAID.

Men sow wild oats, and women buttons.

The shortest way to a man's heart is down his throat.

Man's love is like the moon: it it does not grow larger, it is certain to grow smaller.

A man may "do good by stealth," but as for his blushing "to find it fame," that's all nonsense.

Man shrinks from cold meat. Does this arise from man's innate presumption of always ruling the roast?

Man takes a woman with a dowry in the same way that he accepts the hamper that brings him a handsome present of game.

Men have two ways of extinguishing the flame of love—they either let it burn out quietly, or else they snuff it out by one blow.

In a dilemma, during the time a man has been standing like a fool, fumbling for an excuse, a woman will have invented ten thousand.

Wives are often foolish enough to sit up for their husbands, but you hear of few husbands who have the patience to sit up for their wives.

Biddy came back from whortleberrying, and was asked if she found the berries plenty. "Sure, yes," said she; "but the dry weather has made them so small that it takes the whole of a peck to make a quart."

BLUE PILLS *VERSUS* EXERCISE.

"Blue pill, Madam? Stuff and nonsense, Madam. You can't want more pills; take exercise, Madam, not blue pill," cried an honest doctor to a sluggish patient. "Take exercise; it's only lazy folks who want so much blue pill." The celebrated Dr. Abernethy, who, after listening to a long list of ailments, detailed by the anxious mother of a languid daughter, growled out, as he put on his hat, and returned a shilling of his fee, "Buy her a skipping-rope."

L—— is a rising young Boston lawyer. As was said of another, he speaks several languages fluently, especially the profane. In trying a case before a referee, the opposing counsel had occasion to comment upon L——'s treatment of a witness on cross-examination.

"You brow-beated Mr. Davis shamefully" (*emphatically*).

"As incorrect in fact, your Honor, as ungrammatical in tense" (*good-naturedly*).

"I made it imperfect."

"Yes, d—d imperfect," said L——, *sotto voce*.

THE STATE OF THE MARKETS.

Breadstuffs—Rising every day.
Gunpowder—Goes off easily.
Bitter Beer—This article has a *downward* tendency.
Indigo—The trade is dyeing.
Pickled Pork—Dead and very inactive.
Brandy—Very spirited.
Vermilion—Finds a reddy sale.
Nutmegs—In grater demand.
Soda Water—Brisk and lively.
Lead—Very heavy.

Two French ladies were looking for the little daughter of one of them in a group of baby-carriages. "Do you see him?" asked the friend of the mother. "*Hem!* I am looking for her nurse." "Her nurse?" "Yes. All children look alike. I know the nurse, and I can find the child best in that way." "As for myself, I think all *bonnes* look alike." "How do you find yours then?" "Oh, I know the soldier who is her beau."

ADVOCATES OF WOMAN'S RIGHTS NOT REPRESENTED AT THE LATE CONVENTION.

The lady who thinks she *has a right* to the best seat.

The ladies who think they *have a right* to sweep the sidewalk with their dresses, and monopolize it for their own exclusive use.

The lady who thinks she *has a right* to wear a wafer for a bonnet, and dress her child in thin clothes, in winter.

The lady, next door, who thinks she *has a right* to drive the whole neighborhood to the borders of distraction by practicing her high notes till eleven P.M.

The lady who claims to *have a right* to visit her own kitchen, at her own pleasure, and the cook *no right* to oppose her.

The house-maid who thinks it *her right* to put the papers in your library to rights.

The mother-in-law who thinks she *has a right* to visit her dear daughter twice a month, and regulate all matters in the household—without consulting the husband.

A wee bit of a boy having been slightly chastised by his mother, sat very quietly in his chair for some minutes afterward, no doubt thinking very profoundly. At last he spoke out thus: "Muzzer, I wish dad would get anuzzer housekeeper—I've got tired o' seein' you round."

SNUFF-TAKING.

What a moment, what a doubt!
All my nose is inside out—
All my thrilling, tickling caustic,
Pyramid rhinocerostic.
Wants to sneeze, and can not do it!
How it yearns me, thrills me, stings me!
How that rapturous torment fills me!
Now says, "Sneeze, you goose, get through it."
Shee—shee—oh, 'tis most del-ishi!
Ishi—ishi—most delishi!
(Hang it, I shall sneeze till spring!)
Snuff's a most delicious thing.

A North Carolina rebel was relating how "the Yanks" fired upon his company while marching through a thick wood. They gladly obeyed an order to lie down, but there was nothing to shield them from the terrible volleys of the enemy. "Why didn't you get behind a tree?" asked a listener. "Tree," replied reb, "there wasn't trees enough for the officers."

NEW RECIPES.

TO REMOVE STAINS IN SILK.—Place the part which is soiled on any warm, hard substance—a red-hot stove, for instance—and, having prepared the stuff by slightly rubbing it briskly with a rough brick, gradually smear it with the following mixture: To two parts gum zoober add one part vulcanized chicory—any part will do—dissolve in three parts codlivroleum till it becomes of the consistency of cold whalebone. Having worked the ingredients till they form a separate mass, take a knife and fork—one with three tines if procurable—and skillfully cut out the damaged part with any sharp instrument such as a rolling-pin—then rub the hole for a few months with lemon-peel and sealing-wax, and expose to the sun in a dark chamber for several nights.

CHEAP AND DELICIOUS TEA CAKES.—Take 7½ pounds superfine fourth-proof flour—it should be taken when no one is in the store or it will be difficult to keep—cut the flour in small slices according to the size and spread it on a board, which should set perfectly level on one corner. Having filled a large tub with equal parts of saltpetre and onion-peelings—the blue Berkshire three-square onions are best—drain off the extra shortening that will form in a crust; and, having simmered the remaining ingredients in a close vessel—a colander will answer—mix up the whole and beat together for two or three days; then bake immediately in a leaden stew-pan. Some cooks use a green canvas bag; but we can not caution our readers enough against the deleterious effects produced by the vermifuge which forms the concrete of this article.

N B.—These cakes should not all be eaten the first day unless required, and care should be taken in boiling them not to let them get warm. They may be eaten with vinegar, or served up with petroleum sauce.

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"THE LAST RELIC."—[DRAWN BY CHARLES A. BARRY.]

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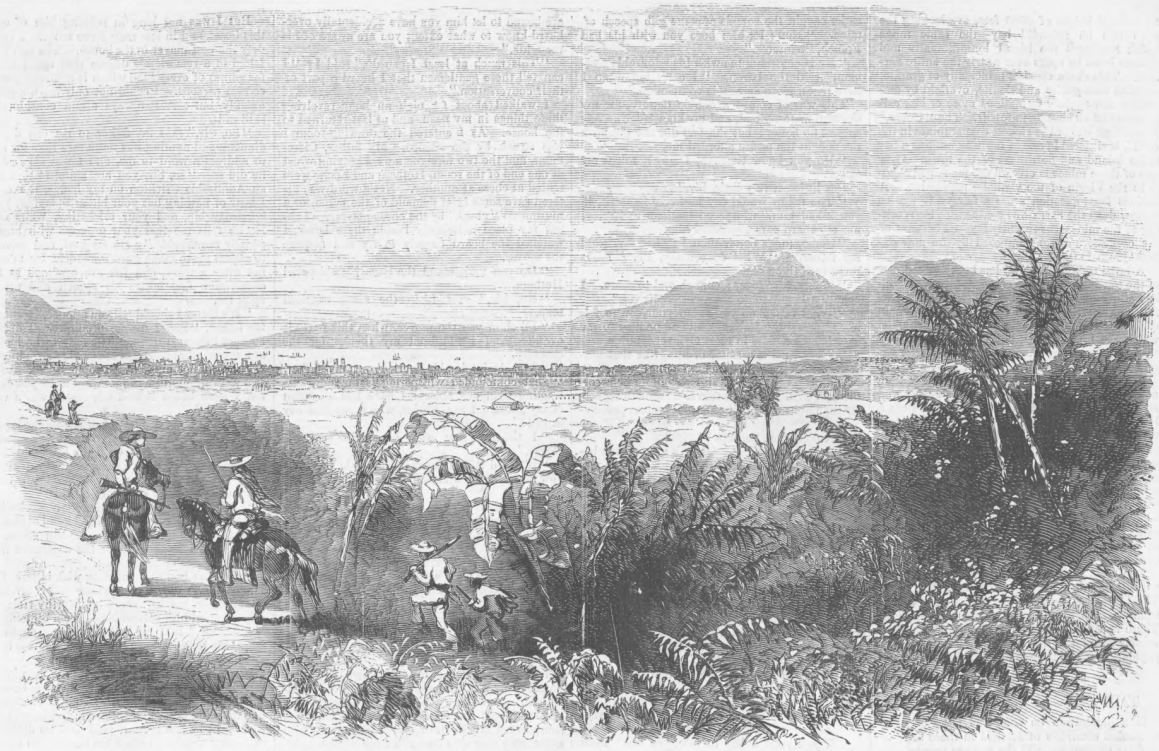


SANTIAGO DE CUBA.—[SKETCHED BY CAPTAIN P. JACKSON.]

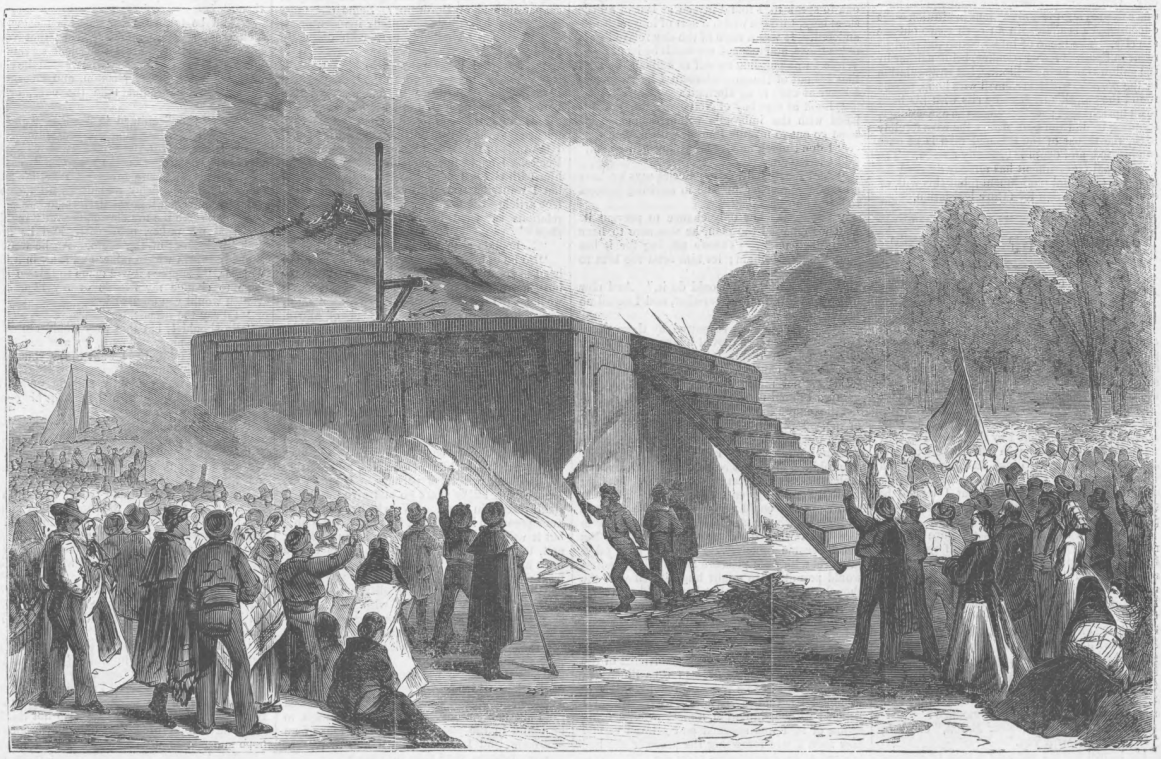
SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

THE most contradictory reports have reached us during the past months in regard to the movements of the Cuban revolutionists. Those which come from official sources speak of the uprising as if it were nothing more than a disturbance caused by desperadoes for the purpose of plunder, and predict the speedy restoration of order. On the other hand, the agents of the revolutionists would have us believe that the movement is as important, as profound in its motives, and as likely to succeed as the revolution which has lately taken place in the mother country.

It would seem that the establishment of a liberal government at Madrid would have furnished the most inopportune season for rebellion against Spanish authority; but, in our opinion, the sole cause of the revolution is a desire to secure the independence of Cuba, and the present time was chosen because it was a period of disorder in Spanish affairs, and without any reference to the ultimate issue—whether success or failure—of the Provisional Government at Madrid.

The chief of the rebels is General CESPEDES, who, on the 4th of November, had his headquarters at Bayamo, the seat of the so-called Provisional Government in Cuba. The rebels were then within four miles of Santiago de Cuba, and this town has been invested by the insurgents. Over one hundred of the principal families have embarked for Jamaica. A proclamation has been issued by the rebels in reply to that lately promulgated by Count BALMAREDAS (the Captain-General's lieutenant), and which gave the revolutionists eight days to surrender. This rebel manifesto orders all native-born Spaniards to leave the territory occupied by the "patriots" within twenty-four hours, and all Cubans between 18 and 45 are called upon to take up arms for the independence of Cuba. About the first of the month CESPEDES's army numbered 9700 men.

We give on this page a view of Santiago de Cuba, now invested by the rebels. The seat of government in Cuba was first established at Baracoa, and transferred thence to Santiago de Cuba, where it remained until its removal to Havana. Santiago is situated on the south side of the island and crowns an eminence; at a few leagues distance rises a chain of mountains, of



BURNING OF THE GARROTING SCAFFOLD IN MADRID.—[SEE PAGE 794.]

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an average height of 8000 feet, overlooking the town and its splendid bay—the same range which intersects the island longitudinally and diffuses itself by spurs over nearly the entire surface. This chain consists principally of granite, mingled with gneiss and sienite, overlaid by secondary and tertiary formations more or less calcareous and abounding in fossils. The "Cobre," at one time one of the richest copper mines in the world, is situated in one of these mountains a few miles inland and northwest of the town. Over one of these mines is erected the far-famed chapel to the Virgin of the Catholic population. A curious legal question arose a few years ago as to how deep the earth was consecrated! Working at the mines was recently stopped because of the oppressive royalty imposed by the now exiled Queen ISABELLA.

A large military hospital has been erected east of the town, which would compare favorably with any similar institution in the world. The barracks have recently been commenced. A chain of forts is destined to encircle the eminence upon which the town stands, but the money devoted to this purpose has thus far barely paid the engineers for drawing out the plans.

Santiago has a more antique appearance than any of the other large towns on the island, and is picturesque and imposing when viewed from a little distance. The houses are painted blue, red, yellow, and green. The streets in some parts are very precipitous, following the steep declivity of the hills, but are built at right angles, except where from necessity they wind around the hills. Being narrow, and the houses being provided with iron gratings, these streets would afford abundant protection to the insurgents. The prison, which is always protected by a guard of soldiers, is a strong building for defenses.

The town is ornamented by a Plaza, laid out with taste, and studded with beautiful trees. The Cathedral occupies one entire side of the square, and is opposite the Governor's mansion. There is a free public library containing 40,000 volumes, and the nucleus of a museum. The population of the town is about 25,000.

THE REVOLUTION IN SPAIN.

OUR illustration on page 793 represents the unwonted condition of Madrid in these days of popular excitement, and the strange proceedings in which large numbers of the laboring-class inhabitants are now engaged since they have been thrown out of employment by the general interruption of trade. Some thousands are now paid and fed by the Provisional Government, as was done at Paris for some months after the French Revolution of February, 1848, and, as their services are not required for any really useful or urgent work, it has been thought fit to set them to the task of demolishing the old city walls. They seem to take this job very easily, as might, indeed, be expected, knowing that they will get their daily rations and wages so long as the Provisional Government has any money in hand, unless the secure establishment of a powerful and effective administration should allow them to be dismissed without endangering the peace of the city. Our sketch represents the emancipated populace destroying a very obnoxious institution—the executioner's scaffold—in an open space outside the city. The mode of inflicting capital punishment in Spain is rather peculiar, being neither by the gallows nor by the guillotine, but strangulation by the *garrote*, which is a small wire hoop, passed round the culprit's neck as he sits with his back to an upright post; so that when the executioner, standing behind the post, draws the wire forcibly back, the throat of the doomed man is at once compressed, and death is instantly caused. The Provisional Government has already decreed the abolition of capital punishment; but this will, of course, be a question for future legislation.

THAT BOY OF NORCOTT'S.

CHAPTER V.

A FIRST DINNER-PARTY.

I WAS made "presentable" in due time, and on the fifth day after my arrival made my appearance at the dinner-table. "Sit there, Sir," said my father, "opposite me." And I was not sorry to perceive that an enormous vase with flowers effectually screened me from his sight. The post of honor thus accorded me was a sufficient intimation to my father's guests how he intended me to be treated by them; and as they were without an exception all hangers-on and dependents—men who dined badly or not at all when uninvited to his table—they were marvelously quick in understanding that I was to be accepted as his heir, and, after himself, the person of most consideration there.

Besides the three individuals I have already mentioned, our party included two foreigners—Baron Steinmetz, an aid-de-camp of the King, and an Italian duke, San Giovanni. The duke sat on my father's right, the baron on mine. The conversation during dinner was in French, which I followed imperfectly, and was considerably relieved on discovering that the German spoke French with difficulty, and blundered over his genders as hopelessly as I should have done had I attempted to talk. "Ach Gott," muttered he to himself in German, "when people were seeking for a common language, why didn't they take one that all humanity could pronounce?"

"So mein ich auch, Herr Baron," cried I; "I quite agree with you."

He turned toward me with a look of positive affection, on seeing I knew German, and we both began to talk together at once with freedom.

"What's the boy saying?" cried my father, as he caught the sounds of some glib speech of mine. "Don't let him bore you with his bad French, Steinmetz."

"He is charming me with his admirable German," said the baron. "I can't tell when I have met a more agreeable companion."

This was of course a double flattery, for my German was very bad, and my knowledge on any subject no better; but the fact did not diminish the delight the praise afforded me.

"Do you know German, Digby?" asked my father.

"A little—a very little, Sir."

"The fellow would say he knew Sanscrit, if you asked him," whispered Hotham to Eccles; but my sharp ears overheard him.

"Come, that's better than I looked for," said my father. "What do you say, Eccles? Is there stuff there?"

"Plenty, Sir Roger; enough and to spare. I count on Digby to do me great credit yet."

"What career do you mean your son to follow?" asked the Italian, while he nodded to me over his wine-glass in most civil recognition.

"I'll not make a sailor of him, like that seawolf yonder; nor a diplomatist, like my silent friend in the corner. Neither shall he be a soldier, till British armies begin to do something better than hunt out illicit stills and protect processservers."

"A politician, perhaps?"

"Certainly not, Sir. There's no credit in belonging to a Parliament brought down to the meridian of soap-boilers and bankrupt bill-brokers."

"There's the Church, Sir Roger," chimed in Eccles.

"There's the Pope's Church, with some good prizes in the wheel; but your branch, Master Bob, is a small concern, and it is trembling besides. No. I'll make him none of these. It is in our vulgar passion for money-getting we throw our boys into this or that career in life, and we narrow to the stupid formula of some profession abilities that were meant for mankind. I mean Digby to deal with the world; and to fit him for the task he shall learn as much of human nature as I can afford to teach him."

"Ah, there's great truth in that, very great truth; very wise and very original too," were the comments that ran round the board.

Excited by his theme, and elated by his success, my father went on:

"If you want a boy to ride, you don't limit him to the quiet hackney that neither pulls nor shies, neither bolts nor plunges; and so, if you wish your son to know his fellow-man, you don't keep him in a charmed circle of deans and archdeacons, but you throw him fearlessly into contact with old debauchees like Hotham, or abandoned scamps of the style of Clermont"—and here he had to wait till the laughter subsided to add, "and, last of all, you take care to provide him with a finishing tutor like Eccles."

"I knew your turn was coming, Bob," whispered Hotham; but still all laughed heartily, well satisfied to stand ridicule themselves if others were only pilloried with them.

When dinner was over, we sat about a quarter of an hour, not more, and then adjourned to coffee in a small room that seemed half boudoir, half conservatory. As I loitered about, having no one to speak to, I found myself at last in a little shrubbery, through which a sort of labyrinth meandered. It was a taste of the day revived from olden times, and amazed me much by its novelty. While I was puzzling myself to find out the path that led out of the entanglement I heard a voice I knew at once to be Hotham's saying:

"Look at that boy of Norcott's; he's not satisfied with the imbroglio within doors, but he must go out to mystify himself with another."

"I don't much fancy that young gentleman," said Clermont.

"And I only half. Bob Eccles says we have all made a precious mistake in advising Norcott to bring him back."

"Yet it was our only chance to prevent it. Had we opposed the plan, he was sure to have determined on it. There's nothing for it but your notion, Hotham; let him send the brat to sea with you."

"Yes, I think that would do it." And now they had walked out of ear-shot, and I heard no more.

If I was not much reassured by these droppings I was far more moved by the way in which I came to hear them. Over and over had my dear mother cautioned me against listening to what was not meant for me; and here, simply because I found myself the topic, I could not resist the temptation to learn how men would speak of me. I remembered well the illustration by which my mother warned me as to the utter uselessness of the sort of knowledge thus gained. She told me of a theft some visitor had made at Abbotsford—the object stolen being a signet-ring Lord Byron had given to Sir Walter. The man who stole this could never display the treasure without avowing himself a thief. He had therefore taken what from the very moment of the fraud became valueless. He might gaze on it in secret with such pleasure as his self-accusings would permit. He might hug himself with the thought of possession; but how could that give pleasure or how drown the everlasting shame the mere sight of the object must revive? So would it be, my mother said, with him who unlawfully possessed himself of certain intelligence which he could not employ without being convicted of the way he gained it. The lesson thus illustrated had not ceased to be remembered by me; and though I tried all my casuistry to prove that I listened without intention, almost without being aware of it, I was shocked and grieved to find how soon I was forgetting the precepts she had labored so hard to impress upon me.

She had also said, "By the same rule which would compel you to restore to its owner what you had become possessed of wrongfully, you are bound to let him you have accidentally overheard know to what extent you are aware of his thoughts."

"This much at least I can do," said I; "I can tell these gentlemen that I heard a part of their conversation."

I walked about for nigh an hour revolving these things in my head, and at last returned to the house. As I entered the drawing-room I was struck by the silence. My father, Clermont, and the two foreigners were playing whist at one end of the room, Hotham and Eccles were seated at chess at another. Not a word was uttered save some brief demand of the game, or a murmured "check" by the chess-players. Taking my place noiselessly beside these latter, I watched the board eagerly to try and acquire the moves.

"Do you understand the game?" whispered Hotham.

"No, Sir," said I, in the same cautious tone.

"I'll show you the moves, when this party is over." And I muttered my thanks for the courtesy.

"This is intolerable," cried out my father. "That confounded whispering is far more distracting than any noise. I have lost all count of my game. I say, Eccles, why is not that boy in bed?"

"I thought you said he might sup, Sir Roger."

"If I did it was because I thought he knew how to conduct himself. Take him away at once."

And Eccles rose, and with more kindness than I had expected from him, said, "Come, Digby, I'll go too, for we have both to be early risers to-morrow."

Thus ended my first day in public, and I have no need to say what a strange conflict filled my head that night as I dropped off to sleep.

CHAPTER VI.

HOW THE DAYS WENT OVER.

IF I give one day of my life, I give, with very nearly exactness, the unbroken course of my existence. I rose very early—hours ere the rest of the household was stirring—to work at my lessons, which Mr. Eccles apportioned for me with a liberality that showed he had the highest opinion of my abilities, or—as I discovered later on to be the truth—a profound indifference about them. Thus a hundred lines of Virgil, thirty of Xenophon, three propositions of Euclid, with a sufficient amount of history, geography, and logic, would be an ordinary day's work. It is fair I should own that when the time of examination came I found him usually imbibing seltzer and curaçoa, with a wet towel round his head; or, in his robuster moments, practicing the dumbbells to develop his muscles. So that the interrogatories were generally in this wise:

"How goes it, Digby? What of the Homer—eh?"

"It's Xenophon, Sir."

"To be sure it is. I was forgetting, as a man might who had my headache. And, by-the-way, Digby, why will your father give Burgundy at supper instead of Bordeaux? Some one must surely have told him accidentally it was a deadly poison, for he adheres to it with desperate fidelity."

"I believe I know my Greek, Sir," would I say, modestly, to recall him to the theme.

"Of course you do; you'd cut a sorry figure here this morning if you did not know it. No, Sir; I'm not the man to enjoy your father's confidence and take his money, and betray my trust. His words to me were, 'Make him a gentleman, Eccles. I could find scores of fellows to cram him with Greek particles and double equations, but I want the man who can turn out the perfect article—the gentleman.' Come now, what relations subsisted between Cyrus and Xenophon?"

"Xenophon coached him, Sir."

"So he did. Just strike a light for me. My head is splitting for want of a cigar. You may have a cigarette, too. I don't object. Virgil we'll keep till to-morrow. Virgil was a muff, after all. Virgil was a decentish sort of Martin Tupper, Digby. He had no wit, no repartee, no smartness; he prosed about plows and shepherds, like a maudlin old squire; or he told a very shady sort of anecdote about Dido, which I always doubted should be put into the hands of youth. Horace is free too, a thought too free; but he couldn't help it. Horace lived the same kind of life we do here, a sort of roast-partridge and pretty woman sort of life; but then he was the gentleman always. If old Flaccus had lived now, he'd have been pretty much like Bob Eccles, and putting in his divinity lectures perhaps. By-the-way, I hope your father won't go and give away that small rectory in Kent. 'We who live to preach, must preach to live.' That isn't exactly the line, but it will do. Pulvis et umbra sumus, Digby; and, take what care we may of ourselves, we must all go back, as the judges say, to the place from whence we came. There now, you've had classical criticism, sound morality, worldly wisdom, and the rest of it; and, with your permission, we'll pack up the books, and stand prorogued till—let me see—Saturday next."

Of course I moved no amendment, and went my way rejoicing.

From that hour I was free to follow my own inclinations, which usually took a horsey turn, and as the stable offered several mounts, I very often rode six hours a day. Hotham was always to be found in the pistol-gallery about four of an afternoon, and I usually joined him there, and speedily became more than his match.

"Well, youngster," he would say, when beaten and irritable, "I can beat your head off at billiards, any how."

But I was not long in robbing him of even this boast, and in less than three months I could defy the best player in the house. The fact was, I had in a remarkable degree that small talent for games of every kind which is a specialty with certain persons. I could not only learn a game quickly, but almost always attain considerable skill in it.

"So, Sir," said my father to me one day at dinner—and nothing was more rare than for him to address a word to me, and I was startled as he did so—"so, Sir, you are going to turn out an Admirable Crichton on my hands, it seems. I hear of nothing but your billiard-playing, your horsemanship, and your cricketing, while Mr. Eccles tells me that your progress with him is equally remarkable." He stopped, and seemed to expect me to make some rejoinder; but I could not utter a word, and felt overwhelmed at the observation and notice his speech had drawn upon me.

"It's better I should tell you at once," resumed my father, "that I dislike prodigies. I dislike because I distrust them. The fellow who knows at fourteen what he might reasonably have known at thirty is not unlikely to stop short at fifteen, and grow no more. I don't want to be personal, but I have heard it said Clermont was a very clever boy."

The impertinence of this speech, and the laughter it at once excited, served to turn attention away from me; but, through the buzz and murmur around, I overheard Clermont say to Hotham, "I shall pull him up short one of these days, and you'll see an end of all this."

"Now," continued my father, "if Eccles had told me that the boy was a skillful hand at sherry-cobbler, or a rare judge of a Cuban cigar, I'd have reposed more faith in the assurance than when he spoke of his classics."

"He ain't bad at a gin-sling with bitters, that I must say," said Eccles, whose self-control, or good-humor, mayhap some less worthy trait, always carried him successfully over a difficulty.

"So, Sir," said my father, turning again on me, "the range of your accomplishments is complete. You might be a tapster or a jockey. When the nobility of France came to ruin in the Revolution the best blood of the kingdom became barbers and dancing-masters: so that when some fine morning that gay gentleman yonder will discover that he is a beggar, he'll have no difficulty in finding a calling to suit his tastes, and square with his abilities. What's Hotham grumbling about? Will any one interpret him for me?"

"Hotham is saying that this claret is corked," said the sea-captain, with a hoarse loud voice.

"Bottled at home!" said my father, "and, like your own education, Hotham, spoiled for a beggarly economy."

"I'm glad you've got it," muttered Clermont, whose eyes glistened with malignant spite. "I have had enough of this; I'm for coffee," and he arose as he spoke.

"Has Clermont left us?" asked my father.

"Yes; that last bottle has finished him. I told you before, Nixon knows nothing about wine. I saw that hogshead lying bung up for eight weeks before it was drawn off for bottling."

"Why didn't you speak to him about it, then?"

"And be told that I'm not his master, eh? You don't seem to know, Norcott, that you've got a houseful of the most insolent servants in Christendom. Clermont's wife wanted the chestnuts yesterday in the phaeton, and George refused her; she might take the cobs, or nothing."

"Quite true," chimed in Eccles; "and the fellow said, 'I'm a-taking the young horses out in the break, and if the missis wants to see the chestnuts, she'd better come with *me*.'"

"And as to a late breakfast now, it's quite impossible; they delay and delay till they run you into luncheon," growled Hotham.

"They serve me my chocolate pretty regularly," said my father, negligently, and he arose and strolled out of the room. As he went he slipped his arm within mine, and said, in a half-whisper, "I suppose it will come to this—I shall have to change my friends or my household. Which would you advise?"

"I'd say the friends, Sir."

"So should I, but that they would not easily find another place. There, go and see is the billiard-room lighted. I want to see you play a game with Clermont."

Clermont was evidently sulking under the sarcasm passed on him, and took up his cue to play with a bad grace.

"Who will have five francs on the party?" said my father. "I'm going to back the boy."

"Make it pounds, Norcott," said Hotham.

"I'll give you six to five in tens," said Clermont to my father. "Will you take it?"

I was growing white and red by turns all this time. I was terrified at the thought that money was to be staked on my play, and frigh ened by the mere presence of my father at the table.

"The youngster is too nervous to play. Don't let him, Norcott," said Hotham, with a kindness I had not given him credit for.

"Give me the cue, Digby; I'll take your place," said my father, and Clermont and Hotham both drew nigh, and talked to him in a low tone.

"Eight and the stroke then be it," said my father, "and the bet in fifties." The others nodded, and Clermont began the game

I could not have believed I could have suffered the amount of intense anxiety that game cost me. Had my life been on the issue I do not think I could have gone through greater alternations of hope and fear than now succeeded in my heart. Clermont started with eight points odds, and made thirty-two off the balls before my father began to play. He now took his place, and by the first stroke displayed a perfect mastery of the

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game. There was a sort of languid grace, an indolent elegance about all he did, that when the stroke required vigor or power made me tremble for the result, but somehow he imparted the exact amount of force needed, and the balls moved about here and there as though obedient to some subtle instinct of which the cue gave a mere sign. He scored forty-two points in a few minutes, and then drawing himself up, said: "There's an eight-stroke now on the table. I'll give any one three hundred Naps to two that I do it."

None spoke. "Or, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll take fifty from each of you and draw the game!" Another as complete silence ensued. "Or, here's a third proposition, Give me fifty between you, and I'll hand over the cue to the boy; he shall finish the game."

"Oh no, Sir! I beg you—I entreat—" I began; but already, "Done!" had been loudly uttered by both together, and the bet was ratified.

"Don't be nervous, boy," said my father, handing me his cue. "You see what's on the balls. You carom and hold the white, and land the red in the middle pocket. If you can't do the brilliant thing, and finish the game with an eight-stroke, do the safe one—the carom on the hazard. But, above all, don't lose your stroke, Sir. Mind that, for I've a pot of money on the game."

"I don't think you ought to counsel him, Norcott," said Cleremont. "If he's a player, he's fit to devise his own game."

"Oh, hang it, no," broke in Hotham; "Norcott has a perfect right to tell him what's on the table."

"If you object seriously, Sir," said my father, proudly, "the party is at an end."

"I put it to yourself," began Cleremont.

"You shall not appeal to me against myself, Sir. You either withdraw your objection, or you maintain it."

"Of course he withdraws it," said Hotham, whose eyes never wandered from my father's face.

Cleremont nodded a half-unwilling assent.

"You will do me the courtesy to speak, perhaps," said my father; and every word came from him with a tremulous roll.

"Yes, yes, I agree. There was really nothing in my remark," said Cleremont, whose self-control seemed taxed to its last limit.

"There, go on, boy, and finish this stupid affair," said my father; and he turned to the chimney to light his cigar.

I leaned over the table, and a mist seemed to rise before me. I saw volumes of cloud rolling swiftly across, and meteors, or billiard-balls, I knew not which, shooting through them. I played and missed; I did not even strike a ball. A wild roar of laughter, a cry of joy, and a confused blending of several voices in various tones followed, and I stood there like one stunned into immobility. Meanwhile Cleremont finished the game, and, clapping me gayly on the shoulder, cried, "I'm more grateful to you than your father is, my lad. That shaking hand of yours has made a difference of two hundred Naps to me." I turned toward the fire; my father had left the room.

TEMPER.

WE generally pity a man or woman who has an obviously bad temper; but to have a bad temper and ample opportunities for gratifying it must be a great pleasure. The dull complacency of good-humor offers no such keen delights as the little revenges which a bad-tempered woman loves to wreak upon her social enemies. A bad temper is a sort of sixth sense, which has its own sorrows and its own satisfaction; and, like the other senses, in favorable circumstances the satisfaction predominates. It is a great mistake to consider that even the worst form of bad temper—the sulky attitude—necessarily involves the wretchedness of the sulker. Not at all. The man or woman who sulks looks upon himself or herself as a martyr, and enjoys the sweet solace of martyrdom. Then the discomfort they inflict upon the people against whom they sulk is another keen enjoyment. In fact, if sulking were not pleasant, people wouldn't sulk. It gives a man pleasure to gratify his bad temper; and it gives him pleasure to sulk. Among women these enjoyments are heightened by a greater sensitiveness, both on the part of the performers and that of their victims. When a man gets into the sulky attitude, and thinks he will annoy his friends by refusing their invitations to dinner, we simply say to him, "Very well. Sulk as long as you please. If you will be unhappy, be. We have too much on our hands to trouble ourselves about whether you choose to be uncomfortable or the reverse. If you won't come to our dinner-parties, let us hope that others will; and we have no reason to anticipate that the soup and the fish will be any the worse for your absence." But women, gentle souls! do not look upon a seceding friend in this philosophic light. They are distressed to think that Jane, or Aunt Thompson, or Lady Morland's maiden sister, should think that they have been unkind to her. It is with deep depression that they hear how very miserable their former bosom-friend now is; and they perplex themselves, and their husbands too, about the best method of reconciliation.

The wreaking of bad temper is one of the pleasantest occupations of humanity; but it leaves bad physical effects behind it. We must guard ourselves, however, against the popular delusion that thin people are naturally prone to bad temper, and that stout people are almost invariably good-natured. The writer's experience, at least, tends to precisely the opposite conclusion. Fat men are not energetically angry—they do not cuff boys, thrash their horses, and so on; but they are far more impatient of hindrances, and apt to be ruffled by little annoyances. Put a fat man and a thin man to whip a trout-stream when the fish are not rising; who will first begin to growl muttered curses, and crack the flies off his line with bad temper, and then throw the rod away and fling himself on the grass in disgust? Suppose both of them to be "hung up;" which will exhibit the most patience and good-humor in getting the line off the tree? Bad temper is a keen weapon, but it is frequently found in a very soft and capacious sheath. The evil physical effects of bad temper, however, tell equally on the stout and the thin, and they are more serious than many people imagine. The effect which a fit of choler has upon the system, when general weakness predisposes to a catastrophe, shows what the effect must also be when greater strength of the system prevents its being immediately visible. When a man drops down and dies through a fit of anger there must be some other ailment assisting; but that anger should, in any case, have the power to accelerate the catastrophe is sufficiently significant. Persons with disease of the heart, or any affliction likely to suffer from a shock to the nerves, are warned by the doctors to abstain from irritating disputes, and generally to avoid those men or things likely to provoke their anger. It is an advice which is applicable to all; because there are few of us so situated that our bad temper, if we have one, may be gratified with impunity. Better to cultivate the even tenor of a sublime indifferentism than to reap the uncertain satisfaction of expending little fire-crackers of wrath.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

POCKET-PICKING has become an art; and the very height of the season for practicing it is rapidly approaching. It flourishes most when lectures, and concerts, musical soirées, operas, and theatrical performances are most enthusiastically patronized; when the rush of down-town business leads to the constant interchange of the largest quantity of greenbacks; when the purchase of holiday gifts seems to demand that pockets should contain the "wherewithal." Between five and seven o'clock in the evening the cars going up town are crowded to their utmost capacity. The inside passengers are packed together in every cross-grained way, and the outsiders hang on as they can. Whatever energies remain to the business-man after a day of exhausting labor are expended in the simple effort to sustain existence during a wearisome ride of perhaps an hour. He can not be expected to keep his thoughts all the time upon his pockets; and as all of his neighbors are, of necessity, sticking their elbows into him, he must suspect every body, if any body. But unfortunately the pickpocket considers the overcrowded car as his Wall Street, where, ever keeping his eyes open for a chance, by a skillful turn of his hand, he may realize something handsome. There seems to be no other way, when in a crowd, but for the owners of pocket-books, watches, and diamond pins, to regard all their neighbors with a prudent suspicion.

According to one of our daily papers the pocket of the pantaloons is the most dangerous place in which a man can keep his money. However that may be it is well for all to understand the *modus operandi* frequently adopted for abstracting the pocket-book. Several pickpockets band together for the purpose of doing business. Their plans are laid carefully, and they frequent cars, railway stations, public meetings, or any place where there is a crowd. They select a victim quietly and surround him, as if by accident, and communicate with each other by unobserved signs. The one who operates does not place his hand in the pocket, that is a fatal error; but with the first two fingers he gently draws up the lining of the pocket to the opening, and with it the wallet, which is immediately passed to a confederate. Disputes and disturbances of various kinds are often started in a car with no other purpose than to attract the attention of passengers, and give the opportunity to investigate pockets. Ladies have quite as much need to be on their guard as gentlemen. As a general thing, however, every one believes that *he* is careful enough until he has had a severe personal experience. The safest rule is to carry very little money in one's pocket.

Life is short, and books are often long, and always multitudinous. Some books are merely to be tasted of, others to be wholly rejected, while only a moderate number are to be thoroughly read and carefully digested.

An exchange says that the following prescription will cure the most obstinate case of hoarseness in a short time. Colds are unusually prevalent just now, and this remedy is so simple that it can do no harm, certainly, to try it: Take the white of two eggs and beat them with two spoonfuls of white sugar; grate in a little nutmeg, then add a pint of lukewarm water. Repeat the prescription if necessary.

A smart little four-year-old boy, living in Ashland, New Hampshire, performed quite a feat the other day. He was playing in the yard with his younger sister and a pet bantam chicken, when a large Arctic hawk suddenly swooped down and attempted to carry off the chicken. He succeeded in getting it in his talons, when the little boy grasped a small hatchet lying near by and smartly pounded the hawk until he released his prey and flew away wounded and with the loss of some of his plumage. The lad's mother saw the occurrence, but was unable to reach the spot before the predatory bird had taken its flight.

From the Buffalo *Courier* we learn that there are now on exhibition at the rooms of the Society of Natural Science in that city two very remarkable geological specimens. One is the fossil imprint of the foot of a man, or rather the cast of such an imprint. It was discovered by a workman in a colliery in western Pennsylvania. The spot where it was found was nearly a mile from the pit's mouth, and some three hundred feet from the surface. The rock in which it was imbedded belongs to the paleozoic age, and the imprint, if such it be, must have been made millions of years before the present geological era commenced. It is the cast of the left foot of a man of ordinary size, and is perfectly defined. The second specimen is a large slab of sandstone, on which, stamped in the solid rock, can be seen the imprint of horses' hoofs, perfectly preserved, and varying in size from the track of a full-grown horse to that of a young colt. They point in different directions, as though the animals had been leisurely walking about, cropping the luxuriant grasses of that tropical period. These specimens were presented by reliable gentlemen, and it is surmised that the present system of geology will be more than ever complicated by their discovery.

The famous pedestrian Weston has undertaken another feat—namely, to walk within one hundred days, commencing on December 1, from Bangor, Maine, to St. Paul, Minnesota, and thence to this city, by such routes as he may select to the extent of five thousand miles. He is to rest during the whole of each Sunday. This trial trip is undertaken at the severest season of the year, when drifting storms may be expected. That such extraordinary tests of endurance are unwise there is no question; yet some good may result to the public by weaning the men, and women also, to take more vigorous outdoor exercise in the way of brisk walking. It is an interesting fact, as stated by Mr. Weston himself, that he does not depend at all upon the stimulus of alcoholic drinks for success in his walking trips. He says that he regards the use of intoxicating liquors on the occasion of the performance of any task requiring strength and nerve not only unnecessary, but wholly injurious. The moment a man partakes of such stimulants at such a time he ceases to work upon his own strength of manhood, and is simply using a false power built upon a medicine. It may help him for the moment, but the effect is of short duration, and then he is worse than before. It not only weakens his body but his nerve, and takes away his will; and that is not all—it will take away his appetite for food.

The English journals give a singular account of a convict who escaped from his cell by means of a wooden spoon, some bits of wire, and a needle and thread. The door of his cell was iron, and the lock on the outside. He made a key from the spoon, and passed a thread over and under the door with the needle; bits of wire were pushed through the inspection hole, and fastened to this long thread extending outside from top to bottom. The key was also pushed through, and, being fastened to the thread, was brought opposite the keyhole by dextrous manipulation of the slender line, worked gently in, then turned by means of the wire, and the door was opened. The man who possessed the ingenuity and patience to accomplish such a deed ought never to have been inside of prison walls. He might have made fame and fortune elsewhere.

It is believed that two-thirds of the thirty thousand patients confined in French lunatic asylums are perfectly sane. When a person becomes too much in the way of his friends (!) or others, it is not uncommon to apply for a certificate of insanity, which is usually obtained with little difficulty. And when once confined in the asylum, a person is, as it were, dead; there is little hope of relief.

According to some sagacious writer, marriage does not depend so much upon love as upon the price of corn. Hence when breadstuffs decrease in value marriages should increase.

The Geographical Society are discussing the propriety of another Arctic expedition under the command of the celebrated explorer, Dr. Hayes.

The Board of Health state that, during the week ending November 14, there was less mortality in New York city than has been known for several years. The total number of deaths was 334.

A very interesting description of the solar eclipse of last August comes from India from the pen of an observer on the banks of the Bhima. We quote one or two brief passages from the lengthy account:

"Two or three minutes before the total obscuration the thermometer began to fall rapidly, the wind grew perceptibly colder, and the clouds thickened and darkened, and quite obscured the sun. It was a moment of intense interest; crows flew low, and kites fluttered as if distressed to find darkness upon them before they could reach their accustomed perches. At Solapur the poultry went to roost; and some cattle not far from us seemed to be proceeding home of their own accord. The only instance of perfect stoicism I heard of was that of a man plowing quite near where I was, and whom I heard turning his bullocks in the midst of the darkness of totality. The darkness of totality has also been often affirmed to give rise to strong feelings of horror. To me the rapidity of the motion of the tremendous pall, and the suddenness and completeness of the final pulse of darkness, were inexpressibly grand and never to be forgotten; and it so absorbed the senses that the wind seemed to cease, and only after a few seconds of darkness I heard the distant cries from the village below. The darkness continued about three minutes—though they seemed very short ones—and the mercury went down to 76 degrees, while the dew fell very rapidly, and was driven by the wind like a thin drizzle of rain, and I felt it getting very chilly. At length the low arch of light to the north began to enlarge round by the west, and the great curtain to be withdrawn with the same majestic sweep with which it had been cast over us, and soon its edge was seen passing over the zenith and vanishing in a lessening arch to the southeast. And, as the light had disappeared, so for a few seconds it appeared to return, not by regular accessions as day opens from the gray dawn, but at first by rapid pulses and then gradually."

The United States Consul at Zurich has sent to the Secretary of State a painfully interesting account of the recent inundations in Switzerland, and the sufferings of the people in consequence. The loss of property, though great, bears no ratio to the amount of suffering involved, because it has fallen not upon wealthy individuals or corporations, but upon the poor. The Swiss mountaineer barely exists. He lives in narrow gorges between mountains crowned with eternal snows. His winters are eight months, his summers four months long; he has no spring and no autumn. He lives in a small rude structure, half house, half stable, close to the torrent that rushes down his valley. He owns a few goats, a few sheep, and two or three cows. For the winter food of those he employs half of his summer in bringing on his back, from almost inaccessible grass-plots above him, a supply of hay—so short and fine does it grow that one might almost call it moss! The other half of his summer is consumed in gathering fuel for the winter. His wife and children, meanwhile, cultivate the potatoes and other scanty vegetables, and tend the flocks. When a flood comes, the value in money of what he has lost may not be more than one or two hundred dollars, but he is left a helpless beggar. It is stated that perhaps ten thousand dwellings which still stand have been flooded, and that at this season of the year they can not be dried; and that therefore to live in them is to invite fevers, rheumatisms, and other similar diseases. Already sickness is reported as having broken out in the stricken districts to an extent that almost amounts to an epidemic.

An American merchant visiting England went into a fashionable London church one Sunday soon after service had commenced, and stood in the aisle. The pew-opener passed him several times and took no notice of him. "They show more respect to a stranger in American churches," said he to himself, and determined to give them a lesson. Seeing that there was plenty of room in several pews but the pew-opener passed him again and again without offering a seat, he quietly sprang open his coat-tails and squatted down on the neatly matted aisle. The clergyman noticed him, and looked at the pew-opener, who at once went to him and offered him a seat. "No, thank you," whispered the merchant, "I am quite comfortable, and shall sit here all the service."

Not long ago a New Haven gentleman ordered a wedding suit, including, of course, a satin vest. On the bridal evening, the ceremony having been performed, just as the clergyman was departing, the gentleman took from the pocket of his vest, and slipped into the parson's hand, what he supposed was a greenback of some value, which he had put there for the purpose. Some weeks afterward, while wearing the same vest, he put his fingers into his pocket, and pulled out, to his great horror, the identical bank-note which he supposed had long before gladdened the heart of the worthy clergyman. Great was his consternation. What could he have given the parson? He ascertained the next day that he had given him a strip of satin two or three inches long, which the tailor had left in the pocket of his vest. Explanations and a hearty laugh followed.

The Gota Canal in Sweden is said to have cost the government $9,000,000. It connects the chain of lakes that lie between the Baltic and the Categat. The sail through this canal is said to be novel and interesting. It traverses a beautiful and fertile country, and on every side are neat Swedish towns and well-cultivated fields. The canal in many places is scarcely broader than the ships which traverse it.

IN PAWN.

BLANK and bare was the humble room
In a crowded tenement, narrow and high,
Where the sewing-girl sat in the gathering gloom
With little left her of health's bright bloom;
And close to the window shone the sky.

At her poor work-table she sat alone;
And skeleton-like her hands had grown
With labor by day and often at night;
Long and slender and ivory white
The nimble fingers, idle now,
For a wonder, as they clasped her brow;
Idle, because but an hour before,
Lifting her hood and her coarse gray shawl
Each from its nail in the chamber wall,
And never a moment thinking to stop
Only to fasten the chamber door—
An hour before on that very day
From her attic room she had hurried away,
Bearing her sewing off to the shop.

"Sewing was scarce," they had told her there,
And little if any there would be
For maybe a week or more, and she
Must wait until Saturday's set of sun
To be paid for the work already done;
And home she had come with a burden of care
Bearing down with its iron weight
The heart in her breast, for her next week's rent
Would be due before then, and her every cent
She had spent that morn for the bread she ate.

So she sat her down in her attic room,
Silent and sad 'mid the gathering gloom,
With her skeleton fingers, idle now,
Rigidly clasping her aching brow,
Thinking, pondering what she would say
To the landlord when he should come that way,
While the swift-winged moments lightly flew,
How many had gone she hardly knew
When she raised her eyes to the opposite wall,
Where her hood hung and her cast-off shawl,
And the Sunday dress she had made with care
That had known so little as yet of wear,
Fashioned and fitted, back and waist,
Skirt and sleeves with the nicest taste,
Gored and frilled, with a small rosette
Here and there in the trimming set,
With buttons of steel that glimmered white
Like silver beads in the failing light;
And all of that delicate shade and hue
That suited her best as the poor girl knew.

Then she lifted down from their place on the wall
Again her hood and her coarse gray shawl
And the dress that was hanging beside them there,
And folding it with the tenderest care
Wrapped it in paper, while from each lid,
Like a scintillant diamond, a bright tear slid;
And passing out through the narrow door
And down six flights to the street once more,
With hasty step through the surging crowd,
The sound of whose murmur gathered loud,
Like a moving shadow she flitted past,
Nor lingered a moment until at last,
Backward behind her the glazed door swung
Where the gilded sign of the Pawnbroker hung.

Men and women and children there,
Standing all of them in a line,
Some with faces furrowed with care,
Others where vice had left its sign,
And even some in whose eyes' strange glare
Hunger lurked with a famished stare;
While the broker's clerks, with their pens in hand,
Wrote the tickets, or closely scanned
Each separate package, and last her own,
Talking and haggling over the loan;
Then out from the dingy shop she passed,
Leaving behind on the brown shelves there
The Sunday dress she had made with care,
As backward in thought a glance she cast
At that pleasant Sabbath a month ago,
When leaving the sweltering city's heat,
Through green lanes bordered with fields of wheat
She felt cool airs on her wan cheek blow
And heard the church bells sweet and low.
And ever anon the cat-bird's song
And the thrush's voice as she wound along,
Smothered half in the leafy trees,
And scented the rose in each wandering breeze.

And she sighed to think while her tears would flow
How many Sabbaths might come and go,
When, clad once more in that Sunday dress,
Those pleasant by-ways her feet would press;
How autumn might burn the pastures brown,
And the autumn rain come drizzling down;
And the wind, so balmy, gathering cold,
Scatter the woodland's wealth of gold,
Ere her hands should labor enough to repay
The meagre loan she had got that day.

And on she passed as the night came down
With its dusky mantle upon the town,
And one by one each glimmering light
In the dazzled street-lamps gathered bright,
And the twinkling stars in the azure sky
Looked calmly down from their homes on high,
As once again in her attic room
She sat alone in the twilight gloom.

Oh, mothers whose hearts are warm with love;
Oh, sweet young wife with cheeks like the rose;
Oh, maiden, you with the eyes of a dove,
Thank God for the comforts His hand bestows;
For on rich and poor though his rain may fall,
Such blessings as yours are not given to all!

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FOOT-RACE ON THE FASHION COURSE.

CONSIDERABLE interest, both in this country and in Canada, has centred about the notable foot-race which came off on the Fashion Course, Long Island, on the 23d of November, between the "Flying Boy of Kingston," E. D. DAVIS, of New York, and J. WESLEY COZAD, the "California Plow-boy," for a purse of $4500.

In the pools COZAD stood 20 to DAVIS's 18; COZAD's friends were ready to offer odds. At 1.30 P.M. DAVIS was ready for the race, and shortly after, COZAD came on. Then judges were chosen for each, and the time-keeper and starter appointed. At 1.50 the men were formed in line, each man having a set track. The race was to be run by a "scratch start," each man to start 15 feet from the starting-point of the 125 yards, and not to run the race until both had come over the line, which is a great advantage. After four false starts COZAD got over the line, thinking DAVIS would follow him, which, by accident, DAVIS did, he really not meaning to go at the time. He was called back by some of his friends, but it was too late, and both men were off. COZAD had two feet start. DAVIS got to running right away, and gradually came up with him. The men seemed to run side by side for about 50 yards, when COZAD put on all steam and gradually left DAVIS, and when 100 yards had been completed DAVIS was fully six feet behind. The latter, nevertheless, tried his best, but he did not seem to have sufficient energy to close the gap, and COZAD gradually gained and outran DAVIS, and won by 8 feet. The time occupied was about 12 seconds. DAVIS had been very confident, and had wagered his diamonds, two watches, and a ring on the race.

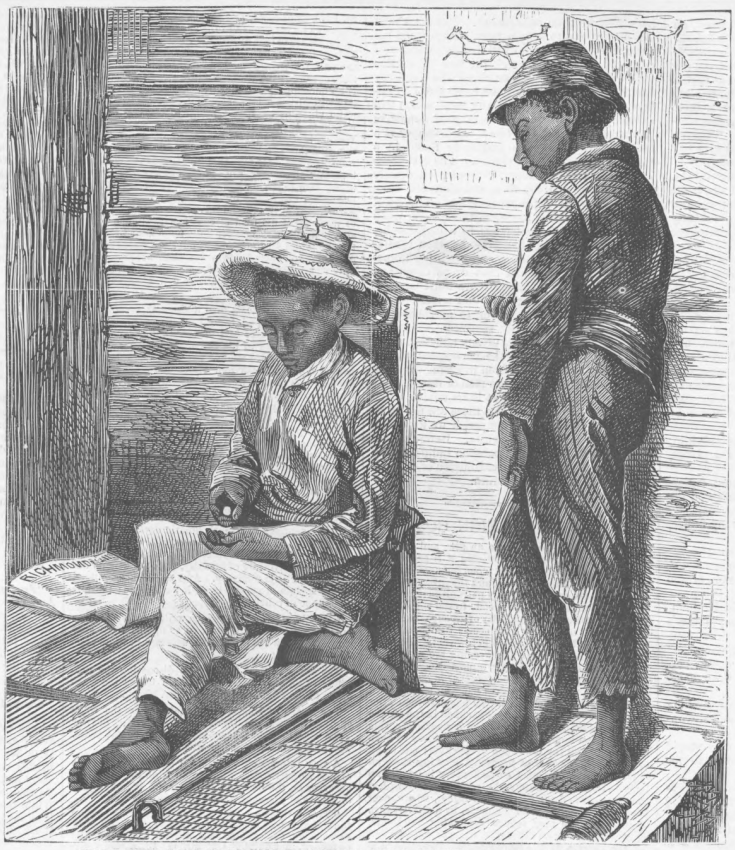
THE PHILADELPHIA TRAGEDY.

THE recent murder of Mrs. MARY E. HILL in Philadelphia by her son-in-law (as is supposed) has excited greater interest than any similar tragedy since the BURDELL murder in New York city over ten years ago. The present instance, however, differs very materially from the former one in all the grand elements which go to make up a "sensation." The BURDELL murder was surrounded by a mystery which has never been fully solved even yet. This Philadelphia murder, on the other hand, is memorable not on account of any insoluble and perplexing problem demanding a solution, but by reason of its sheer brutality—a brutality not relieved by the slightest circumstance which could make the tragedy interesting on intellectual grounds, except, perhaps, the wealth and aristocratic associations of the family.

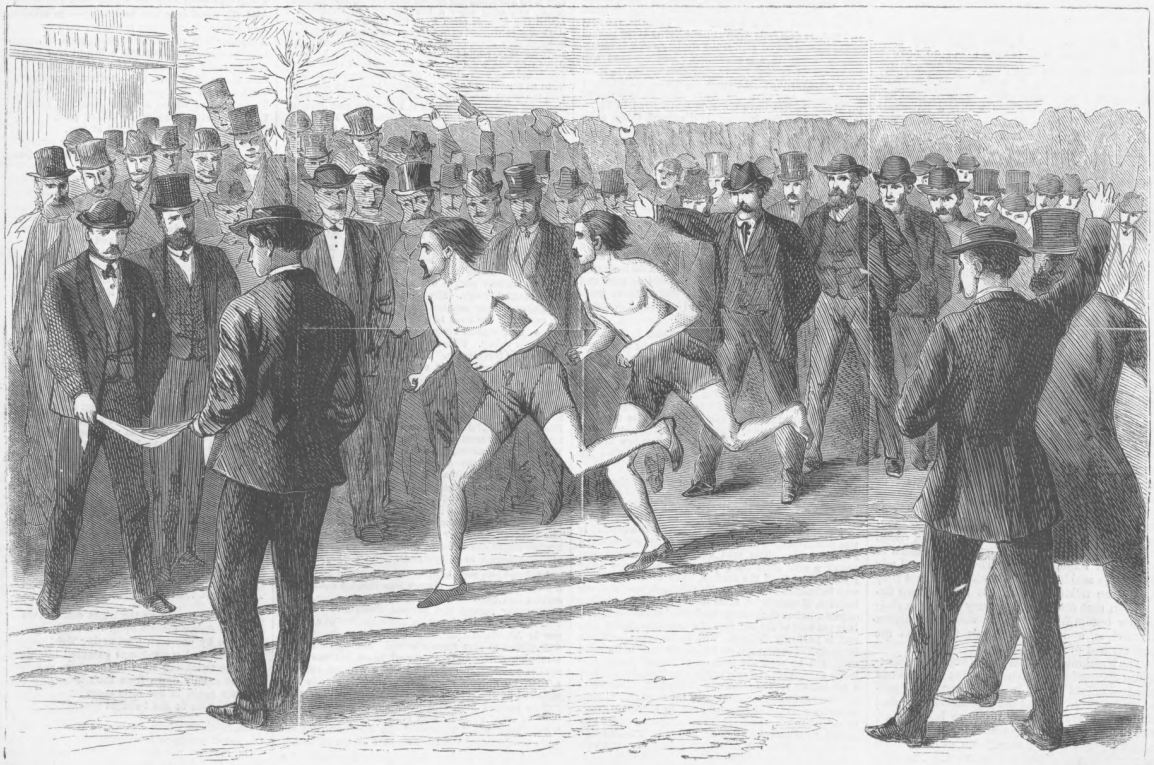
The Philadelphia *Inquirer* on November 23—the day after the murder—published the following account:

"A horrible murder was committed last night at the large, aristocratic residence situated at the northeast corner of Tenth and Pine streets, and the victim was an elderly lady named Mrs. MARY E. HILL, who owns and occupies the property, and whose name appears on the door of the house on a silver plate. The murder was one of the most brutal and revolting ones that has occurred in this city for years, and the following particulars were obtained by our reporter at a late hour last night: About 9.30 o'clock last night, as Policeman HOWARD was patroling his beat on Pine Street above Tenth, he was hailed by a citizen who resides on Pine Street below Tenth, directly opposite the garden of the house where the murder was committed, who informed him that something must be wrong at Mrs. HILL's residence, and asked him to make an investigation. HOWARD rang the bell, and it was answered by a man named GEORGE S. TWITCHELL, a son-in-law of the murdered woman, and who, in company with his wife (Mrs. HILL's daughter) resided with the deceased, the three being the only occupants of the large and very handsomely furnished house. The officer asked TWITCHELL what was the matter in the house, when TWITCHELL replied that a woman had fallen out of the window and killed herself. The officer then entered and was conducted by TWITCHELL to the dining-room on the lower floor, where, stretched out on a settee, was the murdered body of Mrs. HILL, covered with blood and bearing the evident marks of violence about her head, as though she had been struck two or three times with some iron missile. TWITCHELL and his wife were then secured and assistance called in, when an examination of the premises was made, and but little room was left for doubt that Mrs. HILL had been foully dealt with, her body thrown from the second-story sitting-room window into the garden that adjoins the house on Pine Street, for the officers, on entering the sitting-room mentioned, found a sofa clotted with blood, and pools of blood on the floor in close proximity to it. A cushion on the sofa also contained blood, and it was torn as though some blows aimed at the deceased had missed and struck the cushion. The blood was then traced through the sitting-room to the window of a small room that adjoins it on the east. The sill of this window was covered with blood, and it was evident that it had been opened and the body thrown into the yard. An examination of the ground disclosed a large pool of blood directly under the window mentioned, and the congealed condition of this blood when discovered indicated that the body had lain there some time before the officer entered the house. TWITCHELL stated that when Mrs. HILL fell or threw herself from the window, he, in company with a servant girl who came home about that time, went into the yard and carried her into the dining-room and laid her on the settee, but did not attempt to explain how the blood came on the sofa and floor of the sitting-room up stairs. Blood was also traced from the sitting-room to the stairway leading down to the first-floor, showing conclusively that after the perpetration of the murder the murderer went down stairs. A poker was afterward found in the yard that contained blood on it, and was undoubtedly used to commit the murder. TWITCHELL was taken to the Eighth Ward station-house. He had blood on his shirt when taken there. Mrs. TWITCHELL was retained at the house where the murder was committed, which was held in charge of Sergeant PENNINGTON and a posse of police during the night. Mrs. TWITCHELL appeared to be very much concerned about her husband, and spoke to the officers more about him than her murdered mother. There does not appear to have been any struggle in the room (a neatly furnished one) where the murder was committed, as every thing was in order, and the theory is, that Mrs. HILL was lying down on the sofa asleep when she was approached and struck on the head with the poker mentioned, and her body then thrown into the yard.

"The animus of the murder has not yet been discovered, and it is not known on what kind of terms Mrs. HILL and her daughter and son-in-law lived together. TWITCHELL is a strong, healthy-looking man, about 32 years of age."



NEGRO NEWS-BOYS IN RICHMOND DIVIDING THEIR PROFITS.—[SKETCHED BY W. L. SHEPPARD.]



THE FOOT-RACE ON "FASHION COURSE," LONG ISLAND, NOVEMBER 23, 1868.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

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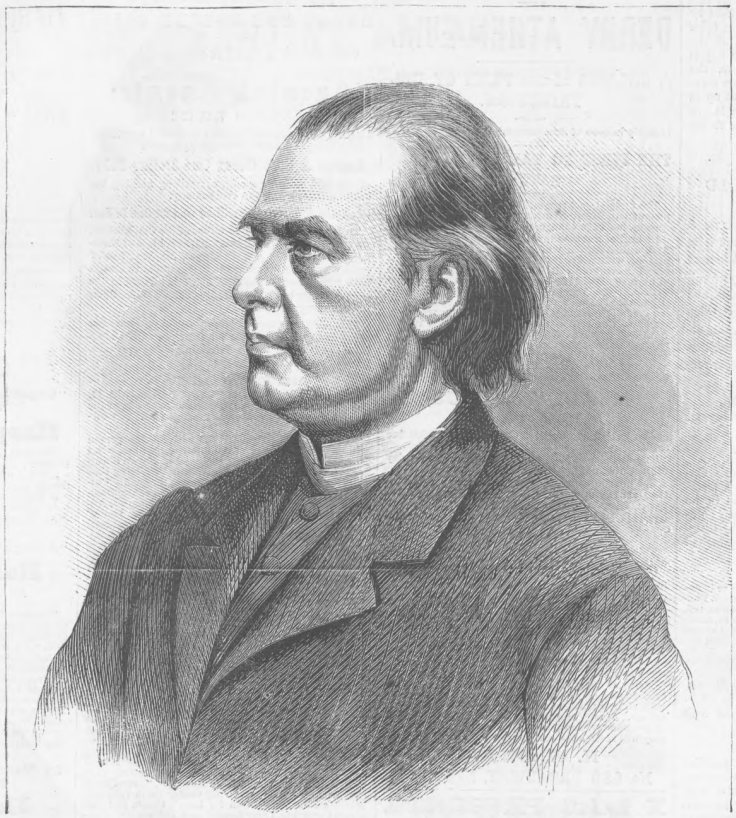
It has since been discovered that a motive existed for the perpetration of the crime by Mr. TWITCHELL. It is true that neither he nor his wife could inherit Mrs. HILL's property upon her decease. But it appears that shortly after the removal of the family to the house at Tenth and Fine streets, Mrs. HILL directed her son-in-law to negotiate for the purchase of this property. This was done, but the deed of conveyance was fraudulently made out in the name of TWITCHELL's wife. The fraud was at length discovered, and the old lady determined to institute a legal prosecution for the recovery of the property. It was, probably, in order to thwart this attempt that the murder was committed. How far Mrs. TWITCHELL was implicated does not yet appear.

The coroner's inquest was held on the 24th, and the verdict of the jury was that Mrs. HILL "came to her death by violence at the hands of GEORGE S. TWITCHELL and CAMILLA TWITCHELL, his wife." The evidence offered on the inquest quite clearly proved that garments belonging to TWITCHELL were stained with blood, and that these were not worn by him when he assisted in carrying the murdered woman up stairs.

BISHOP A. N. LITTLEJOHN.

THREE new dioceses have recently been carved out of the State of New York by the Episcopal Convention held in this city last October. One of these is the diocese of Long Island, of which, on the 19th of November, the Rev. ABRAM N. LITTLEJOHN was elected Bishop. He was born in Montgomery County, New York, on the 13th of December, 1824. He graduated at Union College in 1845, and on the 18th of March, 1848, was admitted to the diaconate at Auburn. He officiated at St. Ann's Church, Amsterdam, New York, for one year, and at St. Andrew's Church, Meriden, Connecticut, for ten months, when, on the 10th of April, 1850, he entered upon the rectorship of Christ Church, Springfield, Massachusetts, where he remained about a year. While connected with this church he was ordained to the priesthood. In July, 1851, he entered upon the rectorship of St. Paul's Church, New Haven, Connecticut, where he remained until the spring of 1860, when, on Easter-Sunday, commenced his duties at the Church of the Holy Trinity, Brooklyn, where he has remained up to this time. Dr. LITTLEJOHN was a few weeks since elected Bishop of Western New York, but there is little doubt of his accepting his last election. In 1853 Dr. LITTLEJOHN delivered the first of a course of lectures given in Philadelphia during the fall and winter by various bishops and clergymen. His subject was "The Philosophy of Religion," afterward published. In 1856 he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the University of Pennsylvania. In 1858 he was unanimously elected President of Hobart College, Geneva, New York, but declined the offer. For ten years he performed the duty of Lecturer on Pastoral Theology at the Berkeley Divinity School, Middletown, Connecticut. He has been prominently connected with the missionary work of the Church as a member of the Domestic Committee of the Board of Missions. He is also a trustee of St. Stephen's College, and of the General Theological Seminary of New York; a member of the Executive Committee of the Protestant Episcopal Freedman's Commission; a director of the Society for the Increase of the Ministry; and a member of the Executive Committee of the Sunday School Union and Church Book Society. He has been for several years President of the Homes for the Aged and Orphan on the church charity foundation, Brooklyn, and Vice-President of the Kings County Convocation for Church Extension.



DR. ABRAM N. LITTLEJOHN, PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL BISHOP OF LONG ISLAND.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. H. WILLIAMSON, BROOKLYN.]

GOLDWIN SMITH.

A FEW weeks ago Princeton College was rejoicing over the acquisition of Dr. M'COSH as its President. Cornell University has equal reason to be proud of *her* importation of a Professor of History. The acquisition in a single year of two of England's most distinguished scholars and most useful citizens is a memorable event in the history of American institutions.

GOLDWIN SMITH, who recently arrived in this country to enter upon his official duties as Professor of History in Cornell University, was born in 1823 at Reading, England, where his father was a physician. He received his education at Oxford, where he was graduated in 1845, carrying off some of the most important scholarships and prizes. Like many English gentlemen of education, he was called to the bar, but never practiced. He was Secretary to the two Oxford Commissions, and was a member of the Education Commission of 1859. In 1866 he resigned the Professorship of History at Oxford, which he had held for some time. GOLDWIN SMITH has written largely during the last few years, his Lectures on Modern History and on the Study of History being best known. His latest work was an historical study on the three English statesmen, PYM, CROMWELL, and PITT. He has written besides as a journalist, and has contributed to various literary publications. He is one of the most liberal of English scholars, and all his writings are fraught with the spirit of liberty.

LIFE IN SPAIN.

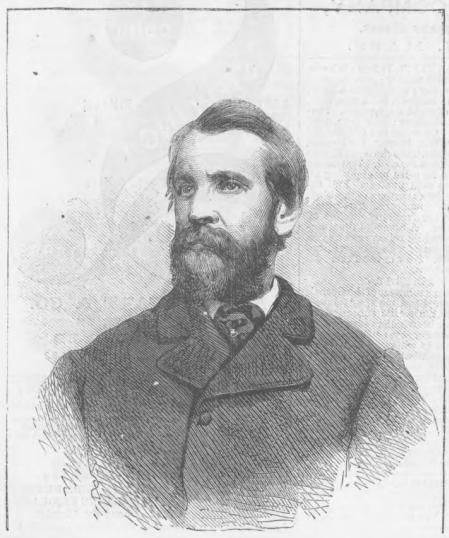
CERTAINLY the Spaniards are a most peculiar people. The lives of the regular old Spanish families in Madrid (we do not allude to those of high rank) are as singularly unaltered as those of any in the world. As a rule Spaniards never stir away from Madrid at any part of the year. They live on separate floors of houses, a floor to a family; society is perfectly unknown among them, according to our meaning of the word, especially among the women, whose only dissipation from year's end to year's end is their constant attendance at the churches. Owing to the astonishing number of saints' days there is scarcely a day in the week when there is not some especial service, some famous preacher to be heard, some especial mass to be attended; and should none of these causes bring them out they are sure of finding the churches open, and thither they go and select some chapel where they offer up their prayers to a favorite saint. Every thing connected with the outward observances of religion is to them an excitement and an occupation. The men, on the contrary, find their amusement in constant smoking. Clubs, up to a late period, were little frequented by Spaniards, but some change is creeping on in this respect. They are all for outward show, both men and women; and as long as they can manage to keep a miserable-looking pair of horses to draw an antiquated sort of carriage along the public drives, they care not what privations they suffer in their domestic ar-

A. OAKEY HALL.

A. OAKEY HALL, Esq., whose portrait we publish on this page, and who was recently the District Attorney of this city, will, if he lives, be the Mayor-elect of New York before this sketch meets the eyes of our readers. He is of an old Knickerbocker family, and is now in his forty-third year. For nearly twenty years he has occupied a prominent position at the metropolitan bar. He is not only well known as a lawyer, but also as a politician and a littérateur.

Mr. HALL, having been connected with all the celebrated legal cases in New York city for fifteen years—mainly on the side of the prosecution—has become, through the metropolitan press, well known to the nation at large. JAMES T. BRADY and himself are recognized as the witty *duo* of the New York Bar. He was a student at the Cambridge Law School during the professorship of Judge STORY. Thence he went to New Orleans, where he passed one or two years in the study of civil law. He was a student in the offices of SLIDELL and BENJAMIN.

As District Attorney in 1866 Mr. HALL received a majority of nearly 40,000, and the result of our Charter election will probably show that he is equally successful as a competitor in a wider field of action. In his late speech at Tammany Hall he declared that he would rather be Mayor of New York city than President.



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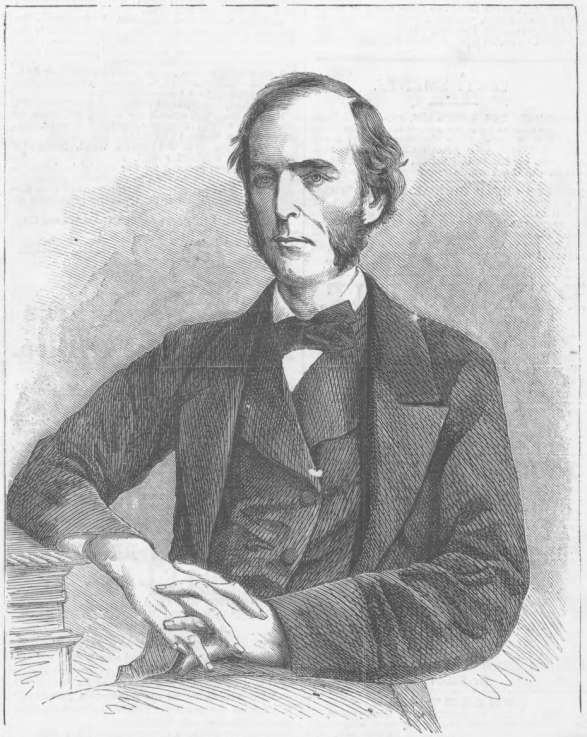

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rangements. They are naturally very small eaters, and adhere strictly to the fasts enjoined by their religion. The universal siesta, that boon to the dwellers in hot climates, closes all the shops at one o'clock till the heat of the day is over. Every one retreats within doors, the streets are all deserted, even the beggars seem to disappear, and the houses are all shut up as if the inhabitants had left them. Then in the evening the whole world seems to come to life again.

[Mrs. Secretary McCULLOCH's Report.]

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The undersigned respectfully begs to state that the plan of THE DERBY ATHENÆUM, as set forth in its Prospectus, has been changed, as follows:

Instead of a semi-annual distribution of WORKS OF ART, a distribution will be made MONTHLY to its patrons, without regard to amount of sales. The number of tickets sold will be in the same proportion, and in no case exceed the amount stated. There will be but twenty-five hundred tickets sold for the first distribution, at $5 each, the purchaser in all cases receiving the full value of his money in the books purchased, which will be sold at the Publishers' Lowest Prices. It will be observed that the change gives to the patrons of the ATHENÆUM the same *pro rata* as the former plan, but the advantage of more frequent distribution of choice works of art. The first premium to be awarded will be JAMES M. HART'S

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Valued at $2500,

and so justly pronounced the best picture by that fine artist.

The award will positively be made on the 5th day of December next.

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The change of plan has been decided upon at the instance and by the advice of prominent patrons of the ATHENÆUM, among whom are many of the clergy, artists, *literati*, and members of the religious and secular Press.

The ATHENÆUM will continue the sale of the choicest Works of Literature and Art, at the lowest prices. The Fine Art Gallery will, as heretofore, remain open, free, and all the Works of Art on view will be for sale, except those announced as monthly prizes.

Those of our patrons who have certificates for the original plan of distribution will enjoy an equal chance with all new purchasers in securing the monthly premiums. If any, however, do not approve the change of programme, and prefer to return their certificates, they will receive the amount due them in cash.

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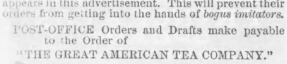

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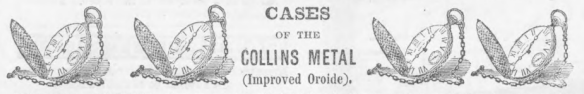

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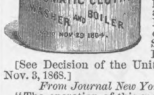

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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THE "KELLY MEDAL."

THE Public Schools of New York city are acknowledged to be the most excellent in the world; and this acknowledgment receives additional force on account of the attention which our public school system has received from the rival cities of Boston and Philadelphia. The Empire State has in its public schools a larger percentage of its children than most of the New England States, and in this city the percentage is much larger than in the rural districts. Lately the best modes of heating and ventilating school-buildings have occupied the attention of the Board of Education, and the result has been the modification, and, where it has seemed necessary, the reconstruction of these buildings.

The illustrations on this page represent a peculiar and important feature connected with the Commencement exercises of the Public Grammar-School No. 45, which is probably the largest institution of the kind in the world which is devoted exclusively to females. These exercises were attended by a large number of our most influential citizens, and, giving evidence of the most excellent and thorough instruction, they reflected great credit upon the Principal, Miss ANNA A. ROGERS, and her assistant teachers.

The most interesting part of the day's proceedings is that which we have illustrated—the presentation of the "Kelly Medal," which, in the language of the donor, Mr. JAMES KELLY, Inspector of Schools for the Third District, comprising the Ninth and Sixteenth Wards, is to be awarded annually to "such two members of the highest class as shall be designated by at least two-thirds of the pupils of the class, as best entitled to receive them by reason of superior moral excellence, manifested by their amiability of disposition, correctness of deportment, or otherwise."

The presentation of medals for excellence in this particular is peculiar to New York, and worthy of emulation by benevolent, public-spirited citizens in this and other cities; and the novelty of the occasion called together very many friends of education, among whom were two representatives from the Philadelphia Board of Controllers, Messrs. J. H. MACBRIDE and H. W. HALLIWELL, who will doubtless carry with them to our sister city pleasant and profitable remembrances of this exceedingly interesting occasion.

OBVERSE. REVERSE.

THE "KELLY MEDAL."

The graduating class consisted of twenty-one young ladies, who were awarded diplomas certifying that they had completed the supplementary course of study prescribed by the Board of Education, were highly praised by the Superintendent for their proficiency, and very appropriately addressed by Rev. Dr. HALL.

The class having indicated the members entitled by the terms of the award to receive the "Kelly Medal," the latter were presented to Misses EMMA GREGORY and BLANCHE MILLENGEN, and addresses made by Rev. Mr. STREET, Rev. Dr. BELLOWS, JAMES W. GERARD, Esq., H. B. PERKINS, Esq., and others, calculated to impress upon the pupils the importance of cultivating moral excellence, and upon the audience the amount of influence that may be exerted upon the children by incentives such as has thus been offered through the philanthropy and public spirit of Mr. KELLY.

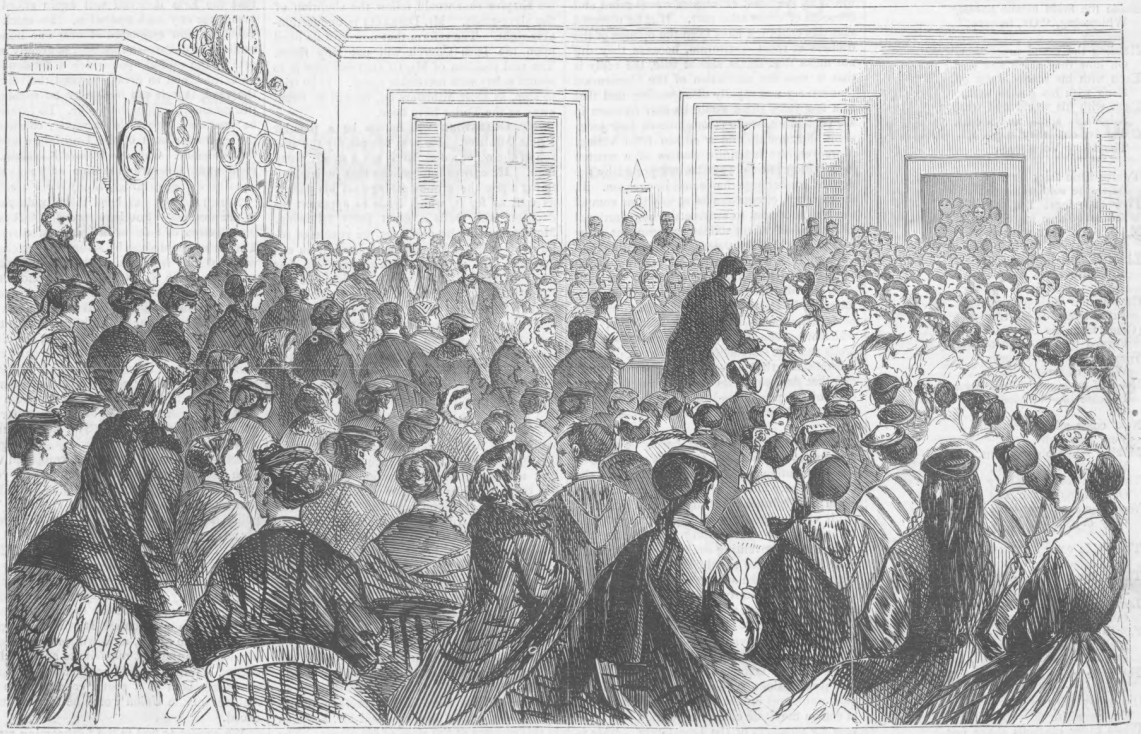
We trust that other friends of education may be induced to follow so praiseworthy an example. The obverse of the Kelly Medal contains a medallion portrait of THOMAS BOESE, Esq., the clerk of the Board of Education, whose diligent exertions in the interests of public schools in this city deserve the gratitude of all our citizens.

THE INDIAN WAR.

GENERAL SHERIDAN has conceived a plan of Indian warfare which will yield substantial results. General SHERMAN'S report to the War Department from St. Louis, on the 2d instant, incloses a report from General SHERIDAN of the first stage of his campaign. As SHERMAN says, "it gives General SHERIDAN a good initiation." It seems that at the start SHERIDAN met with old acquaintances. "The bands of BLACK KETTLE, LITTLE RAVEN, and SANTANTA are well known to us," says SHERMAN, "and are the same that have been along the Smoky Hill for the past five years, and .....embrace the very same men who first began this war on the Saline and Solomon rivers.

General SHERIDAN reports from Canadian River, junction of Beaver Creek, Indian Territory, November 29, 1868:

"I have the honor to report, for the information of the Lieutenant-General, the following operations of General CUSTER'S command: On the 23d of November I ordered him to proceed with eleven companies of the Seventh Cavalry in a southerly direction toward the Antelope Hills in search of hostile Indians. On the 26th he struck the trail of a war party of BLACK KETTLE'S band returning from the north, near where the eastern line of the pan-handle of Texas crossed the main Canadian. He at once corralled his wagons and followed in pursuit over the head waters of the Washita, thence down that stream; and on the morning of the 27th surprised the camp of BLACK KETTLE, and after a desperate fight, in which BLACK KETTLE was assisted by the Arrapahoes, under LITTLE RAVEN, and the Kiowas, under SANTANTA, we captured the entire camp, killing the chief, BLACK KETTLE, and 102 warriors, whose bodies were left on the field, all their stock, ammunition, arms, lodges, robes, and fifty-three women and their children. Our loss was Major ELLIOTT, Captain HAMILTON, and nineteen enlisted men killed." Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel BAR-



PRESENTATION OF THE "KELLY MEDAL" AT THE PUBLIC GRAMMAR-SCHOOL No. 45, NEW YORK CITY.
[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

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NETZ, Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel J. W. CUSTER, Second Lieutenant Z. MARSH, and eleven enlisted men wounded. LITTLE RAVEN'S band of Arrapahoes and SANTANTA'S band of KIOWAS were encamped six miles below BLACK KETTLE'S camp. About 500 or 900 of the animals captured were shot, the balance being kept for military purposes. The highest credit is due to General CUSTER and his command. They started in a furious snow-storm, and traveled all the while in snow about twelve inches deep. BLACK KETTLE'S and LITTLE RAVEN'S families are among the prisoners. It was BLACK KETTLE'S band that committed the first depredations on the Saline and Solomon rivers, in Kansas.

"The Kansas regiment has just come in. They missed the trail and had to struggle in the snow-storm. The horses suffered much in flesh, and the men were living on buffalo meat and game for eight days. We will soon have them in good condition. If we can get one or two more good blows there will be no more Indian troubles in my department. We will be pinched in ability to obtain supplies, and nature will present many difficulties in our winter operations, but we have stout hearts and will do our best. Two white children were recaptured. One white woman and a boy ten years old were brutally murdered by the Indian women when the attack commenced."

Cheyenne village was captured on the morning of November 27, as stated in the above report. General CUSTER on this occasion won fresh laurels. We regret the loss of HAMILTON, BARNETZ, and ELLIOTT; but we rejoice that one of the most hostile of the Indian encampments has been destroyed. SHERIDAN'S plan, as we have previously stated, is the destruction of Indian lodges. This, fully accomplished, will make it impossible for the savages to begin their depredations in the spring. SHERIDAN'S harvest is one which could only be garnered in the winter season, and thus far he has proved himself an efficient reaper.

THE FAIRY'S WEDDING.

It is a fairy's wedding!
Oh, what a beautiful thing!
Bluebells the news are spreading,
Ring-a-ting, ting, ting, ting!
All the flowers have voices,
Lovely the songs that they sing;
How the bluebell rejoices,
Ting-a-ring, ting, ting, ting!

Daisy likes love-songs pretty;
Columbine, canzonets;
Rose, an old-fashioned ditty;
Lilies prefer duets.
Bells, too busy for singing,
Shake themselves till they ring;
Sweet the chimes they are ringing—
Ting-a-ring, ting, ting, ting!

Butterflies come with fiddles;
Bravely they play the bars:
Wasps round their slender middles
Carry refined guitars.
Cock-chafers flutes are using;
Dragon-flies touch their harps,
Difficult music choosing,
Laden with flats and sharps.

Little green moss is spreading
Velvety carpets for those
Who to the fairy's wedding
Trip on their dainty toes.
Fragile delicate grasses
Wave about in the air,
Shade the bride as she passes,
Whispering, "Oh, beware!"

Heading the grand procession,
Oh how they shine and flash!
Each with his scarlet dress on,
Each with his golden sash,
Each with his shield and weapon,
Sabretach, spurs, and spears,
Gallantly, oh! they step on,
The Fairy Volunteers.

Twelve little fairy curates
After the soldiers come:
Poor little legs! I'm sure it's
Seldom you've march'd to the drums!
M. B. coats their wear is,
Almost down to their feet—
Little clerical fairies,
Miniature Dons complete.

Gravely the Bishop marches
Just in rear of his troops
(Come from his Court of Arches
Form'd by the croquet hoops!)
Wearing his jaunty apron
Woven of juniper leaves,
Robe of jasmine the cape from,
Delicate lily-bud sleeves.

Next come all the relations
Very splendidly drest,
Making sharp observations,
Every one on the rest.
Then, ah! beautiful bevy
Of bridemaids fair and afraid!
Were *I* a king, my levee
Only of you should be made!

The Bride comes softly tripping,
Half ashamed of her glee:
The Bridegroom leaping and skipping,
As bridegrooms should ever be.
Lovely is their adorning,
Innocent, bright, and gay;
Fair is she as the morning,
Radiant he as the day.

The little vows are over,
The pretty wee knot is tied:
Oh, happy fairy lover!
Oh, exquisite fairy bride!
While eager bluebells shake fast
Their loudest ring-a-ting, ting,
The guests sit down to breakfast
And eat like any thing!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1868.

THE QUESTION OF THE SUFFRAGE.

If a majority of the voters of New York should amend the State Constitution in such manner as to vest the political power of the State in one family exclusively—say the house of MORRISSEY or of WOOD—would the people of the Union be unable constitutionally to help themselves? And if thirty other States should do the same thing, would the Union be without constitutional remedy? Is the Government of the United States powerless to prevent the erection of a monarchy in any State? Is it powerless to prevent the fatal consequences of a want of harmony among the States in the fundamental principle of their organization? This was a question which naturally occurred to the Convention that framed the Government. The most sagacious mind in the Convention foresaw that the peril of the new system would be the centrifugal and not the centripetal tendency; and the whole body saw the folly of leaving the supreme power at the mercy of any lesser authority, and therefore the Convention comprehensively provided in the Constitution that "the United States shall guarantee to each State a republican form of government."

This provision, of course, forbids any State from adopting any form of government that it may choose, and restricts it to a particular form. Otherwise, as HAMILTON said, the liberties of the citizens of the United States might be overthrown by State authority, "while the National Government could legally do nothing more than behold its encroachments with indignation and regret." The constitutional provision is peremptory and mandatory upon the United States authority. It is also unlimited. The guarantee is perpetual. Whenever a State, from any cause, has ceased to have a republican form of government, it is the duty of the United States to intervene and restore that form. The United States are, therefore, necessarily vested with the authority of determining what is a republican government. An exact definition of the term is hardly possible. MADISON, in his famous sentence, says that in a democracy "the people meet and exercise the government in person: in a republic they assemble and administer it by their representatives and agents." But he leaves the definition of the word "people" still wanting.

It is, however, very easy to see what is *not* a republican government. The governments of Turkey and Paraguay are not republican. A system which gives the political power exclusively to one person, to one family, or to one class, founded upon arbitrary and whimsical distinctions, is not republican. Practically speaking, a republican form of government is that in which all the adult citizens of sound mind and innocent of crime take part. If it be objected that this could not have been the opinion of the framers of the Constitution, because they did not mean that slaves should vote, the reply is that it was the conviction of the Convention that slavery was rapidly disappearing, and that in a few years there would be only freemen in the population, while color alone in their judgment did not disable a citizen from voting. Moreover, the indefinite clauses of a written constitution must always be interpreted by the light of greater experience and just reason. If, for instance, circumstances at any time compel the United States to enforce the constitutional guarantee of a republican government, they must determine for themselves what the Constitution does not, namely, what is a republican form. MADISON, again recurring to the subject, as Mr. HOWARD M. JENKINS, of Wilmington, in Delaware, quotes in the admirable pamphlet, "Our Democratic Republic," of which we spoke last week, and which is a vigorous and able statement of the subject, declares substantially that a republican government is one that derives all its powers from the great body of the people, and to which it is essential that it be derived from no favored class of society.

If this be true, and it can hardly be denied, it seems to be plain that Congress may enforce the constitutional guarantee by protecting the right of every citizen to the suffrage. If any State by disfranchising any class of innocent adult citizens destroys its republican government, Congress would seem to be authorized to restore it by preventing such disfranchisement. And if experience should show so confused a sentiment upon the subject as to make this destruction a constantly menacing danger, why might not Congress execute the guarantee once and forever by forbidding any State to give political power exclusively to a favored class? Because, say some, the Constitution provides that electors of members of Congress shall have the qualifications requisite for electors of the most numerous branch of the Legislature; and of course the State alone may decide who shall vote for members of the Legislature. This is the favorite method of proving that Congress has nothing to do with the suffrage in the States.

But suppose that the State decides that only persons named SMITH or HAMPTON shall be electors of the most numerous branch of the Legislature, or only persons six feet in height, or of a blonde complexion, or of negro blood, has Congress, under the obligation to guarantee a republican form of government, no power whatever to interfere? Suppose that a Legislature so elected sends a Senator to Congress, has the Senate no right to object, upon adequate information of the facts, that the State which sends him is not republican in form? If such action of the State is final, is it not evident that the State alone decides what is a republican government, and that the constitutional provision is nullified by the very action which it was intended to prevent? The doctrine that the States alone are competent under the Constitution to deal with the suffrage is the result of the long dominance in the government of the Southern theories of the Constitution. It is the qualification and the extent of the suffrage which really determines the question of form in government, and as no subject is now more important we shall next week resume the discussion.

MR. GLADSTONE PRIME MINISTER.

MR. GLADSTONE at last grasps the prize for which every English statesman toils, and Mr. DISRAELI, after holding it uncertainly for less than two years, surrenders it promptly, and, as he doubtless supposes, finally. For he has been opposing the inevitable tendency of the age and of his country, and has held power even for so short a time only by compromising his Tory principles. The accelerated movement of progress in England, and the astonishing revolution in Spain, are both undoubtedly due to the result of our war. It is impossible that thoughtful men in any country should see such a vindication of the power and tenacity of a popular government as that of the United States without reflections that will presently take form in remarkable public changes. In England, indeed, this is so plain that it is unpardonable in a British statesman not to provide for those radical alterations in the form and policy of the government which can not be resisted.

In his able and unflinching canvass Mr. DISRAELI has planted himself upon the true Tory ground. "The disestablishment of the Irish Church," he says, "is but the first step. When that is taken the momentum of reform will be increased, and it can not be stayed. Who does not see," he exclaims, "that the spirit which reforms the Irish Establishment will presently scrutinize the English Establishment? Are all the bulwarks and barriers to be overthrown?" This is genuine old Toryism. The bulwarks and barriers are always about going in the Tory apprehension. To abolish the disemboweling and quartering of traitors was to lay the axe at the foundation of the Constitution, and Lord ST. VINCENT, threescore years ago, washed his hands of the dissolution of the British Empire that would follow the abolition of the slave-trade. Mr. DISRAELI is unquestionably right. The reform that now lays its hand upon the Irish Church will not stop there. The real problem of Mr. GLADSTONE now is to secure safety with inevitable speed. If he tries to stop, as most Ministers do, he will be swept away as the Tories have been.

Mr. GLADSTONE will hardly be a popular Prime Minister. He sees too plainly the reason of the other side. He is not a steady party man. He carries into politics that judicial refining upon the arguments against his policy, as well as for it, which leads to apparent indecision, and chills a great party following. Moreover, while he perceives the reason of reform he sees no less distinctly, and from experience, its practical difficulties. He has many of the qualities which we imagine the English people greatly dislike in a leader. Of modern Ministers Lord PALMERSTON was the most agreeable to the English sentiment, which is personified as John Bull, and which is very powerful. Lord PALMERSTON had no real political philosophy or insight. His strength lay in understanding the weakness of human nature, and using it. He had an air of jaunty and indomitable pluck upon all occasions; he talked loudly of British honor; he appealed skillfully to British prejudices; he was alert in debate, prompt at repartee; he never generalized nor spoke with intellectual earnestness; his only principle was the *laissez faire*—let things alone until you hear the first threatening thunder of trouble, and then give way just enough to silence it. Mr. GLADSTONE can not be such a Minister, for he is not such a man.

JOHN BRIGHT will undoubtedly be invited into the Cabinet, and, as a matter of expediency, we presume, rather than from preference, will join the new Ministry. But, of course, he will not lose his seat in Parliament, nor his leadership of popular sentiment. Mr. BRIGHT'S strength lies in his hearty sympathy with the progressive movement of the national mind. He has the kind of instinctive knowledge of it, and receives the same kind of profound confidence from it, that distinguished Mr. LINCOLN in this country at the close of his career. The great body of the loyal American people trusted Mr. LINCOLN as his countrymen trust JOHN BRIGHT. But the more ardent wing in this country was impatient of Mr. LINCOLN, just as in England it describes Mr. BRIGHT as "a middle-class man." But there was no Englishman during the war who so remarkably comprehended this country as JOHN BRIGHT, and his presence in the new Cabinet would be the most emphatic assurance that the best possible understanding would be maintained with the United States. Americans will never forget that when Lord PALMERSTON would gladly have seen war spring out of the *Trent* affair, when even Lord RUSSELL and Mr. GLADSTONE said what they would now willingly forget, JOHN BRIGHT breasted the current of prejudice against us, and declared that he did not believe our Government would justify the seizure. He was as right then as when he said that England would get no more slave-grown cotton from the United States.

With the accession of Mr. GLADSTONE and of Mr. BRIGHT the friends of America in England come into power. We may justly anticipate even a generous policy in the settlement of difficulties between us; and the moment is most favorable for England to recede from her rash precedent of belligerent recognition by inviting an international conference or proposing an understanding.

THE STATE OF TRADE.

THE "lock up" by speculators in Wall Street of a large amount of currency at the moment when large sums had been transferred to the West to remove our breadstuffs and cotton to the sea-board has had a depressing effect upon business, as it tightened the money market in all portions of the Union. But inasmuch as the country is not heavily stocked with goods, and it enjoys the benefit of fine crops, there is more steadiness among business-men, notwithstanding this stringency, than was expected. Instead of its resulting in a panic, as many feared, money has become plenty. To guard against the repetition of this offense it may be necessary for Congress or the State, or both, to declare it to be a misdemeanor hereafter, punishable with fine and imprisonment. As the National Banks are agents of the National Government, and the offense took place in connection with those institutions, we do not see why it is not competent for Congress, as part of its plan of control and management, to take this step. Few offenses have inflicted deeper injury. The occasion of the transfer of funds from the East to the West will be seized upon by a new set of speculators in every ensuing fall to try this experiment of a "lock up," unless all the aids are resorted to which may be derived from concentrating and directing censure, and from penal laws. The State, as part of its ordinary jurisdiction over all crimes not strictly against national institutions, could also take cognizance of such an offense.

It is scarcely possible to suppose, however, that the Erie Railroad will again afford the means for any such operation. Its stock and debts are now estimated at over one hundred millions of dollars—an amount so greatly in excess of the capital upon which a dividend can be earned, and so greatly beyond the value of the road, that it can no longer be wielded in this manner to injure the public. Its future can be predicted with little certainty, considering the character both of the Legislature and of the Judiciary. Only one feature is certain. It must endure severe litigation at an expense equal to its net earnings, if any there are.

A new feature has been recently developed in the progress of Southern recovery. It is the introduction of coin in the place of currency. This is accomplished by selling the exchange which results from their shipments of cotton, and carrying to New Orleans the precious metals. The effort there made to give currency to silver instead of the fractional issues had carried up the price of silver to within two per cent. of that of gold, while, at the same time, the difference in New York was then about five per cent. Mexican dollars bore there as well as here a premium of two per cent. above the premium on gold, due to the fact that they are more valuable than ordinary silver, or than gold, for the purpose of being melted. The ROTHSCHILDS, who have the means of ascertaining with great exactness the value of coins as compared with each other over the world, have for some years past placed a higher relative value upon these than upon other coins nominally equal. The policy now pursued in New Orleans will probably advance the price of our silver coins in Canada. Their collection and transmission to New Orleans would doubtless pay handsomely for the trouble, if managed as part of some established industry. This policy will no doubt, if it receive no check, aid the country in returning to specie payments. It will be of great benefit to the South, as it will produce economy, which is the first requisite to successful recovery. With the gold-producing States and the South both in a sound condition the remainder of the Union would be forcibly influenced.

We expect to find in the forthcoming report of Secretary M'CULLOCH a recommendation in favor of as speedy a return to specie payments as is possible in order to avoid a crash. He

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and those who favor this plan will be greatly strengthened by the example now being set in the South. The advantage to be derived from taking the initiative in this step is this, that the portion of the Union which is first in the field will have all the advantage which the present abundance of gold and silver affords in the markets in which they circulate. That abundance is due in great part to the policy of the United States in driving it from circulation and making it available only for duties at the custom-house and for the payment of interest on the public debt. If the South shall obtain a large supply in advance of a more active trade throughout the world than is now experienced, and in advance of such a rise in the value of the precious metals as will result necessarily from their adoption by us and consequent withdrawal from other countries, she will obtain her circulating medium at a cheaper rate than will be possible hereafter. It behooves the North to consider well the situation in this view. If every individual shall so improve his own circumstances as to make the payment of debts easy to him, it will not be difficult to return to specie payments. We hope the South may be inflexible in its present policy, and that the recovery commencing there may include State after State until it shall embrace the whole Union. The bill to legalize gold contracts, if it pass, will help this tendency.

We learn by the *Mark Lane Express* that the farmers of England find that wheat of a poor quality is the cheapest article to be fed to their animals, and that it is so used. It is very probable that the wheat thus fed grew upon light soils and that it is unfit for bread. This feature is entirely new in the experience of England; and if the wheat can be used for bread its use for cattle is in part owing to English publications, which state the quantity of wheat produced this season at an amount so vastly beyond the truth as to lead to waste. The necessity of its use in that manner to supply the place of other grains, we have often presented as one of the circumstances which aggravate the severity of a drought.

The examination we have given to the subject at every stage of the trouble satisfies us that we have in no degree magnified the damage which England must suffer. We have neither advised nor stimulated speculation here, and those who speculate must do it at their own peril. We repeat, however, our advice to the great farming interest to hold on to their productions until they receive remunerative prices. Every kind of food will be wanted, and it is certain that our crops will be found to be not in excess of the demand. We should at all events see that what we raise is not disposed of so cheaply that it may be wasted upon cattle.

All the indications are, whatever may be the policy with respect to specie payments, that the North and the South, blessed as they are with good crops, will continue in a condition to keep the trade of the country free from any severe shock if we return to specie payments with the caution which debtors require.

THE NEW INTERNATIONAL POSTAL TREATY.

THE new Postal Treaty between the United States and Great Britain goes into operation on the 1st of January, 1869, and deserves very careful consideration. A close study of the text of the treaty reveals palpable injustice toward the American citizen—an injustice which must be ascribed to apathy and ignorance rather than to intentional negligence upon the part of the American party to the Treaty. There is no guilt, we presume, in American citizenship, and it is very remarkable that the Government should be willing to inflict a penalty upon it. It seems to be evident, also, that the Government should rather foster than discourage the freest expression of American thought, and facilitate its cheapest and widest diffusion. The interests of literature are those of education, and education is the most cardinal interest of the country. Yet, by the terms of the new International Postal Treaty, every preference and advantage are given by our Government to the circulation of English thought and opinion. It is a direct discrimination in favor of the English subject over the American citizen.

By the new treaty the United States Post-office carries through the country English book-parcels weighing 100 pounds, and the British Post-office accounts therefor to the United States Post-office for $16, or 16 cents per pound (Art. VI., 1), while our Post-office charges for a corresponding parcel of American books $96, or 96 cents a pound. Here is a discrimination of 600 per cent. against American books, American authors, and American readers and publishers. That is to say, we residents of the United States can not transmit through our own mails book-parcels weighing more than four pounds without payment of letter postage; but the lucky Briton may send through our mails, from one side of the continent to the other, book-parcels weighing 100 pounds or more. This is a palpable injustice to American readers, which a little careful reflection and collation would have avoided. It is certainly rather hard that 100 pounds of Tory histories may be sent from England through our mails, and our Government receive for the carriage only one cent per ounce, while it refuses to carry the Histories of the United States by BANCROFT and HILDRETH, weighing less than eighteen pounds each, except at letter postage. A more foolish arrangement could not be imagined: for a policy which prefers the literature of a foreign country by unfairly taxing native letters can be heartily commended by no wise man.

Again, we residents of the United States, in interchanging our books and newspapers through the mails, are not allowed to indicate upon the wrappers our names as the senders. But, by the new Postal Treaty, a person who mails a parcel of any kind may write his name upon it—provided only that he be a resident of the British realm. Mr. MOTLEY, for instance, in mailing a copy of his "Dutch Republic" or "Netherlands" from Boston to New York or St. Louis, is not allowed to write even his initials upon the parcel without subjecting it to letter postage, which is six times the rate of book postage. But the very same United States mail will carry not only books and papers, but parcels of any kind, two feet long and one foot deep, to any part of the country with the superscription and compliments of Mr. LAIRD, or Mr. ROEBUCK, or Lord WHARNCLIFFE, or any other excellent Briton who may honor an American correspondent with his autograph. This is a small advantage, indeed; but there should be absolute equality in details, and every advantage is a great offense.

Still further, the British Government by drawback *pays* the English book-maker for sending books to this country. *Our* Government, then, admits the same books free of duty and delivers them at the door of any person in the United States at a trifling expense. This is again very delightful and very profitable for the British subject; but when we consider our heavy taxation upon every thing we use, upon our sales and our incomes, and the serious and disproportionate duties to which American book-makers are subjected for raw material, certainly the subject becomes more and more surprising, and we are almost at a loss to explain such shameful and persistent discrimination.

We do not complain of the International Postage treaty in itself. Many of its provisions are good. But we do most strongly object that American citizens are not allowed the privileges in their own mails which are given to the residents of Great Britain, toward whom we certainly cherish no ill-feeling, but whose superior claim to our own upon the favor of the United States Government we are unable to perceive. Under the present arrangement an American citizen may as well select London or Liverpool as the points of departure for the weighty mail parcels he may wish to send from New York to Brooklyn or from Washington to Georgetown! The new Convention supersedes upon the 1st of January, 1869, that of the 18th of June, 1867, and is terminable at any time on a notice by either office of one year. We hope that early and careful attention will be given by Congress to the plain injustice of the terms of the new treaty. The laws that affect trade should certainly be as generous toward the citizen as toward the foreigner; and Yankee diplomacy will be justly a subject of derision if either the new Treaty or the United States Postal Laws be not revised and equalized.

THEOLOGY AND POLITICS.

MR. JOHN STUART MILL'S direct influence as a legislator in Parliament may not be great, but no man has done more for the progress of his country in sound political philosophy. He is what would be called by many, with some asperity possibly, a philosophic statesman—as if there could be any other. The other kind, who are not philosophic, are more truly described as politicians. EDMUND BURKE, a century ago, was a philosophic statesman. Unfortunately he did not always command his temper, and his taste in oratory was sometimes questionable. He was, moreover, regarded as a visionary by his opponents, and as a theorist by many of his friends. But could BURKE'S counsels upon the great questions of America, of Ireland, of India, and of government by influence, have prevailed in the policy of the nation, the record of England would have been nobler and brighter than it is. A thinker is as valuable in politics as elsewhere; and amidst the loud hum of lesser public men it is impossible not to recall BURKE'S famous figure of the ox in the field.

During the late political contest in England in which Mr. MILL was defeated, his opponents declared that he was an atheist; and an appeal was made to Mr. MILL to contradict the story. Mr. MILL replied that when the charge was made at his previous election, it was refuted by eminent dignitaries of the Church of England, but that he had refused to deny it and should persist in his refusal because he did not acknowledge any right in any body to ask what his theological beliefs might be, as evidence of his political opinions, and because he owed it to future candidates not to encourage a practice which could only lead to attempts to extract from every man material for prejudice against himself. Mr. MILL further said that he had published many books upon grave topics, and it was for those who made the charge to substantiate it from his writings.

In this reply Mr. MILL shows his usual good sense. A candidate's religious belief as such is nobody's business. If he be an unprincipled, dishonest man, the fact can be readily enough ascertained without appealing to him. But to assume his practical dishonesty from his theological views, is simply absurd. The disabilities of Jews and Catholics have been removed in England, and no man can rightfully be judged by any profession of faith, or by no profession. Of course, however, when a man's religious views necessarily or with extreme probability commit him to a certain political policy, the question may justly be asked, and the doubt properly defeat him. Then it is no longer a religious, but has become a political question.

Thus, in the State of New York, where it is the known policy of the Roman Church to obtain a separate share of the school fund for the support of its sectarian schools—where the effort has been made—where it was flagrantly made under a mask last winter, and where it will unquestionably be renewed, it is perfectly proper to ask a candidate who is supposed to belong to that communion if the supposition be true. His Roman Catholicism would be presumptive evidence of his political opinions upon a vital point, and he could not decline to declare himself under the plea that his religious belief is nobody's business. In the theological aspect that is true, but in the political it is untrue. Mr. MILL'S letter is not inconsistent with this view.

DAVIS'S TRIAL.

WE have never been sanguine that JEFFERSON DAVIS would be tried, and we suppose nobody imagines that if convicted he would be punished. But every body must be a little ashamed at the constantly recurring spectacle of a solemn arguing about his case. If the Government, as nobody doubts, has relinquished all intention of punishment, why has it not long ago quashed the indictment? Mr. DANA made a conclusive argument upon the subject, so far as the Fourteenth Amendment was concerned. He showed that if that was to be regarded as a punishment, which was not its intention, it encouraged perjury, because it left those who had not violated any oath to be dealt with as traitors and hung, while the traitors who were perjurers also would merely be incapacitated for office at the pleasure of Congress. But this was an argument in favor of proceeding with the trial, and why proceed if the result is a foregone conclusion?

Our opposition to the trial has been upon the ground that it submitted to a jury the question of secession—a question which the nation has settled by the last solemn and terrible resort. The fact of being in arms would not be disputed by the counsel of DAVIS, but they would have attempted to justify the action. Had that defense been ruled out, they would probably have submitted to judgment; and if DAVIS had been condemned as a traitor he would have been pardoned. We have heard much of the moral effect of such a trial, of the odium it would cast upon treason, of the disgrace that would attach to every man who should make a similar attempt hereafter. But such reasoning is mistaken. No judicial decision could make DAVIS a criminal in the eyes of those who do not already utterly condemn him. No man executed for what are called political crimes ever becomes odious in the ordinary sense. Besides, what would be the significance of the pardon which was not only certain in case of conviction, but which was doubtless generally approved? If DAVIS were liable to the law punishing treason, no greater offender against the law could well be conceived. And if he were pardoned, certainly the law ought to be repealed.

The case now goes up to the Supreme Court of the United States, where, we presume, it will be early called and the indictment quashed. But, since that is the determination, let us hope that it will be done at the instance of the prosecution, and that the further enormous expense of a trial that is virtually decided may at once end.

SHARP PRACTICE.

THE publishers of M'CLINTOCK and STRONG'S Cyclopædia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature, have received the following note from one of their agents of the work in Boston:

"BOSTON, *November* 24, 1868.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers:

GENTS,—It is said that an agent of the new edition of SMITH'S Dictionary (HURD & HOUGHTON'S) is representing to subscribers to M'CLINTOCK and STRONG'S Cyclopædia that you have abandoned the further publication of that work, considering it a failure, and is gathering new subscribers to that work on this representation. Please write if this is true. We think it due to you, the agents, and the subscribers, to publish a statement of the facts. This agent represents himself as having control of the New England States, and if his statement is untrue he deserves a notice.

"Yours truly, PITMAN & Co."

The agent mentioned certainly does deserve a notice, and a very strong one; for his alleged representations are wholly untrue, as, of course, the publishers whom he represents are aware. The editors and publishers of the Cyclopædia of Doctors M'CLINTOCK and STRONG are hard at work, and within a month a volume has been issued. The host of names of theological and general scholars who have expressed the highest commendation of the work, as well as those of the chief religious and critical journals in the country, are evidence both of the character of the Cyclopædia and of its most flattering reception. The Rev. Professor SHEDD says:

"The multiplication of works relating to the Scriptures, the Church, and Theological Science generally, calls for an Encyclopædia that shall contain the substance of them all, thereby saving the student both time and expense. The editors of these volumes have performed the difficult task in an admirable manner. They have included in their catalogue the most important topics, and have presented the materials in a very compact form, and in an attractive style. Not the least of the excellences in a work covering so much ground, and relating to so many disputed points, is seen in the candor and fairness of the editorial supervision."

Leading Ministers of the various denominations of the Christian Church declare that "for thorough research, comprehensive range, accurate scholarship, and strict fidelity it is vastly superior to any work of its class." M'CLINTOCK and STRONG'S Cyclopædia will be completed in about six volumes, and the subscribers need not be troubled by any adverse representations of the agents of a mere Biblical Dictionary.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

MR. M'CULLOCH, Secretary of the Treasury, uses very strong language in his denunciation of the Legal-Tender acts, and speaks of our currency as "dishonored and disreputable." He recommends that it be declared by law that after January 1, 1870, United States notes shall cease to be legal tender for the payment of private debts, and that one year afterward they shall cease to be legal tender for any payments whatsoever. He suggests the conversion of these notes into interest-bearing bonds. The internal revenue receipts for the fiscal year have amounted to $146,209,044. The Secretary thinks the tariff should be diminished and the excises increased. His report shows an increase in the national debt from November 1, 1867, to November 1, 1868, of $35,625,102. Of this $24,152,000 is chargeable to the Pacific Railways, and $7,200,000 to the purchase of Alaska. The payments for bounties amounted to $43,787,412. The Secretary defends his interference with the stock and money market, on the ground of a necessity which would not have existed if specie payments had been resumed, or if the obligations of the Government had been converted into bonds.

A terrible steamboat collision took place on the Ohio River on the night of December 4, resulting in a fearful loss of life. The regular passenger boats *America* and *United States*, plying between Cincinnati and Louisville, came in collision near Warsaw, owing to false signals having been sounded. Immediately upon coming together a large quantity of petroleum on board the *United States* caught fire and enveloped both vessels in flames. A scene of horror ensued among the passengers, many of them jumping overboard to escape the flames. It is thought that between seventy and eighty persons, many of them being ladies, were burned to death or drowned.

As was to be expected the Charter election in this city resulted in the election of A. Oakey Hall for Mayor and Richard O'Gorman for Corporation Counsel. The total vote of the city was 96,014, out of a registration of almost double that number. Hall's majority was over 34,000, and O'Gorman's nearly that number.

The importance of General Sheridan's Indian campaign, of which we give some illustrations in this paper, is by no means confined to the results contemplated from a military point of view. His victories are those of peace mainly. Once rid our Southwestern territory of hostile savages, and the only great obstacle to the Pacific Railroad will have been overcome. The London *Times* recently published an article commenting with wonder upon the rapid progress of this road. Some indication of the new era which will be inaugurated by its successful completion is furnished by the recent export from San Francisco in the *China* of $486,000 in specie for China and $70,000 for Japan.

General Grant, our President-elect, has wisely concluded that "troops are still needed in the Southern States," and that it is unadvisable to reduce the numbers of our regular army below the present standard. The recent reports made by Generals Thomas and Rousseau fully justify this conclusion. The former reports the lawless element in Tennessee and Kentucky as insolent and aggressive, and the latter shows that an inadequate provision has been made hitherto by the General Government for the enforcement of law. Bloodshed was averted in the New Orleans election, but it was only by the presence of national troops and the temporary surrender of the franchise by Republicans.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Prime Minister of England, Disraeli, has resigned. He appealed to the people, and has been defeated. William E. Gladstone succeeds him as Premier, and it is reported that he has invited Mr. Bright to become a member of the new Cabinet.

The London *Observer* gives the following as a list of the members of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet:

Lord High Chancellor—Sir William Page Wood.
President of the Privy Council—Lord Kimberley.
Lord Privy Seal—Earl Russell.
Chancellor of the Exchequer—Robert Lowe.
First Lord of the Admiralty—Mr. Childers.
Foreign Secretary—Lord Clarendon.
Home Secretary—Henry A. Bruce.
Secretary of War—Mr. Cardwell.
Secretary for India—Duke of Argyle.
Colonial Secretary—Earl Granville.
Secretary for Ireland—Chichester Fortescue.
President of the Poor Law Board—Mr. Goschen.
President of the Board of Trade—John Bright.
Postmaster-General—De Grey.
Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster—Charles P. Villieres.
Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland—Earl Spencer.
Lord Chancellor of Ireland—O'Hagan.

The anniversary of the *coup d'état* of 1854 troubles Napoleon. M. Baudin is to him what Banquo's ghost was to Macbeth. But the man who crushed Baudin and his compatriots has no great reason to fear their ghosts. So long as Napoleon lives he can preserve the peace of France, because he has bound up with his own fortunes the conservative interests of his Empire. But the Emperor's health is declining. After his death—what then?

The prospects of the Cuban insurgents are by no means flattering. It is true that they have gained possession almost entirely of the Eastern Department. But they have not been particularly successful in their engagement with the Government forces. They were defeated at Cobre, a few miles from Santiago; and although they afterward took the place, they now have to meet a determined and well-prepared antagonist in their attempt against Santiago. Important reinforcements are ere this landed upon the island, and the Spanish Government is determined at any cost to suppress the rebellion.

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GENERAL CUSTER'S COMMAND MARCHING TO ATTACK THE CHEYENNE VILLAGE.

BURNING OF FORT LAFAYETTE.

ABOUT noon, on the 1st inst., Fort Lafayette took fire from the chimney of a fire-place in which a fire had been kindled by one of the workmen engaged in repairs upon the work. The roof was soon ablaze, and the fire continued through the afternoon and night, fed by the pine shingles and lumber crowded inside of the fort for the use of the workmen. The alarm was immediately given, and, as it was known that the fort inclosed a magazine containing ten tons of powder, the inhabitants of Fort Hamilton were filled with consternation, and fled in panic to a safer neighborhood.

Fortunately the flames did not reach the magazine, which was protected by two doors several feet apart and by a thick wall of brick.

Fort Lafayette was built after the close of our Revolutionary contest with Great Britain, to guard the entrance of New York harbor. It stood on the Long Island side of the bay, about six miles below the city, and almost directly opposite Fort Wadsworth on Staten Island. It was built on a reef about 300 yards from the shore, and at low tide was surrounded by about six feet of water. The structure was quaint in appearance from the outside as well as within. The inner wall was diamond-shaped, and rose five or six feet higher than the wall surrounding it. The top surface of the inner wall sloped toward the centre, and it was upon this strong rampart that the heavy guns were mounted.

The original name of the work was Fort Diamond, but about forty-four years ago it received its present name in honor of General LAFAYETTE, the French Revolutionary hero.

The progress made in the construction of ordnance long ago rendered this fortification almost useless for defensive purposes. It is chiefly noted as "the American Bastile," in which political prisoners were confined during the late war. In its cells were placed men who, like BENJAMIN WOOD, abused the liberty of the press; commercial speculators who were implicated in blockade-running; the lake pirate COLES; MARTIN, the hotel burner, and other lawless men. Cases there were, doubtless, in regard to which a great deal might be said on both sides, but the Government was obliged to act promptly. It was a time when patriotism must be like the virtue of Cæsar's wife, beyond suspicion.

CAPTAIN LOUIS M. HAMILTON.—[PHOT. BY SLEE BROTHERS, POUGHKEEPSIE.]

The loss by the fire at Fort Lafayette is estimated at $100,000, upon which there is no insurance. Of the armament there were destroyed twenty-two 10-inch Rodman guns, with their carriages, together with one dismounted gun; ten 100-pound Parrott guns and carriages, and twelve 32-pounders with wooden carriages. The new lumber destroyed, which was used in repairing the fort, was valued at $1330.

ELECTION RIOTS IN ENGLAND.

OUR engraving on page 813 illustrates the character of the riots which formed a prominent feature in the late election. It was the first election for members of Parliament under the operation of the new Reform Bill.

We in this country can well understand how that which calls itself conservatism most readily allies itself with the elements of disturbance. DISRAELI, in appealing to the "No Popery" sentiment in England, did exactly what HORATIO SEYMOUR did in his address at the New York Academy of Music July 4, 1863. But never has it occurred in the history of this country that a popular election has been accompanied by riotous manifestations so violent and so extensive as those which attended the recent elections in England. Even the isolated instances in the Southern States during the late November election are scarcely noteworthy in the comparison. The riots in England were due to two causes: first, to the fact that a large number of the voters were unaccustomed to the exercise of the suffrage; but, secondly, and mainly, to the religious element which was allowed to enter so prominently into the contest.

Our illustration relates particularly to the disturbances at Blackburn, in the county of Lancaster. Blackburn is a manufacturing town containing 28,000 inhabitants. The mayor and other civic authorities found it impossible to quell the riot without resorting to force; and with the most energetic efforts of the police order was not restored before a great deal of mischief had been accomplished. A large number of Liberal voters in all the manufacturing districts of England were intimidated by these disturbances, and thus kept from the polls.

THE SEVENTH U.S. CAVALRY CHARGING INTO BLACK KETTLE'S VILLAGE AT DAYLIGHT, NOVEMBER 27, 1868.—[SEE PAGE 811.]

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THE CONFESSION OF ZILLAH THE WITCH.

CHAPTER I.

I AM a painter's daughter; and although my father was of Zurich, I am, on my mother's side, of English blood. But I have small memory of this mother, for she died when I was a child; yet here in my doleful prison her face hath come to me in a dream often, and I have seen her smile, and heard whispered words of comfort which I will not set down lest they too be called witchcraft.

My father loved only his art. If he cared for me, it was but fitfully, and because my face served him as a model. My hands, too, he loved to paint, they being wondrous small, and shaped slenderly. My hair also was exceeding beautiful; it reached nearly to my feet in rich waves of brown. I have heard that many women afflicted as I am have nevertheless this jewel on their head—a crown of glorious hair. Yes, I am afflicted in body; I have ever been sickly, and my form is slight and thin—not straight, some say; and my left foot barely touches the ground. Yet my face hath power and beauty—yea, and sweetness too, though I be a witch. And it often served my father in his pictures for many a saint and martyr.

I confess that he also made me sit to him at times for a sibyl, or a sorceress, or a nun condemned to die for broken vows; and once I sat for a Saxon queen undergoing the ordeal of the red-hot plowshares. He changed my hair then to golden; and on my strange sad face, my dark eyes, and ebony brows, he threw the light of the torturing fire.

Ah, God, as it will be to-morrow when I die!

But I dare not think of this, for my heart grows cold with fear, my hands tremble, and my poor pen drops powerless.

These sittings to my father the painter were very sad to me, for he never spoke, save to bid me change my attitude, or bring upon my face the expression he desired. I could do this at will. I had but to think of joy or sorrow, of hate or love, and swift upon my face there flashed the semblance of these passions. As I sat silent, having neither book nor work, I used to dream. I dreamed of the banished queens, the martyrs, and the lonely saints in deserts, whom my father loved to paint. Often it was at his command I dreamed thus.

"Zillah," he would say, "I paint a queen falsely accused, brought before a gaping multitude to die. Think, child, of her agony, her indignation at man's injustice, and her piteous prayers to God."

Then as he spoke the queen's soul came into my soul, and all her anguish rushed upon me; her mingled shame and courage, her faith and fear, the hope of her spirit, and the shrinking of her flesh. And on my face there flushed and paled and quivered these terrors, and my father's pencil seized and fixed them on the canvas.

Ah! for his art's sake he should not have lost his child. For the visions which he bade arise would not cease when he flung down the pencil. No; they grew on me; and upon my face—forced so oft to expressions beyond my youth, and alien to the times—there grew a something unnatural and weird; so at night, when I looked upon myself in my mirror, I felt afraid, and I covered my wild eyes with my hands.

There was a maiden lived near us, whose supple form is to be seen in many a picture of my father's, joined to my sad face. She was noble by birth; but her father, an English exile driven from his own land by wars and treason, died at Zurich so poor that scarce was there money found to chant a mass for him at his burial. Yet his child was gently nurtured, and lacked nothing of this world's joys; for a rich goldsmith and his wife, having no children, took her, and loved her as their own.

She was no friend of mine; but her lover was my father's pupil, and so she was glad to come to his studio, where she could babble love-talk as he worked. She was not beautiful; her eyes were a cold blue, and though her skin was fair, there was no light upon her face. And she loved all the baubles of this world more than any foolish woman whose poor, small, weak heart it hath been my fate to read. She did not love me—but that was nothing strange: no one loved me—and she was, I think, jealous of me.

Jealous! and Ambrose scarce ever spoke to me. That was her lover's name; hers was Beatrice Damer. I did not know her till Ambrose brought her to our house; him I had known all my life long, for his father and mine were cousins and brother-painters.

I wish I could tell my story in quicker, sharper words. As I write it seems to me that these cold sentences can not make you understand my misery—can not bring to your veins the fire of my pain—can not force you to breathe the chill atmosphere that surrounded me. Always to see his indifference, to bear her dislike, to suffer my father's silent carelessness—this was my life for weeks, months, years.

Ah, I could not help my love! It came to me when I was a child, and as a woman I could not fling it away. As well try to pluck the life from my veins as tear out of my heart this woeful love. He did not heed it; no thought of my pain ever ruffled his careless nature; Beatrice had all his thoughts, all his love. Scarcely did his glance ever fall on me, unless I sat that day, and then it rested on my pallid face as it might on a face of stone.

No maiden in Zurich was so solitary as I. Being sickly and silent, I could not make friends, and I felt I must not dare to ask for sympathy. If I feared myself at times, and paled at sight of my own face, what would these happier damsels say if I confessed to them my wild visions? These grew upon me with more intensity as I became older, and oft at night I heard voices bidding me arise and escape to the wilderness, or to the heights of lonely mountains. They tell me now these were the voices of demons commanding me join the witches' sabbath, and my judges say that doubtless I arose and went. Witnesses also have sworn they saw me in strange shapes fleeing through woods and marshes at night. Alas! I know not if this be true. If so, the power hath left me now. Shut up in this doleful prison, no spell comes to my memory which shall change me to bird, or hare, or wehrwolf, and so help me to escape the fagot and the flames.

Well, perchance it is best to die and be forgiven. Rather would I choose death than a return to sorcery. Ah me! I did not wish to be a witch. The sin grew upon me as a fever in the blood grows, till the weird power within me was stronger than I. Yet if I could interpret dreams, and read thoughts, and see as in a vision the faces of the absent, I wist not that it was wicked; and I swear I have no remembrance of all the evil things witnessed against me. If in the night I arose, and fled away as a bird or a deer, I knew it not; though I will not deny that ofttimes in the mornings I have found my pillow wet with tears, and my head heavy, and my limbs aching, as I have heard happier maidens say theirs did after much dancing. Well, these be honorable men who have tried me, so I will not gainsay them. It may be that much sorrow, and the torture, and the dungeon have taken away my memory; so no shadow of my wanderings in unholy shapes rests upon my brain.

It so happened that as my father painted the Saxon queen Ambrose stood and looked on. Now Beatrice had sat for the figure, the rounded arms, the swelling neck; but mine was the woeful face that gazed upward in prayer.

"Your queen's form is beautiful," said Ambrose, "but I like not her face."

I spoke not, though a sharp pang ran through me at his cruel words, and clasping my hands I cast them upward wildly, forgetting who was by.

"There is the look I needed," cried my father in anger; "why not have done that yesterday, girl?"

Then they disputed on the queen's face till my father threw down his pencil, and bade Ambrose finish it himself.

"Right willingly," he answered. "To my mind the face should show the shrinking of the flesh, the fear of the *woman*, not the faith of the *soul*."

"Then your queen will burn to death," said my father, "and mine through faith would escape."

"If she had faith like Samson the red-hot iron would scorch, and pain would pierce through the mask of courage on the face," said Ambrose, taking up the brush. "Now, Zillah, think thyself a witch, and yonder pile of wood thou seest in the painting is to burn thee. Fancy thou feelest the fire touch the tender sole of thy foot, then shrink back upon thy chair and shriek. Well done, girl; now will I paint the queen's first step upon the glowing iron bravely."

So I sat all that day to Ambrose, and as his hard, unloving eyes looked into my face I felt about my heart a torture like the fiery ordeal of the queen.

CHAPTER II.

I SPEAK of this picture because it wrought out my fate. Being finished, many came to see it, and my father, a curious man, wishing to know what the people said, put up a curtain by the painting, and placed me behind it in ambush.

On the second day of the show, when I, being weary, half slept with my head upon my hands, the sound of a voice roused me, bringing me to my feet as the cry of fire might. All my blood chilled at that voice, and there thrilled through my frame a thousand warnings, whispering of sorrow and death.

ZILLAH IN THE SECRET CHAMBER.

Oh, if I had but listened, if I had but heeded this cry of my good angel! Looking beyond the curtain, myself unseen, I beheld a man of some forty years, of a grave and steadfast face, and noble presence, yet slightly stooping, and dressed soberly though richly.

"The queen is surely a living woman," he said. "Who is the maiden?"

"The queen wears the face of the painter's daughter, my lord," answered the lady with him.

"It is a strange face," mused the noble. "Do you know the lady?"

"Faith, my lord," she answered, haughtily, "my knowledge lies not among painters or such like, but I have heard Beatrice Damer say she is somewhat of a witch, and moody and silent as a cloistered nun."

"Damer!" repeated the noble; "is she of Zurich?"

"Yes; but her father was a noble, exiled from England."

The knight mused a moment, then said:

"And what doth this demoiselle say of the painter's daughter?"

"Oh, the maddest things! How she falls at times into a trance or sleep; and in this sleep she can reveal secrets, interpret dreams, and foretell the future. But, truly, it is somewhat dangerous to speak of her art. Such powers can only come of sorcery."

"There are more powers than we wot of, lady," returned the knight; "the world is young yet. This girl is wondrous beautiful, both in face and form."

"Oh, the Saxon queen hath Beatrice Damer's shape, my lord. Zillah hath but her face; her form is thin, and somewhat crooked. But what think you of the picture?"

"The queen shrinks too fearfully from the ordeal, lady. Being innocent, and full of faith, she will tread the plowshares unscathed, and her face should be brave and calm, not fearful."

"Ah! as her father painted it at first. But methinks the horror and fear of pain depicted in the queen is more natural," said the lady.

"Not to that face," returned the knight. "The young painter understands not the woman he has painted."

"Well, I, as a woman, say I should fear horribly the red-hot iron; and I think the queen's face would have looked as the young Ambrose hath limned it."

"Madam, had you been the queen it would have looked so," said the knight.

Then they moved away; and I heard the rustle of the lady's rich robe, and the stately tread of the noble, as they passed through our poor doorway.

"So I am crooked and a witch," I said to myself, bitterly. "What have I done to Beatrice Damer that she should take away my good name?"

And for the first time I evil-wished her, and longed in my heart that I were indeed a witch.

"Zillah!" cried the voice of Ambrose. Startled I looked up, and saw him at the curtain, holding it aside as he stood. He was pale, and though he smiled his lip trembled.

"I am sorry thou hast heard this," he said. "Thou art not so crooked, Zillah, as the lady's speech. It was empty babble, child; naught else."

"I can see in the mirror what I am," I answered, calmly. "But tell me, Ambrose, do I seem to thee a witch?"

"Tush!" he answered; "I wonder Beta hath uttered such cruel, giddy words."

And for the first time since I had grown a woman, he fixed his eyes on me without that stony look in them that chilled me.

"Poor child!" he said, softly; "no, thou art no witch, Zillah; I swear it."

Then he let the curtain drop; and with a burning glow upon my cheek I rose, and moving it gently, I watched him as he went away.

"No, not a witch; and yet if, by some witchcraft, I could only make him love me!"

And sitting down again, I pondered in my loneliness on unlawful things—on spells and sorcery, and that weirdness in my blood that made me differ from other maidens.

CHAPTER III.

THE next day my father shut his studio against all comers.

"The painting was sold," he said, "and the English baron who had bought it would not have it shown."

Then I heard this was the noble whose voice had startled me; and he had made my father great offers to come to England and paint the ceilings of a stately castle which he had newly built.

"Thou wilt not go to England, father?" I cried.

"Why not?" he answered, angrily. "It is a rich country, and this count pays like a prince. See what he hath given me for my Saxon queen."

He showed me a great purse of gold; but I turned my eyes from it, shuddering. A voice in my heart told me this was the price of my blood, and I loathed the sight of its glitter.

"Where shall I live in thy absence, father?" I said, timidly hoping the hand of fate would spare me.

"Thou goest with me, Zillah," he answered. "This English noble saith there is room, and to spare, in his goodly castle on the Avon."

I knew it before he spoke; yet now I grew faint, and a shadow like the shadow of death fell upon me.

"Let me stay in Zurich, father," I cried. "Let me stay in Zurich and live."

"Life and health are as sound and safe in England as elsewhere, gentle damsel," said a voice.

And turning, I saw the English noble standing courteously in our doorway. He was of tall stature and fair pale face, his nose high and hooked, his beard black, but his eyes light hazel. I thought him evil-looking, yet the world called him handsome; so let it stand that he was handsome, and—and noble, since all say so.

"Life is not safe there for me, my lord," I said to him in my mother's tongue; "for I have seen in a vision a man like thee tempting me into sorceries and death."

His light eyes sparkled at this, and bending his face near to mine, he answered in soft tones:

"So the good painter understands not English? That is well. Zillah, I came hither only to seek thee. On thy mother's side we are akin."

"I am only a poor painter's daughter," I said, shrinking from his outstretched hand.

"There is witch's blood in thee, Zillah, and blood is stronger than water, even if it be holy-water," he answered; "and through that blood I claim thee. Thy mother's mother was my grandame's sister. Thou must come to England, girl; there is no escape for thee. Meet me at sunset on the bridge and I will tell thee more."

Then he talked to my father of our journey, and, scarcely glancing again at me, he departed.

I would not go to the bridge, I said; but as the sun went down I felt upon my heart, as it were, cords of fire, and these drew me forth and set me in that man's presence. He took me by the hand and led me to a little knoll by the lake,

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where pine-trees grew. Here we sat, and he discoursed long on strange things: on the power to be gained by fasting and watching, on spells, on the secrets hidden in the earth and air, on the enchantments to be wrought by the eye and the hand and the waving arms, and on that mystic force in the voice and the presence of a kingly man which make other men's souls obedient to his.

Never had lips spoken to me as this man's lips; and as I listened to words that seemed the interpretation of my own secret thoughts, I trembled.

"Scarcely have I courage to muse on these unlawful things," I said; "and you, my lord, are brave enough to speak them."

"Not to the world, Zillah," and he smiled mournfully, "but only to thee. Such thoughts run in the blood of some, and I have told thee we are akin."

Then he took from his neck a chain of gold, and hanging to it was a picture in enamel of a lady. At first I thought I looked upon mine own face; then I saw she wore a dress of an ancient fashion, and a crown of pearls was on her head.

"By this I recognized thee, Zillah, when I looked upon the Saxon queen," he said. "This is thy ancestress, whose blood runs in thy veins and mine. She was deemed a sorceress, and being tried—her judges Ignorance and Fear—she perished at the stake. All her kith and kin forsook her little child, who, wandering in penury and want, came at last to be a servant to a Flemish merchant, then thy father's wife. Hearing all this from my mother when a boy, I said it was base to forsake the child, and when I was a man I would find her. Thus, Zillah, I have sought thy mother many years, and I have found thee."

"Not for kindness do you claim kin with me," I answered. "Leave me in peace."

"If I hope to find in thee the gifts thy grandame had, what then?" he asked. "Unhappy in love and despised, what peace is there for thee at Zurich?"

I grew white to the lips as he spoke.

"Do not tempt me," I said, with tears.

But as I spoke the sound of music came, wafted to us by the breeze, and I saw Ambrose and Beatrice seated in a little boat, floating down the lake. He toyed with her long hair, and she leaned upon him as he sat; and ever and anon he touched the flute he held, piping forth sweet slow music, with rippling laughter and gentle kisses for its interlude.

I hid behind the trees; but her laughing face and his glowing lips passed so close that my eyes looked into theirs, and saw the love in them, and my heart grew bitter as gall.

Then my kinsman leaned forward and whispered in my ear:

"Zillah, I, and I only, can give thee the secret desire of thine heart. I promise thee that yonder careless woman shall never be the wife of Ambrose, and his love shall return to thee, only consent to come into England and be my witch."

And in an evil moment I consented hastily, and the knight, stooping, took my hand and kissed it.

"I will never leave thee nor forsake thee, Zillah," he said, in his rich, mournful voice; "and I will crown thee with wealth and honor."

"What are these to me," I answered, "when there is no one in the wide world who loves me?"

"Power is love," returned the knight. "We will gain power, and the world will come to our feet."

I did not heed him. I was thinking of Beatrice's careless grace; I was thinking of the passionate heart of Ambrose given to her—the heart that might be mine.

"Oh, sir knight, let not thy promise fail me," I said, wistfully.

"It shall not fail, Zillah." And drawing me toward him, he pressed his lips upon my brow.

CHAPTER IV.

AMBROSE bade me farewell sadly.

"Thine is the face I have known and loved the longest, Zillah," he said. "I shall miss thee sorely when thou art gone."

"What! with Beatrice Damer as a consolation?" I asked, bitterly.

"Perhaps she will be a poor comforter," he answered, and he turned away with a weary look.

And so we parted; I with a wild hope in my heart, and he with a fear in his.

It was a weary journey by sea and land before we reached the castle of my kinsman. But I speak not of this, nor of the stately riches of his house; I speak only of a secret chamber in the eastern tower, wherein were crucibles, and censers, and strange fires, and things which I dare not tell of. Here, too, were couches of Persian silk, and embroidered hangings, and carpets of tapestried work, so soft that a footfall was never heard. There was no window, but a costly lamp, ever alight, hung from the ceiling, and sweet perfumes filled the air always.

In this place did my evil kinsman practice his enchantments; and though in all these I was his aid and helper, I speak truth when I say I knew naught of them. For when I entered the secret chamber at dead of night my senses sank into a deep sleep, and I remembered not what I uttered or what I saw.

The baron had said courteously to my father: "Paint as leisurely as it liketh thee, and sit at thine own table; but as for thy daughter, her mother was of my blood, and I shall treat her as a kinswoman."

"My wife could not be of your kin, my lord; she was but a servant," returned my father, and his face paled strangely.

"I care not what she was," answered the baron. "Say no more."

So he told his household I was a kinswoman, and he gave me jewels and silks, and all things befitting a lady; but I felt these were given me for my witchcraft, and I hid my bitterness in my heart.

So by day I was the Lady Zillah, honored as an innocent maiden; but at night I knew I was a witch. In the blessed sunlight, when freed from that strange sleep, I used no witcheries. Only, knowing I had the power, I have sometimes charmed away the pains of the sick, not thinking I did evil.

As for the baron, he gained great honor through me, and in a year he was a belted earl. Then I spoke to him of his promise, and asked to go back to my own land.

"The painter Ambrose shall come to England," he answered. "I have kept my word with thee. The king, at my request, has granted to Beatrice Damer her father's lands, and he has given to me the wardship of her and them; and she shall not marry the painter."

I was amazed at this news, and sorrowful, fearing Ambrose would be grieved.

"Have patience, Zillah," said my kinsman. "I have told thee thou shalt have the desire of thine heart."

So I waited in gloomy patience. And soon after this the earl went up to court, returning after a while with a great retinue of lords and ladies, and among these his young son, a wan, sickly boy, with a gentle beauty on his face. Have I said my kinsman was a widower?

"It would not suit thee, Zillah, to mingle with this gay company," he said; "so keep thy chamber till they be gone."

Thus I found myself a prisoner; yet when the gay company went out with hawk and hound, I stole down into the garden and walked alone; or I crept on through the trees to the huts of the poor, and healed them of their sickness with herbs and spells; and I sang ditties to them, or told them wild stories that grew upon my brain through loneliness. These were my only companions, for my father painted every day: ceiling and hall, chapel and wall he covered with the work of his pencil; and I was ever alone, feeling the whispers of the household creeping about me evilly.

One day in the dreary pleasaunce I sat in a little bower where roses lay dying, and sang to myself. Hawk and hound had departed, and I thought all the noble company was away with them, so I sang from my heart a wild Swiss lay, with echoes in the music coming down from the mountains and dying softly on the lonely lakes. Sadly, sweetly, the old Swiss words and wild music dropped from my lips, bringing rushing memories and fast-falling tears; and choked by these, I stopped singing. "Ah, do not stop, sweet lady!" said a boyish voice, and straightway there stepped from the laurels a pale child clad in velvet. Guessing him to be the young count, I rose and saluted him.

"Are you a prisoner, lady?" said the boy. "I have watched you these many days from my window, walking in the pleasaunce like a captive, but I never see your face at our board; and though I hear your voice sometimes singing, I hear it oftener weeping."

Now I feared to tell him I was a distant kinswoman, so I said, humbly, "Sir, I am from Zurich; I am the daughter of the painter here. If I am sad, it is with pining for my own land. Memories of the mountains and lakes come to my eyes in tears."

"Poor lady!" said the child, putting his hand on mine; "your voice is like my mother's. Will you sing to me again?"

I sang to him softly, while the boy gazed into my face with large, eager eyes, too earnest, too sorrowful for childhood.

"You will come again?" he cried, clinging to my hand as I rose to leave him. But I avoided the pleasaunce for many days, till the child, being bent on seeing my face, found out my chamber, and came and sat at the door patiently till the yearning of my heart moved me to speak to him. Yet, fearing sorrow would befall him for his love for me, I strove often to make my speech rough to him; but he heeded it not.

"I will wait, Zillah, till thine anger be gone," he would say, in a low, sweet voice.

Then opening my door with a soft hand, I saw him sitting patiently on the rushes, his sweet, gentle face and large, bright eyes turned toward me lovingly.

Ah me! could I help it if my arm stole around him, and our two sad faces touched each other with a gentle kiss, or sometimes mingled tears? Was it witchcraft that my heart yearned over him like a mother, and my hand stroked his golden hair caressingly, and my ears longed for his pretty talk, and my lips fell upon his pale cheeks with such kisses as his mother had given him? No, there was no sorcery in this, and no sorcery in the dear love which the poor, wan child paid me back from the treasures of his gentle heart.

I was glad when the gay company all departed, but, to my sorrow, the earl staid, and he sought me as of old to work spells for him. Grown weary and sick of heart, I said I would not, unless he redeemed his word and brought Ambrose to me.

"Foolish maiden, hast thou not yet forgotten the vain painter?" he said, laughing.

But that night, in the secret chamber, he spoke more kindly.

"Zillah, by thy aid I have discovered great things," he said, "so I will not refuse thy request. If thou canst find the painter, let him come and aid thy father."

"Alas! I know not where he is," I answered. "He hath left Zurich."

"Then let us weave a spell and bring him," he said.

And I, being awake and in my senses that night, saw him draw a circle with strange figures in the centre, on which he placed a tripod, whereon there burned a pale blue flame, and in the midst of the flame there came up the semblance of a hand.

"Quickly, Zillah," whispered my kinsman; "sign this!"

He held a paper toward me, and I, pricking my finger, signed it with the gout of blood that came forth. Then he thrust it into the fire, and the hand clutching it disappeared; upon which a great darkness fell upon me, and in this I felt drawn toward the fire till it scorched me.

"Come back, Zillah!" cried the earl, and as his hand seized me I fainted. Except once, this was the only time that I was awake when in the secret chamber.

When I opened my eyes to sense again, the censer, the fire, and the ring of flame around the tripod were gone, and I saw only the face of my kinsman leaning over me.

"Had you crossed the fire, Zillah, you must have died. But your wish is granted. What did you desire?"

"I wrote, 'Let Ambrose come hither, and let him love me,'" I answered, as my cheeks glowed with sudden shame.

The earl laughed at this. "Not so, my fair witch; this is what was written."

And crossing the circle, to where the fire lay dead, he lifted from it the paper, scorched, yet not burned. And on it I read this: "Let the wife of Ambrose be accursed, let her die as the wicked die, and let the heart of her husband be turned against her." I flung the paper from my hand, and burst into bitter tears.

"Am I come to this," I said, "that like an evil woman I should scatter curses on the innocent? I wish no evil to the wife of Ambrose, let her be whom she may. It was cruel to deceive me thus."

"I thought the spell would suit thy jealous nature," said the earl. "And take heed thou marry him not thyself. It was to hinder this that I wrote it."

My soul was sick for sorrow, when in the morning I awoke and remembered this as a dream.

CHAPTER V.

"OH, Zillah, have I found thee at last?"

It was the voice of Ambrose, and I shrieked aloud for fear. He looked worn and weary, and he was clad poorly in a pilgrim's garb. He seized my palfrey by the rein, and stooping he kissed my hand.

"Is the Lady Beatrice near by, Ambrose?" I said, in a trembling voice.

"Beatrice has deserted me," he answered, and his face flushed scornfully. "Have you not heard, Zillah, how the English embassador at Paris sent messengers to her, saying his king had restored her father's lands? And not heeding my prayer she departed with the retinue sent for her."

"But you followed her to England, Ambrose."

"And found her a great lady, too proud to give a smile to old friends. Since then I have sought thee and thy father, Zillah, in much painful wandering."

So I brought Ambrose to the earl, and it was settled he should help my father in the great work going on in the castle. Thus I saw him every day, and loved him better than of old, and being freed now from his love for Beatrice, his heart turned to me, and he loved me as dearly as man ever loved woman.

"Zillah," he said once, "I think I have loved thee always, but Beatrice made me fear thee somewhat. She swore she saw thee lay a spell upon an old fish-wife, who beat a little child with a cruel hand. And under this spell the hag belabored her own visage till she shrieked to thee for mercy."

I laughed, and yet I trembled. "'Tis true," I said; "I have some such power. Some I can make sing and dance, laugh or cry; I can not do this with all people. And I know not what the gift may be; but surely, Ambrose, it is not witchcraft?"

But he answered me, with a face paling to the hue of death, "Beware, Zillah, of that power; be not tempted to use it. It is of the Evil One, and it will destroy thee."

So, fearing to lose his love, I dared not tell him of the secret sorceries to which the earl had forced me; but I feigned illness, and refused again and again to go to the magic chamber, till my kinsman grew angry and dealt roughly with me. Then I told Ambrose of his hardness, and we two, being resolved to flee, went to a priest and were married secretly. Yet I still lingered, because of my father, who refused to go with us and leave his work unfinished. And during this delay there was brought to the castle a litter, closely curtained, guarded by armed men, and I saw alight from it Beatrice—the Lady Beatrice Damer now.

She spoke courteously to my father and Ambrose; but as she passed me she drew away her robe, and muttered—

"I like not witch-blood."

That night I wept bitterly at my husband's knee, and besought him to leave this evil castle. Then with kisses and kind words he soothed me, saying he would but wait till the earl's treasurer had paid him for his work, then we would go.

The next day a whisper ran through the household that the earl would wed his ward—the Lady Beatrice; and the poor wan boy—his son—came to me with a white face, and asked if it was true.

I said "yes" with my eyes, not daring to speak. Then the child put his arms about me, and leaned his cheek against mine.

"Zillah," he said, "I have but thee in the world; do not forsake me for yon cold-hearted painter. I love thee a million times better than he can love. Tarry for me, Zillah, till I be a man; then I will make thee a lady, and thou shalt never weep again."

"Come away from the witch, boy!" cried a sharp voice.

It was the Lady Beatrice, who had stolen softly on us as we sat in the embrasured window. And at her bidding the child's small arms fell down from my neck, and with lips quivering, and tearful eyes looking back on me, he went with her, she dragging him by the hand.

That evening, as I sat alone spinning, the earl came upon me suddenly.

"Zillah," he said, sternly, "I will not have my child's heart turned against the lady who is to be his mother."

"She lies, if she says I did it!" I answered, scornfully. Then my courage failed, and I fell on my knees.

"My lord, I have troubled your roof too long; let me depart."

"Put aside such a thought forever, Zillah," he said, in a firm voice. "Thou art my guest—or prisoner, if thou wilt—for life. Come to the secret chamber to-night, and burn me there the waxen effigy of mine enemy—the man who stands next the king."

"I can not do your bidding, my lord," I answered; "for my husband, to whom I owe a holier obedience, has commanded me to cease these arts."

"Thy husband, girl! Who is thy husband?"

"Ambrose, the painter, my lord."

Even here in the close prison I shrink from thought of the earl's fury. He struck me to the ground in a sudden frenzy; but as I crouched, fearing a second blow, I felt his strong arms wind about me, and his lips stifled my cry with kisses.

"Oh, rare witch and fool!" he said; "not to see these many months how thy sorceries have beguiled me into love. Oh, Zillah! Zillah! in the witch-chamber where we wrought our spells, when that mystic sleep bound thee, thine arms have clasped my neck, and thy lips have pressed mine. Surely it is a lie that thou art a wife. Say it is false, my witch, and I forgive thee."

Breaking from him I fell upon my knees and gazed into his cruel face with looks of horror. Was he speaking truth? was I so lost? Had my lips ever touched his—I, who so feared and hated him that I shuddered even if his shadow crossed me? Then there came into my memory thronged shapes of pain and horror unutterable. The fumes of incense and the smoke of enchantments rose up before me, and within their wreathed vapors writhed grim shadows and forms of demons. And with these there grew upon my lips the earl's hot kiss, drawing soul and sense away. Yielding to it as to a hideous spell, I sank down senseless as his arms clasped me.

I awoke in the witch-chamber. I was lying on the silken couch, and before me rose the perfume of incense and the smoke of enchantments. Between the wreathed mists I saw dimly the form of the earl, who came and went like a shadow; but I could neither speak nor move, for the spices that burned close by numbed my sense. Then suddenly he turned; he fixed his eyes on mine, and waved his arms as wizards do. I struggled against the spell; I loathed the power conquering me. But all was vain; and soon my eyes closed. My arms fell upon his neck, and my head drooped upon his shoulder. Then his lips touched my ear, whispering words of love.

"My life, this night I have but half chained thy senses. I would have thee *know* that thou art mine. Now call this groveling painter, this man who dares to love my witch. It will be rare sport to behold his wonder when he sees thee here."

Obedient to his wicked will, obedient to the lightest touch of his hand or glance of his eye, I called in spirit to my husband. I bade him come through fire and peril, through sleep or watching, through health or sickness; alive or dead I bade him come.

Then upon my fainting heart I heard the echo of his steps through corridor and vaulted hall, through the masked door where tapestry hung, and on to the sliding panel. As his hand touched this my writhing spirit strove in a last struggle to be free; but the voice of the wizard-earl whispered, "Say thou lovest me, witch, and let this man hear thee." And my loathing lips uttered the words he bade me.

"Harold, my love, my love!" And clasping his neck, my bowed head sank on his shoulder.

As one in a dream, Ambrose stood bewildered, his face like a dead man's. Then I saw a jeweled hand—Beatrice's—seize his arm and draw him away. And the great torture I felt did not awake me, till the earl unbound the spell. Then, in my misery and shame, as his mocking eye laughed in my face, I fell weeping and moaning at his feet.

"Poor witch! Go to thy husband now, and see if he will accept thy company. Get to thy chamber and weep there; I hate tears."

I fled from him, weeping as I went; and thus in anguish I sought Ambrose, but he was gone. Then, like one maddened, I rushed forth into the night, and overtook my husband beyond the draw-bridge, walking slowly, with his head bent low and lips quivering. I caught him by the hand, and implored him to hear me.

"I have *seen* thee, witch!" he answered. And casting me from him went his way.

I would have followed him, but, as I arose from my despair, the earl seized me and held me in his strong clasp. I saw Ambrose pass out of my sight.

And henceforth I was alone and silent; for I would not rack my father's heart with my doleful story.

CHAPTER VI.

THE Lady Beatrice was cruel to the child, and I saw his gentle face grow wan, and his step get slow and languid. At last he lay sick nearly unto death, and he would take nothing save from

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my hand. So they let me come to him, and I tended him gently, hiding my ghastly woe as I could from his sight.

"Thou art fading like a flower, Zillah," he said, putting his wasted arms about me. "When I am a man I will be thy champion, and if any have wronged thee thou shalt have redress."

Alas! there was no redress or mercy for me on earth.

I loved the boy, and often I put my face upon his pillow, and the touch of his soft cheek comforted me for my woes.

"I shall not be with thee long, little one," I said. "The Lady Beatrice weds thy father in a week, and I fear she will drive poor Zillah from thy bedside."

"Then I shall have a cruel step-dame and thou a hard mistress," he answered. And turning his wan face on the pillow I saw tears course down it softly. I wiped them away, kissing him, and we sat hand in hand silent, till the twilight grew into darkness.

They were married at court before the king, with tournaments and pageantry and feasting; and while they reveled there fell upon me and the child a short peace—a little lull in my great sorrow.

In this tranquillity my father died. Oh, thank Heaven he died! And kneeling down beside his cold face in the night I vowed I would quit all unlawful arts, and flee from this wicked prison forever. When morning dawned I went softly to the chamber of the sick child, and found him sleeping. His face was sicklier, sadder than I had ever seen it, and his cheeks were wet, as though he had slept weeping. I dared not look twice on him, lest I should stay for his sake and lose my soul. So I put a little flower in his thin hand as a farewell, and stole away, not waking him.

Thus I fled from my unholy thralldom. And now I can not recount what happened to me, for my memory is full only of dim shapes. I know I wandered hither and thither—not always in my right mind—till my beauty was gone through weather and want, and the lameness that rest and luxury had almost healed grew upon me painfully. I can not say how long I wandered. I see, as in a picture, the summer sun and the winter snow descending on the head of a weird woman who begs for charity, while children run from her and men chase her as a witch.

I was crooked, as I have said, and lame, and poor; and my long hair, which in summer-time I washed in clear streams and decked with flowers, fell down to my feet. So you see I was like a witch.

I remember this summer—this last summer of my life—with undimmed memory. I remember the bright sun shining on me as I came timidly into the harvest-field, and humbly prayed the reapers to let me glean. I remember the frightened faces that looked into my face, and the rough hands that seized me.

"Bring her to my lord!" they cried.

As they dragged me on, bridge and moat, buttress and tower, grew familiar to me; and as we crossed the hall I looked up on the paintings my father's hand had wrought, and I saw myself face to face with that great wizard, and his wife the Lady Beatrice.

Her eyes gleamed with joy and hate as she saw me.

"Ah, Zillah the witch!" she cried; "have thy witchcrafts brought thee to this?"

I clasped my hands and looked into her pitiless face, but my lips would not speak for quivering.

"Lodge her in the dungeon," she said, and turned away.

But I was past grief and fear; and careless as a stone drops into a well, so did I fall upon the straw of that damp dungeon, and forget in sleep my misery and my madness.

A bright light awoke me, and a strong hand lifted me to my feet.

"Zillah, it is I," said the earl's voice. "There is power still shining in those wild eyes of thine. Promise to obey me, and I will free thee from these chains, and hide thee from my lady's eye, and all that gold can give shall be thine."

"I will not listen," I said, calmly, and I covered my ears with my shackled hands. Then he took them in his strong grasp.

"Zillah, I have discovered strange secrets in earth and air, and with thy help I can do yet greater things. These mysteries are no sorceries, they are truths; and through these I can show men how to travel swift as birds. I can build ships of iron—"

But I tore my hands from his grasp, and ran shrieking round my dungeon, drowning his prayers and promises with my cries. Wearied at last with my madness, he flung me from his hand in fury.

"Die, witch, then, if you will!" he said: and he took up his lamp to depart. But at the grate he turned, and as the light shone upon his face I saw it was full of bitterness. "Zillah, poor fool and witch!" he said, "there is something in my soul that is sorry for thee. Awake, thou art only a poor, weak woman; but in sleep thou hast told me some of the wisest secrets that exist on earth. See here, girl!" And he took from his vest a crystal globe, dark-looking, and filled with a lead-like powder. "Through thee I have made this ball for my enemies. Nay, do not touch it; there are a hundred deaths in it. But the ball alone is useless. I need some weapon, some deadly instrument, which shall hurl it among our foes. I ask thee, then, for England's sake, be my witch again."

I shuddered at his words. "Our Lady forbid," I cried, "that I should aid thee in thy sorceries! England has stout arms and arrows for her foes. Take thy witch-ball away, it maddens me!"

He looked at me with exceeding sorrow. "Zillah, thy brain is crazed. And I am verily to blame that in thy witch-sleep I made thee feign love for me. I did it to drive thy husband from thee. I feared as wife and mother thy weird powers would depart, and all my great discoveries would die. Alas! they perish now, perhaps for centuries, perhaps forever!"

I would not answer him. I sat cowering in a corner of the dungeon, my head upon my hands.

"Zillah, do not fear me. In all those hours of mystic sleep I swear I never touched thine hand. It was but to deceive that puling painter—that coward unworthy of thy heart—that I feigned love."

"It was a deed worthy of a wizard," I said, "to trample thus on a woman's happiness and honor!"

"What was one woman's peace, compared to the glorious truths I sought—truths that would make millions happy?"

He spoke as if to himself, but my heart swelled at his cruelty.

"Leave me!" I cried in indignation.

"If I leave thee thou wilt die, Zillah—die as a witch."

"I care not. Better die than be a witch again."

"Zillah! Zillah! the times are not ripe for such as thee or me. And if thou diest thy innocent blood will be on my head."

"On thy head let it be," I answered.

He stood a moment at the door, gazing on me sorrowfully, the dying lamp throwing a pale light across his haggard face.

"Dost thou forgive me, Zillah?" he said.

I thought of my lost life, my crazed wanderings, and my husband's heart turned against me, and my eyes swam in salt tears.

"But there was One who suffered more," I said to myself; so I answered, "Go in peace; I forgive thee."

Then there fell between us a short silence, broken only by the sob which gasped from my dry throat.

"Zillah, thou shalt not die," said the earl. And going to the grated window of my dungeon he flung the huge key he held into the moat.

"The postern-door at the top of these narrow stairs is unlocked; escape, Zillah, for thy life. Alas! and all those great things that I had hoped to do will die now for ages. Hasten, girl, lest I attempt again to seize thee!"

He undid the chains upon my hands, and as these dropped with a heavy clank upon the stones he left me. I listened to his ascending steps, but at the top of the narrow stairs he missed his footing and fell. Then a noise like thunder shook the castle from the topmost turret to the dungeon-floor, a flash of fire blinded me, and I fell senseless. When I awoke I saw moonlight through a rift in the wall, and passing over fallen stones and dust I reached the ruins of the stairs, and beheld the earl lying dead. Stooping over him I undid his vest, and found the ball of crystal which he had made by sorcery was gone. Doubtless this had killed him; and his face was blackened as by fire. Moreover, an unholy smell of sulphur and a hideous smoke filled the ruin.

I sat by the dead man amazed, not seeking to escape; and here the frightened warders found me.

"The witch! the witch!" they cried; "she hath slain my lord the earl. He lieth here dead—slain by sorcery; and the wall is rent, and the castle shaken, by her witchcrafts."

And so, amidst weeping, and cries of terror, and blows, I was carried to another dungeon.

CHAPTER VII.

I WILL not tell of the long, long months in prison; I will not tell of the torture and the chain. These bloodshot eyes have wept tears of blood, and these parched lips have shrieked in vain for mercy. I confessed willingly to all my sorceries, but these did not content them; so under torture I shrieked a thousand falsehoods. I told of things that could not be; I lied again and again against my soul.

Oh, I satisfied their greedy ears with lies, for which sin I weep now, and therefore I write this confession, wherein alone I speak the truth.

When my trial came the warders swore it was I who had killed the earl—I who had shaken the foundations of the castle, and opened the door of my prison by enchantments.

The Countess Beatrice witnessed against me with calm cruelty; and, though I appealed to her for my life's sake to say if her husband practiced not strange arts, she answered:

"Never, witch, unless bewitched by thee."

And the judge said that, save by sorcery, no such ball as I had spoken of could be made; therefore I was condemned by my own lips.

Then they brought a witness into court, the sight of whom wrung my heart. Men carried him on a pallet-bed, and as I saw his pale face lying on the pillow I wept.

"Thou, too, Gilbert?" I cried.

But the child turned his eyes from me, and would not look my way.

Then he was raised in men's arms, for without their aid he could not sit, and in a sad, low voice he told the judge my witcheries had made him love me, and the bitterest draught from my hand had seemed sweet to him. And many other things he said, having his heart turned against me by my enemy, his step-mother. But while he spoke, he kept his small white face away from my face, nor looked upon me once till the men bore him away; then his eyes turned on me, and his pale cheek flushed with sudden pain.

"Oh, Zillah, is it thou, so changed? Would to God they had not made me speak against thee. Pardon me, Zillah, pardon me!"

"I forgive thee, my poor child," I answered. "Do not grieve when I die."

"Woman," cried the judge, "all the court can see to what a cruel strait and weakness thy sorcery hath brought the young Lord Gilbert. Take the noble boy from her presence."

So the men bore him away, but he was weeping as he went, and I heard him say to the men that he would pray to die first, for he could not bear to live and see Zillah die a cruel death.

Alas, for that tender heart! In forcing him to cruelty they killed him. Yesterday the jailer said to me:

"The young Lord Gilbert is dead. Will thy sorceries never cease, witch? And the crowd cry aloud for thy blood: they gather fagots in the wood to-day."

But I leaned my head upon my hands, and thanked God the child was gone.

Now I hurry on to the end. As they bore the young Gilbert away, and my dry eyes watched him, I thought my worst pang went with him; but it was not so. The voice of a new witness startled me, and, turning, I saw Ambrose, my husband.

"I am a painter," he said; "I came hither by the Countess's command to finish the ceiling of the hall begun by the prisoner's father. Then I heard she was in prison. I have known her as a witch all her life long. There is witch-blood in her; for this I pitied her once, and hoped and prayed she might escape the taint. Yet even then I felt her spell, and, to save myself, I gave my love to a noble lady; but in the end, by witchery, she beguiled my heart, and I became her husband. Then I found her faithless, and left her. I escaped for my life, fearing her sorceries and her lover's power. I have not seen her face since then till this day."

"Ambrose," I said, and rose to my feet, "I was never faithless. Thou hast been deceived by a strange glamour, past my poor wits to explain. But I loved thee ever, and I love thee still. Now, say on. Death is not so cruel as this thy treachery."

I sank down upon my seat—they had given me a seat for my weakness—and I looked sadly on his white face working with strange tremors.

"I defy thee, witch!" he said. "I abhor thy love and thee!"

I looked upon him, but I uttered no word more. Hope and I had parted now, and I had no more to do with love or life; my heart was broken. And when they bade me stand to hear the judge's sentence I smiled, and wondered who the witch was that was condemned to die. I had forgot it was myself.

I was thinking of the lakes and streams of Zurich, and the mountains where I had strayed a child.

To-morrow I die, and before the winds have scattered the ashes of this poor flesh the Countess Beatrice and the painter Ambrose will sit at their wedding-feast. And to the bridegroom I send this history and my pardon. Zillah the witch dies with prayers for him, and at peace with all.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE WOLF AT THE DOOR—Fashion.

CLERICAL BLUNDERS.—"I will give notice," said a reverend doctor, in his pulpit, "of the annual meeting of the Maternal Society. It is to be hoped that every member will be present, and all mothers, married or single, are particularly invited." He meant, of course, "all ladies." The same excellent gentleman was illustrating a sermon on human greed by the story of Esau. "How many there are, my friends," said he, impressively, "even among us, who would exchange their birthright for a pot of message."

A FASHIONABLE EDUCATION.

Dear Madam, I've called for the purpose
Of placing my daughter at school;
She's only thirteen, I assure you,
And remarkably easy to rule.
I'd have her learn painting and music,
Gymnastics and dancing, pray do,
Philosophy, grammar, and logic;
You'll teach her to read, of course, too.

I wish her to learn every study,
Mathematics are down in my plan,
But of figures she scarce has an inkling,
Pray instruct her in those, if you can.
I'd have her taught Spanish and Latin,
Including the language of France;
Never mind her very bad English,
Teach her *that* when you find a good chance.

On the harp she must be a proficient,
And play the guitar pretty soon,
And sing the last opera music,
Even though she can't turn a right tune.
You must see that her manners are finished,
That she moves with a Hebe-like grace;
For, though she *is* lame and one-sided,
That's nothing to do with the case.

Now, to you I resign this young jewel,
And my words I would have you obey:
In six months you return her, dear Madam,
Shining bright as an unclouded day.
She's no aptness, I grant you, for learning,
And her memory oft seems to halt;
But, remember, if she's not *accomplished*,
It will certainly all be your fault.

A gentleman, who owns a country seat, nearly lost his wife, who fell into a river which flows through his estate. He announced the narrow escape to his friends, expecting their congratulations. One of them—an old bachelor—wrote as follows: "I always told you that river was too shallow."

IRISH INFLUENCE.

A story is told of an auctioneer who was provokingly annoyed, while in the exercise of his profession, by the ludicrous bids of a fellow whose sole object seemed to be to make sport for the buyers rather than himself to buy. At length, enraged beyond endurance, the knight of the ivory-headed hammer, looking around the room for a champion to avenge his wrongs, fixed his eyes upon a biped of huge dimensions, a very monarch in strength, and cried out,

"Marlow, what shall I give you to put that fellow out?"

"I take one fife-dollar bill."

"Done, done, you shall have it."

Assuming the ferocious, knitting his brows, spreading his nostrils like a lion's, and putting on the wolf all over his head and shoulders, old Marlow strode off to the aggressor, and seizing the terrified wretch by the collar, said to him in a whisper that was heard all over the room,

"My good frin, you go out with me, I give you half the money!"

"Done! done!" says the fellow.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted the audience. The auctioneer had the good sense to join in the laugh, and coolly forked out the V.

A MARRIAGE FOR MONEY.

A few Rhymes to the Ceremony, which is—

Impiety:
First, society—
Then, satiety—
Next, anxiety—
Insobriety,
Impropriety,
Last the Divorce Court,
Which means Notoriety!

A good story is told of a captain who went into a grocery where were a lot of loungers, and no one offered him a seat. Knowing every thing about the grocery, he went behind the counter, and seizing a keg marked powder, threw it upon the fire, exclaiming: "Gentlemen, it's my opinion that we've lived long enough." The way they ran out of the store was a caution to "ground and lofty tumbling." Of course the keg was empty.

THE MOST POPULAR FALL WITH THE LADIES—Falling in love.

"I don't see as any thing is the matter with this plum-pudding," said a fellow at a Thanksgiving dinner. "Well, who said there was?" growled out his neighbor. "Why," said the first, "I concluded there was, you all seem to be running it down!"

"Well, George," asked a friend of a young lawyer, who had been "admitted" about a year, "how do you like your new profession?"

The reply was accompanied by a brief sigh to suit the occasion—"My profession is much better than my practice."

A new way of collecting a bad debt was most effectively tried in the *Rue de la Seine*, in Paris, before the lodgings of a somewhat dissipated student. A man was observed walking up and down before the house, having upon his back a large placard, with the words: "Monsieur C—— owes me for thirty bottles of *vin rouge;* I am waiting until he pays for them."

He did not wait very long.

A whimsical comparison being made between a clock and a woman, Charles Fox observed that he thought the simile bad; "for," said he, "a clock serves to point out the hours, and a woman to make us forget them."

A lady went out shopping, promising her little son she would get him a cocoa-nut, and procured one with the husk on it, in which state he had never seen the article. On arriving at home she gave it to the boy, who looked at it curiously, smiled, and laid it down. Presently he said: "Mother, where is my cocoa-nut?" "I just now gave it to you," she replied. Taking it up again, he looked at it curiously for a moment, and exclaimed: "That thing a cocoa-nut! Why, I thought it was a *waterfall!*"

Is a mantua-maker amenable to law for hooking lady's dresses?

For stopping a man's mouth when he openly tells disagreeable truths there is no gag like gold. Complaint having been made to a certain bishop that a vicar in his diocese was always preaching against pluralities, in spite of repeated admonitions to the contrary, "Tush!" exclaimed the right reverend dignitary, "I will silence him forever in less than a week." And so he did by giving him an additional benefice.

The slumbers of an Irish gentleman being disturbed by the call of another gentleman who had come to administer a horsewhipping he asked him whether he meant to be so unmanly as to flog him while in bed.

"Certainly not," was the visitor's reply.

"Well, then," rejoined the other, quietly rolling himself up very snugly in the bed-clothes, "you may wait as long as you please, but hang me if I'll get up while you're in the house."

"A GOOD BOY." "A BAD MAN." "A DEAR GIRL." "A *FINE* LAD."

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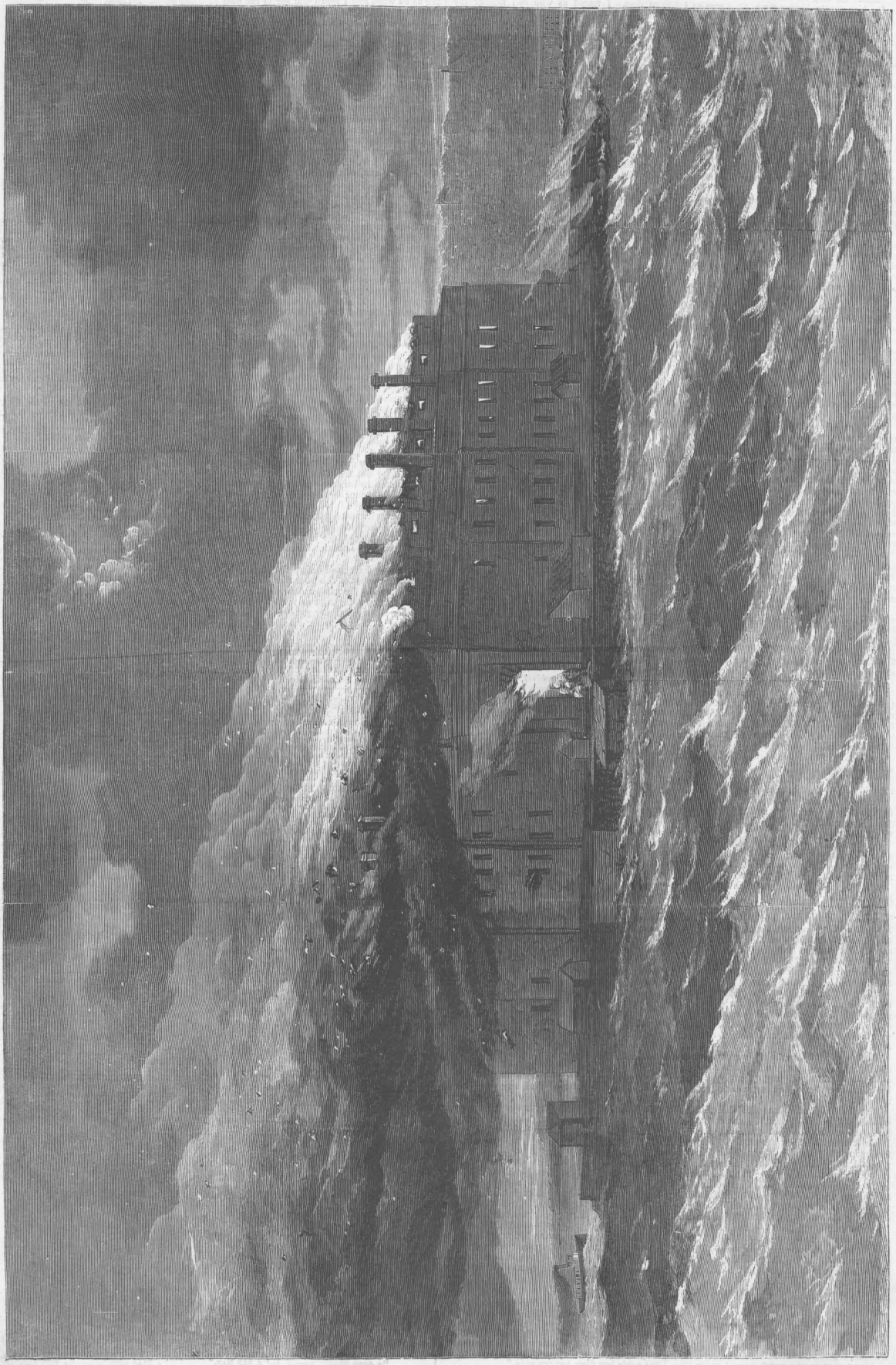

THE BURNING OF FORT LAFAYETTE IN NEW YORK HARBOR, DECEMBER 1, 1868.—[SEE PAGE 804.]

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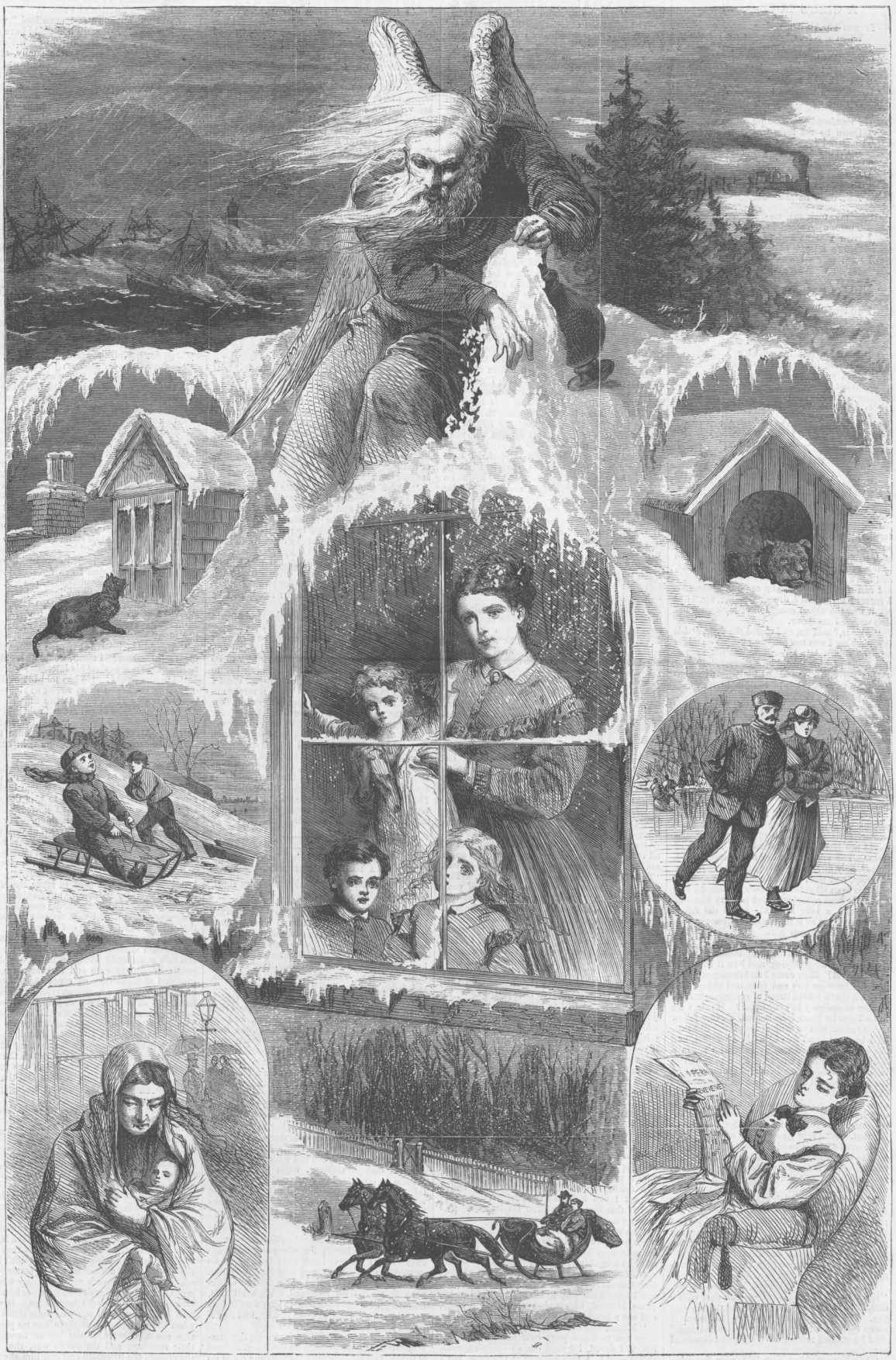

WINTER.

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A GIRL'S LOVE-SONG.

IT was an April morning
When my true love went out;
The wind had never a warning,
The sky had never a doubt.
Leaves and blossoms were lustres
On oak and maple and beech;
Hopes were hanging in clusters
A little out of reach.

He wandered—he and no other—
Down by the little white brook;
The stones sang one to another,
"A king is coming; look!"
The brook said, laughing and leaping,
"Peep, and you shall see."
Through the leaves he went peeping,
And there he saw—Me.

Saw me, took me, crowned me,
There, as I stood in my shame;
I knew that he had found me,
Before I knew his name.
I went where I was fated,
Dumb with fear and surprise.
A week and a day I waited,
Before I saw his eyes.

I said never a whisper
To all the words he said;
The brook was a pleasant lisper,
It talked to him instead.
Brook, you told my emotion,
Hearing him plight his vow!
Brook, you have not a notion
What I feel for him now.

THAT BOY OF NORCOTT'S.

CHAPTER VII.

A PRIVATE AUDIENCE.

I HAD but reached my room when Eccles followed me to say my father wished to see me at once.

"Come, come, Digby," said Eccles, good-naturedly, "don't be frightened. Even if he should be angry with you, his passion passes soon over; and, if uncontradicted, he is never disposed to bear a grudge long. Go immediately, however, and don't keep him waiting."

I can not tell with what a sense of abasement I entered my father's dressing-room; for, after all, it was the abject condition of my own mind that weighed me down.

"So, Sir," said he, as I closed the door, "this is something I was not prepared for. You might be forty things, but I certainly did not suspect that a son of mine should be a coward."

Had my father ransacked his whole vocabulary for a term of insult he could not have found one to pain me like this.

"I am not a coward, Sir," said I, reddening till I felt my face in a perfect glow.

"What!" cried he, passionately; "are you going to give me a proof of courage by daring to outrage *me?* Is it by sending back my words in my teeth you assume to be brave?"

"I ask pardon, Sir," said I, humbly, "if I have replied rudely; but you called me by a name that made me forget myself. I hope you will forgive me."

"Sit down there, Sir; no, there." And he pointed to a more distant chair. "There are various sorts and shades of cowardice, and I would not have you tarnished with any one of them. The creature whose first thought, and, indeed, only one, in an emergency is his personal safety, and who, till that condition is secured, abstains from all action, is below contempt; him I will not even consider. But next to him—of course with a long interval—comes the fellow who is so afraid of a responsibility that the very thought of it unmans him. How did the fact of my wager come to influence you at all, Sir? Why should you have had any thought but for the game you were playing, and how it behooved you to play it? How came I and these gentlemen to stand between you and your real object, if it were not that a craven dread of consequences had got the ascendency in your mind? If men were to be beset by these calculations, if every fellow carried about him an armor of sophistry like this, he'd have no hand free to wield a weapon, and the world would see neither men who storm a breach nor board an enemy. Till a man can so isolate and concentrate his faculties on what he has to do that all extraneous conditions cease to affect him, he will never be well served by his own powers; and he who is but half served is only half brave. There are times when the unreasoners are worth all the men of logic—remember that. And now go and sleep over it."

He motioned me to withdraw, but I could not bear to go till he had withdrawn the slur he had cast on me in the word coward. He looked at me steadfastly, but not harshly, for a moment or two, and then said:

"You are not to think that it is out of regret for a lost sum of money I have read you this lecture. As to the wager itself, I am as well pleased that it ended as it did. These gentlemen are not rich either of them. I can afford the loss. What I can not afford is the way I lost it."

"But will you not say, Sir, that I am no coward?" said I, falteringly.

"I will withdraw the word," said he, slowly, "the very first time I shall see you deal with a difficulty without a thought for what it may cost you. There; good-night; leave me now. I mean to have a ride with you in the morning." And he nodded twice, and smiled, and dismissed me.

There was nothing, certainly, very flattering to me in this reception. It cost me dearly while it lasted, and yet—I can not explain why—I came away with a feeling of affection for my father, and a desire to stand well in his esteem, such as I had not experienced till that moment. It was his utter indifference up to this that had chilled and repelled me. Any show of interest, any thing that might evidence that he cared what I was, or what I might become, was so much better than this apathy, that I welcomed the change with delight. Accustomed to the tender solicitude of a loving mother, no niggard of her praise, and more given to sympathize than blame, the stern reserve of my father's manner had been a terrible reverse, and over and over had I asked myself why he took me from where I was loved and cherished, to live this life of ceremonious observance and cold deference.

To know that he felt even such interest in me as this was to restore me to self-esteem at once. He would not have his son a coward, he said; and as I felt in my heart that I was not a coward, as I knew I was ready then and there to confront any peril he could propose to me, all that the speech left in my memory was a sense of self-satisfaction.

In each of the letters I had received from my mother she impressed on me how important it was that I should win my father's affection, and now a hope flashed across me that I might do this. I sat down to tell her all that had passed between us; but somehow in recounting the incident of the billiard-room I wandered away into a description of the house, its splendors and luxury, and of the life of costly pleasure that we were living. "You will ask, dearest mamma," I wrote, "how and when I find time to study amidst all these dissipations? and I grieve to own that I do very little. Mr. Eccles says he is satisfied with me; but I fear it is more because I obtrude little on his notice than that I am making any progress. We are still in the same scene of the Adrian that I began with you; and as to the Greek, we leave it over for Saturdays, and the Saturdays get skipped. I have become a good shot with the rifle; and George says I have the finest, lightest hand he knows on a horse, and that he'll make me yet a regular steeple-chase horseman. I have a passion for riding, and sometimes get four mounts on a day. Indeed, papa takes no interest in the stable, and I give all the orders, and can have a team harnessed for me—which I do—when I am tired with the saddle. They have not quite given up calling me that 'boy of Norcott's;' only now, when they do so, it is to say how well he rides, and what a taste he shows for driving and shooting.

"Don't be afraid that I am neglecting my music. I play every day, and take singing lessons with an Italian: they call him the Count Guastalla; but I believe he is the tenor of the opera here, and only teaches me out of compliment to papa. He dines here nearly every day, and plays piquet with papa all the evening.

"There is a very beautiful lady comes here, Mdme. Cleremont. She is the wife of the Secretary to the Legation. She is French, and has such pleasing ways, and is so gay, and so good-natured, and so fond of gratifying me in every way, that I delight in being with her; and we ride out together constantly, and I am now teaching her to drive the ponies, and she enjoys it just as I used myself. I don't think papa likes her, for he seldom speaks to her, and never takes her in to dinner if there is another lady in the room; and I suspect she feels this, for she is often very sad. I dislike Mr. Cleremont; he is always saying snappish things, and is never happy, no matter how merry we are. But papa seems to like him best of all the people here. Old Captain Hotham and I are great friends, though he's always saying, 'You ought to be at sea, youngster. This sort of life will only make a black-leg of you.' But I can't make out why, because I am very happy and have so much to interest and amuse me, I must become a scamp. Mdme. Cleremont says, too, it is not true; that papa is bringing me up exactly as he ought, that I will enter life as a gentleman, and not be passing the best years of my existence in learning the habits of the well-bred world. They fight bitterly over this every day; but she always gets the victory, and then kisses me, and says, 'Mon cher petit Digby, I'll not have you spoiled to please any vulgar prejudice of a tiresome old sea-captain.' This she whispers, for she would not offend him for any thing. Dear mamma, how you would love her if you knew her! I believe I'm to go to Rugby to school; but I hope not, for how I shall live like a school-boy after all this happiness I don't know; and Mdme. Cleremont says she will never permit it; but she has no influence over papa, and how could she prevent it? Captain Hotham is always saying, 'If Norcott does not send that boy to Harrow, or Rugby, or some of these places, he'll graduate in the Marshalsea—that's a prison—before he's twenty.' I am so glad when a day passes without my being brought up for the subject of a discussion, which papa always ends with, 'After all, I was neither an Etonian nor Rugbeian, and I suspect I can hold my own with most men; and if that boy doesn't belie his breeding, perhaps he may do so too.'

"Nobody likes contradicting papa, especially when he says any thing in a certain tone of voice, and whenever he uses this the conversation turns away to something else.

"I forgot to say, in my last, that your letters always come regularly. They arrive with papa's, and he sends them up to me at once by his valet, Mons. Durand, who is always so nicely dressed, and has a handsomer watch-chain than papa.

"Mdme. Cleremont said yesterday, 'I'm so sorry not to know your dear mamma, Digby; but, if I dared, I'd send her so many caresses, *de ma part.*' I said nothing at the time, but I send them now, and am your own loving son,

"DIGBY NORCOTT."

This letter was much longer than it appears here. It filled several sides of note-paper, and occupied me till daybreak. Indeed, I heard the bell ringing for the workmen as I closed it, and shortly after a gentle tap came to my door, and George Spencer, our head groom, entered.

"I saw you at the window, Master Digby," said he, "and I thought I'd step up and tell you not to ride in spurs this morning. Sir Roger wants to see you on May Blossom, and you know she's a hot un, Sir, and don't want the steel. Indeed if she feels the boot, she's as much as a man can do to sit."

"You're a good fellow, George, to think of this," said I. "Do you know where we're going?"

"That's what I was going to tell you, Sir. We are going to the Bois de Cambre, and there's two of our men gone on with hurdles to set them up in the cross alleys of the wood, and we're to come on 'em unawares, you see."

"Then why don't you give me Father Tom or Hungerford?"

"The master wouldn't have either. He said, 'A child of five years old could ride the Irish horse;' and as for Hungerford, he calls him a circus horse."

"But who knows if Blossom will take a fence?"

"I'll warrant she'll go high enough; how she'll come down, and where, is another matter. Only don't you go a pullin' at her; ride her in the snaffle, and as light as you can. Face her straight at what she's got to go over, and let her choose her own pace."

"I declare I don't see how this is a fair trial of my riding, George. Do you?"

"Well, it is, and it isn't," said he, scratching his head. "You might have a very tidy hand and a nice seat, and not be able to ride the mare; but then, Sir, you see, if you have the judgment to manage her coolly, and not rouse her temper too far, if you can bring her to a fence, and make her take off at a proper distance, and fly it, never changing her stride nor balk, why, then, he'll see you can ride."

"And if she rushes, or comes with her chest to a bank, or if—as I think she will—she refuses her fence, rears, and falls back, what then?"

"Then I think the mornin's sport will be pretty nigh over," growled he; as though I had suggested something personally offensive to him.

"What time do we go, George?"

"Sir Roger said seven, Sir, but that will be eight or half past. He's to drive over to the wood, and the horses are to meet him there."

"All right. I'll take a short sleep, and be sharp to time."

As he left the room I tore open my letter to add a few words. I thought I'd say something that, if mischance befell me, might be a comfort to my dear mother to read over and dwell on; but for the life of me I did not know how to do it without exciting alarm or awakening her to the dread of some impending calamity. Were I to say, I'm off for a ride with papa, it meant nothing; and if I said, I'm going to show him how I can manage a very hot horse, it might keep her in an agony of suspense till I wrote again.

So I merely added, "I intend to write to you very soon again, and hope I may do so within the week." These few commonplace words had a great meaning to my mind, however little they might convey to her I wrote them to; and as I read them over I stored them with details supplied by imagination—details so full of incident and catastrophe that they made a perfect story. After this I lay down, and slept heavily.

CHAPTER VIII.

A DARK-ROOM PICTURE.

MY next letter to my mother was very short, and ran thus:

"DEAREST MAMMA,—Don't be shocked at my bad writing, for I had a fall on Tuesday last, and hurt my arm a little; nothing broken, but bruised and sore to move, so that I lie on my bed and read novels. Madame never leaves me, but sits here to put ice on my shoulder and play chess with me. She reads out Balzac for me, and I don't know when I had such a jolly life. It was a rather big hurdle, and the mare took it sideways, and caught her hind leg—at least they say so—but we came down together, and she rolled over me. Papa cried out well done, for I did not lose my saddle, and he has given me a gold watch and a seal with the Norcott crest. Every one is so kind; and Captain Hotham comes up after dinner and tells me all the talk of the table, and we smoke and have our coffee very nicely.

"Papa comes every night before supper and is very good to me. He says that Blossom is now my own, but I must teach her to come cooler to her fences. I can't write more, for my pain comes back when I stir my arm. You shall hear of me constantly, if I can not write myself.

"Oh, dearest mamma, when papa is kind there is no one like him—so gentle, so thoughtful, so soft in manner, and so dignified all the while. I wish you could see him as he stood here. A thousand loves from your own boy, Digby."

Madame Cleremont wrote by the same post. I did not see her letter; but when mamma's answer came I knew it must have been a serious version of my accident, and told how, besides a dislocated shoulder, I had got a broken collar-bone and two ribs fractured. With all this, however, there was no danger to life; for the doctor said every thing had gone luckily, and no internal parts were wounded.

Poor mamma had added a postscript that puzzled Madame greatly, and she came and showed it to me, and asked what I thought she could do about it. It was an entreaty that she might be permitted to come and see me. There was a touching humility in the request that almost choked me with emotion as I read it. "I could come and go, unknown and unnoticed," wrote she. "None of Sir Roger's household have ever seen me, and my visit might pass for the devotion of some old follower of the family, and I will promise not to repeat it." She urged her plea in the most beseeching terms, and said that she would submit to any conditions if her prayer were only complied with.

"I really do not know what to do here," said Madame to me. "Without your father's concurrence this can not be done; and who is to ask him for permission?"

"Shall I?"

"No, no, no," cried she, rapidly. "Such a step on your part would be ruin; a certain refusal, and ruin to yourself."

"Could Mr. Eccles do it?"

"He has no influence whatever."

"Has Captain Hotham?"

"Less, if less be possible."

"Mr. Cleremont, then?"

"Ah, yes, he might, and with a better chance of success; but—" She stopped, and though I waited patiently, she did not finish her sentence.

"But what?" asked I, at last.

"Gaston hates doing a hazardous thing," said she; and I remarked that her expression changed, and her face assumed a hard, stern look as she spoke: "His theory is, do nothing without three to one in your favor. He says you'll always get these odds, if you only wait."

"But you don't believe that?" cried I, eagerly.

"Sometimes—very seldom; that is, I do not whenever I can help it." There was a long pause now, in which neither of us spoke. At last she said, "I can't aid your mother in this project. She must give it up. There is no saying how your father would resent it."

"And how will you tell her that?" faltered I out.

"I can't tell. I'll try and show her the mischief it might bring upon you; and that now, standing high, as you do, in your father's favor, she would never forgive herself if she were the cause of a change toward you. This consideration will have more weight with her than any that could touch herself personally."

"But it shall not," cried I, passionately. "Nothing in *my* fortune shall stand between my mother and her love for me."

She bent down and looked at me with an intensity in her stare that I can not describe; it was as if, by actual steadfastness, she was able to fix me, and read me in my inmost heart.

"From which of your parents, Digby," said she, slowly, "do you derive this nature?"

"I do not know; papa always says I am very like him."

"And do you believe that papa is capable of great self-sacrifice? I mean, would he let his affections lead him against his interests?"

"That he would! He has told me over and over; the head is as often wrong as right—the heart only errs about once in five times." She fell on my neck and kissed me as I said this, with a sort of rapturous delight. "Your heart will be always right, dear boy," said she; once more she bent down and kissed me, and then hurried away.

This scene must have worked more powerfully on my nerves than I felt, or was aware of, while it was passing; at all events, it brought back my fever, and before night I was in wild delirium. Of the seven long weeks that followed, with all their alternations, I knew nothing. My first consciousness was to know myself, as very weak and propped by pillows, in a half-darkened room, in which an old nurse-tender sat and mingled her heavy snorings with the ticking of the clock on the chimney. Thus drowsily pondering, with a debilitated brain, I used to fancy that I had passed away into another form of existence, in which no sights or sounds should come but these dreary breathings, and that remorseless ticking that seemed to be spelling out "eternity."

Sometimes one, sometimes two or three persons, would enter the room, approach the bed, and talk together in whispers, and I would languidly lift up my eyes and look at them, and though I thought they were not altogether unknown to me, the attempt at recognition would have been an effort so full of pain that I would, rather than make it fall back again into apathy. The first moment of perfect consciousness—when I could easily follow all that I heard, and remember it afterward—was one evening when a faint but delicious air came in through the open window, and the rich fragrance of the garden filled the room. Captain Hotham and the doctor were seated on the balcony smoking and chatting.

"You're sure the tobacco won't be bad for him?" asked Hotham.

"Nothing will be bad or good now," was the answer. "Effusion has set in."

"Which means that it's all over—eh?"

"About one in a thousand, perhaps, rub through. My own experience records no instance of recovery."

"And you certainly did not take such a gloomy view of his case at first. You told me that there were no vital parts touched!"

"Neither was there; the ribs had suffered no displacement, and as for a broken clavicle, I've known a fellow get up and finish his race after it. This boy was doing famously. I don't know that I ever saw a case going on better, when some of them here—it's not easy to say whom—sent off for his mother to come and see him. Of course, without Norcott's knowledge. It was a rash thing to do, and not well done either; for when the woman arrived there was no preparation made, either with the boy or herself, for their meeting; and the result was, that when she crossed the threshold and saw him she fainted away. The youngster tried to get to her and fainted too; a great hubbub and noise followed;

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KU-KLUXISM.

WHEN Senator SUMNER made his celebrated argument in Congress over ten years ago, insisting upon the "barbarism of slavery," his oration was denounced as declamatory and extravagant. But scarcely had the voice of the orator ceased to echo in the chamber where it was uttered before the full evidence of its bitter truth was furnished by the cowardly assault of a South Carolina Congressman upon his person. The rebellion which soon followed convinced the North that even the Senator from Massachusetts had not adequately appreciated the barbarism which he denounced; for suddenly elements were evolved from the peculiar civilization of the slaveholding States which threatened and actually attempted the disruption and ruin of the country. The war itself, and considered apart from its original cause, afforded in its successive stages accumulative evidence of the barbarism generated by a system of legalized injustice. The scalping of our dead soldiers upon the battle-field of Pea Ridge by the savage allies of the Confederacy; the inhuman butchery of national negro soldiers at Fort Pillow; the denial of the common courtesies of war to our captured negro soldiers by an attempt to make the axioms of slavery as potent on the battle-field as on the plantation; and the barbarities inflicted upon our brave youth at Belle Isle, Andersonville, Salisbury, and Millen — all these enormities illustrated the depravity possible even to a Christian community which adopts and persistently cherishes a monstrous wrong.

All this we should willingly leave to the historian but for the unfortunate development of the same barbarism since the close of the war. The confession of defeat does not prove the annihilation of wrong. The very first attempt made by the Southern Legislatures, assembled under President JOHNSON's provisional governments, was to revive a system of partial slavery by a continuance of the old slave code. That attempt was baffled by the passage of the Civil Rights Bill. Disappointed here, the Southern Legislatures attempted, through the defeat of the Fourteenth Amendment, to retain for the whites of the South the disproportionate representation which slavery had given them, while denying suffrage to the colored race. Here again they were thwarted by the establishment over them of a military government.

Then it was that the Ku-Klux organization sprang into being. The object of this secret society was the accomplishment by intimidation and murder of that which open war first and unjust legislation afterward had failed to secure. The logic of the new order was that of the old "Regulators" under the slave system; it was the argument of the New Orleans riot. It has been only too successful in its operations; its members, in cerememental disguise, wearing sepulchral masks, and courting the aid of darkness, have murdered without stint, and where they have not murdered they have used intimidation. They have been aided by the proscription of Union men, and by the denial of labor to negroes who refused to vote the Democratic ticket. The result of these violent means of exercising political power are plainly evident in the late election returns of the Southern States. But, for all that, the Ku-Klux organization has failed.

Our illustration is engraved from a photograph, representing two members of the Ku-Klux order captured in a recent riot at Huntsville, Alabama, Judge THURLOW and another person were killed in this riot. It is represented that in that vicinity there are over 400 members of this secret society.

One of the most important of the advantages gained for freedom by the election of General

TWO MEMBERS OF THE KU-KLUX KLAN IN THEIR DISGUISES.

THE RIOTS AT THE ELECTION IN BLACKBURN, ENGLAND.—[SEE PAGE 804.]

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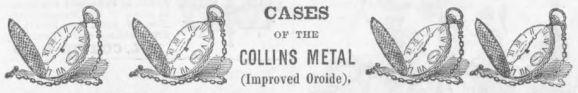

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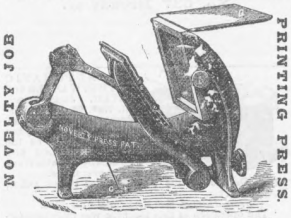

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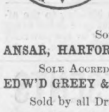

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XII.—No. 626.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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CHRISTMAS SONG.

FROM belfry, towers, and tapering spires
The drifted dark bright cherubs clear,
And bend to hear the chanting choirs
Greet the great day of all the year.

And all the mellow Christmas bells
Clash their wild tunes upon the air,
And, gathering in melodious swells,
Wake the white echoes every where.

Around the fane the incense wreathes,
The organ rolls, the anthem rings;
Through the dim aisles all Heaven breathes
To lift the soul from mortal things.

To lift the soul, the sense upbuoy,
And meet the level of the morn,
When, breaking all the gloom to joy,
The Saviour of the world was born.

STEAMBOAT DISASTER ON THE OHIO RIVER.

EVEN in a year which has furnished so full a record of disasters by land and water it is difficult to find a story more painful than that of the recent collision of the two steamboats *United States* and *America*, on the Ohio River.

The accident took place on the night of December 4, a little after eleven o'clock. The *United States*, a splendid three-decker, was descending the river to Louisville. Just opposite Rayl's Landing, one mile above Warsaw, Kentucky, she collided with the *America*, which was ascending the river. The *United States* was sunk, but not before she was enveloped in flames, which were instantly communicated to the other steamer. Both vessels were destroyed in less than five minutes. The fire was caused by the collision, which forced a number of barrels of petroleum that were on the guards of the *United States* into the furnace; at least this is the statement made by Mr. ANDREW HARRIGAN, second clerk on that vessel. The cargo on both steamers was of a very inflammable material—consisting of brooms, whisky, cotton, bacon, etc. To this circumstance the speedy destruction of both vessels is to be attributed. The catastrophe was sudden, and there was an immense loss of life, mainly, however, on the *United States*, which lost 35 out of 65 passengers.

Captain R. M. WADE, who makes this statement, says that it was a dark but not a foggy night. "The *America*," he reports, "went into the *States* on the larboard, abreast of the baggage-room, and only cut through the guards and a few of the top timbers of the hull. The flames appeared to come instantaneously with the crash on both boats—shooting up above the top of the hurricane-roof of the *States*, where I was standing. The wind was blowing hard up stream. The *States* backed into the Indiana shore, where her head swung quartering out into the stream, going down in a few seconds. The *America* blew two whistles, which was answered by the *States* by one whistle, or it was all I could hear, owing to the high wind. The *States* blew again, but we could not hear the *America's* reply." After the collision the boats appear to have been separated for a brief interval, but, according to the second clerk's statement, came together again, and a number of passengers were saved by jumping on board the *America*. This clerk says there were 75 passengers on board the *United States*, and that of this number 25 were ladies. "There were," he says, "two bridal parties on the boat, and some of the passengers thought they would have a little fun in serenading them, which they did, and some twenty minutes after the serenade the collision occurred; and I think if it was not for the serenade the bridal parties would have been lost; but as they were in their state-rooms awake, they were apprised of the danger in which they were, and got off the *United States* on to the *America*; and as their state-rooms were on the same side as the *America* they were saved. The scene in the cabin at the time was indescribable. Several ladies stood throwing their children overboard and crying for assistance. Upon the guards a number of ladies stood, wringing their hands and crying for help, but they would not leave the place they were in, and perished in the flames. Previous to the disaster we were enjoying ourselves in the cabin dancing, and the passengers had just entered their state-rooms."

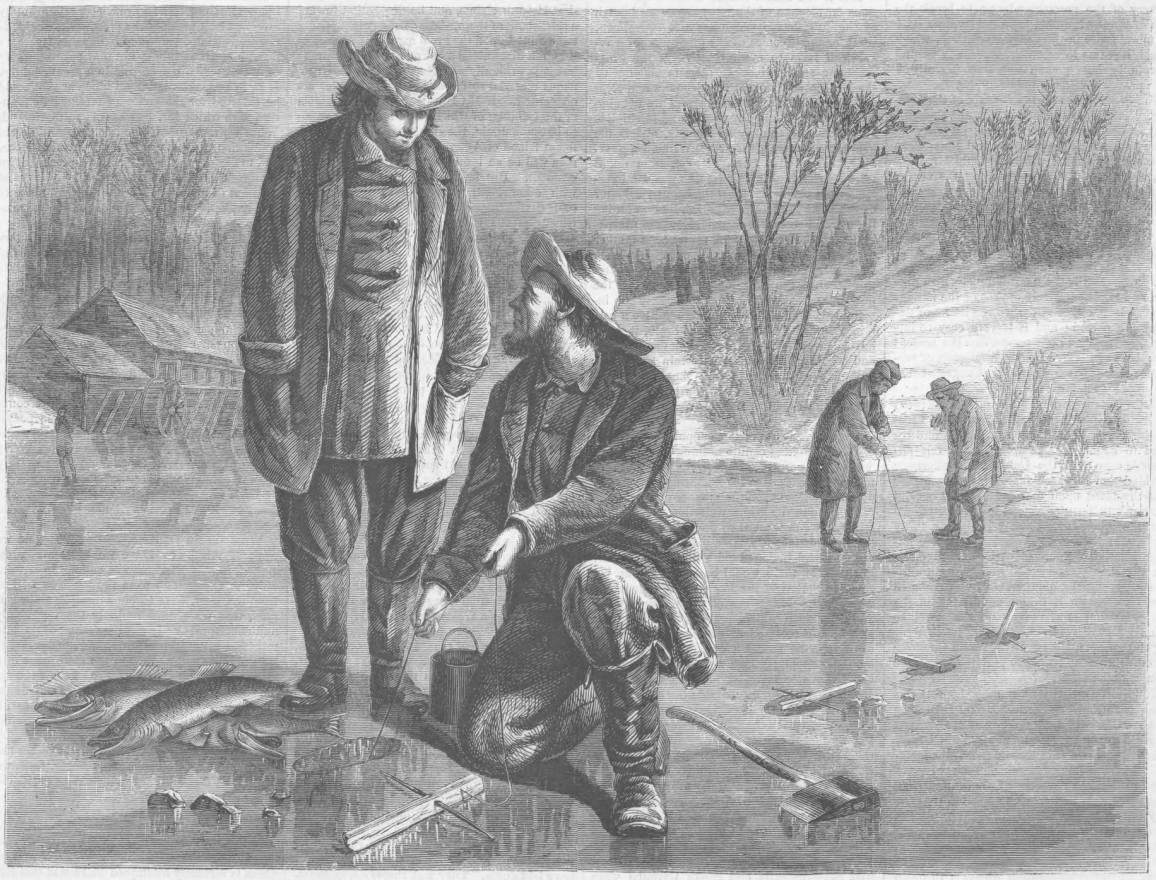
The panic occasioned on board both vessels was beyond description. There was no time to dress, and some of the ladies in their attempts to escape the raging flames lost even their night-clothes. OLE BULL, the celebrated violinist, was one of the passengers on the *America*. He escaped by wading to the shore with his violin. Many other passengers on this vessel owe their escape to the efforts of the clerk, C. W. TAYLOR, who burst open the doors of their state-rooms and dragged them out of their beds. In some cases ladies who were attempting to escape by means of floating shutters were ruthlessly hurled from their refuge by men.

The people of Warsaw deserve most grateful mention for their efforts to alleviate the sufferings and to supply the temporary wants of the distressed victims of this disaster.

THE LETTER-CARRIERS' NEW COSTUME.

THE New York City Post-office employs 308 mail-carriers. On the 25th instant these officers are to be clad in uniform—a cadet-gray coat and pants, with black trimming, and a marine cap with a badge bearing the mail-carrier's number.

The average number of letters distributed by a single mail-carrier is from 233 to 250 per day, including papers and parcels. In the month of September last there were distributed in this way over the city 1,312,766 letters; 537,099 drop-letters; 212,352 papers; and from the mail-boxes the carriers collected 2,877,646 letters. There are eight distributions per day in the lower part of the city, and nine in the upper part. In the course of a year a single letter-carrier is intrusted with the delivery of upward of 90,000 letters and papers. It is an occupation which demands from these officers the promptest attention and the most scrupulous care, besides industrious tramping in all sorts of weather. The advantages arising from their new livery are numerous, and so obvious that it is unnecessary to particularize.



WINTER SPORTS—FISHING FOR PICKEREL THROUGH THE ICE.—[DRAWN BY EDWIN FORBES.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1868.

THE LAST OF THE PRESIDENT.

THE President's Message was so emphatically laid upon the table that it is now probably forgotten except as an insult, not so much to Congress as to common honesty and common-sense. In obedience to the requirements of the Constitution, the President recommended certain measures which he considered necessary to the public welfare. The first of them was a proposition that the people of the country should proceed to say that they did not mean what they had just declared at the election and after the fullest discussion; and the second was, that the Government should cheat its creditors. The comedy of the first suggestion for the public welfare is sobered by the unmitigated knavery of the second.

Looking at this Message, with its sullen spirit and its base proposals, the country can imagine what the national situation would have now been had HORATIO SEYMOUR been elected. The absurdities and criminalities of the Message would have been the declared policy of the Government. The reconstruction acts would have been doomed, and the late rebel States would consequently have been plunged into anarchy. The honor of the United States would have been irrevocably tarnished, and the nation that emerged victorious from a struggle of arms would have succumbed to hopeless demoralization. The system of popular government would have been brought into a disgrace from which it is not possible to see when it could have recovered; and, bankrupt in good sense and common honesty, the country would have been the scorn of history.

If we had not seen a great party surrendering itself last summer to the control of baffled enemies, not only of the Union but of the principle of the Government, and proclaiming that wholesale swindling was the true financial policy for a great nation, it would be incredible that a President could send to Congress such a message as this. The blank stupidity of proposing that, after more than three years' acquaintance with the situation, after the most intelligent and repeated and conclusive verdicts against "My Policy," the country should adopt it as the sole solution of every difficulty, is explicable only upon the theory of mingled ignorance and dull, dogged obstinacy, which is more than suspected in the President. But the brisk knavery of the recommendation to break the faith of the Government reveals a total want of the moral sense in the Chief Magistrate, which should, it seems to us, rather vigorously remind the country that common conscience is really of some practical value in public affairs.

The Senate arrested the reading of the Message. The House listened to it, and immediately laid it upon the table, whence it will never be taken. There were several Republican Senators, including Mr. MORTON and Mr. WILSON, who were in favor of reading the whole, upon the ground that the Constitution requires the President to communicate to Congress the state of the country, and to submit suggestions for promoting the public welfare. But surely this does not compel Congress to hear any thing the President may choose to say in any manner. Congress is the guardian of its own dignity, and representatively of that of the nation. It must decide for itself when the limits of decency are passed; and it is very easy to imagine, especially with a person like the present incumbent of the Presidency, a message of recommendations so expressed that Congress could not properly tolerate it.

If, for instance, when Mr. JOHNSON delivered his drunken speech at his inauguration as Vice-President, the Senate had interrupted and refused to listen, no one would have felt aggrieved, even had the Constitution expressly provided that a speech should be made by the Vice-President upon that occasion. Poor old GEORGE THE THIRD was said to have sent down a royal message to Parliament beginning, "My Lords, Gentlemen, and Woodcocks." Parliament was hardly obliged to listen. Suppose that the President, instead of sending a message in writing by his secretary, had come in person to deliver it orally, and, being in the same condition as when he made the speech to which we have referred, had refused to wear any clothes upon the occasion, would Congress be constitutionally bound to permit the outrage upon common decency?

Now, in the actual case, common honesty was as much outraged as decency would have been in the other. The United States are pledged to pay a certain interest upon certain bonds, and the President says that he thinks the bondholders have been sufficiently paid already, and proposes that the payment of the interest shall be stopped. If he had recommended that the navy of the United States should seize all the foreign ships it could find, pay for them at its own valuation, then scuttle and burn them, would the Congress of the United States be bound by any consideration whatever to listen to all the details of the proposition? Clearly it is within Congressional discretion in either branch to determine when the public dignity and welfare demand the refusal to hear more of any communication whatever. As a rule, undoubtedly it will generally hear; but it is a grave consideration whether the overture from the Executive of a conspiracy to swindle the national creditor does not justify an emphatic departure from the rule.

Whatever further offenses the President may commit, it is a pleasant reflection that his opportunities of vexing the public patience are rapidly ending. Had he been removed from office when he was impeached he would have retired with a certain air of mock dignity as a martyr, and have enjoyed a kind of active hold upon a vague sympathy. But he will now leave his office not only to the satisfaction of all loyal citizens, but with the merited contempt of all honest men.

THE QUESTION OF THE SUFFRAGE.

IN considering, last week, the subject of the suffrage, we suggested that it was very difficult to see why, under the constitutional clause requiring the United States to guarantee to every State a republican form of government, and the decision of the Supreme Court that Congress has the binding power to examine the State constitutions, Congress could not legislate upon suffrage. If it can not, it is difficult to see how the guarantee can be executed, for if a State should vest all political power in a family or an oligarchy, and Congress can not touch the suffrage, a republican form of government would be overthrown in the State, and the constitutional guarantee for its defense would be wholly inoperative and useless. Indeed, as we said, the theory that the control of this vital question in a republic resides solely in the States, is the growth of the long supremacy of Southern interests and political dogmas in the government. The point is generally conceded as of course, and without reflection. But when the authority for such a view is demanded, it is usually given by quoting the constitutional provision that electors of Members of Congress "shall have the qualifications requisite for electors of the most numerous branch of the Legislature." And there is no other express constitutional allusion to the subject. It is then, of course, assumed, under the general provision that the powers not delegated to the United States nor prohibited are reserved to the States respectively or to the people, that the question remains indisputably with the States.

But if the States should demand qualifications for electors of the most numerous branch of the Legislature which are not republican, what, again, becomes of the guarantee of a republican form to every State? If the State creates a small privileged class of electors of the Legislature, so that the Senators and Representatives who come to Congress are not chosen by the people in any proper and intelligible sense, has the country no remedy, and is the guarantee a mere phrase? "Without a guaranty," says Judge STORY, "usurpation might raise its standard, and trample upon the liberties of the people." Must the country submit? or can it, as HAMILTON asks, legally do nothing more than behold the encroachments of usurpation with indignation and regret? In other words, is Congress bound to look on helplessly while a republican form of government is overthrown in a State? Is it not to answer the question to ask it? Is not the conclusion inevitable that if Congress *must* guarantee a certain form of government in a State, it must have power first to determine what that form is, and whether it exists in a certain State, and authority to interfere if it finds that such a form does not exist? Without this power and authority the constitutional provision is a mere mockery of words.

Senator TRUMBULL, in supporting the theory that Congress can do nothing upon the subject of the suffrage, proposed the still more remarkable theory that a republican government does not depend upon the number of people who participate in the primary election of representatives. Upon what then does it depend? If the Senator meant a mere play upon the word republic, and included old Venice or Paraguay in the term, there would be no argument, because in that view the Papacy might be called a republic. It is a use of the words republic and republican which destroys their meaning. But in any received and American sense the word republic means a system of government by the people through their representatives, and by people is understood no class of the people based upon insuperable distinctions, but the great body of adult citizens. If this is not a republic, what is? Mr. TRUMBULL seems to assume that the State governments, recognized when the Constitution was formed, must be considered republican, although they did not allow slaves to vote. But does Mr. TRUMBULL seriously assert that the government of South Carolina, for instance, before the war was a republican government? And if so, is that the kind of government which Congress is required to guarantee to every State? Or does he mean that Massachusetts and South Carolina were equally republican? And if he does, has not the word ceased to have any meaning whatever in his mind?

Because it may be difficult to define with perfect precision what a republican form of government is, it surely does not follow that there is none. Nor because the significance of the word increases with further reflection ought sensible men or a sensible government to insist upon being bound by a more ignorant interpretation. The guarantee of a republican form is permanently imperative upon the United States. It is the duty of Congress, therefore, whenever the question arises, to answer it by its conviction at that time. With the conviction of the country to-day, undoubtedly the constitutional clause of this guarantee, and the clause apportioning representatives and direct taxes are inconsistent, because the latter recognizes a large class of persons not free, and slavery is not compatible with a republic. But that is no longer a question. There are no slaves; there are only free citizens in the country. And are not women free citizens? asks Mr. TRUMBULL. Undoubtedly; and did the Senator ever see any substantial argument against their claim to political power? Then he would undoubtedly ask in return whether, if Congress may declare government by a single man or family in any State not to be republican, it may not also declare government by a sex not to be republican? It seems, certainly, that it may do the last if it may do the first; and does Mr. TRUMBULL deny that it may do the first? If he does deny it, is it possible to show how Congress can execute the mandate of the Constitution? If it means any thing, what does it mean? Does it mean that the United States may interfere upon the requisition of the Governor of a State if a citizen tries to make himself King, but may not interfere if a majority of the electors make him King? But, in the former case, has the State less a republican form than in the latter? If the United States must guarantee a republican form, must they not decide when it is necessary to exert the authority so imposed?

There is still something to be said of the manner in which this authority may best be exercised, as well as upon the point whether, conceding the right and the authority of Congress, the result contemplated may be more wisely attained by a constitutional amendment.

THE NEW MINISTRY AND THE OLD CLAIMS.

THE immediate interest of the United States in the new British Ministry is the consideration of the manner in which it is likely to regard the *Alabama* claims, and its disposition toward a settlement of them. The Ministry is supposed to be united upon the great question of the election, the disestablishment of the Irish Church; but it is evidently composed of very heterogeneous material so far as the United States are concerned. If Mr. BRIGHT becomes a member of the Cabinet, of which there now really seems to be some doubt, the stanchest and most intelligent friend of America among English statesmen will be an influential member of the Government. But he will find himself associated with other gentlemen, such as the Marquis of HARTINGTON, who were very decidedly not friends of the United States during the war. With Lord CLARENDON as Foreign Secretary, there will be, we apprehend, no serious change in the general tone of the foreign policy of England. Lord STANLEY is too intelligent a man to suffer his hereditary Toryism to become stupid or malignant; and it must be acknowledged that the general conviction of his high character and ability has done very much to restore that respect for England which was lamentably declining under his predecessor.

Upon the preliminary point which is understood to be so urgently pressed by Mr. SEWARD, that Great Britain shall confess that she did wrong in recognizing the rebel States as belligerents, we do not believe the new Cabinet will be more flexible than the old. It will not deny the responsibility for losses which the Government conceded to be its duty to prevent when it forbade the departure of the *Alabama*. But it will probably insist that every nation must decide for itself under what circumstances it will recognize the belligerency of combatants. Should the United States decline to accept a settlement of the *Alabama* claims until the question of international custom or law is settled, there must be a treaty or a war. If we insist that the recognition was an act of open hostility, and that we will regard it in no other light, England must, of course, apologize or fight. But if England declares that such a demand upon our part necessarily renders the peaceful adjustment of questions of international law impossible, it will be rather difficult to find an answer.

As for a reference, it is only possible to refer the question of damages. Great Britain will hardly allow Prussia substantially to decide whether she has correctly interpreted the law of nations. Would the United States do it? The British Government and people unquestionably see as distinctly as we the ruinous and disastrous consequences of the principle they have laid down. They will, therefore, undoubtedly pay the damage which it has inflicted upon us, and then, surely, we may safely leave the matter as it stands. Indeed, it has sometimes seemed as if Mr. SEWARD had persisted in his demand because he knew that England would not accede to it, and that so a constant irritation would be maintained against her. We do not attribute so puerile and base a policy to the Secretary of State, but it has been suspected, and even suggested. The barbarous statesmanship of the Middle Ages might have been guilty of a wish to foster causes of international hostility; but the man who should do it to-day between England and the United States, and still claim to be a statesman, would be laughed to scorn. The duty of statesmanship to-day is not to cherish provincial and national jealousies: it is to make universal peace possible upon the most generous principles.

Mr. SEWARD is supposed not to be very friendly toward England, and he knows what we all know, that there is a certain feeling in this country that would gladly hail a difficulty or a war. It is a conviction that the account can be settled only by a blow, and there is in some otherwise sensible minds a kind of aching desire to give John Bull a shaking. But whether it would be wise and noble to take a national policy from such feelings is not a question. The war should at least have put us right in our own eyes. England knows, and we know that England knows, that we are no longer to be treated as a child, or an adventurer, but as an equal. Being sure of that upon both sides, war is wholly unnecessary.

LAND HO!

MR. CALEB CUSHING is supposed to have left the country upon some one of Secretary SEWARD'S mysterious missions of buying land. The area of the United States is so small and its parts so harmonious, that the Secretary seems to be of opinion that we want a few hundreds of thousands of fresh inhabitants; and if they are Esquimaux, Spaniards, African slaves, people bred under the worst monarchy and aliens in every way to our national system and spirit, so much the better. It is also suggested that Mr. CUSHING is to act as associate Minister with Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON. But we imagine the State Department will not undertake to mend that matter at present; and it is so curiously like Mr. SEWARD to think that the Spanish revolution and the trouble in Cuba offer a proper opportunity for buying that island at a bargain, that the presumption is in favor of Mr. CUSHING'S employment in some such service.

But is this the fortunate moment for a great increase of our territory and population in any direction? Certainly the present population is not crowded upon our present domain, and there is, with equal certainty, not that patriotic unity of feeling which is desirable in a great country. It is, in fact, the very worst moment that could be selected for the policy of territorial expansion with which Mr. SEWARD is so fascinated. What we most need now is to consolidate the population, to make it properly homogeneous, and to develop to the utmost our scarcely known resources. What we need least is an immense addition of foreign traditions and ignorance to the ignorance and disaffection already existing.

In fact, Mr. SEWARD'S policy is that of a theorist merely. His feeling probably is, that if we do not obtain the West India Islands some other Power will, and then we shall have a foreigner, possibly an enemy, seated at our very doors. But those islands have always been in European possession, and have they been very dangerous or even threatening to us? And if they changed owners now, if either England or France became the lord of Cuba, would England or France be strengthened by the colony? In case of war between either of those countries and the United States, would the necessity of protecting the faithful island be a striking advantage? Mr. SEWARD'S foreign policy is that of a merchant who should be constantly turning aside from his regular and prosperous business to speculations of dazzling promise in fancy stocks. Experience and good sense plead against the tempting dissipation.

What do we want of Cuba? What do we want of Alaska? Have we not immigrants enough now in what may be called the natural order of events, and from the West as well as from the East, from China as well as from Europe, that we should multiply them suddenly and enormously? Is not the feeling of the late rebel States sufficiently bitter and alienated that we should reinforce it with the discontent of a class of Spanish slaveholders? Is not the ignorance with which we must contend dense enough already that we should deepen it with that of West Indian slaves? Is it not better that we should turn our minds to the necessity of becoming a great nation as well as a big nation? Indeed, the policy which Mr. SEWARD favors is a legacy from the dark days of the old rule in this country when expansion was a necessity of slavery. But it is not a necessity of liberty. Instead of an advantage it is now a distinct peril. There was never one good reason given for the Alaska purchase. If that of Cuba is seriously attempted there will still less be any plausible argument for it.

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TRADE AND FINANCE.

THE lessons taught by recent vicissitudes must convince the people of the United States that, although a return to specie payments will be attended with present inconvenience and loss, it is wholly unsafe to continue under the present system. The operations of a few managers of the Erie Railroad, in locking up moneys obtained from an unauthorized and secret issue and sale of stock, interfered with the reasonable prospects of all business men throughout that portion of the Union which relied upon paper-money. The wickedness of this proceeding was the greater as it was planned to take effect at a time of deep interest to all, when a large share of capital was used to move our vast agricultural productions from where they are produced to where they are consumed—an object in which every substantial citizen is deeply interested, and which none will frustrate but those who are governed by an extreme selfishness at war with the public good. This action has brought down the price of wheat below what will remunerate our farming interest, and affected the business of the country injuriously. It amounts to a conspiracy against the public welfare, which, we repeat, should be made impossible by penal statutes and united disapprobation.

It is scarcely possible that a scheme of injury so vast can be carried into effect when we reach the solid ground of specie. The purchase and distribution of specie sufficient for the wants of the country will be a costly operation. We shall need probably three hundred millions more than we have. As every dollar of coined money is the result of labor, it will require an equivalent amount of labor to command this sum over and above what is required for support. The country must decide between a system which strikes off money with the printing-press—a thousand-dollar bill as easily as a one—and sets all calculations of value at defiance, and that true system which obtains it from what the world has accumulated, or from its original source, as in either event it will furnish a true test of the value of the labor which it has cost, and for which it is successively exchanged.

Our industry now is subject to the control of speculators, and is commanded by those countries which possess a sound currency, because we have deviated from the true policy. No device will extricate us except that of basing our transactions wholly upon the precious metals. All other expedients are temporary and delusive. We shall grow in wealth, solidity, and integrity in the proportion in which we infuse the precious metals into our monetary affairs. The supremacy foretold for us can never be achieved under a paper system. Under the opposite system our great country, so full of all the material upon which industry can successfully be employed, will know no superiors in supplying easily all the wants of man.

The Secretary of the Treasury, in his recent report to Congress, had the opportunity to enlighten the country as to its true duty at this juncture; but there is one great error into which he has fallen. His ideas of the Legal-Tender policy are wholly erroneous. It was resorted to because of the universal prevalence of a paper system. The error being incapable of correction in war, was adopted and continued during hostilities, and such has been and ever will be the experience of those nations which in time of peace expel the precious metals by the general circulation of paper. If he had contented himself with stating the difficulty in this form, and urged that, having served its purpose with as much efficiency as could be expected from a measure into which we were driven from antecedent errors, no complaint would have been made; but he goes out of his way to show that MR. WEBSTER had declared its illegality, not distinguishing between the circumstances to which MR. WEBSTER applied his doctrines and those upon which the Congress acted in establishing the law. MR. WEBSTER was right in declaring that the policy could not be adopted in peace. MR. M'CULLOCH is wrong in supposing that the policy is illegal, when under the pressure of war all other means of raising money fail. All other objects are subordinate in war to the great one of saving the country from destruction. With its downfall the rights of property and the obligation of debts might be entirely changed or wholly extinguished. It is the true interest of creditors who are exposed to such a contingency to accept the money which the Government is forced to circulate. Modern nations, under the exigency of war, have made this a precedent which this Government may legally adopt as a "necessary and proper" means in that emergency.

We perhaps owe to MR. M'CULLOCH that the cases now before the Supreme Court of the United States were held for advisement and re-argument at the present term, and regret the more, as he is about to lay down his office, that he does not exercise the prudent circumspection and foresight with respect to his successor, which induced him to urge a delay in the decision of the Court until his financial arrangements were placed beyond the influence of an adverse decision. The intimate relations which ought to exist between co-ordinate branches of the Government might give to his expressed opinions against this Act of Congress an influence over the Court of an injurious character. A decision against its validity would plunge the country into sudden disorder. It was this belief which induced us to publish in our *Monthly* for December a carefully-prepared article in support of the law. We were fearful that the influence of the Administration might coincide with that of others too powerful to be despised in depriving the country of the sole debt-paying medium—legal tenders—in advance of the circulation of gold and silver. From the brief which we have received from MR. EVARTS, who, we are gratified to find, argued the case for the Government, we have no fears of the result. The argument upon it was clear, comprehensive, and able, leaving no room for an adverse decision. The country will thus escape another peril due to its paper system, and have the opportunity to substitute by degrees a better, as the former may be from time to time displaced in the necessary process of recovery. The Attorney-General deserves the thanks of the country for his great services in this matter. He unites the qualities of a lawyer and statesman in a degree seldom surpassed.

There will be some uneasiness about the prosecution of business until the Legal-Tender Act shall be sustained by the highest tribunal. Some scarcity of money is complained of, due in part to apprehension from this source. But a healthy business is being done in all branches, care being taken not to carry heavy stocks. It will be the policy of all to prepare for the gradual change which a favorable decision will allow—a change which must take place if it is intended by our law-makers that our manifold industries shall be placed on the solid footing which is essential to true commercial greatness.

The ports on the Baltic and St. Lawrence being now closed with ice, the attention of Great Britain must be turned to us as the source of her needed supplies of food. Egypt and a few ports on the Black Sea will still be in the market as competitors, and San Francisco has still a part of her surplus grain on hand; but the main reliance of England, Spain, and those portions of Europe which suffered from the disastrous drought, must be upon the United States. The quantity of grain imported into England falls short of her importations of 1867; and no fears need be entertained that there will not be a steady and large demand for the whole surplus of our agricultural productions.

THE REPUBLIC IN SPAIN.

THAT the revolution in Spain would proceed to its end as peacefully as it began, although most sincerely to be hoped, and although there was even some show of promise, was hardly to be expected. It must surprise no one, therefore, that difficulties have occurred, and that there have been fights and bloodshed. All those who, for any reason, were dissatisfied with the old system would naturally acquiesce in its overthrow, but their willingness to see the old destroyed would be in the degree of their hope for their own favorite system to replace it. When reconstruction begins, differences appear. But as the appeal in Spain was to be made to the people—that is, to the male adults—those who make trouble before the appeal is taken are, *à priori*, in the wrong. Their action presumptively shows that they expect to be beaten by a peaceful verdict, and that they therefore resort to force. Consequently, when we read that the Republicans have broken up meetings of their opponents, and have finally appeared in arms, the conclusion, until more is known, is that they anticipated defeat and declined to abide by the popular decision.

But the *à priori* view is very often a false view. Those who recall the vote which made LOUIS NAPOLEON emperor may very wisely doubt whether it was a real expression of the popular will; and before judging the Spanish Republicans, still more before condemning them, we must know a great deal more of the secret intrigues of parties in Spain. The Spanish people are ignorant and superstitious beyond most Europeans. The situation of the country favors the ecclesiastical domination under which the country has always suffered. The priesthood as a class are, of course, monarchists. As a rule also, a political priesthood is unscrupulous. Moreover, the leaders of the revolution are not beyond the suspicion of personal ambition; and no one of them has risen to an evident mastery of the country and of the situation. That the intrigues to secure a vote for the monarchy may have been so flagrant and so patent that the Republicans became aware that the appeal was not to be a fair one, is very possible; and they may, therefore, have preferred to take the chances of force rather than to surrender all hope of a change of the political system.

To us, at this distance and with our necessarily imperfect knowledge, there seems to be no hope of a speedy settlement of troubles of this kind when once begun. The absence of any settled government is of course an advantage to an insurrection; for it becomes the interest of the adherents of the old system to increase and perpetuate disorder, that it may be regarded as the consequence of the overthrow of the old government. Again, if the provisional government hopes to represent the monarchical principle as opposed to the republican, it can not count upon the sympathy of the real monarchists, who prefer the old régime; and without any charm of tradition or authority of legitimacy it can hardly appeal to popular ignorance with the force of an enthusiastic republican party demanding and offering popular rights and equality. As yet the news is so confused that the movement can not be well comprehended. But, as we remarked when the revolution began, the republican element will probably be found to have an unsuspected vigor and extent in the country; and PRIM will probably learn that he should have declared for a republic if he wished to govern Spain.

BOGUS BRONZES.

Editor Harper's Weekly:

PERHAPS you will allow me to say to your readers that nine out of ten of the so-called bronzes put up at street auctions about holiday time are not bronze at all, but simply "Berlin iron" castings, bronzed or colored to represent a better material. The chief value of a bronze ornament, or statue, lies in the degree of skill displayed by the designer; next to that the workmanship in carrying out the design; and, lastly, the material. Cast iron may be bronzed to look as well for a time, and a long time, as true bronze, but it is extremely brittle and delicate; and if accidentally overset the principal parts are broken past remedy, of course utterly destroying the value of the article. This is not so with true bronze, which has not only twenty per cent. more strength than cast iron, but bears sudden jar better than it.

The only way for an inexperienced person to tell real bronze from a piece of cast iron is to scratch or cut some of the inside portions with a knife; if the abrasion is white it is iron, if it is yellowish brown it is true bronze. The actual value of iron castings is five cents a pound; of bronze, seven to eight times as much. When I add that auctioneers bid off these castings at the price of true bronzes, it will be seen that some reflection and care must be taken to avoid deception.

EGBERT P. WATSON.

WINTER SCENE.

MOIST-GRAY the hills, through quiet haze,
Along the horizon bend;
Brown faded leaves and withering grass
Toward that faint distance tend.
The voiceless fields with mists are white,
In winter silence sleeping;
Low twilight, by dim clouds led on,
O'er sky and heath is creeping.

Long plashes catch the lessening gleam
In clay-stamped hollows 'biding;
The hope of spring-tide life and joy
In banks and tufts is hiding.
Short winter's day the rolling clouds
With damp and dark mae wreathing;
Yet whispers of the coming spring
In westward winds are breathing.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

THE third session of the Fortieth Congress opened at noon on the 7th of December.

In the Senate, the announcement of Senator Edmunds's re-election by the Vermont Legislature was announced with the Governor's certificate.—A communication was offered from the Governor of Georgia. This Mr. Sherman moved to lay on the table, presenting the credentials of the Hon. Joshua Hill as Senator from Georgia. He maintained that Mr. Hill was elected before the expulsion of colored members from the Legislature of that State, and that he could take the oath. The whole subject was temporarily laid on the table.—Mr. Sumner offered a resolution tendering to Spain the best wishes of the American people, also a bill providing for the resumption of specie payments after July, 1869.—Other bills and resolutions were offered affecting naturalization and suffrage.

In the House, several bills and resolutions were offered. Mr. Wood called for the instructions of the Government to Minister Johnson on the *Alabama* question, and for the correspondence.—Mr. Kelly offered a constitutional amendment affecting suffrage, and Mr. Broomall offered still another.

December 8:

In the House, Mr. Garfield reported a bill providing for the transfer of the Indian Bureau from the Department of the Interior to the War Department. The bill was passed, yeas 116, nays 33.

December 9:

In the Senate the President's Message was received. It was so offensive that Mr. Conness, of California, moved to dispense with the further reading, after the portion which scolded Congress for its appropriations for the enforcement of "unnecessary and unconstitutional laws." A debate was thus occasioned, and finally Mr. Conness withdrew his motion, which was renewed by Mr. Cameron. After some discussion an adjournment was concluded upon.

In the House a bill was passed providing for an election to be held in Virginia on the fourth Thursday in May, 1869, at which the citizens of the State should vote upon the adoption of the Constitution agreed upon by the State Constitutional Convention. The President's Message was received, ordered to be laid upon the table, and printed.

December 10:

In the Senate, the House bill transferring the Indian Bureau to the War Department was referred to the Committee on Indian Affairs. The conclusion of the President's Message, interrupted the day before, was read, laid on the table, and ordered to be printed.—A resolution was adopted providing for a recess of both Houses from December 21 to January 5.

The President's Message was transmitted to Congress on the 9th of December. Comments upon it will be found in another column.

The Secretary of War, Mr. Schofield, estimates the strength of the army on September 30 at 48,081 men, which, he thinks, will be reduced by January 1 to about 43,000. The Indian war has rendered necessary an additional cavalry force. The disbursements of the Pay Department last year have been nearly $61,000,000; the disbursements for Reconstruction amount to a little over two millions.

A. G. Taylor, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, is opposed to the transfer of the Indian Bureau to the War Department, and recommends that the war policy be ended, and a separate department of Indian affairs be created.

The Secretary of the Navy, Gideon Welles, reports the total number of vessels in use in the navy, including store-ships, tugs, etc., as 206, carrying 1743 guns. Thirty-five of the vessels in use are cruising vessels, with 365 guns, and ten are practice vessels in the Naval Academy. The naval force is classified thus: 52 iron-clads, 129 guns; 95 screw steamers, 938 guns; 28 paddle-wheel steamers, 199 guns; and 31 sailing vessels, with 477 guns.

While there is but one revolutionary soldier now living and drawing a pension, there are upon the rolls 888 *widows* of revolutionary soldiers!

General George W. Cole was on the 7th of December acquitted by the jury trying him for the murder of L. H. Hiscock. The jury found the prisoner sane the moment before and the moment after the murder, but were in doubt as to his sanity at the precise moment when the act was committed.

Deacon Andrews, who has been on trial at Plymouth, Massachusetts, for the murder of Cornelius Holmes, was found guilty on December 9 of manslaughter. In accordance with the laws of the State Deacon Andrews was allowed to present his own statement before the jury. The prisoner was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment.

The number of lives lost by the disaster on the Ohio River, which we illustrate on another page, is believed to be about sixty-five.

Quarter-master-General Meigs has published the sixteenth number of the Roll of Honor. The number of graves of Union soldiers now recorded in printed form is 150,000, the occupants of which, to the number of 55,000, are as yet unknown. It is conjectured that the full number of graves will reach over 300,000. The whole number of Union soldiers who have died in the war of the rebellion is estimated as 355,000.

FOREIGN NEWS.

IN the long period which has been allowed to elapse before the assembling of the Spanish Cortes a means taken by General PRIM to secure his elevation to Dictatorship? This is the question which is now being asked throughout Europe. There is now in Spain a revolution within a revolution. Insurrection has broken out at Cadiz, and a desperate conflict has been waged with heavy losses on both sides. Great political excitement prevails at Xeres, Malaga, and Tarragona. General Prim has started for the southern provinces to restore tranquillity. By the time the Cortes meet may not his acceptance of the Dictatorship of Spain be made to seem indispensable?

An important Clerical Conference was held at Berlin, Prussia, October 15, under the presidency of Dr. Hoffman. At this Conference not a voice was raised for rationalism, which the writer believes to be dying out in Prussia. Some impatience was rather expressed at the tolerance of the authorities; but it was evident that wherever proof could be obtained, any attempt to teach what was contrary to the confessions of the Reformation would be put down by the ecclesiastical authorities. The meeting also exhibited the working of that craving for ecclesiastical unity which is dispaying itself in Great Britain, the Colonies, and the United States. The question was discussed: Can an historical symbol be found in which the Lutheran and Reformed Churches can agree? Herr Schulze, a consistorial counselor from Posen, maintained with great ability that the Augsburg Confession of A.D. 1530 was the best œcumenical symbol of the United Evangelical Church of Germany, especially with the addition of its tenth article, which admits the sacramental doctrine of the Calvinists. The Conference seemed pretty unanimous in approving of the confessional basis, and the writer's impression was, that, sooner or later, it will be accepted by the German Churches as the basis of their unity.

The Conference suggested that a united demonstration might be made by the Prussian Church on the 8th of December, 1869, in reply to the papal allocution lately addressed to Protestants. This demonstration might even be on a wider scale. A simultaneous testimony by the whole of the really Protestant churches of the world in favor of the essential truths of the Gospel, published to the world, and arresting attention simultaneously with the great gathering at Rome, would not only be a great means of attesting the real unity of Protestantism, in spite of all that is usually asserted to the contrary by the advocates of Popery, but might become a real means of grace, a remarkable and blessed way of spreading the knowledge of the Gospel in regions of darkness and the shadow of death.

The reference to Roman unity leads us to remark that facts are constantly occurring to show that even within the Roman community two manner of people, or principles, are ever contending—the spirit of liberalism and the spirit of submission. Those who are animated by the desire to advance in the free paths of intellectual, industrial, and political progress, disdain the fetters which Roman influence is perpetually forging for them; and, on the other hand, those who deem spiritual submission the first duty of man are terrified at the spirit of liberalism which is so eager to burst all ecclesiastical fetters. Hungary furnishes an illustration. A Hungarian bishop has published a pastoral, in which he lays it down that the ecclesiastical law remains in full force, in spite of the new marriage law; that a civil marriage is invalid in the eyes of the Church; that the concordat is still in force; that the relation of the Church to the schools is still unaltered; that "the situation" of the Emperor is dreadful. Another bishop has been fined five thousand florins for refusing to deliver up the records of the ecclesiastical marriage court. At Torplitz a marriage took place, the bridegroom being a Protestant and the bride a Catholic. The priest refused to marry without the customary promises as to the bringing up of the children, which were refused. The civil marriage was thereupon celebrated by the governor of the district, in full uniform. An enormous crowd was assembled, and at the close tumultuous cheering was given for the Emperor for freeing them from the ecclesiastical yoke.

In Florence a singular method has been taken for propagating sentiments favorable to liberty and Protestantism. A play founded on the domestic life of Milton has been produced. The sentiments on a free press, the ends and aims of all good government, on the real worth and dignity of letters, on domestic purity, on filial love, were carefully reproduced from Milton's writings, and whole passages from "Paradise Lost" were dextrously inwoven into the play. The poet hurls his denunciations against the superstition and tyranny of the Church and Court of Rome; and is free in his censures of kings, past, present, and future. It is interesting that this has been done under the eyes and the approval of King Victor Emanuel, the lineal descendant of that Duke of Savoy to whom Milton, as Latin Secretary of Cromwell, addressed the indignant remonstrance against the slaughter of the Waldois, commemorated in the immortal sonnet, "Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints."

Mr. Peabody has donated an additional half million of dollars to the poor of London.

The steamship *Hibernia*, which sailed from New York for Glasgow November 14, foundered and sunk on the 25th of that month 700 miles to the westward of the Irish coast. There were five boats into which the passengers and crew were placed; two of these were picked up; one, containing 33 persons, was capsized and lost; no information had been at last advices received from the other two. The passengers numbered 83. Fifty-two persons are known to be saved.

The Sultan of Turkey has sent in an *ultimatum* to the King of Greece threatening hostilities if the latter does not cease to render assistance to Cretans. Denmark, England, and France have advised the Grecian Sovereign to accede to the Sultan's demand.

The clouds of sand sent up from Mount Etna fall in the streets of Messina, fifty miles distant.

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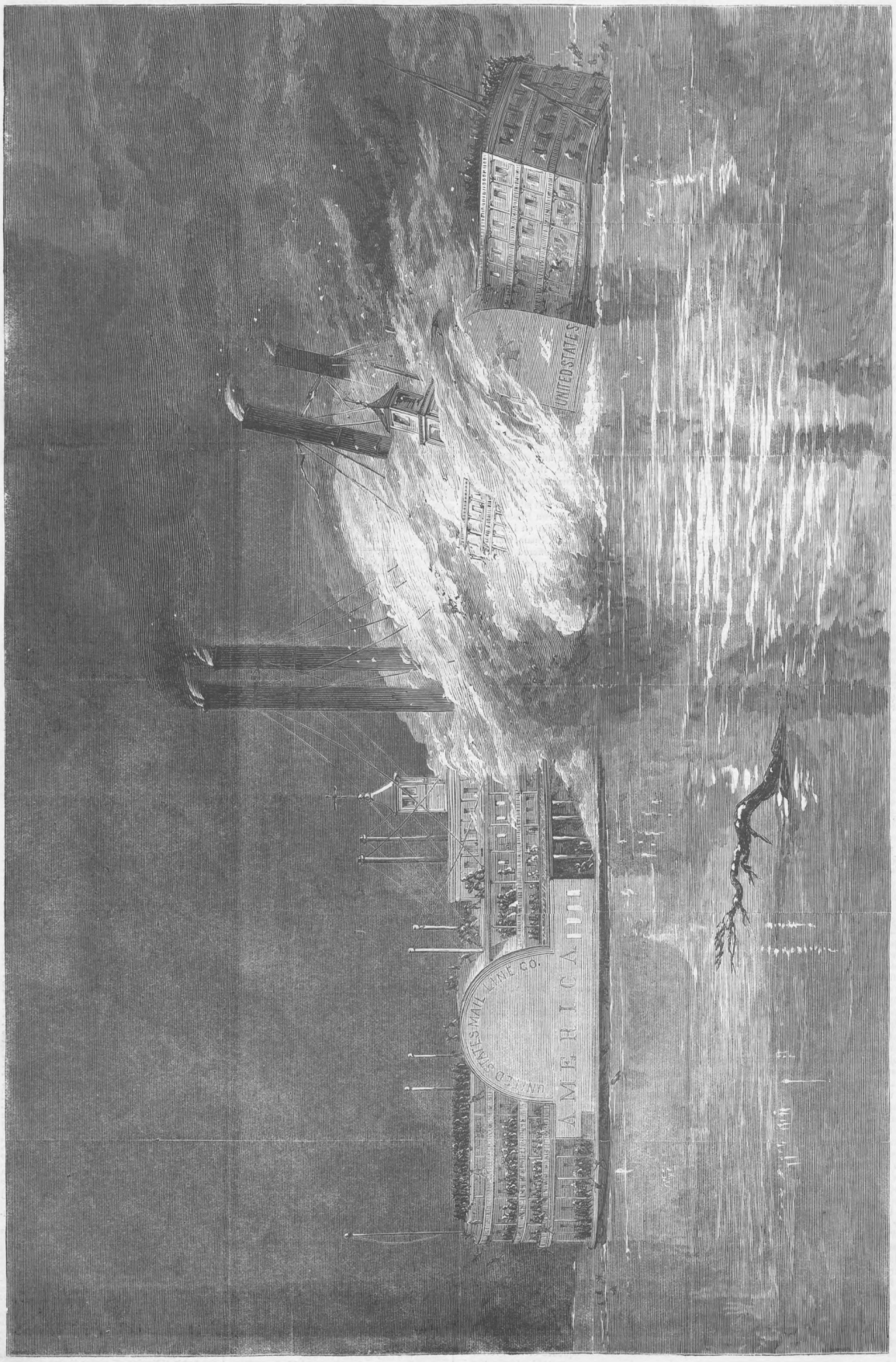

THE STEAMBOAT DISASTER ON THE OHIO RIVER, NEAR WARSAW, KENTUCKY, December 4, 1868.—Sketched by E. P. Frazer.—[See First Page.]

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THE TRUE STORY OF DON JUAN.

WHEN the orange and citron groves of the Alcazar were in their ripest glory, and the gilded palace of the Moors yet wore the freshness that had made it splendid in the days of its first masters, there lived a certain Sevillian hidalgo whose entrance to the Plaza de Toros was the signal for a hum and a whisper among the multitude that filled that bloody arena; whose rare presence at vespers in the dusky aisles of the great cathedral boded ill to some fair worshiper within the solemn fane; a man from the touch of whose infidel fingers the priest withdrew his holy-water brush as from contact with the foul fiend himself; a man behind whose steps followed ever the smothered anathema of the pious and the weak.

This man was Juan Tenorio, one of the twenty-four, the best hated and the most feared among the inhabitants of Seville. Handsome, proud, brave—with a desperate brutal courage—false, and cruel, he was all these, and known to be all these, for he came of a race in which these qualities had been hereditary since the Mohammedan was driven out of Spain.

Don Juan's wealth was even greater than his rank. He was master of many a square mile of vineyard between Seville and Jerez, and owner of a delicious Oriental villa on the banks of the Guadalquivir, built in the true Moorish style, with airy barbaric colonnades, and pierced pavements of colored marble through which a hundred jets of limpid water rose to cool the sultry southern atmosphere, and a quadrangle where a fountain played all day and night amidst a wealth of exotic blossoms, beneath the shade of a wide silken awning. Here, in the idle summer noontide, the noble Sevillian loved to bask, and here, beneath the tender light of the southern moon, were held revels of which all good citizens spoke with a shudder. Dancing-girls and matadors had told strange stories of banquets given in those marble-paved chambers—banquets at which Lucifer himself might have taken the chair; of dances performed in that Moorish quadrangle which might have delighted the Prince of Darkness and his chosen courtiers; of deeds scarcely less terrible than those by which Pedro the Cruel had given the Alcazar a hideous renown. Don Juan Tenorio had elevated vice into a kind of poetry, and refined sin into a science. From his very boyhood his name had been a terror to husbands and fathers and brothers; but of late the good people of Seville had crossed themselves as they spoke of him, as when they pronounced the name of the fiend. His latest crime had surpassed his former villainies, for on this last occasion he had added murder to seduction.

Among those weak enough or bold enough to countenance this man, in spite of his infamous repute, was the Commander Gonzalo de Ulloa, with whose young and beautiful daughter Don Juan Tenorio professed himself eager to form a matrimonial alliance. The Commander was influenced by the rank and wealth of the suitor; the terms of the contract were arranged, and the contracted parties were allowed to meet in the most ceremonious manner on certain rare occasions—the promised bride attended by her duenna, and supported by her proud old father.

Whether Juan entered upon this engagement in good faith at first was only known to himself. Certain it is, that, after a very short courtship, the idea of matrimonial bondage in the future, and the wearisome attendance of father and duenna in the present, became alike obnoxious to him. The habit of evil-doing had grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength. He was practiced in the corruption of duennas, versed in all delusive arts for the conquest of a weak inexperienced girl, and the end in this case came but too soon. One morning the gossips of Seville were startled by the tidings of Donna Octavia's elopement with Don Juan; and before nightfall a great terror came upon the city with the knowledge that the Commander Don Gonzalo de Ulloa had been found stabbed through the heart on a lonely road twenty miles from the gates.

He had discovered his daughter's disappearance within one hour of the wretched girl's flight; had extorted some half-confession from the unwilling duenna, and had followed the fugitives, attended by one servant, who saw his master overtake a traveling-carriage, in which were a lady and gentleman both masked. The Commander had dragged the gentleman from the carriage, and a sharp encounter had followed on the spot, with fatal result to Don Gonzalo, the lady shrieking piteously all the while. The gentleman had not once removed his mask, and had sprung into the carriage directly after his opponent's fall, crying to the postillions to drive like a thousand devils.

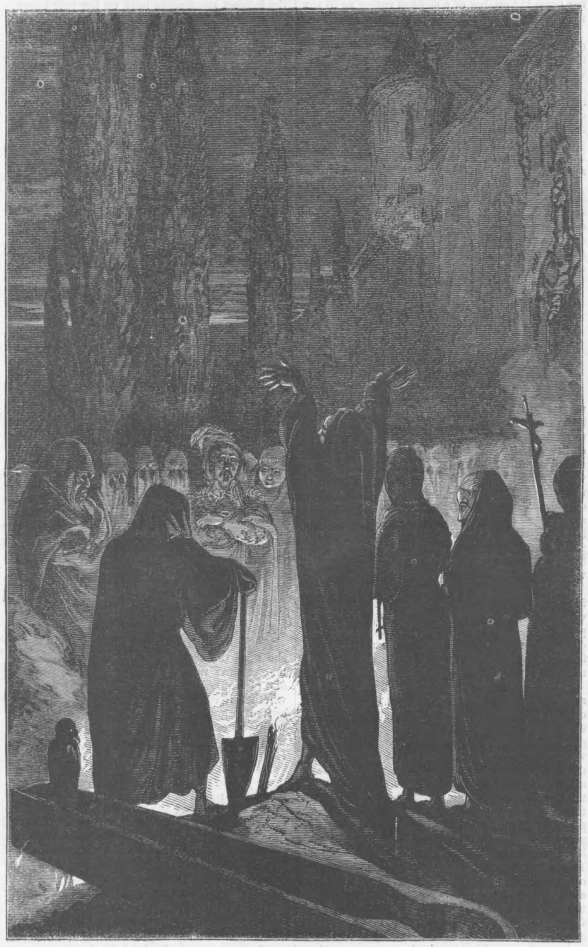
The servant was an inexperienced rustic, who had been but a few weeks in the service of the Commander, and he was unable to identify the masked traveler, but had a kind of idea that it was no other than Don Juan Tenorio, who had graciously sworn at him for a base-born dog more than once upon the occasion of his visits to Don Gonzalo.

The Commander's family were furious against the libertine, scarcely knowing whether to hate him most as the seducer of their kinswoman or as the murderer of their kinsman. Shame was new to their house, and was so much the more bitter to bear. They urged their wrongs in the ears of legal authority, and demanded that the seducer and assassin should be brought before the tribunal of justice; but as the duenna had contrived to disappear from Seville during the confusion that followed her employer's death, there was no direct evidence against Don Juan Tenorio. And besides this difficulty there was another in the fact that Don Juan was not to be found. It was reported that he and his frail companion had embarked at Cadiz on a vessel bound for the East. Don Gonzalo's remains were brought to Seville and interred with much solemnity in the church of the Franciscan monastery, where the house of Ulloa possessed a mortuary chapel, and of which order the only son of the late Commander was a superior; and after affording gossip and excitement for all Seville, the monstrous scandal gradually died away, and, if not forgotten, at least ceased to be a common subject of conversation.

But there was one gloomy mind from which no time could efface the memory of Don Juan's iniquities, there was one chief member of the holy brotherhood of St. Francis from whose thoughts the fatal image of the murderer and seducer was only banished during the supreme service of the altar, and scarcely banished then.

Father Onofrio of the Holy Sepulchre, whose name in the world had been Paez de Ulloa, cherished the memory of his father's death and his sister's disgrace as other men cherish the image of a lost love, or wasted wealth, or long-departed happiness. By day and night his prayers arose to heaven, imploring justice from Him who claims the divine right to avenge all earthly wrongs.

"Thou hast said 'Vengeance is mine,'" cried the monk. "Surely Thou wilt not suffer this libertine to go unpunished; and if Thou needest an earthly instrument, behold, Thy servant is ready."



"'IT IS NO JEST,' SAID ONE OF THE HOODED MONKS."

Months grew into years, and it seemed as if the brother's pleading were unheard at the supreme tribunal. A marble effigy of the murdered Commander was executed for the mortuary chapel in the church of the Franciscans, a noble image of the dead, "in his habit as he lived," erect and sword in hand, as if standing guardian over the vault below, awfully lifelike in the obscurity of that solemn shrine.

Three years had passed since Donna Octavia's flight, and in all that time the Moorish villa on the banks of the Guadalquivir had been deserted by its master. Suddenly as he had disappeared Don Juan Tenorio came back to his native city; and again his very name was a terror in all virtuous households.

He reappeared with a bold and dauntless front, expressed himself profoundly grieved to hear of Don Gonzalo's death and his daughter's elopement, declared that he had quarreled with and parted from the damsel on the very day before her flight, having reason to suspect her of a low intrigue with one of the matadors of the circus, and had left Seville quietly and alone immediately after this quarrel, since which departure he had been traveling in the Holy Land.

The story was rendered somewhat plausible by the fact that a celebrated matador had disappeared from Seville about the time of Donna Octavia's flight; but the Sevillians were not the less convinced of Juan Tenorio's guilt, and regarded him with a gloomy interest as he stalked among them at bull-fight and festival, shunned yet admired, splendid and lonely.

Unhappily the very fact of his evil reputation rendered him an object of interest in the eyes of foolish women; and from the hour of his return he grew bolder and more successful in crime. The rumor of his return and his new iniquities penetrated to the sombre retreat of the Franciscan monks, and Father Onofrio declared that the hour had come in which the offended majesty of Heaven must be vindicated by an earthly champion. This blasphemous libertine, whose career was devastating as the progress of some dragon of fabulous story—this hardened sinner, whose rank enabled him to defy the law, and whose infidelity mocked the dangers of divine wrath—had come back to the scene of his guilty deeds, and had come to expiate them.

"The hour has arrived," said the superior, in solemn conference with the holy brotherhood. "When the cowardice of venal man shrinks from the duty of chastising the high-born sinner—when the outraged law is powerless, it is time that the Church should assert its authority. This man is an incarnate vice, and it is the office of the Church to vanquish sin. Juan Tenorio must die."

The superior spoke with a tone of conviction that seemed inspiration. His pale care-worn face brightened with an awful radiance; so might look the avenging angel, as he proclaims the doom of a sinner.

"There should be no scandal," faltered one of the brotherhood. "The—deed—must be done secretly."

"The Church can keep her secrets and can answer for her acts to God," replied Father Onofrio, calmly. "For the safety of Seville, for the glory of Heaven, it is expedient this man should perish."

"And the means by which he shall die?" nervously interrogated Brother Ildefonzo.

"Leave the means to Heaven—and to me," replied the superior. "I want to put the question of the righteousness of this deed to the vote. Let those of the brotherhood who are opposed to this act of justice hold up their hands."

There was a solemn silence of some minutes, during which Father Onofrio waited with calm inflexible countenance. No hand was uplifted, no voice pleaded for the abandoned libertine, Juan Tenorio.

"Enough," said the superior; "it is decided. Diximus."

The suppers and dances at the Moorish villa had been gayer than ever since Don Juan's return from his wanderings—unholy festivals, to which men and women stole between dusk and midnight in a stealthy, secret manner. But to have partaken of one of those banquets was to be a lost creature in the sight of all good men and women, and over the gates of that barbaric paradise might have been written, "Who enters here leaves honor and good name behind." The distant flash of many lamps, the fitful sound of gay dance-music or snatches of song floating Sevilleward on the still night-air, were all that respectable people knew, or sought to know, of Don Juan Tenorio's festivities. But 'twas said the morning sun beheld the close of revelries more disgraceful than that fair orb had shone upon since Commodus and his venal favorites greeted the god of day with their drunken chorus of jubilee.

It was at the close of one of these infamous orgies that Juan Tenorio strolled alone on the broad terrace-walk, from which he looked across groves of orange and citron, myrtle and arbutus, to the fair winding river glorified by the morning sun. The festival just ended had wearied and disappointed the giver of the feast. That dread hour had come in which the cup of pleasure begins to pall upon the lips of the libertine, and in which for the first time he asks himself the fatal question, "And is this happiness?" Is this all? Is it to be always the same: lovely eyes with the same fond flattering looks, soft round arms wreathed in the same caresses; music and song as old as life itself; wines that have lost their power to warm the blood; dances whose voluptuous enchantments have ceased to enchant; the mere dull mechanism of profligacy, the dreary *coulisses* of vice? "Is this all that life has left for me?" cries the libertine, drearily. "Oh for some intrigue which shall thrill every sense with the old fire; something mysterious, awful, perilous; something which shall outstep the limits of earthly bliss, and carry my jaded soul into the domain of the supernatural! I am weary of women. Is there no fair fallen angel among the ranks of the damned who will take pity on a soul as lost as her own?"

"A packet for his highness Don Juan Tenorio."

The address was so sudden as to seem like an answer to that blasphemous invocation; but it came only from a messenger who had approached the musing hidalgo with stealthy foot. He handed Don Juan a small packet, carefully sealed with a blank seal, bowed, and disappeared before there was time to interrogate him.

The packet contained a letter and a miniature. Don Juan first examined the miniature. It was exquisitely painted, and it represented a lovelier face than any that Juan Tenorio had ever seen out of his dreams. Dark eyes of marvelous bewitchment, parted lips of ripest crimson, and a smile that was of almost diabolical beauty.

The letter was brief.

"One who has long cherished your image, and watched your career, would fain see you alone. If you are bold enough to venture an interview with a stranger, and in a place not often devoted to such meetings as you attend, come, two hours after midnight, to the Franciscan church, where you will be waited for in the chapel to the left of the high altar."

This was all. The writer made no allusion to the portrait; but could Don Juan doubt that those delicate feminine characters were hers upon whose image he gazed with new hope and passion?

"A rendezvous two hours after midnight in a church!" exclaimed the hidalgo. "This savors of the diabolic. Yes, fair fallen angel, I will come, though the foul fiend himself should make a third at our meeting. The church of the Franciscan monastery? It is surely there that Don Gonzalo was buried; yes, I remember."

This association was scarcely an agreeable one even to Don Juan, who held all things lighter than his own pleasure; but it in nowise deterred him from attending the rendezvous. He looked at the miniature twenty times during the day, wondering how it was he had never beheld the lovely original.

There were no revels that night at the villa, and at one o'clock Don Juan left his house alone and on foot. It was a somewhat memorable departure; for he was destined never again to cross that familiar threshold.

The monastery of the Franciscans was situated in a dreary spot upon the outskirts of the city. Beyond lay the open country, wild and solitary. All was dark and silent, even in the city; but beyond those deserted streets and squares reigned an unspeakable gloom. Intrigue affects darkness, and the unknown senorita had chosen a moonless midnight for her assignation.

As the hidalgo approached the lofty walls of the monastery he began to wonder how he should gain admittance to the church at this dead hour of night. Did the pious Franciscans leave their gates open for the faithful and the penitent all night long? The customs of the pious were not familiar to Don Juan Tenorio, and he could not answer this question.

"My fallen angel has made all things smooth for me, no doubt," he reflected, with an insolent smile: "but a church is a strange place for a post-midnight rendezvous; and if nothing but a church will suit my unknown mistress, I should have been better pleased had she chosen any other fane than that which hallows the ashes of the Commander."

He was close under the walls by this time. The western door of the church stood before him. It was ajar, and he saw a faint light

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burning within. He pushed the door open gently, and entered the sacred building with stealthy steps. There was no such feeling as fear in his mind. He was not even awe-stricken by that solemn, time-hallowed solitude. He felt only a chill, unpleasant sense of repugnance to the place, and a vague sentiment of vexation against the folly of the fair one who had selected such a spot and such an hour.

"She must be of a rank to render extreme caution necessary," he thought, "or she would scarcely bring me to such a place."

He walked slowly along the southern aisle, looking to the right and the left. Solitary tapers burned dimly before the images of Virgin and saints. No living creature was to be seen within the solemn precincts. The cautious footsteps of Don Juan Tenorio sounded loud upon the broad stone flags, beneath which reposed the ashes of many a patient brother whose feet had paced them living.

The chapel to the left of the high altar was in deepest shadow. Don Juan's footsteps quickened as he drew near that appointed spot. His heart beat loud and fast with the old eagerness for triumph and conquest. He entered the chapel and stood face to face with—Don Gonzalo de Ulloa.

It was only the Commander's statue, the noble marble effigy of that murdered gentleman, which confronted Don Juan, sword in hand, with—but that was a trick of light and shadow—a vengeful frown upon its lifeless brow.

"St. Jago! if this be meant for a jest, the senorita shall pay dearly for it," muttered Don Juan, when he recovered his breath.

He turned his back on the statue and the mortuary chapel, and looked along the shadowy aisles in search of the person who had summoned him.

At an insignificant door in the opposite aisle he saw a slight black-robed figure beckoning to him with uplifted hand. He crossed the church, and followed this figure through the open door into the grounds of the monastery. Here he would fain have arrested the black-robed stranger; but the unknown kept in advance of him, and pointed onward with commanding gesture.

They crossed a cypress grove and entered a small inclosure surrounded by high walls. It was the ground which had been used as a burial-place for the brotherhood since the vaults below the church had been filled.

Here Juan Tenorio saw a group of monks encircling an open grave. The scene was illumined by torches stuck in the newly-dug earth, that made a bank upon one side of the grave; and the picture had something of the diabolic in the fitful glare of torch-light.

"If this be a jest," cried Don Juan, "it is a sorry one, and the Franciscans shall answer to the king for such an insult to one of the noblest among his servants."

He grasped the loose garment of his unknown guide, who turned toward him with uplifted hood, and showed him the boyish countenance of a young novice.

"It is no jest," said one of the hooded monks, in a voice that was strangely familiar to the libertine; "you have been summoned hither, Don Juan Tenorio, to expiate your many crimes."

"Before what tribunal?"

"The tribunal of the Church. When a sinner of your rank outrages Heaven and man, and defies the laws of his country, it is time that a superior power should take upon itself the punishment of his iniquities. It is better that one man should perish than that the souls of many should be destroyed. You have been the incarnate scourge of your native city; you have sinned with an impunity that is a lasting witness against the cowardice of your fellow-citizens; but you shall do evil no more. Prepare yourself for death, guilty brother; your grave is ready."

Don Juan drew his sword; but a strong hand snatched the weapon from his grasp and flung it to the bottom of that dismal yawning grave. Other hands seized him at the same instant, and bound his arms to his sides with rope. Bound thus, amidst that circle of solemn, black-robed figures, the sinner knew that he was doomed.

"You are allowed half an hour to prepare for death," said the calm voice of the superior. "Kneel, brother, and pray that your guilty soul may be finally purified in the flames of purgatory."

"I believe as much in purgatory as I believe in heaven or hell," answered Don Juan, "and have no breath to waste in prayer. I conclude this performance is some priestly practical joke, or a stratagem for the extortion of money. If it be the latter, you had better name the price of my liberty at once. I am prepared to be liberal, and I deserve to pay dearly for my credulity in coming here at the behest of a lady who exists—"

"Only in a picture of Joseph's Temptation, by Leonardo da Vinci, from which one of our brotherhood, skilled in miniature-painting, copied the head of Potiphar's wife. We knew the style of beauty calculated to attract Don Juan Tenorio," said the superior. "Once more, wretched man, I tell you this is no jest, but solemn earnest; no trick to extort money, but a tribunal to execute summary justice on a villain. And in order that you may believe this the more easily, know that I, who within these sacred walls am called Father Onofrio of the Holy Sepulchre, bore, in the world from which I have withdrawn myself, the name of Paez de Ulloa, only son of the man you murdered, and brother of the woman you seduced.—Now let the *Dies Iræ* be sung, and the sinner prepare for death."

The solemn hymn was chanted, the funeral service was performed. Juan Tenorio stood by, motionless as the statue of the Commander in the mortuary chapel. White as that marble effigy was the face of the condemned, but the haughty lip curved in a defiant sneer, as if in scorn of death itself.

The coffin was brought forward to the brink of the grave, and the victim was lifted in the arms of four stalwart monks and laid living in that last habitation of mortality.

"We would not inflict unnecessary torture even on such a criminal," said Father Onofrio; "a draught has been prepared which will shorten the pangs of death. Brother Ignatius, let the cup be offered to the lips of the condemned."

A monk advanced with a metal goblet in his hand, knelt by the side of the coffin, and offered the vessel to the lips of Don Juan. He drained it in silence. This being done, the lid of the coffin was adjusted and nailed down by two other monks, and then the funeral service proceeded.

The first faint streak of day glimmered in the east as the last shovelful of earth was thrown into the grave; and in that faint morning light the procession of monks moved with slow and solemn step from the burial-ground. A bird began its gay carol as they crossed the monastic garden, beneath the dark cypress avenue, and the bell for matins sounded from the gray church-tower.

The disappearance of Juan Tenorio was the subject of much wonderment to the Sevillians; but their wonder was speedily changed into horror upon the arising of a strange rumor as to the manner of his death.

It seemed that Don Juan had gone at midnight to the church of the Franciscans, and had there insulted the statue of the Commander, Don Gonzalo. And lo, horror of horrors! the statue had been endowed with life and motion, and had invited the insulter to mortal combat; which ghastly challenge being accepted, the effigy had led the way to a waste place beyond the convent garden, and suddenly a great chasm in the earth had opened, and Juan Tenorio was devoured alive.

This story was vouched for by the monks of the Franciscan monastery, certain members of that holy brotherhood having witnessed the awful doom of the profligate. And on such indisputable evidence the story of Don Juan passed into the records of Seville, a never-to-be-forgotten legend of human guilt and supernatural retribution.

THAT BOY OF NORCOTT'S.

CHAPTER IX.

MADAME CLEREMONT.

FROM that day forth I received no tidings of my mother. Whether my own letters reached her or not I could not tell; and though I entreated Madame Cleremont, who was now my confidant in every thing, to aid me in learning where my mother was, she declared that the task was beyond her; and at last, as time went over, my anxieties became blunted and my affections dulled. The life I was leading grew to have such a hold upon me, and was so full of its own varied interests, that—with shame I say it—I actually forgot the very existence of her to whom I owed any trace of good, or honest, or truthful, that was in me.

The house in which I was living was a finishing school for every sort of dissipation, and all who frequented it were people who only lived for pleasure. Play of the highest kind went on unceasingly, and large sums were bandied about from hand to hand as carelessly as if all were men of fortune and indifferent to heavy losses.

A splendid mode of living, sumptuous dinners, a great retinue, and perfect liberty to the guests, drew around us that class who, knowing well that they have no other occupation than self-indulgence, throw an air of languid elegance over vice, which your vulgar sinner, who has only intervals of wickedness, knows nothing of; and this, be it said passingly, is, of all sections of society, the most seductive and dangerous to the young: for there are no outrages to taste among these people, they violate no decencies, they shock no principles. If they smash the tables of the law it is in kid gloves, and with a delicious odor of Ess bouquet about them. The Cleremonts lived at the Villa. Cleremont managed the household, and gave the orders for every thing. Madame received the company and did the honors; my father lounging about like an unoccupied guest, and actually amused, as it seemed, by his own unimportance. Hotham had gone to sea; but Eccles remained, in name, as my tutor; but we rarely met, save at meal-times, and his manner to me was almost slavish in subserviency, and with a habit of flattery that, even young as I was, revolted me.

"Isn't that your charge, Eccles?" I once heard an old gentleman ask him; and he replied, "Yes, my lord; but Madame Cleremont has succeeded me. It is *she* is finishing him."

And they both laughed heartily at the joke. There was, however, this much of truth in the speech, that I lived almost entirely in her society. We sang together; she called me Cherubino, and taught me all the pages' songs in Mozart or Rossini; and we rode out together, or read or walked in company. Nor was her influence over me such as might effeminate me. On the contrary, it was ever her aim to give me manly tastes and ambitions. She laid great stress on my being a perfect swordsman and a pistol-shot, over and over telling me that a conscious skill in arms gives a man immense coolness in every question of difference with other men; and she would add, "Don't fall into that John Bull blunder of believing that dueling is gone out because they dislike the practice in England. The world is happily larger than the British Islands."

Little sneers like this at England, sarcasms on English prudery, English reserve, or English distrustfulness, were constantly dropping from her, and I grew up to believe that, while genuine sentiment and unselfish devotion lived on one side of the Channel, a decorous hypocrisy had its home on the other.

Now she would contrast the women of Balzac's novels with the colder nonentities of English fiction; and now she would dwell on traits of fascination in the sex which our writers either did not know of or were afraid to touch on. "It is entirely the fault of your Englishwomen," she would say, "that the men invariably fall victims to foreign seductions. Circe always sings with a bronchitis in the North;" and though I but dimly saw what she pointed at then, I lived to perceive her meaning more fully.

As for my father, I saw little of him, but in that little he was always kind and good-natured with me. He would quiz me about my lessons, as though I were the tutor, and Eccles the pupil; and ask me how he got on with his Aristophanes or his Homer? He talked to me freely about the people who came to the house, and treated me almost as an equal. All this time he behaved to Madame with a reserve that was perfectly chilling, so that it was the rarest thing in the world for the three of us to be together.

"I don't think you like papa," said I once to her, in an effusion of confidence. "I am sure you don't like him!"

"And why do you think so?" asked she, with the faintest imaginable flush on her pale cheek.

While I was puzzling myself what to answer, she said:

"Come now, Cherubino, what you really meant to say was, I don't think papa likes *you!*"

Though I never could have made so rude a speech, its truth and force struck me so palpably that I could not answer.

"Well," cried she, with a little laugh, "he is very fond of Monsieur Cleremont, and that ought always to be enough for Madame Cleremont. Do you know, Cherubino, it's the rarest thing in life for a husband and wife to be liked by the same people. There is in conjugal life some beautiful little ingredient of discord that sets the two partners to the compact at opposite poles, and gives them separate followings. I mustn't distract you with the theory, I only want you to see why liking my husband is sufficient reason for not caring for *me*."

Now, as I liked her exceedingly, and felt something very near to hatred for Monsieur Cleremont, I accepted all she said as incontestible truth. Still I grieved over the fact that papa was not of my own mind, and did not see her and all her fascinations as I did.

There is something indescribably touching in the gentle sadness of certain buoyant bright natures. Like the low notes in a treble voice, there is that that seems to vibrate in our hearts at a most susceptible moment, and with the force of an unforeseen contrast; and it was thus that, in her graver times, she won over me an ascendency, and inspired an interest which, had I been other than a mere boy, had certainly been love.

Perhaps I should not have been even conscious, as I was, of this sentiment, if it were not for the indignation I felt at Cleremont's treatment of her. Over and over again my temper was pushed to its last limit by his brutality and coarseness. His tone was a perpetual sneer, and his wife seldom spoke before him without his directing toward her a sarcasm or an impertinence. This was especially remarkable if she uttered any sentiment at all elevated, when his banter would be ushered in with a burst of derisive laughter.

Nothing could be more perfect than the way she bore these trials. There was no assumed martyrdom; no covert appeal for sympathy; no air of suffering asking for protection. No! whether it came as ridicule or rebuke, she accepted it gently and good-humoredly; trying, when she could, to turn it off with a laugh, or when too grave for that, bearing it with quiet forbearance.

I often wondered why my father did not check these persecutions, for they were such, and very cruel ones too; but he scarcely seemed to notice them, or if he did it would be by a smile, far more like enjoyment of Cleremont's coarse wit than reprehending or reproving it.

"I wonder how that woman stands it," I once overheard Hotham say to Eccles; and the other replied:

"I don't think she *does* stand it. I mistake her much if she is as forgiving as she looks."

Why do I recall these things? why do I dwell on incidents and passages which had no actual bearing on my own destiny? Only because they serve to show the terrible school in which I was brought up; the mingled dissipation, splendor, indolence, and passion in which my boyhood was passed. Surrounded by men of reckless habits, and women but a mere shade better, life presented itself to me as one series of costly pleasures, dashed only with such disappointments as loss at play inflicted, or some project of intrigue baffled or averted.

"If that boy of Norcott's isn't a scamp he must be a most unteachable young rascal," said an old colonel once to Eccles on the croquet-ground.

"He has had great opportunities," said Eccles, as he sent off his ball, "and, so far as I see, neglected none of them."

"You were his tutor, I think," said the other with a laugh.

"Yes, till Madame Cleremont took my place."

"I'll not say it was the worst thing could have happened him. I wish it had been a woman had spoiled *me*. Eh, Eccles, possibly you may have some such misgivings yourself?"

"I was never corrupted," said the other, with a sententious gravity whose hypocrisy was palpable.

I meditated many and many a time over these few words, and they suggested to me the first attempt I ever made to know something about myself and my own nature.

Those stories of Balzac's, those wonderful pictures of passionate life, acquired an immense hold upon me, from the very character of my own existence. That terrific game of temper against temper, mind against mind, and heart against heart, of which I read in these novels, I was daily witnessing in what went on around me, and I amused myself by giving the names of the characters in these fictions to the various persons of our society.

"It is a very naughty little world we live in at this house, Digby," said Madame to me one day; "but you'd be surprised to find what a very vulgar thing is the life of people in general, and that if you want the sensational or even the pictorial in existence, you'll have to pay for it in some compromise of principle."

"I know mamma wouldn't like to live here," said I, half sullenly.

"Oh, mamma!" cried she, with a laugh, and then suddenly checking herself: "No, Digby, you are quite right. Mamma would be shocked at our doings; not that they are so very wicked in themselves as that, to one of her quiet ways, they would seem so."

"Mamma is very good. I never knew any one like her," stammered I out.

"That's quite true, my dear boy. She is all that you say, but one may be too good, just as he may be too generous or too confiding; and it is well to remember that there are a number of excellent things one would like to be if they could afford them; but the truth is, Digby, the most costly of all things are virtues."

"Oh, do not say that!" cried I, eagerly.

"Yes, dear, I must say it. Monsieur Cleremont and I have always been very poor, and we never permitted ourselves these luxuries, any more than we kept a great house and a fine equipage, and so we economize in our morals, as in our means, doing what rich folk might call little shabbinesses; but on the whole managing to live, and not unhappily either."

"And papa?"

"Papa has a fine estate, wants for nothing, and can give himself every good quality he has a fancy for."

"By this theory, then, it is only rich people are good?"

"Not exactly. I would rather state it thus—the rich are as good as they like to be; the poor are as good as they're able."

"What do you say then to Mr. Eccles—he's not rich, and I'm sure he's good?"

"Poor Mr. Eccles!" said she, with a merry laughter, in which a something scornful mingled, and she hurried away.

CHAPTER X.

PLANNING PLEASURE.

IT was my father's pleasure to celebrate my fifteenth birthday with great splendor. The whole house was to be thrown open; and not only the house, but the conservatory and the grounds were to be illuminated. The festivities were to comprise a grand dinner and a reception afterward, which was to become a ball, as if by an impromptu.

As the society of the Villa habitually was made up of a certain number of intimates, relieved from time to time by such strangers as were presented, and as my father never dined out, or went into the fashionable world of the place, it was somewhat of a bold step at once to invite a number of persons with whom he had no more than bowing acquaintance, and to ask to his table ministers, envoys, court officials, and grand chamberlains for the first time. It was said, I know not how truthfully, that Cleremont did his utmost to dissuade him from the project at first, by disparaging the people for whom he was putting himself to such cost, and finding this line of no avail, by openly saying that what between the refusals of some, the excuses of others, and the actual absence of many whose presence he was led to expect, my father was storing up for himself an amount of disappointment and outrage that would drive him half desperate. It was not, of course, very easy to convey this to my father. It could only be done by a dropping word or a half-expressed doubt. And when the time came to make out the lists and issue the invitations, no real step had been taken to turn him from his plan.

The same rumor which ascribed to Cleremont the repute of attempting to dissuade my father from his project attributed to Madame Cleremont a most eager and warm advocacy of the intended fête. From the marked coldness and reserve, however, which subsisted between my father and her, it was too difficult to imagine in what way her influence could be exercised.

And for my own part, though I heard the list of the company canvassed every day at luncheon, and discussed at dinner, I don't remember an occasion where Madame ever uttered a word of remark, or even a suggestion in the matter. Hotham, who had come back on a short leave, was full of the scheme. With all a sailor's love of movement and bustle, he mixed himself up with every detail of it. He wrote to Paris and London for all the delicacies of the "comestible" shops. He established "estafettes" on every side to bring in fresh flowers and fruit; with his own hands he rigged out tents and marquees for the regimental bands, which were to be stationed in different parts of the grounds; and all the devices of Bengal-lights and fire-works he took into his especial charge.

Indeed, Nixon told me that his functions did not stop here, but that he had charged himself with the care of Madame Cleremont's toilet, for whom he had ordered the most splendid ball-dress Paris could produce. "Naturally, Master Digby, it is Sir Roger pays," added he; "and perhaps one of these days he'll be surprised to find that diamond loops and diamond bouquets should figure in a milliner's bill. But as she is to receive the company, of course it's all right."

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"And why does Mr. Cleremont seem to dislike it all so much?" asked I.

"Chiefly, I believe, because *she* likes it." And then, as though he had said more than he intended, he added, "Oh, it's easy to see he likes to keep this house as much his own as he can. He doesn't want Sir Roger to have other people about him. He's almost the master here now; but if your father begins to mix with the world, and have strangers here, Cleremont's reign would soon be over."

Though there was much in this speech to suggest thought and speculation, nothing in it struck me so forcibly as the impertinence of calling Mr. Cleremont, Cleremont, and it was all I could do to suppress the rebuke that was on my lips.

"If your father comes through for a thousand pounds, Sir," continued he, "I'll say he's lucky. If Sir Roger would leave it to one person to give the orders—I don't mean myself—though by right it is my business; instead of that, there's the captain sending for this, and Cleremont for the other, and you'll see there will be enough for three entertainments when it's all over. Could you just say a word to him, Sir?"

"Not for the world, Nixon. Papa is very kind to me, and good-natured, but I'll not risk any liberty with him; and what's more, I'd be right sorry to call Mr. Cleremont, Cleremont before him, as you have done twice within the last five minutes."

"Lord bless you, Master Digby! I've known him these fifteen years. I knew him when he came out, just a boy like, to Lord Colthorpe's embassy. He and I is like pals."

"You have known *me* also as a boy, Nixon," said I, haughtily; "and yet, I promise you, I'll not permit you to speak of me as Norcott when I am a man."

"No fear of that, Sir, you may depend on't," said he, with humility; but there was a malicious twinkle in his eye, and a firm compression of the lip, as he withdrew, that did not leave my mind the whole day after. Indeed, I recognized that his face had assumed the self-same look of insolent familiarity it wore when he spoke of Cleremont.

The evening of that day was passed filling up the cards of invitation—a process which amused me greatly, affording, as it did, a sort of current critique on the persons whose names came up for notice, and certainly, if I were to judge of their eligibility only by what I heard of their chargeters, I might well feel amazed why they were singled out for attentions. They were marquises and counts, however, chevaliers of various orders, grand cordons and "hautes chargos," so that their trespasses or their shortcomings had all been enacted in the world of good society, and with each other as accomplices or victims. There were a number of contingencies, too, attached to almost every name. There must be high play for the Russian envoy, flirting for the French minister's wife, iced drinks for the Americans, and scandal and Ostend oysters for every body. There was scarcely a good word for any one, and yet the most eager anxiety was expressed that they would all come. Immense precautions had been taken to fix a day when there was nothing going on at court or in the court circle. It was difficult to believe that pleasure could be planned with such heart-burning and bitterness. There was scarcely a detail that did not come associated with something that reflected on the morals or the manners of the dear friends we were entreating to honor us; and for the life of me I did not know why such pains were taken to secure the presence of people for whom none had a good wish nor a single kindly thought.

My father took very little part in the discussion; he sat there with a sort of proud indifference, as though the matter had little interest for him, and if a doubt were expressed as to the likelihood of this or that person's acceptance, he would superciliously break in with, "He'll come, Sir; I'll answer for that. I have never yet played to empty benches."

This vain and haughty speech dwelt in my mind for many a day, and showed me how my father deemed that it was not his splendid style of living, his exquisite dinners, and his choice wines that drew guests around him, but his own especial qualities as host and entertainer.

"But that it involves the bore of an audience, I'd ask the King; I could give him some Château d'Yquem very unlike his own, and such as, I'll venture to say, he never tasted," said he, affectedly.

"So you are going to bring out the purple seal?" cried Cleremont.

"I might for royalty, Sir; but not for such people as I read of in that list there."

"Why, here are two dukes with their duchesses, marquises and counts by the score, half a dozen ministers plenipotentiary, and a perfect cloud of chamberlains and court swells."

"They'd cut a great figure, I've no doubt, Hotham, on the quarter-deck of the *Thunder Bomb*, where you eke out the defects of a bad band with a salute from your big guns, and give your guests the national anthem when they want Champagne. Oh dear, there's no snob like a sailor!"

"Well, if they're not good enough for you, why the devil do you ask them?" cried Hotham, sturdily.

"Sir, if I were to put such a question to myself I might shut up my house to-morrow!" And with this very uncourteous speech he arose and left the room.

We continued, however, to fill in the cards of invitation and address the envelopes, but with little inclination to converse, and none whatever to refer to what had passed.

"There," cried Cleremont, as he checked off the list. "That makes very close on seven hundred. I take it I may order supper for six hundred." Then turning half fiercely to me, he added, "Do you know, youngster, that all this tomfoolery is got up for *you*? It is by way of celebrating your birthday we're going to turn the house out of the windows!"

"I suppose my father has that right, Sir."

"Of course he has, just as he would have the right to make a ruin of the place to-morrow if he liked it; but I don't fancy his friends would be the better pleased with him for his amiable eccentricity; your father pushes our regard for him very far sometimes."

"I'll tell him to be more cautious, Sir, in future," said I, moving toward the door.

"Do so," said he. "Good-night."

I had scarcely taken my bedroom candle when I felt a hand on my shoulder: I turned and saw Madame Cleremont standing very pale and in great agitation at my side. "Oh, Digby," said she, "don't make that man your enemy whatever you do; he is more than a match for you, poor child!" She was about to say more when we heard voices in the corridor, and she hurried away and left me.

A COUNTRY PASTOR IN NORWAY.

IT has been the good fortune of the writer of the following sketch to see a good deal of the Norwegian clergy in their country homes; and as their parishes, their mode of life, their habits and tastes differ so essentially from those of our country clergy, it has occurred to him that a brief account of the same might not be without interest.

Extending over so many degrees of latitude, with such a large sea-board, and abounding with such enormous tracts of forest-land, and mountains and valleys, it will readily be seen that the life of a pastor in many of these differs materially from that in others. Thus, a description of a pastor's life in a mountainous district would by no means hold good for a parish on the western coast, where he has constantly to contend against the fierce storms of the Atlantic, while visiting some of his island flock; whereas, in the former he has, at least in winter-time, almost daily to face the snow and the ice, undertake long journeys in the piercing cold, sometimes in a sledge, but most generally on snow *ski* (skates). The ski are long, narrow pieces of seasoned wood, furnished with a loop in the middle of each, into which the *löber*, or runner, inserts his foot. By means of a pole in his hands, wherewith to guide his course, a clever runner can travel easily eight or nine miles an hour on level ground; while the velocity with which he can descend an almost perpendicular mountain-side, and the skill with which he avoids the rocks and trees in his way, against which, if he were to stumble, death would probably be the result, are wonderful to behold. It seems strange to speak of a congregation skating in this manner to church; but such is often, nay, generally, the case in winter-time, when the snow lies at an incredible depth; and, stranger still, what is also of frequent occurrence, to think of the pastor, too, skating to the house of God. I witnessed a sight one Sunday, a few years ago, which has made an ineffaceable impression on my mind. Let me try to sketch it. It was a clear bright Sunday; the thermometer degrees below zero, I fear to say how many; but so still and calm that the excessive cold was not only endurable, but positively enjoyable. I was staying with a pastor in a mountain parish, and the church was but a little distance from the parsonage-house.

"You will see a strange sight, I think, today," said my host, as we were preparing to set out to church, which was close by. There was another district church, about thirty miles off, on the other side the mountain, I should state, where duty was only held in the summer months, and that only monthly. And indeed it was a strange sight. Far off in the distance, I could discern a number of objects moving swiftly down a mountain-slope—there were about thirty or forty, as far as I could make out, in all. What they were, I could not at first conceive, but presently they again came into view, and I could see that they were men, women, and children, of all ages and sizes. It was christening Sunday, and several of the women were carrying their infants on their backs in an ingeniously contrived kind of basket, without apparently suffering any inconvenience.

In the far north, indeed, my host informed me, the Lapps, who are very skillful "runners," and punctilious in the discharge of their religious duties, bury their children in the snow outside the church, while they, the parents, attend the service. Do not start, reader! The reason is, that their cries might disturb the congregation; and it is far warmer for them underneath the snow, wrapped up in a *pelts*, or skin, than in the church. A trusty dog is stationed near them, to keep off the wolves, should any be prowling about in the neighborhood.

Let me now introduce the reader to a parish in Valders, in the southern part of the country. I conceal the name; but those who are as intimately acquainted with that part of Norway as I am myself may perchance recognize it from my description. Should they do so, I feel confident that its worthy pastor will not feel annoyed with me for bringing his habitat so prominently forward. It is a large parish to manage, measuring as it does twenty-five miles from one extremity to the other. It consists of a narrow valley, along the bottom of which runs the beautiful Begna River, while its sides are bounded by lofty mountains on either side. Toward its northern part the valley widens out, and the mountain-sides are not of such imposing height or steepness as in the southern part. Hereabouts live the greater number of the parishioners; and here, too, far up in the forest-tracts which cover the mountain-tops, the bear would find a safe and secure retreat were any hunter less daring and less skillful than a Valders *jäger* to seek him in his lair.

The parsonage-house consists, as is usually the case in Norway, of four or five detached wooden houses, each of which has its respective use. There are five churches in this parish, three of which are situated in the main valley, while the two others lie at a considerable distance off in remote mountain defiles. The two most northerly churches are not more than four miles apart; but between are lofty and rugged heights, the like of which are scarcely to be found in any other part of the land. To the other two main churches, it is respectively fifteen and twenty miles from the parsonage. Though the present pastor keeps what is termed a *capellan*, or curate, it is impossible that divine service can be performed in all the above churches; indeed, —— church, famous for a bear-story connected with it, only sees its pastor four or five times a year. House-to-house visitation in such a widely extended parish is, of course, an impossibility, rendered, in this case, still more impossible from the large number of souls—about seven thousand—it contains. But though this be the case, what with so many churches on his hands, and such a large parish to see after, the poor pastor and his capellan are very hard worked.

There are, I believe, fourteen fixed schools in the parish; while in the forest and mountain districts, in lonely farm-houses, in out-of-the-way parts, the education of the children is attended to by traveling teachers. The supervision of these forms one of the most arduous duties a pastor has to fulfill, especially as in Norway education is compulsory, and parents are severely punished if their children do not frequent the schools when they have arrived at the age of nine, unless, of course, bad health, insanity, or other natural causes render it an impossibility. In the fixed school, besides reading, writing, and religious instruction, the history and geography of Norway, and arithmetic, are taught. Each spring the pastor has to inspect every school in his parish, and to satisfy himself, after a strict examination of the scholars, that the teachers have fulfilled their duties duly.

During the winter months his time is occupied by preparing candidates for confirmation; for confirmation is, or rather till recently was, compulsory in every member of the Norwegian Church. The candidates are obliged to attend twice a week, for three or four hours at a time, to receive instruction, either at the parsonage-house or at some other convenient place. The education of the poorer classes is free; while that of the better classes costs but a trifling sum, as the schoolmasters' salaries, etc., are defrayed by an "education-tax."

When the pastor went to preach in the two distant churches of his parish he always left home on the Saturday afternoon, seldom returning till the following Tuesday or Wednesday, so as to give himself time for visiting any sick parishioners. In addition to his spiritual duties, a Norwegian pastor must also be something of a doctor, for medical men in country districts are few and far between. My host never went any where without his medicine-chest; while his wife's time was not a little occupied in administering to the wants of the sick nearer home.

Whatever time the pastor may have over after having discharged the above-described duties, he usually devotes to the management of his farm, which he generally prefers to retain in his own hands instead of letting it. My friend's farm happened to be rather a small one in comparison to the size of his parish.

And now as regards the diversions and amusements of a country pastor's life. Naturally, in a *fjeld* or mountain parish, far away from any town, and shut out from intercourse with educated people, these must needs be few and simple in their nature. Still, in the summer months, there are visits to make and receive; acquaintances from Christiania dropping in, in order to enjoy some of the fine shooting and fishing with which Valders abounds. Winter is the trying time. Not only do the wildness of the scene and the monotony of the snow-covered earth have a depressing effect upon the frame, but social intercourse becomes rarer, visits more seldom, and every one thinks of keeping the cold out, rather than of pleasure-making; and yet the winter evenings are by no means devoid of pleasure. In a country parsonage-house the time is occupied partly in reading aloud, in studying, in music, etc., and last, but not least, in enjoying supper, that happy meal; after which, maybe, a rubber of whist and a pipe, and then to bed beneath a quilt of eider-down.

Need I say that post-day is always considered a red-letter day in a country parsonage-house?

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

WE may expect the height of the skating season about the time of Christmas and New-Year's. To be sure heavy snow-storms may again interfere, and pleasure-loving New York be obliged to solace itself with the merry jingling of sleigh-bells; yet every body who knows by experience the fascinations of skating longs for the snapping cold days in which the Old Year usually steps shiveringly out and the bright New Year comes dancing in.

The Central Park Commissioners can not make ice, but they have given Jack Frost every opportunity to exercise his skill to the uttermost. And when he has done his best they will do *their* best to keep the ponds in good skating condition—a matter of no little care and expense. Winter houses for refreshment and rest have been erected near the Park ponds, as in former seasons; and with every cold snap there will be a rush Park-ward. A novelty for New Yorkers this season is the Empire Skating Rink, on Third Avenue and Sixty-third Street; and it will doubtless be a very good substitute for some of the private ponds in the upper part of the city, which have been fashionably patronized in seasons past, but are now overrun with brick and mortar. This new rink is 170 feet wide and 350 feet long. The inclosed shallow lake of water is 126 feet in width and 290 in length. Between six and seven hundred gas jets illuminate the interior; there is a gallery for a band of music, and comfortable seats for spectators; moreover, there are plenty of refreshment rooms. This skating rink is said to be the largest and most perfect building of the kind in the country. A similar one is now being constructed in Philadelphia; also, an immense rink will be finished in Brooklyn about Christmas. It is 124 feet by 200, and will have an ice surface of something like 90 by 170 feet. There is, moreover, a new rink in Jersey City. With these additional accommodations for skating the youthful lovers of this exhilarating amusement will probably enjoy more this season than ever before.

The design of the New England Christian Temperance Convention, which was recently held in Boston, was to create a deeper interest in the temperance question among the people and in the churches, and to show how the moral and religious circles of New England in general, and Massachusetts in particular, looked upon the subject in point of law. All but one member of the Convention—which was composed of about three hundred gentlemen, mostly ministers—was in full sympathy with the total abstinence and prohibitory liquor law party.

According to the report of the special Commissioners appointed by the President of the United States to examine the Union Pacific Railroad, they are of opinion that, taken as a whole, it has been well constructed, and the general route exceedingly well selected.

The whole number of dead letters received at the Dead-Letter Office during the year which ended June 30 was 4,162,144; 1,736,867 of these were found to be either not susceptible of being returned or of no importance, and were destroyed; about 333,000 more were destroyed after an effort to return them. The remainder were classified and returned to the owners as far as practicable. The whole number sent from the office was 2,258,199, of which about 84 per cent. were delivered to owners; 18,340 letters contained $95,169 52, in sums of $1 and upward, of which 16,061 letters, containing $86,638 66, were delivered to owners; 14,682 contained $3436 68 in sums of less than $1, of which 12,513, containing $3120 70, were delivered to owners; 17,750 contained drafts, deeds, and other papers of value, representing the value of $3,609,271 80; of these 16,809 were restored to the owners; 13,964 contained books, jewelry, and other articles of property, of the estimated value of $8500; of these 11,489 were forwarded for delivery, and 9911 were delivered to their owners; 125,221 contained articles of small value, of which 114,666 were delivered to owners; 58,387 letters received at the office were misdirected, and 1593 had no direction whatever. The amount of money taken from all dead-letters undelivered since last report, and deposited in the United States Treasury, was $27,967 71. The amount realized from sales of waste paper, and deposited, was $1280 42.

A school has been founded in Charleston, South Carolina, under the name of the "Shaw Free School," for the education of colored youth. The money, which was contributed by the colored troops of South Carolina to erect a monument to the memory of Colonel Robert G. Shaw, who was killed in the assault at Fort Wagner, has been, after deliberation, appropriated to this object. The building is occupied by a flourishing school of nearly five hundred pupils, with eight or nine teachers.

An unprecedented case has been brought up in an English court. A petition was presented to dissolve an injunction granted two years ago under peculiar circumstances. A ward of the court, fifteen years of age, entitled to property yielding an annual income of about £130, married his governess, aged twenty-five years, and after a private hearing of the case the court granted an injunction to prevent them living together until the youth could gain his own livelihood, and ordered him to be apprenticed to a farmer. The parties were married upon misrepresentation as to their ages, but the Divorce Court had since held that the marriage was valid. The court expressed the opinion that it could not be for the interest of a boy of seventeen, without the means of subsistence, to live with his wife, and held it to be the duty of the court to protect its ward. The question was held for further consideration.

Perhaps no more remarkable verdict was ever rendered in a criminal cause than in the case of General George W. Cole, recently tried for the murder of Mr. L. H. Hiscock. The jury found the prisoner to be perfectly sane a moment before the murder and also a moment after, but were in doubt about his condition at the moment of firing his pistol. Under these circumstances the Judge directed them to give the prisoner the benefit of the doubt, and they accordingly brought in a verdict of acquittal. There is an old proverb, *Ira furor brevis est;* this was doubtless one of the *maxims* in the legal code upon which the jury based their decision.

One of the boldest operations known to surgery was recently performed by Dr. Carnochan, of this city, by which a tumor weighing sixty-four pounds was removed from the abdomen of a young woman. The subject of this skillful operation is now in the enjoyment of health and comfort.

A new method of preserving wood has lately been patented, and its application will evidently form a new era in wood manufacture; for, in addition to the preservative qualities engendered, it insures the wood against cracking, shrinking, warping, or chipping, and renders it far less liable to break than in the original state. The wood is permeated by the vapors produced from coal-tar, subjected to increasing degrees of heat, which drives out all moisture, condenses the wood, and protects it completely against atmospheric moisture. It is believed that this process will be very useful when applied to wood exposed to the action of water or earth.

Every body thinks, or wants to think, that he lives in the biggest place.

"You must confess," remarked a New York to a Chicago merchant, as they were discussing the merits of their respective cities, "that New York is the metropolis of the country." "Yes," replied the man of the West; "New York is a right smart place for business. New York is the *Chicago* of the East." Another Westerner gave it as his opinion "that New York was too far from Indianapolis ever to be much of a place." Which reminds us of the remark made by a rough farmer who lived at the foot of a high mountain in Maine, miles away from any neighbors. A young man from New York roaming about on a fishing tramp stumbled upon the farmer's lonely house. They entered into conversation, and learning that his guest was from New York, the worthy man exclaimed, in unfeigned surprise: "Well, now, how can you stand it to live so far away from folks?"

There was a time when women and children were scarce in San Francisco. They were then appreciated. According to the *Westminster Review*, a woman once took her infant to a theatre in San Francisco, and just as the orchestra began to play the child began to cry. A man in the pit cried out, "Stop those fiddles and let the baby cry. I haven't heard such a sound for ten years!" The audience applauded this sentiment; the orchestra stopped, and the baby continued its performance amidst unbounded enthusiasm.

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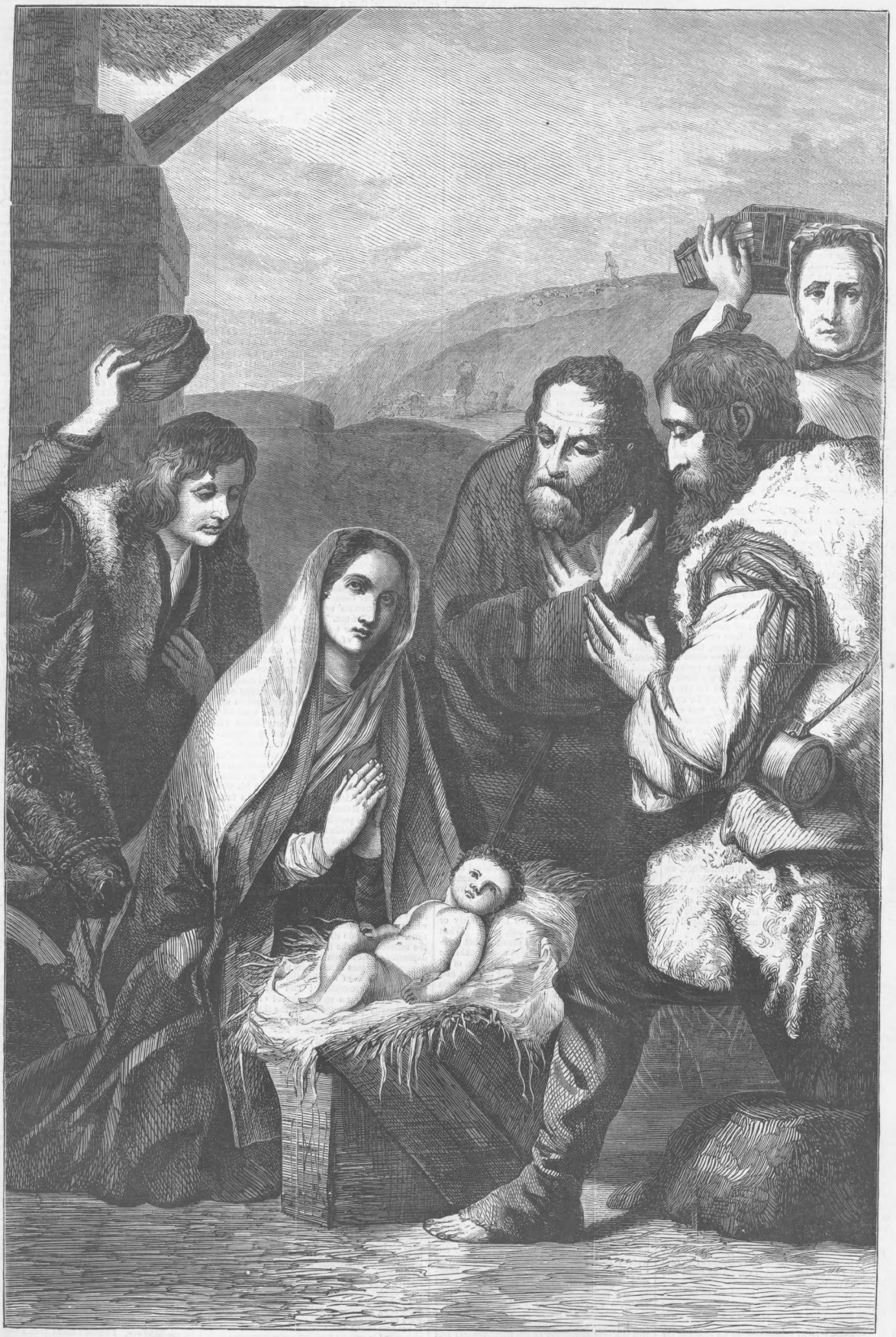

THE HOLY FAMILY.—[FROM A PAINTING BY RIBERA SPAGNOLETTO.]

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the full approbation of friends, and with every prospect of happiness. He had furnished for me, simply but well, a house in Hanover Street, then a thorough Scotch colony, and my father's house being in Cannon Street, I was not more than a quarter of a mile from home. As was then the custom, we were married on Sunday, it being likewise my birthday, the 21st of December, and at once took possession of our new abode.

"The twenty-third was signaled by one of the fiercest conflagrations Manchester had known for years. A cotton-mill at Ancoats had taken fire while the hands were being dismissed. Some were in the upper stories at the time; the narrow staircase was crowded, and many lives were in danger. Attracted by the glare, Mr. Carson was quickly on the spot, forgetful of all but the duty before him, and to his heroic efforts three girls at least owed their lives. They came to thank him a week later. Alas! where was he? His hair was singed, and so was his coat, from which the tails were dangling loose; he had been wetted through alike with perspiration and water from the engine, but he waited until all danger to others was over, and when he reached home his clothes were apparently dry. He kissed me, apologized for keeping me waiting tea, and sat down to describe the incidents of the fire. Of his own exploits he said little; but on the plea of fatigue excused his sitting down to tea in the plight he then was. After the meal he dozed off, which I attributed to his recent exertions and the heat of our own fire. It was only on going to rouse him that I discovered his clothes had been wetted, and I was too inexperienced to calculate the consequences.

"The following day I had promised to spend with my father and sisters. William was to join me on closing the warehouse. Being a bride I was of course an object of special attention, made more of by my relations than at any other period of my life. I found there a perfect levee of aunts and cousins discussing the bride's cake and future prospects with equal freedom. In the midst of our lively chat time fled fast. There came a sharp rat-tat-tat at the street-door.

"'Why, that is William's knock; what brings him from the warehouse so early?' exclaimed I, running to anticipate the servant in opening the door. Without another word than 'Marianne,' strangely spoken, he passed me by, never stopping to kiss me, as was his wont.

"I confess he had spoiled me. I pouted, petulant tears welled to my eyes, and I lingered with the fastening of the door before I turned round.

"'Marianne!'

"He was calling me from behind. I dropped the latch and followed him, as I thought, into the room I had just quitted.

"'Where is William?' I asked, looking round but not seeing him.

"'He has not come in here.'

"'Marianne!'

"The voice seemed to come from the room on the opposite side the hall. I ran thither, anticipating the loving embrace he was too reserved to give before strangers.

"*He was not there.*

"'William, dear, where are you? Don't hide from me!'

"There was no answer. I ran into the back-parlors, up stairs, down stairs, calling his name. *He was nowhere to be seen.*

"By this time the house was in commotion. Sisters and cousins alike had heard the knock, but no one had seen my husband or heard his voice.

"As they looked from me to one another for an explanation of that which is inexplicable, I having protested that Mr. Carson had passed and spoken to me in the hall, a sudden light flashed over and appalled me. I remembered *seeing the hall-paneling through his figure!* With a startling shriek I rushed bareheaded from the house, tore across Cannon Street, along Sugar Lane, and up Shude Hill like a mad-woman, nor paused till my grasp was on the handle of my own door.

"That was ajar. A bad omen. I found my beloved husband extended on our bed, a doctor by his side vainly trying to bleed him—*the blood would not flow.*

"Inflammation—the result, no doubt, of his overnight's wetting and fatigue—had seized him suddenly.

"On his way home he had called on his doctor, who never left him again in life.

"Before night fell on the earth, the night of Death had fallen on my idolized husband, and my soul was in eclipse.

"Maid, wife, widow in a week, a widow all unconscious of her widowhood. A dumb, dreamy statuesque automaton. I lived and moved, but that was all.

"I was taken home. When the funeral was over, the house in Hanover Street was given up. I was incapable of managing it.

"In this state I remained until my boy was born. Then the ice at my heart thawed, and tears came to my relief. The babe lived and I lived for him.

"How I idolized that boy! I watched him night and day with more than a mother's care. He grew up a fine strong youth, the image of his dead father, whose name he bore. His father's uncle would have taken the entire charge of him, but I would not part from Willie; so we were summoned to Glasgow together, and there lived until the death of old Mr. Carson, when Willie was sixteen. The old gentleman left considerable property behind him, much of which was bequeathed to my son.

"Having no ties in Scotland, I came back to the old home, from which two of my sisters had gone away to homes of their own.

"Between myself and his grandfather Willie stood a fair chance of being spoiled. He grew a tall athletic man, not over-fond of business or study, but much given to all manly sports and pastimes; in which he was encouraged by his grandfather. As for me, I saw no harm in his pursuits, and never dreamed of danger.

"Willie had a friend close by with whom he often put on the gloves, or practiced fencing and single-stick.

"One day, toward the close of the year—my sorrows have always come in the midst of others' rejoicing—I sat reading by the fire; my father was playing his favorite game of backgammon with my sister Sarah; you, then a child of three years, sat nursing a kitten at your mother's feet; she had brought you to spend Christmas with us.

"My father, I must tell you, had then given up business, and our garret was filled with old lumber from the warehouse, several open baskets or 'wiskets' containing waste 'cops,' 'spindles,' and other refuse among the rest.

"Our quiet was broken, and the rattling dice drowned by a loud clash and clatter up stairs.

"'Some one has left that garret-window open again, and the cats are making fine havoc with those cops, I know; hark how they rattle!'

"'Go up stairs, Sally, and shut the window,' said my father, pausing in his game.

"Sarah went. All was still.

"'The window is fast enough, and I saw no cats,' said she, as she sat down again to the board.

"Again the clash and clatter, as of metal, clear and distinct.

"'Helen, do you go up. Take my stick, and rout the intruders out; I'd swear the cats are there.'

"Your mother went, and came back with the same report—nothing there; all silent.

"Again the self-same clash and clatter, louder than before. I, haunted by old memories, felt my heart sink.

"'Here, Marianne, lass, lend me thy arm; thou and I'll go up and see what all this din's about; but don't thou look so scared.'

"We mounted the first flight, he leaning on my arm. All at once the clatter ceased.

"'Mother, mother, mother!' came floating like a breath down the stairway; and while we paused to listen—for my father heard it also—the figure of Willie brushed past us, with one hand pressed upon his heart.

"I trembled and grew faint. *I had seen the balustrades through the form.*

"My father chuckled outright. 'Ah, the young dog, so it was Willie playing tricks upon us, after all.'

"I said nothing until I reached the parlor. As I rightly conjectured, no Willie was there.

"'Father,' said I, clasping my hands in anguish, 'that was not Willie, it was his wraith. I have been *wraith-haunted* all my life.'

"My father looked dazed. My sisters, perhaps with a good motive, rallied me on my Scottish superstition, much as you have done; but ere their laughter had well subsided, there was an imperative knock at the street-door.

"We were summoned to our neighbor, Mr. Neale's; an accident had befallen my son.

"He lay on a couch pale and bleeding, wounded in the chest, the room in disorder, foils upon the floor. He had barely strength left to press my hand and say, 'Mother, do not weep; Tom could not help it—the button came off his foil. Mother, forgive—' and I was childless.

"I was spared all the agony of the inquest, for there was another long blank in my memory; and during my mental oblivion your grandfather died, borne down by the double sorrow.

"You see, I have good reasons for saying I am wraith-haunted, and for knowing that the voice I heard to-night is a call from the spirit-world to me."

Mr. Birley and his wife both looked perplexed and serious.

"I do remember something about a ghost in grandfather's garret when I was a very little girl. But how is it I was never told of the 'warnings' you think you have had?"

"They were hushed up lest my grief should be reawakened. And now let us go to bed—it is late. The issues of life and death are in higher hands than ours."

The morning broke—clear, sparkling, exhilarating. Mrs. Carson made her appearance in her ordinary health, a little paler, it might be, but that was all.

Mrs. Birley had hesitated whether to issue her invitations, but finally resolved not to disappoint the children, and so they were sent.

The nursery-doors were thrown open, and all hands, big and little, summoned to the task of decoration with evergreens and holly.

In the midst of it all a carrier brought a large box inscribed, "Aunt Carson's Gift." The old lady had made her purchases the day before. There was a general rush to wrench open the lid, and make a raid on the contents. Books, dolls, work-boxes, a desk, toys noisy and noiseless, were there, each labeled with the fortunate recipient's name. Flushed and elated, the youngsters rushed hither and thither displaying their prizes. Frocks and pinafores filled to repletion dropped their contents, until the little ones might be tracked by straggling Shems and Noahs, cups and saucers, whistles and drum-sticks.

The box had been removed, the litter cleared away, the stray waifs collected, when Mrs. Carson descended the stairs after her customary nap. A wee round toy, the color of the stair-carpet, had been overlooked. She stepped upon it, and fell from top to bottom, striking her head against the balustrades.

There was a rush through the house to where she lay stunned on the oil-cloth. Reverently and sadly she was carried into the nearest room—the one occupied overnight. A messenger was sent on horseback for a surgeon and for Mr. Birley.

Shocked beyond measure, the latter gentleman hastened home in time to hear the fiat pronounced:

"An injured spine—concussion of the brain—no hope whatever."

A physician summoned hastily confirmed the surgeon's decision.

The weeping children were huddled from the room.

"How long may she linger?" was Mr. Birley's question.

"She may go off any moment, the shock to her system is so great; she *may* last two or three hours."

"Do you think she is conscious?"

"I am afraid not."

Mrs. Birley, sobbing, whispered her husband, "James, do you think aunt did hear any thing supernatural last night?"

Two days before he would have said, "All bosh!" now he answered, "God only knows! It is most mysterious."

"If she did, she will not die until nine o'clock."

"At nine!" murmured the dying woman; "at nine."

She was evidently conscious, and something more she said, but the words were inaudible. Husband and wife watched the clock as intensely as Mrs. Carson had watched it the night before.

Ten minutes to nine! The retreating pulse quickened under the doctor's touch. The lips moved.

"William!" was faintly audible to the bent ear.

Five minutes to nine! The "change" was perceptible.

"Yes, William!"

There was another pause—a burr—the clock's note of warning. There was a rattle in the throat of the dying woman.

"Coming, William!" was gasped out audibly.

NINE!

A last leap of the pulse—a last flicker of the eyelids—the "call" was obeyed.

Mrs. Carson, wraith-haunted, spirit-summoned, was of the dead!

THE GAME-STALL, FULTON MARKET.

THE sales at this stall are entirely of game and poultry, and amount to half a million of dollars per annum. It is the most enterprising and most perfect establishment of the kind in this country. In variety it is inexhaustible, including venison, duck, partridge, quail, woodcock, snipe, hare, and in fact every thing which is sought after by the most fastidious connoisseurs. It has thus become the resort of our most aristocratic citizens. We give an illustration on page 829, representing the appearance which this stall presents at the season immediately preceding Christmas.

The poultry for sale here comes chiefly from Bucks County, Pennsylvania; later in the season the turkeys are sent frozen from Vermont. The receipts by shipment from all parts of the country amount on an average to about four tons per day. But before Thanksgiving and Christmas it is increased to about six tons. The proprietors of this stall are the largest dealers in this country, and they occasionally make shipments to Europe.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

GENT. "Confound the hair-oil; how it sticks!"

WIFE. "Oh, Harry! that is not the hair-oil; it must be the baby's soothing syrup."

LATEST CITY INTELLIGENCE.

Money is quiet—that is to say, we can't get hold of any of it.

Provisions are down, as they should be.

There is a great rise in balloons, as usual.

Game is high.

Accommodation is very bad.

Stocks exhibited a better tendency, nobody being confined in them.

There were no gold operations at the bank, at least not with us.

"You seem to walk more erect than usual, my dear Sir."

"Yes, I have been straightened by circumstances."

A LIBERAL MEASURE—Three pints to a quart.

R. JOHNSON SHAKING HANDS WITH AN ENGLISH BOOT-BLACK.

Boot-Black.—"BLACK YER BOOTS? SHINE 'EM UP!"

R. Johnson.—"MAY THAT FEELING OF AMITY AND GOOD-WILL WHICH NOW EXISTS BETWEEN OUR TWO GREAT COUNTRIES NEVER BE DISTURBED. ALLOW ME TO SHAKE HANDS!"

Spriggins is a little forgetful sometimes. He counted his brood the other night, but could only make fourteen. "How is this?" he asked his wife. "I thought there were fifteen of them at the last census?"

"So there were," answered the wife; "but little Sammy was drowned since then."

"Indeed!" said Spriggins, meditatively; "why, it seems to me I heard of that at the time."

A transcendental preacher took for his text, "Feed my lambs." A plain farmer very quaintly remarked to him, on coming out of the church: "A very good text, Sir; but you should take care not to put the hay so high in the rack that the lambs can't reach it!"

Why is a clever school-boy like a detective?—Because he's quick at *apprehension.*

THE SUNDAY QUESTION.—"How did you like the sermon, dear?"

During a season of great religious declension an aged deacon was asked whether the church to which he belonged were united. "Ah, yes," replied the good man, with emotion, "for we are all *frozen together!*"

"What does a man think of when he thinks of nothing?" said a young lady to a gentleman with whom she had broken an engagement. "He thinks, miss, of a woman's promise."

LITTLE CHILD. "Mamma, isn't Mr. Biffles very strong?"

MAMMA. "Why?"

LITTLE CHILD. "Because he said he was going to take the ferry-boat over to Brooklyn."

"Mamma," exclaimed a beautiful girl, who had suffered affectation to obscure the little intellect she possessed, "what is that long green thing lying on the dish before you?"

"A cucumber, my beloved Georgiana," replied the mamma, with a bland smile of approbation on her darling's commendable curiosity.

"A cucumber! Gracious goodness, my dear mamma, how very extraordinary! I always imagined, until this moment, that they grew in slices!"

"What do you drive such a pitiful-looking carcass as that for? Why don't you put a good, heavy coat of flesh on 'im?" asked a friend of an Irish cartman about his horse.

"A heavy coat of flesh, mavourneen! Be all the blessed powers, now, when the poor crature can scarce carry the little flesh there is on 'im."

R. JOHNSON GETTING OUT OF A LONDON CAB.

London Cabby.—"ARF-A-CROWN, YER HONOR."

R. Johnson.—"MY DEAR SIR, ALLOW ME TO SHAKE HANDS."

London Cabby.—"OH, THAT'S PLAYED OUT! I SHOOK 'ANDS WITH YER WHEN YER GOT IN!"

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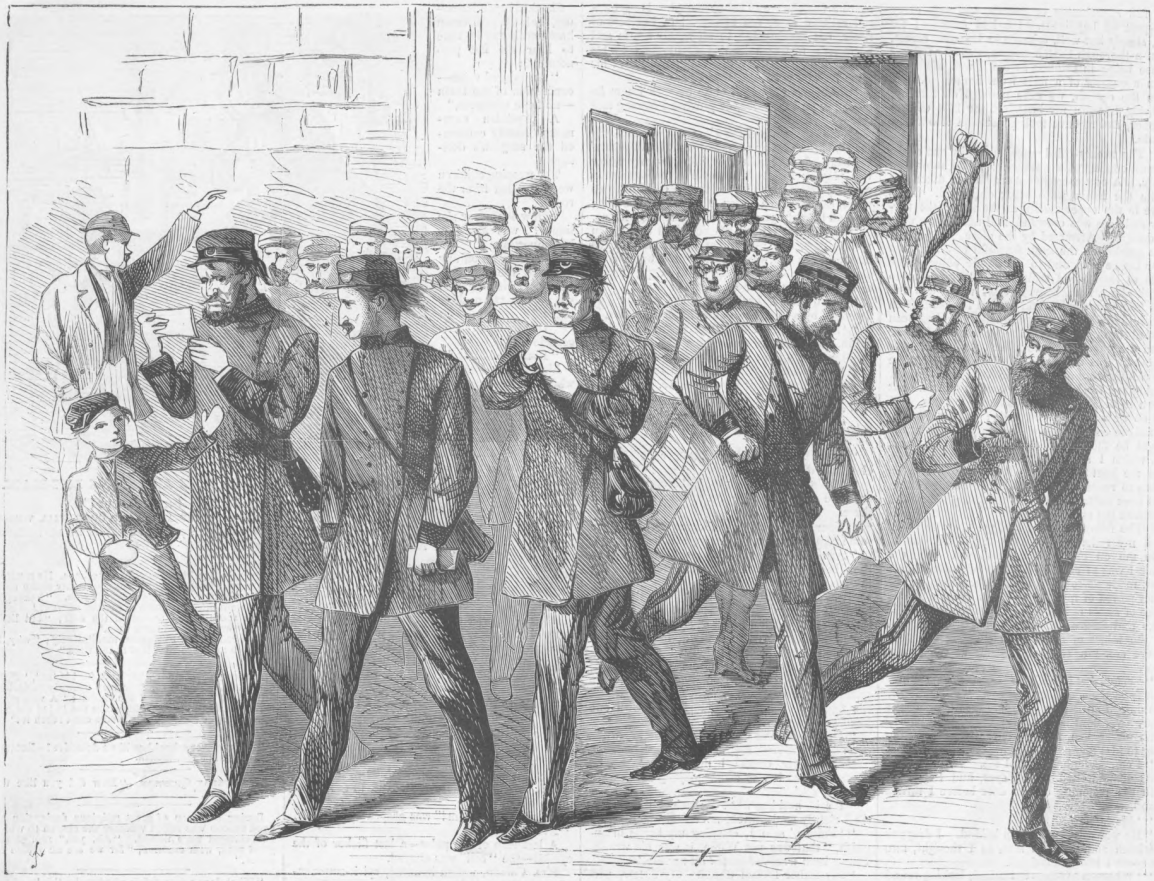

MORNING START OF THE NEW YORK CITY MAIL-CARRIERS IN THEIR NEW UNIFORM.—SKETCHED BY PAUL FRENZENY.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

THE YOUNG TRAPPERS.

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PREPARING FOR CHRISTMAS.—[SKETCHED BY THOMAS WORTH.]

THE GAME STALL, FULTON MARKET, NEW YORK CITY.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 827.]

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will find in this journal all new fruits of value figured and described, and improved methods of treatment of established sorts, subject to the observations and criticisms of professional and accomplished cultivators. This paper will not be a party in the wars of the pomologists: no outside pressure shall cause it to speak well of an inferior fruit, or badly of a good fruit.

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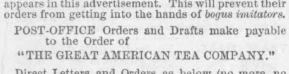

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An Eminent Chemist says:

489 BROADWAY, N. Y., *July* 5, 1866.

I have made a chemical analysis of the preparation for the teeth known as "SOZODONT," for Messrs. HALL & RUCKEL, the object of the analysis being to ascertain whether it contains substances detrimental to the teeth or gums.

An impartial sample of the "SOZODONT" was purchased by me personally from a leading Drug House of this city, and carefully analyzed for acids and other corrosive or injurious ingredients likely to have a detrimental action on the teeth or gums, but nothing of an objectionable character was found in its composition.

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Late of Dr. JAS. R. CHILTON & Co.

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Mr. COLLINS has had an experience of about twenty years as a manufacturer, and with such success have his Oroide Watches met that the COLLINS COMPANY have sold over one hundred and fifty thousand (150,000) of these admirable time-keepers within the last two years. That they are able favorably to compare with the best competitive watches in the world, in respect to keeping time faithfully and continually, is significantly demonstrated by the fact that these Oroide Watches are very generally used by conductors and other reponsible officials on the principal railroads throughout the United States. When time-keepers are thus regarded as *life-preservers*, little more need be said to establish their reputation for perfect accuracy and fidelity of movements.

The Oroide Watches are of three sizes, viz., the Ladies', the Medium, and the Gentlemen's. The prices range from $15 to $20, and it is to us astonishing that so fine a watch, in both beauty of appearance and enduring fidelity of time-keeping, can be produced for such a trifling amount. Therein lies the success of the COLLINS COMPANY; and the long-desired and widely-appreciated result (which places it within the power of almost every one to possess one of these daily, hourly guides and monitors) has only been attained by the appliances of ingenious machinery, by the aid of which, and the most able workmen, they can be manufactured in perfection and in very large quantities—the great number of one thousand (1000) watches being always in process of manufacture at one time.

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The Oroide Watches are both a triumph of art and a marvel of cheapness, and have long ago demonstrated the important fact that perfect and lasting efficiency in movements, together with unexcelled beauty, can be attained and combined in a watch which for all necessary purposes, for length of use, for enduring accuracy of movements, and for appearances' sake, *is in every way equal to the best of the most costly ones.* We commend our readers in this city to call at the office of Messrs. C. E. COLLINS & Co., 37 and 39 Nassau Street, opposite the Post-Office, and inspect these beautiful and perfectly-made Oroide Watches for themselves, and as they prove them, praise, purchase, and prize them.

The Oroide, having been recently greatly improved, has been named after MR. COLLINS'S OWN NAME: THE COLLINS METAL. Worthless watches are being sold throughout the country, represented as the COLLINS OROIDE, but these are base imitations of the genuine article, and the public should guard against imposition by calling in person or sending to the office of C. E. COLLINS & Co.

☞ The cut at the head of this notice is the size of the *Ladies'* Watches. Those for Gentlemen are *Medium* and Large size.

C. E. COLLINS & CO., Nos. 37 and 39 Nassau St. (Opp. Post-Office), **New York.**

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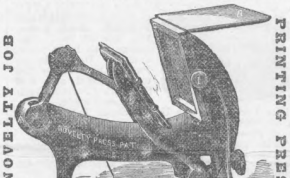

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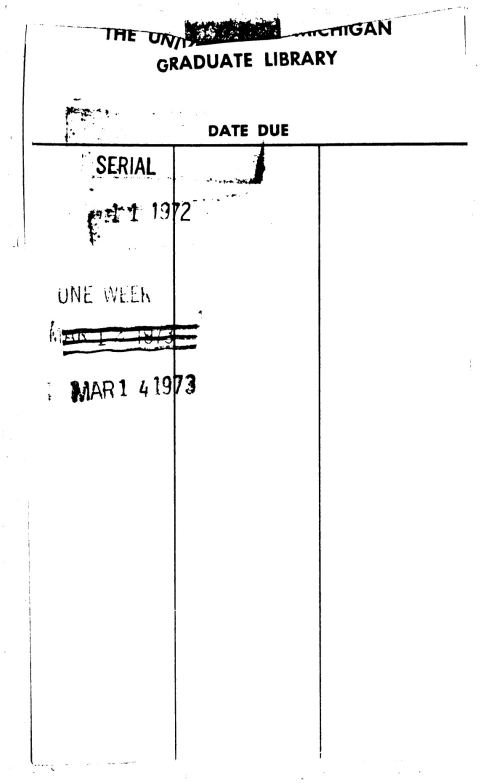
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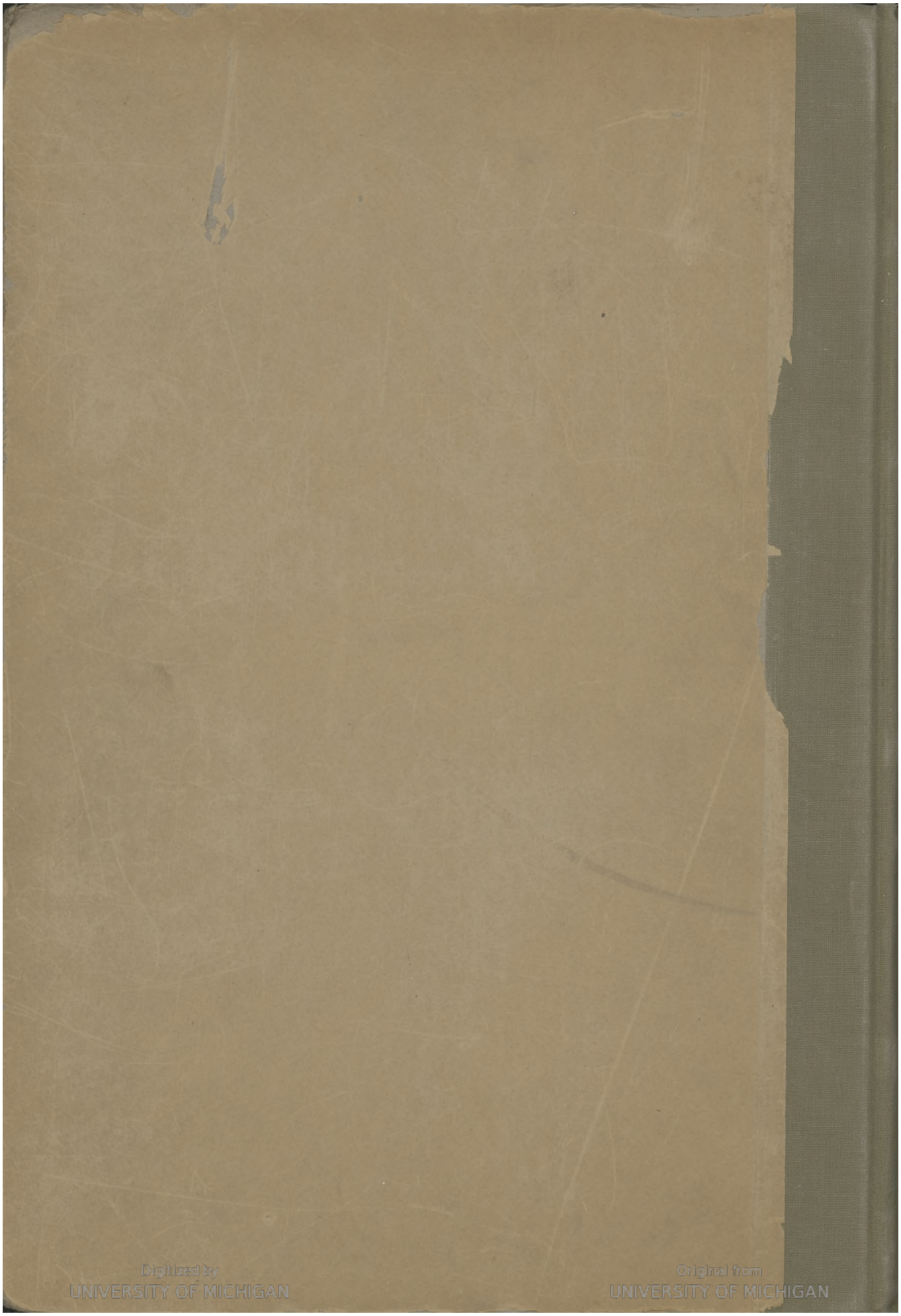

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